

## HERON'S WIFE.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXVII.  
Hazel.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."  
Three days later, the family tomb of the Ferrers, on a slope at Mount Auburn, opened to receive a new tenant; and the old judge was laid in his gloom and silence with all the pomp befitting his name and fame.

Graham Vivian was there, solemnly conducting the last rites. Francis Heron and his wife were there, chief mourners at the burial—both preserving a strict propriety of demeanor, an admirable calmness of look and manner. In the crowd of people who had gathered to pay their last tribute to the departed, nearly every one by this time knew something of Hazel's story; and many were the curious glances cast at the granddaughter whom Judge Ferrers had acknowledged only on his death-bed, and then solely through the influence of Francis Heron.

The ceremony over, Heron took his wife's passive hand.

"Come," he whispered, and assisted her into the carriage. Under the steady Cambridge elms they went back to the city and the Commonwealth Avenue house. During the ride, husband and wife sat like graven images in opposite corners of the vehicle. Speech there was none. The two seemed to have absolute nothing to say to each other—they had had nothing to say for the last three diurnal days.

It was twilight when they reached the great house, over the wealth and splendor of which Hazel was now undisputed mistress. In a drawing room, sumptuous with fine grained rosewood and draperies of gold brocade, Graham Vivian came to take formal leave of Heron's young wife.

From a massive chair of gilded woodwork, like a throne, she arose to meet him. Some wax-lights, in a tall candelabrum of wrought silver, shed a soft lustre on her girlish, black-draped figure. All about her rich, subdued colors—carving, mirrors, gleams of costly metals, cabinets encrusted with panels of cathedral glass, webs from Oriental looms. And in the midst of her new luxury, Hazel stood.

"An alabaster woman, with fixed and held out her small hand to Vivian.

"You return to Black River by the next train?" she said, as she looked wistfully into his friendly face.

"Yes," he answered.

"It is now three days since Jael disappeared, and, as yet, nothing has been heard of her."

"I still believe that she is hiding somewhere in Black River."

"Then, sooner or later, she will appeal to you for help, Mr. Vivian. She must regard you as her best friend, for you are the first person to teach her right and wrong. Oh, I hope, with a little nervous contradiction of her smooth brows, that no bodily harm has come to the poor girl!"

By the look on his face she saw that she had but expressed his own anxiety.

"Jael has played the part of a heroine," he answered; "and it is possible that the Blackbirds may attempt to visit vengeance upon her. For that very reason I am anxious to remain within reach, should she need my help."

Hazel nodded thoughtfully.

"I feel sure that Jael did not do me evil of her own will," she said; "but at the instigation, perhaps the direct command, of some other party. When she is found, Mr. Vivian, assure her of my full, free pardon, and, if you like, send her to me for safety. I will gladly take her into my service. Surely her foes could not reach her here?"

"No," answered Vivian. "You are very kind, and Jael will be sure to receive your offer gratefully. Could we but find her, we might win her full confidence, and so induce her to name the parties who have used her as a tool. You—that is—rather awkwardly, for he felt that he was trading dangerous ground—you will not return to Black River, Mrs. Heron—I mean, for the present?"

"No," she answered; "but don't forget to keep me informed of all that concerns poor Jael?"

"I will not forget," he replied, and pressed her hand warmly, and departed to take the evening train for Black River.

Then, from a far end of the room, where he had been quietly waiting, Francis Heron advanced, and stood before his wife.

"I, too, must say good-by," he began. "For three days you have endured my presence—I will now relieve you of it, Hazel. Of course, I understand that you mean to make your future home here; but pardon me—alone?—will you live alone?"

"Why not?" she answered, dryly.

"For one thing, you are very young. It is hardly customary for a girl in her teens to remain without a companion. Have you no female relatives, no family connection, who would take you in charge?"

She looked at him defiantly.

"I do not care to be taken in charge by anybody, Mr. Heron. Of course, I have no relatives—your forget that I am the last of the Ferrers race, and about my father's people I know nothing. However, the prospect does not daunt me. It is likely that the friends of Judge Ferrers will in time find me out."

"No doubt of it!" he replied, bitterly.

