

"MISS INCOGNITA"

—OR—

AN EXPERIMENT IN LOVE

By "DON JON."

A Realistic Romance Based Upon the Laws and
Phenomena of Psychotism.



Illustrating the Control of the Love and
Emotions of Another.

Sixth Edition, Enlarged

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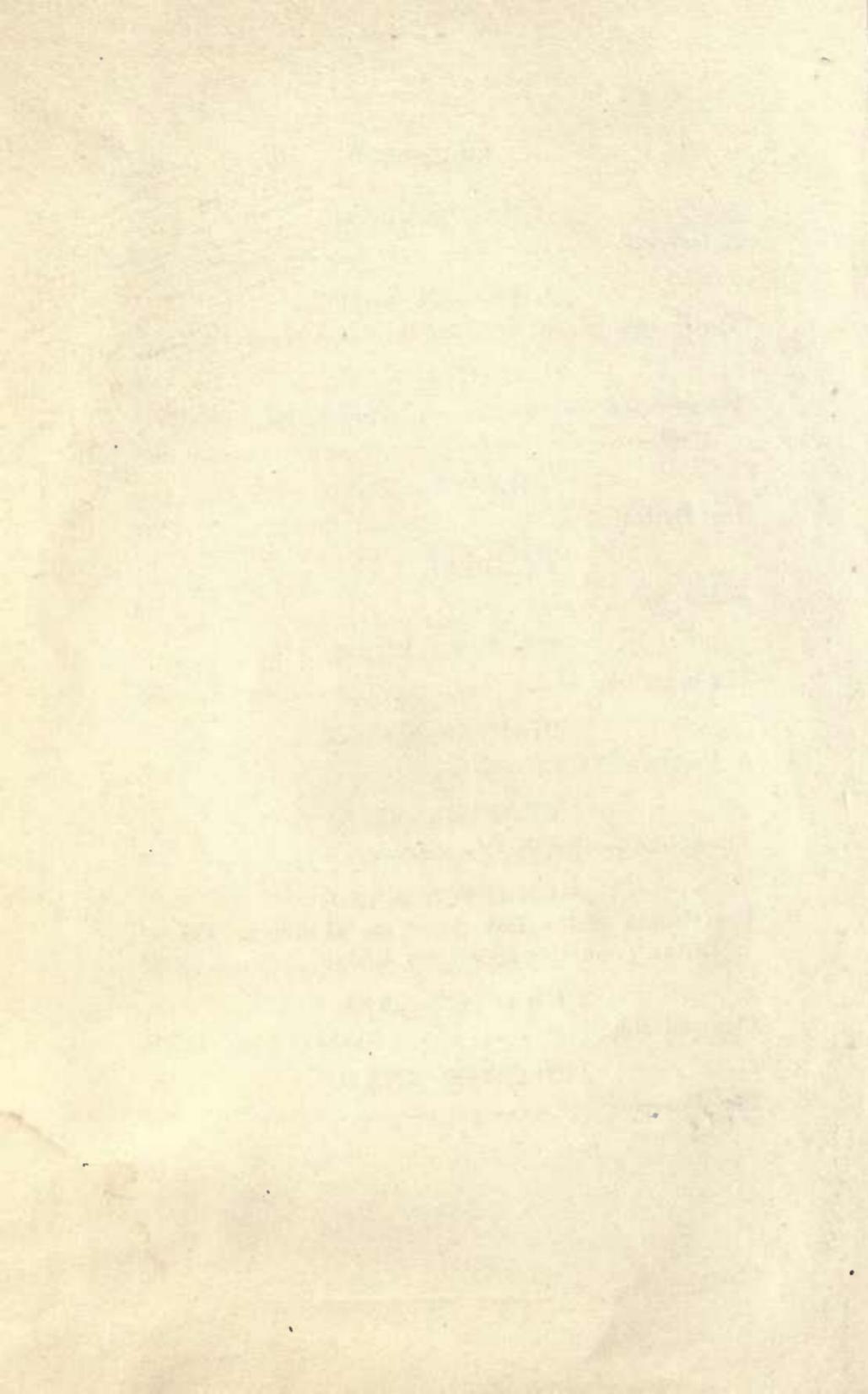
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INTRODUCTION

WHERE in the history of literature do you find an author who has had the daring, originality and audacity to allow his hero to marry his own daughter, then has her elope with her own brother, and yet possesses the genius to so shape his story as to violate no sense of propriety? Such is the case in this remarkable book, which will appeal to all classes, as it embodies every emotion and situation known to humanity.

It is written so skillfully, and the tale is so feasible that it staggers one to think of the possible circumstances which might very naturally cause such relations to exist.

The plot is deep-laid, and until the last page is finished it is impossible to imagine how the tangle of episodes will be unravelled. The scenes are laid in Chicago, New York, London and the Bermuda Islands.

The book is full of the most startling pictures, but the master hand that drew them treats his

subject with such consummate art that, although the reader holds his breath, fearing to read the succeeding lines, he finds they relieve with lightning rapidity the frightful shock to the sense of propriety which seems inevitable.

In the entire book there is not a word nor a line but would meet and satisfy the fiery eye of the critic or stand the scorching test of the pedant.

It is wonderfully interesting, dramatic, amusing and witty. The rarity of characters and multitude of events would make food enough for dozens of novels and dramas. The practically unknown science of hypnotism plays a very important part in this story. The hero, Dr. Dumas, afterward Lord Eroslove, who learns much of this mysticism from an old Egyptian, uses his wonderful knowledge with most dastardly effect, showing what fearful use can be made of this power by an evil person.

The character of Svengali, in "Trilby," is a puppet compared to this remarkable man. He is as fascinating as he is dangerous, as heartless as he is magnetic; but his marvelous powers, strength and knowledge make him almost irresistible. It would be impossible to build a stronger character

than his, or that of his wife, whose sweet, gentle nature, through his infamy toward her, is changed to one of a deadly, unquenchable thirst for revenge, which she heaps upon him in such volcanic force that his strength weakens and his power becomes shattered before her merciless fury.

At a recent meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club, where some of the most renowned *litterateurs* of America and Europe were gathered, to discuss the subject of "The Disappearance of Literature," a man arose whose name is a household word on two continents, whose originality and art are as great as his fame, who has worn the brilliant laurels of success, outlived with phenomenal bravery the black abyss of defeat, and returned to us after ten years of study and travel the same genius—Mark Twain. He made the almost incredible statement that although there are ten thousand books published annually in this country and Great Britain, in forty-eight years there has not been one worthy contribution to literature that is a masterpiece.

If originality is the triumph of genius this remarkable book should attract world-wide attention.

Though the author modestly conceals his iden-

tity under the nom-de-plume of "Don Jon," he proves himself (or herself) a person of the deepest appreciation of the strength and weaknesses of men and women. He is thoroughly familiar with the world and its ways, and is a deep student of the mystic art of mesmerism or hypnotism, which makes this story most valuable, for it gives authenticity and realism to a science which many believe does not even exist.

The charming heroine, a young Southern girl, is ardently wooed by a plain, honest, practical man, Dr. Lindsay, whose affection shows unmistakable signs of being returned, when a very dramatic, remarkable scene plunges the reader into the greatest excitement. Dr. Dumas, determined to possess this beautiful girl and, unable to win her heart, villainously invites her to his wonderful laboratory (where she has been taking lessons from him in chemistry), under pretext of teaching her some of the mysteries of psychology, but, instead, by means of his occult power and the use of what he calls his "vibratoners," which he puts in motion, she is brought completely under his influence and unconsciously yields to his licentious embraces. This remarkable scene is most realistically described, while the power and danger of such awful pos-

sibilities make one shudder at the thought of such knowledge (which is well known to the initiated) being possessed by an unprincipled, evil mind.

Dr. Dumas further seeks to entrap his victim into a mock marriage, but through the cunning of his rival, Dr. Lindsay, it becomes a legal tie, and consequently the pivot on which turn all the succeeding events.

The story then becomes a deadly battle of virtue and right against perfidy and dishonor, which the author has pictured in a most graphic, forceful manner. This is the great moral of the book, and shows the triumph of a proud, virtuous woman over a corrupt, immoral man.

One of the most striking features of this story is the adoption while infants, of two children by the heroine and a friend. In course of time, through curious letterings on their breasts, they prove to be Dr. Dumas' own flesh and blood, and they become the chief instrument of their father's downfall, although their foster-parents lavish upon them the most unquenchable devotion and loyalty.

Some of the leading dramatic incidents of this story are based upon the laws and phenomena of hypnotism. Thus in working out this remarkable

tale those wonders of this science which border on the supernatural—the laws and methods employed by savants in this field—are laid bare to the reader.

All the situations are brought to a climax with terrible intensity. Tenderness and love, passion and fortitude, bitterness and sorrow, treachery and fidelity, strength and weakness are all expressed in these pages, while the last wonderful scene of the "Somnambule" is unequalled in fiction.

The reader finishes it with a sigh of the deepest regret that there are not more like unto it.

JOSEPH TYLER BUTTS.

INTRODUCTORY TREATISE

A DEPARTMENT OF OCCULTISM.

PSYCHOTISM.

I cannot put into this treatise what it would require volumes to contain. I cannot pretend to treat here of Occultism in general. The average reader is not prepared for such, and I have not the space in this treatise to do so.

I will treat of one department of Occult laws and phenomena, viz: that which I denominate "Psychotism." This term means that change of the human personality from its active, positive, conscious stage into a passive or subjective stage. It is a process by which the will and conscious activity of one person are substituted for that of another. When this is done, we call the person whose personality is inhabited the subject or "Psychic," and his condition the subjective or Psychic state. The process by which this is done I call "Psychotism."

I use this term because it is the most expressive and inclusive of this peculiar state of any term. I can invent, or have seen used.

Some Psychologists explain this state and its phenomena by positing that man's mind is a duality, one being the objective mind and the other the subjective—the former being the every-day, reasoning, conscious mind, which directs in every-day affairs; the latter is concerned only with our Subjective Universe, the functions of the body and certain phases of our intellectual processes, which are largely involuntary. Now they explain the Psychotic state by saying that it is an induced state of the individual, in which the objective mind is, as it were, inhibited, and the subjective mind directly reached and controlled. It is a beautiful working hypothesis, and explains many obscure points, but whether it is true or not, no one can at this time say.

To be in a condition of Psychotism means that the person has passed from a normal, conscious individual state to a passive, subjective condition, in which his individuality is subject to the will of another. Not only are his mind and emotions and will so subject, but also to a large extent his entire physical system. Any man or woman, whom I can place in a state of Psychotism, can be absolutely dominated by me. This I have proven a thousand times over. I can control such a person not only while under my present influence, but, by means of post-psychotic commands, that is, commands to be obeyed at some future time, I can cause him to perform acts at

some future time when he is absolutely unconscious that he is under my influence.

The state of Psychotism remains in abeyance within his personality, as it were, until the opportune moment arrives, when it will assert itself with all its former power.

Now the person who brings about this condition I call the Psychologist, the person influenced, the Psychic, and the state of condition, Psychotism.

I prefer these terms to define this science and its states, conditions and phenomena because the usual terms are incomplete and inadequate. The Psychotic state, as I term it, is not necessarily one of sleep or hypnosis, as it is commonly called, because the subject is often in a condition far from sleep. He is often in a condition of consciousness and even alertness, though altogether abnormal. He can converse with the operator or with others and exhibit a higher order of intellect than when in the normal condition. Yet at the same time his own individuality may be completely lost or perverted. He may even appear normal and be engaged in his ordinary affairs and appear to be acting under his own free will and yet be under the complete dominance of post-psychotic commands. Hence I say that the usual terms employed, such as hypnotism, mesmerism, etc., do not properly define and express this condition. They only describe one phase of it.

This science, for it is now a science, is not some

new thing. It is as old as the ages of literature and, I might say, as man himself. It is known all over the world, and in different ages, under different names. It has been, and can be, used as a blessing or a curse. It can be used to reform character and life or to wreck and blast. It can instil virtue into the criminal or vice into the pure. It can rescue the fallen or seduce the virtuous. It can be used to heal the body of sickness or inflict it with diseases.

These things I know, I care not what is alleged to the contrary.

One might not be able to seduce a virtuous woman by direct command that she submit herself to illicit love, but one may fasten in her mind, while she is in a state of Psychotism, the suggestion that such love is pure and right and proper; that the Psychologist or operator is her lawful husband, and she will believe it and yield. It all depends upon the knowledge one has of this wonderful science and the manner in which his commands or suggestions are given.

An honest man may refuse to obey a command to commit a forgery, if commanded in so many words to do so, but suppose he were made to believe by suggestion that he is in reality the person whose name he is commanded to sign. I know he would unhesitatingly commit the forgery.

These things being true, the conclusion forces itself irresistably upon one's mind, that in the hands

of an evil person, like "Dumas, The Mystic" of the story in this book, there is great danger in this science. The author was led to this conclusion some years ago by experiments intended to prove or disprove this point.

Some scientists say that a person in the Psychic state will do nothing against his innate moral principles, and that he is thus protected. Yet, suppose the suggestion were made under a different guise. What scientist would or could doubt its success?

Take the case, for illustration, of *Eidola Mandeville* and Dr. Dumas, the Mystic of this story—when he makes the suggestion that she submit to his love of her, suppose he had first suggested to her that she was his wife, and fastened that suggestion in her mind, what would then have been the result?

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In making these weighty statements the writer is supported by abundant authority of the highest character. Let him who doubts read Dr. Albert Moll's *Hypnotism* and the chapter on the "Legal Aspects of Hypnotism." Also Max Dessoir's *Work* and Prof. Liegeois' "De La Suggestion," etc. In Germany a number of cases where crimes were committed under what was then termed "Animal Magnetism," were brought to justice. Girls and

women were seduced under this influence. The experts, Coste and Broquier, with whom the well-known authorities, Devergie and Tardieu, agreed, gave their opinion that a magnetized subject might be assaulted against her will and without her consciousness.

The noted case of Castellan in 1865, reported by Prosper Despine, was a case of assault on a girl in the psychotic state, in which, according to Liegeois, Castellan suggested to Josephine H. to love him, trust him, submit to his embraces, etc. Castellan was tried and convicted and condemned to twelve years' imprisonment, upon the opinion of Roux and Auban, with whom the doctors, Heriatt, Paulet and Theus were associated.

The Levy case, in 1879, is also in point. He was a dentist of Rouen and assaulted a girl in the magnetic sleep. Bronardel gave his opinion on the case and Levy was imprisoned for ten years.

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Dr. Moll also holds that the abnormal state may be used to get possession of property illegally. Subjects can be induced to sign promissory notes, deeds of gift, commit forgeries, etc. He gives many interesting cases.

A succession of cases in which suggestion is said to have played a part in the commission of crime, has of recent years attracted the attention of the

press. To these belong the noted case of Gabrielle Bompard, who was accused of murder committed under the influence of a suggestion received from her lover, Eyrand. Madame Weiss in Algiers endeavored to poison her husband and was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment, whereupon she committed suicide. According to Liegeois, this woman had received a post-psychotic command from her lover, under which she acted. In the case of Chambige, a married woman who had previously been a model wife and mother was, under suggestion in psychotism, induced to forget her own husband and children, and became madly infatuated with Chambige, who afterwards, when he was confronted by his crime, attempted to kill himself.

.

We cannot go further into this phase of this important subject. Those desiring to go deeper into this and similar phases may consult Bernheim's "Suggestive Therapeutics," Moll's Works, Carl Sextus', Dr. Braid's Works (Manchester, Eng.); Dr. Wetterstrand's Works (of Sweden); Dr. Lloyd—Tuekey's (of England); Prof. Richet's (of Paris); Dr. Cooke's (of Boston); Dr. Charcot's, (of the Salpetriere Hospital, of Paris); Dr. Sydney Flower's (of Chicago); Dr. Quackenbo's (of Washington, D. C.) Dr. Gurney's and Dr. F. W. Myer's.

(of England); and, best of all, let them study the Reports of the Committees on Hypnotism of the "Society for Psychical Research" of London, England whose reports have been published in the Society's "Proceedings" from 1882 up to the present time.

If the reader will avail himself of one hundredth of the material at his hand, he must come to the conclusion that the author has remained within the bounds of scientific experiments and facts in all the remarkable incidents set out in "Miss Incognita."

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A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE OF
PSYCHOTISM.

I will now give a brief history of this science, and in so doing so will use the terms under which it was formerly known, for purposes of convenience.

Dr. Albert Moll says that, "In order to understand the gradual development of modern hypnotism from 'animal magnetism' we must distinguish two points: Firstly, that there are human beings who can exercise a personal influence over others, either by direct contact or even at a distance; and secondly, the fact that particular psychical states can be induced in human beings by certain physical processes."

This second fact, especially, has long been known among the Oriental peoples, and was utilized by them for religious purposes.

Kiesewetter attributes the early soothsaying by means of precious stones to psychotism, which was induced by steadily gazing at the stones. This is also true of divination by looking into vessels and crystals, as the Egyptians have long been in the habit of doing. This we know now as "Crystal Vision" in the very interesting experiments of the "Society for Psychical Research" of London. The reader will see a very striking case of this in "Gymp, the old Egyptian," in "Miss Incognita," where he perceives distant scenes and events in his "Crystal."

These same psychic phenomena are also found to have existed several thousand years ago among the Persian magi, as well as up to the present day among the Indian Yogis and adepts.

The writer possesses a crystal brought from India, and has made many remarkable experiments with it—inducing clairvoyant visions of distant scenes and events. The crystal is also used very successfully to induce the psychic state.

A bright object, as a diamond ring or polished surface, or a glass of water, may be used instead of a crystal, if the reader has no crystal.

If your subject is made to gaze intently for several minutes in a quiet room into one of these ob-

jects, he will quite often go into the psychic state. I often use this method to produce this condition.

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The prophets of Israel, or seers, were consulted in private matters as well as for sacred things. In I. Samuel (Chap. ix.) you will find Saul, son of Kish, consulting Samuel the prophet (paying him a fee, too) in order that he (Saul) might learn from the seer the whereabouts of his father's asses.

Soothsaying, obsession, trance, visions and inspiration were all accepted facts among these people.

Healing by the laying on of the hands was common among the Jews, and was practiced by the Founder of Christianity and his immediate followers with marvelous results. "Many were astonished that such mighty works were wrought by his hands." (Mark vi. 2.) "Lay hands upon the sick, and they shall recover." Mark xvi. 18) "The Lord granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands." (Acts xiv. 3.)

According to M. Foissac, the familiar spirit, the demon of Socrates, that interior voice which apprised him of that which was to happen, and of that which he should do, was a state of self-induced psychotism, or of natural somnambulism with which the godlike genius was frequently affected. However, many believe that Socrates had a *demon*, that is,

a familiar spirit which constantly attended him, as he himself alleged.

A rigid and critical analysis of the records of the Middle Ages would be here impossible, if not out of place. It would require a volume merely to name the facts, from the exorcisms of Saint Gregory Thaumaturgus to the convulsionaries of Saint Medard.

"Mesmerism," says Van Helmont, "is active everywhere, and has nothing new but the name; it is a paradox only to those who ridicule everything, and who attribute to the powers of Satan whatever they are unable to explain."

In all times, as well as in all countries, extraordinary things have passed for supernatural, from the moment they are no longer admitted of explanation; and it is natural to refer and attribute supernatural things to a divine power. That which is esteemed supernatural and divine so become the basis of religion. So we find in Pagan antiquity, in the Middle Ages, and at the present time, these phenomena inextricably mixed up with the history of religion.

MESMERISM SUBSEQUENT TO MESMER

Dr. Anthony Mesmer was born 5th May, 1734, in a small town called Stein, on the banks of the Rhine. This celebrated man studied medicine and obtained the degree of doctor at Vienna, under Professors Van Swienten and Haen, and became acquaint-

ted with the virtues of animal magnetism by seeing the wonderful cures performed by a Father Hehl, a Jesuit priest. About 1750 this young doctor commenced to investigate the matter for himself; and, having satisfied himself of the reality of cures made, he commenced a series of independent experiments. Father Hehl's cures were supposed to be produced by the subtle influence, or fluid of magnetism, which was imparted to patients from steel plates and magnets prepared and used for the purpose. One day Mesmer, having bled a patient, accidentally passed his hand over the cicatrix, or lance puncture, and observed that his hand produced the exact results which had hitherto been produced by the magnets.

Mesmer, from the nature of his inaugural thesis "On the Influence of the Planets on the Human Body," upon obtaining his degree, might be expected to see a relationship between the subtle influence exerted by the loadstone or magnet and that of the human hand, and the adoption by him of animal magnetism, as an adequate theory to cover all the phenomena created or experienced by him, seems to have been a natural and easy conclusion.

Mesmer, having learned the art of curing diseases from Father Hehl, applied himself to the cure of diseases with "extraordinary success." He left Vienna, and traveling throughout Germany and Switzerland, he continued to "work wonders," his cures approximating to the miraculous. Kings and courtiers, as well as the people, vied with each other

for an opportunity to attend his levees and partake in his seances. In 1778 he started for Paris; here his success in curing diseases was so remarkable that the elite of society struggled for the privilege of waiting upon him and of learning his art. A society was actually formed for the purpose of acquiring his secret, and using it for the cure of disease. Somnambulism and clairvoyance had not yet been developed by his process.

MESMER'S THEORY OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM

“There is a reciprocal action and reaction between the planets, the earth, and animated nature.

“The means of operating this action and reaction is a most fine, subtle fluid, which penetrates everything, and is capable of receiving and communicating all kinds of motions and impressions.

“This is brought about by mechanical, but, as yet, unknown laws.

“The reciprocal effects are analogous to the ebb and flow.

“The properties of matter, and of organization, depend upon reciprocal action.

“This fluid exercises an immediate action on the nerves, with which it embodies itself, and produces in the human body phenomena similiar to those produced by the loadstone, that is, polarity and inclination. Hence the name ANIMAL MAGNETISM.”

Mesmer had many disciples and ardent followers, among whom were some of the ablest men of the day, such as Marquis of Puysegure, Caulet DeVau-morel Petetin, Bergasse, Schelling, Von Humboldt, Ritter, Treveramus, Walther, Hufeland, Echen-Ritter, Nasse, Ness, of Essenback, Francis Bader, Kieser, and Jussien, the celebrated botanist.

A Commission of Inquiry was appointed by the French Government. The report in the main confirmed the reality of the phenomena.

The French Revolution, rather than any mistakes or vagaries of Mesmer, or the unfavorable report of the Commission of Louis XVI, eclipsed the popularity of Mesmerism in France for a time.

When the Revolution burst forth in France, subverting law, order and all good, Mesmer returned to his native land, where his time was divided between pursuing his favorite science and cultivating his estate. Here he was visited by the most eminent men of the day; and before his death he had the pleasure of seeing his works edited by one of the Professors of the University of Strasburg and his science triumphant in Berlin, Jena, Bonn, Halle, Tubingen, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen and even in Vienna. In spite of laws and law-givers, Animal Magnetism performed the most wonderful cures. Dr. Malfati, one of the most talented of physicians in Vienna, adopted Mesmer's system, and practiced it with great effect.

Following Mesmer, the most active and intelli-

gent of his converts or followers was the Marquis de Puységure. He pursued the practice of Mesmerism at his estate at Buzancy, both as a study and recreation. One day, calling at the house of his steward, he referred to what he had seen in Paris, where he had attended Mesmer's lectures. Obtaining permission to mesmerize the steward's daughter, to his surprise and delight she was in a very short time thrown into a sleep. He also succeeded by similiar passes, in mesmerizing the wife of his gamekeeper. He was now confirmed in his faith and became one of the most successful mesmerists of his day. He was the first to discover the mesmeric-somnambulistic condition. It happened in this way: He was mesmerizing a young man for the cure of consumption. While making the requisite passes, the patient fell into a peaceful sleep—the true mesmeric sleep is exceedingly calm and recuperating. While in this sleep Victor talked with an intelligence rare to the waking condition; and while in that state prescribed the remedies necessary for his recovery. Numerous instances of a like character occurring under the Marquis's influence, he at length published a work on the subject, and both on his estate and at Paris devoted much time to Mesmerism for the cure of disease, in which he was eminently successful.

Mesmerism at last found its way across the Channel. Mr. Richard Chenevix, F. R. S., published a series of papers on the subject in the *London Medical and Physical Journal* for 1829, entitled: "On Mes-

merism. Improperly called Animal Magnetism." His experiments attracted the attention of the Faculty—Dr. Elliotson, among others. Baron Dupotet arrived in London about 1831, and commenced a series of experiments—the Baron was a firm believer in Animal Magnetism. The experiments were seen by Dr. Elliotson, who now determined to investigate the subject for himself. The result of the experiments of Dr. Elliotson, which was published in the *Lancet*, produced a great sensation; and phenomena which had been regarded as impossible, were constantly produced. Provision, introvision, sympathy, thought-transference and all the extraordinary features of clairvoyance were established.

The medical press teemed with incidents, demonstrations, and experiments. Drs. Elliotson, Ashburner, Spillan, Herbert Mayo, and others contributed. The Rev. Chauncey Hare Townsend published his celebrated tracts in 1840. About 1835 Dr. Esdaile's experiments in Calcutta attracted the attention of the Indian Government. Several hundred cases of severe operations, mostly surgical, were performed on patients in the mesmeric sleep.

A Mesmeric Infirmary was erected in London, and handsomely supported by public subscriptions. Dr. Elliotson threw his head and soul into the concern, and brought with him all his ability as a medical man (being a short time previously Professor of the London University). Dr. Elliotson had a greater percentage of cures and a smaller percentage of

mortality than any infirmary or hospital in London.

In France, Germany, Switzerland, India, and now in Great Britain, Animal Magnetism was placed on a scientific basis. In 1841 M. LaFontaine, a Frenchman, visited England, and commenced giving public lectures on Mesmerism and exhibitions of its phenomena. While in Manchester he attracted the attention of Dr. Braid, who was at first disposed to treat M. LaFontaine's experiments as so much imposture. Eventually he admitted the truth of the phenomena with a new theory of his own, which he called "Hypnotism." Dr. Braid's experiments were remarkable. Although both he and they were ignominiously ignored by the medical section of the British Association of Science in 1842, it is only right to say that the individual members of the Association gave Dr. Braid great credit for his researches.

Mesmerism, by its present day phenomena, will help us largely to understand past mysteries, none the less real because calm and thoughtful scientific investigation furnished us with a hypothesis—if not sufficiently adequate to cover the whole ground, at least will lead us to see what can be explained on the natural or within the realm of law, and not beyond it. But of this each reader must judge for him or herself. One thing is certain, absolute knowledge of what is possible or not within natural law is not possible to the understanding, unless what is infinite can be apprehended by the finite. It is only when man in his arrogance of ignorance declares he

has discovered the confines of the natural, that he seeks to explain by the supernatural whatever he esteems not possible in the natural. The learned Athenians were "too superstitious." There are learned moderns of whom the same might be said. With some all is matter, no matter what; with others all is spirit, matter being its temporary projection on a physical plane—"chaotic ether atoms reduced to cosmos." while with others there is the conception and perception of the material and the spiritual—of matter and of spirit—as distinct as death and life—the inorganic and the organic. The spiritual may have its basis in mind, mind in organism, organism in protoplasm. If protoplasm is the physical basis of life and mind in animated nature, what is the vitalizing essential—spirit or what—which is the basis of protoplasm? Shall I say I don't know what matter, or mind, or life, or spirit is? I know not, I know not, save by their manifestations. Magnetism—electricity—can neither be defined or known, only as interpreted by the law of manifestation. If we find a force in man or in animals analogous in its manifestation to magnetism in a stone—*i. e.* attractive and repellent forces—polarity—we are justified in calling that force Animal Magnetism for want of a better name. It is in this sense the word is used by mesmerists. The existence of such an influence has been denied, because similiar or apparently similiar phenomena have been induced by persons who did not believe in Animal Magnetism. That, perhaps, does

not amount to much, seeing that these objectors believe they had and have power to induce the phenomena by adopting other means. They thus exercise their will power and exert their influence by their positive assumption of another hypothesis all the same. I believe in Animal Magnetism. From long practice I have seen much to induce me to realize and demonstrate that man can exercise such a force—a force which in its nature and character, is no more wonderful than nerve force, magnetism, light, heat or electricity.

Crucial experiments made by the “Society for Phyeical Research” of London, England, in recent years have demonstrated beyond any doubt that such a force or fluid or influence does exist and can be exerted by certain persons over other persons. The writer has also demonstrated this to his complete satisfaction.

Of recent years this science has been steadily developed by various investigators in all parts of the world. Such men as Grimes, Dods and Stone and Darling, Cooke, Hyslop, Flower, Quackenbos, Hudson in America; Liebault, of the Nancy Hospital, Bernheim; Richet, Chareot, Richer, Binet, Fere and many others in France: Moll Opitz, Weinhold, Heidenhain and many others in Germany: Metterstrand and others in Sweden; Gurney, Myers, Hack Tucke Lloyd Tuckey, Bramwell and others in England—these have all done much to elucidate this science and to bring order out of chaos.

The most painstaking work has been done by the Society for Psychical Research of England and America, and some important conclusions reached.

THE STAGES OF PSYCHOTISM

I will now define some of the stages of Psychotism. All subjects do not exhibit all these stages. Some pass readily from one stage to another. Some enter the deeper stages at once. Some never reach the deeper stages at all.

Each subject will exhibit marked individuality in this respect.

1st Degree. Imperfect control, most of the subject's faculties retaining their normal activity. The vision may be somewhat impaired and this faculty withdrawn from the control of the subject.

2nd. Degree. Perfect control of the subject's faculties and bodily functions obtained. The senses refuse to perform their normal functions, and obey the behests of the psychologist. The muscular and secretory functions are under control. The subject may be rendered unconscious of pain and of all environments. The body can be catalepted and the mind automatically influenced by whatever position his body may be placed by the operator.

3rd Degree. The somnambulistic stage, under which the subject "wakes up," as it were, within himself. The faculties become responsive to the psychotic influence, direction and suggestion—the subject becomes largely an irresponsible agent.

4th Degree. This I designate the Lucid Somnambulistic state, in which, in addition to the phenomena indicated in the last stage, that of lucid vision, or clairvoyance, including thought-transference, introvision and prevision is manifested.

Here the Independent Psychic Intelligence and Personality may manifest themselves in all their wonder and beauty, or hideousness, of character, as the case may be. In this state the subjects will reveal their real subjective natures.

Also introvision becomes more marked. The subject is able to obtain clearer knowledge of his own internal, mental and bodily state, or of that of another person, when placed *en rapport* with him. In this stage you can produce all those wonderful phenomena by suggestion such as are depicted in the story, "Miss Incognita." Your subject is as clay in your hands. Your thought and emotions and will become his. I say positively and emphatically that your power over him or her is limited only by your knowledge of the science, and by your ability and skill in giving suggestions.

5th Stage. I call this the Independent or Spiritual stage. The subject's vision is not limited by space or sympathy. He passes wholly beyond the

control of the operator. In this stage the highest genius is often manifested. Here it seems that the Psychic's soul and higher nature dominates his personality.

MODES OF PROCEDURE TO PRODUCE THE PSYCHOTIC

STATE

I am often asked if anyone can succeed in producing the Psychotic state, or are the qualities necessary to success the property of the few?

My answer is, not every one can be successful. But few people succeed at anything. The majority are failures. So it is here.

The qualities necessary to success in this science, so far as we are now able to judge (leaving out the possession of an inherent fluidic emanation or nerve force, which no doubt some people have) are *absolute confidence in one's ability, the gift of positive mental concentration, and the personal and intellectual power to make a deep impression on the subject.*

These qualities are imperative for success.

To lose one's self-confidence, to doubt one's ability, is to invite failure. One must study the science carefully and thoroughly, and *know* it. He must practice concentration of thought and attention until he can hurl his whole mind on one point and keep it there.

He must practice manner, attitude, personal force, until he can make a deep impression. He is then ready to begin the application of this science.

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There are many methods of procedure. Two or three of the best are all one wants to know. I will give what I consider the best.

Before beginning any method, you must have your subject to thoroughly concentrate his mind. *Concentration of thought* is the keynote to success in inducing the psychic state. Your subject will attain concentration by the use of the methods hereafter indicated. Really, the object of all these methods is to induce concentration.

Another important point to be remembered is this: Disabuse your subject's mind of all idea that any harm will or can come to him in going into the psychic condition. Have him compose his mind and bring about an absolute quiet condition of his nervous system.

A very successful method I have used may be described as follows:

I procured a black round disc about the size of a silver dollar, and had it set in the center with a bright rhinestone. However, any bright object will do. The crystal I have described is excellent, and I very often use this.

You have your patient seated comfortably in a chair high enough to rest the head on the back. Place his feet together. Place the disc in the center of the palm of the left hand and place the left hand in the palm of the right, both palms upward. Tell the subject to put himself in a perfectly passive condition. He must relax every muscle and think of nothing except what you are saying to him. Tell him to *concentrate his mind solely on the one idea of sleep*. He must rivet his eyes fixedly on the center of the disc, held about six or eight inches below his face. Tell him that he must not for one instant divert his gaze from the disc.

Keeping everything absolutely quiet about him, allow him to gaze at this disc for several minutes. In the meantime, while he is doing this, seat yourself just behind him, where he can't see you, and put yourself in a passive condition and concentrate your own mind on the one idea that your subject must, and shall go into the psychic state, at the same time making passes with both hands at distance of three inches from his spinal column from the neck downwards. Keep this up for several minutes, intently willing all the while that he shall go to sleep. Then quietly lean to one side so you can observe the subject's eyes, and, if you see a tremulous movement of the eyelids, get quietly up, making no noise, and step just in front of him. Then, taking your position, make passes with both hands at a little distance from him down the entire length of his body. After you

have done this a few times, quickly and deftly take his right hand in your left and at the same instant press the thumb of your right hand on the lower part of the forehead just between his eyes, and say firmly and quickly, "Now close your eyes tightly, and you cannot open them—you have no power to open them—you will sleep, sleep, sleep, and you can't wake until I tell you—you are fast asleep, asleep, asleep—"

Let him try to open his eyes, and if they remain closed he is in one of the stages of psychotism. In most cases if the sleep is genuine, you will observe a constant tremulous movement of the eyelids. You will also observe that his hands remain rigidly fixed holding the disc.

Now remove the disc, and take one of his hands and lift his arm straight out. It will remain fixed as you left it. The subject is now ready for your experiments. Before beginning any experiments, allow your subject to remain for some minutes in a state of perfect quiet and repose.

When you are ready to begin operations it is well for you to constantly make suggestions, such as: "Nothing will wake you, nothing will hurt you. You can't wake until I wake you. You can hear nothing but my voice, but you can hear all I say and you will do all I say. Now you can open your eyes and look at me, but you can't wake. You will see and hear and do nothing except what I tell you. You cannot, you will not."

The subject is now ready to act upon any suggestions you may see fit to give him.

Do not allow any one else to touch him or make any suggestions to him, otherwise you may bring about a state of "Cross-Mesmerization" which may cause unpleasant complications.

Should you wish him to go under the control of another, say to the subject, "Now I will put you *en rapport* with So-and-So, and you will kindly receive suggestions, etc. from him." But before doing this it is well first to get the subject's consent.

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In this stage you may give the subject suggestions for his health and well-being. A great many of the diseases flesh is heir to, and many bad habits and moral perversions may be cured in this stage by giving the right kind of suggestions. In order to be successful in this treatment, you should study some good work such as "Bernheim's Suggestive Therapeutics" and others I might mention.

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IMPORTANT ILLUSTRATION OF THE PROCEDURE TO INFLUENCE OR CONTROL THE EMOTIONS OF ANOTHER

Outside of all natural attractions and influences by which we may, and do, win the love and esteem and

confidence of others, there is the artificial or psychological methods to bring about the same results.

Here the question of ethics arises:

Is the one as legitimate as the other, and have we the same right to employ the one method as the other?

There is no doubt as to the efficiency of the psychological method to bring about the results. It is a truth and a fact that, if your subject be once placed in this plastic, sympathetic mood and condition toward the operator, as is induced by the production of the psychological trance, he can be deeply influenced in his favor in any way desired, and his emotions can be largely influenced and controlled.

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Taking it for granted that the reader knows how to place the person he wishes to influence in the psychological condition, known as the "suggestible state," then after that it is a mere question of giving the proper suggestions in the proper way.

Your subject should be carried into the degree of stage of "lucid somnambulism," or deeper, if it be a case where you wish to evoke the emotion of love, confidence and affection, etc.

As an illustration of the method of procedure, you would proceed as follows:

Without awakening the subject you would have him or her recline in a comfortable chair or upon a

couch, so as to produce a perfect physical state of passivity. Then you will begin making passes with both hands a few inches distant over the entire length of the body, saying:

“You will sleep more and more deeply—you will sleep profoundly—and as you sleep you will think only of me and what I say to you.” Continue this for a few moments, then say to the subject:

“You are very, very happy; you feel a state of ecstasy and bliss throughout your whole being—you are thinking only of me—you do not care to think of any one but me. You love me, love me with your whole nature—you love me deeply, passionately, with an everlasting love—you will always love me and think of me, and desire me. You will see in me only such qualities as will incite your love for me. When I awaken you, you will be in love with me, and you will always remain so, and nothing can ever change your love. When you awake, you will remember nothing in your normal, conscious mind that I have said to you, but you will find yourself in love with me, and you will continue to love me. You will not know that I have said this to you, but you will love me. You will have full trust and confidence in me. You will trust me with anything and everything I may desire of you. You will favor me in every way possible.”

Always before awakening a subject suggest that they will awake feeling so well and joyful and happy,

as such suggestion always leaves and produces a happy state of mind and emotion.

I give the above illustration to show positively and emphatically all suggestions should be given *to produce the proper deep impression on the subjective mind of your subject.*

You will doubtless ask me, as you ought, if a man should take such an advantage of a woman's heart. I should say no, unless there be overpowering reasons for winning her love in this way. If a man were good and noble, and loved a woman devotedly and he saw she might refuse him and throw herself away on some unworthy suitor, he might be justified in resorting to such means as this to win her.

But each case and each man's conscience will have to be judged separately.

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After a subject is once placed in the *psychic* or subjective state, you can induce the deeper stages by passes and suggestions to that effect. You can produce the cataleptic stage by passes over the portion of the body you wish to make cataleptic, and suggesting that the subject is becoming stiff and rigid. The whole body can thus be affected and made completely rigid. This state is excellent for applying therapeutic treatment. All forms of rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous pains, muscular contractures and afflictions,

etc., can be cured or benefitted. Also deafness, chorea, diseases of the organs of secretion, many eye troubles, constipation, kidney troubles, indigestion, imperfect circulation of the blood, stammering, defective memory, bad habits of every kind, moral perversions, sexual perversions, bashfulness and many, many other afflictions of the human family can be relieved or greatly benefitted.

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From this stage you carry your subject into somnambulism and lucid somnambulism, and produce all the wonderful and beautiful phenomena of those stages. Your subject will be, and see, and hear, and do, exactly as you suggest to him. You can give him exquisite pleasure or unmitigated pain. However, I condemn absolutely every experiment which causes pain and unhappiness, unless for scientific purposes. No psychologist has any right to make unpleasant scenes and experiences for his subject, and no gentleman will do these things.

Another method of producing the psychic state is that employed by Dr. Braid and many other operators. I quote his words: "Take any bright object between the thumb and fore and middle fingers of the left hand; hold it from about eight to fifteen inches from the eyes, at such a position above the forehead as may be necessary to produce the greatest possible

strain upon the eyes and eyelids, and enable the patient to maintain a steady, fixed stare at the object. The patient must be made to understand that he must keep the eyes steadily fixed on the object. It will be observed that, owing to the consensual adjustment of the eyes, the pupils will be at first contracted, they will shortly begin to dilate, and after they have done so to a considerable extent and have assumed a very wary position, if the fore and middle fingers of the right hand, extended and a little separated, are carried from the object toward the eyes, most likely the eyelids will close involuntarily with a vibratory motion. If this is not the case, or the patient allows the eyeballs to move, desire him to begin again, giving him to understand that he is to allow the eyelids to close when the fingers are again carried to the eyes, but that the eyeballs must be kept fixed on the same position and the mind riveted on the one idea of the object held above the eyes.

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Another method is to take the subject's hands in yours, palm to palm, and have him fix his eyes on yours, and tell him not by any means to move them, and you keep yours fixed on his. With the gaze thus fixed keep suggesting to him that he is getting sleepy—very sleepy—that his eyes are becoming heavy and he will not be able to hold them open. Keep this up for several minutes, and if the subject is susceptible,

he will go into the psychic state. Be positive, firm, confident and impressive in all these operations, and you will succeed.

After your patient goes off, you can give the suggestions as formerly indicated.

Another method is by mesmeric passes. Seat your subject comfortably, or let him lie down on a couch. Then with outstretched hands make passes down the whole length of his body for several minutes at a distance of about three inches from his body. While doing this constantly suggest to him that he is feeling drowsy—that a delightful numbness is creeping over him—that he is becoming sleepy—very sleepy. After making these suggestions for a few minutes, while making the passes, command him to close his eyes for a moment tightly—then make your passes over his eyes, telling him that his eyes are stuck tightly together and he can't open them. Command him to try to open them, and in many cases he will find that he can not. If you find that he goes under control, you can proceed with your experiments as before described.

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POST-PSYCHOTIC SUGGESTIONS.

While your subject is in the subjective state you can give suggestions to take effect at some future time, and if your subject is deeply psychologized, he

will almost invariably carry out these suggestions. These are most wonderful phenomena, and would require a book to discuss this phase of this subject alone. The subject will unconsciously hold the suggestion in his subjective or subliminal mind until the time and occasion arrive, and then will carry it out. A number of striking instances of this is given in "Miss Incognita."

You can suggest to the subject that in the future he will pass into the psychic state at your command, or upon a given sign or word, and he will do so without previous manipulation to produce the state. You can also suggest for his protection that no one else, not even yourself, can put him in the subjective state again, and the suggestion will take effect.

An important fact recently discovered is that you can induce one from a natural sleep into the psychic state. While in the natural sleep place your hand quietly and gently on the forehead, and remain quiet a moment. Then quietly suggest that the subject will hear you and answer you without waking. Should he answer you without waking, then suggest that he cannot wake, but will pass into the psychic condition and do as you bid him.

In this way you can also induce the psychic state in one who is under the influence of a drug. A remarkable instance of this is shown in "Miss Incognita," where she thus gains complete control over Lord Eroslove.

HOW TO AWAKE THE SUBJECT

This must be done gradually. Say to him, "When I count three and make three upward passes over your body, you will wake up feeling good and refreshed. You will feel rested, exhilarated and happy."

Do not awake him suddenly, and always make good, helpful suggestions before awakening.

If you wish to protect the subject against the influence of others, always tell him, before awakening, that no one else can influence him, and that he will not be easily influenced, etc., etc.

Also always make curative and healthful suggestions at this time, that the subject may be benefited by his experience.

SOME EXPERIMENTS IN WAKING STATE

You can often tell whether your subject is susceptible to your influence by experiments while he is in the normal state.

Have him place his palms together and hold them out at arm's length. Make drawing passes, and suggest that his hands will be stuck together; or have him cross his legs and make drawing passes over leg and upward and the leg and foot will be drawn upward. Or make passes down his back several times, and then step back and make *pulling* passes toward

yourself and the subject will fall back into your arms. If you influence him in this way he can certainly be put in the psychic condition by you. You can invent many of these kind of experiments in the waking state.

.

In all things be pure and noble in your thoughts and feelings, for while your subject is in this condition he is vitally and morally affected by whatever affects you.

You can convey your thoughts and feeling to him without a word being spoken. You can make these experiments of transference of thought and feeling from you to your subject for yourself, and you can no longer doubt.

You can put your subject into the clairvoyant state, and he will describe distant scenes and events to you. You can cause him to hear the divinest music, and to see most enchanting visions.

You can benefit him every way and this is what every psychologist ought to do.

We will now pass on to our story and learn many things concerning this science from "Miss Incognita."

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MISS INCOGNITA

CHAPTER I.

THE MEETING OF THE FOUR

On a veranda of a quiet boarding house at 1001 Lincoln Park Square, in Chicago, during the spring of 1868, sat two young men.

"Lindsay, since you seem to be a quasi-guardian of the young lady, and an unusually devoted one, would you mind telling me something about her and her mother, Mrs. Mandeville. I have known them for some days and they have told me nothing concerning themselves. I tell you frankly, I am deeply interested in the young lady and my passion is deeply aroused."

"Passion for her Dumas! Is it the same as your passion for other things, either a farce or an evil? For instance, such as your passion for your experiments with your Hydro-Electro-Vibratoners? Your experiments, if what you tell me be true, work nothing but evil."

"Don't switch me off from the subject, Lindsay. What I want is your influence to have me appointed

the young lady's tutor, since you say she has come here to study chemistry and kindred subjects. You know I am qualified to teach her, and then I have a well equipped laboratory. I will make you this proposition: I will teach the young lady gratis, provided you get me the pupil and will agree that she become a subject to my experiments with my 'Vibratoners.' Since you say my discovery is a farce, it could not hurt her and you could have no objection to my amusing myself. I judge that she will make me a fine subject, and I feel that through her I can prove to you the truths of a science now unknown to you."

"Well, Dumas, I will accept your terms, with this proviso: That you are not to use her as a subject without her mother being present. Furthermore, you must remember that you are to be her tutor and not a possible admirer. I know of your experiments with women, and while you attempt to justify some of them as demonstrations of your theory of 'Vibrations,' I place them on a different ground."

"Tut, Lindsay. Having ears you hear not, and eyes you see not. I cheerfully accede to your conditions. But now tell me the history of these ladies."

"Well, since you are to be her tutor, I will acquaint you with the facts as far as I know them. I served during the late rebellion as a private in the Federal Army and fought in the battle of Chickamauga. During that engagement I came upon a Southern officer mortally wounded and in great agony.

He appealed to me piteously, and I stopped. He took from his pocket a daguerrotype, and gave it to me, saying that I would find some written instructions within.

“After the battle was over I searched for his body but could not find it. Within the case were photographs of a middle-aged woman, a little girl and a paper, giving his name and house address. After the war I sent the daguerreotype and the writing to the address given, with a letter of sympathy. This led to a correspondence, and, subsequently, to an attachment between myself, and Mrs. Richard Mandeville and Miss Eidola, who were the wife and daughter of Judge Richard Mandeville.

“In May they arrived here and took rooms. They formerly lived on a plantation in Georgia. As Mrs. Mandeville informed me, they had owned large plantations in the state with scores of slaves.

“At the close of the war in 1865, Mrs. Mandeville found herself a widow and poor. She divided much of her property among her slaves. Then she sold the balance of her large plantations for rather flattering sums of the new United States ‘greenbacks,’ which, many of the Southerners declared, would soon be as worthless as the bills of the defunct Confederacy. So numbers of those who came in possession of it, bought lands or whatever else they could get with it, as safe and permanent investments. Mrs. Mandeville, with this money accruing from her property, decided to give Eidola an education in chemis-

try and medicine, and came here. So now you see why I feel such an interest in these ladies, outside of other sentiments I may entertain, which is none of your business to know."

"Begad, Lindsay, your recital makes an interesting and strange story."

"I trust, Dumas, you will remember you are her tutor and not her wooer."

"I promise, with the reservation that all is fair in love and war."

These two men were young physicians. Dr. Lindsay, though about thirty years old, had not long practiced his profession. He was medium size with a good face and a rather large nose. His ears were prominent and his head was rather small, but well shaped. His eyes were blue, his mouth medium size, while his chin was full and square. His hair was thick and reddish and he wore an auburn mustache.

Dr. Dumas was his opposite. He was exceedingly prepossessing. His eyes were large, piercing and blue-black. His lips were full and red, but showed his underlip, which protruded, partially concealed by a long black mustache. His chin was prominent, and when he was excited drew itself into a large dimple in the center. His whole appearance showed him to be a man of intense, animal passions. He was about twenty-four years old. In their professional relations the two men were very congenial.

