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RIGHTED AT LAST

By Mary Cecil Hay.
(Continued.)

"The physicians are in consultation," she said, "and only the nurse in attendance—of course with Mr. Myddelton. Pierce sent to London to Sir Edward Graham yesterday, and he is here to-day, too, and brought another physician with him. Pierce says Mr. Keith knew Sir Edward very well, and often visited him in London. Dr. Franklin, of Westleigh, has been here ever since the first alarm. But they all say the same thing," sobbed Miss Henderson, again forgetting her determination, "that there is imminent danger in these restless attacks of fever alternating with such death-like exhaustion. I, through all those three or four weeks before the fever asserted itself, was haunted by a fear of what was coming. He said it was weariness—headache; he said sometimes that it was nothing. But I knew he could not look so unless—something else was near."

It was just at this moment that the room-door was opened, and Honor, turning her eyes to see, started to her feet with a cry which sounded almost glad. "Gabriel!"

He, too, had recognized her in that moment, and the cousins met with both hands extended, while for that moment there was a smile on each of their faces. "Honor," said Gabriel, very quietly; "of course I know you, Honor."

She told him how she had longed to see him, and how glad she was that he had come home, though—

"Yes," he said, finishing the sentence for her, sadly. "Though it was so good to come home, this has turned the pleasure into pain."

Then he tried to change his tone again and tell her he had recognized her in a moment from what Royden had written of her, and how he thanked her for her trust in his innocence, of which Royden had told him, too. But her thoughts would scarcely follow these words, and he knew it.

"I am to await the physicians here," he said, only glancing at his wife's letter, when Hervey gave it to him, but putting it carefully into his pocket-book.

"She is well," said Honor, gently, only so very anxious.

"She knows," he said, "that we are only watching here to see him—die."

"God is so good!" breathed Honor, softly.

"Mr. Myddelton," put in Miss Henderson, with a little sternness in her tone, "you always fear the worst—the very worst."

"How can I help fearing," questioned Gabriel, betraying the timidity which had been so fatal to him years ago, "when I think what he has been to me and to my wife, and how powerless I am now to help or give him ease?"

"Is he always unconscious?" asked Hervey.

"Always; as far as we can judge. He sometimes seems to wake to a little quickened intelligence, but it is only to fall back into the old vague or fevered wandering. Miss Henderson is right; I do fear the very worst. All my nervousness and mistrust came back to me in the presence of this anguish. Yet I had fancied that these long twelve years, and his help, and his example, had made me stronger and more trustful. Honor, has Alice told you what he has been to us?"

"To her," said Honor, every word an effort to her. "She said you would tell me more—some day."

"Let me tell you now, while we can do nothing but wait here. There may come a time when I dare not speak of it; when it will break my heart to recall, in words, his prompt, unquestioning trust in my innocence of that crime which banished me; his patient efforts to clear my name, and make it possible for me to come home; his manlike forbearance when suspicion rested basely even on himself; his true, earnest help, through these twelve years; and, above all, that simple, generous kindness of his, which was the cause, at last—of nothing else on earth could have been—of my innocence being proved. Honor, I can only tell you now the story of our first meeting, but even that will tell you much I dare not speak of. You have heard of my escape from prison, and

the rumor (which was true) that I sailed from England to America in an emigrant vessel. My steerage passage was taken for me by the man whom Territ employed to see me on board, and then I had just five shillings in my pocket, which I slipped into his hand in gratitude when we parted. Neither my watch nor my ring could I venture to sell, because the Myddelton crest upon them might have led to my capture. I had left them in Margaret Territ's care on the night I had changed my coat at her cottage, but she had given them back to me on my escape from jail. She had offered me money—all she had—but that, of course, I would not touch. Even in America, and even to keep myself from destitution, I felt I never should dare to part with my watch and ring, such a terror of detection was upon me ever.

"That was a miserable voyage, even beyond the misery of dwelling on the injustice which had forced me to the flight. Of course, I naturally shrank from all companionship with those about me, but I knew I should equally have done so if they had been of my own grade. What fellowship had I now with any man on earth? The poor wretches around me, huddling together in poverty and uncleanness, had more companionship with one another than I had with any one under that wide stretch of sky, which was all I cared to look upon; for could I regret the shore I left behind, or build one hope upon the shore I was to reach? I know now how different it might have been, even in that voyage; but it was, as I have said, a time of acute and morbid suffering to me.