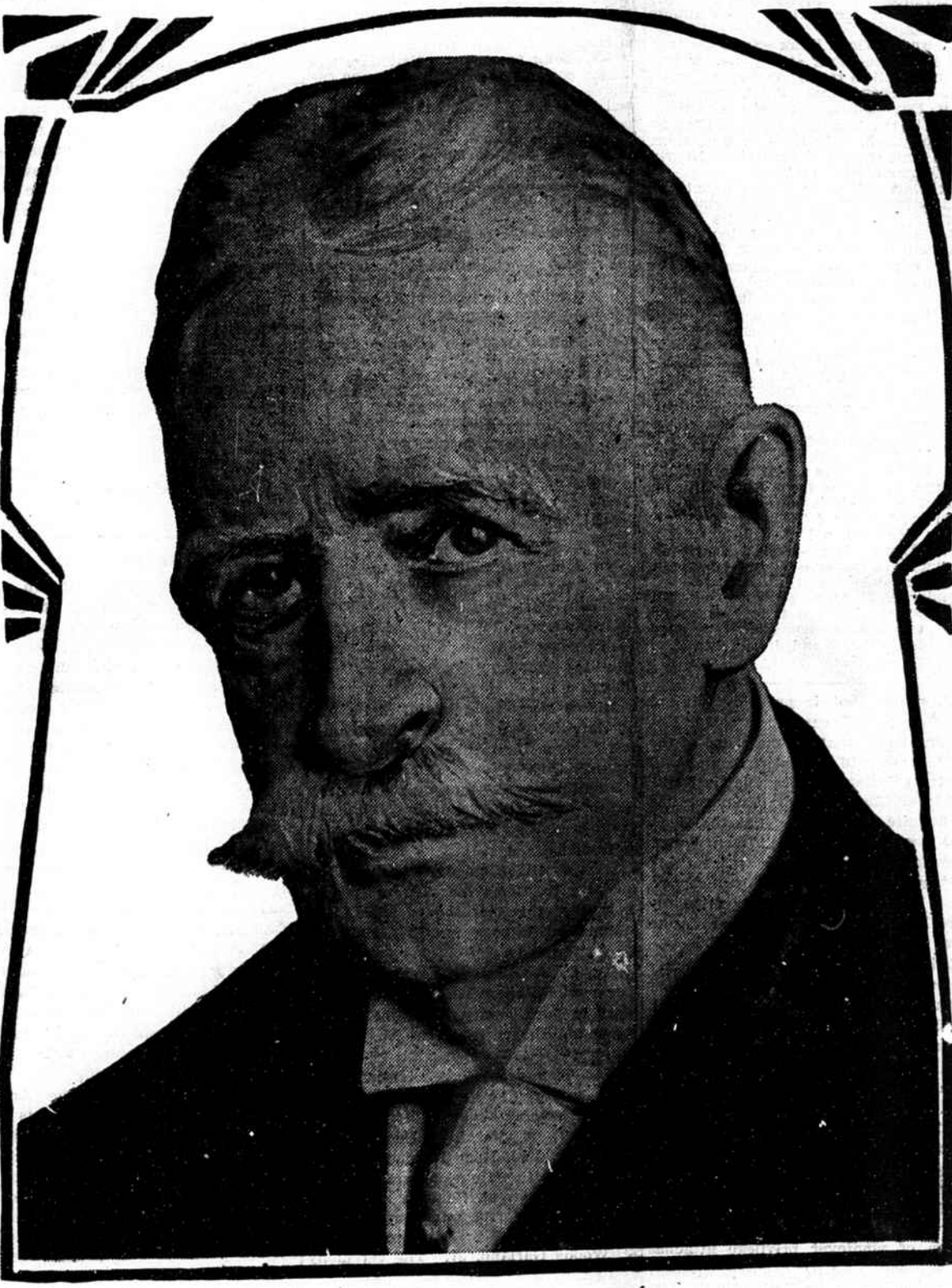
"With your beauty and wealth, you will never lack for friends! I don't wish to appear meddlesome, but I must say again that to live entirely alone with hired servants seems hardly the proper thing for you—at your age, you will surely find it an end of a bore."

Her volute grew hard and cold.

"Solitude is better than the society of people that one dislikes, is it not?"

"Undoubtedly! I understand your gibe, Hazel—you have escaped from my house, and the rest does not matter."

She set her lips in mutinous silence.



HENRY H. ROGERS, STANDARD OIL MULTIMILLIONAIRE, WHO DIED SUDDENLY IN NEW YORK.