Dr. Lindsay possessed those sturdy qualities that

made him a true, tried friend. His nature, if stirred by any deep passion, was never demonstrative.

Dr. Dumas was quite different. He was a strange mixture of sensuality, emotion, theory and mysticism. Practical utilitarianism, plodding work, staid customs and conventionalities of social life and plain morals were all repulsive to him.

Neither the conventional standards of life, nor of morals, nor of character, concerned him. He was also very artistic, but his taste was tainted through and through with an abnormal sensualism. He worshipped the beauty of woman, but from a sensual and not an esthetic point of view. He could be enslaved and goaded to madness by any woman's beauty, and yet never feel a spark of true, pure, noble love for her. Ah! fatal love this, when a man loves only the beauty of a woman's body and not the higher beauty of her soul and character. With such a love there can be no constancy, for it will wane with the beauty which excites it. There is in his nature, no soul-worship of that almost divine beauty impersonated in the fair female form and face conjoined with beauty of soul and character, but, instead, a morbid lust, that would debase all loveliness to its own carnal gratification. Such a man becomes sooner or later, if he is not so already, as much a diseased victim as the drunkard or the opium fiend. The baser passions become all-controlling in his nature.

Such a character was Dr. Dumas, and such characters every student of human nature has encountered; but it may be hoped they are not legion.

At eight o'clock on this evening in May, a tall and prematurely gray woman entered the dining room, accompanied by a young lady of about sixteen years of age. They were both dressed in mourning. The young lady was too spirituelle to be called a vigorous type of beauty. Her manners were charming and her eyes were violet—her mouth and lips were exquisite. Her dark hair rested as a crown upon a forehead of marble whiteness. She was too ethereal looking for a flesh and blood being. Her voice was soft and low, each tone like a note of music.

They had been seated but a few minutes when the two physicians came into the room.

The waiter showed them to the table occupied by the two ladies, and very soon they were in a very animated conversation. Dr. Dumas showed himself a well-educated and widely-traveled man for his years. He managed to reveal nothing personal concerning himself.

"I trust, Mrs. Mandeville, you will find the change from the South beneficial."

"Thank you, Dr. Dumas," replied Mrs. Mandeville. "Neither my health nor dear Eidola's has been vigorous since Judge Mandeville left us to go to the war. After that the burden of our plantations and the management of our servants devolved upon me, and the responsibility was too much. His sad death prostrated me, and I fain would have followed him but for my solicitude for Eidola. Her education has been carried forward during the war under difficul-

ties. Her father being away, I had to employ tutors, as I could not spare her from me; besides our schools were all disorganized and demoralized."

"Yes, and then you know, mother, I could not have my favorite studies in that rural section."

"Pray tell me, Miss Mandeville, what are your favorite studies?" said Dr. Dumas. "But first excuse me until I order some wine; I trust you will compliment me by taking some with me. Early in life I formed the habit of drinking wine at my dinner. The doctor never objects, so I won't consult him." Then turning to Miss Eidola, he said: "Now you can answer my question, if you will be so kind."

"My favorite studies are in those branches that lead me most directly into the investigations of the secrets of nature—chemistry, applied physics and the beneficent science of medicine. Another reason also for my choice of these branches is that they will prepare me for my life-work. You know we, like many other Southern women, have lost our fortunes, and are thrown largely upon our own resources. I can conceive of no field more attractive or remunerative, or better suited to a woman's genius than that of medicine, especially those departments of practice which concern my own sex or pertain to the treatment of children. True, I could make a living by teaching, or in some other humble avocation, but my ambition is above the getting of a mere livelihood. We should look forward to the making of a competency and to independence of fortune, as men do who

have to depend upon themselves. Am I not right?"

"Indeed, Miss Mandeville, your views strike me as very utilitarian. Who would have dreamed that the brain that created such music as I heard from you this morning at the same time harbored such practical ideas and ambitions. I should think you and every young woman would set your heart upon love and marriage, the elysian poesy of life, rather than upon its moody prose and plodding measures."

"But, Dr. Dumas" interposed Mrs. Mandeville, "there must often be in women the combination of the esthetic and the practical, for the poesy of love and marriage oftentimes proves Utopian, and every woman cannot possess these blessings."

"For my part," said Dr. Lindsay, "I am of the opinion that all women, married or unmarried, should be, like men are, qualified for useful callings, for they may not only have to support themselves, but others also; husbands, sometimes, for instance."

"Well said, my dear boy," broke in Dr. Dumas, reaching out and grasping the speaker's hand. Then turning to the young lady: "Since you intend to prosecute those branches of study, allow me, Miss Mandeville, to tender you the freedom of my medical laboratory, and my books and appliances. You will find them in rooms Nos. 4 and 5, immediately over your parlor."

"Thank you," exclaimed both ladies at once. Then Miss Mandeville continued: "Perhaps you can assist us in finding an instructor in these branches.

The Meeting of the Four 15

You know the medical colleges are not yet open to women."

"If you will allow me to make a suggestion, Miss Mandeville," said Dr. Lindsay, "I don't think you could find a better tutor in all the city than Dr. Dumas."

"Yes, but he is to be considered in this matter; we could hardly ask him to undertake such an arduous duty," exclaimed Mrs. Mandeville.

"I assure you, madam, I am entirely at your service."

After expressing mutual compliments at the happy and sudden turn of events, the party broke up for the evening.

Alas! How often do the sudden, unexpected, and even trivial things of life decide the fate of our future weal or woe. Things to which we hardly give a passing thought become awful weights in the balances of destiny. We do things, we know not why, we go to one place in preference to another, for some trivial reason; we form a passing acquaintance in an accidental way, and, behold, in after times we see that one or the other has aided us or played havoc with our lives!

CHAPTER II

DUMAS, THE MYSTIC.

ONE month has now passed. During this time events have occurred which changed the whole tenor of Dr. Lindsay's feelings toward Dr. Dumas and his estimate of him. We now see Dumas the mystic. Dr. Lindsay saw him as he had never seen him before. Mystic he would have been called in 1868, now he would be called a psychologist—or, to use a more unscientific term, a hypnotist—for that power or agency formerly classed as magic, witchcraft and mysticism, is now in the latter part of the nineteenth century being developed into a science. At that time it was but little known. This may account for the reason Dr. Lindsay had up to this time treated Dr. Dumas' pretensions with contempt. Besides, Dumas, being a regular physician, might not have cared to make his experiments and his interest in this subject too public. For this reason also he may have cloaked the real truth of what he knew about psychology under the term "Vibrations," and as a further piece of deception, he may have constructed his "Hydro-Electric-Vibrators." Now I do not say that he knew he was practicing a deception, or that he had

any other idea than that his "Vibrations" and his "Vibratoners" were efficient causes in producing his wonderful results.

The truth is, his "Vibratoners," as he called them, were only mechanical aids and appliances used as a means to an end, as any psychologist will see when they are described, as will be done hereafter.

What little Dr. Lindsay had seen of the experiments had given him no light on the subject, and had excited but little interest in his mind.

At that time, outside of Dr. Dods in America, Dr. Braid in England, and Drs. Liebault and Charcot in France, but few investigators were at work upon this fruitful field of research. So, I say, Dr. Lindsay is not to be blamed for his ignorance on this subject in 1868, nor for the awful blunder he made in putting Miss Eidola under the tutelage of this dangerous mystic and sensualist, as he proved himself to be. The evil was not in the science, but in the diabolical use of it by an evil man.

Besides, during the past month Dr. Lindsay's interest in Miss Eidola had increased very much, and, in the same proportion, his solicitude for her had increased, for reasons to be hereafter stated. He knew Dumas' character well, as a man of the world, but he had thought he could trust the young lady and her mother to take care of any danger arising from that source.

But when by a mere accident he was led to discover *Dumas, the Mystic*, he was quickly and truly

alarmed. The way this discovery came about was this:

One morning Dr. Dumas was sitting in Dr. Lindsay's office when a young man, a patient of the latter physician, came in for treatment. He had rheumatism in his arm, which was quite useless, and had not improved under the ordinary medical treatment. After hearing the history of the case Dr. Dumas casually remarked that with his "Vibratoners" he could cure him in a few minutes. Dr. Lindsay ridiculed the idea and dared Dumas to attempt it. The latter accepted the challenge.

The young man agreed to the experiment, and readily went with Dr. Dumas into a private room adjoining his main laboratory. Dr. Lindsay for the first time watched the application of a great natural law, as we now know it, the results of which were marvelous to him. I will not linger to describe the "Vibratoners" used by Dr. Dumas, nor the process by which he operated; suffice it to say that a most wonderful force and law of nature was put into action by him.

Dr. Lindsay saw the arm cured in a few minutes. He was astonished. "Did not the day of miracles cease long ago?" he thought. He had seen Dumas, the mystic, as he had never seen him before! The weird power which he yielded seemed to change his personality. From the debonair, sensual Dumas, he became, in Lindsay's eyes, "Dumas, the Dangerous." He had seen the glint and glitter of an awful power in Dumas' eyes.

Dr. Lindsay had seen enough in the first demonstration of this power to give him alarm for Eidola, his quasi-ward, for whom he felt a sentiment of growing affection. He saw this young man, this patient of his own—whom he knew to be true and reliable—he saw him but as plaster in the mystic's hands.

Under his manipulation, in conjunction with the vibratorers (for Dr. Lindsay thought these were in some way the source of the power), he saw this young man put into a deep and unconscious sleep or trance. He noted every point and every symptom. He then saw his whole body rendered paralytic, then anesthetic, then rigid as a bar of steel, with his head resting on one chair and his feet on the other, and Dumas standing on his unbending body, in a pose of triumph! Then he saw him carried into that most wonderful state, called "somnambulism," when, with open, though expressionless eyes, he obeyed every behest of the mystic. In this condition he even stretched forth the rheumatic hand and arm and used them without pain! And lo! When awakened he was cured, and knew nothing of the many things he had said and done, or that had been done or said to him!

During this same month Dr. Lindsay saw many wonderful experiments performed by Dumas; all forms of pain relieved under the weird influence of the "Vibratorers," as he supposed. He saw people made to see illusions of all kinds, which were real to

them. He saw the senses inhibited from performing their natural functions. He saw people caused to do things even after they were awakened, while under this strange influence, to perform at some future time.

He began to believe his eyes and his ears were deceiving him, and Dumas seemed anxious that nothing should be said about it.

Dr. Lindsay determined to put Dumas to a test, in order to feel no more uneasiness about Eidola. He procured the consent of a poor, lowly and very pretty girl, a thoroughly chaste and pure maiden, so far as he knew, to submit to an experiment of this wonderful power.

She proved susceptible to this influence. He saw that she did as she was ordered, even to the attempted removal of her clothing, which was stopped only by rescinding the command. In the midst of this, he (Lindsay) all at once received a pretended call, and left the room, the subject being still in the state of somnambulism. Instead of going to make the call, he entered an adjoining room to act as spy. He soon detected, beyond doubt, that an unmentionable crime was being attempted upon this subject, and he re-entered the room just in time to prevent its consummation.

Of course Dr. Lindsay pretended to have noticed nothing wrong—but he had proven to his satisfaction that Dumas the mystic was Dumas the Devil!

Having discovered this terrible revelation of

Dumas' character, Dr. Lindsay set about with renewed zeal to protect Eidola from him.

There was a considerable amount of sentiment in the prosaic nature of Dr. Lindsay. Furthermore he was convinced that he had reached an age when he ought to consider matrimony seriously.

The idea of falling in love had never before entered his mind, but now the passion seemed to have taken possession of him. He knew he had a dangerous rival. Then he thought also: "If I didn't love her, I would try to marry her to protect her from this dangerous man, in whose power I have so innocently placed her."

One evening some weeks after he had commenced giving his pupil her lessons in chemistry, sitting in his laboratory, Dr. Dumas heard her below rendering the grand passages of Chopin. Then she sang some plaintive Southern airs for Dr. Lindsay, who was by her side.

He could not resist such music and went down.

"My dear Miss Eidola, if you play and sing like that for Dr. Lindsay, I shall have to give you double instructions in your chemistry and leave you no time for him."

Dr. Lindsay noticed the expression, "My dear Miss Eidola," and winced, and said: "I would then be sure and have you dismissed, or teach Miss Eidola to rebel against your orders."

"But you know, Dr. Lindsay, I must mind my teacher, otherwise I might be considered a bad pupil," she said, laughing.

"Then I insist that I also shall teach you, and you shall mind me, too," said Dr. Lindsay.

"I insist that she does not need two instructors, whose authority might conflict," objected Dr. Dumas.

"How do you like your chemistry, and how are you progressing, Miss Eidola?" asked Dr. Lindsay, in a tone that suggested his interest and feeling for her.

"Splendidly. You see, Doctor, with such a teacher and such admirable instruction, I could not help making rapid progress. I must thank you over and over again for suggesting Dr. Dumas as my tutor."

Dr. Dumas curled his raven black mustache shyly, and violently twitched his chin until he drew it into a dimple in the center, and then replied: "Miss Eidola compliments me, when in reality it is only the apt pupil that advances rapidly."

Then the young lady with much enthusiasm broke in: "Yes, Dr. Lindsay, you should just hear how attractive my teacher makes even the tedious details of chemistry—how he illustrates the peculiar, mysterious affinities of chemical constituents for one another, by the more wonderful affinity of soul for soul and heart for heart, and how there is this mysterious craving for closer union and conjunction in all nature."

"But, my dear Miss Mandeville, has he done his whole duty, and illustrated to you how there is also an equally wonderful and mysterious, repellent

quality among chemical constituents, and how this same law obtains even between souls and souls, and hearts and hearts, and which is just the opposite of this law of affinity?"

"Yes, I am sure he spoke of this, too, and remarked how often this law was also illustrated in our every-day lives, and how we are drawn near to some, while others repel us, as——"

"I insist, with my pupil's permission, that she is not yet ready to stand her final examination, and that she be not further questioned," Dr. Dumas exclaimed, fearing that his pupil might carry the illustration of her comparison too far, or at least, she might carry it to the extent he had done in the laboratory, which was farther than he cared to have repeated in the presence of Dr. Lindsay.

Before parting for the evening, however, Dr. Lindsay succeeded in making arrangement with the young lady to take her for a drive the next afternoon.

The first and all-important consideration with all men of Dr. Dumas' stamp is to win the absolute confidence of those whom they would influence or entrap. He knew that to win Miss Eidola's sympathy and confidence gave him an infinite power in consummating the dark designs he had upon her. Herein lay his masterly, consummate art, and his knowledge of a great psychological law.

This species of confidence and sympathy Dr.

Dumas had very soon established in the minds and hearts of his pupil and her mother.

His next citadel of attack would be the girl's heart. He had easily scaled or demolished the outer walls—would he be as successful in taking the citadel?

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On the appointed afternoon Dr. Lindsay called for Miss Mandeville to take her on the promised drive.

This plodding, practical man, now to all appearances in love for the first time in his life, had determined to throw himself as much in the company of the young lady as possible.

On this afternoon, as on many others, they drove through the winding labyrinths of the park and along the entrancing lake front.

The calm beauty of the quiet, restful sky, the ever-enchancing beauty of the restless lake, the life-giving beauty of the dallying winds, all combined to give a healthful glow to the rare, though latent beauty of the frail young girl.

"Miss Mandeville, how much the lake and its waves remind one of humanity and human lives," observed Dr. Lindsay. "Humanity, like the body of the great lake, is really one—a homogeneous whole. As out of the bosom of the lake the waves dash up toward the light, so out of the one humanity, individual lives rise upward and are seen and known. As some of the waves rise higher and become greater

and more lasting than others, so do some human lives attain unto greater personality, power and fame; while others, rising but a little way, are noticed only for a moment, then quickly sink back and are seen no more. And as even these highest waves are dashed into the midst, if they rise too high, and then are engulfed the deeper into the bowels of the lake, so with the proud and haughty souls who seek to sever themselves from the inevitable portion of a common humanity; they rear their heads for a while but are finally dashed beneath the feet of all.

“As the lake forever moves, its waves rising and falling, advancing and retreating, forming and dissolving, so does humanity: across this lake, as across that greater one of humanity, the grim god of eternal change and unrest has stretched his all powerful scepter, and is obeyed!

“The lake moans and groans, and mutters and murmurs and wails and writhes, and battles with and is buffeted by storms and winds and tides and lightnings and cold and heat—even so always with humanity.”

“How nicely you become at the same time both philosopher and poet, dear Doctor,” exclaimed Miss Eidola, laying her delicate hand lightly upon his arm.

This seemed to thrill him, and he replied:

“Indeed, you flatter me, my dear Miss Eidola—ah, excuse me—Miss Mandeville——”

“Yes, Doctor, call me by my given name. I like

that better; it sounds more friendly, you know. Then one's guardian, you see, need not be too formal."

"Certainly, Miss Eidola; and it makes me more comfortable. You know it really hurt me, when *he* and you and I were together, to hear him saying, 'My dear Miss Eidola' so tenderly. I am sure he is not your guardian, and you should not allow it of him."

"But, Doctor, he is my dear teacher, and you would not expect teachers to be distant and formal, would you?"

"No, but teachers should know their places."

"He does, but you know he is so agreeable. I am perfectly at home in his presence and in my experiments with him in the laboratory."

"Do you make him feel perfectly at home with you?"

"Why, of course I do. I could not help doing so when he speaks of the beautiful affinity of the various chemical elements, and likens them to the affinity between us which makes us such good friends. Then he makes so many funny comparisons, which amuse me very much. We have to have some fun, you know, Doctor."

"Ah, only friends!" he wondered to himself. "Only teacher and pupil! Alas! I see now what a fool I was!"

While Miss Eidola and Dr. Lindsay were driving Dr. Dumas sat in his laboratory puffing his

Havana and thinking. Being a beautiful night, the couple were late returning. When finally he heard the merry laugh of the young girl for whose coming he longed and waited, he hastily arose, descended the stairs, and met her as she tripped lightly on the veranda. Dr. Lindsay had driven off to pay a professional call which awaited him.

"Oh! I am so happy you have returned," he exclaimed, reaching out his eager hand and grasping hers in a hot, passionate grasp, at the same time drawing her to a seat beside him on the sofa in her private parlor. "I thought you would never come back, and I became so lonely waiting."

"Why should you become lonely?" she asked, laughing merrily. "You have books, your laboratory, your profession, your thinker to cogitate upon all things in heaven and earth—then why should you miss me?"

"Is it really true that you do not know why, my dear Miss Eidola?"

As he thus spoke he gently stole her hand into his, and she let it linger there as though unconscious of its resting-place. She waited a moment, then withdrew her hand from his and replied: "No, I really do not know why you should miss me, unless you just wanted to. Dr. Lindsay and I had such a delightful drive. I did not know he could talk so well."

Dr. Dumas winced at the young girl's frank compliment, and giving a dry laugh, said: "My dear,

you must have been a partial listener to have heard beautiful things from Lindsay. What inspired him?"

"Why, I am sure I don't know. But excuse me, Doctor, won't you? I must run and see how mother is; she doesn't seem to be well of late." And Miss Mandeville tripped lightly to her mother's apartment.

Dr. Dumas went out for a promenade on the porch, and to think about—Lindsay. Was Lindsay really in love with her and did he intend to marry her? Did he himself ever think of marrying the girl, or imagine she was a prize to be fought over and won by the more zealous lover?

Dr. Dumas knew enough of the affairs of a woman's heart to know that an honest suitor, even though he be an ordinary, phlegmatic man, was a dangerous rival and obstacle in the way of a successful flirtation. Moreover, he feared that Lindsay had suspected his plans and might do something to seriously interfere with him. "Then shall I give her up and forego the rare and delicate pleasure that is treasured up in the, as yet, latent passion of this pure and fragrant lily of a girl, whose sweets no man but himself has ever imagined and yearned for? No! a thousand times no, and as for Lindsay, I will brush him aside as a——" and Dr. Dumas walked the veranda with quickened pace, and flushed, determined face.

CHAPTER III.

THE SCENE IN THE LABORATORY—THE VISIT TO THE INVALID.

MISS EIDOLA hurried to the bedside of her mother when she left Dr. Dumas. Though she was with her mother constantly, yet she could see day by day that her health was steadily declining.

Mrs. Mandeville possessed one of those delicate natures that could not long survive the violent changes of her emotions, her manner of life and love, her environments and her social position.

In her plantation home she had been queen of all she surveyed. To numbers of human beings her word had been law. Throughout the extended rural section, where she and her husband were so widely known, she had been a social queen.

But now the tragic catastrophes of change as completely inverted her life as though a whole bright world of joy and gladness and hope had been metamorphosed into a black sphere of despair and death. There was for her only one star in the whole black horizon, and that was her daughter. For her sake alone the tenacity of the mother's strong will retained hold upon this hideous mockery of life. Hence, for some weeks, while the health, appearance and spirits of the daughter had been rapidly improving, the mother had been rapidly declining.

Still, at no time was her condition dangerous or alarming, no more than is the gradual and almost

imperceptible burning out of the candle. We scarcely notice its continually flickering flame, until all at once it—goes out.

“Mother, dear, I hope you are feeling so much better by now. Aren’t you?”

“Yes, dear Eidola, I am sure I shall be much better in a few days. We all have to be sick sometimes, and this is just my time to be an invalid, and have you do so many nice things for me.”

“You know, mother, I thought of you all the afternoon and wished you were with us. You must go with me next time I go. I know the view of the lake and the fresh, crisp air will do you worlds of good. Now won’t you go?”

“Of course, my daughter, if you wish. Sit down and tell me all about it.”

As a dutiful child and loving daughter Miss Eidola recounted to her mother a full history of the drive, and in conclusion told her of the interview and passionate utterance of Dr. Dumas, that had just taken place in the parlor.

“And, Eidola dear, what think you of his constantly increasing attentions?”

“I know not, mother, unless he loves me. I am feeling myself more and more inclined to put my full trust in him.”

“If such be so, my daughter, I only hope he may be true, loving and faithful unto you as was your dear father to me.” And the poor mother sobbed aloud at the thought of her own true, chivalrous husband. She was thinking also of her daughter’s

future, in case of her death, which she felt must occur at any time. She realized that she could look upon this final catastrophe with much more resignation if she knew her daughter's future was safe in the keeping of some noble, true man.

"If Dr. Dumas attempts to press his suit, refer him to me. I should like to talk to him."

"I will, mother. I know you will like him more as you know him better."

The days flew by and linked themselves into weeks, and Miss Eidola kept apace with them in the rapid progress she made in her studies.

The two gentlemen seemed by this time to be full-fledged rivals.

Dr. Dumas had made no further passionate venture since the evening in the parlor, but seemed to have been trying to analyze and interpret the attentions of Dr. Lindsay, so as to determine what course he should adopt in his future suit. The truth is, he did not believe Dr. Lindsay capable of a deep, passionate attachment, and he had made up his mind that Miss Eidola would only yield to that species of love. But what puzzled him was to decide in what way he could most surely realize the full harvest of his passion.

Could he so intensify the love of the young girl as to win her love for love's sake and joy alone, as against the utilitarian-love-for-marriage-sake-style of Dr. Lindsay? If all else failed, should he hesitate to employ that all-powerful law which he had so successfully used on other hearts?

One morning, not long after this, after the regular chemical lesson was over, he detained his pupil to show her some new experiment in chemistry. Miss Eidola was sitting in a high chair very close to him watching the experiment. Suddenly in passing her he fixed his gaze intently upon her and his hand came in contact with hers. He mechanically let it pause there. Then he lifted her hands and gazed into her eyes. He had made a test of a psychological law and it almost assured him that his power might be counted on. She did not hastily remove her hand. Quietly, unrestingly, under the influence of some strange, attractive force, she leaned, or was drawn forward, toward him. Her breath came thick and fast. Her snow-white bosom rose and fell in rapid and rhythmic undulations. New and untried currents of feeling seemed to be coursing and rushing through every fibre of her virgin flesh. A new experience was at work for the first time beneath the rising and falling of this maiden bosom. Was she experiencing the first glad joys of love? What power was it which so irresistibly called it forth? Dr. Dumas was not the dullard to risk the hazard of a guess upon this precious point, and thus flush his dainty game. His practiced eye and heart had seen and felt *one fact; she experienced the drama of feeling.* He had called it forth!

But he noted this; that while he held her hand she did not cast down her eyes, nor looked abashed as though she felt accusing guilt but she cast a bright, inquiring look full in his face, which seemed to mean, "*I trust you.*"

He removed his hand and said, "You are looking more charming every day. I believe I am beginning to take more interest in my pupil herself than in her lessons." To which she naively replied:

"If you will keep up your interest in your pupil, I will certainly keep up mine in the lessons."

"But who will feel an interest in the teacher?" he quickly responded.

"Oh! The pupil will be certain to do that," she said with a merry twinkle of her eye, accompanied by a flush on her cheek.

The afternoon of the same day found Dr. Dumas in Mrs. Mandeville's room on a visit to the invalid mother.

"I have not seen you out for several days," said the young doctor, "and desired to give myself the pleasure of calling on you. I hope, madam, you have no serious indisposition."

"Thank you, Dr. Dumas," the invalid said rather feebly.

The invalid's face was very thin and white. As the almost ethereal body of the woman shone, and she talked, the strong man of hot blood sat leaning forward, almost over her, and even then and there was plodding the ruin of her fair and only daughter.

"No doubt, madam, Miss Eidola has been your stay and comfort during all these sad years."

"My very life, Doctor; for it was only my love of her that sustained me for a day after my husband was taken away."

"Indeed, madam, you are blessed. Her mind has the strength of a man's and the quick intuitions of a woman's, and where you find this combination you have reached the limits of intellectual potentiality."

"True, sir; she is equally excellent in the qualities of heart. You have dealt most with her mind, I most with her heart."

"May I ask you, madam, if I too may deal somewhat with the qualities of her heart?" said the doctor in his soft, persuasive tone.

Mrs. Mandeville did not speak for some moments, but she was seen to press her dainty handkerchief to her eyes, and her throat was seen to contract, as though she were pressing back a sigh or sob. As soon as she could control her voice, she replied with much feeling: "Does my daughter wish it?"

"Concerning this I must refer you to her. As for myself I wish it."

"In so momentous a decision I cannot act rashly," she replied. "If such be her desire, her lessons with you may continue; if not, they would better cease. Affairs of the head and heart do not mix, especially where hearts are consciously at variance."

"Your answer, madam, is both wise and agreeable. It shall be my honor and pleasure to speak to your daughter later."

CHAPTER IV.

A GAME OF HEARTS—WHO WILL PROVE THE WINNER?

DR. LINDSAY realized that Dumas had a great advantage of him on account of the daily intercourse and close companionship of the class room. So he monopolized all her time possible during her hours of rest and recreation. But still, he knew that he was making but little headway. At last he thought: "I will see her mother, and frankly do my duty by informing her that I am convinced I have made a grievous blunder in placing Miss Eidola under his tutelage. I will tell her as much as I can of my suspicions of his character and of his purposes in his relations with the young lady. Would to God that I could tell her all I know of his attempted crime against the poor young girl whom I left him with in his diabolical experiment! This very afternoon I will call and have a talk with her."

True to his resolution this honest man made his call. After exchanging the usual compliments, and talking with Mrs. Mandeville concerning her health and advising her about it, he broached the portentous topic.

"Mrs. Mandeville, I trust you will receive what I shall say to you in the same spirit in which I speak it. I desire to talk to you about the relations between Miss Eidola and Dr. Dumas. My interest is the more excited in this matter—if that were possible outside of my own love for her—because of the fact

that I am responsible for the relations between these two. This you know. I want to advise you to sever these relations if possible. I think I know more of the character of this man than I did when I advised you to employ him as your daughter's teacher."

"I thank you Dr. Lindsay. I wanted to talk to you on the subject of my daughter's intimate relations with Dr. Dumas, now more intimate than, perhaps, you know of or imagine"—at this statement Dr. Lindsay turned pale and trembled—"a circumstance happened but a few days ago, which determined me to inquire of you concerning Dr. Dumas's antecedents. Do you know anything of his past or of his family?"

"But little, madam. He told me he was an orphan and formerly lived in Canada. He came here about three years ago. He is a strange man in many respects. Yet he seems to be cultured, educated, and widely traveled, and never lacks for money."

"Have you discovered any reasons or facts, Doctor, to cause you to doubt any of these points?"

"No, madam."

"Then what has caused you to be suspicious and distrustful?"

"Certain matters, madam, concerning his moral character. I am convinced in this respect he is an unsafe and dangerous man—especially so if your daughter"—at this point Dr. Lindsay stammered and almost broke down—"if your daughter, I was going to say, madam, be in any unusual way attracted toward him."

"This would indeed be most serious, Doctor. Would that you had forewarned me sooner, for"—here Dr. Lindsay became very much agitated—"for I fear, to express it in no stronger terms, that my daughter has already become unduly attracted to Dr. Dumas." Then continuing, "Would you, and could you, Doctor, give me some specific, some definite information on this important subject, by which I could judge of him? Something that you did not know when you recommended him to me?"

"Well, really, Mrs. Mandeville, this would be hard to do. I knew at first he was inclined to be a man of certain loose moral habits, and in talking to him about becoming your daughter's tutor, I specifically charged him that he must confine himself to her head and not to her heart."

"But, Doctor, could this injunction to him protect her, if he saw fit to disregard it?"

"Of course not, madam. Yet I did not anticipate the young lady's attachment for him, for—I must make a confession to you—I loved your daughter myself, and was presumptuous enough to think I could win her and protect her from the influence of her instructor. I now avow to you, I love Miss Eidola with my whole soul and hope to save her."

"For yourself, Doctor? Excuse me, I do not wish to misjudge your motive. I believe you are sincere. Dr. Dumas has made the same avowal."

"He has!" exclaimed Dr. Lindsay with great emotion. "But, madam, I hope you did not give your consent."

"I did not enter my disapproval, for I believed you would not have recommended to me an unworthy man. However, I informed him that I would take the matter to my heart and let him know my answer. I also told him that my decision in the matter would depend largely on my daughter's desires, provided I became satisfied that she was acting with wisdom and with due regard to her future happiness."

"Has your daughter yet made her decision? Do you know the trend of her desires?"

"I know that Dr. Dumas has avowed his love to her many times, though she has given him no positive encouragement. I am free to say to you, Doctor, that my preference as between you and him—since you have expressed yourself so unreservedly to me, which before this I had not suspected—would be"—here Dr. Lindsay leaned forward, grasping the arms of the chair, awaiting the next word with terrible anxiety—"for you." (At this point he had arisen and seized her thin hand in his own.) "But Doctor, as much as I might feel this preference, I should not take the responsibility to dictate to my daughter or to thwart her heart's desire in so sacred a matter as this, provided she were not innocently and ignorantly making a fearful mistake. You must be aware of my feelings toward you, since you have always been a true and tried friend."

"Thank you, my dear Mrs. Mandeville. A thousand times I assure you, you flatter me. I could not, I would not, ask your daughter to marry me, if she loved another. But she shall not love this man. Oh!

That I could tell you of a circumstance—but it might cause you to think I expected to win her love by the downfall of another, whose power and influence, in my judgement, will sacrifice her life.”

From this moment Dr. Lindsay aroused himself from his sluggish wooing, and brought to bear all the resources of his practical life to win the prize of his heart.

At this time, Miss Eidola's heart was really in a balance. She could not tell which way it would turn. If Dr. Dumas was out of the way, she would accept Dr. Lindsay at once. Her mother had often expressed to her her high regard for him. On the other hand, if Dr. Lindsay were out of the way, she would accept Dr. Dumas, for he had shown every kindness and attention possible to both herself and her mother, and he seemed altogether acceptable to both.

Thus the balance was cast between these two men.

Dr. Lindsay had this advantage; that with him it was a game for a heart and a life, while with Dr. Dumas it was a game for a heart which he would doubtless devour, and cast the life away as a worthless husk.

As the days passed by fortune seemed to favor the honest suitor. The mother favored him, but frankly told her daughter that she would not dictate to her in so sacred a matter. Dr. Dumas' quick eye noted every move of the game for this precious prize.

The unuttered sympathy of the loving mother's

intuition, which she felt for Dr. Lindsay, soon began to have its effect. Miss Eidola began to show indications in her demeanor toward Dr. Dumas which alarmed him.

In the study room she was more indifferent than formerly. He noticed, too, that she was more in the company of Dr. Lindsay than ever before. When he saw them together they appeared happy and congenial. While the tide had not yet turned against him, he became convinced that it was not flowing his way, as it formerly did.

He now determined that before the tide changed to the ebb he would take decisive action. The climax came in this way: Miss Eidola had missed one lesson to take a drive with Dr. Lindsay. She told Dr. Dumas he would have to excuse her again the next day, as she was going to row on the lake. Then he asked:

“And the next day—what?”

“Oh, my lesson, I think,” she replied.

“If you will promise to come, I will show you an *extraordinary experiment*,” he said with a strange emphasis.

“I promise, for you know, Doctor, I always enjoy things out of the ordinary.”

“Agreed, my dear Miss Eidola. I will have everything ready to—make—this—extraordinary—experiment—I—assure—you.”

CHAPTER V.

THE THEORY OF VIBRATIONS—THE VIBRATONERS—THE
ATTEMPTED CRIME

IN science Dr. Dumas was a theorist and a mystic. He loved to speculate upon the hidden powers of nature as much as upon the hidden powers of the heart. He veiled the true meaning and import of that branch of mystical science with which he was so familiar under the term "Vibrations." He claimed also, that in order to demonstrate his theory of vibrations he had invented his apparatus mentioned above. In view of what we know of the science of "Experimental Psychology" today, we must admit that those "Vibratoners," as he called them, might prove a powerful agency in producing a state of hypnosis.

Both his mind and heart now told him that the subject and the occasion had met to make the most important experiment of his life.

The next morning when Miss Eidola was to come he had arranged his study and laboratory with usual care and taste. In addition to more tasteful arrangement, he had his most remarkable "Hydro-Electro-Vibratoners" displayed on this occasion in all their glory.

She tripped into the laboratory this morning with

a joyous eye, a beaming face and a rapidly beating heart.

When he opened the door to receive her his eye feasted upon the luscious embodiment of grace and beauty and his heart grew jealous of his eye and yearned to share in its intoxication. But as no trained mariner casts his anchor until he has taken his bearings, so on the sea of love no skillful lover trusts to impulse unless it is formed and guided in accordance with cooler judgment.

His "cooler judgment" had already planned for this drama of passion, and he now proceeded to carry it to a final execution.

Dr. Dumas held out his hand, as he opened the door to admit his pupil, and grasping hers, said:

"Good morning, *sweet one!* May I say it?" He looked intently into her eyes, noting the effect of his words.

"How it delights me to welcome you and feast my eyes upon you. You are really a vision of beauty this morning."

"Oh, Dr. Dumas. You should not flatter me so, or I shall have to leave you. But look, what have you here? Oh! How beautiful and wonderful! What have you done?"

Dr. Dumas had led her some paces into the room, holding her hand tenderly.

"My dear pupil, this is the apparatus designed to make the 'extraordinary experiment' I promised you."

The laboratory was an oblong room at the end of a hall. There were two windows of frosted glass

that opened out over a court. Hanging from the ceiling were four peculiar vessels or globes like spheres of cut glass about fifteen inches in circumference. Out of the upper side of each sphere extended a singular serpentine chimney of tinted glass, which was connected with some retort in the center of the sphere. Running into this hidden retort from seven directions from above, were seven tri-colored glass pipes of about an inch in diameter and extending about a foot above.

The ends of these pipes expanded without into globes of about six inches in circumference, which seemed to be filled with some substance which alternately passed from the liquid to the gaseous state.

Moulded in the glass, and passing through each of these globes, and through the central retort, were a series of small wires, which were connected in the laboratory with an electric battery, which sent a current into these globes and into the central retort. No one except Dr. Dumas knew the composition of the strange substance in the retorts and globes, which changed its nature from liquid to gaseous with almost infinite alternations.

These seven globes seemed to feed the hidden retorts inside the spheres, and out of the retorts, through the many-colored serpentine glass chimney, there issued a mysterious vapor which filled the shaded room with a vague, fragrant, overpowering, soporific odor. One instant this weird vaporous light was violet, then blue, then red, then green, then yellow, etc., until all the seven colors of the prism had pre-

dominated. Then they all seemed to unite for an instant, forming the pure white light as of the sun. Then quickly it would dissolve, and the rapidly vibrating colors would begin over again.

The strange part of it was that the beautiful glow which came out of the serpentine chimney and filled the room was not of the nature of pure light, but some substance evolved by this mysterious mechanism of the chemist, which caused remarkable series of vibrations in the surrounding ether, and which produced a soothing, monotonous hum, which seemed to weary, and then to lull into sleep, the ear and the brain.

Near the center of the room was a little wheel, used to regulate or shut off the electric current. The frosted windows of the room had been veiled in thick, dark curtains, so that there was no light, color or glow, except that issuing from the lightendowed vapor, which the mystic was generating by his mysterious process. The combined effect was indescribable.

There seemed to be an infinitely rapid vibratory battle in the spacial ether of the room which somewhat paralyzed the objective action of the senses.

In addition to these exquisite colors and the strange weird sound which chanted a perpetual lullaby, the laboratory was filled with a most delicious odor which was intended to help intoxicate the subject.

Dr. Dumas said: "Why, my dear, this is an unknown invention of my own, which I call my 'Hydro-Electro-Vibratoner.' It has never been seen or known outside of my laboratory. Don't you feel its delightful effects?"

"Oh, yes, Doctor; it seems like a dream of heaven. Tell me about it while I sit here and look at it and drink in this fragrance."

She advanced toward a lounge which he had arranged near the center of the room. He, half embracing her, looked into her eyes with a determined, unwavering concentration. He placed her by his side on the lounge and said: Now if you desire to experience the delightful effects of this experiment *you must keep your eyes immovably fixed on this certain vibrator.* Don't move them for an instant, and as you look I will explain this apparatus to you. By this I demonstrate the vibratory theory of not only light and electricity, but of chemical affinity, human emotion, passion, and even thought. We might compare its effect and its operations to those wonderful effects produced by music. Music is nothing but vibrations of the air, which, through the ear, affect the brain and the sensations. The emotions of the listener become *en rapport* with the state of the vibrations set up in the external air. The joyful dance of the music in the air becomes the dance of the molecules of the brain, and we are thrilled with the enthusiasm of the dance. If the music be of passionate tone and time, our passions become stirred, and we feel the ecstasy or woe of the music. If the music wail, our hearts wail; if it exult, our hearts exult. All the gamut of our emotions and passions are touched and stirred by the consonant vibrations of the music. Music is but the vibration of the air set to the time and tone established by nature's laws."

While he was saying these things he bent over his

fair subject and every now and then interspersed his remarks by phrases like this: "*Be sure and keep your eyes fixed—don't move them—at the same time listen to the sweet hum and lullaby of the vibrator—breathe deeply and draw in these exquisite odors emitted from this pure ether! Look, listen, breathe, think of nothing but these exquisite delights.*" Then continuing, he said, in a slow, monotonous tone:

"What is true of the vibration of the air is also true of the vibration of the subtler element known as the ether. The ether pervades not only the interstellar space and the earth's atmosphere, but it also passes through all solid, opaque objects. Everything is open to its subtle influence. It vibrates through your brain and mind, and can be made the direct agent and medium for the excitation and expression of thought, emotion and passion. I knew that nothing could be more interesting to my pupil than a demonstration of her own experience of my theory." As he talked to her he gradually drew her more closely to his side. She did not resist.

"What strange, exquisite emotions are these I experience? The delightful sensations produced by this light, color and fragrance seem to be overpowering me."

He gazes into her face with a deeper and more penetrating stare. He sees that her eyes are closed and her face is as placid and innocent as a sleeping angel. He makes certain strange movements about her, touching her brow, head and temples here and there, and muttering weird words in her ear. He

partly lifted her lids so that the eyes were half closed in a dreamy ecstasy—but she did not move.

“The current, sweet one, which I am now passing through the vibrators creates those vibrations which are in consonance with and productive of pleasurable emotions and sensations. You are now so happy! You are overwhelmed with joy! So happy! So happy!”

He waited a few minutes, and watched her face wreathed in smiles. He looked into her dreaming eyes, now filled with a strange light. He saw the entranced, expectant smile upon her crimson lips. A little movement of his hand before her face, and a little turn of the wheel by his side, which regulated the current and the rapidity of the vibrations, and lo! all this joy passed away. She, entranced, heard him saying:

“Now see, my dear girl. I can change the current to one in consonance with the emotions of fear and you are filled with fright. Fear now has taken possession of you! Look you, the glow from the serpentine pipes, passing up out of the retorts, glimmers and gleams and flashes and flickers and trembles, and then darts out and back again, setting up this strange vibration of the ether which accompanies and produces fear! Look how you turn pale and cling to me and tremble! There—now you shall endure it no longer! It is gone!” He changed the current back to its former state, made a strange movement with his hand before her face, and untwining the affrightened girl’s arms from about him, said:

"I know you will pardon me, but I could not resist showing you all. We are here to learn and shall we not experience *all* the emotions, my sweet love?" he asked with a strange and dangerous emphasis. Again he turned the little wheel, changing the current, saying: "You will love, *you will love me* with all the passion of your heart?"

Eidola made no audible reply, but seemed transformed in an instant from the miserable state of fear to that ecstatic one of intense emotional love.

She again closed her eyes under the weird touch and movement of his hand. He laid her down upon the silken lounge, and standing over her made strange manipulations through the air above her person, muttering passionate incantations into her ear all the while, a mystic procedure whose awful meaning, significance and power are today known only to a few psychologists and taught to the uninitiated only under the most solemn vows.

After a few moments of this strange procedure he tenderly, though earnestly, spoke into her now plastic ear and brain these words: "You will love me! You will love me with all the power of your life, of your mind, of your heart! You will love me only of all men upon the earth, and you will love me for ever and ever." Eidola quivered in every fibre of her being. Her emotions were quickly possessed by an all-powerful yearning and irresistible passion. Then the mystic continued: "The first time you meet your mother and Dr. Lindsay together you will say to them—*and remember you cannot resist saying it—*

you will say, 'I love Dr. Dumas above all on earth, and love only him.' You will say these words—you will—you will." Those words he repeated in her ear a number of times.

From the moment this injunction of love was seared into her entranced brain and heart, she felt that she loved the man to whom she was clinging and who was so tenderly embracing her, with all the passionate ardor of her thoroughly and suddenly-aroused nature, and with all the intensity of her being, life, body and soul!

He had long planned and labored to allure her confidence and even incite her normal love, so that when this crucial moment should come she would be wholly his, and more than that, surely and easily his.

He now saw her clinging about his neck with her lips upturned to his; these lips were half parted, and as crimson and moist as the ripe cherry when the nectar of the dawn is upon it. Her mouth was always a sweet and beautiful one, whose lips, even when far away from you, curled and curved, and pouted, and smiled, and parted, and blushed, and wept, as she willed.

But as the love-famished man looked down upon these lips, now so close to his, and saw upon them all the freshness and sweetness and beauty and excitement and intoxication of love's first carnival, he was overcome! He must be dreaming. He looked about him and saw the infinitely rapid glow of the unchained ether. The multicolored gleam of the vibratorers daz-

zled before and into his eyes and into his brain and into his heart, and unchained every feeling and emotion and ecstasy and yearning and hunger and thirst of his long pent-up and intensified passion, even as it had unchained the wild and jubilant ether whose ecstatic dance now filled this lover's hall.

By his side was the little wheel, whose slightest turn, with one word from him spoken into her ear, would stem this tide of blessed joy and irresistible passion which filled the illimitable ocean of its enraptured being. One word and a motion of his hand and it would be done! Must he do this and so change the current of passion which was speeding on its burning course through his being and through hers? Alas! He had waited too long! He reached a point where his reason was impotent to reach his heart. Had he not waited and planned and thirsted for just this heaven? Had he not for so long a time foregone all other and coarser pleasures for this rare and blessed feast, the first passion of a virgin's heart? Had he not day after day watched the frail bud of this lily of love as it grew and developed, until now, even in his arms, it had burst into fragrance and full-grown beauty? Should he not inhale its fragrance and taste its sweetness?

Why was beauty, love and passion given if not to worship and enjoy? Was not this his only heaven, and must he refuse to enter into its joys? He quelled his cavilling thoughts, and nerved his doubting heart, and again fastened the full vision of his eyes upon the fair reality that rested upon his bosom. Her

eyes, which, by his touch, were now opened, were melting in their tenderness, and spoke worlds to him, just as when you look into the placid waters of the lake and it shows you all the beauties of the heavens above. Her cheeks were aflame! The snow-white bosom just beneath that filmy snow-white dress rose and fell as though beckoning him on. Her little hand pressed against his neck, and its warm touch incited him irresistably on to the full fruition of his desires. He looked once more upon her lips. His own fell upon them. He drew her face closer and closer to his. He pressed her yielding form to himself with all the awful, though tender force of love's own clasp. One moment more—but at this instant he saw her body becoming convulsed; the happy, dreamy look passed out of her eyes. With a mighty up-rushing of some protecting power within her, she gave one mighty effort and sprang from his embrace exclaiming:

“My love! my love! Though it be sweeter than life, it must yield to reason! Oh! My lover, commit no sin against it! I love, I love you, *only you and that forever and ever!*” Then by a wave of his hand she was brought back to her normal consciousness, remembering nothing of her strange experience, but saying continually: “I love you, my life, and you only of all men!”

The same instant the door of the laboratory opened and the voice of Dr. Lindsay was heard saying:

“Say, Dr. Dumas, where is my case of instruments

you borrowed? I must have them at once." And the next minute, having now entered the room, he said, while his voice quivered, and his face was pale as death: "Bless me, Dumas, here you are fooling with your nonsensical vibratoners, and wasting your time and your pupil's. Excuse me, Miss Eidola, you look pale. Are you ill?"

"Oh, no, Doctor; your sudden entrance shocked me. I did not dream you were near."

"You may be sure," said Dr. Dumas, "that Lindsay is always where he is not wanted"—this he said with a scowl of anger upon his face, then toning his voice down somewhat, he continued: "Your case of instruments is in my private office there. You interrupted one of my most beautiful experiments by coming in here."

"Oh, no, Doctor," said Eidola, softly, "*the experiment was completed*. You must not be too severe toward Dr. Lindsay!"

"Never mind, Miss Eidola," said the latter; "I care little for what he says, and take no stock in his speculative theories about 'Vibrations,' but still I don't see what good you are to derive from such far-fetched theories and experiments. Leave off now, and come, go driving with me."

"With pleasure, Doctor, if my teacher will excuse me." This she said with a smile and a glow of the cheeks, as she looked toward Dr. Dumas.

"Oh, of course, Miss Eidola, if you desire it; anything to get rid of Lindsay." And then to himself he said: "I have no fear of him now."

Dumas remained in his laboratory after they had gone, absorbed in thought.

“A wonderful law in this science has forced its truth upon me. She yielded not to me under the pressure of the most overpowering mastery one being can exercise over another—the only exception in all my experiments. How can I explain it? I can think of only one explanation, and that is because her virgin heart is absolutely pure and fixed in her moral principles. And hence the power of her chaste soul-nature to resist was more powerful than this, the greatest personal force—yea, the most overpowering force in nature! She overcame me, even in spite of that intense love which I know I have inspired in her heart for me. Now I know she is a virgin, pure and undefiled in soul as well as in body. I am now the more resolved to possess the joy she can give me. *One thing I know: She loves me and will continue to do so with an ever-growing passion.*”

CHAPTER VI.

IGNORANTIA JURIS NON EXCUSAT—THE OPERATION OF A
STRANGE LAW—IN THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS.

