



JOHN WINTHROP'S DEFEAT.

A Novel.  
By  
JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

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CHAPTER IX.  
THE OUTCOME.

Alecia said that the Golden Gate might open to them pleasant lands; and, although she could not know what the future held in store, yet their friends, new and old, said that fate was specially good to Harold Graham, and that he was joint heir with Midas of old, for everything he touched seemed to turn to gold.

Certainly, in a worldly sense, he was wonderfully prospered. Part of Alecia's diamonds had been advantageously disposed of, and their circumstances were comfortable from the start. Little of luxury, indeed—and Harold Graham demanded luxury for happiness—but they wanted for nothing really essential.

Nevertheless, Graham was not the man to be satisfied with this. He came to build up his fallen fortunes, he told her many times as excuse for his speculations; and build them he would. In that he was also prospered. They chose San Francisco at first in which to live, and rented a charming house on a quiet street, but as Harold grew more and more successful in his ventures he grew equally more restless and dissatisfied. And after a residence of four months in the city they left their new home and a pleasant circle of friends which Alecia drew about her by her graciousness and beauty, and whom her husband attracted by his brilliance and success.

From San Francisco they traveled through California, north and south, in places charming to see and good to live in; among stretches of almond and orange orchards and vineyards royal with wealth, and slopes alive with sheep; hospitable people everywhere, and wonderful life; even the few poor remnants of the old Mexican families left in the rich lands of the South, in their tiny homes among the hills, opened their doors to the beautiful American woman, though no others of her countrywomen were welcomed; and it was a wonderful life to Alecia, sad with the sorrow of a dying remnant of a great race, but sweet to know that they cared to have her go among them, and would tell her stories of the old gay life before the Americans came and they were crushed or driven out.

Even her husband for a time regained his old spirit and geniality, but after the first, the old wound, unhealed, brought added restlessness and bitterness, and he would be satisfied with nothing; and from one place to another, from ranch to town and village and back to the city again; and still fortune smiled upon them, and still Harold Graham could not be at rest or find peace.

In their old home they had lived lavishly; there had been nothing wanting that a luxurious taste could demand; but in the new home money easily gained was as easily and recklessly spent, until it became a proverb among their friends that Graham's wealth ebbed and flowed like the ocean's tide.

He seemed never to think of the future or of the past. The wealth Alecia had hoped would be gained to meet the demand against her husband in the old home city he spent as quickly as it came to him, yet ever renewed it. No wish of hers that she uttered ever so lightly but he granted—save her one great wish to return to New York and her friends there, and to clear every claim against her husband. This wish was shut in her heart and he heard no word of her desire, for she would not ever place her wishes before his.

But he knew that the thought was with her; he could not know her as he knew her without being perfectly assured that her heart must long for the old familiar faces and voices and love. He loved her deeply, intensely; but even so, he felt that she must need the love of those who gave her love before he crossed her way.

He spoke of it no more than she; the subject fell by degrees into silence between them—for he even came to aver that he had no interest in the home-letters; and she lived this inner life alone. It wore upon her, of course. The old color was something fainter and the light of the eyes less clear, though always quite steady. Her smile, too, was less frequent, though still very beautiful whenever it crossed her lips.

Her husband's genial nature changed perceptibly as the days went by. He was always courteous to her; nothing came near her that could annoy or give her pain, so far as lay in his power to prevent; but he grew irritable as his restlessness increased. Trifling things annoyed him. Sometimes his eyes frightened her with their feverish brilliancy, and a habit had grown upon him of raising his hand to his head half mechanically as though in pain when he was ever so slightly troubled or annoyed.

Alecia noted this as she noted every-

thing relating to his welfare; but she never dared speak of it to him. She waited and watched, and as this habit grew alarmingly, she went privately to a physician and questioned him as to the cause and possible danger.

He listened in silence to her story. She told it very simply, but his quick perception grasped much that was left untold. He was perfectly courteous, but somewhat reticent. He understood the case as thoroughly as was possible, having no acquaintance with the man professionally and being therefore obliged to judge upon general principles; and he knew, also, that which he could not tell this woman. He could not meet her eloquent eyes and tell her, even softening it as he would, that there could be but two courses for this disease, but one of two for him. Insanity or—death! Her husband's brain had been overtaxed; his mind heavily shocked; his sensitive nature sorely wounded. The change of air and scene had somewhat benefited him, but the end must be one of these two.