"One gentleman among the cabin passengers often spoke to me when I was on deck, often spoke, indeed, to many of us. Of all the state-room passengers, he was the only one who could spare one of those idle hours on board for such as I, or who had a cheery word to give us in our seeming roughness, or hopelessness, or squalor. As good to me

were those hours he gave me as was the first glimpse of the Old Country's shores a week ago—better, because sometimes in the quiet slant, or the sunset time, we would talk of another shore which was more surely home.

"When we landed at Levi Point, and I stood alone on shore among the luggage—scarcely one article of which belonged to myself—hopeless and spiritless and weighed down with that sense of utter loneliness which I knew must be my doom forever, this gentleman came up to me. His first-class ticket was for Boston, he said, and as he was not going so far, he would like me to take it, because he knew the third-class emigrant trains were often a week upon the road. For one minute I morbidly resented his cognizance of my poverty, but in the next I humbly and gratefully accepted his gift, knowing I could not have provided myself even with dry bread through that week of travelling.

"When we stopped at Richmond, he sought me out again, and in spite of my workman's dress and sullen humor—took me to dine, and talked with me as with an equal (yet as no one had ever talked to me before), while we walked back to the station at night-fall. The third-class train was just coming in when we reached the station, and I remember well how, for a few minutes he stood back, and rather sadly and intently, watched the passengers as they crowded out upon the platform. Then he left me, and, moving quietly and easily among those poor tired creatures, he seemed to give help or encouragement to all—God bless him! I believe it is natural to him to do so. Honor, I remember once, when he had managed to get tea for a forlorn little crowd (men who, like myself, and had not a penny in their pockets, and women and children who had not tasted food for twenty-four hours, because—like myself, too—they had not thought to store for after use any of their last meals on board), I saw them actually crying over him, and touching him with a reverence which, in that time and place, was terribly pathetic. Could I be ashamed if I, too, were so foolish?"

"He left the cars at the last station before Boston, and when he took my hand and bade me godspeed, I could not answer him a single word, because I felt that our paths of life could never be crossed again. But I was to meet him once more in a week's time. Can I ever forget that first week in Boston? Every day was worse to me, I think, than those I had passed in the condemned cell, under sentence of death. Every hour of daylight I spent in my pursuit of work, toiling about every street of the great city, and calling in at every office and every store. I had no need of guide or directory, for I would call everywhere; I would not miss a single door until I either found employment or fell by the wayside.

"Those were days of literal starvation, Honor; and when the darkness stopped me in my search, I could only creep into a police-cell, and with a tin of water for my supper, lay myself down upon a board and try to sleep; while other men lay near me, poor and homeless as myself.

"Sometimes, with a faint chance of success, I was sent from one store to another at a distance, but always—after the vain effort—I came back to the same spot, and went on from door to door, never missing one, and often tempted, instead of my vain request for work, to cry for a mouthful of food. And often I was hurried back into the street with suspicion, because so hungry I had been watching the dollars changing hands in the stores.

"Sometimes I met with men as weak and poor as myself, who had come from the Old Country with a store of energy and money, too, but had sunk until they were what I saw them, deep in poverty and gloom. And sometimes I saw men rich and prosperous, and was

told that they had worked their way up, without the aid of capital or friends.

"Sometimes I met with one of those who had sailed with me, and he would tell me, perhaps, of his bitter homesickness, wondering that I did not own to that; wondering, above all, why I should hurry past the post-office, where my own countrymen, in crowds, waited eagerly for news of home. It is a sad tale to tell you, Honor, at this sad time, but it will soon be over now.

"A week of this ceaseless work went past, and I was gaunt and hollow-cheeked; ill with almost constant ague, and having the appearance, as I knew quite well, of being only half-witted, in my nervous attempts to conceal the fact I was almost barefoot. At last, one day, came a change of thought and plan which saved me.

"I was standing just within the door of a printer's office, waiting for an opportunity of asking whether they would engage me on what terms they chose, and leaning against the packets of paper, ill, foot-sore and famished, when a sound, which had seemed to me the surging of waters about my head, grew first into raised, distinct tones, then into phrases which I could follow.

"Two men were comparing their early struggles for a livelihood, and recalling how one turning point had brought them each success at last. In my weakness, and with that surging pain in my head, I could not follow the words quite distinctly; yet this one thing I understood—my only chance of obtaining employment was to seek it as a gentleman (what a mockery it was to recall my old life now) and as if employment were of little value to me.

(To be continued.)

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