What is true of human laws as expressed by the maxim, *ignorantia Juris non excusat*, is also true of the divine or natural law, upon which human law is based. The laws of nature operate with a fixed, inexorable certainty. Though we be ignorant of them and their operations, yet neither our ignorance nor innocence will cause them to vary in one iota from their eternal sequences. So Dr. Lindsay's ignorance and Miss Eidola's innocence and ignorance did not cause a shadow of turning in the execution of that law of psychology, and of our being, which Dr. Dumas had evoked in the subconscious nature or subjective mind of the young lady.

Dumas knew positively that the first time Miss Eidola, her mother and Dr. Lindsay were together, she would be controlled by that fixed law of "Post-Hypnotic suggestion" (as psychology now terms it), which he had given her while in the impressible state he had induced. He had not long to wait for that inevitable and most impressive occurrence. The second day after the making of this experiment in the laboratory on Miss Eidola, Dr. Lindsay called on her and her mother, as he had been doing very often of late. He had been pressing his suit with all the vigor of

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his heart and soul. But she appeared more distant and unresponsive to him than she had ever been. He could not understand this startling recent change. He was discouraged and thought he would relieve the situation by asking for Mrs. Mandeville, and they would all have a friendly talk together before he left. Upon his request Miss Eidola called her mother.

From the moment she came in, an unearthly, dreamlike expression came over the countenance of Miss Eidola. Her wide-open eyes became like those of a beautiful doll—fixed, expressionless, but withal, heavenly.

They appeared to be gazing far away into some other world. During the period of this weird, unearthly metamorphosis—which was observed at once both by Dr. Lindsay and the mother—she was strangely silent for a few moments as though a conflict were raging within her soul while her body remained placid and inactive. Then they noticed that suddenly her face began to glow with joy while her eyes still remained unmoved. She began to sway her body slightly. Then she arose in an alert position, with her hands by her side, and her face and eyes turned upward. She stood thus but a moment—then, in a low, quiet, sweet but firm voice she said:

“I love Dr. Dumas above all on earth, and I love only him.”

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There lived in the lower part of the city a man named Snoots—a kind of “a fellow about town” who was a “chum” of Dr. Dumas when he entered into

his carousals on the shady side of his life, which he often did, and who was also one of the subjects of Dumas the mystic when he desired to interest himself on the mystical side of his life. Snoots was a broad-nosed, red-eyed, sandy-haired fellow with a thick neck and stout, short body.

He never had any regular occupation. He was a frequenter of dives and dens, and made a specialty of various transactions of a shady character.

Closely associated with him socially, morally and intellectually, was a quack doctor named Swindle, who also was one of the subjects of Dumas the mystic. He was an angular-bodied, weasel-faced person, with little black eyes, black, bushy hair and a yellow skin without beard. His nose was the most prominent part of his physiognomy; everything else seemed to tend toward this nose, and to have contributed to its formation. It was high and bony. His dress was of the clerical cut and he wore a faded silk beaver.

"Dr." Swindle's "office" was in an upper room over a third-class barroom, where he carried on a "practice" of varied and questionable character.

Dr. Swindle, in his ministerial character, was quite often engaged by certain ones of the Chicago swell set to perform marriage ceremonies, which, by the "high contracting parties" of the male part, were not expected nor intended to last "until death us do part."

Upon all these occasions, whenever the valued services of Dr. Swindle were called into requisition, it was the custom that Snoots was to be the particu-

lar friend and "best man" of the would-be groom. He assisted in making various arrangements for the groom, and in creating the demand for the services of Dr. Swindle.

Both of these men, as we have stated, were the subjects of Dr. Dumas, the mystic, and were often experimented upon by him under the influence of the vibratoners. They were absolutely under his power without the use of the vibratoners.

He could fasten in their minds any illusions he desired. Any command or suggestion he gave them when they were under the hypnotic influence, to be performed at any time thereafter, were always done by them.

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It is now September and the coming of autumn weather made itself manifest by the cool evening breezes stealing across from the lake.

On this morning Dr. Lindsay went into the office of Dr. Dumas to consult a medical authority. On the center table were paper, ink blotter and magazines. On one side of the office was a mirror that extended almost to the floor. Dr. Lindsay happened to glance in the mirror and thought he saw therein a name of which he had heard. It seemed to be written on a piece of paper lying on the table by which he stood. He looked carefully at every piece of paper on the table, but saw no writing. Then standing at the other end of the table he looked again in the mirror, and there, written in a bold, fresh hand, he

read these words, composing the following brief and pointed letter:

"1001 LINCOLN PARK SQUARE, Sept. 5th, '68.

"MR. PETER SNOOTS, 500 1-2 Bowery Place, City.

"DEAR SNOOTS: Another heart affair. The climax is for tomorrow night, 8:30 o'clock. You and Swindle come in usual style; bring bogus license—bright woman—beware! You will not, you cannot fail me.

"As ever yours,

DUMAS."

Dr. Lindsay strained his eyes into the glass and peered at all angles to locate the origin of this wonderful optical illusion which he was sure he was experiencing. Finally his eyes fell upon a large square piece of blotting paper upon which he saw the inverted words of a letter which had just been blotted. He examined the blotter and then held it up before the glass, and lo! he read the identical letter which he had first seen, the glass revealing the characters in their erect and proper position.

He determined to kill Dumas on sight. However, on second thought, he concluded that this would not do. He did not know what the real relations might be between the young lady and Dumas. He had not paid her so much attention as formerly, since that fatal day when his hopes were blasted by her words of doom, so strangely uttered. Still he had continued to be their true and tried friend. He took for granted that in due time Dumas and Miss Eidola would be married and all would be well. He thought that Dr.

Dumas, even despite his past record, might turn out a fairly good husband. He was too sensible a man to grieve over spilt milk. His relations with Dr. Dumas had continued pleasant and friendly, notwithstanding the rivalry which had existed between them.

He had congratulated himself that all was going well with the mother, daughter and her *fiance*. Now when Dr. Lindsay was consoling himself that soon he would consider his feelings of responsibility for these delicate ladies ended—just as soon as this marriage took place—here comes this diabolical revelation.

He was perplexed and puzzled. And still he knew and swore that something should be done at once. He was satisfied that the young lady and her mother had expected this marriage to take place. Whether Dumas was planning and carrying out this bogus marriage for the purpose of temporarily smoothing over and setting aright some past conduct of his, or to put into execution certain plans he had for the future, Dr. Lindsay could not tell. He did not know but that there had been occurrences in the continued relations of this man and his pupil since he had noticed his strange influence over her, which would render even the bogus marriage a temporary blessing to the girl and her mother. Then his mind quickly concluded: "No; even in such a case this second wrong against her will not set aright nor remove the first. I pledge myself to see that this marriage is consummated according to law! I swear that I will do it! The young lady's past relations to me and mine to her make it my duty."

Miss Eidola and her mother had requested of Dr. Dumas (though he really in his adroit way had suggested it) that the marriage be as quiet and unpretentious as possible. They had left the arrangement of everything in his hands. Mrs. Mandeville's health was in a very precarious condition, and she could not undergo any excitement.

When Dr. Lindsay left the office of Dr. Dumas he walked rapidly back to his own office. He closely examined the charges in his revolver, and, being satisfied with it, put it in his pocket.

He then hurriedly ordered his carriage and drove rapidly into the city. He ascended a narrow stairway to the second floor, and passing down a long hall interspersed now and then with cross halls, he finally rapped on a door upon which was the name "Dr. Swindle." A rather weak, cracked, high voice invited him in. Dr. Lindsay went in, introduced himself and took a seat, saying:

"This is Dr. Swindle, is it?"

"Yes, sir; that's me," squeaked out the little voice under the big nose.

"This is also the place where a Mr. Snoots stays, too, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; he generally stays here when he can be found."

"You and he conduct a species of business together, do you not?"

"No, sir; I am in no way connected with him in business. I am a physician."

"Does he not run this establishment here with

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which you are connected?" Dr. Lindsay asked with considerable sternness.

"He keeps a boarding-house here; I simply have my office here."

"Ah, you seem to be quite sure about these matters. Have not you and Snoots an engagement to perform some of your joint professional business tomorrow night in the outskirts of the city?" asked Dr. Lindsay, with his blue eyes firmly fixed upon the two little openings on each side of the upper base of the nose.

"No—ah—what do you mean? If what you say might be true, what business of yours is it to interfere with anything connected with my business? I will not tolerate——"

Without waiting Dr. Lindsay reached over and mightily grabbed his nose in the grip of his indignant hand, saying:

"You treacherous cur! I will show you how you will carry on your nefarious doings under my eyes! Come here to this glass and see. Now look and tell me whether you have yet received the letter which you will read in there? Confess yourself a scoundrel and a liar!"

The victim looked in the glass and read the letter. Then turning to Dr. Lindsay he said, at the same time rubbing and pacifying his great red and now swollen nose:

"Mr. Snoots informed me of the reception of a letter requesting him to engage my services to perform a marriage ceremony tomorrow evening, and I presume you have there a copy of the letter."

"Then you are a self-convicted imposter, for by what right or authority can you presume to officiate at a legal marriage service? and does not this letter say it is to be a bogus license?"

"You, perhaps, are not aware, sir, that I can perform a legal marriage service, since I am a licensed minister of the gawspel?"

Dr. Lindsay felt his hand start again toward Swindle's nose, but he restrained it with an effort, saying:

"You know, sir, you are falsifying anew, for what church could be so debased as to send forth such spawn as you are upon the world?"

"Then you force me to prove to you my assertion, sir, which I can do instanter, sir, thanks to my always-ready record of good standing and position in my church, sir!"

Then he began unlocking a desk and searching for something. He drew out of his desk a well-worn paper, which he unfolded and then held up before the astoished eyes of Dr. Lindsay. It substantiated the man's claims fully, and bore date some years previous.

While Dr. Lindsay was not a man of quick, bright mind he was yet endowed with much good common sense. This man, he thought, is by law qualified to perform this marriage, and make it binding, if a legal license is procured. Dumas may have known, and doubtless did know of it, hence his caution in the letter to Snoots, to get "bogus license." Why could not he take it upon himself to procure a real, bonafide

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license, and force this wretch to perform this ceremony, and sign and properly return the license to the court?

He determined to do it, and turning to Swindle and laying his hand on his arm, he said:

"So, Swindle, you supposed by this letter that your *services as a minister* were required to perform a true marriage, did you?"

"Now answer me truly and I will pay you. Money is what you are after, and mine is as good as Dumas'. So now answer this question truly: Does Dumas know that you have this license of ordination from the church?"

"I answer for truth—he does not."

"And you promise not to inform him of it?"

"No sir."

"And you will be on hand promptly for the ceremony?"

"Yes, sir, if you will keep this to yourself and say nothing to Dumas about it until he and I have settled our part of the matter?"

"All right—and here is an additional fee for you, to boot, and not a word to Snoots, either, remember!"

"Of course, sir; but you must look out for the marriage license. If Snoots gets them——"

"Oh, I will attend to that matter, I assure you."

Then taking the well used license of ministerial ordination from Swindle's hand he put it in his own pocket, saying: "I may need this in the future. Not a word from you, Swindle, or I will expose you. Remember, your safety is in my hands."

And with that he turned from Swindle's office and drove rapidly home.

It was the hour for the noonday lunch when Dr. Lindsay arrived at 1001 Lincoln Park Square. When he went to his lunch he noticed Dr. Dumas and Miss Eidola sitting at their usual place, and engaged in an interested conversation. Dr. Lindsay caught enough of it to learn that they were discussing the impending marriage. As soon as Dr. Lindsay finished his lunch he went at once up to Dr. Dumas' office, and, sitting down, lit a cigar and proceeded to smoke, think and wait for his appearance. Knowing that when Dumas was aroused he was a dangerous man, Dr. Lindsay had taken the precaution to keep his revolver in his pocket, which he had put there in the morning before visiting the establishment of Snoots and Swindle.

Dr. Dumas was a very compactly-built, agile, strong man. While Dr. Lindsay would not pass for as much of an athlete as Dumas, yet he was a bulldog, determined sort of man, who had been thoroughly hardened and disciplined by three years' service in the war between the States, which had ended three years previous. When he was called upon as a matter of duty to fight either in a battle with muskets or in a single combat with muscles, he was a hard man to handle, and had endurance without end. He did not know he would have to fight Dumas, and hoped it could be avoided, yet he was there to see him on a very delicate matter, and he feared that with a man of Dumas' sensitiveness and fiery temper it would result in a fight.

He had not smoked his cigar more than half up when he heard Dr. Dumas coming upstairs. He quickly cast his eye over the room to take in its bearings and its accoutrements, so that he might not be at any disadvantage. There was nothing in the room but the chairs, the tables, the book cases, the mirrors, etc., composing the ordinary furniture.

Dr. Dumas soon opened the door of the laboratory and then came into the office.

"Excuse, me Doctor, for trespassing," said Dr. Lindsay, "but I want to see you about a matter."

"In what way can I serve you?" Dumas answered, sitting down and lighting a cigar.

"By an accident, Doctor, I learned of your impending marriage to Miss Mandeville. I thought it strange you had kept it a deep secret from me."

Dr. Dumas slightly flushed, and jerked his chin to and fro perceptibly. He had determined, of all persons, to keep this secret from Dr. Lindsay until it was over. So he replied with some feeling:

"I guess there are some things about which it is not necessary for a man to consult the world, the flesh and the devil. What business is it of yours? If I had consulted you, then it would have been some of your business; but since I saw fit to ignore you, why do you meddle in it?"

"Because, by the same accident by which I learned of the affair at all, I found out perhaps too much to allow the carefully planned infamy to be successfully carried into execution against Miss Mandeville."

"What do you mean, Lindsay? Are you insanely jealous of me to the extent that you are losing your mind? I don't know what you mean."

"Then allow me to ask you if you know the firm of 'Snoots and Swindle,' and——"

"To which insinuation I give the lie! Do you accept them for your authority? If they have said aught to you I deny it. Now whom do you believe?"

"You, sir!" exclaimed Dr. Lindsay, at the same time drawing out the self-same piece of blotting paper and saying: "In proof that you are to be believed, look yonder," and he pointed in the mirror, holding up before it the large blotter. As he pointed, Dumas' eye followed, and he saw the full copy of the letter he had written to Snoots. He then turned his eyes toward Dr. Lindsay, and saw the blotter he held in his hand, which he knew would forever condemn him in the eyes of his *fiancee*. He saw that his salvation, the fruition of all his passionate hopes, the full enjoyment of her rare beauty, which he had waited for and cherished so long, all depended upon his getting possession of that paper. Mad men's minds act quickly under intense excitement. With an oath he made a lunge for the blotting paper, attempting to seize it and rend it into shreds, but Dr. Lindsay jumped to one side and threw the paper behind him in the corner of the room, at the same time seizing Dumas' wrist in his grasp, and planting himself so as to defend both himself and the paper. Dumas wrenched his hands loose and came at Lindsay with such force that he upset the table in the center

of the room. Lindsay defended himself adroitly, being assisted by the wreck of the table, and, in addition, landed a telling blow upon Dr. Dumas' right eye, which almost blinded him. But the latter quickly recovered and struck Lindsay heavily upon the nose. The fight by this time was not only full-fledged but the noise of the combat which was taking place directly over Miss Mandeville's parlor aroused her. It flashed into her mind that it came from her lover's room above. With a bound she darted up the stairs, then down the hall, and in an instant burst into Dumas' room. At this instant he was standing at one end of the room and Dr. Lindsay at the other next the paper he was defending, and both of them had just drawn their revolvers as she burst in upon them. She threw herself between the enraged combatants, screaming wildly, and calling upon them both for her sake to desist. Both men dropped their revolvers into their pockets.

"Gentlemen, I demand to know what this is all about. You, Dr. Dumas, are my engaged lover, and you, Dr. Lindsay, are my friend—therefore, I have a right to ask you both what all this may mean?"

The interposition of Miss Eidola changed the fight into a game in which Dumas had all to lose and Lindsay all to gain, with the latter holding the trump card.

Dr. Lindsay had stooped down and picked up his tell-tale pad and deposited it in his coat pocket.

Dr. Dumas was the first to speak.

"My dear, as I seem to be nearer your heart than

Dr. Lindsay, I suppose it behooves me to speak first. As we were rivals for your hand and neither one of us could make up his mind to give you up to the other, seeing how much we each loved you, we decided to leave it to the fate of combat."

"But had I not already decided it?" she asked, advancing to Dr. Dumas and taking his hand.

"That may be true, Miss Mandeville," interposed Dr. Lindsay, "but we men, it seems, cannot always force ourselves to give up the object of our love without a struggle."

Dumas' tact in opening the explanation as he had, not only saved him, but complimented the young lady very highly. For what higher compliment can be paid a young lady than to tell her two ardent lovers are ready to risk their lives for her beauty and love, and were even actually in the combat?

So just at this point in the proceedings Dr. Lindsay said:

"I am willing to leave the settlement of this matter at once, here and now, to the young lady, upon one condition. That is I am to have the consolation and the honor of arranging and carrying out all the terms of the wedding." As he said this he looked at Dumas in a way that meant, "This is my ultimatum."

Miss Eidola answered at once: "Why, Doctor, I never dreamed of any one else acting in this capacity but you! Of course it is perfectly agreeable. Isn't it, Dr. Dumas?"

"Why, yes, my dear! Anything is agreeable when it is according to your wishes. I am delighted

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to know that Dr. Lindsay will act for me. I really had intended to put this pleasant duty on his shoulders anyway, if acceptable to him."

"The combatants now shook hands at the request of Miss Eidola, pledging their friendship to each other, Dr. Lindsay at the same time remarking: "Excuse us a moment, Miss Eidola. Dr. Dumas, please step this way."

They went into an adjoining room and Dr. Lindsay handed Dr. Dumas a note, requesting him to sign it, which read as follows:

"MESSRS. SNOOTS AND SWINDLE: This is to inform you that the matter of the arrangements for my wedding is in charge of Dr. Lindsay. He will procure my marriage license and do whatever else may be necessary. Either of you will please do as he requests you."

After signing this, Dr. Dumas asked:

"Whom will you get to perform the ceremony?"

"Oh, Dr. Swindle, I suppose, as he seems to be your choice. He is qualified to officiate, is he not?"

"Oh, yes," replied Dr. Dumas eagerly, "and I return you this paper I have signed with the distinct understanding that *he* is to officiate."

"Certainly," answered Dr. Lindsay.

As Dr. Lindsay left the room Dr. Dumas clapped his hands, laughing heartily and saying to himself:

"Aha! I have trapped the infernal old fox anyhow, for what would a marriage ceremony be worth, performed by Swindle?"

For Swindle had told the truth one time, when he informed Dr. Lindsay that Dumas knew nothing of his ministerial office.

The next evening the wedding took place in Mrs. Mandeville's private parlor. She witnessed the ceremony from her bed in her room, the large doors separating the parlor from her bedroom being rolled back.

It was a sad occasion in more than one respect. The only comical thing connected with it all was that "Dr. Swindle" seemed to be in a perpetual state of fear and uneasiness, that Dr. Dumas' eye was swollen to the size of an egg, and was of a deep blue-black color, while Dr. Lindsay's turned-up nose was about twice its usual size, and was tinted many shades redder than its natural red color.

The next day after the wedding Dr. Lindsay moved from this suburb, and took rooms and an office in a more central and populous section of the city, leaving Dr. Dumas happier and more jubilant than he had ever known him in his life. He took pains, however, to leave his address with the beautiful and happy bride.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER MYSTERY.

PREPARATORY to his marriage Dr. Dumas had furnished a suite of rooms for his bride adjoining those of Mrs. Mandeville's, so that the daughter could be as near the mother as possible, to show her every needed attention. They did not go on a bridal trip, because the state of the mother's health rendered such a pleasure impossible. It was largely at her request that the marriage was so quickly consummated. She feared her sudden taking off, and it had been the prayer of her heart to see her daughter happily married before her death.

Dr. Dumas and his wife gave her every attention. His care and forethought convinced Mrs. Mandeville more thoroughly than ever that her daughter would be left in the keeping of a good man.

She had not observed closely enough to know that the first taste of love in that dewy morn of wedded life called the "honeymoon" makes all-men tender and, for the time being, true and loving.

If Satan himself could feast upon the first fruits of love joyously and passionately given by amorous beauty he would grow as tender as a young girl, and, while the freshness of this joy lasted, he would give hell a surcease from sorrow and endow it with foretastes of the delights of heaven.

So Dr. Dumas was *very tender*, and Mrs. Mandeville was content, and the young bride as happy as possible.

Mrs. Dumas' rapturous passion for her husband knew no bounds.

It was the young wife's first love, fresh and pure, and gave her untold joy. She had often dreamed of love, and, when she awoke, blushed at the remembrance of her dream; but to be in love and have love, and experience its very joys, and so be in heaven and enjoy heaven, she could scarcely believe that the reality was hers and that her mother's wasting away seemed to hallow her pure love, and make it take deeper possession of her heart, in order to alleviate, if not drive out, her grief therefrom.

One day in the latter part of October Dr. Dumas came into the invalid's room. The mother was possessed by a deep, exhausting, comatose sleep. The daughter was sitting near her resting her tearful face in her hand.

Her bosom rose and fell at regular intervals, now and then releasing an impassioned sob. At intervals she walked with a fairy-like tread to her mother's bed, and, moistening her lips with wine, kissed her thin, angelic face so longingly and caressingly. The sick mother would open her great, bright, ethereal eyes, that seemed to be imprisoned spirits, and look tenderly into her daughter's face, conveying to her mighty, unspoken thrills of love. Then in her low, fine, broken voice she would say: "So—I—am—still—

with—you—my—daughter? I must—have—been—dreaming—but—but—it was—all so real. I was with my beloved husband in a most beautiful realm.”

“Stop, mother dear. You had better not talk too much. You are so weak.”

At this point Dr. Dumas came to the bed, for, the dying woman seeing him in the room, had feebly motioned him to approach.

He sat in a chair and took his bride upon his knee.

“It is better that I should not cease talking now, my children, for it may be my last opportunity. The wine has strengthened me. It does me good to witness your affection for each other, and comforts me so much in taking my departure from this world. I know you will be true to my baby girl, will you not, my—my—son?” And the sufferer fixed the glance of her soul-like eyes upon the face of Dr. Dumas.

“As true and faithful as love could be to love, mother dear,” answered Dr. Dumas, as he covered the tearful face of his bride with kisses.

“And you, my daughter, will be happy with him?”

“My sweet mother, were you happy with papa? Then you can measure my happiness by yours. There is only one thing lacking with me now—if you—if you—my sweet mother, could be always with me!” She wept violently upon her husband’s neck, as he drew her closer to him, thinking to himself: “Even her grief is sweet to me, for she is so beauti-

ful in it; and I love all forms and types of beauty." Then he kissed her violently upon her weeping eyes, first on the one and then on the other, and they were such ravenous kisses that the dying woman looked at him and said: "I trust you may love her as dearly in all her griefs." Could she have read *his heart* and properly construed the soul of his outward love *she would have gotten well!* She was a woman whom sacred duties to her loved one would have kept alive, even in the teeth of death's command! She continued:

"You know, my daughter, we never found your father's body. He sleeps in some unknown grave upon the battlefield. So it matters not where you place my poor body. If his should ever be discovered, then place our ashes side by side. He is often with me here. I feel his presence and he communes with me, oh! so sweetly, and whispers to me of the precious days of long ago and of the sweeter ones soon to be! Often when my soul has been released by the dissolving power of sleep and the weird alchemy of dreams, and it goes forth seeking my departed love, I find that he always meets me on the very threshold of my departure and blesses me with a love purer and higher than any that could dwell on earth. I know these occasions have been but an earnest of what awaits me, and that when my real sleep comes (which is now so impatiently wooed by me) and I go hence clothed not in dreams, but in my immortality, he will meet me then as before even on the threshold of my departure, and my love and I

will go forth together in love's beautiful realm, never again to be sundered the one from the other!"

At this point the dying mother closed her eyes, but continued talking, not to those in the room, but to her love on the other shore whom she now addressed as if present with her:

"My own Harry! My love of long ago with me! You will never leave me again, sweet love, never again, during all these sweet days? Nay! Nay! Then how happy; we will be young lovers again, and as we were in those blessed days, when love was young and all the world was gay springtime? You say our love will be sweeter than that, and that realm will be brighter than this world even in its gay springtime? Then take me now, even now in your arms. You say that even the music will be a lullaby of love, and that the fountains and murmuring brooks and the zephyrs' soft notes will all sing to us the songs of love and that our love there will be without sorrow and care? Then take me in your arms, Harry dear! You are not going to leave me? I am ready to go with you! Lo, I have been waiting these many years to go to you! I will wait no longer! Harry! I come! I come!"

And as the dying woman uttered these words she raised her emaciated body up in bed, and reached out her white transparent hands as if to some invisible presence. She remained thus an instant, and then fell back upon her pillow—dead!

For some weeks after her mother's death Mrs. Dumas never left the house, but remained within

her husband's company, or with some of the guests of the house, who were, and had been, very kind to her.

To occupy her mind, she applied herself with renewed zeal to her studies. Her progress from the beginning had been remarkable, and what she had already learned enabled her to advance each day much more rapidly than before.

During these sad days Dr. Dumas seemed to enjoy her with all his amorous soul. Afterwards when she looked back upon it, it was hard for her to understand it, but he understood the cause of his pleasure perfectly. His animalish nature was enjoying her beauty in all of its phases, and now was experiencing a new sensation of it, to-wit, beauty sad and pensive, beauty in the embrace of melancholy, beauty bedecked in the somber shades of mourning. He would sit almost for hours and gaze upon his wife; or embrace her as she wept; and the depths of his dark, mysterious nature would be strangely stirred.

When her face would be all bedewed with tears, and her lips hot with grief, he would look upon her, and his strange chin would twitch, and then he would kiss her many times, at the same time embracing her trembling form with almost savage strength and joy.

After the loss of her mother, Mrs. Dumas gave her love more unstintedly than ever to her husband.

Here, he thought, was just such love as his insatiable nature had always craved.

Dr. Dumas not only gave up all effort to carry on his profession or advance himself in it, but he did all in his power to dissuade his wife from prosecuting her studies. He seemed jealous of her books and the time she gave them.

When it came to administering to her pleasures and desires he was lavish in the expenditure of money. He seemed always to have an abundance of money, yet it was evident to his observing wife that he did not make it. She was well aware that since his marriage he had really abandoned professional work, and had given himself up to the enjoyment of herself. She remembered that he had never given her any information of any property he owned, or of any source of income. In the intoxicating bliss of her young love and passion, she had never taken the pains to inquire concerning his family or antecedents. She wondered about his father and mother and if she would meet them and love them.

She waited for him to mention this subject and wondered why he did not.

It never entered her mind for one instant to doubt his love and fealty to her, no more than it had occurred to her to doubt her devotion to him.

Oh, how sweet and divine is the trust of a loving woman, who has once wholly given her heart into the keeping of her lover, and how damnable is he who betrays her!

During the winter months of 1868-1869, following her mother's death, she kept her mind and heart and time fully occupied.

Notwithstanding she was married, she was unremitting in her studies. Her husband, when he found that he could not dissuade her from it, took great pains in teaching and directing her in various chemical experiments.

He decided to let her study as much as she pleased, just so he could be with her, and feast his eyes upon her beauty. Besides, what a delightful phase of passion it was for him to have the implicit love of his "pupil!"—to exchange her chemistry for kisses, to exchange with her the anatomy of the books for the anatomy of her own delicate person, with all its springtime dewy fragrance and its Hogarth's curves and lines of beauty.

The wife-pupil's studies were often carried on in the laboratory, and all these things kept fresh in Dr. Dumas' mind the joyous scene of her first love, given and enjoyed under the miraculous influence of the "Vibratoner." She spent some time making a series of experiments, testing certain "Medico-Chemical Compounds," as she called them, which she had formulated, and which she claimed would be a healing blessing to mankind and a valuable addition to the stores of *Materia Medica*.

One morning the husband and wife were in the laboratory making some experiments. Eidola said:

"My dear husband, I have often wished to ask you some questions about the time when you made your experiment on me with these vibratoners, while we sat on this same lounge."

"All right, sweetheart, go ahead; what is it you want to know?"

"Well, in the first place, I want you to explain to me the composition of that fluid used in the retorts of the vibratoners."

"I will analyze it for you. Come with me."

Then both went to the apparatus used for making analysis of various substances, and in a few minutes he made it plain to her. Then walking back to the lounge, and sitting down, Eidola looked her husband in the eye and said:

"But I don't see, Henry, how this substance caused that strange influence to come over me. It was so funny and weird. While I was under that influence I seemed to be having beautiful dreams, but when I awoke I could not recall any dream I had had. I only realized that I had been having wonderful dreams. And after I was awake, what made me love you so? Oh, how I did love you, how I do love you!"

"My dearest, you ask me more questions than I can answer. I tried to explain to you how the effects you experienced were caused by vibrations set up by the vibratoners."

"If what you say be true, why did I not remember all those things that took place when I came to myself. I remembered nothing, except I felt and knew I loved you, and loved only you."

"Dear Eidola, you ask me things which I do not know. In that state in which I placed you are many, many secrets I do not know."

"But Henry, if vibrations were the only cause of my strange condition, why did you speak those strange words to me just before I lost consciousness, and make those weird movements about me, and look so fiercely into my eyes? Those things have haunted me day by day. I noticed that I did not lose my senses until you did those things, but I could not resist."

"Why, Eidola," answered he, somewhat startled, "you must have imagined those things. I tell you it was the vibratoners. You know you were so beautiful that morning I could not help looking into your eyes, nor speaking into your ears, nor making movements, as you term it, about your angelic person, nor——"

"Wait, Henry, tell me one thing. Did I do anything—any—wrong—that morning while I was—ah—was in those beautiful dreams. I loved you so! I fear——. I was like a drowning man, and felt that I must get out of that sea or be lost! I became convulsed! I struggled to awake! My senses began to come back to me—I cried out—you know the rest—and then Dr. Lindsay came in. Oh, Henry, what caused me to have such an experience as this?"

"My darling, it was but your awakening from the strange influence of the vibratoners." And as he said this, he cast down his eyes and did not look into hers.

"But, Henry, tell me, did my overwrought feelings cause me to do any wrong?"

"No, sweet one. You, like the king, can do no wrong."

"I am so glad to hear you say this. I have been fearful a long time I had done some wrong, but hesitated through fear to ask you. But how I do love you! and how happy I am! I shall never get under the influence of those vibratoners again, however."

"Why not, Eidola?"

"Because I love you so, I am afraid you might grow tired of my love, and so cause me not to love you. For if you could thus beget such love, you could also destory it, and it is too precious for me to take the risk."

"Ha! ha! Eidola, how you do amuse and astonish me! The idea of such an absurd, horrible, preposterous thing! I destroy your love! Ha! ha! ha!" and the husband continued to laugh for some minutes."

"Oh, Henry, I don't say you would do such a thing, but you could do it, and I don't propose to give you the chance. You might fall in love with some other woman some time."

"Tut, tut, sweetheart, you are getting jealous now. If you refuse to go under the influence of the vibratoners you will deny us many beautiful and instructive experiments."

"True, Henry dear, but I cannot. I feel that way about it. You know the saying about a 'woman's intuitions.' But tell me, why did I utter those strange words to Dr. Lindsay and my mother?"

I remember that when he and my mother and I met, I began at once to feel funny, and felt irresistably constrained to do something. Then I seemed to go into a dreamlike state, and I knew nothing more until I awoke and found myself standing in the room, and Dr. Lindsay had his head resting in his hand and seemed to be weeping, and my dear, sweet mother was weeping, too, for she seemed to sympathize with Dr. Lindsay, and then I fled from the room, not knowing what I had done. Tell me, why was all this? What made me do it?"

"Ah, Eidola, another of nature's secrets. The real, hidden cause of your doing it, I know not. I found out in the course of my experiments with subjects under the influence of the vibratoners, that if, while they were asleep and unconscious, I gave them a command, to be performed at some future time, they would do it, though when awakened they remembered nothing I had said to them. However, when the time and occasion came, as in your case, they did what I commanded." (This is what psychologists know now as "Post-Hypnotic Suggestion," and is a common, true, though wonderful phenomenon.) "So Eidola, while you were under the influence, I thought it best to have you settle matters with your mother and Dr. Lindsay. I knew it would be easier for you this way than any other, and I was so anxious to possess you, I could not resist doing it."

"And that is what made me do it? How wonderful!"

Then turning to her husband she said very earnestly and solemnly:

"No, I shall never again go under the influence of the vibratoners!"

"But dearest, let me tell you another wonderful fact. If you should again submit yourself, you will, while in that state, recall and know all that took place in the former experiment, and I will tell you to remember it all when you awake, and you will do so!"

"Ah, my husband, don't so tempt me. How can this be true?"

"I know not, Eidola, unless we have two memories and two selves. It would help you to get an insight into this most wonderful science."

"But, Henry," she asked, looking him in the eye, "what a power for evil this science, as you term it, would be in the hands of an evil man! It makes me shudder to think of it!"

"Not so much as you might imagine, my dearest," he replied, looking at her with furtive glances. "In that condition you cannot cause one to do what is contrary to one's moral principle. That I have recently discovered. In your case, for instance, my dear, I saw this law beautifully illustrated, and——"

"Then, Henry, you tried to have me do evil, did you?" she asked as quick as a flash.

He was woefully disconcerted for a moment and showed it plainly in his face, but he replied with as little show of excitement as possible:

"Ah, Eidola, you must remember it was simply for the sake of the experiment."

"So, I see—but I shall not submit to the experiment again. You might, for the sake of the experiment, cause me to yield to wrong-doing some time. I think I know what your experiment was before. My resistance to it was what caused me to become so convulsed and to awaken. But, suppose; Henry, you had made me believe it was not wrong to do what you wished; as, for instance, suppose you had made me believe I was already your wife, which you could easily have done under that influence. What do you think I would have done then? Do you think I would then have resisted your passion? Have I resisted it since becoming your wife?"

This speech had a strange effect on him. When she uttered the word "wife" he showed considerable agitation. He did not reply quickly and when he did all he said was:

"Ah, Eidola, you give me some excellent hints."

This closed the conversation, and it caused Eidola to have strange thoughts and feelings.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOREWARNINGS

DURING the spring Mrs. Dumas' health was very much impaired, caused by an injury from a severe fall. All the succeeding summer she was confined to her room. Worse than this the injury developed into organic disease and threatened permanent disorder of her organic functions. Sad to relate, the gloomy life of an invalid and sufferer threatened to be her fate. A destiny had befallen her which had overtaken and wrecked thousands of women before.

She knew enough of anatomy and pathology and the diagnosis of disease to confirm the condition in her own mind. In addition to her own forebodings as to her future condition, her husband now and then gave cruel and prophetic utterance to his suspicions. She knew that up to this time the science of medicine had been impotent to cure her trouble. She did not know of the then rising star of Dr. J. Marion Sims, of Alabama, but at that time of New York, and of his wonderful discoveries and his almost miraculous cures of the hitherto fatal troubles of women. But there was one man and physician in the city of Chicago who knew of these things, as the sequel will show.

Mrs. Dumas had been ill but a few months when she noticed the gradual loss of her frail style of physical beauty. Before two months had elapsed,

her husband began to show a marked disinclination to spend his time with her. He pretended to manifest a renewed interest in his profession and practice. He soon began to spend many of his evenings, and then the nights, away from her, so that she often felt an overpowering, irresistible loneliness. In addition to his general neglect of his wife, Dr. Dumas, for some mysterious cause which she could not divine, had gradually assumed an air of hauteur and lofty dignity towards her.

Upon a day early in August a letter came addressed to "Dr. Henry Dumas," postmarked "London, England," the contents of which were as follows:

"LONDON, Sunday, Aug. 5th.
"Eroslove Mansion.

"LORD EROSLOVE—MY ONE-TIME BROTHER HENRY: You will doubtless be startled (I will not say shocked) when you read this letter. You are astonished to see yourself addressed as 'Lord Eroslove.' True, at the time I write this letter, this title is still mine, but when you receive it, it will be yours, for—I will then be dead and you will be the only living heir of the Eroslove house. The cursed malady which I inherited from my father (for we inherit other things besides wealth and titles) has cut short my course. I thank death for hastening my relief. I know you will not appreciate the honor and responsibilities the peerage places upon you, but will care only for its position and prestige, which will enable you the more to enjoy your rash and lascivious life.

It was indeed cold and cruel in you some years ago to leave us as you did, in your desperation and spite, because of my precedence of you on account of the law of primogeniture. Your cruel course has saddened my suffering years, and in this respect you may have accomplished a part of your purpose.

“Now in conclusion a word of advice and warning to you:

“Our estates, which are large, have come to us through two sources: First, from the Crown which was settled upon our great-grandfather. This consists of mansions and lands which are expensive to keep, and not very productive of income. And, second, the personal estate, consisting of stock in the Bank of England and other institutions, and of interest-bearing bonds, which were entailed by our grandfather. Under the terms of the settlement of this latter estate, the Hanover Trust Company is made trustee, and it is provided that, should the Eroslove line fail of issue, or should its male representative be convicted of a crime amounting to a felony, the corpus and income of this large estate shall go to our hated cousin and enemy, the Earl of Littlefield, and his heirs. As you already know, the Earl is our bitterest and most malignant foe, who lets no opportunity slip him to injure us. He knows of my approaching death, and would not hesitate to take steps to put you out of the way, knowing that your life, or your honor, are the only things between him and that vast wealth which he so much needs and craves. He is even now boasting that you will not

return to England because of some of your escapades here in the past.

"Now let me advise you to come at once to England and marry some woman whose position will honor yours, and have a family. You should not defer this important step. *You want an heir at once.* Let another life than yours stand up to confront the Earl of Littlefield. I consider this imperative for the safety and perpetuation of our house.

"By-the-by, are you still keeping up your amour with that beautiful Southern girl you once wrote me about. If so, abandon this wicked liaison at once, and come home. I will not linger in saying farewell to you, but will bid you a last good-bye.

"Your dying brother, RAVANEL."

The reading of this letter brought no remorse to the soul of Dr. Dumas, or, if it did, he did not exhibit it; but it made a wonderful impression on him. He sat down by his table in his private office and, taking paper, pen and ink, he wrote a number of times in letters of all sizes and shapes the name, "Lord Eroslove." He looked at it from all points of view and then said to himself:

"By the eternal! I like the looks of it better than I ever imagined." Then after a bit he muttered to himself: "Well, good-bye, Brother Ravel; it's hard on you, but develish good for me. So I guess we can square off even. Every dog must have its day, you know. But I'll swear by all the gods of Homer this is better and comes much sooner than I

ever expected. What meaning in that part '*Eros*'! Ah, what depths of pregnant meaning the ancients gave to that word! It meant not only love, but the very god of love and passion. So be it! And I am the only living mortal who bears this name and title! Ha!

"He says it is imperative that I should have an heir. I would like to know where I am to get one all at once! I am sure I would not object to it. I must marry and have a family! Marry whom? By Jove! I wonder if Viola has forgotten me? The only girl I ever really loved and I have not seen her in five years! But I hope to see her soon. I wonder if she still loves me? What a veritable passion of love she once had for me.

"Ravel warns me against the hate of the Earl of Littlefield, our spiteful cousin. 'Thy life and honor are all that stands between him and our fortune.' Well, I have a good deal of life left, not to say anything about the honor. But that *heir*! Where can I get that heir? Lady Eroslove! How would that sound? Thanks to Swindle a thousand times over that his timely services saved the wasting of this title upon *her*, my poor invalid. But a few days more and I will— But what can I do with her? I can't endure a scene! That woman's tears will kill me. Oh, ye gods, would that women did not know how to cry! I would so much rather they would fuss. But to cry and sob at me and on my account, I can't endure it. I will go down and see Swindle and Snoots and begin operations." He

ordered his phaeton and drove rapidly to 500 1-2 Bowery Place.

"Great God—or—ah—my great Lord Eroslove, can this letter mean you?"

"Of course, none other, Swindle."

"Such luck! It's an ill wind that bloweth nobody good," said Snoots.

"What do you propose to do with it, my G—, oh, my lord? That is—ah—what are you going to do?" asked Swindle, looking beseechingly toward Lord Eroslove and ominously toward Snoots.

"I am going to leave you very soon. That's what I came down to see you about. I have something for you to do." And Swindle and Snoots moved nearer the speaker and exchanged knowing glances.

"What is it you would have us do, my God—ah—lord?" asked Swindle humbly, at the same time giving Snoots a look which meant: "We musn't lose such a customer if we can help it. It will ruin us."

"Well, you must help me get rid of an incumbrance. I mean the woman. Ah, how many times have I thanked you, Swindle, that you saved me from a marriage contract with her. What would be my condition today if——" He stopped short when he saw the look of fear or guilt that came over Swindle's countenance.

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, Sir Henry, but——"

"Yes, call me Sir Henry. I like that, too. But what? Go on."

"I was going to say, but there seems to be a mistake somewhere."

"A mistake, how sir?"

"About that marriage," answered Swindle, getting still nearer the door.

"How, sir," thundered out Sir Henry.

"Well, you see, my lord, my Sir Henry, you wrote us a note and sent it by Dr. Lindsay about the license, ou know."

"You fool, I know that. But you were not a legal officer nor minister. That was what saved me."

"Alas, my g—ood lord," said Swindle, still nearing the door, "that is what ruins us. It was not a mock ceremony."

"*You lie, sir!*" yelled Sir Henry, as Swindle half opened the door. "Come back, sir, and explain yourself."

"Excuse me, my lord. I couldn't help it. I thought you knew, sir, I thought everybody knew *I was a minister.*"

If an overpowering blow had struck Lord Eroslove over the region of the heart, it would not have staggered him more than this reply of Swindle's.

"You see, my lord, in all our mock ceremonies we have made sure to have a bogus license. You spoiled it all yourself by dispensing with *my services as best man*, as has always been the custom in these matters," said Snoots.

"And did you, as such, return this license with your endorsement thereon to the court?"

"I filled it out, Sir Henry, and signed it by direc-

tion of your friend, Dr. Lindsay, your best man, and he returned it himself."

"Then I am undone!" and Lord Eroslove sat down with his head resting on his hands.

After a period he arose and said: "I will go over and consult my attorney, Colonel Wrangle. You both meet me here in an hour."

And the discomfited man strode away to buy the brain, the cunning and the soul of a lawyer to aid him in getting rid of a woman who loved him better than life and trusted in him as in her God.

As soon as Lord Eroslove left the room Swindle gave his great nose a pull and Snoots strode the room gleefully, projecting his fat stomach farther in front than common, and said: "Again has the saying come to pass, that 'it's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' eh, Swindle?"

"Yes, Snoots, and you will see that this will prove the best job we have ever gotten out of the many furnished us by his Satanic Majesty, the new great Lord Eroslove."

"Yes, indeed, Swindle. Who would ever have dreamed of this great change in his fortune and the present brilliant prospects for a change in ours? We will make hay while the sun shines."

"Yes, Snoots; as Holy Writ says: 'Today is the day of our salvation.' But how is he to get rid of the woman? Where will we come in?"

"Don't you bother yourself, Swindle. The lawyer will fix it, and you may be sure he will need such men as me and you to help him. Our business and

that of the lawyer's dovetail together, to take advantage of the innocent and defeat justice."

Thus did these two villains plot and plan until Lord Eroslove returned.

Soon they heard his footsteps and he came to the door, saying:

"Well, my lawyer thinks there is no chance for a divorce on my part, even here in Chicago. He bluntly told me that I was in a bad box and he saw no way to get me out. However, at my suggestion we agreed to play a plan, as a measure of compromise with my, ah—wife, and, if she refuse to agree to this, then we will adopt another as a last resort. Under the first plan she will remain my wife in name only, being the reputed mother of my child or children. If she refuses to agree to this, then we will adopt another as a last resort. Under the other plan—but wait, one thing at a time. Here are some written instructions of the duties assigned to you both, which must be faithfully performed at once. Everything must be in readiness for tomorrow night, and we meet at the fancy ball at 'The Castle.' Follow the instructions implicitly. Serve me and I will pay you well. Mark me, *follow those instructions.*

CHAPTER IX.

A DESPERATE EXPERIMENT

ON this evening in August the wind from the cool expanse of the lake was driving away the hot breath of the city, and giving delight to all its inhabitants. It was a rare, beautiful, summer night, clothed in the pale light of the half moon, and blessed with exhilarating zephyrs like those of autumn.

The lights of "The Castle" within were rather dim and of many colors, so that they gave forth attractive beauty, without disclosing too plainly the forms of those within.

"The Castle" was a brick building, situated near the lake front in the outskirts of the city. It was owned by a club of wealthy young men, who met here for fun and revelry.

The motto of "The Castle" had always been "*Vivamus dum vivimus.*"

Pleasure and beauty, wine and love were supreme on these weekly occasions; those who came left care and conscience behind.

Walking toward "The Castle" on this evening were four men engaged in earnest conversation.

"I say, Dr. Dumas—ah, excuse me, Sir Henry—since we held our conference yesterday, are you as much determined on your course as ever?"

"Yes, Swindle, I broached my plans to you after

full consideration with my attorney and, when I have thus made up my mind, I never change."

"But suppose, Sir Henry, she objects? Have you spoken to her about the plans you have in view?"

"No. Here we are at 'The Castle' now. But before entering let me ask you, Swindle, are they here, and how many have you here to whom you have breached my plans?"

"Oh, Sir Henry, there are several, and they are beautiful virgins, I assure you. True, they are not high born; you did not expect this. I told them of your high birth and title, and what you wanted. I gave each the invitation to the ball sent by you, as a member of the club, so that their admission here would not be questioned. However, I told none of them your name. But I must tell you especially of one beautiful young lady, Sir Henry, to whom I gave an invitation, but told her nothing of your plans. She said she knew you as the son of the former Lord Eroslove, and brother of Sir Ravel, and also as Dr. Dumas, your professional name here."

"Ah, indeed! How did you chance to meet with her? This is passing strange!"

"By a mere accident. It seems that she has recently arrived in this country, and had gone to a banker to get some exchange cashed. It was necessary for her to be identified, as she did not have her letter of credit with her at the time. She told the banker she knew you, if she could be successful in finding you. The banker knew that I could locate you, and sent to my office for me. But the young

lady came with the messenger—she seemed so anxious to find out about you—and when she learned that I knew you intimately, Sir Henry, she seemed to forget about her business with the banker, and plied me with questions about you. Oh, Sir Henry, she was inquisitive!”

“Well, Swindle, what else did you say and do? You surely didn’t tell her where I lived, and of my present incumbrances and plans?”

“No, no, Sir Henry. I told her you had apartments at the club, and that if she were not in a hurry about the business at the bank, I would wait, and accompany her here tonight, that she might see you. And she said, ‘Never mind about the bank, and that I need not accompany her, for she was traveling in this country alone, and would engage a phaeton and come without an escort. She then asked me directions to ‘The Castle,’ and I gave her one of the invitations and left her.”

“You did not find out her name, nor why she had come to America?”

“No, Sir Henry, she told me nothing.”

“Well done, Swindle. Now remember, when we go into ‘The Castle,’ we will take our seats where we can observe all, and not be observed too plainly. We must surely elude the eye of this unknown lady until I am ready to see her. Would you know her again?”

“Yes, indeed, Sir Henry.”

The four men were met at the door of “The

Castle" by a gaily dressed servant. They entered the dancing hall and all retired quietly to one corner of the room, where they could have full view of all the occupants and not attract the marked attention of any. After they had comfortably arranged themselves where they had a full view of all the party, Lord Eroslove said:

"Count, I shall tonight select and try to make terms with the most beautiful woman here, to be my *de facto* wife, and mother of my future child. Say, Swindle, find her and show her to me! In the midst of such beauty, man, I grow impatient. But keep your eye open for the strange woman."

"Quickly look, Sir Henry, to the left, standing alone. See that little woman in violet, toying with her scented lace handkerchief? She has been looking at you for some time."