Still, he only told her very learnedly of her husband's heavily taxed mind and the necessity of perfect and immediate rest and freedom from care, regular hours and cheerful company and the abandonment of all business at once.

She was quick to note the changes of voice or face, and there was something under this man's quiet words that increased her fear.

The days passed into weeks—three weeks—full of anxiety for Alecia. With her fears awakened by the physician's words, she watched Harold unobserved. She forced herself to be light of heart and brilliant as of old; she sang to him when he desired; or read as he lay upon a couch, or was silent. She had always been true to him and loving; but there came now some deeper sense of danger that made her irresistible. Her husband watched her often in wonder. For she saw—even love could not blind her—that her husband was failing.

Not rapidly; not with any horrible disease, but growing weaker and more irritable and exacting; never at rest anywhere; his black eyes, always feverishly bright now, sometimes fastened upon her face with a half-vacant stare that made her heart sink, and sick.

Until one day when three weeks were gone, Harold Graham knew little and cared less for what was passing around him as he lay in a stupor born of the fever in his brain. He had no strength to resist this fever, the physician said, when summoned to attend him. They were back in San Francisco and had the best physicians in the city.

For three days and nights Harold knew no one, lying in a stupor most of the time. Complete prostration the physicians said, and they scarcely had need to say it.

Then—came the end.

To every one save Alecia this end had been expected; to her it came like a blow. They told her that her husband was very ill at the beginning; but when they told her that there was no longer hope of his recovery, that she must prepare herself for the worst, not a word did she utter, not a cry crossed her lips; but with her eyes lifted to them in a terror that was the concentration of weary weeks of fear and watching, she sank at their feet in an unconsciousness as utter almost as that approaching silence in the room above.

With the tenderest pity they raised her and restored her to consciousness, but it was long before she was able to go to her husband. Her eyes were steady and sweet as they met his instantly upon entering the room. Her face was pale, but the smile that lighted it for him was the old radiant smile that had come to him like the thought of an angel across the wild waste of waters when the demon struggled in his heart. He thought of it, meeting her eyes, for he was thoroughly conscious, and his mind strangely clear. He thought of it, but it brought no pain; for pain seemed to have gone utterly from his life, and only an unaccountable peace to have come to him.

Still too weak for independent movement, he tried to stretch his hand to hers, a slow, faint glimmer of smiling answering hers; and going to him, not a quiver of her face or voice, she knelt beside the bed, and taking one of his hands in hers, laid the other tenderly about him, her face upon the pillow close to his.

"Harold, dearest," she said, very sweetly, very low, "you are better now? It is good to see you yourself and know that you recognize Alecia again. I have been so very lonely without you!"

An ineffable tenderness came upon his face. It was as though life, fading, proved why life was given and taken—its pathos and trials and sweet-

ness crowded into one moment's space. He was intensely weak, but his mind was clear. When he spoke his voice was so indistinct that she nestled her cheek softly and tenderly closer to his, that she might not lose the words. The mad beating and rebellion of her heart he did not know.

"Poor little girl!" he said, faintly. "What a good, true, brave wife you have been to me when many women would have been—different! How can I leave you, my dearest—here in a strange city, with no one but strangers to comfort you! For I am not deceived, Alecia. This strange clearness of mind and the absence of pain are the end. My life might have been braver, more true, perhaps; but some way everything is falling into peace. I can wish nothing save that I might have left you among those who love you. It is hard to die—who knows? I suffer no pain. Your courage gives me courage and hope. But—presently—you will go home, dearest, and there will come—this peace also to you—and the old wounds will heal—"

His voice died out, but still tenderly and steadfastly her fingers held his, and her cheek pressed lightly the pillow scarce whiter than the lighted face.