Henry H. Rogers, vice president of the Standard Oil company and active head of that gigantic institution, who died suddenly at his home in New York city, was born in 1840 at Fairhaven, Mass., where his ancestors lived from the colonial days. He was graduated from the Fairhaven high school and sold papers on the streets for a time for lack of more profitable employment. He then became a clerk in a store at \$3 a week, holding the place for five years, after which he went to work as a train baggage man on the branch railroad that ran through Fairhaven. He declared that his real business in Pennsylvania, and his rise to fortune thereafter was rapid. He was the chum and almost lifelong friend of Mark Twain, Mr. Clemens at many times being his guest on yacht cruises. Their last trip together was to the Bermudas.

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room, then paused irresolutely. Once more Hazel was faced to face with her lost lover.

It was a frightful moment. The baronet's ashy pallor—his humble, heaving air—betokened his deep abasement. He did not seem to see Heron—his eyes were fixed only on the slender figure by the tall chair.

"Hazel!" he cried out, passionately. "Speak to me!"

"How did you find me here?" Those were her first words.

"By means of a paragraph in an evening newspaper, which stated that the heiress and granddaughter of Judge Ferrers—was—had come from Black River to reside at this house."

Her face was as white as his own. She did not seem inclined to help him with his words. He waited a little, then stumbled on:

"My hotel is only a few streets away. When I discovered you were so near—aw—I could not bear this sort of thing longer—I by my soul, I could not, Hazel!"

She put one hand on the chair, as if for support.

"I am sorry," she said, and the voice was quite unlike Hazel's.

"Sorry that I have found you?" cried the baronet, with the blood rising to his blonde temples. "Don't say that! Ask why I haven't sought you out before. God knows I dared not return to Black River, after my shocking mistake—only a brazen image would have had the face for that. So there was nothing to do but stay on at the hotel where Heron's telegram found me—aw—and wait in agonies of remorse for news from Wolfenden. All in vain, too, nobody has taken the trouble to write me a line; I call it deuced shabby of the river! It was the—was—thief!"

With tolerable composure, she answered:

"A servant of the house. Let me say at once, Sir Griffin, that I excuse you from all apologies. Considering the evidence, it was not strange that you should believe me guilty."

"It's awfully good of you to say that," he murmured; and, as though gathering courage, he moved a step nearer her chair. Humble as his bearing was, his ardent eyes betokened the lover, eager to plead his own cause, and confident of final victory. For the first time he nodded to Heron—looked at him in a sort of resentful amazement, as if to ask, "What are you doing here?" Then he burst out: "I was a dolt—a blind idiot, Hazel!—But it is impossible to talk to you in the presence of a third party. Give Mr. Heron permission to withdraw—he must know that I have many things to say, which are not for his ears."

"Pardon," she answered; "Mr. Heron must remain. You can say nothing that he may not hear."

Sir Griffin stared at her blankly. She stood up in that magnificent room, not the arch, sweet Hazel that he had known only three days before at Wolfenden, but a marble woman, in a gown of lustreless silk and blackest crape, with something in her pale, perfect face that was altogether new and strange to him. Fascinated, yet with a vague chill at his heart, Sir Griffin realized uneasily that everything was now changed between them—that all the conditions and circumstances of the girl's life were changed. She was no longer poor and unknown; and with fortune and station she had suddenly assumed a dignity—an air of hauteur and reserve that alarmed and amazed him.

"Oh, I understand!" he fumed. "You wish to humiliate me in the presence of a witness! Well, I accept the punishment—I deserve it! I am ready to sue for your forgiveness before all the world. Love! love! See! I am at your feet—I care not who looks or listens! Here I am, and I will never rise until you grant my pardon, and lift me again to the level of your heart!"

Before she could make a motion to his knees before her, and buried his face in her mourning dress.

"Oh, stop!" panted Hazel. "Sir Griffin, is it possible you do not know that I am now the wife of Francis Heron?"

She snatched her gown from the absent, suppliant lover, and turned to her silent, frowning bridegroom.

"Did you not tell him?" she cried, with passionate reproach.

"No," replied Heron, sullenly; "I did not consider it any affair of Sir Griffin's."

Amazed, horrified, the baronet leaped to his feet.

"The wife of Heron!" he echoed. "Oh, cruel, wretched girl!"

She pressed one hand unconsciously to her heart.

"Is it for you to call me cruel?" she said, as if goaded to some sort of defiance. "You never loved me, Sir Griffin. My beauty may have dazzled you for a time, but that was all. It was easy—very easy for you to believe me guilty—very easy for me in the midst of enemies—to write that unspcakably dreadful letter of farewell!" She shuddered, as if at the opening of a wound.

"This man—making a reluctant gesture toward Heron—"betrifled me when I had no friends; he took it upon himself to prove my innocence, in spite of all the evidence against me!"