"Yes, I see her. What a petite but well-made figure she has, though somewhat inclined to embonpoint. See, Count, she has a plump white arm, an ideal hand, pretty and quite delicate foot, shoulders full and round, and though a little small, still her breasts, as revealed by her delicate bodice, are as fair and beautiful as the white rosebud just before it expands itself into the dimensions of the rose. Her hair is of that blackness which you see only on the jackdaw's wing, and which glistens almost like a crown of glory on her head; the eyes are chestnut brown, and throw out a soft, liquid light. See her slender nose, with little open nostrils, which gently

vibrate as she breathes—and her humid, sensual mouth, with a little furrow in her lower lip!”

Lord Eroslove was about to go over to her when he turned back, saying: “Any other, Swindle? But wait; do you see the strange woman yet?”

“No. But let me show you another lovely maiden, Sir Henry. Do you see the beauty there with her elbows resting on the mantelpiece? She is another who came to meet you.”

“Yes, I see; she looks like a beautiful, melancholy swan, displaying her neck so harmoniously, and now and then moving her sleeves as though they were wings?”

“Yes, she is the one.”

“Doesn't she look like modesty itself, as though she personified everything that is chastest and most maidenly in the world? You know, Count, I like her already! Still, she looks cold, as though she had a brow of snow and a heart of ice. But that means much, and indicates passion controlled by purity. See! Her dress is white, and she acts as though she would have us believe that her soul is the same. She has orange blossoms and the leaves of the water-lily in her hair, as though these badges of virginity told a true tale. May we hope so. I believe I will see her. Swindle, do you not yet see the strange woman?”

An hour later when he returned to the dancing hall with the beautiful maiden leaning on his arm, his face was aglow with intense emotion. and his impulsive nature was stirred to its depths—so much

so, that he said to himself, "The dance, the dance is the thing to quell my blood!" And leaning over he whispered to his companion, and the next moment he had her to his breast, and began gliding through the fascinating mazes of the waltz.

He had not danced long, when, as the whirl of the waltz brought him opposite an open door leading into a private parlor, he came face to face with the strange visitor Swindle had described. The moment their eyes met, he excused himself to his companion, abandoned the dance, and quickly went to the side of the fair stranger, while his heart fluttered violently in the cage of his breast. As he turned to her, she led the way into the private parlor, to avoid the publicity of their meeting, and as they rushed into each other's arms, but two words escaped their lips: "Viola!" "Henry!" while at the same time they greeted one another with passionate kisses, oft-times repeated. Then she exclaimed:

"Oh, Henry, my love of old, what joy to see you and feel myself once more in your arms!" And he held her off a little way from him, searching her countenance with looks of passionate appeal, and said:

"My angel of love, whom I thought dead to me, have you really come back into my life! Viola, can it be true that it is you?"

"Yes, dear Henry. But why did you leave me? Why did you not write to me?"

"Why, my own Viola, I wrote you often, but never heard from you, and I thought, 'Well, she

has forgotten me, and has given her heart to the Earl of Littlefield; therefore I will let her pass out of my life, saving the sweet treasure of her memory.’”

“Oh, my God, can it be true? Then I had divined rightly after all, and you had not ceased to love me.”

“What is it? Tell me, Viola, what it is you had divined?” for his heart had been seized with trepidation for fear she had heard of his marriage.

“You know, dear Henry, after my father’s death, the Earl of Littlefield had the management of my father’s estate, and also became my guardian. Oh, he was a tyrant, and thought he should control me in everything. He was your father’s enemy and your brother’s, and is yours, and he forbade me receiving any letters from you or writing to you. And, I know it now, he destroyed my letters to you and intercepted yours, and that is why I lost you and thought I had lost you forever.” And again Viola wept tears of rage and then of joy. And while she was weeping, Lord Eroslove said:

“Villain of villains, did he dare to thus wreck my life and my love? What else, Viola, has he done?”

“Would you believe it, when I tell you that of late years—for two years at least—he has pretended to love me, and has pressed his hated suit upon me day and night. I wanted to fly from him, but knew not where to go. One day I went to see Ravel, your poor, suffering brother Ravel, who may now be on the very verge of death” (she did not know he was dead), “and I asked him about you. I had often

wanted to do this, but my pride rebelled against it, for I thought you had cast off the little sweetheart of childhood days, as you never wrote to me—as I then thought. In my desperation I asked your brother about you, and found out where you were. I determined to come to you. So three weeks ago I wrote a letter telling them not to be uneasy about me; that I had gone off on a trip, and that they must not try to find me. Then I sailed on the *Majestic*, and my overland trip here was quickly made.”

“Well, well, my brave little darling, you are an adventuress in one sense of the word, sure enough. And what did you expect for me to do when you got here? Go right back and kill the hated Earl?”

“I don’t care whether we ever go back or not. I have you now and you’ve me—just as we wanted to be years ago—so what else can we want? You know, my Henry boy, we couldn’t ever have a better chance to be married?”

“That is true, my dear girl!” replied Sir Henry, with a troubled look on his brow and a still more troubled sea in his heart. “But somehow, I would rather have our marriage take place in England. I like its marriage laws better; and then I think it would be more appropriate for Lady Viola’s and Sir Henry’s nuptials to be celebrated there.”

“You say, ‘Sir Henry’s’—Ravanel—or rather Lord Eroslove—is not dead, is he?”

“Yes, Viola, he died but a few days ago, after

your departure; in fact within a very few days after you saw him."

"Poor Ravel, how he suffered! And you are now Lord Eroslove?"

"Yes, Viola, and you shall be Lady Eroslove just as soon as arrangements can be made in keeping with such an event."

"Pshaw! Let's not bother about arrangements! We love one another. What more do we want?"

"Just one thing, sweetheart; the joy of anticipation. This alone we will lose by instant marriage."

Viola was the only daughter of Lord Hanover, who had been a friend of the old Lord Eroslove.

Lord Eroslove had given her up as lost to him, and now, since she had so suddenly and mysteriously come back into his life his passion had returned with a hundredfold interest. From the moment he saw her he gave up all his plans with regard to the maiden he had chosen to be the mother of his child, so far as retaining any serious intentions of carrying them out. But he determined to make use of this plan as a pretext to get rid of Eidola. He believed it would have a terrible effect on her, knowing her ardent temperament as he did.

We are led to exclaim: Oh! divine love, oh! thou tender passion of the human heart, sweetest and divinest of all human emotions, how terrible thou canst become when thy plans are crossed or thy hot desires thwarted! What an angel in peace, what a devil in war!

As soon as Lord Eroslove had seen Viola safely to her hotel, he went at once to 500 1-2 Bowery Place, and from there he and Swindle and Snoots went to the residence of Colonel Wrangle, the lawyer, and were closeted there until dawn, forming plans of action to be carried out without delay.

CHAPTER X.

THE FATAL TERMINATION

THE day after the events detailed in the last chapter Lord Eroslove lingered most of the day in and about his wife's apartments.

Finally, as he drew up his chair by her bed and sat down, she said:

"Well, my dear Henry, what is it you have to say? I know it is something which troubles you, and I can read it in your face."

"Yes, Eidola, and I sincerely hope it will not trouble you half so much as it has me."

"I would willingly take it all from your shoulders and bear it upon mine, as weak as they are, if by so doing I could relieve you of it. Pray tell me?"

"Then since you ask it, I must. And I trust you will look with cool reason upon it and make me no rash refusal. Since you and I were married, changes of momentous importance to me have taken place. My family affairs I have never mentioned to you, and now I cannot until some more opportune time in the future. What I must say to you now is this: These changes have operated to place me in a position where I consider it necessary, yea, imperative, to have an heir."

"Why, Henry, it is strange you should mention to me your desire for that which you know is impos-

sible. I cannot conceive why you should taunt me with my infirmity."

"Eidola, you mistake my purpose. I do not speak to you on this subject to taunt you, but to suggest to you a way in which you can gratify me and endow yourself with the blessings and joys of motherhood without undergoing its travail."

"And, Henry, pray tell me how is this?" she asked in quick, startled tones.

"By your consent to *an experiment out of marriage.*"

She raised herself sideways on one elbow, thus bringing herself nearer to her husband, and replied, with a smile nestling all over her face, which he interpreted into acquiescence to his plans:

"Do you mean we will adopt a sweet little one?"

"No, it must be of my blood. It must be my legal heir, and if you will co-operate with me, you have it in your power to have it so."

She fell back upon her pillow as though a poisoned dart had entered her heart. She closed her eyes and her face took on the pallor of death.

After a little she said in a low voice:

"Then you come here to invite me to quicken my infirmities and hasten to die before my time? I cannot otherwise interpret what you mean."

"No, Eidola, you utterly misconstrue my meaning. Why should I wish you to die, to accomplish what can be done so easily with you alive? Can you not see how you can be my wife and yet another be the mother of my child?"

All the courses of life seemed to quickly return to the almost lifeless woman and to warmly flood the chilled channel of her veins. She raised herself to a sitting posture, and fastening her eyes upon the face of her husband, exclaimed:

“You mean that I, yet undivorced, alive and unburied, shall be the specter of a wife, and she, the would-be mother of your child, the living body! I be the living ghost, inhabiting alone my sepulchral chamber, and she the bride of flesh and blood, bartering her hot virginity for the bliss of my conjugal couch swooning the while in my husband’s embraces! You mean that I shall sickly attend upon her passionate desires and continue to live the cast-off hulk of your affections!”

He saw that his plan was having the desired effect on her in arousing her deeply, so he determined to continue this horrible torture:

“Eidola, Eidola, wait and let me reason with you! You are——”

“No, a thousand times ‘No!’ Rather than submit to such dishonor I would welcome death and even overtake him, though he fled from me!” Her deluge of feeling could find no further vent in words and she sank into a torturous silence.

Her silence gave him time to formulate his further procedure. So he said:

“Really, Eidola, if you loved me you would allow me to seek that pleasure which you can neither enjoy nor give. You yourself make no sacrifice of those joys, nor relinquish any of the delights of that love

which I obtain from another. You are powerless to enjoy or give the bliss of either. You would still have me, and I would still be yours. She would claim but happy periods of my time, which could not be missed by you, while I myself would be always yours. Your chaste bed of sickness—which must be to me but the couch of a sacred maiden, or of descrepit age—would lose nothing by my truant absences, except the, to you, unused interval of time. Above all, you can never bless me with that life of my life, blood of my blood, for which I crave. Look at the devoted Sarah of ancient times, the faithful consort of Abraham—father of the so-called chosen people of God—who, when she thought her days of motherhood had passed without fruition, prayed her conjugal lord and love to woo the couch of the maid-servant, Hagar, if perchance the Lord would bless him with a son and multiply his seed upon the earth, Sarah herself saying “It may be that *I* may obtain children by her.”

“Yes,” cried Mrs. Dumas, and after Hagar’s accouchment, when she was blessed with a son, after having been blessed with Abraham’s love, she despised her mistress, and taunted her with insulting raillery, until Sarah was forced to humiliate herself before her husband and beg his protection. Then when Abraham delivered Hagar into the hands of her mistress, to do with her as she pleased, she dealt hardly with her, so that she drove her, bearing her infant son, away into the wilderness. Even the son of this unsanctified love was accursed. He became

a wild man, his hand was against every man's hand and every man's hand against his. If Sarah was thus humbled and accursed by even her maid-servant, over whom she had authority, what would be my fate at the hands of her whom you propose, with my consent and intrigue, to make the mother of your child! Think you that my love for you is but a trifle which can be laid aside to suit your whims, or which can be tossed by me from my heart on to the lecherous couch of a hired paramour? Are not my love and the sweet memories of my former passion for you worthy of such esteem in your heart as would keep you always content with me **even** though our future married life be one of chastity? Is a man so bestial that he fain must confound love with passion? Oh, my Henry, why have you thus thrust this two-edged dagger into my heart?" Her frail body shook and quivered like a crushed reed when made sport of by the wind.

Dr. Dumas was silent for a time, sitting with his head somewhat bowed—then he said in a low voice:

"I see, Eidola, your love is a selfish one. Since it is now without the body of passion why should it deny me that which it has not and cannot give?"

To this she replied in a kind of moaning, pleading tone:

"Ah, Henry, I see you have no comprehension of a woman's, a wife's heart! Love without jealousy is but as a body without soul, which will soon dissolve and pass into corrupt decay! Love that is not selfish is but as a magnet bereft of its attractive power;

so long as it is endowed with the current of its subtle life it must and will attract, and hold that which by affinity is its own, reaching out its invisible though powerful arms and embracing to its heart its own beloved; and not until the steel-cold body is dead, and its mysterious life has passed into the infinity of the unknown, will it release its own from its jealous clasp and allow it to fall away from its selfish bosom! Do you not know, Henry, that passion by itself is but the hereditary instinct of the brute, but as the rash force of gravity, which, for awhile, by the operation of its blind power, binds one corporeal body to another, setting aside and disregarding those higher laws and purer forces of affinity which operate to unite soul to soul in love, as well as body to body in passion? Though my body may be bereft of its passion by the devitalizing, depleting course of my infirmity, yet this loss has but augmented the subtler power of love in my soul. And this, Henry, this, my all, my soul's passion, you would take from me, and poison it with the foul breath, and bury it in the corrupt bosom of your venal courtesan! My love shall not thus by my consent damn itself in disgraceful suicide! Rather than thus dishonor my love, my own hand shall disembowel my corporeal life and so release my soul from such ignominious death."

"Ah!" he thought to himself, "a consummation devoutly to be wished!" Then he continued in a still more tantalizing tone:

"Care you not for my future, Eidola? Care you not for what I may have to disclose to you about

myself, my ambition, my plans, my position, my family—all of which I will do when what I ask of you is accomplished, but which I cannot do short of this?"

"No, I care not for these things. Oh, Henry, let us be content in our present love, and I swear to you! yea, observe, I swear it!" (and she lifted up her pallid hand toward high heaven, and the lace sleeve of her lounging robe, slipping down, exposed her thin, angular and almost spectral arm—this her husband saw and he quickly turned his eyes, as though it pained him, the connoisseur of beauty, even to look upon this ugly, ghostly reality)—"I swear that I will be myself again; yea, and more, I shall bless you with more beauty than you have ever reckoned upon, even in our happiest moments. Health shall find its embodiment in me; yea, rosy-cheeked health, like a hot, valiant youth, shall woo me for his consort and in his fealty to me shall keep his watch about my beauteous couch! Be true to me, Henry, in this, my affliction, and I will yet bless you with joys you ween not of and present you as the first fruits of my rejuvenated passion that which you crave—the life of *our* life, the blood of *our* blood, even as Sarah of old honored and made glad her husband Abraham when they had thought such joy was never again to be expected!"

He replied with but little show of feeling:

"You then persist in your refusal? Nothing remains to me but to carry out my plans."

This threat of his aroused all the fierce elements

of the tigress that was latent in her nature—that had been distilled and instilled in her fiery blood from the hot veins of her chivalrous cavalier ancestor. Then sitting upright on her couch with her little feet drawn up beneath her, she said:

“Then sir, you treat with disdain the fruitful promise of my love and the prophetic potency of my oath! And now you propose to humiliate me by an enforced dishonor. Stay! You shall not leave me yet until I have spoken! Dare you to execute your threats and it were better that you and she were in your congenial bed in hell! Weak as I am, in your power as I am, I yet defy you! Desert me if you will, fly with your paramour if you desire! Yea, if it must be done, pollute the earth with your illegitimate, unsanctified progeny, and call them by your name and mine—a name I am forced to wear—but *remember, you and I shall meet again, and the unforgotten fury of despoiled love shall make a reckoning between us!*”

Then, as her husband reached the door and strode out in the hall, her tender love—that love which he implanted and fixed in the most secret, deepest spring of her being—again arose in her heart, and the sweet memories of her past joys ascending like incense before her eyes, and forgetting her fury of the moment past, she called out as best she could in her weak, plaintive voice:

“Henry, oh, Henry, come back to me, dear Henry! One word with you Henry! Just one word!” She sat up on her couch, with her eyes straining at

the door as though expecting it to open, and her little left hand was pressed upon her heart. Thus she remained for a few moments, and when he came not she lay back upon the couch and turned her face to the wall. She could not cry, for her grief was beyond the level of the tears, so she closed her eyes and for the *first time in her life realized that she was alone!*

How long she lay thus she did not know, for in depths of grief as in the ecstasies of joy, we are not conscious of the passing of time.

Finally, however, she reached a point where she could think; soon her mind hit upon some idea, for she pressed the button of a call bell and then awaited the arrival of a servant.

Mrs. Dumas drew up her little writing desk to her couch, and hastily, though carefully, wrote a letter and addressed it. By the time she had finished it, Sam came in, ready to do any service she required.

"Sam, do you know where Dearborn Street is?"

"Yes'm, oi know it all over."

"Do you know, or can you find the building known as No. 352?"

"Yes'm, oi will sartainly do it."

"Take this note there and deliver it to the gentleman to whom it is addressed. You can read, can you not?"

"Yes'm, and oi will deliver your note, ma'am."

"Be careful, Sam, and allow no one to see it. Tell no one of your errand. Sam!"

"Yes'm, oi am listenin'!"

"Come here."

Sam came up close to her and she dropped a coin in his hand, which he received with a grin, a grimace, and a number of low bows.

"Do you know what that means, Sam?"

"Yes'm, hit means furr me to be ready to swear that oi will do all you say, ma'am."

"And will you do it?"

"Oi will! so help me, St. Patrick."

When Lord Eroslove abruptly left his wife's room he entered his study, and there in waiting were Dr. Swindle and Snoots, who had overheard the conversation.

"As soon as he came out of his wife's room he led the way into the laboratory. He turned toward the two men and quickly made certain mysterious movements with his hands, uttering strange words, and gazing into their eyes! After a moment or so of this procedure, he said:

"So, Snoots, you and Swindle heard all, did you? You heard her rave and curse! You heard the struggles, as I attempted to restrain her! You heard her awful threats to take my life! You heard all this, every word!"

"Yes," replied both, and Swindle, continuing, said, "And we thought several times that her ravings were so terrible we would have to come in to protect you."

"You will both swear to these facts which you both heard with your own ears; and will swear that it would be, in your opinion, unsafe to allow her to be at large? You will swear that she raves at all times

and threatens my life, and that you have heard her day and night."

As he made these suggestions to them he moved his hands before them until their eyes were closed, and he saw they were fully under his power. Then he repeated his suggestions to them over and over again, as to what they must swear, they all the while affirming that what he said was true. Then before he awoke them he said with great emphasis:

"Now remember when the trial takes place, you cannot keep from swearing to all these occurrences. You know they are facts and you will swear to them! You will! You will!" and he reiterated to them over and over what they must swear. Then he awoke them by passing his hands upward over them, and they awoke as if in a dream, Snoots saying as if dreaming:

"We sure can——" and Swindle assented thereto with a downward deflection of his omnipresent nose. Then he continued talking to them:

"You must be emphatic on this point—that she is dangerous. In ordinary, mild cases of insanity, the law is not harsh, and generally stops at the appointment of a guardian for the lunatic. But where proof shows it to be a bad case the law requires confinement in an asylum.

"By-the-bye, where is that fellow Lindsay? He left our place soon after my marriage, ahem! which he was responsible for, I do not want to encounter him again, for I want no undue publicity in this matter."

"Nor I either," said Swindle.

"Come, we must be going into the city. Much is to be done this evening, for I want to have the inquisition of lunacy to-morrow. She has no relatives to be served with notice of the inquisition. I, as her husband, will make the affidavit as to her lunacy, so no time need be lost. Swindle, you have talked with Dr. Regular, have you? I mean the dean of the Chicago Medical College, whom I instructed you to see!"

"Oh, yes, and he will make you a good witness."

"My lawyer has already spoken to the judge of the Court of Probate, having jurisdiction over such matters, and it now remains for me to go down and make the affidavit this afternoon and have the jury of inquisition summoned. Snoots, I told Colonel Wrangle that you would assist him and the court in empaneling the jury, so you can have put on it such men as you have fixed. The two doctors necessary to be had in such cases we already have in Drs. Swindle and Regular—eh, Swindle?"

"You may depend upon them, sir, implicitly."

"Then we will have everything ready for the trial at two o'clock tomorrow. Be sure and bring the jury of inquisition at that hour, Snoots. Get them together in good time. I will have my lawyer and Swindle will have Dr. Regular there. And remember, you heard everything and will swear exactly as I told you."

By this time they had gone some distance, where they took a car and continued their journey.

Late in the afternoon of the same day of the

occurences which I have narrated, a gentleman with a handsome, dashing team, was seen to drive up to 1001 Lincoln Park Square. He alighted and was shown into Mrs. Dumas' apartments, where he remained for an hour or more, and then drove away.

Mrs. Dumas spent a miserable night. It was ten o'clock the next morning before she attempted to eat any breakfast. Then she put on her wrapper and lay upon the lounge, trying to think upon her future. As she thus lay thinking and moaning and trying to sooth her breaking heart, she heard the sudden tramping of many footsteps and before she could think of what it meant a dozen or more men had entered her room and ranged themselves about it.

CHAPTER XI.

THE INQUISITION

As a general thing Mrs. Dumas was a woman of cool temperament. She was not a woman to faint and go into hysterics.

But when she saw the motly crowd of men which now had arranged themselves about her, staring at her with looks of curiosity on their faces, as though she were some strange animal, she lost her self-control.

She gazed from one to the other like an aroused tigress driven to bay. In the crowd as she hastily scanned it, she noticed red faces and bloated faces and purple-colored faces, and unwashed, begrimed, unshaven and diseased-looking faces.

There were all shapes of heads which belonged to the lower order of intellectual and moral development.

The clothes they wore were as varied and motley and degraded-looking as their faces.

This was the "Jury of Inquisition" which Colonel Wrangle and Snoots had empaneled to carry out under forms of the law the outrageous plans of Lord Eroslove to rid himself of the trembling little woman who was crouched there on the couch before them. As Mrs. Dumas' eyes wandered from one of these men to the other she finally spied the little bean eyes of Dr. Regular peering at her very searchingly from

one corner, and she noticed that he was saying something about her to a man by his side.

Mrs. Dumas observed that he persisted in thus staring at her and pointing at her, even when he saw she was looking at him. Lord Eroslove had taken pains to take a position in the rear of some of the party, so as to screen himself as much as possible from the eye of his wife.

Mrs. Dumas had not seen him, and as Dr. Regular, whom she had once met at the Medical College, was the only man in the crowd whom she recognized, she determined to address him, and from him get some account of this strange gathering and insulting proceeding going on about her.

"I believe I have met you, sir. You are Dr. Regular, of the Chicago Medical College. I demand to know of you what all this means. You are acting as though you were crazy."

When Mrs. Dumas uttered the word "crazy," instead of waiting to reply to her, Dr. Regular turned to the man with the cataract nose and said:

"There, you hear that, Dr. Swindle? It is one of the invariable signs of lunacy that they think other people crazy. Observe that point." Then replying to Mrs. Dumas and peering right into her eyes in the most interested way, he said: "Do your best to calm yourself, madam. We realize it is hard for you to understand, but it is best for you, madam. So don't be alarmed."

"I am not alarmed, sir. I am indignant at such treatment as this, and I *will* have an explana-

tion of it!" As she spoke she raised herself to a sitting posture and looked sternly upon the crowd.

"You see, Dr. Swindle, they always get indignant when their condition has to be examined into. That is one of the points I always make in my lectures to my students." Then looking toward Mrs. Dumas, he replied:

"You see, madam, the law requires it. We are but servants of the law and are here to carry out the law and to apply in your case its beneficent provisions. You will please submit as quietly as possible, and not show a rash and rebellious spirit."

This, to her, inexplicable and impudent language aroused her indignation more and more. She raised her thin hand, and in her agitation waved it up and down like the wand of a spectre. Then pointing straight at Dr. Regular she said in a shrill, broken voice:

"You act like a madman, sir! I command you and this insulting mob to leave my apartments immediately, sir!"

So emphatic was her manner and so shrill and mandatory was her voice that Dr. Regular receded a step or two toward the door, at the same time getting Snoots in between him and the enraged lady, and saying to Swindle and to the jury: "It is one of the plainest cases I was ever called upon to examine. I fear she will soon become violent. You see she already calls me a madman. They generally accuse others of having the malady, the degree of malady which afflicts them. I nearly always make this point in my lectures to my classes."

"You wrongly accuse us, madam. You *must* be quiet. We do not care to use force to control you. The sad affliction of the demented often renders them dangerous. Just be patient, and Colonel Wrangle will conduct the proceedings and you will soon understand all."

"Then you are here charging me with being demented, are you?" she cried out with most vehement indignation, at the same time getting upon her feet at the side of her couch, as though preparing to advance upon the whole crowd. Observing this, Snoots tried to get behind Dr. Regular, and Dr. Regular gave a sidewise movement and tried to get behind Swindle and Snoots both, and they all three were crowded together in one corner of the room.

Colonel Wrangle took a step or two in front of the crowd and addressing her, said:

"May it please your honor—ah—a—excuse me, madam, but may it please you, madam, to be seated. You are in a condition, though you may not be aware of it, which renders this proceeding necessary. Your husband, madam——"

"My husband! I have no husband! Did he not yesterday desert me? And now has he dared to do this also? Where is he that I may see him and tell him all? Show me——"

"Why, madam, he is here. This is his affidavit made out in court upon which this proceeding is based, and which this jury is empaneled here to decide upon and pronounce true or false. Be quiet and I will read it."

"Wait, sir. Where is *he*? As you read let him stand forth by your side, that I may see him! I want to see him, his face, his eyes, and read in them whether he made this affidavit."

Lord Eroslove up to this time had managed to keep himself concealed behind the others. But upon the demand made by his wife, the crowd involuntarily parted, leaving him exposed to her gaze. Seeing he was observed, and that there was no longer any chance to keep himself in the background, he stalked forward and stood by the side of his attorney.

She stood and looked at him as one in a reverie. Then without moving her gaze, she remarked to the lawyer, as though she were conducting the proceedings, "You may now read the affidavit."

Lord Eroslove stood there, clasping his hands first behind and then before him, looking at everything except at—*her face*.

Then Colonel Wrangle said: "Gentlemen of the jury, I will now read you the affidavit upon which these proceedings are based, and which you, under your oaths, are to find true or false:

"STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK.

"In person before me comes Dr. Henry Dumas, who being duly sworn, deposes and says, that his wife, Eidola Dumas, is now and for some weeks has been of unsound mind, and he makes this affidavit that a Jury of Inquisition may be summoned and empaneled to inspect the condition of the said

lady, and inquire into the facts and return their verdict accordingly, recommending to the court whether it is necessary to order the confinement of the said accused in the Asylum for the Insane.

“(Signed.) HENRY DUMAS.”

“Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of August, 1869.

H. J. HUGNER, Judge.

There was a deathly stillness in the room upon the conclusion of the reading of the affidavit. Mrs. Dumas had not for a second removed her gaze from her husband's eyes and face. She then asked in a voice full of feeling and emotion, as though even in this humiliating ordeal the sweet memories of past love made her tender:

“And, Henry, did you make that affidavit?”

“I did, madam.”

“Did you sign it, even sign it, Henry?”

“I did, madam.”

“My ears may misinterpret his words and deceive me! I want to see the signature and know whether my eyes agree with, or contradict my ears. Colonel Wrangle, may I see it?”

“Yes, madam, of course. Here it is.”

She looked at it long and scrutinizingly. The perjured paper shook in her agitated grasp as though it were moved with guilty feeling, and not she with overwhelming emotions. Then she slowly passed it back to the lawyer, and looking again into the eyes of her husband, said:

"You then were very anxious to get rid of me, Henry?"

"Oh, no madam! I was anxious to place you where you could be properly treated!"

"Gentlemen, I understand it all now. You may proceed to put me in an asylum or in a tomb! It matters not to me!" And she sank back upon her couch.

The jury and witnesses then retired from the room and went into the laboratory, where Colonel Wrangle proceeded to question the witnesses, who were Lord Eroslove, Snoots, Drs. Swindle and Regular. Lord Eroslove detailed many exaggerated occurrences to prove the demented and very dangerous condition of his wife. Snoots and Swindle swore exactly as Lord Eroslove had commanded them.

The jury returned the verdict as follows:

"We find Mrs. Eidola Dumas to be violently insane and recommend that she be committed at once to an asylum for the insane."

This was signed by the foreman, and then Colonel Wrangle said:

"Anticipating your verdict, I had the court sign the proper orders for commitment at once. You, Dr. Swindle, I have had appointed as a deputized officer of the court, to remain here and take charge of the lady and convey her as soon as possible to the asylum, where she is to remain until legally discharged. Here is your commission and I trust you will execute it faithfully."

The matter being now concluded, the jury and

all the party took their departure except Swindle and Lord Eroslove, who remained in the laboratory.

"So, Dr. Dumas—beg your pardon, Sir Henry I should have said—you leave Chicago at once."

"Yes, Swindle. I have everything ready. My trunks have already gone and I will leave in a few minutes. I sail direct to England as soon as I arrive in New York. I have left a good deal of rubbish of one sort and another, including the laboratory. These you can have and do with them as you see fit. Remember, you are to report to me about *her* as soon as I reach England. Let me know how she endures the confinement and gruesome atmosphere of the asylum. I don't think she can survive it long. Anyway, you keep me posted."

"Yes, I will do so, Sir Henry. But what about the balance of my and Snoots' fee in this matter?"

"Oh, well, I will send you that when I arrive in England and have my first tidings from you. Well, I must be going. The demented lady's sobs coming out of that room do not sound as sweetly to me as the first nocturne I heard her play in the parlor below, about fifteen months ago. So I guess I won't tarry to listen to her. Good-by, Swindle. Remember, serve me well, and I will pay you well."

And Lord Eroslove gave Swindle's hand a flippant shake, and turned away from him with a contemptuous smile upon his face. As he drove away he looked up, by accident or otherwise, and saw the thin, chalk-white face of his wife pressed against the window-pane of her room, and her sad eyes, which

appeared unusually large, were fixed upon him. And far down the street he knew that those eyes were fastnd upon him still. His body shivered, and he drove away as rapidly as possible, not once turning his head to look back again.

Within two days thereafter Lord Eroslove sailed for England and with him was Viola.

CHAPTER XII.

IN ENGLAND

ONE evening in the month of June, two years after, two men were walking leisurely along Primrose Hill Road in London, going in the direction of the junction of this road with Regent's Park Road. On their right was uplifted the fair bosom of Primrose Hill, rising over two hundred feet above the level of the surrounding surface.

Looking north across Albert Road one's eye rested upon the more extended beauties of Regent's Park, which spread out like a gorgeous landscape bedecked in the cool, fresh garments of the spring.

Nestling at the foot of Primrose Hill, and seemingly occupying a part of its more level surface, was a large brick mansion in Gothic style, which fronted not only toward Albert Road but also toward Primrose Hill Road across the intervening expanse of Primrose Hill Park.

The two men whom we had observed walking along Primrose Hill Road were talking, and had slackened their pace until they scarcely moved. They were looking down a long avenue in the direction of the Gothic brick mansion, the taller one of the two saying:

"Yes, it was here that I saw and met her the second time since my return; arranging my tryst

with her, even in spite of the tyrannical interference of that jealous guardian, the Earl of Littlefield. It was in the evening just at the hour when beautiful sunset was painting evanescent masterpieces upon the immense canvas of the sky—gorgeous masterpieces, which would put to shame the miniature patchwork of a Reubens or Michael Angelo.

“Standing in one of these windows and meshed in a fairy network of curtains and drapery of rare old Italian handiwork I saw the as yet uncrowned queen of my heart. She was dressed in a robe of black velvet daintily trimmed with silver cloth, an open bodice, which she had in *neglige* fashion, left unfastened at the neck, except that it was partially held together by a stream of diamonds, which glistened about her throat. She was leaning on the balcony with a languid, melancholy air, as though she were waiting for me to come, though not expecting me.”

“Describe her to mee, Zir Heenry. Ees she beautiful?” asked Count Antignolio of Lord Eroslove—for these are the two men we have observed.

“She could hardly be termed a perfect beauty in the face.

“She has a sparkling smile and beautiful dimples. Her figure reveals a wealth of rare curves and shapes, undulating like flames, endowed with force and suppleness, her walk undulating like the willowy grace of a gazelle, her hips full and yielding, and sloping downward from their outward points into the more modest graces of the limbs, her shoulders broad and

gently tapering, like the soft, glossy back of the swan, her neck a rare poem of curves and roundness. Hers is a rich, voluptuous beauty, Count, which only Reubens has ever put upon canvas. Oh, ye gods, how I love her! love her! and worship such beauty as hers!

"Well, Count, as she stood thus at the window she saw me near, and dropped her glove, a sign she gave me that the way was clear. I picked it up, and kissed it, at the same time entering the mansion and presenting it to her. As I said, this was our second secret meeting since our return here in her house. She pressed me to take supper with her, which I did. It was served in her boudoir. Between the sparkle of her eyes and the sparkle of the wine, I experienced a flood of joy and of passion. And to think that such joy and love as she gives me should have to filched, yea, stolen, as though I were a common thief and she another's property, to be kept under lock and key. I will not endure it! I swear I will not!"

"Eend you zay, Zir Heenry, that thes is Mees Veola Hanover, daughter ov Lord Hanover? The same who come to you een Amereeca?"

"Yes, Count, and the sweetheart of my boyhood days, whom I still love and adore above all others."

"I have heard she vas fast, delecously fast, Zir Heenry!"

"Not so, Count, except in her love for me. Yet even if she were, she but inherits the blood of her family, Count. Sir Archibald Hanover, her grand-

father, was one of our noble scrapegraces who loved wine and women better than life and liberty. Her father, Sir Launcelot Hanover, was more of a Sultan than ever Sir Archibald dared to be. Hence, I say 'bat even if she were fast, the young lady is not responsible for her blood, no more than I am for mine. My father, Sir Harry—I hate to say it of him, for he is dead now—was a veritable patron saint of "The Latter Day Church," as we used to say in America. He caused the jealous, loving heart of my mother more grief than I hope I will ever cause any woman. I would that I had inherited the cool blood and chaste temperament of my mother, as my poor brother Ravanel did—peace to his ashes! But as the fates seem to have decreed it otherwise, I can't help it.

"Wherefore, I say, Count, that as my passion of passions is *the master passion of love*, which inhabits my arteries and even colors to a deeper hue the red corpuscles of my blood, I shall not deny my nature, nor starve into decrepitude and white hairs by castigations of celibacy this mortal body of mine, my rash inheritance from my father."

"You talk, Zir Heenry, like a veeretable poeet of pazzion."

"Nay, Count, I myself am a veritable poem of passion. Nature was the poet and she made me the poem. Say, Count, have you and the Countess decided to occupy my house on the terms I propose? That is it there, three doors from the Hanover Mansion, fronting on Albert Road. We will pass it in a moment."

“Let zee ageen, vat vere ze terms eend condeetions?”

“Well, as I before told you, I am determined to thwart the plans of that guardian of hers. It is impossible as yet for me to marry Viola, because the lunatic in the Chicago Asylum will not accommodate me by dying, and I will not commit bigamy and by this felony forfeit my estates to this Earl. He would want nothing better than that. Viola is continually urging our marriage and I have to continually find some excuse to defer it, for I dare not tell her of that crazy wife in Chicago. Yet, I love her more and more and must see her. I must arrange a trysting-place outside of her guardian’s mansion. Now my plan is this: to get you and the Countess introduced into the Primrose Hill set. Hence, I advanced you the money to procure your wardrobes, and had you invited to several of the recent receptions. So you are now established, you see, at least for my purpose. I have already given it out that you had taken my house here on Albert Road for the season or longer. The mansion has been in our family for a long time, and was one of my father’s city residences. It is handsomely furnished, so all you have to do is to move in and take possession. The people of this set think you and the Countess possess wealth in Italy. You and your estimable wife are to further my plans in my affair with Viola by cultivating the young lady and having her form warm attachment for the Countess. She can visit the Countess much, and I also will become a frequent visitor at your establishment. My being an

old bachelor (so far as is known here) will be your excuse for entertaining me often, and keeping an open house to me, but Viola's guardian is not to know of my intimacy there. See what a trysting-place for me and my love your house will be?"

"Zat may bee true, Zir Heenry, but who pay ze eexpenses eend keep up ze establishment?"

"I thought perhaps you had enough for this purpose, Count," said Sir Henry dryly, though laughing to himself. Continuing, he said further: "Have you none of the fortune you got from Miss Fancier, now the Countess Santonio, in Paris?"

"Not zee leest bit, Zir Heenry."

"And did your suit fail with a—ah, Miss Lucky, last summer at Saratoga? You spoke to me of that affair once, you remember?"

"Yes, eet deed. You zee ze Earl of Muchtitle put een to vin her, eend outranking me he cuts me out. Ze young lady eenformed me zat Mucht'le vas ze one she was after getting, eend vas vat she wanted. Much to mee conteentment zey are now living in Rome, Eetely, veery unhappely, because ze Earl ees veery unsateesfied vid de fortune allowed leem."

"Oh, well, then, Count, I will arrange for the expenses of the establishment, if you and the Countess will accept my terms and conditions."

"Vee eexcepts zeem now, and vill serve you at once, when you are reedy."

"All right. You shall take charge of Albert Road Mansion tomorrow.

“By-the-bye, Count, seeing Vian’s Restaurant there calls to my mind the fact that it is past dinner hour. Would you object to dropping in there long enough to take dinner with me?”

Count Antignolio looked at him with amazement. The idea of such a question being asked him, when there was a gnawing going on in his stomach which had not been fully allayed for two days.

“At your command, Zir Heenry; I would not object to eenything zat would give you pleasure. I vas just theenkeng I would reech home too late to dine meeself vid mee vife.”

Sir Henry ordered dinner for two, and very soon the Count was oblivious to all mundane things, except the wine laughing in the crystal, the brown and white pheasants smoking in the blazoned dishes, and the incense arising from the smoking altars of many vessels. When his stomach had been filled until there was no more room to contain epicurean delights, Sir Henry observed that the Count slyly filled his pockets until there was not a vestige left of that bountiful “dinner for two.”

About the time they were preparing to arise from the table a young man just past his stage of youth, but not many years into that of manhood, came in and sat down at a table near them. He was medium size, slender, and feminine in many respects, with a slight stoop and round shoulders, a projecting face and nose and no development of the head in the rear—hair sandy and long and parted in the middle, and combed down a little over the small forehead,

and over the left ear was adjusted a goggle of crystal glass.

He was dressed in extreme fashion and dragged along with him a heavy crooked-handle cane.

As he walked, he swung from side to side, as though his little legs, slightly bowed, were trying to play seesaw. His watch chain was massive, his diamond stud ultra-conspicuous on account of its size, and his fingers heavily jeweled.

He gazed complacently about the dining hall from one table to another. Finally his eye rested upon Sir Henry. His face brightened and at once assumed a pleased, fawning expression.

He arose from his own table and came swinging himself over to where Sir Henry and the Count sat. As he came up he said in a nasal, affected tone of voice:

“Glad to—ah—have the pleasure—ah—of meeting you again, Lord Eroslove. I met you last week—ah—remember, at the Marlborough Club, don’t you know?”

“Delighted to see you again, Sir,” replied Sir Henry, rising and at the same time trying to recall the little fellow, and find a name that would fit him.

Sir Henry felt compelled to introduce the Count to the stranger and without stopping to think what a predicament he would get himself into, said:

“Allow me to present you, sir, to Count Antigolio. Mr.—ara—ah—pray excuse me, sir, but what is your name?” But the last part of the sentence was lost to the well-filled, happy Count, who

had at once seized the young fellow's hand, exclaiming:

"Delighted to meet you, Meester Ara-ah; delighted, I azzure you, zir."

"Count Antignolio, I assure you—ah—my dear sir—that I am more than delighted—ah—to have the honah to know you, sir. I observe, Lord Eroslove, that like myself, in the—ah—multitude of your acquaintances, you forget names. Allow me, sir, to—aw—refresh your memory. I am Archie Snob, once of Americah, sir, but now of London."

"Oh, yes, excuse me, Mr. Snob. Glad to have you correct my slip of memory. Count, this is Mr. Snob of America."

"Now of London, sir, Count," broke in Mr. Snob.

"Glad to meet you, Meester Snobz. When do you return to America?"

"I cawn't say, Count. I go over now and then to look into me affairs—ah—and then return. I no longer live there, you know. I have reawilly gotten so I cawn't stand American crudities."

"We hope to see you again Mr. Snob, and am sorry we are compelled to leave so soon, but other engagements press us. Bid you good-evening sir."

"Good-evening, Lord Eroslove; good-evening Count Antignolio—O—ah, I am more than delighted at this unexpected pleasure of meeting you—and of knowing you, my dear Count. I must see you both again."

He had followed them to the door when the Count turned and said:

"Mee London mansion, Master Snobz, eez 2000 Albert Road, adjoining Preemrose Heell Park. Hope to have you call."

"With the greatest of joy, Count."

As they walked off the Count said to Sir Henry:

"You see, hee may haf mooney, eend would play a la baccarat."

"Good idea, Count—excellent! He will doubtless be a good sucker. How gracefully he affected to know me. I'll swear I never laid eyes on him before."

Mr. Archie *Snob* was well named.

He fawned and ogled most affectedly on any person or any class who, in his narrow vision, were superior, or endowed with hollow greatness, or encumbered with an empty title. For a title was really his conception of the Deity.

CHAPTER XIII.

SEALED WITH AN OATH

AN author who is true to his art must realize that that it is not his province to portray the characters and conduct of moral or social ideas only, but of people as they really are, and as they think, feel and act in the course of human events. It is the duty and work of the artist in any department to be true to nature, and to work and build with nature's facts and materials and conditions as she has given them to him.

The greatest and wisest artist is one who studies nature, and imitates her realities by putting them on canvas or in marble or in music or in words as nature has furnished them and fashioned them. We emphasize the good by making evil abhorrent—as the artist brings out his “high-lights” by giving them prominence upon his dark background.

Viola Hanover, though now but eighteen, well knew even the higher branches in the curriculum of a woman's part in the tender, passionate art of love-making. Her mother had died when she was young, so that she had always lacked her shielding advice and care. She had no sisters, and her father and brother had done but little to check the ardor of her susceptible heart prior to their death. Since she had been under the guardianship of the Earl of Little-

field—who was himself young and unmarried—neither he nor the governess provided to instruct her had exercised but little influence over her; and the Earl, by his constant love-making to her, had immaturely and unduly excited the susceptible “tender passion” in her maiden bosom. He doubtless would have won her but for the early and ardent passion which she had years before conceived for Henry Eroslove.

Her nature was like the tumultuous forces of a cataract, into which had been massed a momentum which was irresistible.

If it were controlled for a time it burst forth sooner or later with tenfold impetuosity.

Then, too, this wayward and overwrought heart had been moulded in the heat of a social environment which was not synonymous with the temperature of icy chastity and snowy virtue. She mingled with women of that set, many of whom professed to live above the moral pressure of that social atmosphere which moulds the prudish conventionalities and shapes the formal customs of the middle and lower strata of womankind.

Many of Viola’s associates, models and seniors, were women who would say: “We understand the meaning and purpose of superstitions in love as well as in religion. Laws and customs, restrictions and rules were made for the governed and not for the governors. We tell tales and ghost stories to children and little-grown-up-folk to quiet them, get them to sleep, and keep them from troubling us and interfer-

ing with our pleasures. We, who control, must not be controlled. We, who bridle, must not be bridled. We, who put the harness on others, are not fools enough to put it on ourselves! Love was made for women, as well as for men."

An epicurean philosophy is necessarily a philosophy of sensation. Either men or women who look upon this life as the beginning and end of our existence are very apt to drift into lives of sensualism.

If sensation is the beginning and end of life, then the gratification of the senses should be the purpose of life, for through the domain of the senses alone opens out the tempting avenues of pleasure and joy. Hence, the gratification of love, or more poetically speaking, "the tender passion" is the very elysium of all sensual gratification and joy.

To induct her within the veil, and initiate her into the enchantments of those hidden mysteries was the undertaking Sir Henry laid out to do. He had always determined to marry her, for he thought he loved her beyond his power to express, and it was this very excess of love that made them both weak, and made him determine to enjoy her love at all hazards.

During the happy months of this year's glad summer, autumn and winter, he wooed her to explore with him the winding ways, the flowered paths, the cool, scented groves and damp shades, the enchanted retreats and fairy recesses of the "sacred grove of Daphne," which surrounds the temple dedicated to that rapturous twain, Venus and Appollo. She was

not forward in her steps, nor rash in her devotion, as she shyly allowed him to conduct her amid the beauties of this enchanted ground.

To them the sacred grove of Daphne was Primrose Hill Park. The temple, which he had planned yet to enter with Viola, was the Eroslove mansion, now presided over by those patron saints of his, Count and Countess Antignolio. Rash lovers, who love deeply, ought either to marry, or learn before it is too late to temper the ardor of their affections with the cool judgment of prudence and common sense.

Late one afternoon in the month of September, when the heat of summer mingling with the breath of approaching winter, had by their coalition formed an air of cool and fresh deliciousness, Sir Henry and Viola were promenading in the park, for they were often together, notwithstanding the interdiction of her guardian. Her arm was passed through his, and over his hand she carelessly let rest the tips of her fingers, which now and then played a little tattoo or ditty on the surface of his skin. They walked up and down the avenue of water oaks extending from the mansion out to Primrose Hill Road. In a dainty box fastened to one of the trees a pair of pigeons were building a nest—and as the male worked, he cooed to his mate, and now and then caressed her with his beak, and passed his neck over hers in an affectionate embrace. She would return his love by returning to him her feathered breast, or by answering his plaintive note with a tender moan.

Observing their undisturbed enjoyment of each other, Sir Henry said:

"The birds of the air have nests and love, but—"

"But what, Henry?" asked Viola.

"But we have none."

"I am sure you would not be contented to settle down into a nest."

"That depends, dear Viola, on the one who occupied the nest with me."

"Suppose it were I?"

"In that case there would be three of us, for joy would take up its abode with us."

"For how long?"

"Birds, you know, Viola, mate by the season; why then ask me how long?"

"Then another season, what?"

"Love must decide that for us. Would you be content to nest without love?"

"No, I would not. But don't you think love would always be with us and be one of us?"

"Ah, Viola, these minutes are paradise and the hours heaven to me. Oh, Viola, if wooing your love has been so sweet all these years, who can describe the joy of having it, and reveling in it? Such happiness can only be felt and dreamed of, and then left unuttered!"

The hour growing late, they left the park and walked into the house. Sir Henry lingered there awhile, and as he bade his love good-night said to her:

"Tomorrow, sweet one, I will see you at the home of the Countess. It will seem long till then."

From the Hanover mansion Sir Henry hurried to his own, now occupied by the Count and the Countess. He went into the room of the Countess, exclaiming:

"She will come, Countess, to visit you for a week."

"Yis, Zir Hinry, and you are so happee."

"Yes, Countess, the impotent tongue shall not by attempted utterance defile the sentiment of my heart! The pink chamber, you remember, Countess, shall be hers. Have you the wealth of roses there I ordered? Good! Has the artist, Pietre, I sent for, adorned the bed anew with those rare furnishings? Then let it be done in the morning. Each night let the bath of odoriferous water and vapor be prepared. The lights must be dim, and full of rare color in the room. My room, Countess, can remain as it is. Adjoining that, arrange our banquet room. I have given my butler instructions as to its furnishings. Remember, Countess!"

"Yis, Zir Hinry."

"Oh! How I love her, my life, my all! But by all the gods of Homer, to think how she must love me to risk all!"

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There are some things a logician does not attempt, and one is to define a definition. There are some things a geometrician does not attempt, and one is to square a circle. There are some things a scientist does not attempt, and one is to deny a fact. And one thing there is that no poet or writer will essay to do, and that is to describe and portray the wealth

of a woman's love when first given to a lover, who has won, or cheated her out of, her heart.

Viola was a woman who, when her nature was stirred, gave her love to her lover with lavish expenditure. One has seen the sun when it poured upon the earth magnificent floods of glory, in superabundance, appearing to waste its treasure of light, color and heat—so was Viola's love given to Sir Henry.

