











IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., JAN. 2, 1885.

IKE WALTON'S PRAYER.

I crave, dear Lord, No boundless love, Of gold and gear, Nor jewels rare, Nor lands nor vine, Nor treasure hoards of anything— Let but a little but be mine. Where at the heartstone I may hear The cockles ring, And have the shine Of one glad woman's eye to make, For my poor sake, Our simple home a place divine— Just the wee cot—the cricket's chir— Love, and the smiling face of her!

BY THE GATE OF THE SEA.

By David Christie Murray, AUTHOR OF "A MODEL FATHER," "A LITTLE ATONEMENT," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

The woman paused on the dark landing, and knocked at a door invisible to Lorrimer. "Come in!" said a voice in reply; and the knocker entered. "A gentleman to see you, ma'am," she said, in a voice for which Lorrimer could have thrown her down the stairs. He knew one side of the world and of human nature pretty well, and he read the hypocrisy and propitiation of the carven tone. He could have sworn that the woman habitually bullied her lodger. "Tell him," said Mrs. Tregarthen, in a frightened voice, "that I can not see him—I—" Lorrimer was in the room already, and had taken in half its sorrowful details at a glance. A bed in a corner, with a little bundle lying on it; a chair; a table; a few dresses hanging on a wall from which the paper dripped in moist festoons; a rusty grate, empty. "Madam," said the manager, advancing, "you must not decline to see me. I come as a friend."

letters, Mrs. Tregarthen, and excuse me for being here at all." He saw that she had glanced anxiously at the parcel, which looked as if it inclosed a box of some sort. She obeyed him without a word, and he heard every movement she made as she unrolled the packet. Then he heard the tearing of the envelope about the letter, and the rustle of the paper as it shook in her hand. There was nothing to look at in the street except a mangy cat, who stalked a town sparrow and missed the bird by a hair's-breadth when she made her final spring. It began to strike Lorrimer that Mrs. Tregarthen was a long while silent, and when, at last, he turned round, he raised a yell of dismay, for the poor lady had fallen back upon the bed, and lay there in a dead faint, with the baby still in her lap. She looked so thin and pale and quiet as she lay there, that the manager, who was a bachelor, and knew nothing of women and their weaknesses, took her for dead, and rushed to the door with a tremulous call for the landlady. That good creature dispatched him for brandy, and, he being gone, she proceeded very calmly to examine the contents of the packet and the letter. The packet contained a prodigious quantity of manuscript and nothing else. From the letter the landlady gathered (she could just read) that Messrs. Bilge & Barker regretted that they could not see their way to the publication of— A step on the stair warned her of the visitor's return. "Look up, there's a dear creature," said the landlady, in audible solicitude. "Ah, that's it, my pore darlin'. You'll be nicely by and by."

"I thought," she said, "that I could make a living by writing." The gesture she used sent his glance to the table. He approached and picked up the letter which lay there, and then turned over a folio or two of the great pile of manuscript. "Ah!" he said. "And you find you can't? Well, my dear madam, here lies El Dorado before you. You have only to say Yes to my proposal, and you can leave this wretched hole at once, and go to the best hotel in London. You can dress like a princess, and you can command comfort and refinement for your child. Oh, madam, madam," cried the manager, with tears in his voice, "for your child's sake, do not let me plead with you in vain!" If Lorrimer were half a humbug, she at least was all in earnest in her thoughts. "Yes," she answered; "I will do what you wish. I will go back to the stage again—for the child's sake!" Next day saw her once more attired like a lady, and located in sumptuous private apartments. Lorrimer was here, there and everywhere, spreading the glorious news. CHAPTER VII. While Mrs. Tregarthen was afflicting herself with unnecessary miseries, her husband was suffering from griefs less easily to be avoided. The copy-books say that "Innocence is bold," and it is one of the conventional arguments against a Suspect that he runs away. As a matter of course, the running away is merely an indication of character, and has nothing to do with guilt or innocence. The shrug of surprised pity at the benighted accuser, the placid mien of assured innocence, the martyr's resignation and the saint's forgiveness are things familiar in our courts of justice, and are displayed there, never by the innocent, but daily by the branded rascals who use them as a part of stock in trade. But it takes much experience to kill a phrase, and "Innocence is (still) bold" in the copy-books and the apprehension of the unworlly.

He did not leave a pleasant impression on the lawyer's mind; and if he had known it, or cared to know it, he had a disagreeable impression to clear away, to begin with. The lawyer had heard Tregarthen's unfortunate regimental story from the one quarter in which it was likely to be reviewed with the least mercy. Colonel Pollard was a client of Messrs. Lowe & Carter's, and when the Colonel told a story he had a knack of telling it to his own credit. In his narrative Tregarthen shone as a rowdy and a traducer of the sex, a rone, a boaster and a black-guard. The necessary documents were drawn up and signed, the advertisement was prepared and inserted and Tregarthen went back to his island. Before he left town he was asked one question by the lawyer. "Do you desire to intrust me with any message to Mrs. Tregarthen in case the advertisement should reach her and she should apply to us?" "None," said Tregarthen. His heart was sore and he was weary of the world. There was no man in England more unhappy, and the very necessity of the case forbade him to repose confidence in any man. He went back and lived almost alone, and loathed the world. There was no honor in man and no truth in woman, and he had learned this bitter creed by experience. To uplift a voice for honor was to call down ruin; to love was to be betrayed; to be blameless meant that the human rarity who dared it should be shunned and hated. For a long time his books were charmless, and day by day his heart's auditor added despair to hatred, and found the sum total to be misery. After a pause he learned that the lawyers had by chance discovered Mrs. Tregarthen, and that she had refused to touch a penny of the money from his hands. This might have puzzled him if he had been in the humor to be puzzled by anything. As it was, he wrote icily back that the money was none of his, but hers, and that she might please herself about accepting or refusing it. He, at least, had no claim upon it. The men of law wrote one more, saying that Mrs. Tregarthen had again disappeared, and asking for instructions. He had none to give, and Miss Farmer's fortune lay at interest, therefore, and remained unclaimed. The blistering spring was back again, and March was wilder than it had been for many a year. For three days one tremendous gale blew from the west, and, gathering strength in the great ocean spaces, poured such a tide upon the coast as had scarcely been matched within the memory of living men. Storms of sleet and rain swept over the island, and communication with the mainland was impossible. It pleased Tregarthen to be thus shut out from the world, and the savage isolation the tempest brought him was in rare consonance with his mood. The milder aspects of nature had ceased to attract him, but this mad mingling of the elements drew him continuously abroad, and he spent hours upon the western rocks when he could hardly stand against the wind, and could not look to windward for an instant. On the last night of this prolonged tempest the Atlantic rollers fell with such force and volume that they cast stones as large as a man's head forty or fifty yards inland. The east was as black as ink already, and the west was a gruesome gray when Tregarthen (collaring with both hands to the wet surface of a bowlder which lay three hundred paces from the tidal line, and taking his last look at the sea race as it went foaming back from the crags upon his right) saw a sudden tongue of light flash out from the darkness, and heard, or thought he heard, a second or two later, the heavy boom of a gun. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

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