"In short," sneered Sir Griffin, "Mr. Heron knew how to seize opportunities."

He looked keenly from one to the other of the two. Never did bride and groom wear such joyless, tell-tale faces. The baronet smiled, till-tale faces.

"To be off with the old love and on with the new in three days—aw—is that quite possible, Hazel?"

"A singular question for you to ask?" she replied—"you, whose love died in a moment—as you assured me in your farewell letter."

A swift change swept his handsome, angry face. His breath grew thick and short.

"Love does not die in a moment, not yet in three days!" he said, hoarsely. "What have you done? Perjured yourself—married this Heron in a fit of disappointment, or pique, or some other damnable folly. And you care nothing for him—you love me; you know, also, that I love you—however I may have wronged and insulted you."

She made no attempt to refute his charge. Without, in the street, wheels were rumbling, lights shining brightly. Night had fallen on the great city. Within, the candles, under roseate sat in shades, poured soft radiance down on the unfortunate trio—on the pale bride, and the tragic faces of the husband and the lover. Sir Griffin went on, wildly:

"We are quits now, Hazel—I wrung your heart, and in return you have broken mine! Oh, poor darling, we were very happy, were we not? And I meant to have made you happy in all the years to come. But now you are lost to me forever. I must give you up to this churl, this interloper!"

"That will do!" interrupted Francis Heron. "Share her further torture, Sir Griffin—you are neither civil nor generous."

The lover turned and stared scornfully at the husband.

"Aw—I offer you my congratulations, Mr. Heron," he sneered. "Victory, don't you know, is sometimes more disastrous than defeat. Hazel is mine this very moment—not yours—never yours!"

### Miscellaneous Reading.

**COUNTY DISPENSARY GRAFT.**

True Story of Crooked Dealing by a Liqueur House.

A few days ago this writer was told an interesting incident in connection with the management of the county dispensary of one of the counties that retains the system. The gentleman who related the story requested that his name be not used, if the story was published and for that reason neither names nor places will be mentioned. The story is a true one and every statement can be verified, and the writer was assured, therefore it is too good to keep.

The facts are as follows, according to the reporter, who said that the story was told to him by a member of the dispensary board of —

A month or two ago the dispensary board placed an order with a certain liquor house for a quantity of whiskey, the proof and quality of which were guaranteed to be the same as sample submitted with bid. When the liquor arrived the board, for reasons not stated, suspected that it did not come up to sample, so it was submitted to a reputable chemist to be tested. The chemist reported that the whiskey was not as good as the sample and that it was under proof. The liquor house was communicated with and the report of the chemist laid before them. They came down at once, like Davy Crockett's coon, without waiting for forcible measures. They left it to the county board to name the terms of settlement. The board decided to pay for the whiskey on the basis of the chemist's report and sent a check for the amount deemed fair and just. The liquor men promptly sent a receipted bill and a credit memorandum and a letter of thanks—and in addition there was enclosed in the same letter, but without a word of explanation, a fifty dollar bill. It is said that the bill was returned to the liquor house by the next mail. The reporter of the story also said that he had heard that the dispensary board of another county had had practically the same experience with the same liquor house. Neither story refers to Sumter county, nothing of the kind having occurred here.

The story shows that the liquor houses are still inclined to hand out a little graft when opportunity offers and that they need close watching.—Sumter Item.

### STATUTES OF WOMEN.

**How Some of Our Heroines Have Been Remembered.**

At the annual homecoming festival at Adrian, Mich., June 24, will be unveiled and dedicated a statue of "Aunt Laura" Haviland, a Quakeress of simple life, unassuming manners and quiet demeanor, with a soft voice and a tender touch, of whom General Grant once said that if he had a few more women like her he could dispense with half his generals and soldiers and put down the rebellion in a few months.

She was a woman of extraordinary executive ability and physical and moral courage, combined with a rare and noble character, and a determination of purpose which never yielded to difficulties or obstacles which others would not have overcome. She had a deep and noble view of life, a deep religious spirit and the most exalted conceptions of duty. She spent fifty-three years in the relief of suffering, in the rescue of the distressed and in the correction of wrong. Towns have been named in her honor, portraits of her kindly face enshrined in a Quaker cap, with broad markings under her chin, hang in hundreds of schoolhouses and thousands of homes on both sides of the Atlantic. Her dust lies beside that of her kindred in Raisin Valley cemetery, near Adrian, where she died April 20, 1858, in the 90th year of her age. The last task of her life was to write an autobiography which was published under the title of "A Woman's Life Work," and it records many historical events that are not printed elsewhere.