One has looked into the calm dome of the sky on nights clear and cold and still as death, and the countless stars seemed to have multiplied their infinity of number, being and glory—thus was Viola's love for Sir Henry. One has seen the black clouds keep rising and overspreading the dark heavens and continuing to pour down their deluges of water upon the earth, when its surface and arteries of creeks and rivers were already flooded to overflowing—even so was Viola's passion given to Sir Henry.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DENOUEMENT.

It is now the month of April, when the promise of spring begins its fulfillment in beautifying the earth, brightening the sun, and gladdening the skies. That wonderful miracle we call life is beginning to manifest itself in all the forms and forces of nature. Mother Earth is receiving the amorous kisses of Father Sun, and all their myriad children are astir for love, work or play.

In her luxurious boudoir upstairs in the mansion occupied by Count and Countess Antignolio reclines happy, beautiful Viola. Hence she has spent much of her time on the pressing invitation of the Countess, and has been much in the company of her lover.

She is now in a state of anxious expectancy, when Lord Eroslove enters the room. She quickly rises to meet him, exclaiming:

"Oh, Henry, I have such good news for you! You never could guess it!"

"No, my dearest sweetheart!" he replies, taking her in his arms and kissing her. "Out with it."

"Well, what do you think! Something has caused a great change in my guardian. He has now given his consent for me to marry you.. After receiving the mail yesterday by the latest steamer from America, he got certain news which seemed to interest him

very much. He appeared to go through a hard battle trying to decide something. He sent certain papers he had received by this mail to his city attorney and wrote him a note. I observed all this for I was in the library with him. After a little while he received a reply which I afterwards found carelessly lying on his desk. When he had read this note, which excited him very much, he turned to me and casually announced that he had decided to give his consent to our marriage. Oh, Harry, I was overcome with joy, and felt like falling upon his neck in the ecstasy of my delight!" Her beaming eyes were lifted to Lord Eroslove's face, expecting to see in his countenance the same revelation of joy which her own heart was experiencing. But instead of outbursts of joy, she saw his brow contract and a great dimple sink its depths in the center of his chin, as he eagerly asked:

"Viola, have you the lawyer's note?"

"Yes, Henry, here it is," and as she offered him the paper, he grabbed it as a starving man would a morsel of bread. Its contents were as follows:

"TO THE EARL OF LITTLEFIELD:

"HONORED SIR: I have examined the papers you sent, giving the result of the work of our detective in ferreting out the history of one Dr. Dumas, I think the case is complete. Under the terms of the settlement of this large personal estate by the ancestor of this party, you can accomplish your purpose as well by allowing this marriage to take place as by

the death of this heir. This estate will revert as well by reason of conviction for felony as by death.

“Most respectfully yours,

“JEROME JEFFRIES,

“Counselor, etc.”

The reading of this note caused a greater agitation in the mind and face of Lord Eroslove than the recital of events by Viola had done.

“So my little girl has won the Earl over to her side, has she?”

“But pray tell me, Henry, the meaning of the strange note from that lawyer? Why should that have caused such a change in the Earl’s feelings towards us? And why did you look so excited when you read it?”

“Wait; one question at a time, my darling. I can hardly explain the Earl’s conduct unless he has decided to get him an American heiress, and thinks now a good time to get rid of you—that is—of—us.”

“Yes, he has good grounds to get rid of me, for he knows he can never possess me. A case of sour grapes, you know, Henry. But why did you get so excited over it?”

“Why, Viola, you should know anything excites me which concerns—our—love, and to think this abominable guardian had—a—”

“Yes, Henry dear, it was hateful of him.”

“Yes, of course,” he replied in an absent-minded way. He had put off this marriage week after week and month after month on the pretext mainly

of this guardian's objections. He had feared consummate it, as much as he loved Viola and desired her, and wished for legitimate offspring, believing that his enemy was on his track, and that it would result in his and Viola's ruin, for he knew that the Earl would hesitate at no sacrifice to secure for himself the valuable estate he so much coveted. Now comes this terrible revelation which shows that his enemy is indeed closer upon his heels than he had ever imagined. Then, on the other hand, here met him face to face the demands, the sacred demands of Viola. Her claims had now passed the mere pleading demands of love. Here were the imperative commands of life, honor, posterity, yea, everything which a woman holds dear and sacred! Yet to marry Viola under these circumstances meant utter ruin for both, for the Earl would at once proceed to expose and convict him.

On the other hand, not to marry *now* meant to crush out all her love for him. It also would result in her ruin and degradation, *unless he could protect her by a plan he had in view.*

He was in a predicament but she was in a worse one. He had consulted his attorney and had been informed that his marriage in America, even under the professional name of Dr. Dumas, would be binding in England. He had written to an American attorney, whom he knew in New York City, on this point, and his opinion confirmed that of the English lawyer. However, the American lawyer informed him

that if he could prove that the lady was a confirmed lunatic, he could get a divorce from her.

But such a proceeding as this would require at least two years, and it was out of the question to delay acting on the emergency at hand, even for two months. "Oh," he thought, "what a fool I was for not effectually disposing of her while I was at it. I could have made a corpse of her much easier and in much less time than it required to make a lunatic of her." But that was too late now.

Two days before this time he had become desperate, waiting to hear from Dr. Swindle concerning the condition of Mrs. Dumas, and had cabled to him as follows:

"DR. SWINDLE, 500½ Bowery Place, Chicago, Ill.,
U. S. A.

"Cable exact condition of lady. Be specific."

To which Swindle had sent this reply:

"Lady reported improving. Send me \$100.

"SWINDLE."

Whether the abandoned wife was really improving or was dead, he had no way of knowing except by relying on his agent, whom he had put in charge of this matter. However, Swindle was of such a character that had she been dead he would have reported her alive, in order to reap the reward of this species of his "practice."

He attempted as best he could to carry on a sweet and cheerful conversation with Viola. He had led her back to her seat on the divan, where she now reclined radiant with beauty and happiness. Her joy and her confidence in that future blissful state which she believed to be just ahead of them, mocked and stung him like an adder. "God!" he thought, "what can I do? How can I break to her this terrible disclosure?" He was unusually tender to her, and his great love seemed to have multiplied itself tenfold, if that were possible. He fain would caress her most tenderly, but each time he essayed to do so there seemed to come in between them the pale, emaciated form and face of the abandoned wife, whom he had buried between the walls of an insane asylum. This spectre would not down, and kept saying to him: "Tell her! You must, you shall tell her, and break her heart!"

Finally, forcing a great sigh from his breast, and quietly brushing a tear from his eye, he said:

"Viola, my darling, you remember last September when we staked everything on the joy of our love, I told you that I had a plan outside of marriage in case——"

"Oh, my dear Henry," she interrupted, "that was mentioned then because my guardian had not given his consent to our marriage. Why, there is no use to even think of that now, when there is nothing to separate us."

She said this so innocently, and in such a matter-

of-fact way, as though of course it was true, that it smote him to the heart.

"But, dear Viola, suppose there were something to still keep us apart?"

"Oh, Henry, don't speak of such an impossible thing."

"Yes, Viola, my darling, there are circumstances beyond my control which prevent the marriage taking place now or at any time soon."

"*At any time soon!*" she exclaimed, rising from the divan and seating herself in a chair, her whole body agitated, and her eyes now filling with tears.

"Yes, it is just that way, my dear. Oh, Viola, Viola, do not hate me! I cannot help it!"

"It must be some time soon or never—*it must be!*" she exclaimed, vehemently, looking Sir Henry full in the eye. She then added: "Were these circumstances, which you say are beyond your control, in existence last September when you made the oath to marry me?"

"Yes, partially so, Viola, but I had every reason to believe they would be fully removed before there would be any occasion for our marriage. In this I have been disappointed, and the disappointment has come too late to allow me time to remove the trouble. There is but one thing to do, and I have devised that plan to be put into effect in case I cannot marry you in time. It will protect you, Viola, even if it does not win back your love to me."

"I will consent to nothing until you first inform me fully of the circumstances."

"But wait a minute, Viola. You said last September that if my plan which, I told you, I even then had in mind, would not be acceptable to you, if I could not satisfy you of its feasibility, then in that case I would marry you. Now you might like my plan better than our marriage."

"But I reserved the right to act and choose, according to the dictates of my love, and you swore you would abide by my decision and act accordingly. I cannot even now decide on your plan, until I know what it is that prevents you from marrying me."

"Then, if there is no other alternative, Viola, I must tell you: *I have a living wife.*"

Like as when a bird sailing in the buoyant air, with outstretched wings, plumage and peth of feathers filled with the spirit of the wind, is suddenly pierced by the deadly lead of the huntsman's fowling piece, and falls zigzag to the earth, limp and lifeless with wings folded and plumage ruffled and stained with blood, even so did the pierced and bleeding heart of Viola sink to the depths within her when this deadly shot of this cruel huntsman of hearts entered her bosom.

As soon as Sir Henry said it, he saw that he had wounded her, perhaps unto death. He knew that her love was dead, beyond resurrection.

She was instantly frantic, yet helpless. She wanted to cry aloud in the depths of her misery, but her throat was dry and choked. Several minutes elapsed before she said a word, and during this time she sat with her eyes closed, her head thrown back on

the top of the chair and her hands hanging down by her side.

"So you were already married and deceived me, and perjured yourself by swearing to do an impossible thing! Pray tell me who and where my companion in misery is."

"She is in an American insane asylum."

"Would God I could exchange places with her!"

Then she was silent, sitting with her eyes still closed, and her wonderful heart scarcely fluttering in the cage of her breast. Sir Henry paced the floor, for he was astonished at the terrible effect this revelation seemed to have had on her. Then he said:

"I would have told you all, but she was frail in body and wrecked in health, and I had no doubt but that ere this she would have been laid in her grave. And Viola, I loved you so, I feared——"

"Since I know what I now know, I would envy her even there."

"You must not despair and be so cast down, Viola, I think my plan will obviate all trouble, and finally save us."

"It cannot undo the fact that you falsely wooed me, when you had a living wife, and had me unconsciously to wager my virtue, and the honor and lineage of my unborn child on the hazard of her death. Did you not know that death never comes when prayed for, but selects his subjects unawares? Unless your plan suits me, I shall lay this whole matter open to my guardian, and he shall call you to account. You may proceed."

Lord Eroslove now sealed his heart to all emotions, believing that it would do him no further good to display his feelings, and proceeded to unfold his plans.

“Well, my plan is to continue this experiment out of marriage until it is possible to turn it into marriage, if such should be your desire in the future. To do this without hurt or injury to you in any way, I have decided upon the following arrangement: Located seven hundred miles from the city of New York in the Atlantic is one of the Bermuda Islands, containing a tract of two thousand acres which belongs to the Eroslove estate. Its sole occupants are a family of negroes and an old Egyptian. Upon it is a neat cottage, built of white coral stone, which looks like a miniature palace of frosted ice. Your guardian and your friends know that your health has not been vigorous for several months. I, as a physician—for they all know of my skill in that profession—and as a friend of the family, will advise the sea and this warm, balmy climate. I will offer to go with you as your physician, and the Countess will go as your chaperone. The Count and Countess have already signified their willingness, and approve heartily of our plan. No one has yet suspected anything, except that your health is impaired. We will sail within a fortnight. I will keep up my correspondence with my agent in America, and should the demented lady accommodate me by dying in the meantime, I will marry you, should this be your desire. We will remain in Bermuda for a year—it will be understood

that a year will be required to restore you. The Count and Countess can certify to our marriage having taken place in due time after our departure from London, for the birth of the child."

"But suppose the poor, demented lady should not see fit to accommodate you?" asked Viola, choking with sobs and anger.

"Suppose I see to it that she does? But if this is impossible, then I shall continue the experiment out of marriage, by relieving you of the child, putting it where neither of us will ever hear of it again, after having arranged for its fortune and maintenance. My part in this affair would require me to do this. Then you will return home restored to health and to your friends."

"To be frank with you, Henry Eroslove, I will say, had this been the child of unperjured love, I, as its consenting mother, would never accede to your plan, but would press this token of our rash, impetuous love to my bosom, and face the world. But since you got it by perjured love, and, no doubt, gave it your blood of rank deception and dishonor, I will not own it, even were it possible to save its outward honor by marriage with you. Wherefore, I am in your hands until delivered of it."

CHAPTER XV.

A MIRACLE IN THE SEA.

IT was known in all the high circles of London that Sir Henry had a thorough knowledge of medicine, and had practiced this profession for some years before the death of his elder brother. This fact, connected with that of the long intimacy and friendship of his father and Lord Hanover, removed all suspicion as to the real cause of Sir Henry's going with Miss Viola as her medical adviser. The Earl of Littlefield encouraged them to be together as much as possible, hoping to bring about the marriage which he so much desired to take place, so he made no objection whatever to the proposed journey, but really advised it.

When the "Ulia" touched at the Bermudas some days thereafter, landing there in the night, four persons stepped from the ship into a small yacht, and soon landed at the island known as the "Eroslove Plantation."

A more delightful retreat could not have been found anywhere than the "Eroslove Island" for the quiet and secret cure of the sick lady's malady. The cottage nestled in the heart of an unbroken cedar forest of one hundred acres.

An old Egyptian inhabited a little house in the rear of the cottage grounds, where he had lived for

years, to take care of the place. He was known as "Gymp the Conjurer."

He had a little bateau with which he rowed himself to the other islands where he made his living by using his arts on the ignorant black population. His arts were to cure diseases by some strange power he had, to drive away spells by the use of charms which he sold, to tell fortunes, and to tattoo the bodies of all who desired it with quaint animals or figures or sacred words of the Egyptian tongue, which always kept away bad luck and evil spirits. He was thin and wiry, and so much bent that he walked with a long stick, which he grasped in the middle, the upper part extending a foot above his head, and whittled to represent the head of the sacred Egyptian crocodile. He used this stick when making his incantations by waving it weirdly up and down, at the same time uttering a low monotonous chant. His copper-colored skin was parched and wrinkled. His small eyes were yellow as saffron and almost hidden by his white, overhanging, busy eyebrows. His head was covered by long, unkempt, white hair, which always waved with the wind like a tattered flag in the air. He wore no hat or other covering on his head. He had associated with the negroes on the islands so much that, in attempting to speak English he used their broken brogue.

We get some idea who he is by a conversation which took place between him and Lord Eroslove a few days after the arrival of the party. Lord Eroslove called one night to see him in his cabin.

"Well, Gymp, I see you have not forgotten me."

"No, master; I would er knowed yer anywhar by de eye and de chin. I recollects well de night when you and your father brought me heah, and I taught you how to bring on de 'sleep of Isis.'"

"Yes, Gymp, yes; but don't you call me master—you are my master. You are wise Gymp, wise above many men, who are called great. What you taught me in secret and under oath will one day become one of the wonders, and then one of the sciences of the world."

"Let me ask you, Master Henry, if you have kep' de oath you tuk, ter keep de secrets I taught you, and ter use dem only fur good and not fur evil. From some things I hab seen since you come heah I feah——"

"Now, Gymp, don't get suspicious, and lose confidence in me. You know our eyes often deceive us. The lady here with me is a patient of mine with whom I am traveling——"

"Yes—but, Sir Henry, who gave dis lady de malady?"

"In the order of nature, Gymp, people get sick, and——"

"Be sure, Sir Henry, if you haf broken de oath, you will die by the power, the awful power, ob dis art."

"Tut, tut, Gymp, I am not afraid. Have you learned anything new about it, which I ought to know?"

"No—nothing—dat—you—ought—ter—know—but

—I say beware, beware, I see de future—beware!” replied the old Egyptian, shaking his shaggy head, muttering to himself, and walking abruptly and slowly away, leaving Lord Eroslove alone in his cabin.

Some years before the death of Lord Eroslove, the father of Sir Henry, he was traveling in Egypt, and Sir Henry was with him. There they met Gymp, and persuaded him to travel with them as a guide. They liked him so much that they persuaded him to come with them to live on this island, and take care of it. While together at that time, Sir Henry had learned from Gymp those secrets which he had used under the name of “Vibrations,” and which he had employed as we have seen in this narrative. No doubt Gymp had learned these truths in Egypt, where they had been known and practiced for centuries, long before the time when Mesmer first introduced them in Europe and Dr. Braid in England.

On another part of the island was a cleared field in cultivation, and here in a two-room stone hut lived a colored family who tilled the soil about the house.

The little island was almost at all times made the toy of the breezes from the sea, and between the whispered murmurings of the cedars rocking to and fro, and the low moaning of the ocean, it seemed to serve the purpose of a basso key of some gigantic organ.

This whispering of the cedars and this moaning of the sea was incessant. And when the tide came in and the tumultuous water flayed its great serpentine body against the sprigs and turrets and sharp knives of the coral reef (which guarded the island

like an embattled wall rising out of the hostile waves) the low moan of the once placid sea would be changed into the fierce fury and resounding din of a mighty battle, as though the angry giant of the ocean was bent on reclaiming its lost estate, and was seeking to destroy the little white intruder who had so rashly trespassed on its domain.

Now and then storms came, and mad winds wreaked their vengeful wrath upon the little island, and dark clouds arose, which, sinking their black base into the sea, sucked up the lower waters into the misty air, and then poured their liquid fury upon the little coral trespasser, meanwhile piercing it with the lightning's keen cimeter and bombarding it with the artillery of the thunders. The war of the elements would be followed by the tranquility of peace, when the benign sun would bless the island with its glow of glory, and fill the soil with a wealth of energy and heat, and the white sand and the coral rocks would sparkle with joy. Then the seeds would come out of their hiding place, and the flowers would lift up their heads and smile at the sky.

Thus, between sunshine and shadow, between storm and calm, between tide and ebb, without as well as within themselves, the four visitors to the island spent their time for the next year. Sir Henry had little canoes and a small fishing smack made, and during a part of each fair and quiet day they rowed about and fished in the winding channels meandering among the reefy forests. Sometimes the party would all go together, and at such times the

vivacious nature and chatter of the Count and Countess evoked merriment and laughter. On other days Sir Henry would beg Viola until she would go alone with him. He had for her a soft cushioned seat with a back to it in a light canoe. She would sit and gaze into the water or away off into the dim, hazy distance above the waves, as though she was attempting to find out the veiled secrets of the future, while he would row the canoe, gazing meanwhile into her face as if he were trying to fathom the secrets of her mind and heart.

When Sir Henry and Viola were together they talked but little. Before he had deceived her, or rather before she discovered how he had perjured himself in order to enjoy, and then ruin, her—they were like two birds making each other merry in the springtime. Now all this was changed. An air of solitude surrounded her and he saw her as from afar off. He often tried to get close to her and somewhat renew old loves and ties, but as he approached, she, like a mirage, sank further and further away. She bore the weight of her impending catastrophe with such fortitude that his admiration of her strength and courage of mind and heart was more and more excited.

She would punish him by showing him how she could bear the reverses of love, even when it had been rendered accursed by his perjured ignominy. Oh, how he suffered, when he thought of her former deep, tender love for him, which he had destroyed, and

which he feared and believed she had buried forever out of his sight.

Day by day the gloomy depths of her quiet eyes haunted him and reproved him. Her silent tongue, which seldom spoke to him, lashed him with worse castigations than the scolding tongue of a mad, slanderous shrew.

Thus the weeks sped by—she in quiet dignity awaiting the day of her deliverance; he, goaded by remorse, reflecting on his past abuse of love, and racking his brain to find ways to make future amends.

Hence he grew kinder and more tender to her, but she changed not. As a bird learns to sit or flit quietly in its cage, without beating its head against the wire, so she seemed to have learned to endure him. He would open the door and attempt to coax her out, to flit with him again in the realm of their old affections, but she noticed him not. He worked on her feelings, in quiet way, and had the Countess intercede for him, but all to no avail.

Finally he felt that he could endure it no longer. So one day in the month of July he begged her to walk with him under the cool cedars to a lovely retreat near the beach a short distance from the cottage. The location where they stopped would have made a delightful trysting place for the most ardent of lovers.

Here he pleaded his love and attempted to draw her into a conversation, but she remained listless, gazing out over the distant expanse of the sea.

He took her soft hand in his. She drew it from

him. He seized it again and kissed it several times in quick succession, and then let it fall; when he had done this he said in a low, earnest tone:

“Viola, I beg you to forgive the wrong I have done you. I have been wicked and selfish. Oh, Viola, forgive and love me!”

“Sir Henry, forgiveness does not remove such wrong. I never forgive until the wrong has been undone and removed. Forgiveness otherwise were but a hollow mockery of justice. Nature does not forgive, but carries out in all cases her inexorable sentence. My case is one instructive illustration.”

“Viola, you *must* forgive and love me. I have loved you more for the past two months than even in the honeymoon of our passion.”

“Sir Henry, I can neither love nor forgive you! When I am delivered of you and yours, you shall be to me but a stranger. I could forgive many wrongs, perhaps, but when my trusted lover once assassinates my love, taking advantage of his own dark night of falsehood to do it, I can never do otherwise than abhor him as he deserves.”

He continued to press his unavailing suit until . . . one day, in August, the Countess called him and the Count aside, and in a low, excited manner said something to them. Sir Henry sent the Count hurridly away on an errand, and he went within the cottage, the Countess following him. Very soon a physician from an adjoining island came and was shown into the cottage.

The next day at noon when the Count returned

from the main island where he had spent the night, Sir Henry met him down in the cedar grove. The Count noticed that his face looked pale and exhausted but his eyes were beaming. The Count spoke first, saying:

"Wat ees eet, Zir Heenry?"

"We are six on the island now, Count. There are two of them! The finest boy and girl you ever saw in your life."

"Mine Got! you speak a joke!"

"As true, Count, as one and one are two."

"You look zat proud, Zir Heenry, az eef you been dere fader!"

"I feel so, Count; and in the face of these two magnificent facts, I don't deny my responsibility."

"How ees ze muther?"

Physically, doing well, otherwise in the depths of melancholy. You are a good errand boy, Count; the doctor and the nurses arrived in good time, and are very satisfactory."

"Zat ees good. I rejoice over eet."

It is one of the great facts in nature that, when a man for the first time realizes that he occupies the proud position and wears the exalted title, of father, he feels a thrill of grandeur swelling up within him that almost lifts him off his feet; and if it does not cause actual levitation, it at least increases the happy man's stature several inches. Sir Henry's was increased by *two* inches at a minimum. The fact of fatherhood does more. It makes a true man feel more important in the order of nature than ever be-

fore. He realizes the sublime sentiment that he is a creator, a co-worker with the great Creative Cause in nature. For the act of love is the only one in the domain of man's power which the Creator endows with His own creative force.

The father for the first time feels a tenderness in his heart for all creatures, which he never experienced before. He fondles a little tot, which previously he would have almost kicked out of his way. He almost worships little wondering eyes and chubby cheeks and condescends to kiss and caress a little child.

He experiences an adoration and respect for woman which he never thought possible before. To conjugal love he links much of the holy sentiment he used to feel for his own mother. Woman, who must enact the sad, though wonderful, drama and tragedy of birth—to perform which she must go down alone into “the valley of the shadow of death”—ought to be almost deified by every man who has a heart within him as big as the rim of a thimble.

So from the day Sir Henry realized he had become a father, he was a changed man. For the time, life took on a different perspective to him. One of the results was he began to love Viola more deeply and sacredly than ever, if that were possible. He had seen her look death in the face for twenty-four hours, with a calm, uncomplaining fortitude that would have put to shame the courage of the bravest of the Spartans; and he realized she had been compelled to do this as the result of her wealth of love for him—and of his deception!

How indulgent and true she had been to him, and how false he had been to her! He would make all amends, he would win back her love, he would make her happy with him and *their* children! Then he would think of that awful impossibility that stood everlastingly in his way! That pale, spectral, invalid woman holding onto her life between the walls of an insane asylum! "Oh, Heaven! My children! My children! Would God their mother were my wife! Why doth the accursed law of man decree against love!" he would cry out in his agony of heart. Then must he lose her and the beautiful children with which she had blessed him! Must he give up his children, this sure perpetuation of his father's house and of his title? Why doesn't Swindle give him some later news? He could arrange all even now, if Swindle would only write him three words: "She is dead."

In his desperation he wrote to him, asking, "Is she dead?" and Swindle answered back: "She is not dead—but no better." For weeks he endured the misery of his suspense.

Finally, one day, an overpowering spirit of rash and cruel determination seemed to seize him. He wrote Swindle a letter which no one saw but himself, and mailed it by the first steamer. Three weeks from that time he came, excited and trembling with apparent joy, to the side of Viola, who was sitting in a reclining chair on the veranda. As he came he called the Count and Countess to him with a joyful voice. He had a letter in his hand which he read to them.

with all the feeling of his strange nature. It was as follows:

“CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

“November 12, 1872.

“SIR HENRY: I am happy to announce to you the fact that the demented lady died yesterday. I enclose you a clipping concerning her death from the *Tribune*. I saw her remains and it was she. Send me \$500.

“DR. SWINDLE.”

He looked at Viola as though he expected to receive her in his arms. To his astonishment she turned her face from him saying:

“Poor woman! I would I could exchange places with her!”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE END OF AN EXPERIMENT.

THE manner of reception by Viola of the news of the demented lady's death was a blow to the plans and hopes of Sir Henry. He had conceived the idea that it would open the way for her complete reconciliation to him. In his great yearning for her love he did not look further as to the consequences of such a marriage. Since the children came, she had shown no affection for them, much less the father. She looked upon them as the living evidence of the wrong that had been done her—as so much of her life that had been filched from her by the perjured knavery and dishonor of their father. The fuel of love for him had been exhausted. If any flame evermore burns for him in that heart, it becomes an unquenchable fire of hate. An amiable or weak woman, who has a slovenly temperament and sluggish nature, whose blood is inclined to clot instead of sparkle, whose veins are like muddy streams instead of leaping, crystal cataracts, such a woman may resacrifice her bruised heart when it has once been dishonored—but all women are not capable of making such a sacrifice. Love in the heart is like conviction in the mind; it cannot be arbitrarily forced, but comes as the result of established laws in our natures. A so-called fact disproven cannot be relied upon any more.

So a woman's love, once dishonored and cast away, can seldom be again awakened for its ruthless destroyer. Some sort of sentiment must occupy the heart for every one we know; and when the delicate sentiment of love for one has been destroyed, the sentiment of hate is more than apt to take its place—for the heart, like nature, abhors a vacuum.

So Viola could not, if she would, have loved Sir Henry any more, because it would have been contrary to her nature.

This feeling of repugnance passed from the father to the children. She realized she could not take the children without him. She associated them with him and looked upon them as the result of his falsehood and dishonor. To have loved them would have been to have loved him. To embrace either was to embrace both. To take the children without him meant that she must be forever the scapegoat of his sin, as well as of her own. In addition to having been the victim of her perjured passion, must she now everlastingly sacrifice herself as his accursed scapegoat?

His constant daily attention to her convinced her that though she had repulsed him, she had not vanquished him. Notwithstanding the crushing repulse she had given him when he had announced the insane wife's death, he yet continued to renew his attacks.

The Countess did all she could for him as an intercessor; she drew beautiful pictures for Viola of their happy life in the Eroslove Mansion, and how she would learn to love and enjoy the children, and

how Sir Henry would grow more and more tender to her. She depicted how the house of Eroslove, conjoined with the house of Hanover, would make a powerful line, and she would share in its increased glory and her children would be the recipients of it. But Viola's heart was as immovable and irresponsive as a magnet which had lost its etheric life.

For some time she has ceased to see the children, and they had been sent away and were in charge of the old negress, Aunt Jane, down at the negro house in the clearing.

Viola's health was now restored, and she began to get impatient to leave the uncongenial prison where she had been so long, and to return to London. Her old strength and vivacity of feeling had returned, and she wanted to be where she could enjoy life again. Sir Henry saw also that her former luscious beauty had returned, but with a renewed coloring and texture that rendered her more luxurious in her appearance than she had ever been. She was now endowed with that rare style of beauty which accompanies and is the result of some experience in love's suffering as well as in its joys.

When Sir Henry first knew Viola she was as the rosebud, whose gentle, blushing life had never been opened to another's sun.

She had opened alone to the wooing warmth of his love; she had unfolded the white robe of her beauty for him alone. Having found her the immature bud, he had developed her into the more fragrant form of physical loveliness, yet, in so doing,

he had so bruised her heart that she turned against him. He *would* win her again! The wooing of Juliet by Romeo was tame in comparison with his wooing of Viola.

But she remained cold and repulsive in her demeanor toward him. One day he threatened to put an end to his life if she did not relent toward him. To which she replied:

"Then there will be more room in the world for me."

One day he said to her: "Viola, my love, my angel, what is there to separate us? She who was the cause of my perjury has been removed. Let us forgive, forget and love again."

"If you would forswear yourself in one instance to deceive me, you would do it again. I will not trust your oath again. The lady may not be dead."

"Yes, but, Viola, here is the *Tribune's* account of her death."

"Ah, sir, they come cheap."

Here is the statement of my agent, Dr. Swindle."

"That may be, sir, but you know knaves generally employ knaves as agents to carry out their purposes."

Finally in a fit of desperation he went to the cabin of the old Egyptian. Finding him alone, he sat down on a wooden bench, and fixing his eyes on Gymp's saffron orbs, said to him:

"Gymp, I am in trouble, and I have come to get you to help me out."

"How is dat, Marster Henry, dat you kin be er-

habing trouble when you hab two such fine children?"

"Well, it's about them and their mother; she is angry with me and will not do as I wish her. I must get you to help me bend her to my will. You can do it if you will."

"Yah, what could I do, Marster Henry, to ben' sweet Missus ter yer will? I don't know that she ought ter ben' ter your will."

"Then, Gymp, I will tell you why I think she ought." And he proceeded to tell Gymp about what he wanted Viola to do, and of her course of action toward him, and of what an awful predicament she left him and the children in, and closed by saying:

"I have wooed her; I have pleaded with her; I have prayed to her; but all to no purpose. Now, Gymp, you know what to do to put her into that sleep, when she can be led to do as I wish. Oh, if I had my vibratoners! But those I left behind me, and I am helpless to assert my influence the first time without them; but I know that you, the master, who taught me all I know, can, if you will, place her in my power, and that without the vibratoners."

"What cause you, Marster Henry, ter think I can for one minute ben' de young Missus ter your will?"

"Why, Gymp, have I not seen you in Egypt, without the use of any vibratoners, cause people at any time and anywhere to go into the 'sleep of Isis'? Have I not seen you thus cause men to do as you wished? Have I not seen you cause men to pass into the very jaws and similitude of death itself, when life seemed gone from them, and then quickly come to life

again at your call? Have I not seen these things and a thousand more, and yet you say you can't bend a weak woman to my will! If you will not do it teach me more of your art, so that I can do as I wish in this matter. Oh, if I had my vibratons, and could have her fix her eyes on their brilliance for a moment I would not have to beg you. But *you* need them not. You are the master. Pray help me, and do as I say!"

"Marster Henry, you seem like you want ter flatter old Gymp about what he has done, and make 'im proud and want to do as you wish 'im ter do and all dat. But in all dese things old Gymp ain't never done no evil wid his power, but always good. And I want ter tell you, I would do most anything for you but dis what you want. And bad as hit hurts me, I will haf ter tell you again you has broke your oath, an' I would not fer my old life tell you any mo' 'bout dis power. You know de young Missus ain't done no wrong, and how is old Gymp gwine ter 'pose on her his power?"

"But, Gymp, I say you must and shall," answered Sir Henry in a desperate tone. "I cannot and will not submit to your refusal. You must remember, old man, that you are in my power, and must do as I command. I tell you I have not violated the oath I gave you when you first taught me about your art, and you have no way of knowing or proving that I have."

As soon as this speech of Sir Henry's was finished, he saw Gymp, without making any reply to him, take a crystal ball * about the size of an apple

from his pocket, gaze into it, then commence muttering as though talking to himself:

"Yeah, I will see! I will see!" As he gazed in the crystal ball he seemed to be lost as in a reverie or trance, and completely unmindful of everything about him. His face had a strange set, far-away look on it—his eyes were fixed as in a state of catalepsy. He continued talking to himself: "Yeah. Dere is de big city: Dere is de street and de house. De very house where he lived. I see de name—Dr. Dumas—now I see him—bress my soul, Dr. Dumas is Marster Henry! I see him. Den here is his room—aha, I see his vibratoners—now I see a young lady in de room wid de vibratoners—I see her—wat her name? Wait hit will come. Here, here 'tis—Eidola Mand—Mande--v-i-l-l-e. Yeah, dat's her name. Now I see Marster Henry—Dr. Dumas, he's de same—set her down on de lounge and her eyes look up at de vibratoners—now he take her in his arms. Yeh, I see hit all now. Oh, Marster Henry, Marster Henry! And yit you say you ain't broke your oath 'bout de use ob dis power fer evil! Wait, I see de marriage—I see hit all. Master Henry she's your wife. Yeah, yeah, and I see her, and she still living, yeah, living in a big house wid lots of folks erbout her—still living!"

*Any reader desiring to know something of the wonders accomplished by certain people in "crystal gazing" will please see accounts of the making of the remarkable experiments recorded in "The Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," of London, England.

At this point Lord Eroslove cried out: "What! Gymp, still living! Is she still living? Where is she? Tell me all about her? Does she look like she will die soon?"

Gymp went on talking to himself, as though he did not hear these exclamations: "Yeah, she is living, and yet Marster Henry want me ter ben' de udder young Missus ter marry him too, and he say he ain't never broke his oath. La, la, la, Marster Henry, you is ruined, and yo has ruined hof de young Missuses, and one on 'em gwine ter ruin you ter de death! Yeah, I see hit all Marster Henry. Why did you do hit? Why do all dis, and den say you gwine ter force old Gymp ter ben' dis young Missus——" and for the first time Gymp raised his eyes to look into the face of Lord Eroslove—but he was gone. He had left in consternation and dismay, and we next see him standing by Viola, as she says to him:

"The 'Ulia' touches here next week on her way to England. Make your plans to accompany me home on her, or I shall go alone."

"But what shall we do with the children?"

I leave their disposition to the one who laid himself out in perjury and dishonor to get them. You said you had a plan, and that in case of default in our marriage, you would carry on 'your experiment out of marriage,' did you not?"

"Yes, those were my words, and if I must, then I can."

That same afternoon Sir Henry sent the follow-

ing message by a passenger steamer bound for New York:

"STEELE A. FORTUNE, Attorney,
 "220½ Wall Street, New York, U. S. A.,
 "Come at once to Eroslove Island, Bermuda
 group, on first steamer, 'Ulia.'

"LORD EROSLOVE."

The next day he called the count and they went out again to Gymp's cabin. As they walked out Lord Eroslove said:

"Well, Count, the jig is up with me. I have lost her."

"Who? De leetle baby geerl?"

"No; that beautiful mother of the baby girl."

"Don't she marry you sence de other lady's death?"

"No. She accuses me of deceiving her on this point."

"Eend sheh won't haf you none ett all, deen?"

"That's it—and it's no use prolonging my suit. She informed me yesterday that she intended to sail for London on the 'Ulia' next week, and that I must dispose of those children if I desire to follow her. Oh, Count, I have lost her forever."

"But vat are you going to do vid deem chel-dreen?"

"You will see. I shall continue my experiment out of marriage with them. I shall send them forth in the world, and see what their blood will make of them."

With the loss of his hope of love Sir Henry seemed to have lost his heart and become cruel. This is often the case with men of strong impulses and passions. Any one could see from the darkness of the cloud upon his brow and the size of the dimple in his chin, that he had made up his mind to carry out some plan which to a tender nature would be cruel and shocking in the extreme.

For the same reason that Viola had turned against him and the children he had now turned against her and the children.

She would not have them and he would not have them, and between the two the children were now forced to be the innocent objects of a cruel experiment. Without the mother they could not be his legal heirs, and so would fail to accomplish the purpose he so much desired. Hence he would get rid of them, and as soon as he reached London he would also be rid of the mother.

He and the Count had now reached the cabin of "Gymp the Conjuror." The room was festooned with skins and stuffed reptiles of all sorts and descriptions. The walls were decorated with bones and skulls. In the sockets of the skulls he kept various kinds of charms and amulets.

"Gymp," said Sir Henry, "are you in?" at the same time opening the door.

"Yes, sir, and as you come in may de charm above your head protec' you," said the old Egyptian, in a weird, broken, hollow voice.

"Thank you. Gymp, I want you to go with me. Can you go at once?"

"Yes, sir, ef de evil sperit do not curse me."

"Have you your fluid and needles for tattooing?"

"Yes, sir, but I must hold it over de flame ob de burnin' serpen's tail."

"Well, get ready, Gymp."

He went to the body of a small mummy crocodile filled with some kind of liquid, and out of that he took an object that looked like the tail of a green snake. This he put in the socket of a skull, so that it projected from the socket and stood partly upright. He then went to the wall and took down a green-looking hollow bone filled with some fluid. He got a light from the fire, which glimmered low in the center of the room, and ignited the tail of the snake, which emitted a green flame having a strong odor. Over this he held the hollow bone containing the fluid until the fluid was so hot that it sent up a vapor. Then nodding his white bushy head up and down, he said: "So! so! you are hot and green from de flame of de green snake's tail." He then got a small, keen bone, as sharp as a steel needle. He held this over the green flame of the green snake's tail until it became as green as a blade of grass. One end of this bone was notched, or hooked over, and this he hung in a hole in the lobe of his ear. Then taking up his long crocodile-head stick in one hand, grasping it by the middle, and taking the hollow bone containing the fluid in the other, he said:

"To go wid you I am now ready."

He followed Lord Eroslove and the Count down to the negro cabin in the clearing. As he walked half bent over, his white shaggy hair waving up and down in motion with the rising and falling of his stooped-over body, and the crocodile head of his long stick with its beaded eyes glared above the old man's head, as though it were his guardian angel.

As they entered the cabin the negroes and the nurses fled in terror of "Gymp the Conjuror." leaving the children lying upon the bed. The black population were always in awe of the old Egyptian, for they feared his conjuring arts—and only when they sent for him to work or break a spell, or to cure them, or to tell their fortunes, or to supply them with an amulet or a charm, would they endure his presence. His power over them was almost omnipotent. Whatever he wanted they gave, whatever he ordered was done.

Old Gymp gazed at the bright, chubby, beautiful children lying on the bed, bundled in a wealth of white stuffs and laces, and then he looked at Sir Henry. Finally he said:

"Not on dem."

"Yes, Gymp, on them."

"Den may de sacred head ob de crocodile protee' dem!" and he waved the crocodile end of his staff up and down over them.

"Gib me de charmed words and bare de skin."

At this point the Count, who had been closely

observing all the proceedings and saying nothing, exclaimed:

“Meene Got, Zir Heenry, you are not goeeng to haf dem keeled.”

“No, Count, not killed—that would thwart my purpose. I am going to put a brand, a mark upon them, and turn them loose where it pleases me, so that perchance in the future I may locate them and ascertain what their blood has made of them.

“Now, Gyp, this is the boy. Yes, this is the little fellow. Here, Count, give me your knife, that I may cut this dress out of the way. Here upon this breast of his tattoo these two words, one above the other, just as you see them on this paper. Beware, Gyp! If you fail, if you make one slip in oozing these words into this flesh as they are written, I will—! So do it well!”

That his long white beard might not be in the way Gyp parted it, bringing it half and half on each side of his neck and tying it together behind. He turned the child square upon its back and made the Count and Sir Henry hold its little hands and feet. Then he took the sharp, green bone out of the hole in the lobe of his ear, and held it in his right hand, holding it near the sharp point. In his left hand he held the green bone containing the green liquid. He placed the paper containing the characters written by Sir Henry upon the child's breast exactly where they were to be made to grow into the living flesh. Over this he lightly poured some green liquid. After a moment or two he re

moved the paper and the characters were shown in their exact form upon the skin of the child. Now he began the work of tattooing. The old man's whole form was in an ague of palsy. His hand trembled, and holding the sharp-pointed bone near the end, which he often dipped in the green liquid, he began his task. With each downward palsied movement of the old man's hand the sharp point entered the child's tender skin.

The little fellow screamed with pain and writhed his little body, as the strong men held him and the sharp point sank with rapid vibrations into his tender skin.

So agonizing became his screams that the Count cried out:

"Meene Got, stop! You will keel de chile eend me too!"

Then the old Egyptian bent low over the child, chanting some weird words and stroking his little head and eyes, and in a moment a deep slumber fell upon him, from which he did not awake during the rest of the operation.

Gymp now did his work with great rapidity, moaning a low, weird chant, his palsied hand vibrating like the needle-bar of a sewing machine, and with each movement the sharp point of the bone entered the child's flesh. Soon the entire surface of the skin on which the letters had been imprinted had been pricked over. Exactly where the characters were, the surface presented a red and greenish ap-

pearance, the blood of the child mixing with the green fluid tattooed into the skin.

This surface was now swollen and congested, but the child slept and felt no pain. Then old Gymp looked up through his white, shaggy brows into the eyes of Sir Henry, and said: "If dis p'int ob my bone missed one stroke upon de letter on de chile may de holy crocodile torture me, eben as you have tortured dis chile!"

"Tut, you lie, Gymp. You were the torturer, sir. Now for the other one there. Look, these characters upon and across her breast also."

"Meene Got! Zir Henry, she ees de geerle. Not on her breasts eend defile her beauty for some future lover!"

"Yes, Gymp, across *her breasts*. If you miss one of them I will blow your old head to where there are worse things than holy crocodiles. Remember, put these exact letters. They are the counterpart of those upon the boy. So be careful, even to each dot and dash."

"Geemp, meene Got, eef you don't put her to sleep first, I vill keel you reeght here—I vill, begad."

Old Gemp bent his yellow face down close to that of the child, peering into her great baby eyes with his sunken, saffron orbs, and stroking with his bony, palsied hand the delicate, pink skin of her head. Soon the little eyes were closed in deep sleep. Before she awoke a mark had been put upon her beauty which was destined to remain with her until death.

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Sir Henry called back the nurses when all was done, and left them in charge of the twins, saying:

“I will call tomorrow and see them.”

The next day he called and dressed their wounds and saw that each letter was fastening its grip deep down into the flesh. He left an ointment with the old nurse to dress their wounds.

When the “Ulia” touched off the Bermudas early the next week, the four people got aboard who nine months before that time had disembarked from her at that point. As they went on board Lord Eroslove met a pale, intellectual man, who was arranging to get off. He spoke to the stranger in subdued tones for a few minutes, and then gave him a bundle of papers. The stranger embarked in the same little skiff in which Sir Henry and his party had come and went back in the direction of Eroslove Island.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISS INCOGNITA—COLONEL FORTUNE.

ONE day in the latter part of the year 1873 the careful reader of the "want" columns of the *New York World* could have read, and some did read, the following advertisement:

"WANTED—Some reliable party of good character and standing and respectable position, to adopt a male child of high birth and ample fortune. The terms of the adoption to be agreed upon when the proper party is selected. Apply to STEELE A. FORTUNE, Attorney at Law, No. 220½ Wall Street, City."

In the same and subsequent issues of the *World* appeared another advertisement of the same style as the above, except that the child to be adopted was a girl. This advertisement was signed by "A. Fee, Attorney, No. 400½ Broadway, City."

A few days after the appearance of the above advertisements a lady alighted from a carriage in front of the building containing the law offices of Steele A. Fortune, Esq., and hurrying up the stairs, announced herself by a tap upon the door. She informed the clerk who met, that she desired to see Mr. Fortune on a private matter, at the same time handing him her card, upon which was engraved the unusual name, "Miss Incognita."

She took her seat in the reception room waiting to be ushered into the presence of the attorney. The appearance of the young lady was as unusual as her name. Her age seemed to be about four-and-twenty. Her figure was a perfect model of feminine perfection.

Her eyes were a dark violet tint.

Her mouth reminded one of a bow-knot that could tie and untie itself just as it wished—which was always in keeping with the emotion that possessed the owner.

Becoming tired of sitting she began to walk about the room. Her eyes fell upon an open book upon the center table. Walking up to it she looked upon the open page of the book and she read these words: "It has been decided that under existing treaties a legal marriage contracted in the United States is binding in England until the marriage tie is legally dissolved. The offence of bigamy is extraditable."

When she read these words her eyes flashed, and she seemed to test the strength in the intensity of her emotion and the effort to control it; gradually she calmed herself, and then extended her right hand heavenward, as though taking an oath in the presence of her God.

Just at this instant she was summoned into the lawyer's private office.

"Miss Incognita, I believe."

"Yes, sir, and you are Mr. Fortune, the attorney?"

"True, madam, and I am delighted to have the pleasure of meeting you; pray be seated." This was said with much emphasis. Such a thing as sentiment or emotion was nearly foreign to his nature, yet such was the impression made upon him by the beauty and striking personality of Miss Incognita that he became almost gallant and youthful.

"Pray tell me how I can serve you?"

"I came to see you about this," and she handed him the advertisement she had clipped from the *World* concerning the adoption of the baby boy.

When she spoke to him her soft cadences floated through the air like the murmurings of an aeolian harp and seemed to linger in his ear after her voice had ceased.

He said with a smile upon his face—where frowns and wrinkles generally held high carnival—"Your birthplace, if not your home, is in Italy, is it not?"

"I am sorry to say that to you, as to all others here, my home as well as my name and personality are *incognito*. I am now living in this city. That suffices for you to know, does it not?"

The lawyer leaned forward under the spell of her soft voice.

"Perhaps so. Are you alone in the world?"

"Yes, except that I have a few friends who know me."

"You seem to be so young to be alone——" this he said as though musing to himself—"but tell me,

please, if you are thus alone, why should this advertisement of mine interest you?"

She inclined her head gently toward him, and said in a sadder, lower, softer tone than ever: "Because I am *so* lonely. I do not wish to remain so. and then, it seems, here is a little one who has been cast upon this lonely world not of its own volition, who seems to be stretching out its little lonely hands in mute appeal for some one to be its mother and bestow upon it love and succor. I cannot resist its helpless, speechless appeal, and I have come here to see upon what terms the little fellow can be taken and become *mine own!* How happy I shall be to have someone for mine own and in return some day receive its grateful love. How infinitely sweet it would be to me to be called *mother*, and to have a dear little one call me *mother*——" here she paused a moment, and then added, looking intently at the lawyer) —"to be a mother and that without sin."

"So this is your motive in wanting to adopt this child?"

"Solely. I yearn to love, and to know that I am unselfishly loved. Life is nothing to me without this. I thought once I had attained this blessed state, when all at once my heart was made miserable, and instead of love I received the curse of——" Here she quickly checked herself, regained her self-control, and added: "Pray sir, excuse my weakness."

By the time she finished speaking the lawyer had leaned toward her until his head rested in his hand, with his elbow propped upon his knee, and

thus he remained for full two minutes after she had ceased speaking. He acted as though he was listening to some far-away melody and he was afraid some of its enchanted notes would escape him. Finally he aroused himself, and without even lifting his eyes, said:

"You will find the terms of this adoption hard."

"Oh, no, I will not despair. Let me know the terms. But first let me ask you, is it a comely child?"

"Yes, finely molded, both in form and feature."

"Whose child is it, and where is it from?"

"Dear madam, I can never say, and you can never know. You will be informed as to this secrecy when you see the conditions of this trust put upon me, and the terms of the adoption."

"Then show me the terms of this trust."

He pulled out from his drawer of papers a lengthy document, to which was attached a seal, and slowly unfolded it. The evening was cloudy and the gloomy office of the lawyer, which even on bright days was of a dusky hue, had now grown quite dark, so he laid the document on the table which stood between them and got up to light the gas. As he did so, the folios of the paper automatically opened, leaving the seal, signature and handwriting exposed to the eye of the lady. As he lit the gas burner the light flashed upon the paper and her eye quickly rested upon the handwriting and signature. The lawyer did not see her, but she trembled, and her face and mouth became as fixed as the features of

a marble Venus. She sighed, clutched her chair, and turned her sad, and now white face away. *She had imagined she had recognized the handwriting.*

The lawyer sat down after lighting the gas, and, as he did so, she turned to him and said with calmness in her voice, but unwonted emphasis in her words:

"Now tell me what are the conditions."