"It was cruel to keep you here," he added presently, his voice scarcely a whisper, with the fading life. "I knew that you—longed—for the old home faces, darling. Now—you will go to them. God bless you and be with you—always! And if—in that infinite world—"

And then came silence unbroken; and Alecia Graham was alone with a breaking heart, too stunned to realize what had fallen upon her.

CHAPTER X.  
"AND AFTER."

The light of life dying from Harold Graham's face as the lilac sunset faded from the heavens, left upon the face of his wife the leaden pallor that is worse than death. For a half hour she remained kneeling beside the bed, unable to believe that never any more would her husband's voice or smile stir her heart; never any more would his eyes seek hers for comfort; never any more would he reach out weary arms to comfort her. Never any more!

She bent above her husband, standing at the bedside, and searched the still face. With one trembling, tender hand she brushed back the black hair from his forehead, still holding her breath as though she could not believe that he were dead.

"Harold!" she said steadily, scarcely above a whisper, "Harold, dearest!"

But he did not answer—she knew now that he could not answer—and all the pent-up sorrow and pain were for one instant concentrated in her face, her self-command gone, a bitter cry upon her lips as she clasped her hands convulsively, driving herself away from him.

"Then," she cried, sobbingly, though there were no tears in the lifted eyes; "bear witness for me that it is John Winthrop, in his pride and arrogance, has brought this sorrow upon me!"

Then, with a swift, bitter gesture of the hands, as though she would sweep away this weakness, and begin her lonely life with the old proud silence, she turned away steadily, her face calm and cold, and passed out at the door, the folds of her gown trailing about her, and the flowers at her belt crushed and falling like her hopes.

Perfectly self-contained, perfectly calm, steady of voice and manner as she rejoined her waiting friends in the rooms below—no tears upon her lashes, no grief upon her face.

"She does not care!" whispered some among her friends, eyeing her askance. "Perhaps it is true that her husband did not make her so happy as he should."

But the physicians, wiser in their science than her friends in their love, said that this calm was worse than a storm of tears, and unless she were roused, she, too, would die.

Some days previously the physicians warned her friends, to notify her relatives in the East of the approaching sorrow that would fall upon her, and to urge them, if possible, to come at once to her. Following this advice, a message was sent, startling them indeed, for Alecia had not mentioned her husband's illness—with her usual thoughtfulness of them—lest it cause them unhappiness to learn that other grief had come.

But Alecia, moving quietly among her friends, knew nothing of this message, and her heart was heavy with longing for some dear home face and voice and touch. For how could she know that a westward-speeding train was bringing to her two from home?

Her mother and Beatrice! All home faces were very dear, but these two from among them holding warmest place in her heart.

And when preparations were completed for conveying the body home, and the widow in her heavy crapes—still more a woman of marble by contrast—showed no sign of softness or grief, then into the midst of the friends gathered for farewell came these two dear faces; and Alecia, with sudden revulsion of feeling was sobbing in her mother's arms; and Beatrice, mourning above her sister, would not

be comforted in the tenderness and warmth of her young heart.

"Poor little 'Leclia! Poor little 'Leclia!" she kept sobbing.

But the mother never said a word. Her heart went out to the sad heart of her daughter—both widows—and what could words utter more than the loving arms, and tender, silent caresses?

So they took her home—a sad home-coming—and every tenderness that love could devise was gathered around the woman who had made sunshine for so many that in her time of need was reflected back upon her; and the days dragged by; and never any hour the less or more because of her grief; never the shadow of one star or one sun because her life was darkened; never one instant's pause in the world about her because love lay dead in her heart.

"We will go to Europe," said Mrs. Field, one day, as they sat in conversation in the breakfast room, when the service was removed and they were alone. "The girls are not satisfied with their trip last fall, and it will be excellent for you, Alecia, dear. We can remain away as long as you desire, and take in the East. You need utter change, my dear."

"Where are we to go, mamma?" asked Marion.

(To be continued.)

Candid Confession.

"I confess to being a very poor judge of oratory," said the mild-mannered person.

"Can't you recognize fluent speaking when you hear it?"

"No. It depends on my personal feelings. If a friend is making a speech it is eloquence. If it is not a friend it is mere garrulity."