A modest monument, corresponding to her simple dignity, marks the place where she sleeps, but the citizens of Adrian have collected funds by popular subscription to erect a tribute to her memory that shall endure for the ages in order that all who come after them may know who she was and what she did; that "the memory of the just shall not perish." Will Carleton, the poet, will pronounce the eulogy and appropriate ceremonies will be held.

Laura Smith Haviland was born in Kitley, Ontario, Canada, on December 20, 1808, the daughter of Daniel and Sené Blancher Smith. Her father, a native of New York, was an approved minister of the Society of Friends, a man of strong convictions, deep spiritual feeling, but reticent of speech. Laura married Charles Haviland, Jr., of Lockport, N. Y., on Nov. 2, 1825, and became the mother of seven children, of whom five survived her and are still living. In 1829 Charles and Laura Haviland came to Michigan and Lewans, within three miles of where her parents had settled two years before. Mrs. Haviland was a good housekeeper, a brave wife, a devoted mother and the best kind of a pioneer, being capable of great endurance, easily adapting herself to all circumstances, having a clever faculty of overcoming difficulties and a cheerful, helpful spirit.

Not long after she was settled she started a school in a little building adjoining her farm home, where she taught the children of the neighborhood, there being no other person in the community able to undertake that duty. Later her brother, Harvey Smith, sold his farm of 160 acres and with the proceeds built what afterwards became Raisin Institute, the first manual training school in Michigan, and probably the first in the west. It was intended for the education of orphans and the children of parents who were not able to support them. The first pupils were nine children from the county poorhouse.

The school became famous, was ultimately adopted by the state legislature and was the nucleus of two state industrial schools, one for girls at

### OUR LOST EMPIRE.

**How the Whole Northwest Might Have Been Uncle Sam's.**

When the war of 1812 broke out Astor asked President Madison for an armed vessel to equip an expedition to the Pacific ocean, says C. M. Harvey in the Atlantic, but the appeal was ignored. Had that small favor been granted, Astor would probably have maintained himself at Astoria, despite the apathy or treachery of his British partners. If there had been a man of imagination and courage in the White House in those days—a man like Roosevelt or like Jefferson—would have been granted what would have been the outcome? With his large resources, his sea base, and his Russian affiliations, it is extremely probably that Astor would have shut out the Hudson's Bay and the Northwest companies from all trade west of the Rocky Mountains; that controversy with England over the title to the Oregon region, then including everything up to the Alaskan line, which ended in 1846 by the compromise that gave us the territory below the 49th parallel, would have been averted; the present British Columbia and Yukon, which were not valued highly by anybody in those days, would have been ours by the peaceable process of occupation and expansion; and then when California came into our hands in 1848, and when Russia handed over Alaska to us in 1867, we should have had an unbroken coast line from San Diego up to Point Barrow, in the Arctic ocean. In that event, restricted to the east side of the Rockies, as she would have been, Canada would probably long ago have asked for annexation; the Great Lakes and Hudson Bay would have been near the center of our territory, and the United States' place upon the world's map and the United States' influence in the world's councils (large as each is at this moment) would have been much greater.

### SOME FAMOUS BULLS.

**Collection From the House of Commons—A Few From the Pulpit.**

The house of commons, as might have been expected, has contributed a fair share to a very amusing collection of "bulls." It was in one of the debates of that body that the late Col. Sanderson described Eastern Rumelia as "man enough to take her stand" in defense of a certain threatened right.

An Irish M. P. once declared that of the outrages reported from Ireland three-quarters were exaggerated and half had no foundation in fact—a statistical computation that reminds one of another Irish M. P. who declared excitedly to a group of fellow members: "I want to convince you that there isn't any truth in half the lies they are telling about Ireland."

The biography of Dean Hook recalls a certain minor canon who used to preach at the Cathedral when Hook was a boy at Winchester school. In one of his sermons there occurred the striking reflection that "what is impossible can never be, and very seldom comes to pass."

Another discourse was long remembered for its pathetic lamentation on the degeneracy of the age: "O temporal O mores! What times we live in! Little boys and girls run about the streets cursing and swearing before they can either walk or talk!" But the Church of England has no monopoly of these violent contrasts, for it was at a City Temple meeting not many years ago, that a speaker exclaimed: "I find my time is already gone. Therefore I will keep within it."—Windward Magazine.