The name signed to the paper was a strange one, unknown to her, but from the instant she saw the signature and chirography and imagined she recognized the handwriting, she was a changed woman. From being actuated solely by a species of maternal sentiment to adopt the child, her mind, as by an intuition, had instantly formed a determination as fixed as death itself, to have this child and to find out the secret of its parentage. By some mysterious insight of the soul, which sometimes manifests itself in all of us, she had on the instant upon seeing the handwriting and that peculiar name, divined that connected with this paper and this child, was the clue to the secret she would give her life to discover! Strange indeed it is how that memory connected with our sub-conscious mind, as psychologists term it, will treasure up the smallest events, to which our conscious mind will scarce give a passing notice, and then when the occasion comes, bring them forth to comfort us or to aid us in our struggles.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TERMS OF ADOPTION.

THE lawyer gathered up the folios of the document, and nervously glanced at Miss Incognita when he saw the writing and the signature lying there exposed in the glare of the gaslight. She gave him no hint by any sign of emotion or otherwise, outside of the first burst of exclamation, which luckily had escaped him, that she had noticed anything.

"You will observe, Miss Incognita, that the first condition imposed on the one adopting this child is that they must be possessed of wealth, and must be of good character and social standing. The instrument requires that these essentials must be proven to the satisfaction of the trustee of this child's estate or his attorney."

"These are wise requirements, and I can meet them to your satisfaction. As to my wealth, here are my tax receipts for the past year, here are memoranda showing my yearly income, here is my bank book showing my deposits of money—now satisfy yourself of the genuineness of these papers before we proceed further."

The lawyer scanned one after another closely. "This is perfectly satisfactory."

"Will this suffice?" she asked, as she handed

him two large scrolls with a number of red seals attached.

He studied them for a moment and replied:

"These documents prove you to be one of professional and literary attainments, but you see they do not touch on your private life." He then hesitated a moment and asked:

"Are you married?"

She replied: "As I have told you before, this is my own secret and shall remain so."

"You live with your father, or mother or brothers, then?"

She replied: "I do not, and it does not concern any one but myself whether I have or haven't any."

"Then you must board with some private family."

"No, I keep my own establishment."

The lawyer looked uneasy and had a hesitating manner.

Then she said: "You show too plainly your thoughts and feelings. Let me ask you a question or two: You have never been married, and are not now?"

"No."

"You do not live with your father nor mother, nor brother nor sister?"

"No."

"You do not board and endure a victim's life in some public or private boarding house?"

"No, I have rooms at my club."

"Do these matters affect your character, or ren-

der your social standing uncertain or undesirable?"

"Oh, no, madam; but you see I am a man, and you are a woman, and you know social customs—"

She looked at the lawyer in such a searching, half-amused, forbidding manner that he stopped short. Folding her arms and assuming a firm, though lady-like posture that conveyed much meaning, she continued:

"Many women are alone in the world, and not of their own choosing always; and being alone, they prefer to remain so, rather than cast themselves on some strangers' household. Justice is sexless. Right should recognize neither man nor woman, but only human beings. If social customs run contrary to justice and right, they should not be respected, and he who does so has a narrow mind. Am I correct?"

She waited for his reply without moving her gaze from his eyes. He answered:

"Your logic is irrefutable."

Then she said: "But if you are not satisfied on this point, come to my residence this afternoon and I think I can satisfy you as to this. What are the other conditions of this adoption?"

"The next is that the child must be called by the name you will find tattooed on his breast—'Eros.'"

"Eros? Tattooed on his breast?" she asked with earnestness—"and the name ineffaceably pricked into his skin?"

"True, madam."

"I agree to this. I suppose it's to be his given name?"

"Yes, madam. Such I judge from the instrument. The next condition reads thusly: 'Whoso adopts this child shall bind himself or herself not to attempt to discover the child's sister, who has been adopted by another party.'"

"I will have to agree to this, but what can be the meaning of such conditions and requirements as these?"

"I have now lived long enough, Miss Incognita, to learn to accept all facts and believe but few statements, and to waste no time in seeking the reasons for either. There are so many things that no reason can be given for, that I have come to learn this lesson and obey it. But I suppose the object of this clause is to prevent any further knowledge of the family history of the child." Having said this he began with the paper again.

"Well, I know you will not object to the other clauses, which are to the effect that 30,000 pounds are invested in trust for the boy, and that until he is ten years of age you shall be paid \$50 per month for his maintenance, and after that age, \$100 per month. The New York Life Insurance Company is the trustee, and it is empowered to pay over the principal and all accumulations when the boy is of age, if the conditions of the contract as to the adoption have been complied with."

The paper concluded with the statement that a sealed document disclosing such facts concerning

the child as the father saw fit to give had been deposited with said trustees mentioned above, with instructions to turn it over to the boy when he arrived at eighteen years of age.

"What guarantee have I that this income and the corpus of this estate will be forthcoming to the child as set forth?"

"This," said the lawyer, handing her a paper. She took it quickly, hoping to find some unnoticed clue that would confirm her in her surmise as to the author of the other paper and as to the identity of the father of this boy.

She scanned the paper nervously though critically. In vain did she search for her clue. She could find none.

The document was executed by the "New York Life Insurance Company, trustee for a male child to be hereafter named, which child was then in the custody of Steele A. Fortune, attorney for the father of the child, a party unknown to said trustee," etc.

Miss Incognita returned the paper to the lawyer, remarking that she was "perfectly satisfied."

"I believe now only one thing remains to be done, and that is for you to drive with me to my residence, to pass upon the question of my respectability as a single woman living alone," she said with a little laugh—but her manner nevertheless showed a little piquancy, and also a shy bit of sarcasm thrust at the lawyer. Without waiting for a reply from him she continued: "You men are funny. If a woman marry you, you often look upon her and

treat her as a dependent, who is therefore subject to your will and pocketbook. If she does not marry, and lives with her relatives, you pity them that they are so heavily burdened with a spinster. If she should do neither one of these things, and supports herself and maintains a dignified establishment of her own, you hesitate about her, and must look into the question of her respectability! Ha! ha! ha! Now isn't this true, Mr. Fortune?"

All this she said with such gentleness and affability, her sweet, tender voice almost trilling the words as its musical intonation floated through the room, that the lawyer said: "I fain would argue with you to coax out the music of your voice! But I must confess that I agree with you at once, to prove to you the conclusive force of your argument. Too often is what you say true. If social custom *will* force a woman in all her spheres of life to a relation of dependence, then that same custom should force men in all the relations of life to treat her with such a degree of respect and honor as to make her feel that she occupies the superior position."

"Most beautifully spoken, Mr. Fortune. Now I must dull the edge of my former remarks to you by saying that since I heard your words I am sure you do not doubt my character and respectability because I live alone and maintain my unique establishment; but that still it is necessary for you to reassure yourself on this point by going with me to my residence as a matter of conscience, arising from this legal duty imposed upon you by your client."

"My dear Miss Incognita, you relieve my embarrassment by giving utterance in advance to my thoughts and feelings with much more force and beauty than my dull and prosy tongue could ever aspire to do."

"Indeed, let me thank you sir. My carriage is waiting below. You will drive with me now, and will you not take with you the papers I am to execute, so as to save any further delay? And will you not order the child brought to its future home at once? There is my address. Where is this child?"

"I will order it brought as you suggest. You shall see him without unnecessary delay." The lawyer at once issued the necessary orders to his clerk, and then informed Miss Incognita of his readiness to accompany her.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SINGLE WOMAN'S ESTABLISHMENT.

IN a few minutes the carriage halted in front of Miss Incognita's residence, which the lawyer observed was a substantial and artistic brownstone front a little removed from the ultrafashionable portion of Fifth Avenue. The house was one of quiet dignity and taste, and was set back from the street, just far enough to allow a little plat of ground for a patch of sod variegated with select flowers.

The interior of the house and its furnishings were neat and artistic.

The entire first floor was arranged so as to be thrown together, when desired, into one large broken-angled room. The entrance to the house was into a reception hall, from the rear of which ascended a large staircase. On the right were large double parlors.

On the left facing the little patch of green-sward were the sitting-room and lounging room. From this, by a large door, one was admitted into the well-arranged library. In the rear of this room, separated from a conservatory by a glass partition, was the dining room. In the rear of the double parlors was an artistic studio, and connected with this a well-arranged chemical laboratory.

These were the evidences of taste and refinement which greeted the lawyer's eye as he entered the

house, accompanying the owner—she appearing to busy herself all the while entertaining him, and trying to make him feel that no danger could happen to him by entering the unique establishment of a single lady who lived with neither cousins nor sisters nor aunts, but was actually an independent, free, self-sustaining woman! They sat down in the reception hall, and Miss Incognita touched a button, which summoned to her a young girl of refined and gentle manners. Miss Incognita drew her to her side, remarking, "Mr. Fortune, this is one of my household companions—Mary Dundee, Mr. Fortune." The lawyer bowed kindly and Mary made a graceful courtesy, and then Miss Incognita said: "You see, sir, I make household companions of those who live with me and carry on the functions of my household. I employ a half dozen girls and young ladies in and about my household. Not that I need so many myself, but it gives them a home and an opportunity to earn some money. Five hours a day they give to their studies, and during this time I furnish them with a teacher. I employ some of these young ladies in my chemical laboratory, another keeps house, another superintends the culinary department, so that there is a division of labor all around."

Here Miss Incognita spoke a few words to Mary and she hastily left the room and soon returned with a dainty tea service, from which she served tea to her mistress and the lawyer in delicate, hand-painted

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cups, handling a plate of crisp, beaten biscuits as an accompaniment of the tea.

When they had finished with the tea Miss Incognita said:

"Now if you will come with me I will show you further into my establishment." She led him through the reception hall and out of a door which opened behind the large staircase, and then down a long hall until they came to a comfortable building in the rear, which was entirely separate from the residence except by this hall. They entered this, and within were at least a dozen women of various ages and styles, but all respectable looking, who were engaged in sewing and making garments of various kinds.

"This," said Miss Incognita, "is my permanent contribution to the charity fund. These ladies are not objects of charity; oh, no, they are employed and paid by me to do this work. You see, it gives them much-needed employment and remunerative labor. The garments they make I distribute each week among the needy. You know such work as this is my religion."

"I assure you," he answered, "that what you say and everything I have seen of this your model establishment, have interested me more than I can express to you."

"You haven't yet told me whether the child shall be mine."

"The child shall be yours." The latter part of this conversation had been carried on in the sewing-room and connecting hall while they were slowly

walking back toward the main body of the residence.

His last sentence had no sooner been said than they heard Mary calling them in an excited manner. They hurried back into the house, and the first thing they saw on reaching the reception hall was a large yellow-black, motherly-looking negress, old enough for her wool to be whitish and her figure corpulent, sitting upon the hall sofa with a bundle of rich shawls in her lap, out of which bundle was protruding a little head on which there was a knitted silk cap. Mary Dundee was looking down into the face of the little object, exclaiming in broken sentences:

"Oh, how beautiful! Why did you bring it here? Where did it come from? What blue-black eyes it has? You say it is going to stay here?"

By this time the lawyer and Miss Incognita had arrived, and they proceeded to examine the little tot with much interest, Miss Incognita making various unconscious exclamations, and among them saying: "Oh, how nice it is to have a sweet little baby this way!" She was engrossed in unbundling the little fellow, crying out all the time: "What glossy black hair! What large blue-black eyes! What rosy, dimpled cheeks! What chubby hands! Why, let me have him! She took him in her hands and tossed him up, and fondled him. "And just to think he is my own, and I shall give him my name!"

By this time the baby was surrounded by a half-dozen handsome, intellectual young ladies, who seemed to pour in from different parts of the house.

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all of them taking on over the little tot, altogether oblivious of the presence of Mr. Fortune. He arose and prepared to take his departure.

Miss Incognita quickly walked to him, and begged him to remain longer, but he replied:

"Really, Miss Incognita, I find myself envying the baby so much that I thought I had better be going."

"Ah, what a pretty compliment. You must call again to see how the little fellow is getting along."

"With much pleasure. What name will you give the child? You know we must insert the adopted name in the order of court."

"Of course. His name shall be 'Eros Incognita'—'Eros' as required in the articles of the adoption, and 'Incognita' for two reasons: First, it is my name, and second, it fits the child's case."

These matters being arranged and the article of the adoption having been signed, the lawyer very cordially bade her adieu.

After he had gone she made the old nurse remove the clothing from the plump little body of the baby, and she inspected every part of the flesh of this little piece of humanity. She seemed to be unconscious of the presence of the old negress, for as she inspected the child's body she uttered such words as these:

"Yes, I'm sure that mole on his hip was on *his* hip. I am quite sure of it. I would know the shape of his foot anywhere and it was very like this one. Even this protruding heel is *his*; and the

way the big toe curved out from the second toe, this is it! He had the same shapely limb that tapered all the way, and this small ankle. He was so handsome, and how I loved him!" Here she sighed and sobbed and her beautiful bosom rose and fell in quick undulations, and her whole form was convulsed.

The old negress by this time was listening and looking, awestruck, her eyes and her mouth wide open, as though lost in wonder. "Why did I not die when it all happened and thus have ended all my troubles! What can be bitterer than to have had love and enjoyed it long enough to become wedded to it, and then to see it turn away from you. Oh, it is more than I can bear! Why was he so unutterably cruel to me? *Some day I will have my revenge!* I will not strike nor kill nor poison—for, if I plunge with the dagger *I might not reach the heart! Oh! I must torture that heart as he tortured mine!*" Her face was over the breast of the little child and her tears rained down upon it, and she sobbed, as only a woman can who has suffered deeply. Just at this instant her eyes for the first time rested upon the letters in green which had been tattooed into the skin on the child's breast! Above was the word "*Eros*,"—followed by a dash, and beneath this word the letters "*Du*,"—also followed by a dash. She riveted her eyes upon these mysterious bright-green characters, and sat motionless for some time, bringing to bear all the ingenuity of her analytical, penetrating mind, to find some meaning in these words:

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"Eros—
Du—"

"Why should these words have been pricked there? There must be meaning in them, or some others would have been used instead? What do those *dashes* after the words 'Eros—' and 'Du—' mean unless they show that they are connected with and their meaning completed by some other letters or words recorded somewhere else? Where are they recorded? The conclusion is irresistible, that the balance of each of these words or names, or whatever they were intended to represent, are recorded upon the body of the other child, the *little girl*. That dash shows that the words are not complete as tattooed upon the breast of this boy. May this not be the reason why I am forbidden in the articles of adoption from seeking this child's sister?" All this was spoken aloud as though to herself, but the old negress thought her new mistress was questioning her, so at this point she gruffly replied:

"Lor', Miss, I doan' know."

This remark caused Miss Incognita to realize her surroundings, and called her attention to the old nurse. So she asked her "Auntie, what is your name?"

"Jane, Miss; Jane Hubbard dey calls me."

"Well, then, I will call you Aunt Jane and you can call me Miss Innle."

"Yes'um."

"Where have you been living, Aunt Jane?"

"I did use to live down Souf wid my white folkses

but arter de wa' Massa tuk his fam'ly and went off, I don't know whar, an' I went wid 'um."

"Did you go to another country?"

"Yes'um, Miss Innie, we went somewha' ober de sea long way off, I don't know what. I jus' went on wid Massa's folkses. I wusn't keein' whar de went."

"But how came you here with this childe? Who gave him to you and where?"

"Well, wheresumever I was at, a man cum to me one day late in de ebenin', 'bout night, wid two nusses holdin' sumthin' in their arms bundled up, and dey cum right in my cabin and laid de bundles down on de bed. He said de nusses would stay an' help me and he would pay me money. Dat's how I cum by dis chile."

"But how came you here in this great city of New York with these fine clothes for the baby?"

"Dis chile altogedder stay at my house 'bout a mont'. You see I had a repitation as a nuss in all dem parts, so I guess dat's de reason why dey brung it ter me. Soon arter de chile was brung dar, a white man cum, bringin' a 'Gyptian wid 'im—one ob dese conjurin' 'Gyptians—and he brung a long bony bottle ob some sort of stuff and a funny kind of a big bony needle. And de white man he say ter me, 'Auntie, you go outdoo's behind de house tell I calls you.' So I goed out; but de little winder at de back wus up, and now and den I could hear dere words. At fust de chile cried mightily, tell it made me cry to hear it, an' I knowed dat 'Gyptian was

doin' somethin' awful to de chile. Den it stopped arter 'while, and fer long time it didn't cry none at all. I hyard de white man say: "Now tatter so and so on de chile's bress. Dis is de first part ob de name on dis chile and de udder on de gal chile!" When dey lef', de chillun stayed 'sleep all de day long, and arter dat dey bress was all swelled up pow'rful, an' dey cried an' cried, and had de highest fever, tell dey got oneasy 'bout 'um, an' brung a man what dey tol' me wuz er doctor, and give de chillun medicine and put sumthin' like 'intment on 'em. De doctor seemed pow'rful oneasy for sum days and watched de chilun mighty close. Bimeby dey got better, an' he stop cumin'. Dey sends me de bottled milk to feed 'em, and so on, an' dey soon got strong ag'in. One day a man cum dar and axed me ef I wouldn't like to come to Ermericer and be dis chile's nuss. Now, yer know, Miss Innies, I done been dyin' ter cum eber since Massa died, so I told de man what axed me dat I would cum. So dey got ever' thing ready, an' one day a sad-faced, dried-up kinder er man cum an' tuk us wid 'im ter de ship an he cum on wid us. Now de God's truf dat's all I know erbout it."

"Aunt Jane, would you know that doctor if you were ever to see him again?"

"Yes 'um, dat I would, and hit 'pears to me more an' more ever' day dat dis chile is er-growin' mortal like 'im. He had de peculiarist kind of a black eye, and big long side-whiskers and clean chin, and his hair was cut short—but I could see

hit was black too—an' his hans wus sof' and prim like, and 'im all over was built jes' like er gurl, 'ceptin' he was heap bigger dan a gurl."

"Did you notice anything peculiar about his left hand, or did you notice a large dimple in his chin?"

"No 'um, Miss Innie, I didn't nebber look close enuf ter see dem little things."

"And you don't know where that was, nor the name of the country?"

"No 'um, Miss Innie, I dus'n't. All I knows is dat hit wus warm and dar wusn't no winter dar all de time I wus dar. And de people all had white houses built outen de soft rock, what dey sawed and worked up outen de erth."

"Just one more question, Aunt Jane, and I won't keep you any longer. That dried-up man who came with you on that ship, have you seen him in this city since you came here?"

"Lor', yes'um, Miss Innie. Dat wus 'im what was here wid you w'en I cum."

At this information Miss Incognita was happily surprised, for it gave her at least one clue to work upon. She would cultivate the lawyer. She knew she could get much information out of him without causing him to commit any breach of the professional confidence existing between a lawyer and his client. She knew he would delight to talk, for instance, of his travels and the different countries he had seen. Now she was determined to find the little girl notwithstanding she had agreed to the articles of adoption which forbade her doing so. Though it was now late in the afternoon, she determined to

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drive at once to the office of A. Fee, attorney, whose advertisement she had seen in the *World* concerning the little girl. She would rather surrender her life than give up her determination to find this child and see if she were correct as to her conclusions.

In a few minutes she was in the law office of A. Fee, attorney.

As she entered, she saw a large-framed, corpulent, big-headed, clean-faced man of about fifty years of age, with steel-cold gray eyes. His hair was thick and closely cropped, and his neck short and beefy. He was altogether just the opposite in appearance from Steele A. Fortune, Esq.

Miss Incognita, upon entering the private office, handed him her card, saying:

"This is Mr. Fee, I suppose?"

"That is my name, madam," he replied, piercing her with a cold look out of his cold, steel-gray eyes. "Pray be seated and announce your business."

She handed him the advertisement she had clipped from the *World* concerning the little girl.

"This, sir, brought me here."

"Sorry, Miss Incognita, but I must tell you, you are too late."

"The child then has been taken? Will you please give me the name and address of the person who has her?"

The phlegmatic lawyer winched in his chair, as though contending with himself, and after a moment's hesitation replied:

"It has been, and is my unbroken rule never to divulge anything that occurs in my office."

"Could you give me the person's name without the address?"

"I must again beg you to excuse."

"Have you filed the petition in court to procure the order of adoption?" she asked with an assumed air of innocent shyness.

"Ahem-ah—Miss, what do you know about such proceedings. You seen to—ah——"

"To know something about such things, do I?" she exclaimed with the merriest chirp and laugh imaginable.

The lawyer looked at her in a quizzical kind of a way while she continued:

"You see, Mr. Fee, that petition is a public paper, and is by now, doubtless, filed in court. If you will not give me the name of the party I can at least get it there."

"Oh, well, my dear Miss, to save you that trouble I will vary my rule just this once, if it will do you any good, which I very much doubt. The name is *Mrs. John Smith.*"

"Well, really, Mr. Fee, I must thank you for such *specific* information—you are very kind, sir."

Miss Incognita, finding she could get no further information, and having judged rightly of the imperviousness of this ponderous lawyer's cranium, bade him a confident adieu, to which he responded with more gallantry than would have been possible with him an hour ago. As she left the office, her resourceful brain said to itself and through itself to A. Fee, Esq., "We will meet again, Mr. Fee, under different circumstances."

CHAPTER XX.

A LAWYER OUTWITTED.

SOME time after the events related in the last chapter, a bonny, cheery-looking girl with a dainty cap on her head and eye-glasses on her nose called at Colonel Fee's office seeking employment as a stenographer and copyist. When she went in she was met by a red-eyed young fellow, who informed her that the lawyer was out but would be in soon.

"Then I will wait for him," she said.

Finally the office door opened and banged to, and Colonel Fee was in his office.

He looked at the young lady quizzically and said:

"Can I serve you in any way, miss?"

"No, sir. Colonel Fee, I have called to see if you would let me serve you."

"Indeed, miss, I don't see how that's possible."

"I am seeking employment as a private stenographer and copyist and felt sure I could find it with you."

"Have you had any experience, Miss May?"

"I am a graduate from the New York Business School, sir, and have had enough experience to give you satisfaction, if you will try me."

"Call again in the morning, then, and I will let you know."

The next morning the colonel engaged her at ten

dollars per week, and put her at the work of copying interminable law briefs and dry court pleadings.

The second day thereafter, after she had written fifty or more folios, the colonel came in to see how she was progressing, and she said to him:

"Colonel, I like stenographic work better than this."

"Yes, but you know, Miss May, Sam has served me in that capacity so long I would hate to make a change. Besides, that work includes all my private correspondence, and I have learned to trust Sam. A lawyer has much private business that should be held in strict confidence."

"True, sir. I could hold it that way."

"I don't say you couldn't, Miss May, but before I would even trust Sam I made him swear to keep it."

"I can swear, too, colonel."

"You know girls and ladies talk more than men anyhow."

"Well, colonel, that's because they have more to talk about, you know." The colonel laughed and turned to his private office.

At the end of the first week, the colonel and Mr. Flipper being both out of the office, she went into the sacred private department, and searched everywhere for the letter copying-book and letter files, but they could not be found. She examined in detail the arrangement of this office, saying to herself, "I want to see how I could improve on it and run it."

Soon Sam came in and she said to him: "Mr.

Flipper, you look as if you need rest. Don't you want to rest a while? I will do all the work."

"Yes, but must I starve in the meanwhile?"

"I will get Colonel Fee to let your salary go right on, on the condition that I do the work to his entire satisfaction. The way for you is to be ill Monday, and not come. If I don't get the colonel to agree to let your salary continue, I will write you a note, so you can come back in a day or two. If you don't hear from me you may know it is all right. See?"

"I will do it, Miss May, but how can I allow you to do so much for me? Why should you?"

"Because I feel for you. This one week's work on those abominable, dry documents suggests to me how tired you must be when you have been at it for years. Now there is one thing I shall expect of you: If I get behind on that copying in there, I will send it home to you and you must help me; you understand?"

"Why, yes, Miss May, I will do that; but remember all of that copying isn't so pressing, so don't worry about that too much."

"We understand each other. I won't crowd that, I assure you."

During the next month Colonel Fee enjoyed the beautiful work and improved services of Miss May—at the same time deriving no little pleasure from the beauty, brightness and wit of the piquant little miss.

The satisfaction she gave had been so perfect that the lawyer forgot he had ever employed Sam. As the second month's work began, she wrote to Sam

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CALL ON MRS. JOHN SMITH.

"WELL, really, Miss Innie, you's been erway from dis chile so much heah lately dat hit looks like you's gwine ter disert 'im too. I declar' he done mos ferget you."

"Yes, Aunt Jane, I am overjoyed at the termination of the work I have been engaged in, and to know of its success. I couldn't have accomplished everything more to my purpose than I have done. But rest assured I will not have to leave you that way any more."

"Ef you don't, Miss Innie, I sho' will be glad. Ter tell you de truf, dat whatsomever you been er-doin' de last three months been tellin' on you' looks, an' I's ben oneasy 'bout you."

The day after Miss Incognita left the lawyer's office she called on Mrs. John Smith at 2019 Fifth Avenue, whom she found to be a woman of refinement and wealth. Her handsome home had all the appointment of taste, luxury and convenience.

She had wealth sufficient for all purposes, and did not display it in ministering to a false and extravagant social ambition. She was open-hearted and cordial in her manner. Wherefore, Miss Incognita found no trouble in making her acquaintance nor in winning her warm and confidential friendship in a short time.

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"Have you a husband and family, Mrs. Smith?"

"A husband, but no children of my own. I adopted a little girl some months ago."

"Why, indeed?"

"Yes, and there are some funny things about the child. The way we came to adopt her was from seeing an advertisement in the *New York World* put in by a lawyer named Fee. It stated that the child was of excellent lineage, and the father, whoever he was the Lord only knows, settled a good fortune upon her and required a lot of foolish and unreasonable things of me as the adopted mother."

"Why, isn't that strange?"

"But there is something stranger than that."

"Pray, what is this?"

"I will just let you see for yourself, Miss Incognita. Maybe you can make something out of it. I hope you can, for I can't." Here Mrs. Smith touched a bell and in a moment or two the nurse came in, bringing the child.

As the nurse entered the room, Miss Incognita arose from her chair, saying: "May I hold her? Won't the baby come to me? Oh, what exquisite violet eyes, and long dark lashes over them. My! what a large, round, full chin she has!"

"Yes, and you know, Miss Incognita, when she cries or laughs with much feeling, a beautiful dimple forms itself in the center of her chin."

"Ah, that dimple is so suggestive!" said Miss Incognita, with a peculiar, tremulous voice full of feeling, as her eyes scanned every feature of the

child's head and face. "But where is your riddle and puzzle, Mrs. Smith? I see nothing but a beautiful child."

"Look here and I will show you." And she undid the little dress. Then turning the child flat on its back, she said: "Look, Miss Incognita, and pray tell me, if you can, what this means."

She bent over the child and there she saw extended across both the tiny breasts these characters tattooed in green:

"—Love.

—Mas."

the one beneath the other and a dash in front of each. In a moment all of Miss Incognita's imaginings and suspicions merged themselves into a stupendous fact. To these characters on this little girl she added those upon the breast of the little boy and in her mind she saw this combination:

"Eros—love.

Du—mas."

All was at once clear to her. These were his two names. Having passed from the world as "Dumas," he was now doubtless known by his real name, "Eroslove." There were many strange things that had happened in this world, but this was the most wonderful to her that she should have been directed first to her own adopted son, and then to this child, and that her eyes should have thus demonstrated the one fact for which her mind and heart had yearned and yearned.

The Call on Mrs. John Smith 215

"Well, really, Mrs. Smith, this is one of the strangest things I ever saw."

"You must call to see me. I have followed your example without knowing it, by also adopting a child. Mine is a little boy. I cannot give you the same romantic account of him and his origin as you have given of the girl, but I assure you he is, notwithstanding, a fine little fellow."

"Isn't it a funny coincidence that we both should have adopted the same easy plan to have ourselves called mother?"

"But I am sure we will love and enjoy them as much as if they were our own children."

At this point Miss Incognita bade her newly-made and most valued friend adieu, and was soon at her own home.

From this day began a close and intimate friendship between these two ladies which was destined to last for years.

CHAPTER XXII.

A REVELATION.

A DEEP and steadfast determination is rarely harsh and tumultuous in encompassing the end it has in view, but is often slow and deliberate, as it moves on to the accomplishment of its purpose.

So Miss Incognita did not become unduly impatient, nor despair, as the years flew by with out any further information being vouchsafed unto her.

While Mr. Fortune, the attorney was as kind to her as he could be, he always pleaded professional honor and secrecy as the reason why he could not disclose to her the fact she so much desired to know. So one day when he called on her—as he did rather oftener than she desired, she introduced the subject of traveling, and asked him:

“Mr. Fortune, when did you last take a trip at sea?”

Unthoughtedly he replied: “Some years ago when I was called on business to the Bermuda Islands.” He had no sooner said it than his face changed color, which she detected at once.

“Did you spend much time there?”

“No, madam, I was there but a week or two,” he answered rather curtly, as though desiring to drop the subject. Then she said laughing:

“Now I am going to ask you if that isn’t the place

from which you brought my boy and his old negro nurse, for she says you came with her."

"Really, Miss Incognita, I must ask you to excuse me on this point." He looked out of the window and seemed to be in a deep study for a moment or two, and then added: "But after thinking the matter over, I don't think I will commit a breach of professional confidence *now* by answering you. Yes, that was the place."

A week later Miss Incognita took passage to the Islands of Bermuda. There she spent a week, during which time she was actively engaged making inquiries everywhere to ascertain if any one by the name of Eroslove or Dumas had ever lived in the island. She could hear nothing of such a person on the main island, but did learn fact number three—which was that an island of considerable size there was known as the "Eroslove Plantation." This tended to confirm her in former surmises she had that he was of a family of wealth and influence, whose possessions were of an extensive character.

She went to this island but found no one on it except an ignorant black family, who knew nothing more about their landlord than the fact that they "had hyeard he lived summers 'cross de sea"—whether in America or England they did not know.

She was about taking her departure, when she observed a peculiar figure moving about among the cedars near a small cabin. It was the old Egyptian. He was now very old, and it seemed a miracle that he was ali-

As Miss Incognita came close to him he raised his bowed form and head to observe her. She was awe-struck at the sight of this ghostly appearance. He spoke in time to prevent her flying from him, and said:

"Yeah, yeah, by de holy waters ob de Nile, ef hit ain't de sweet Missus done come heah! Young Missus, did Marse Henry come wid you?" he asked, peering into her eyes out of his sunken saffron orbs.

"Why, poor old man, I don't know what you mean. Who are you?" she asked with her voice full of pity and compassion.

"Dat's so, young Missus, you don't know nothing erbout me. I is old Gymp. Some on 'em calls me de ole Egyptian, and some ole Gymp de Conjuror. I ain't gwine to do you no harm, Missus. You see I knows Marster Henry and I knows you and——"

"Why, old man," she interrupted, "I am sure you don't know me and I don't know——"

"Yeah, yeah, Missus, I knowed and seed you de time when Marster Henry wus here wid de chiluns—oh, I wud er knowed you ergain anywhar. Don't say I didn't see you and know you, dat time when Marster Henry come er-talkin' ter me erbaut dem vibratoners, and what he wanted to do wid Missus and de chiluns."

At this point Miss Incognita asked excitedly:

"Why, dear old man, you mistake me for some one else. What do you know about vibratoners and such things?"

"Yeah, Missus, I knows heaps mo' dan I can tell

you. Long time ergo Marster Henry wus in Egypt whar I lived, and I taught 'im all he eber knowed 'bout vibratoners and sich things—and I found out dat he broke his oath I made him take erbout not using what I told 'im for evil,—and when he wants me ter tell 'im more, so he can ben' de young Missus ter his will, and I won' do it, he gits mad, and den——”

“And, poor Gymp, ah, good old man”—she began with much feeling and sad music in her voice,—“did you really teach him all those things, and could you teach me as much—as much—*yes, more than you taught him?*”

“Yeah, young Missus, I will show you eberything, all I know—mo', mo', yes, mo' dan Marster Henry eber knowed erbout. You needn't ask me, Missus, why you want ter know hit all, fer I know already. I done seed how you suffer, and how Marster Henry——”

“But my dear old Gymp, who is Marster Henry? You haven't told me yet?”

“No'm, I ain't tole you, 'cause you know 'im too well now—more'n you wanted ter know when he made you suffer so. I done seed hit all, and you er huntin' 'im now, and you er gwine ter find 'im—I see hit all—and you gwine ter punish 'im too—and he ought ter suffer—and I'm gwine ter show you some things you ought ter know.”

“Gymp, Gymp!” she cried out excitedly, “how did you know all this? You say I am going to find him and have my revenge—my sweet revenge?”

"Yes, Missus, I say so. And you will. But he is stronger dan you, and you will need ter know what I gwine ter tell you. When de time comes—I see hit! You will hab 'im wid you, and you will be 'bliged ter ben' 'im ter yer will—yeah, ha! ha! ha! *I say ter ben' 'im ter yer will*—den you will want to know what I'm gwine ter tell you. You do jes' as I tell you will hab 'im when de time comes. I ain't got no hate fer Marster Henry, but he's done wrong and cruel ter de young Missus, and done broke his oath, and he got ter suffer. And den think how he done dem chilun—and ef I kin help out de young Missus I's gwine ter do hit." Here Gymp proceeded to teach Miss Incognita the secrets of his art, which he wanted her to know. There must have been much of it; for he talked to her a long time, and she questioned him on many points. In conclusion, he gave her a bottle containing some lotion and said: "If you is bledged ter do it in his case, you kin use dis ter bring on de quiet, natural sleep. Yeah, he will sleep under dis—den, from dis natural sleep you kin carry 'im, as I done showed you, into de 'sleep of Isis.' Yeah, young Missus, you kin ben' 'im ter you will and he will do what you say ter 'im. Remember, do as I say ter you!"

"Yes, yes, Gymp, every word. And you say he does not know what you have taught me, and that, therefore, he can't resist me?"

"No, young Missus, he don't know but a small part ob it. He knows erbout dem vibratoners, and what dey used fer, but de uther he don't—and you will

want to use dem vibratoners too—they will do dey part.”

Here Gymp made a low bow and started away, but Miss Incognita stopped him, saying: “Wait a moment, Gymp. Take this purse—you will need it, and before you leave me, tell me where is your Marster Henry now?”

“Young Missuss, all I know is he live way’ cross de sea in de white man’s land, but I ain’t nebar bin dar. I ain’t neber worried to know erbout de name ob de place, ’cause I neber ’spected ter go dar. But you needn’t worry, you’s e gwine ter find ’im in good time. Jes’ keep on and don’t give up. I done seed hit all!”

“Oh, Gymp, let me thank you a thousand times for what you have done for me today. Good-bye. May the remainder of your days be peaceful and happy. She took his wrinkled, bony hand and shook it, and, as she did so, the old man bent down and touched his lips to her hand, then gave her his benediction and went away.

In the ordinary course and trend of human events, when one after another the routine duties of life press upon us, the passage of time, while imperceptible, is still very rapid. We do not realize the velocity of this intermediate, connecting stream of flowing between the two great oceans of eternity, the past and the future, until we chance to look back over the way we have been coming, and lo! the distance behind us has become great.

Miss Incognita knew how to work and to wait, and

the stream of time bore her along on its bosom with the rest of mankind; *but she did not grow any older!*

There is not much to chronicle in the years of childhood. The leading features in the lives of most children are about the same.

Eros was growing up to be a good, docile boy. His mother would sometimes say, "He has a jolly, light heart just like——" and then turn her face away from the one to which she was talking, as if she were trying to conceal an expression of pain. By the time he was ten years of age he was so well advanced in his studies that his mother entered him in a select private school. In this same school as a pupil was Gamaliel Smith, the little adopted daughter of Mrs. John Smith.

Miss Incognita had taken pains for some reason or other to keep them apart before this time. While she and Mrs. John Smith often visited each other, and were the closest of friends, yet the children were kept apart. What her reason was the reader must divine for himself. But there was one fact that happened, be the cause what it may—as soon as Eros met Gamaliel he claimed her for his sweetheart, and she did not object. There is more romance among children from ten years old and up than grown people ever dream of, unless they happen to remember their own little sentimental lives when they were children.

The sequel alone can show what she had in view.

Year by year the children grew in mind and body, and Miss Incognita waited and watched!

She was busy all the time, for her business interests seemed to have grown, and her increasing evidences of wealth was the talk of many.

But her attention to business produced no frowns on her brow, nor invited wrinkled care to a siesta on her cheeks.

She never doubted the time would come, but lived in anticipation of it, and thus in keen enjoyment of it, as does the youth who builds castles for the future and expects soon to realize them and possess them.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1889.

It is not necessary to delay the inevitable culmination of events in order to give the details of the school life of Eros and Gamaliel.

They were in the same class, and there was a rivalry between them in the curriculum of books, and also in the curriculum of love.

When she was thirteen, Gamaliel was the sweetest, prettiest little nymph of a girl imaginable. Her deep, violet eyes seemed to have grown greater in their wealth of loveliness. Her eye-brows were dark and arched like the dome of a miniature sky.

When she and Eros were sixteen they were inseparable.

Miss Incognita encouraged them in their affection. Yet she never hinted to them of the relationship existing between them.

Was she conducting an experiment, and testing the unaided instincts of nature? Is the passion of sex for sex even eliminated except when there is the conscious relation of brother and sister, which has existed, and been known, since infancy? Is it not this knowledge and this association in the family, beginning with infancy, which eliminates the potent power and attraction of sex?

Could she then attempt to conduct this experiment,

trusting only to the subliminal instinct, as it were, of the blood itself?

Time alone will show.

.
The next year Eros and Gamaliel would be seventeen. One day their teacher sent the following note to Miss Incognita:

FORTY-FOURTH STREET ACADEMY,

“June 16, 1889.

“DEAR MISS INCOGNITA: I think it my duty to advise you that it would be prudent for your son Eros and Miss Gamaliel Smith to be sent to different schools. Not that their conduct has as yet been rash, not that— but their constant attachment and association with each other are too pronounced and demonstrative to be productive of good to them. Besides, I fear it will have an untoward influence upon the other boys and girls in the school, who must observe them.

“I have written a similar note to Mrs. Smith.

“Very respectfully,

“T. J. IRVINE, Teacher.

The next day he received the following reply from Miss Incognita:

“DEAR MR. IRVINE: Your note received. I have conferred with Mrs. Smith, and we both prefer for Eros and Gamaliel to continue together in your school for this term.

“Respectfully,

“City, June 17, 1889.”

“MISS INCOGNITA.

In the early fall of 1889 the following advertisement appeared in one of the New York dailies:

“Stock for sale in a paying enterprise, for the purpose of increasing the business. Address Lock Box 100, Chicago, Ill.”

In a few days a letter was received by Miss Incognita from Chicago, and then she quickly dispatched this note:

“FIFTH AVENUE, CITY.

“DEAR SIR: Your letter of two weeks ago to my Chicago agent has been referred to me. Will you have the kindness to call and see me at my residence. By doing so you will greatly oblige,

“Respectfully yours,

“MISS INCOGNITA.

“To ARCHIE SNOB, Esq., City.

“Sept. 12, 1889.”

The next morning Mr. Archie Snob called. She met him in her library, which she used for her business office. After they had exchanged the usual formal compliments, he said:

“I presume your agent has—ah—informed you of the contents of me letter. I saw the advertisement in one of the city appers which I answered.”

“Yes, Mr. Snob, he sent me your letter, and as soone as I received it, I wrote you. Matters of importance like this, connected with business, I like to give my personal attention.”

"All of which demonstrates your—ah—prudence and good judgment, madam. Now, I live in England—that is—aw—in London, you know, and me ordinary affairs I entrust to me American agents. But—ah—in important matters, I come over once—ah—or twice a year, don't you know, from London, to attend to them—ah—myself."

"So you spend much of your time in England?"

"Aw—yes, madam, I—aw—really live in London. Me residence is—ah—at the Marlborough Club rooms. Me investments are mostly—ah—in America. Having now—ah—a considerable accumulation of money from me estates, I—am looking out for a good investment."

Without waiting to sound him on the question of investment, she continued on another line:

"Are you well acquainted in London?"

"Yes, madaan, me acquaintance is not as extensive as it is select. I do not—ah—seek an ordinary line of acquaintance. The Marlborough Club, you know—ah—is composed altogether of the upper set of the nobility. Count Antignolio, the distinguished Italian nobleman, was a member—ah—there, until he gave up his London residence—aw—and returned to Italy. He was one of me bosom friends, ah—and was always delighted to play baccarat with me. I regretted very much—ah—when he left London some years ago, soon after his return from a voyage with Lord Eroslove to the Bermudas."

Notwithstanding Miss Incognita had extraordinary

self-control, she became visibly excited. She did her best to control her voice and to keep from appearing in too much haste to question him further.

"You mentioned the name *Lord Eroslove*, I believe? I think I've often heard of him,—(though she had never heard the name called before in all her life). "Did you ever make the acquaintance of *this Lord Eroslove?*"

"Oh, yes, madam, I am quite—aw—as intimate with him as I was with the Count. You know—aw—he it was who presented me to the Prince of Wales at—aw—one of his royal levees."

"Then he still lives in London?"

"Yes, madam. He is a bachelor and has rooms—aw—you know, at the Marlborough Club Mansion, where I am thrown with him—aw—very much."

Miss Incognita was too shrewd to excite Mr. Archie Snob's suspicions by exhibiting an unwonted interest in the personality of *Lord Eroslove*. But she determined to make Mr. Snob her friend, in order to learn all from him.

"With reference to this business matter on which I asked you to call—my agent has already sufficiently acquainted you with the nature of it, I believe?"

"Yes, madam, quite fully. Upon me special—ah—request, he was kind enough to let me agent see the books, and he informed me—ah—the earnings have been large—ah—very flattering."

"All this, of course, Mr. Snob, you will keep in strict confidence, even if you should make no investment in the stock. You will understand, I do not

care to have the secrets of my business made known to the public."

"Of course, madam, you can depend upon me in this matter."

"I started this business through the aid of a dear friend in 1870. My beginning was small, but the article of my discovery and manufacture and sale became at once so popular that the business grew wonderfully. My friend and I soon formed a stock company, I owning two-thirds of the stock and he one-third. It was but two years thereafter until we had to double the size of our plant. Since then the growth has been proportionately rapid. We have increased the capital stock \$100,000. This makes our capital stock one million dollars. The business now pays ten per cent. on this capital, besides laying aside a surplus."

"A wonderful record, madam—wonderful. But no more so than your discovery. It is strange you have kept the fact that—aw—you are the discoverer of this—ah—wonderful preparation a secret from the public. I am informed it is a—ah—great blessing to mankind, this—aw—discovery of yours. On what basis can this stock be bought?"

"I will instruct my agent to issue you the shares for a premium of 25 per cent. Should it not prove for you a ten per cent. investment, I will take the stock from you at any time on the same terms on which you bought it."

"A very fair proposition, Miss Incognita, and one which meets me—aw—hearty approval. I will take

the stock on your terms at once. Where and when shall I call to exchange me check for the—aw—certificate of stock?"

"Let me see? Today is Tuesday—could you call here Saturday a. m., say at ten o'clock? If so, we can close up the entire transaction?"

She usually entrusted such details as this to her agent, but this afforded her too excellent an opportunity for a second call from Mr. Snob. He replied:

"I will—ah—call at that time with pleasure."

After a cordial "Good morning—ah—glad to have met you, madam," Mr. Snob took his departure.

As he walked away he thought to himself: "A magnificent woman. She has all the grace and bearing of royal or noble blood. I am delighted. I shall see her again!"

"And to think of her talking about starting this business in 1870? By gosh, she doesn't look a day over twenty-six at most, the age when the majority of women are at their best."

As Mr. Snob was walking away thinking these thoughts, Miss Incognita was making the halls and apartments of her home ring with her merry laughter and rich, sweet voice. She caught Eros in her arms and whirled him around in a merry waltz. She called Mary Dundee and her other "household companions" and made them take a holiday, and go to the park for an outing— and all the time they were getting ready to start she was running on with them in the manner and style of a frolicsome school girl.

When they were gone, she ordered the carriage, and she and Eros went for a call on Mrs. John Smith and Gamaliel.

Mrs. Smith complimented her on her radiant appearance that morning. The truth is, no compliments could have done justice to her fresh and queenly beauty! Since she had talked with Mr. Snob she was very happy. She could scarcely realize that she actually knew upon what part of the great rotund earth *he* could be found. She knew a man who knew *him*, who had even slept under the same roof with him, and from whom she could and would learn all about him! Then he could not always escape her! His heart would yet be her prey, and it should yet learn what it is to bleed and burn and break!

As the tigress, when getting ready to bound upon her prey, exhibits more of her wonderful grace, agility and beauty, than at any other time, so the fresh, graceful, imperial beauty of Miss Incognita even now was beginning to show itself.

“By-the-bye, with reference to our plans for Eros and Gamaliel something has happened which I want to tell you Mrs. Smith. I have met somebody—don’t ask me whom—who lives in London, and has the entree to the best set. You know we have been talking of taking the children over next year. Now I have decided on this plan for Eros. He cannot go, but instead will go off to college to begin his studies in good earnest. But we must go and take Gamaliel, and through him whom I shall make my friend she

shall enjoy the honors of the first social circles of London. Now how does that strike you?

"Oh, admirably, except that I can't afford to lose you on that trip. Of course you will go!"

"I will certainly do so. We must not miss this opportunity. It will be one in a lifetime for Gamaliel. She will be eighteen then, and her beauty will do her full justice. Since Eros goes off to college, she will have to be entertained in some way to keep her from missing him so much."

"But suppose Gamaliel should be entrapped by some noble fellow, what of Eros? You know he loves her, yea, adores her."

"Oh, never mind, we can manage all that. I will make Eros look out for himself. If Gamaliel can marry a nobleman let her do it. You know she looks to me like the daughter of some royal scion. Just think of the wonderful circumstances of her birth, all of which was and is mysterious."

"Yes, that is true of her. Of late she has acted like a caged bird. You can't conceive how she frets over that terrible inscription on her bosom! We went to a ball recently at Mrs. Allen's. Gamaliel cried and raved for an hour, because she could not wear an evening dress like the other girls. Of course that is out of the question on account of that terrible disfigurement. She asks and asks me how it came there, who put it there, and why I let them do it, all of which nearly kills me, for I can't give her any satisfaction about it."

"Why don't you tell her she was once stolen by

the gypsies when she was a baby, and when you found her this was on her."

"What a splendid tale that would be to tell her. It's just the thing, and I will do it. I have thought several times of consulting some of the best physicians, to see if it could be removed, and think I shall do it yet."

"I assure you I would not," replied Miss Incognita with considerable emphasis. "Some of them might advise and attempt it, and imperil her life. I would not risk it for anything." And her advice settled that point to Mrs. Smith's satisfaction, and *eminently so to hers!*

Not for the world would she have had those mysterious characters removed, or even blurred one iota!

CHAPTER XXIV.

UNEXPRESSED SENTIMENTS—A JOURNEY FOR A
PURPOSE.

It would be difficult to portray, or to imagine, Miss Incognita's feelings and thoughts with reference to Eros, during those years after she had satisfied herself as to his father's identity. He had blue-black eyes, black hair, a full, broad face and a handsome, athletic figure, all very much like his father. If he had inherited that dimple as Gamaliel did he would have been a fac-simile of him.

He was always very affectionate towards his adopted mother and his affection strangely stirred her.

She would look into the boy's eyes and face and through them into another's of days long gone by. His lips kissed and clung exactly like another's, and his fondlings and caresses manifested that same wild, reckless depth of emotion! He often gazed upon her person and into her face, and would rave to her over her beauty. How strange to her seemed these wonderful results of heredity! His passion for beauty, how like another's!