GREEKS IN AN EVELESS EDEN.

Fewer Than 100 Women to the 10,000 Men in New York's Greek Colony.

The most curious thing about the Greek colony in New York city—more remarkable than the dress, the customs, the coffee, the burnished gold ornaments, the pipes and the speech of the Greek population of New York—is the fact that there are substantially no Greek women in the city.

In the last quarter of 1900 the Greek immigration to New York for New York included 1,267 persons—1,231 men and 36 women. This disparity is explained on the theory that when a foreign country is drawn on for emigrants for the first time the pioneers are men and that women emigrants do not follow until some years after. But the statistics of Greek immigration to New York for the quarter ending January 1, 1902, showed only 46 Greek girls and women, and there are now fewer than 100 of them in New York against 10,000 male Greeks.

In no other New York colony outside of the Chinese, does such a disparity between the two sexes exist, but an explanation for it is found at home. Greece is one of the few European countries in which there is a large excess of male inhabitants. As a consequence more male than female Greeks seek homes or employment in other countries and the emigration from Greece is not only to Turkey, Egypt and southern France, but in recent years very largely to the United States.

There is no religious or social reason, as in the case of the Chinese, why Greek women should not come to this country as immigrants, but the fact is that they don't and the Greek colony of New York, therefore, is really composed of men. This is the most notable but least picturesque thing about it.—New York Sun.

Took a Header into Molasses.

Three unfortunate bicyclists had an unusual experience at Clapham the other evening. They were riding on smooth asphalt, when in crossing the shadows of some trees as they thought, all were thrown violently to the ground. They felt a soft, gummy substance covering the pavement, which held fast their clothing and hands when they endeavored to rise. After some effort the men tore themselves loose and proceeded to investigate.

They had ridden into a pool of molasses, and had fallen in the sticky mess. It appears that during the day a barrel of sweet syrup had fallen from a wagon and burst. Its contents had spread out over the pavement.—London correspondence New York Herald.

CITY BURIED IN LAVA.

California Surveyors Discover Human Bones and Strange Implements.

Edgar Cox, a miner, has reached Redding, Cal., after a hard trip across the country from Lassen Buttes, forty miles east, bringing a story of strange discoveries of far deeper interest than the great crater and the springs and caves of the lava fields.

The discoveries are of bones and implements denoting a people and a state of civilization existing there many centuries ago. A second Pompeii may be hidden beneath the lava and igneous rock which was belched in a far remote period from the mouth of the grim old crater.

A party of timber surveyors were picking their way over the rough country south of the defile called Noolles Pass to cross the rugged range. In the very shadow of the ancient cone they found sea shells of surprising color and shape. A cursory inspection of the surroundings revealed other and larger shells and the men became deeply interested.

In the hope of discovery they unslung their picks and descending a little ravine, began to dig at the lowest point. Within four feet of the surface human bones, half petrified, were discovered.

They evidently had lain at much greater depth, but erosion had thinned the crust of the earth above them. The skeletons were in various postures, as though death had come suddenly upon the ancients, striking them down as they were engaged in the daily routine of life.

Next the searchers came upon ruddespoons and bowls. They were apparently of stone, but they bore no resemblances to the Indian relics which the traveller sees often in that region.

Implements which perhaps were used as hammers and chisels were found. They, too, were totally unlike the known implements of the Indians. Some of the stone articles were of such designs that they could not be classified at all.

The surveyors became convinced that they had chanced upon the relics of a race that antedated the known Indians so far as to have little in common with them.

It was the conviction of the party that the ruins of a settlement or city, possibly engulfed with its inhabitants by an eruption of the long extinct volcano, lie beneath the lava and can be reached with comparative ease from points where little lava remains.

Rapid Growth of the West.

While the production of grain is not increasing as rapidly as population the manufacturing and commercial interests of the West are increasing more rapidly than those of the whole country, manufactured products showing a ratio of 70 per cent increase for the United States as against 112 per cent for the West. Not the least remarkable feature about this development is the triumph of industry over natural obstacles. Towns without coal, iron or water power turn out manufactured products that are shipped to the ends of the earth.

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