Sometimes she could hardly interpret her feelings towards Eros, after he had become a large boy. During these times even his presence aroused her strangely and deeply. For days her eyes would be red from weeping and her heart sore from aching. She would hurry Eros off to school, or send him away to read in the library, and she would go upstairs

into a certain strangely fitted up room, an exact duplicate of a certain room of long ago, and, throwing herself up on an old, out-of-date, peculiar sofa, would go off into a kind of heart-consuming reverie.

At other times, she would think how strange that *his* son should call *her* mother; that he should have been fondled in his infancy on her breast; should have been reared under *her* wing; should know no parent but *her*, and no home but *hers*. Why should *he* have abandoned Eros and Gamaliel, this double blessing of heirship—the apparent desire for which had once been the insatiable passion of his life? Or had this desire been only a cruel pretense of his, with which to gibe and insult her, and then so cruelly cast her off? And here was a scion of this lecherous fiend (no doubt got by him in a liaison with some mercenary courtesan) *calling her "mother,"* nurtured in her bosom, fondled in her arms, caressed by her hands, kissed by her lips, called "son" by her tongue, and deeply loved by her heart! What would she, what could she do? How could she endure the titanic struggle of emotions which this boy and these thoughts incited upon the arena of her heart? Must she drive him away? Was it her province to visit the sin of the father upon the child?

No, she would endure him! She would let his blue-black eyes continue to mock her—for they did it innocently! She would not repulse those wild, reckless, amorous caresses, for the son knew not they were like his! She would not cruelly and rashly rid herself of these always too bitter reminders of

the past, which, like a tantalizing friction, kept chafed and open and festering the heart-sores of those cruel days!

No, rather she would love this boy who had been so mysteriously sent to her. There must have been a purpose in it, and to her that purpose was paramount and was held on to with the unflinching fealty of a desperate resolve.

For with Eros had not Gamaliel been sent also? And without *her* could she ever expect to torture that heart, to do which was the goal of her outraged love's ambition? Could she have known of Gamaliel except through Eros? Should she not then cherish him as the apple of her eye, as the innocent detective, through whom her outraged love had thus far found and worked its clue, and would yet bring to justice the despoiler of her heart?

After such reflections as these she would be more tender than usual to Eros, and would find a species of strange, keen enjoyment in him.

During all these years the children had been growing up she had shown as great an interest in Gamaliel as she had in Eros. Miss Incognita really directed Gamaliel's education and influenced Mrs. Smith to give her every accomplishment and grace which culture and money could attain. "Ha!" she thought, "I shall prepare her as a gift to *him*, but not as a daughter. No! But to break his heart!"

Gamaliel at eighteen had passed from the awkward, adolescent, chaotic beauty of girlhood into the rich, voluptuous embodiment and grace of womanhood.

She had a rare simplicity of manner and a modest demeanor. She was known as "that beautiful girl who is too modest to wear her dresses cut low." She was a young woman of much depth of feeling, sentiment and passion; one of that style of beauty whose eyes look at you modestly and languidly, as if they were dreaming dreams, and you saw them reflected out of the mysterious depths of a lake; and they are often cast down as if trying to hide themselves behind the long dark lashes; and when they give themselves now and then full to your gaze, you feel thrilled by them and pray that you may look into them for a long time! But they quickly disappoint you and are cast down again. Ah! such a one knows what depths love has! She can make you dream of Elysium, and forget you had ever been on earth, where such things as pain and suffering and *ennui* are known! You will not know that there had ever been any other woman but her! She will fill your life and your heart with love and joy, for she will desire no one else but you! All this will be yours if you win such a woman's love; *but beware; you must be sure you have won her love*, otherwise she may give it to another. Such is her nature.

Such a woman was Gamaliel at eighteen.

It is needless to tarry at this point, to detail to the reader the numerous visit of Mr. Archie Snob to Miss Incognita after that first meeting when he went away so deeply impressed by her. He had called the next Saturday morning at the appointed

hour, and they closed up the business matter which they had under consideration. He tarried long thereafter, and upon her pressing invitation remained to lunch with her.

He told her everything he had ever known of Lord Eroslove and his family, and how his elder and only brother had died in 1869 without heirs, leaving Sir Henry the sole heir to the family title and estates. How he had once lived in America and was a physician under some assumed name, and he had hurried back to England upon the death of his elder brother. But Archie Snob could tell nothing about Lord Eroslove having any children. The gossip of London had never gotten that piece of news. After that second visit, Mr. Snob called often, and Miss Incognita went with him many times to visit Mrs. Smith and Gamaliel. He took the greatest fancy to Gamaliel. He showed her every possible attention outside of an absolute courtship. One day it came about that he broached the subject of a trip to England for Gamaliel, and when he saw that her mother somewhat favored it he promised to give her a magnificent ball and reception at the Marlborough Club, at which Lord Eroslove and his set would be favored attendants, and, in fact, nothing should be lacking to make the trip a complete social success.

Miss Incognita has purposely arranged it so that Mr. Archie Snob should first suggest the trip, knowing that if he could be led to do this of his own accord he would take a greater interest in the success of it.

A conference was held between him, Miss Incognita, Mrs. John Smith and Gamaliel, at which it was determined to make the trip just as soon as Gamaliel's wardrobe could be made ready. This was prepared without reference to cost, Miss Incognita designing the special dresses and paying most of the bills herself. No one had ever known her heart to be so much in anything as it was in planning for this trip and getting Gamaliel ready for it. She determined for some reason to make her a creation of surpassing loveliness, and she was doing it to perfection.

Miss Incognita decided to go as Gamaliel's widowed aunt and to be dressed in the style widows wear in second mourning.

She was to be known only as Mrs. Claudia Jones. No one was to ask her, or attempt to discover why she went under this disguise.

Finally everything was ready. The day for their departure was at hand. Miss Incognita had arranged her household and business matters to her satisfaction. Eros had been sent off to college, and the tender, affectionate, long-drawn-out farewell between him and Gamaliel, with their vows and tears and kisses, had ended.

On a beautiful morning in May, 1890, they sailed. From the day they went aboard the "Teutonic" Miss Incognita became Mrs. Claudia Jones, and she required they should call her nothing else on the journey, in order that they might become accustomed to it before reaching London.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BETROTHAL.

It was one of those magnificent nights in early June, filled with fragrance of flowers and early fruits. We find ourselves in the city of London, approaching the Marlborough Club mansion. It is eleven o'clock in the evening, and the splendor of the lights streams from the great open windows of the house. We enter, and on the third floor are ushered into a magnificent dancing pavilion or hall.

The pavilion is filled with music, which steals into your ears from some hidden recess. The gliding rhythm of the waltz moves in graceful undulations to the soft measures of the music. About the sides of the great pavilion, and hidden back in recesses behind miniature arches are chairs and divans, upon which the tired dancers, or those who do not dance, may sit or recline and rest.

A little to the right as we enter the great arched doors in one of these recesses we observe two ladies sitting. They are not dancing but interested spectators of the festive scene. One is dressed in widow's mourning, and her face can scarcely be seen behind the thin black veil. We walk up near to them and take a comfortable seat. The lady behind the black veil seems to be interested in only one personage just at present. She hears nothing, she sees nothing, she feels nothing, but him. She does

not even observe that beautiful girl, who, accompanied by a handsome man, has just taken a seat near her. She is looking at that one personage as if her life depended upon it. We will leave her thus engaged and take notice of this angelic figure of a girl who has just taken her seat. She is dressed differently from any lady taking part in the ball.

She wears her exquisite white satin gown fastened a little below the base of her throat and clasped there by a double stream of diamonds and pearls, which encircle her neck. All the other dancers are dressed in the extreme decollete fashion of the modern evening costume.

Soon after this dream of modest beauty had been seated, a slender, delicate man is seen approaching with his arm in that of the man whom the lady in black has been so ravishingly observing. This gentleman appeared to be about forty years of age. He had a large black, wavy mustache and very graceful side-whiskers, neatly trimmed, and clean-shaven chin. He was somewhat portly and stood about six feet high. His complexion was florid, his eyes black and his chin rather fat and prominent. As he came nearer the lady in black leaned farther forward and was seen to peep at him from beneath the hem of her dark veil, which she slipped up. She was pressing one hand upon her heart, and she shook like an aspen leaf when it is made the toy of the wind.

By this time the two men had reached the young lady, who was a few yards removed from the lady

in black. Then the latter heard the small gentleman, who was none other than Mr. Archie Snob, say:

"Allow me to present to you my friend, Lord Eroslove, Miss Smith."

As these two were exchanging the usual pleasantries incident upon a first meeting the agitated lady in black nervously beckoned Mr. Snob to her and said:

"Pray do not bring him here! I have changed my mind. I really do not care for an introduction to him now."

"Of course, if you prefer not, Mrs. Jones. I have not yet mentioned your name to him, so he will not notice this omission."

At this point Mr. Snob turned to walk away, but she detained him, saying:

"Suggest to Gamaliel that she sit there with him and rest awhile; she must not dance too much."

Then she continued in a low murmur, as if talking to herself, after Mr. Snob had walked away:

"Yes, they must sit there, that I may see him well."

Gamaliel sat with her hands resting in her lap.

Just enough of her arms and breast were visible to give a hint of that choice wealth of beauty which was held in modest reserve. Lord Eroslove observed this delicate art in her dress, and contrasted it with the style of dress of other ladies, which recklessly exposed to the gaze of all those rare beauties of their person whose sacred secrets should be

known only to the eye and touch of consecrated love. He contrasted Gamaliel with these, and thought: "How familiar have they grown to me, as to every other man who sees them on all occasions such as this. Beauty that is stale is like wine that is flat; it has lost its sparkle, and the spirit has departed from it—it is but as dead. There are flowers and tints of color so rare and delicate that they fade away and become but as dry leaves when exposed to the too open light of the sun. So with a woman's beauty. It loses the subtle spirit of its charm when the flood light of the public gaze has but once been focused upon it." As these thoughts flitted through the mind of Lord Eroslove, his amorous eye feasted itself upon Gamaliel's downcast eyes and upon her exquisitely rounded, tapering forearm, and upon her rich, red, parted lips, and upon that charming dimple in her chin, which seemed a fit trysting-place for some fairy love. Soon the lady behind the black veil gave a little start! She looked more intently at Lord Eroslove! What had she seen? These were her thoughts:

"Lord Eroslove was smitten, deeply smitten, at first sight of Gamaliel. She knew it, for only when he was moved to the very depths of his being did his chin become agitated as she now saw it, and form itself into such a deep, cavernous dimple as was now there before her eyes. She knew him too well to be mistaken on this point."

The longer he looked upon and talked to Gamaliel the more aroused his feelings became. He

was oblivious of the dance and all things else save Gamaliel. She talked in her low, soft way to him, and as she talked she now and then lifted her large, dreamy, violet eyes to his, and then would let them fall again, or shield them by the dark mist of her drooping lashes. Doubtless he would never have asked her for a dance had not Mr. Snob flitted by and given him a knowing wink. Then they glided away to the soft, sweet breath of the music, and Lord Eroslove danced as he had never danced before. For Gamaliel was skilled in all the graces of this passionate art.

The mazes of the waltz, the passionate strains of the music, the charms of the exhilarating girl in his arms, all seemed to intoxicate in a strange way the senses of Lord Eroslove; so that soon in a paroxysm of emotion he drew her too closely and tightly in his embrace, and lo! before he knew it she had skimmed away from him, with a blush on her face and lips and a shy glitter in her dreaming eye. He quickly caught up with her, and with a little smile playing about her half-parted lips she said:

“Must I ask you to excuse me for being too fast for you or should you ask me to excuse you for——”

“Yes, I must, for my too passionate ardor in the dance; but you waltz so heavenly I could not help it.”

“Thank you, Lord Eroslove. Then perhaps I had better dance more earthly?”

“No, no; do not; but rather let me pray your

forgiveness in advance for any seeming emotion I may express in my too ardent demeanor."

During the remainder of the evening he did not leave her side—and the woman behind the black veil saw this and was supremely happy.

During the next month of their stay in London Lord Eroslove was all attention to Gamaliel, and courted her with all the ardor of his passionate nature.

To those who observed him there was no doubt of the fact that he was deeply in love. It was in truth no passing passion with him. He sincerely believed that in Gamaliel he had met his destiny. There was an indefinable something, he now discovered, about Gamaliel's downcast eyes, her deep carmine lips, her modest demeanor, her entire personality, which he could not resist. No other woman had ever moved him so strangely and irresistably as she had. Could this be partly caused by the affinity of blood between them, unknown to him; was there such a subtle influence as that?

He was seconded and aided in his suit by Mrs. Smith and Miss Incognita. The latter would never make his acquaintance, and hence he knew nothing of her, but she constantly used her potent influence upon Gamaliel in his behalf. She would tell Gamaliel that Eros was too young and could not marry for years; that his college curriculum must be gone through and then his professional course. She showed her what an exalted position she would attain at once upon her marriage with Lord Eroslove, and how

all this would be lacking in a union with Eros. While she was thus manipulating Gamaliel, Mrs. Smith and Archie Snob were encouraging Lord Eroslove. Mrs. Smith also talked to Gamaliel of the futility of her schoolgirl love for Eros, and of how foolish it was for a girl to sacrifice herself to a mere youthful sentiment.

Gamaliel's position in the matter was one of a forced acquiescent passivity. She did not love Lord Eroslove, and she did love Eros. Yet those whom she knew had her interest most at heart exerted all their influence to have her marry the former. She felt a kind of awe of him. However, as he pressed his suit and the others pressed his claims and advantages, she became apparently more and more submissive.

Gamaliel felt the force of Miss Incognita's determination for her to marry Lord Eroslove. Yet she noticed that she never told her not to love Eros and never attempted to break off their growing and amorous correspondence.

The longer she and Eros were away from each other the more frequent and amatory became their letters.

The truth is, Miss Incognita had a motive in separating Gamaliel and Eros when she did. She knew that the inevitable effect of this separation would be to increase the longing of Gamaliel and Eros for each other and to produce that impetuosity and madness in their love which at the proper time would carry out the purpose she had in view.

Mr. Archie Snob arranged all sorts of tete-a-tetes and drives and excursions, designed to favor Lord Eroslove in his suit and throw him and Gamaliel in closer contact.

In the hotel where the American party were stopping their rooms were on each side of a private parlor. Mrs. Smith's and Gamaliel's suite of rooms were on one side and Miss Incognita's on the other. Gamaliel received Lord Eroslove in their private parlor. The room occupied by Miss Incognita was connected with the parlor by a large sliding door. Above this door was a large double mirror, which was swung on pivots like a transom, and could be turned and secured at any angle desired.

This mirror had been designed to break the monotony of the high bare wall above the door and also to ventilate the adjoining suite of rooms. Miss Incognita now arranged it to serve a different purpose. She adjusted it at such an angle that she could sit in her room in a dark and obscure corner and observe all that was going on in the parlor, while she herself could not be seen.

As she sat in her room observing Lord Eroslove and Gamaliel, but unobserved by them, it gave her a wonderfully accurate opportunity to note the sincerity of his suit and to judge of the depths of his passion for Gamaliel.

As the time passed and his heart became more and more involved, she watched him with an interest that was boundless. She also watched Gamaliel as closely as she did him. She saw very plainly that the

young girl's heart was never moved by his ardent wooing, though she also observed enough about her manner to conclude that she would marry him. How all this suited Miss Incognita's purpose! Each day as she observed these things she seemed to grow younger and more buoyant and beautiful. She would compliment Gamaliel and go into ecstasies over her and her noble suitor, and altogether would seem to be beside herself with a species of girlish glee. On one of these occasions Gamaliel said to her:

"Then why don't you come in and meet him? You don't know him even!"

And she would reply to Gamaliel:

"I will by and by—not now; it is not my time yet."

Thus Lord Eroslove's wooing continued, until one day about six weeks after he had met Gamaliel, she consented to become his wife.

When this consummation was reached it was neither his heart nor Gamaliel's that was the happiest, but it was the heart of a woman in black, who, from a dark corner of the adjoining room, observed their betrothal.

That very night Gamaliel received a letter from Eros, and when Miss Incognita came in she found her in tears. She put her arms about her and kissed her warm lips, saying:

"Don't cry, my little girl! Trust to me. You know I will do for you what is for the best."

Gamaliel did not know the meaning of these words as the speaker knew it.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JUDGE NOT.

No one who has not suffered as Miss Incognita had suffered is competent to criticise the form of revenge a woman's outraged love sees fit to inflict upon its despoiler.

There are women whose crushed love, like a wounded dove, will hide its head under its wing and pass its sad life away in some oblivious retreat, hiding its wound from all and telling its woes to none.

There are others of flippant, superficial natures who prattle their tell-tale wrongs to all mankind, even as the vociferous auctioneer cries out his wares to the motley crowd.

Then there is a type of the deep-feeling, true, high-bred woman, whose love is given, if at all, with all the lavish wealth of a queen of passion; she is as a mighty empress, who, when her lord and king is admitted to her couch, endows him with all the magnificence of her empire. If he, instead of adoring her, tramples upon her heart, she will sooner or later overwhelm and torture him by the awful potency of that same power of passion with which she had sought to bless him! Such was Miss Incognita's heart, and of this quality her love. While her vengeance possessed the frenzy of an avenging fury, yet she kept it in subjection and guided it on to its consummation, as she had planned, with the calm wisdom of a "Daniel come to judgment."

No woman can love deeply who cannot as deeply hate. The depths of contending emotions lie upon the same sub-cardiac level. There is as quick a route from love to hate as from laughter to tears, if some cruel invader once breaks down the dividing Alps.

There is but one test of character and that is the crucible of trial. Let all who would cruelly and harshly judge Miss Incognita's heart and the fearful methods of its vengeance first put their heart in that crucible in which hers had been so long and so cruelly tortured.

When the party left London in the summer of 1890 they made a tour of the Continent. They spent some weeks in Paris, where Mrs. Smith and Miss Incognita planned Gamaliel's elaborate trousseau and arranged for it to be ready for her wedding in the early fall.

From this point they went to Switzerland, where they remained until the heat of summer had ended.

By the middle of September they were in New York, and began vigorous preparations for the wedding, to take place on the evening of October twelfth.

Gamaliel had not seen Eros since the preceding winter. During his summer vacation they were in Switzerland, and he did not join them. So she grew more anxious to see him as one association after another at home called him to her remembrance. Their letters were frequent and full of love for one another.

It had been decided that he should not leave col-

lege to attend the wedding. Miss Incognita had settled this point. Everything was working too well to her purpose to risk the advent of Eros until her plans demanded him. She gave strict orders that no one was to inform Eros of Gamaliel's engagement or wedding.

Every one noted that Miss Incognita was looking as young and beautiful as Gamaliel. She was now in her thirty-eighth year, and so perfect was the preservation of her health and beauty that no one would have thought of placing her age at over twenty-eight—that age when a woman is generally most attractive and possesses to the highest degree all the charms, graces and embodiments of perfect womanhood.

Miss Incognita seemed to have employed some magic art in the preservation of her youth, beauty and health.

Gamaliel noticed that as the wedding day approached Miss Incognita became more gentle and attentive toward her, and made it a point to be near or about her day and night. She quite often had her to spend the night with her at her residence, and even days and nights together there.

Mr. Archie Snob had managed to have himself selected as Lord Eroslove's "best man." It was an honor he coveted, and which he worthily wore.

Lord Eroslove desired to remain a week or so after the wedding in the city at some quiet hotel or villa, thus giving Gamaliel time to receive the compliments and adieus of her friends before sailing

for England. It was decided that the wedding should be celebrated at the Smith mansion, and after that a reception given to the couple at Miss Incognita's. It was further arranged, in accordance with Miss Incognita's plan and desire, that instead of their stopping at a hotel during their short stay in the city *they were to occupy her mansion and be her guests.*

When these plans were submitted to Lord Eroslove he replied that nothing could please him better. Gamaliel was delighted to spend this time near Miss Incognita, whom she had grown to love as a mother. And as for Miss Incognita, she was joyous, buoyant, exuberant, over this arrangement! Her spirits knew no bounds. She began the decoration and arrangement of her house a full week before the time of the wedding. No pains or expense were spared.

The bridal apartments on the second floor were decorated and furnished in white and gold, and they contained every appointment to add to their luxury, charm and beauty.

Before the day of the wedding the halls and rooms on the first and second floors were gardens of palms and rare ferns and exotics.

All the exquisite, luxurious effects which can be produced by the blending of the beauty of flowers and the wealth of tints falling from the rare colors or shaded burners and chandeliers would be seen here. The riches of nature's adornment vied with the art of man in producing this arrangement and combination of beauty.

There was a strange, long room on the third floor

which no one was allowed to enter except Miss Incognita. This room was at the rear end of the hall, and one of its doors opened into the hall and another into a small room adjoining it. When they were arranging the other parts of the mansion she had the workmen run an electric wire capable of carrying five hundred volts to this room. *She herself adjusted it within this room, but what purpose she had in view or what she did with it no one knew.*

At the same time the preparations at the Smith mansion were going forward in just as elaborate fashion.

The entire first floor was thrown together, and the large parlors were arranged to represent a chapel with its altars, etc. Here the ceremony was to be performed, and Gamaliel would become Lady Eroslove.

Two days before the wedding two important events took place. One was the arrival of Lord Eroslove, who was taken in charge by Mr. Archie Snob and assigned quarters in one of those fashionable hotels for which New York is so famous. The other event was that Miss Incognita drove in her carriage to the office of Mr. Steele A. Fortune, and these two together drove from his office to the offices of the New York Life Insurance Company. After a short consultation with the officers of this company they were given two sealed documents, which they took away with them. On the twelfth day of August previous to this time Eros and Gamaliel were eighteen years of age, and the articles of their adoption

specified that when they reached this age the sealed documents giving an account of their birth, parentage and such facts only as the father wished them to know could be had from the trustee. It should be noted at this point that after Lord Eroslove had been informed by his attorneys, Steele A. Fortune and A. Fee, that the children whom he had committed to them had been legally adopted by good parties and the funds properly invested in trust, as directed by him, he never gave himself any more concern about them.

Mr. Fortune never heard anything more of the little baby girl whom he turned over to Attorney Fee upon his arrival with the children in New York, and hence never knew that Gamaliel was this little girl. Colonel Fee dismissed the whole thing from his mind just as quickly as he concluded arrangements with Mrs. John Smith for the child's adoption. One or two letters passed between them soon thereafter, and that was an end of the matter so far as he was concerned.

The engagement of Gamaliel and Lord Eroslove had been announced in all the papers, and much had been said about it in some of them. Mr. Fortune noticed this and knew at once that Lord Eroslove was his old client in the matter with Miss Incognita. He never dreamed that she had discovered the identity of the father of Eros, her adopted son. He now knew that the documents she had received from the trustees would disclose him to her, and the point in his mind was, whether he should not acquaint Lord Eroslove with Miss Incognita while he was over on

his bridal trip. She had suspected and feared this very disclosure of her identity and that of Eros, and determined to prevent it at all hazards.

So as they were driving back to the attorney's office, after having procured the documents from the trustee, she said:

"Mr. Fortune, I never asked but one favor of you, and that you said you would have readily granted me if it had not involved a breach of professional confidence. You remember what that was. Now as you could not then give me any information about Lord Eroslove, I want you to promise me now you will not reveal to him anything concerning myself and Eros. I am sure you can promise me this, and do it, without any breach of professional confidence. We have had many pleasant evenings together, and you have done much for my pleasure, and this one favor I ask of you."

He replied:

"As much as I would like to let him know how faithfully and successfully I had discharged my duty, which I could do by simply revealing you to him, yet, since you request this silence on my part, it gives me great pleasure to observe it."

"Thank you, Mr. Fortune, but I'll tell you what you may do; Just the day before Lord and Lady Eroslove sail you may tell him all. You may do that; I will consent to that, just because you are always so kind and good."

Mr. Fortune felt pleased and flattered and could have desired nothing more than this. So Miss In-

cognita, having now relieved her mind of this point, felt more confident and buoyant than ever.

Upon her return home she found a note from Mr. Archie Snob saying that he and Lord Eroslove would call that afternoon, as the latter was desirous to meet the dearest friend of his betrothed, whose guests he and Lady Eroslove expected to be for some days after the marriage.

The reception of this note elevated the spirits of this now radiant woman many degrees. The expectation of this meeting seemed to give a glow to her blood, which tintured her skin to the richest tones. She dressed herself in a house gown of ivory satin trimmed in point lace. At her throat was pinned a single white rosebud, in the center of a cluster of pale pink violets. Her hair was gathered and held upon her head with a diamond brooch in the shape of a crown, which shown with unusual brilliancy against her cloud of dark hair.

As Lord Eroslove was presented to her she said:

"I am delighted to meet you, Lord Eroslove. I have heard Gamaliel speak so often of you, and of course I am deeply interested in the one who is so soon to become her husband. You have won a treasure in winning her."

"On this last proposition I agree with you heartily, Miss Incognita. And it would be but a waste of words to assure you of the pleasure it gives me to know the dearest friend Gamaliel has. You really seem but a few years her senior, so I can understand her congenial feeling toward you."

At this she and Mr. Snob laughed, and she said:

"You doubtless base your kind compliment upon the fact of my youthful appearance, which is so aptly expressed in the old adage that a woman is as old as she looks and a man as old as he feels. If this be true, then I combine both similitudes in myself, for I am sure I feel younger than I look."

"Then I am sure you are but Gamaliel's equal in years," he replied, smiling at her.

He appeared so real, so like himself, that Miss Incognita would certainly have lost control of herself if she had not previously accustomed her emotions to him and disciplined her mobile features, as she observed him from the dark room in the London hotel.

They had intended their call to be quite a short one, but Mr. Snob noticed that Lord Eroslove lost all idea of time, as this beautiful, brilliant woman held him spellbound with her wit, vivacity and learning, all expressed with a melodious voice of inimitable intonation and softness of accent. He listened to her and looked into her eyes as though the ecstasy of a dream possessed him or some strange fascination held him spellbound. Her soul seemed to be in her eyes and voice, and Mr. Snob thought to himself as they bade her adieu and left the mansion that he had never before seen her half so beautiful. He also thought he understood the true reason why she would never consent to meet Lord Eroslove when he was pressing his suit for Gamaliel! It were well for Gamaliel's chances that it had been as it was!

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

The day of the wedding had now come, and all things were ready. During the day Gamaliel felt the depression of a nervous anxiety, which made her sad and restless.

She wandered about the house trying to shake off her heavy feelings by prying into this and that and busying herself about everything. She received a letter from Eros which made her weep until her tears settled upon the letter like the morning dew upon the grass. She went into the library, and, opening first one book and then another, read snatches from them. In one volume her eyes rested upon this passage, which she read and re-read:

“If thou comest too late, O my ideal! I shall not have the power to love thee. My soul is like a dovecote full of doves. At every hour of the day there flies forth some desire. The doves return to the cote, but desires return not to the heart. The azure of the sky becomes white with their countless swarms.

“They pass away through space from world to world, from clime to clime, in quest of my Love, where they may perch and pass the night. Hasten thy steps, O my Dream! O my Love! or thou wilt find in the empty nest but the shells of the birds that have flown away.”

When she had finished reading these beautiful lines she hastened to her escreteoire and quickly penned them to Eros, and signed her name, "Your own sad Gamaliel." This letter she had a servant to secretly post. She was under a promise not to inform Eros of the marriage, and this letter was the nearest she could come toward expressing to him the deep, sorrowful yearnings of her heart. The nearer the time approached the less attractive became to her the boasted honors of her alliance with Lord Eroslove, and the more desperate became the yearnings of her love for Eros. "Oh!" she thought, "if he would only come! Even now I would fly with him to the ends of the earth! Why did I ever let them cause me to be faithless to my love? O God, what a heart I have, that can thus love and yet be untrue!" But soon, even now, the shadows of evening were settling upon the earth, and the shadows of despair about her heart! With the advent of the night came the advent of her doom.

The wedding and the ceremony were not different from other select affairs of this kind. A hundred or so acquaintances and friends were in attendance. At the last moment Mrs. John Smith was overcome with severe nervous headache, and it devolved upon Miss Incognita to give Gamaliel to Lord Eroslove. As these two women approached the altar they were the center of all attraction. Every eye that could get within range was focused upon them.

Gamaliel's face was pale and sad, and her dreamy

violet eyes were cast down, and the long, dark lashes seem as if trying to hide their tearful depths from the gaze of all. She looked as though her heart was keeping time with the music, and with each throb was saying to her:

“Traitor to love! Traitor to love!”

Miss Incognita was a personification of queenly loveliness and radiance. No empress ever approached her throne with more stately magnificence than she manifested as she led Gamaliel to the altar and then stood there with her facing Lord Eroslove! Her rich bodice of snow-white satin was cut modestly décolleté, displaying all of her graceful throat. She wore no ornaments, for nothing could adorn the beauty of that throat and bosom.

Gamaliel's toilet of white silk and point lace was fastened close up to the neck with a pin of diamonds. The stones were clustered to represent a heart, and the center stone was a large, rich ruby. This cluster might be aptly said to represent her heart, and that ruby her love for Eros.

The position as they stood before the altar put Miss Incognita and Lord Eroslove face to face. Her eyes were fastened upon his face and were never once removed therefrom. The freshness, beauty and buoyancy of her face and person seemed to fascinate him and caused him to rivet his gaze upon her instead of the bride. There are women who, when they choose, can contract their souls and make themselves appear dull and lifeless, and then, when the proper person and occasion arouse them, they can let their

souls loose until their being becomes a halo of beauty and inspiration! Such had Miss Incognita done upon this night, which marked the beginning of her victorious revenge over the man who stood before her. She possessed the spirit of an eagle and the wings of her outraged love had plumed themselves for a wonderful flight!

Those who observed her face and eyes at that moment when she placed Gamaliel's cold and trembling hand in the grasp of Lord Eroslove saw that her eyes glittered and her lips and cheeks were aflame!

The brief service was soon concluded, and the party were driven to Miss Incognita's mansion, where a reception was tendered Lord and Lady Eroslove, and they received the congratulations of friends.

A circumstance occurred as the newly-married couple were passing from the door of the Smith mansion to their carriage, which should be here noted. They were slowly making their way through the crowd of people assembled on or thronging the street, when a woman disguised in a black hood made her way to the side of Lord Eroslove and thrust a sealed note into his hand, at the same time hissing between her teeth these words:

"Tonight, first look upon her breasts. Beware, and fail not to do it!"

Then before he could detect whom she was she was lost in the crowd. From the moment these words pierced his ears a feeling of awe and dismay seized upon his spirits, which he found it impossible to shake off by either the gay levity of conversation

or the exhilarating effects of wine. He noticed that the only calm, sweet moments he had during the evening were when Miss Incognita blessed him with her radiant presence. She impressed him more and more as a gifted creation, who was designed to charm and captivate those about her and minister to their pleasure. Not that these emotions toward her detracted from or interfered with his love for Gamaliel! Not at all! He realized that he loved her as he had never loved any one. He had no shadow of a doubt on this point. He knew the distinction between a passing or even a deep passion and the sacred ecstasy of *love* too well to be deceived as to the quality of his emotions for her. But one love in his life had ever approached this, and that passion was dead long, long, ago.

Miss Incognita inspired within him a feeling of high esteem and admiration which caused him to quickly recognize that strength of her nature which could be relied upon and leaned upon in trouble and sore distress. Hence, from the moment he heard those mysterious words (which had not reached Gamaliel's ear), and had had thrust into his hand that yet unopened note which so oppressed his spirits, he had felt himself drawn toward Miss Incognita for relief and succor. Yet he knew he could not, would not, dare not mention to her this mysterious and menacing message which had been so stealthily delivered to him.

"Doubtless," he would say to himself, "there is no meaning to it. It was but the crazy act of some

lunatic's mind! Or perhaps it was a coarse joke of some plebian in the crowd that had gathered there on the street."

Then he would grow impatient of the prolonged festivities. It seemed to him the reception would never end. Gamaliel's arm appeared to rest lifelessly in his, and he could detect no spark of gayety in her modest, beautiful face. Now and then he touched her hand and it was cold. He constantly felt his left hand clutching that mysterious note in his pocket, and it seemed hot to him, as though there was a glowing coal inside. He longed to open it, and yet he feared to do it. He felt toward it much as a culprit does toward the reception of his sentence. He *must* know what it is, and yet the thought of it makes his heart quake and his knees smite together!

All during the evening Miss Incognita watched his face. She glanced at him from every conceivable point and angle. She observed his restless eye and the deep dimple in his protruded chin. Now and then she noticed his tender glances at Gamaliel, accompanying tender words, and she saw that Gamaliel received them without animation or display of any emotion.

The reception had now come to a close and the last of the guests were departing. The hostess then turned her attention to the bride and groom. She observed that Lord Eroslove was restless and nervous and Gamaliel was demure and shy.

She came up to them in her charming way, saying:

"I am sure Lord and Lady Eroslove must be wearied and wish to retire. I will have the servants attend you to your rooms at once."

"Thank you, Miss Incognita. I fear Gamaliel is wearied."

Gamaliel acquiesced by the silence of a slight smile, and they were shown to their apartments on the second floor.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FORETASTE OF RETRIBUTION.

WHEN Lord and Lady Eroslove reached their bridal apartments he kissed her, and, leaving her with her maid, he quickly retired to the adjoining room. Here, being alone, he opened the sealed note and read it. It contained the same words which had been whispered to him by his unknown informant on the crowded street. There was but one way to decide its meaning and import, and that was by obeying it. He would see for himself whether it really pointed him to some terrible secret or was but a joke perpetrated on him by a meddling fool. He waited until late in the night, when he knew Gamaliel was in a deep sleep. It was at the still hour half way between midnight and day, when he silently made his way to her bedside. He turned a gentle though ample light into the room sufficient to reveal to his eye whatever he desired to see. One of her arms was thrown back on her downy pillow, with the pink palm of the dimpled hand turned upward in close proximity to her face. The other was lying carelessly across her bosom. Her flushed lips were half parted, showing the points of her white, even rows of teeth. Her head was turned slightly to one side revealing an artistic curvature of her slender throat.

It was necessary for him to remove her hand from over her bosom before he could pry into that

secret for which his heart was yearning. When he bent over her to take her hand his hand trembled as though it had been stricken with palsy. He stood upright again and rubbed his hands together, and then noiselessly strode the room, trying to calm himself. The room was warm, and the gentle sleeper had but a slight, filmy covering over her, and this clung in caressing grace about her reclining figure, revealing each rare curve, each rich fullness and the splendor of each rounded segment. Lord Eroslove again bent over her, and with one gentle touch removed her hand and left her bosom unguarded save by the slender hold of a pearly clasp which held her nightrobe. This, also, he deftly removed, and then the fluffy folds of her silk gown were rolled back. As he did this his eyes focused their vision upon a strange band of green. He first thought it was a green ribbon connected in some way with her toilet, but when he bent lower and looked more closely his eyes became riveted upon the following characters extending and coiling themselves across both of her beautiful breasts:

“—Love.”

“—Mas.”

He pressed his trembling hand upon his brow, closed his eyes as if to dispel an illusion which he thought was taking possession of him, or to recall some dim memory of long ago. He again looked at these mysterious characters with the most intense concentration of vision and thought. All at once remorseless memory did its duty. This strong man's

eyes swam in their sockets. His heart almost ceased its beating under the crushing weight of a flood of intruding memories and emotions. The currents of his blood reversed their courses, even as the water is driven up its channel by some mighty revulsive force. Then he sank upon the floor by her bed in a swooning torture of agony, while deep, muffled groans issued from beneath his set teeth. His frame trembled until the very floor quivered and vibrated beneath him. He remained thus for an hour or more, during which time all the angels and ghosts and demons and devils of his selfish life passed in review before him. He saw the poor, suffering, trusting woman of his youth, and heard her wails and moans, as they followed him from the Chicago apartment house that day when he last heard her voice. He saw her sad, white, emaciated face pressed against the window-pane and beheld her pleading eyes as they followed him far down the street. In his imagination he saw her spending the remainder of her days in the walls of a madhouse where he had sent her, and he heard the shrieks, wails and jabberings of raving lunatics by whom she was surrounded.

Then the imagination carried him to Primrose Hill Park, and the eyes of a trusting woman there stared at him from out the flowers, and the curse of his perjured passion took hideous shape by her side, and held in its hand a sword of flame.

Next he was upon an isle of the sea, and the waves were wailing and splashing around him, and he saw a beautiful woman go down into the valley of the

shadow of death on his account. He beheld her pains and her pangs, which she endured with the fortitude and the heroism of a martyr. He saw her come up out of the valley of her travail bearing two young lives freshly transplanted here from the realm of the unknown. Then with remorseless haste his memory hurried him to a little cabin, where there enacted before his eyes the vision of his torture and abandonment of these little lives. He again saw their innocent faces, their wondering eyes, and again heard their shrieks of pain, as "Old Gymp the conjurer" bent over and tortured them at his command. His thoughts then hurried him to the present and he found himself lying on his back in this his bridal chamber, and in his imagination he saw old Gymp the conjurer bending his saffron, wrinkled face and white bushy head over him, and in his bony hand he held a long sharp-pointed instrument of torture and in the other hand a grinning skull, out of which issued a flame of green, and he was torturing his heart and filling its fibres and its chambers with this lurid flame. The fumes arose to the frescoed ceiling of the room and gathered themselves into weird shapes, and then writhed themselves into serpent forms like letters. He looked again and behold! he read there this sentence in letters of fire: "An experiment out of marriage."

CHAPTER XXIX.

AFTER-SCENES—EROS'S DISCOVERY.

LORD EROSLove crawled upon the floor to the adjoining room. He went to one of his portnanteaus and took from it a flask of brandy which he drained to the last drop.

From that time until day he walked his room with a quick, unsteady tread. As he walked, he tried to think what he must do. The fearful explosion within him had scattered his faculties, even as a blast of nitro-glycerine scatters the masses of rocks which confine it.

At one moment he thought he would reveal all to Gamaliel's adopted parents. Then he would recoil, from the dark revelation of his past life which this would render necessary. He decided at one time he would rush in and take Gamaliel in his arms, and acknowledge all to her, and strive to win her love as a father instead of as a husband. But he feared the terrible revulsion in her nature which this course would inevitably produce. Then he came to the conclusion that he would abandon her and secretly fly to England. But his sober, selfish, second thought warned him of the ruin this would surely bring upon him.

There was one sure course left to him, which would solve all so far as he was concerned. *It was easy to die!* Yes, this was a quick, sure plan, and he would

adopt it. What more could life be to him now? Had he not drained the cup of all its ordinary sweets? Had not his life been consecrated to the pleasurable gratification of all of his senses, and to the constant enjoyment of all sensual delights? Had not his desire sipped the sweetness from all the flowers of love's beauty, even as busy bees sip the dewy honey from the flowers of earth's seasons? Why should he care to live until that leaden day when passion relapses into dull, withered calm, and voluptuous desire turns palsied torpor; when love's languorous dreamy tranquility degenerates to weariness; and the sensuous gratification, which once gave ecstacy, becomes degraded into the conscienceless calm of death preferable to this state? Then, should he live on, and suffer this new torture, which like a fury had hurled itself upon him? Had not his amorous heart loved Gamaliel with all its fathomless intensity, and had not his lecherous blood been stirred to the very subterranean depths of its passion to possess and enjoy her beauty, and mingle its tainted currents with the virgin courses of her veins, which, God help him! was already filled with blood of his blood? And he to have felt thus toward his own—! "My God," he cried aloud, "I will not, I cannot endure it!"

Trembling as with palsy he took his revolver from its case and quickly loaded it. He shut tight the door between his room and Gamaliel's, and then sat down at a desk and wrote a note. When he had finished is, he addressed it to Gamaliel. He took up

the revolver and cocked it. Then he laid it down, and looked excitedly about the room, as if trying to think of something else, or to collect his thoughts. He again seized the weapon! His eyes were blood-shot, his face pale as death, and the great dimple in his chin was purple to its depth. His hand trembled like a dead leaf in a whirlwind. All at once his blue lips parted, and he muttered: "Oh, coward, coward that I am, why does the fear of death reverse the law of my being, and make me rather endure a living death than submit myself to unconscious repose! Then Courage! Courage! I will look upon her face once more. I will again see my Gamaliel as she was to me, and then as she is, and courage will come to me and steady this cowardly hand."

Trembling he stole back into the room where Gamaliel slept. He crept to her bedside and was gazing intently upon her when all at once she revealed the dawn of her violet eyes, and looked at him a moment, and then quickly extending her arms toward him, said with a smile rising to her lips: "*My husband.*"

The now bewildered man waved his hand like a sceptre up and down over the fresh, beautiful girl, saying in a weird kind of way, "Gamaliel, sleep on! sleep on! sleep on!" at the same time backing out of her room into his own, and closing the door. He raised the white shades, and rolled back the curtains from the windows in his room, and in rushed a cheerful flood of bright light, for now it was

day, and the genial October sun was flooding the earth with a wealth of autumnal glory. The splendor of the dawn and the gorgeous aspect of the city, bathed in this flood-tide of light, seemed to check Lord Eroslove's desperate purpose, and to infuse some hope into his heart—for he put away the revolver, saying:

“Yes, I will tell Miss Incognita all. That rare, beautiful woman is full of strength and resources, and in her I may find rescue and consolation. I will hasten down, and take a morning walk; this may revive me. Then I will see her.”

.....
All during the night the sound of his agitated footsteps had been heard both by Gamaliel and Miss Incognita.

But these two listened to them with emotions of very different kinds. To Miss Incognita they were as the drumbeat announcing a victorious battle! In the expectant heart of the bride they aroused an uncertain, morbid curiosity, bordering on consternation and dismay! Had his heart, after getting hers in its power, turned against her? Had all his pleasure been in winning her and was there none in the possession of her? Why was he staring at her so strangely and ghastly when she awoke, and why his strange words and conduct? Had he seen that fateful mark upon her bosom and had this appalled and repelled him? She felt for the clasp of her gown and it was not there, and she discovered that the folds of her nightrobe had been rolled back

exposing all to his eye. Then she called him, but he did not answer. She went into the other room and he was not there. Had he indeed deserted her? (She did not know that he had gone out for a walk.) Then she knew he did not love her as Eros did, for, if so, this mark upon her would not have caused him to be so cruel! He would have overlooked much for the sake of her love.

From the time Lord Eroslove had so weirdly left her bed she had been in tears. Her breakfast was sent to her room, but she could eat nothing. She waited, expecting he would come up to her room, but he came not. Miss Incognita came and comforted her by informing her that Lord Eroslove had been quite ill during the night, and had gone out early to get the benefit of the morning air.

"Then, as he is out, if you will excuse me, I will drive over to my mother's."

"Of course, Gamaliel. The drive will be so refreshing to you. I will have Lord Eroslove call for you."

The departure of Gamaliel just suited, for the present, Miss Incognita's purpose. She heard Lord Eroslove leave the house and she was expecting him back momentarily. She had heard enough during the night to know that the arrow of revenge had pierced the very center of his heart. She must prepare herself to receive him. She must above all attract him to her on this first meeting. So she adorned herself in a striking, picturesque style. Her morning gown was of black moire, with slashings of

rose-colored satin. It was cut low enough at the throat to reveal the first gentle swelling of the bosom. The low collar was bordered with a frill of stiff Spanish ruff, interlaced with a narrow rose-colored ribbon. The sleeves ended just below the elbows in a frill of the same stiff Spanish ruff. All the fastenings of the gown were of brilliant jet. The rich moire stuff clung tenaciously to her figure and revealed a model over which Rubens would have gone into ecstasy. It is impossible to describe how exquisitely the combination of her rich black gown with its trimmings and fastenings of rose-color and brilliant jet, harmonized with the soft, shining whiteness of her skin, and the dark flood of her beautiful hair. She wore dark slippers gathered with bright jet buckles. She ordered their breakfast served in her own private dining room. This dainty little room was an octagon, and in each angle was a vase of Italian marble filled elternately with ferns and red camelias. The furniture of the room was of embossed leather.

Between two angles of the room was a leather couch, over which was thrown a covering of green silk. Upon this Miss Incognita was reclining awaiting the coming of Lord Eroslove. She had given orders that as soon as he returned and completed his morning toilet, he was to be shown into this room. A faint, sweet perfume filled the room, like a delicate mixture of violets and sweet pansies, which exuded from cut flowers interlaced among the ferns in the marble vases. Soon Lord Eroslove was an-

nounced and shown into the room. She affected *ennui* and did not rise to meet him, but greeted him with a languorous smile, saying:

“Will you pray excuse me, my lord, from rising? The lateness of the evening’s pleasures, which I partook of with too much zest, makes me languid and somewhat faint. Pray take this chair by me. I hope you feel refreshed this morning.”

While she wawws speaking these words, her eyes were enjoying a rare feast, for they were gloating over a face that had grown old in a night. His blue-black eyes were bloodshot, and the heaviness and fullness of the underlids caused them to hang a little out, showing a portion of the red inner surface. His chin was a mesh of furrows. His lips and skin had a purplish hue, and the large underlip seemed somewhat congested, as though it had been struck by a blow of some sort. He was so nervous that the muscles of his face involuntarily twitched and wriggled now and then, and his hands were very tremulous. When he spoke she noticed that his voice also had changed, for it was first thick and then hollow. On her invitation he came over to the seat by her couch. She extended her hand to him, which he grasped in his. She pressed his hand warmly and his gave her a response.

“Miss Incognita, let me thank you for your morning welcome. I can assure you I sympathize with you in your feelings of *ennui*, for I myself have been exceedingly unwell all the past night.”

“Why, my lord, this is too bad! My dear Gamaliel

—excuse me, I love to call her by that name—is not quite well, and upon my advice has taken a morning drive over to her mother's. I felt sure you would spare her a little while.”

“It was indeed so thoughtful in you to suggest the drive to her. It might even be well for her to spend the day with her mother.”

“It would be very kind and indulgent in you to spare her so long, I am sure.”

“You see, I would conform myself to her pleasure. Should I not do that?”

“Of course, if you could content yourself here with me.”

“To unselfishly spare her, and content myself with you, gives me double pleasure.”

“Then, my lord, you may prolong it as much as you like, for what gratifies you, more than delights me. I hope your indisposition of the past night will soon, very soon, have passed away.”

“Thank you, but I have cause to believe that it will not. I fear the consequences.”

“Then there is cause for alarm, my lord. Ah, I will have to take you under my charge, and rid you of your malady.”

“If you can do that, I gladly give myself over to you.”

“Then my first prescription is this,” and she touched a bell and had a delicious breakfast served.

The savory breakfast, her charming manner, fresh beauty and coaxing, musical voice, all combined to heighten his spirits and revive his energies.

"How quickly has she made me fall in love with life!" he thought to himself, as she took his arm and went from the dining room into the parlor. Here she played and sang for him. One of the gems she executed was a Nocturne, so sweet and sad and plaintive, that it led him out of the sorrows of the world, and coaxed him into some dreamland, where love and beauty were always young and gay, and nothing ever came to blight or destroy. As he listened, enraptured with this rare creature of melody, his memory awoke, and he thought, "Ah, how strange! I have heard that divine melody before, and how much it is like hers!"

And his mind recalled that May morning of long ago when in the apartment house in Chicago he first heard the wonderful execution and improvisation of *Eidola Mandeville*. Then his thought followed this poor lady into the madhouse, and his face became sad, and he did not enjoy the music.

Miss Incognita had just arisen from the piano, when one of her household companions brought her a telegram. She tore it open and read it. The contents were as follows:

"MOTHER: I have just received a strange, sad letter from Gamaliel. Have seen news of her marriage. I shall leave for home this evening. Pray don't forbid.—EROS."

She sent this hasty reply:

"EROS: Await my letter of yesterday's date. For

God's sake, note well its contents. Governed by it, you can take such steps as you desire.—MOTHER."

As she read this telegram, and answered it, she thought:

"Just as I expected. Ah, how well it all suits my purposes and works into my plans. How well I know him, and how accurately I had divined his course of action!"

Rage, desperation and despair all in turn possessed Eros. By turns he raved and wept. He swore Gamaliel should not be lost to him. He knew she loved him alone, and that she had been influenced to give her hand to this nobleman, while her heart was his, as it had always been! Was not her sad letter, which alas, reached him too late, a bitter heart-broken wail calling him to her? Was there ever such a time as *too late* for love. Why had he not suspected this mercenary match-making? Why had not Gamaliel in some of her adorable letters given him a hint of this cruel tragedy that was being enacted upon her heart and at the expense of their love? No doubt, she was under surveillance. He, though yet a boy, would challenge this nobleman, and fight him even to death! He would make his way to Gamaliel even if it lay over his dead body!

The awful passion that had been stirred in Eros' heart for Gamaliel was his by heredity. His hot blood was but a hotter ferment generated from the lecherous admixture of the venereal stock of Hanover and Eroslove.

Now this passion became a thousand-fold more desperate, when he realized that the precious object of its desire had been taken away; yea, not only away, but had become the unlawful prey of another's passion.

From the hour the fateful news of Gamaliel's marriage reached Eros, he was changed from a quiet, docile student to a wild and reckless mutineer. He made up his mind to defy the authority of his adopted mother. He would say nothing to her about it, but would take the first train that would bear him to Gamaliel. Finally he noticed he would have time to communicate with his mother before the train would leave for New York. He then sent the message which we saw delivered to her in her parlor.

In a short while he received her puzzling answer. He paced the college campus reading it, and trying to unravel its contents.

"Await my letter of yesterday's date." Then he would not get that letter until the evening train came in, and that would delay him until tomorrow afternoon in reaching Gamaliel. By that time she might be gone. The newspaper account stated, "The distinguished couple would sail for England in a few days." This letter might be a ruse to defer his coming. Ought he to be ensnared by it? Yet, could it be possible that his mother, who had always thrown him and Gamaliel together, and had encouraged and nourished their young love for each other, had taken part in this infamous match-making

between his sweetheart and this English nobleman.

Ought he to be so cruel as to charge her with such a thing? Besides the letter seemed to be one of great importance.

He decided to wait for it.

With the telegram clinched in his hand, and his hand thrust into his pocket, Eros paced back and forth, and here and there, until the postman came in sight delivering the afternoon mail. Eros ran to meet him. The expected letter was handed him and seizing it he tore off the seal and read,—what?

There was not a line of a letter, but another sealed envelope inside, on the front face of which were written these words in bright red ink:

“In case you flee with Gamaliel, when you have gone, open and read this letter the first time you and she are alone. Beware! fail not. *The first time you and she are alone.*”

That was all. Then she expected him to flee with Gamaliel, and this was the only condition imposed upon him. How lenient, how liberal she was!

“I swear I will be governed by it!” And as he uttered these words he raised his right hand.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE EVENTS OF THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING—THE
LETTER FROM THE DEMENTED LADY.

IT was now three o'clock of the day after the wedding. Miss Incognita's carriage had just returned from the Smith mansion, and in it were she and Lord Eroslove.

They had driven over to Gamaliel. He had consented to go with the greatest hesitation. Miss Incognita noticed that whenever the name "*Lady Eroslove*" was mentioned, Lord Eroslove took on the appearance of a lunatic stricken with palsy. The most intense pain seemed to shoot like electric sparks through every fibre of his being. His suffering was tenfold greater than her vengeance, even in its most frenzied moments, had ever imagined it would be. His face had all the lines of pain, all the perturbations of torture, of a condemned criminal awaiting his sentence. Gamaliel was in her bed suffering from hysterics, and begged him to excuse her. He seemed elated at being thus relieved from going to her room, and when Miss Incognita said:

"Why, of course, my lord, you shall see her. I will go and prepare her for your reception. She does not understand."

He exclaimed, at the same time seizing her frantically by the wrist:

"Pray, Miss Incognita, do not trouble yourself! I was once a physician, and know she needs perfect quiet and rest. I will see her some other time—not today."

"But, my lord, what will her parents think? She must prepare herself and go home with you. Would she think of being separated from you the day, evening and night following her marriage?"

"But, I pray you, Miss Incognita, do not trouble yourself about my sacrifice in being denied her. It is better she should remain here until she is fully restored. Besides, my indisposition might interfere very much with her rest and quiet."

Miss Incognita noticed one point gained already: He did not want to leave her side. He seemed to be leaning upon her. He was careful that she did not leave him. So when she drove home nothing would do but he must go with her.

This night she was to spend alone in her mansion with Lord Eroslove.

I would have the reader, in judging of, or criticising Miss Incognita's course of action in relation to Lord Eroslove, if he should see fit to indulge in such, bear in mind the legal relation existing between her and him, so that, conduct unbecoming in other cases and toward other men, was not so with him.

After their drive from the Smith mansion, Miss Incognita and Lord Eroslove came into her parlor

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and were seated together upon a divan. The effect of the visit to the Smiths told mightily on his spirits, and she said to him by way of comforting him, so far as he could judge of her motives.

"You should not allow a temporary indisposition such as you have, my lord, to cause you to become so sorrowful. Often, when I am sad from some trivial cause, such as afflicts you, I contrast my condition with that of some poor unfortunate one, who exists and suffers deep down in the depths of despair. So to cheer up your spirits, my lord, if you do not object to the recital, I will tell you of an incident which has come under my own observation."

"Why, I would be delighted. No one's voice sounds half so sweet to me now as yours, and no one comforts me so much as you—since—ah, that is, since lady—ah, Gamaliel has been ill."

"Then I will tell you. Sit nearer, if you do not object, my lord."

And Lord Eroslove moved close to her side, and in his despair felt that she was a great comfort to him. Then she proceeded:

"About one year ago I was visiting some friends in the city of Chicago. Their residence was situated not far from the asylum for the insane, and on several occasions we visited it, and became acquainted with a number of the patients. One of these inmates, whose acquaintance I made, was a lady who looked to be about forty-five years of age, but she may not have been, for she seemed to be prematurely aged. Her hair, which had been black, was

almost white. Her emaciated face was thin and classic in its outline, and its expression was inexpressibly sad and pitiful. She had large, deep violet eyes, which had a far-away, dreamy expression, but they did not look as old as her face and her hair.

"Her mind seemed to be perfectly lucid, and it was a special form of her insanity, so they said, that she always claimed to be perfectly sane. She had fearful spells of melancholia, and would almost weep her heart away.

"I did much to comfort her and cheer her spirits on my visits to the institution, and, on account of the friendship and interest I manifested for her, she became very much attached to me. Soon after my last visit to her I received this letter from her, which I will read to you:

"MY DEAR FRIEND MISS INCOGNITA: I regretted, more than I can express to you, my inability to have a long talk with you when you were here the last time. I had much to say to you, for I wanted to enlist your interest on my behalf to procure my deliverance from this gloomy place. I will now write you what I had intended to say to you. My maiden name was Eidola Mandeville, and in 1868 I married a Dr. Dumas, of Chicago.'"

Here Lord Eroslove became so agitated that Miss Incognita said to him:

"I fear, my lord, you are not comfortable; pray arrange yourself in an easy position."

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"In a moment, or very soon, I will feel better, thank you, dear Miss Incognita. I felt a recurrence of another phase of my malady of last night. I will try to quiet myself. Pray read on."

"I had been reared in affluence and luxury, and had always been very happy. I loved my husband with all the passion of life itself, and thought he loved me. Oh, how happy were those early days of my love when I had him and my dear mother. But soon after our marriage my mother died, leaving me with no one in the wide world to cling to but my husband. When my mother was gone I gave him all that additional wealth of affection which had been lavished upon her. When she was upon her death-bed, he swore to her that he loved me dearly, and would always shield me and protect me. I seemed to be the only tie to bind her to earth, and when she felt that my life was safely in the keeping of another, she quickly laid aside the weight of her burdens and passed away. We laid her body to rest far away from all who knew, or loved her except myself. It was my joy day by day to visit her lonely grave, and—to love my husband'— Indeed, my lord, are you quite ill? I fear you are worse. Let me——"

"No, no, Miss Incognita, my heart is tender, you know, and the lady's sad tale touches me deeply. Pray you read on. It may do me good to let my heart dissolve in tears."

"My husband loved me, or I thought so, and was the idol of my heart, until, from some mysterious

cause, he began to grow distant toward me and to neglect me. A great change came over him, and he began to reproach me, because I could bear him no children. I should have said to you that, in the meantime, my health seemed to have become wrecked on account of an organic disorder, and this condition, coupled with his most cruel reproaches, caused me to suffer untold agonies and indescribable heartaches. Oh, how I did long and pray to pass away and be with my beloved mother! He next used my condition as a pretext to inflict upon my love baser cruelty and indignity than he had visited upon my heart. He would try an experiment out of marriage and inflict the first fruits of it upon me, by having me compound the lecherous villany of his scheme, and falsely call myself the mother of this venal offspring. When my poor, outraged love cried out against it, he perjured his own heart, suborned base witnesses, and, taking me altogether unawares, committed me to the keeping of these dismal walls. Here I have been for twenty long, weary years, waiting and waiting for my deliverance, either through the compassion of death, or by the influence of some friend like yourself. I was so young when I came here, and now I dare not look at myself, for I am haggard and gray. Yet, it seems, neither death nor liberty will ever come to me.

“I have never heard of my husband since he left me. I have never seen him since that evening in August, when he drove away from me, and my eye followed him far down the street, and I was left the

first time in my life *alone*. Oh, my dear friend, come to me and help me. Try if you can find him, and appeal to him to get my release from this awful place. He put me here, he surely could have me set free. Say to him, I will never trouble him. I will not try to find him, nor have him love me any more—for I am now old, gray and haggard and he could not love me if he would. For so long I have heard the moans and the groans and the wails and the shrieks of poor demented mortals all about me, that I have become almost as they. Oh, come to me, my friend, for I am so weary, weary.

“Your sad friend, MRS. DUMAS.”

By the time Miss Incognita had finished reading the letter, Lord Eroslove's hands were tightly clinched! He had drawn himself up to a rigid, sitting posture, and his whole body was convulsed as with congestive rigors. She heard him hiss low between his teeth:

“Then she lives! Ah, Swindle, thou perjured liar!”

Next he uttered aloud, as if to himself:

“Ah, the wretch, who did this, let his heart burst as it is bursting, and break as it is breaking! I will go at once! She shall be free! What could have possessed the wretch all these years that he should have lived unmoved, and she enduring a living death! What could have so deadened his conscience and dulled his memory?”

Then rising from his seat he exclaimed:

"Miss Incognita, I may be able to assist in the deliverance of this poor lady. I will go at once to Chicago. I will have immediate steps taken to procure her release." Then he said aside in sotto voice: "She will not know me now. I can fear no harm from her. I will go."

"Pray, Lord Eroslove, do not allow yourself to be so wrought up. We must act with deliberation. In the condition in which your malady now affects you, it would not do for you to act with precipitation in anything. Besides, I am daily expecting another communication from this unfortunate lady. Let us wait for that, and then we can act in concert in this matter. I assure you, my lord, had I known that the sad affair would affect you so deeply, I would have refrained from mentioning it. Yet it should cheer your spirits to know you are so much better off than such an unfortunate as she. I did not know your heart was so tender, and so easily affected, my lord. Pray now, forget it for the present, and let us be gay. Since you will not have Gamaliel with you this evening, I must take her place and make you happy. Come, let us have some music!"

And she took his arm and made him walk with her to the piano. He took a seat by her and she played and sang as only a woman can, who is a genius, who has suffered much, and whose heart is aroused to its depths. All the passion and love which can be compressed into the mighty and subtle charms of sound, were released and sent forth by her voice and

fingers. There was a carnal feast of passionate notes and amorous melody, and his heart was their prey. He had always been easily and deeply moved by music. Under the influence of such music as this was, rendered by this inspired woman, whose radiant person and tender eyes moved him in conjunction with the wonderful melody, Lord Eroslove became at once transformed, as if by magic, to his once gay and lascivious self! It is a fact, which no student of the human emotions can deny, that when the feelings are deeply stirred, they move quickly and easily, like a pendulum, from one extreme of the dial to the other. This is especially true of one endowed with passionate depths of feeling, like Lord Eroslove. An hour had not passed since the time when he was undergoing the tortures of the damned during the sad recital by Miss Incognita, and yet now we find him reveling in the amatory delights showered upon him by this beautiful woman, who has taken such a tender interest in him.

Miss Incognita realized that the opportune time had now come to carry out one of the main parts of her program, and she set herself to do it. She knew the heart of this man too well to fail. She had not nursed her revenge this long, to let it now fail and lag from the lack of tact, and power in her to carry it to its consummation. All the forces of the soul and beauty of this rare woman were pressed into service by her, to arouse and charm the nature of this lascivious man, and bring him to her feet. She knew the power of music over him, and it served

her well. For an hour she ravished his heart, and stirred his soul with the wide range of passionate strains which were included in her varied repertoire and made possible by her wonderful powers of improvisation. When she had finished, and turned toward him, she saw that his face looked as it did when he first wooed her maiden love in the long ago. He gave her smile for smile and yielded his heart to her subtle manipulations. Strange man! But a true type of that class of epicurean sensualists, who, day by day, live only in the gratification of the senses and care for naught save the pleasures of the hour which minister unto them.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHANGED RELATIONS.

DINNER being announced, Lord Eroslove and Miss Incognita went in to partake of it.

She well knew just what suited his epicurean taste. He ate and drank heartily. His spirits had reached high level by the time dinner was over. He was like a gay young cavalier, when in the act of courting his first sweetheart. He was a strange man, whose master passion had the power over him of making him, at least temporarily, forget the sorrows of all other emotions. In an hour such a man can rise from the depths of despair to the elysian heights of passionate joys—provided some sweet angel of love but be present to beckon him upward. Such an angel, and a radiant, beautiful one, was now hovering over him, and he was so happy that he was oblivious of all things else!

They strolled from the dining room to the parlor, her arm in his, and thence to the library. Here she read to him verses from Moore and Byron, some of those rare sonnets of Shakespeare. She allowed him to toy with her jeweled hand. He noticed that, instead of reproving him, she smiled. An hour or so before, his emotions had been at the low ebb, now the great, joyous tide was rushing in! He was thinking: "Why should I lose such love as this, and forego such joys as these, because just behind

me, and maybe just in front of me, are shadows and dark, cheerless valleys of despair where broods of sorrows and dismal death love to lurk? Shall I sacrifice today for yesterday, or treat lightly its joys on account of what tomorrow may bring? Shall I sacrifice this beautiful woman, because, in the wonderful and circuitous mesh and course of human events, I found in Gamaliel a daughter instead of a wife? *No, I will rather make her love me, and then she will help me get rid of Gamaliel.* Here is indeed one ray of hope for me! A woman knows far better than a man how to get rid of a woman. Ah! Such a happy deliverance she will make it for me!"

Miss Incognita was thinking: "Is he not still my lawful husband, though he knows nothing of it? Does not my knowledge of this relation, justify me in allowing, and encouraging, his amorous attentions? Can there be sin in my dissimulation of love for him, when, by so doing, I accomplish my long-deferred purposes? My conscience justifies me in my course, and I shall pursue it with vigor to the bitter end!"

This moment a note was brought to him from Gamaliel. He opened it, and he became greatly agitated.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: Doubtless the shock you experienced from the discovery you made last night of the unfortunate mark upon my person has by now somewhat passed away.

"I hope the intervening time has ere this reconciled you to me. I feel it my duty to inform you that when I was a child, my mother says, I was stolen away by some wandering gypsies, and when I was recovered that horrid mark was found upon me. You will see, there is no disgrace connected with it, and your love for me will doubtless cause you to overlook it. You must not imagine I came to my mother's this morning to be away from you. I feared you were horrified at the discovery you made, and it makes me so miserable! We understand one another better now, and I trust you will feel at liberty to come and spend the night at my mother's. My mother will take no excuses, and I shall expect you at once.

"Pardon me for not seeing you when you called today.

"Most affectionately your wife, GAMALIEL."

A sentence of death would not have affected Lord Eroslove more visibly and deeply than did this note.

He sat several minutes with the note crumpled in his hand. He was trying to think. Finally in his despair he laid the note in Miss Incognita's lap, and gasped to her, as his head fell upon his hands, "Read it!"

Miss Incognita read the note and then asked in an interested tone:

"What in the world does she mean by 'horrid mark,' 'your discovery,' and 'shock'?"

He answered in a hollow voice:

"Pray do not ask me; ask her. See the mark for yourself."

"Well, that certainly is strange! Is she really deformed in some way?"

"To me horribly so!"

"Still your marriage vow was, for better or for worse, and you took her with all her imperfections. I will order the carriage at once."

"Pray do not, for God's sake, do not," he cried, and he threw his arms violently about her waist, and buried his face upon her bosom. She did not repulse him, but replied gently:

"Why not, my lord? She is your wife. How can you refuse her?"

"Because I have discovered I do not love her. I love you and only you." Then he fell before her upon his knees, saying:

"I cannot love her, I can never love another, since I have known you! My heart, my life is yours, and only yours, and I must be free from her that I may be yours!"

"Suppose I do not want you," she replied coolly and curtly, entirely changing her former gentle, attractive manner toward him. "Do you imagine, my lord, that I could be so base as to accept your love, when your young bride, who is also my dear friend, begs for you, and awaits your coming?"

"But I cannot, I will not be hers!"

"Yea, my lord, you are already hers."

"Only in name, I swear to you. I can never, never,

know her bed!" he replied, still groveling at her feet.

"True, you might so deny her, yet that would not alter your legal relation to her. Think of your honor, and of hers, of her mother and family, and the disgrace you would inflict upon all!"

"I swear to you, she it not, she cannot be my wife—*because, she is—my daughter!*" he uttered with a groan that seemed to rend his breast and burst his heart.

"Why, my lord, your mind wanders—you are besides yourself—you know not what you say. I must send for a physician for you at once."

"No, do not. I am not mad. I call down the vengeance of heaven upon my head, if what I say to you it not true!"

"Can it be possible, my lord, that you are so base as to formulate such a cursed design as this to win *my love?*"

"I again swear that what I say to you is true."

"Past believing, my lord. Did you not know her, and court her, for months before you married her? Why did you not know then that she was your daughter, if such she be?"

"Oh, Miss Incognita, this I cannot explain to you, though I swear to you, I know she is my daughter."

"Passing strange, that you should have courted your own daughter for months, and then married her, and yet did not know her until your wedding night, when the conjugal bed for the first time unfolds its revelations!"

"Strange it is, I confess, Miss Incognita, but it is as true as it is strange!"

"Then you have been married before this time, my lord?"

"I can only answer you thus far, I have been, but—ah—am—not—so—far—as I—know."

"Then the first is dead, my lord?"

"Yes, you can have it so."

"Granting that what you say is true, how can you ever convince Gamaliel and her mother of it? *Does not the mother know her own child?*"

"For the present, my dear Miss Incognita, let us leave that problem to the future. Suffice to say, I shall not see Gamaliel tonight. I love only you, I throw myself at your feet! I will not leave you! Oh help me! For God's sake help me!"

"Then write your answer to her note, and I will have the servant deliver it."

He wrote Gamaliel, that he feared she had written him out of an over-sensitive regard for his feelings. That he thought it best for her to have a quiet night's rest and sleep, and he would see her on the morrow. He addressed her as "My dear Gamaliel," and signed his name "Affectionately yours, Lord Eros-love."

Having disposed of this matter he again turned his attention to Miss Incognita. In her love was his hope of deliverance from Gamaliel. Though it had been less than a week since he met her, he had conceived an uncontrollable passion for her. No time was to be lost. He had saved himself from Gamaliel to-

night—what would he do tomorrow night, unless this beautiful woman extricated him? Suppose he acknowledged his real relation to Gamaliel, and could prove it to her, how could he dare to face her, and acquaint her with his past life, and tell her of her illegitimacy, and of his cruelty to her when she was an infant? He would not even think of such a thing!

Until late in the night he pleaded his desperate cause with Miss Incognita. She naively repelled him, or coquettishly attracted him, as suited her purpose. She humiliated and trampled upon his heart, and then, when she liked, she coaxed him on. She exercised all the fascinations of her passionate beauty upon him. At times she would let him fondle her, and then she would coldly put him away.

She plied him with cruel questions about Gamaliel and his former married life, and tortured his heart until it bled, and until the great drops clustered upon his brow!

Then she would give encouragement to his forlorn hope, and the volume of his love would flow back to her in great inrushing tides.

That night when he left her to retire, he covered her hand over and over with kisses.

When she reached her room she washed off these kisses, which she had endured when in his presence! "Ah, but I must endure them in order to crush his heart!" she muttered to herself, as she purified herself from all his contaminating touches.

The next morning she had her coachman take him for a drive, and after luncheon she reminded him of the promised visit to Gamaliel.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when Eros' train arrived in the city. He went at once to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he made a hasty toilet, and then drove rapidly to the Smith mansion.

Lord Eroslove had preceded him by fifteen or twenty minutes, and was sitting in Gamaliel's room nervously fingering his watch chain and trying to carry on a conversation with her, which dragged along in a desultory, morbid fashion.

Mortal man could not have felt, nor looked more miserable than he.

Gamaliel had on a pink silk robe and was lying upon a lounge. She was very sad. Lord Eroslove was just reaching the point in his conversation where he would be compelled to mention the matter about which Gamaliel had written in her note, when all at once Eros rushed precipitately and excitedly up to Gamaliel's room, for he knew where it was, and, almost running over Lord Eroslove, whom he scarcely noticed, he gathered the beautiful young girl in his arms, she rising joyously from the lounge to meet him! Her whole demeanor and aspect were transformed in a moment.

The most gorgeous spring morning could not have been more radiant than had suddenly become her eyes and face! Such kisses as she gave Eros, and such embraces as he gave her, almost taught new lessons to the sensuous old veteran, who sat observing them. When Eros had kissed her and embraced her many times, he then deigned to notice Lord Eroslove, saying:

"I do not ask your pardon, sir, but rather demand to know by what right or authority I find you sitting in her room?"

Up to this moment, Lord Eroslove had never known, or even imagined, he had a rival, and a handsome young fellow at that, for Gamaliel's hand. The revelation burst upon him like a thunderbolt. He did not know this young man's name was Eros, and that he was an adopted son of Miss Incognita's. She had made it a point that his name should never be mentioned to Lord Eroslove. The appearance of any young lover of Gamaliel's just at this juncture in his affairs was better luck than he ever imagined possible to him. So instead of becoming angry he became intensely interested. He gathered his wits together as quickly as he could and replied:

"To be sure, my boy. I am here as her husband!"

"And I," exclaimed Eros, advancing a step or two toward him, "am here as her lover, determined to have her or die in the attempt. I will kill the man who dares to stand between me and her."

A spark seemed to scintillate from Lord Eroslove's eye. He quickly conceived a way of escape for himself from his cursed entanglement. So he said:

"My young fellow, I am willing to act fairly in this matter, and let it be settled by her. I will stand here and you there. Let her choose the one she loves, and let us both agree to abide by her choice."

"Good!" exclaimed Eros, who had planned duels

and murderous deeds, and plotted all sorts of dire calamities against this haughty nobleman. Now, to have it all settled thus easily, he was overjoyed.

No sooner had he exclaimed "Good!" in answer to Lord Eroslove's proposition, than Gamaliel rushed to his arms, squarely turning her back upon her husband.

"Now, my young man," said Lord Eroslove quickly and earnestly, "I want to give you and Gamaliel a piece of information, which I might never have given to her alone. But you must both first promise to do two things."

"We promise," they both replied.

"First, you are to flee together at once from the city. Now, when I tell you what I am going to disclose, you are not to ask me another question."

"Agreed!" they both exclaimed.

"Then my disclosure is this: My marriage with Gamaliel is null and void, and you and she are free to act as you please in the matter of your love. Remember now, ask me no questions."

He left them at once and drove rapidly back to Miss Incognita's residence. Within an hour Eros and Gamaliel were whirling away on the train toward Philadelphia, experiencing more of pure joy than they had ever felt in all their lives put together.

They reached Philadelphia for early supper, and registered at the Chestnut Street Hotel as "Eros Incognita and wife, New York." They went to supper, and chatted and laughed over old times, and

were as gay and happy as ever young love could be in the springtime. When they went to their room after supper, Eros all at once thought of these words:

"The first time you and she are alone!"

He felt in his inside pocket for Miss Incognita's letter and quickly drew it out. He read Gamaliel the inscription on the envelope and then tore it open. Within was a note to him, and another sealed envelope addressed to Gamaliel. Without waiting to tear open the envelope addressed to her, he held up the note to him, and they both simultaneously read these lines:

"MY DEAR EROS: As I have often hinted to you, you are not my own son. Neither is Gamaliel a daughter of Mrs. John Smith. The enclosed document will disclose everything to her, which it is necessary for her to know. I have a similar one for you, which confirms what I now reveal to you both:

"You are brother and sister."

At once the floodtide of their love was turned into another channel. They swore they would never love anyone else, but would devote their lives to each other. We leave them indulging in their new-found ecstasy, remarking as we leave them, that it would not be difficult to decide whether their new-found love were not sweeter than the other which they had lost.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SOMNAMBULE.

BEFORE Lord Eroslove returned from the Smith mansion, Miss Incognita had learned of Eros' presence in the city and of his elopement with Gamaliel.

While Lord Eroslove was on his visit to Gamaliel, Miss Incognita had spent her time alone in that peculiar long room on the third floor of her mansion. We now enter this room with her. We find that it is a chemical laboratory, and is a facsimile of the one in which Eidola Mandeville had studied chemistry under the tutelage of Dr. Dumas in Chicago years before. There were the same fixtures, the same sofa in the center of the room, and lo! the same wonderful "Hydro-Electric-Vibratoners." But these were carefully protected by being wrapped and concealed in a kind of gauze cloth.

Adjoining the main laboratory room, and connected with it by a door, was a little study or reception room, also similar to the one which adjoined the laboratory in the apartment house at Chicago.

An electric current of five hundred volts brought from the wires in the street was rushing through the vibratoners, and, when in the laboratory, one could hear its dull roar and smothered hum. The shut-off, or wheel which was used to regulate the current, had been placed by Miss Incognita in a small opening

in the wall, so that it was not visible to any one's eye except her own.

Miss Incognita, expecting Lord Eroslove's return, had made her afternoon toilet, and repaired to this room next to the laboratory, giving explicit instructions that as soon as he returned he was to be shown to this room.

Her toilet was a long, flowing crimson robe of silk, embroidered with ivy leaves of the same color, which was fitted close to her waist by a crimson girdle. Her neck was uncovered, as were also her shoulders and arms. Her hair was gathered in a *psyche* knot on top of her head, and in its folds was thrust a keen dagger, whose ivory handle was a decoration for her dark hair.

Thus attired she reclined upon the lounge awaiting Lord Eroslove's appearance.

She had not long to wait. He came into the room with a bounding step, and a merrier heart than he had had since the day of his marriage. Miss Incognita knew the cause, for she had already received a note from Mrs. John Smith informing her of the flight of Eros and Gamaliel. Lord Eroslove came right up to her, and, without rising from the lounge, she asked him to take a seat by her side. She observed how curiously and interestedly he noticed the furniture of this room. He scanned it, and looked about the room generally, as though he was trying to recall some old scene. The bath is, the furnishings of this room connecting with the laboratory were the same as that of the bedroom of Dr. and Mrs. Dumas

in the apartment house in Chicago. She had arranged everything in the same order, so as to suggest that. Therefore, from his first entrance into it, he eyed it curiously.

There was only one addition, and that was the vibratone which was suspended from the ceiling like a gorgeous chandelier.

"What causes you such merriment, my lord, and gives you such a bright face? You must have found much joy with Gamaliel, and so belied your Arabian nights' tale you told me!"

"It is still better than that, Miss Incognita," he said, drawing his chair closer to her.

"I can't conceive what would be better than to have the love of such a being as Lady Eroslove all to one's self," she replied feelingly.

"Please spare me the appellation, 'Lady Eroslove,' and I will tell you all," he gasped with a pained expression.

"Then since you persist in denying and disowning her, I will spare you this, except when she is present."

"That is the good part of it. She will no longer be present, and you can no more deny me your love on her account. She has eloped with a handsome young man."

"Lady—ah—Gamaliel eloped?"

"Yes, madam, that is the straight of it. I was in the room, in her bedroom, almost in the throes of death, and not knowing what to do, when in rushed a handsome young fellow about her age. Each one

embraced the other, and I saw they were too happy to be separated. So I gave them my blessing, and informed them that my marriage, for a reason I could not communicate to them, was null and void. Then upon my advice and approbation, they fled to some trysting-place, where undisturbed, they can enjoy one another's love. Now they are happy and they have made me happy."

"That sounds almost past belief, my lord! There is only one young man in my knowledge whom Gamaliel cared for, or associated with, and he is my adopted son."

"Have you an adopted son?" he asked earnestly.

"Yest, he is away at college. You have never seen him. I did not think it right to sacrifice Gamaliel to him, when she could marry you, so I forbade his suit. But Eros had such a passion for her——"

"*Eros?*"

"Yes, my lord; what excites you? He was my adopted son."

"Pray describe him!"

"He is of a fine, compact, athletic figure, blue-black eyes, full broad face and dark hair."

"Upon my soul this description fits him."

"Have you no record nor document to identify him, or locate his origin?"

"("Could there be more than one Eros?" he muttered aside.)"

"You see, my lord, it was in the year 1873. I saw an advertisement in the *New York World*, signed

by Steele A. Fortune, Esq., desiring some proper person to adopt a male child. The attorney and myself agreed upon terms and—but what affects you so, my lord?”

“Pray tell me more! Was there anything else about the boy that attracted your attention?”

“He was a fine, comely boy in every way. There was one unusual thing about him, and that was a peculiar mark tattooed across his breast.”

“Were there any letters or words?”

“Yes, these words, one below the other, ‘Eros—,’ ‘Du—.’”

“My God! Then it was he, and my son has eloped with my daughter!”

“Oh, no, perhaps not, my lord. You surely are delirious, and know not how you rave, and utter foolish things! See this document—I got it from the boy’s trustee—it may explain all and relieve your mind.”

“Then quickly let me see it!”

“Here it is.”

“So! So! So! I see—it confirms all—it is Eros, my own son, the lover of Gamaliel, my own daughter!” And the guilty man swooned and fell upon the floor.

Miss Incognita quickly administered brandy, into which she had dropped some of the lotion given her by Gymp, as directed by him. She realized that now her time had come to bring her revenge to its climax. She called no one to assist her. She needed no one. The knowledge she had from old Gymp she

believed was all-sufficient for her. He was her prey, and she would have him all to herself. For a moment he lay upon the floor at her feet in an unconscious state.

She quickly went into the laboratory, where she made certain that she had properly adjusted the regulator of the vibrator in the recess of the wall, so that it gave the proper current. She observed that the vibrators were sending their strange commotion or thrill throughout the room. Having noted this, she removed the gauze veils from about all the globes and retorts, so that they gave forth all their marvellous combinations of blending and dissolving colors. The old Egyptian had told her to use the vibrators in getting and keeping her control over him in her crucial experiment,—for her victim believed in the human emotions, and hence he would be deeply influenced by them as by a strong suggestion.

Leaving the laboratory she went to Lord Eroslove's side. He was sleeping deeply. The lotion has done its work—now she must act. She lifted his prostrate head upon her lap, and calmly gazed upon every feature of his face and every part of his body. She was already satiated with victory and revenge, *but her purpose was not yet fulfilled!* She carefully recalled all of old Gymp's instructions, and especially these words: "Young Missus, when he sleeps, you place your hand on his brow and keep sayin' dese words ter him"—and she repeated the words over and over to herself—"den he will pass from de natural sleep ter de sleep of Isis. When he gets inter

de sleep of Isis, den talk ter 'im, and, widout wakin', he will talk ter you—den you know you got 'im, and can ben' 'im ter your will. Say ter 'im dat he can't wake, dat he can't get out ob dat sleep, till you tell 'im. He can open his eyes, he can see you, and know all you say ter 'im and all you do, but he can't git outer de spell till you let him out. Dis is so, young missus, and don't you doubt hit, and don't you be skeered ter do it." Now she began her manipulations as the old Egyptian had told her. No, she did not doubt, she had full confidence. But a few minutes elapsed before the sleeping man began to answer her and talk to her, though he did not wake. He had passed into a state of somnambulism, and was wholly in her power. He opened his eyes, then raised his head a little, and seeing Miss Incognita bending over him, he reached out and drew her hand to his lips and attempted to kiss it. She diverted his purpose by putting her hand under his head, saying:

"I will help you. You feel better, and must get up now and go with me."

And with her assistance he staggered to his feet, and leaning heavily upon her, was led into the laboratory. Having reached the lounge in the center of this long room, she had him lie down upon it. The same lounge!

As the consciousness of somnambulism took possession of him, his mind did not seem to revert to Eros and Gamaliel, or at least he did not mention them any more. All the trend of his thoughts and

emotions were directed entirely by the will of Miss Incognita. He was in a conscious state, but it was not his normal consciousness. Any one who has seen, or experimented with a somnambule will know what I mean. Such an one has plenty of mind and emotion, but these are not subject fully to his control and will, but are dominated by the suggestions of the operator, who for the time being has control over him. Whatever the operator suggests to the somnambule by word, motion or action takes full possession of him and becomes all-controlling.

A strange circumstance or fact now became known to Miss Incognita. It was this: That the mind of Lord Eroslove, the somnambule, was acted upon by, and he interpreted the effects of, the vibratoners,* just as she suggested. Upon her suggestion to him, that a certain rapidity of the current sent through the vibratoners would cause such and such feelings and thoughts and emotions to control him, the results were sure to be accomplished. This was just as Gymp had told her.

As Lord Eroslove lay upon the lounge in the center of the room she stepped to the wall and gave the wheel a slight turn, which so regulated the current that it set in motion those gentle vibrations which stimulate, and at the same time soothe the emotional nature.

*If the reader will revert to the description of this apparatus formerly given, and to the explanation of the theory upon which its action and construction are based, as explained in detail to Miss Eldola Mandeville by Dr. Dumas, he will the better understand the occurrences about to take place.

Then she came back and sat down by Lord Eroslove's side, at the same time making suggestions to him intended to control and direct his thoughts and emotions in accordance with her will.

She said: "Come, my lord, you must listen, and let me tell you some good news. I have received a second letter from the poor, demented lady, concerning whom you felt so interested yesterday. I think if you will let me acquaint you with some later and more cheerful news concerning her, your mind and heart will be diverted and will be very differently impressed from what it was and is."

He answered in a faltering voice: "You mean the poor Chicago lady whose sad letter you read me?"

"Yes, the same, my lord."

"I had forgotten her. Some delicious influence, which seems to pervade this beautiful room, made me forget all else but this. It would be bad to again intrude the sorrows of this demented lady. Suppose we leave her alone for the present?" And he reached out his hand and laid it upon the folds of her crimson robe.

After a moment, she removed his hand, and walking across the room adjusted the current through the vibrators so as to produce the state of the emotions known as fear. Then she came back and resumed her seat, and again made certain suggestions to him. In a moment or two an uneasy, troubled expression came upon his face. Soon he looked at Miss Incognita somewhat wildly, saying:

"Did you say just now, the demented lady was growing worse?"

"No, my lord, I said I had received a later and more cheerful letter from her, and I desired to read it to you."

"Then, pray read it, for somehow I am beginning to feel that she is raving at me for my neglect of her. I am full of fear! I know not what it is, but I should know! Pray read on!"

"Then you must promise me, my lord, that you will be calm and quiet, and not allow another phase of your recent strange malady to excite you."

"You have my promise, if you will but proceed, and, as I read, you will remember all! yes, all—your memory, my lord, will be perfect! This is the letter:

"MY DEAR MISS INCOGNITA: Doubtless, my kind friend, you will conclude at once when you have read this letter, that I am really demented, and not perfectly sane, as I before declared to you. This letter will seem to you so contradictory to the other, that I fear you can construe them upon no other hypothesis than that they are emanations from the disordered brain of a lunatic. Yet I swear to you before high heaven, my kind friend, that what I now write you is true, and is a true history of my life. What I wrote you in my former letter about myself, my mother, my marriage, my husband and his treatment of me up to the time when he had me adjudged a lunatic and deserted me, is every word the truth. If you could ever find him for me and read that letter to him he could not deny it."

At this point Lord Eroslove clutched the back of

the sofa, and raised himself upon his elbow, and looked as if about to spring forward. Miss Incognita laid her hand gently upon his shoulder, saying:

“Be calm, my lord, as you promised me. There is no cause for your excitement on account of this unfortunate lady. What fault of yours was it that she is so unfortunate?”

Upon these persuasions, aided by the gentle though firm pressure of her hand on his shoulder and suggestive words spoken by her, he fell back, and she proceeded with the reading of the letter:

“I will now give you my true history, dating from the moment when my eyes followed my husband down the street, when he disappeared from me forever. He had no sooner passed out of my sight, than one by the name of Dr. Swindle came into my room from the adjoining chemical laboratory, and showing me an order of court, informed me that he had been appointed and deputed to convey me to the asylum for the insane. I was in great distress over the crushing cruelty of my husband, and the base ruse he had employed to get rid of me, and at the same time to torture my loving, innocent heart! For well he knew with what a desperate passion I had loved him.”

Here Lord Eroslove groaned and tossed upon the lounge, as though he were bound with cords and was trying to rend them.

“My lord, you must control yourself! What is this poor lady to you?”

"Somehow, I feel that her sorrows are haunting me. Ah, how can I help her now?"

"Be quiet, while I read further, and you may find she does not need your help, my lord."

"Then pray read on!"

"When this perjured Dr. Swindle came into my room to take charge of me, I argued the point of my insanity with him, and so enticed him into the little room between my boudoir and the laboratory, which had been used by my husband for his study. This room had two doors, one opening into my apartments and one into the laboratory. As we entered it, I, unseen by him, quickly locked the door to my room and removed the key. At that time, I was normally very weak and emaciated from my long sickness, but the excitement of that awful day and the desperation of my outraged heart seemed to render me abnormally strong. I managed to plant myself between this Dr. Swindle and the door leading into the laboratory. I saw he was neither a handsome, nor a strong, robust man. I noticed that the greatest development about him was not his muscle but his nose."

(Here Lord Eroslove nodded his head, muttering to himself.) "When I saw the advantage of my position, I rushed upon him and seizing him by the nose hurled him backward over a lounge, and before he could rise to his feet had I had gone into the laboratory and locked the door, making Dr. Swindle my prisoner. Soon after a visitor was an-

nounced. It was my dear and tried friend, Dr. Lindsay——’”

“Dr. Lindsay,” shrieked Lord Eroslove, at the same time throwing himself to a sitting posture on the lounge, and glaring in an excited manner about the room as though expecting an attack upon him.

“Why, yes, my lord, that is the name given in the letter. What is he to you? Do you know him?”

“No; but you see,—I—ah—you—may—read on. You seem to have so stirred the depths of my memory,” he muttered to himself.

“But the letter seems to excite you so, my lord, I fear.”

“Still you must read on! Read all! all!”

Then Miss Incognita proceeded:

“As soon as I glanced at his card, I remembered that he had visited me the afternoon before upon my request. I ordered the servant to show him up to the laboratory at once. I told him all that had been done. His heart was deeply moved with indignation, so that he wept like a child. He and my husband had at one time been friends, and it grieved him beyond expression to contemplate the depth of infamy to which Dr. Dumas had descended in his conduct toward me.” (At this moment Lord Eroslove buried his face in his hands, and the tears trickled through the cracks between his fingers.) “To be as brief as possible and not weary you with tedious recital, I will say that my renewed relations with Dr. Lindsay resulted in three important transactions.

He first gave vent to his indignation by taking charge of Dr. Swindle. He gagged and bound him. He took from him the papers prepared for my comital to the asylum for the insane, and substituted in them the name of Dr. Swindle, and had him duly committed in my stead.' ”

“By all the gods of earth and heaven and hell!” yelled out Lord Eroslove, raving like a madman, and seemingly unconscious of his surroundings or the presence of Miss Incognita. “Then the wretch lied to me.”

Miss Incognita arose with a haughty air, saying indignantly:

“You are beside yourself sir. You even forget the presence of a lady. What can you mean by such conduct? I will read no more of the letter.” And she walked to the side of the room, crumpling the letter in her hand. As she passed the recess in the wall she turned the wheel, changing the current from that producing fear, and threw on the full current productive of that “*master passion*” of HIS heart! At this time Lord Eroslove’s face was the picture of despair and desperation. But he said:

“I pray you, Miss Incognita, forgive me and observe not my pain, but read on, read on!”

But before beginning to read she made suggestions to him corresponding to the current in the vibratoners, which had a powerful effect on him. Then she resumed the reading:

“I never heard of Dr. Swindle but once there-

after,' continued the writer of this strange letter. 'I was in the vicinity of the asylum a few years thereafter and called there to inquire about him. Among other things the keeper informed me of letters he wrote to one whom he addressed as "Sir Henry," and of his receiving considerable sums of money from time to time from this personage, the letters and remittances being sent to the asylum from his former address in the city. This man Swindle never attempted to procure his liberty, for two reasons: First, he said he was well fed, and housed, and clothed, and had plenty of money from "Sir Henry"—and second, Dr. Lindsay had positive proof of some crime or crimes he had committed, and warned him that if he were released from the asylum, he would have him sent to the penitentiary! The next important result growing out of my relation with Dr. Lindsay was as follows: I had been a devoted student of chemistry and *Materia Medica*. I was refused admittance to medical colleges because of my sex. I had made an important medical discovery, which I had intended to use in my profession, and also to make known to the profession in general. Failing in this, I talked the matter over with Dr. Lindsay, and it was decided that I should patent my discovery and he would act as my partner and agent in the manufacture of it. I gave my discovery the name of "Chemico-Medical Compound." He took a third interest, and I two-thirds, and he relieved me of all the work of its manufacture and sale. Before leaving this point I will say that our profits have

been exceedingly large and our capital is now \$1,000,000.' ”

At this juncture Lord Eroslove arose from the sofa, and began to pace the floor, looking curiously about him and at Miss Incognita, and muttering, “Strange, strange, 'tis passing strange!” She continued reading the letter, after noting well that he was still somnambulistic:

“When Dr. Lindsay and I had completed our business transactions he then informed me of another discovery, one he had in store for me and that was that I could be cured of my disease in the hospital of the great Dr. J. Marion Sims, of New York

“I determined to put myself under his treatment at once. I remained in his hospital a year. He not only removed my old trouble, but he built up my whole system to a marvelous degree.

“Life became a new revelation! I went into this hospital a suffering wreck of a girl, by the name of Eidola Mandeville, the one-time wife of a *Dr. Dumas*, now known as Lord Eroslove, and I came out a renewed, transformed woman, known as Miss Incognita, who now stands before you!”

As Miss Incognita finished reading the letter, she stood upright before him, displaying all the wonderful energy and beauty of her face and person.

Then looking him full in the eyes she exclaimed:

“Do you remember the time, sir, when you spurned my love and my prayer, and so cruelly trod upon my heart? When I warned you, and swore to you,

that we should meet again, and that the unforgetting fury of despoiled love should make a reckoning between us? I am that woman! sir, and—you remember!—you remember!”

He crossed his hands in front of him, and his head was bowed upon his breast. He remained thus, confounded and bewildered, uttering not a word.

The multiple tints of the vibratoners, changing and blending with infinite rapidity and gorgeousness, filled the room. Lord Eroslove now knew all. His eye, which a moment before was blind, now could see. He never would have recognized in Miss Incognita, with all her magnificent impersonation of health, strength and womanly beauty, the frail, emaciated, neglected girl-wife whom he had deserted, and whom he considered either dead or an inmate of the asylum. *He could never have imagined this was she!*

When he beheld her, minor disclosures came back to him rapidly and readily. He now recognized at once his laboratory, and its appointments, which he had so generously given to Dr. Swindle. He beheld again the marvellous glowing of the vibratoners.

He felt its overpowering influence, and knew that those vibratoners appealed to, and called forth his master-passion. He was but a few feet from where she had risen. She knew from his face, from the peculiar fixed expression of his eyes, and the outward display of his emotions, that he was conquered and was her prey. He stretched out both his arms toward her in a pleading, piteous, affectionate way,

saying: "My wife! My wife! again my wife! my beautiful wife!"

"Ah! You seem to grow still more beside yourself! I was once your wife, but will never again be so! *Else, why should I have labored and planned and waited these twenty years for this day!*"

"You have planned and waited for my coming this day, my sweet wife! Though I did not seek you, I am here to give myself again to you, and to press you to my heart in return!" Having said this he advanced toward her. He was stirred to the foundations of his being, and his overpowering emotion shook his frame.

"You should know, my lord, that love once crushed to earth, unlike truth, can never rise again. You once possessed my love and came to consider it a worthless thing, and threw it away. I have never taken the trouble to find it for you."

He drew still nearer to her and said: "Then I will take you even without your love! Upon my knees I pray you forgive and love me!"

"Lord, Eroslove, I say to you again, never, never!"

"But let me plead with you. Let me confess all to you, and beg your forgiveness!"

"No, never, sir!"

"No, never, *Eidola*, never! How sweet to call your sweet name again! *Eidola!* Oh, to know that it again is mine! It must be mine. I can never let you go! Can I lose such beauty as yours?"

"Yea, my lord, you lost my beauty once—of a frail order, 'tis true—but when that departed from me, you cast me off! Oh, you know how cruel and infamous it was!"

"I swear I will make amends for all!" He fell upon his face before her, and seived the hem of her dress, to put it to his lips, but she drew it from him.

Then all at once, under the influence of suggestions she had made to him, he became desperate in his passion for her. He arose and tried to seize her in his arms, saying: "You are my wife *de jure*, and you shall be so *de facto*. What is lawfully mine, I will possess and enjoy!"

But as he rushed at her she evaded him. Having once given way to his passion, and the overpowering influence of the vibratorers set upon him in accordance with her potent suggestions, he quickly became desperate. He chased her, and bounded at her, until she was driven into a corner of the room. There she stood at bay like a tigress driven to her lair! Her beauty had become more radiant by the excitement she was undergoing. Lord Eroslove thought of that first love she gave him years ago under the influence of these vibratorers, in these same surroundings, and the memory of that urged him fiercely on. He cried out: "Eidola, my wife, *I will have you!*" As he rushed upon her, she drew from her hair the bright blade concealed there, and flashing it before his face, cried:

"Stand back, sir, or you die!"

He stopped short, aghast at her courageous audacity. She held her blade ready to strike, and he saw she meant to do it. In the intensity of his passion for her, which she had evoked, he cried out:

"Then if you will not love me, this overpowering influence must stop. If it continues *I will have your love or die!*"

In a moment he rushed to the center of the room where the wires were formerly connected in his laboratory with the wheel or regulator which controlled and shut off the current. He could not find it. He rushed about the room seeking for it. It was hidden in the recess in the wall. He then rushed back to where the electric wires were connected with the apparatus in the center of the room. Miss Incognita watched him and his movements with eyes that glared like an eagle's! His whole frame was in a quiver of passionate excitement. Doubtless, thinking that the wires carried simply the small galvanic current he formerly used, he seized one in each hand to snatch them from their connection, and lo! The deadly current of five hundred volts passed through his body! He could not turn loose the wires! In an instant his whole body was writhing in contortions, and the blue flames enveloped him! His body was drawn together! His arms and legs were doubled into loops! His head was thrown back upon his spine! His mouth gasped open and his protruding tongue was a consuming fire! Before assistance came

he was a charred corpse horrible to behold! Miss Incognita walked from the room with a calmness spread over her beautiful face, which had never been seen there before! The thorn had been drawn from her heart!

Had she or not planned this terrible electrocution as a part of her revenge?

THE END