

# Holdenhurst Hall



WALTER BLOOMFIELD

Copyright 1896, by ROBERT BONNER'S SONS.

## CHAPTER IX.

### RECALLED TO SUFFOLK.

As soon as breakfast was over uncle Sam left his house to go to Capel Court, aunt Gertrude retired to her room to attend to her correspondence, and Miss Marsh and I were left alone.

"Where shall we go this morning, Ernest?" asked Miss Marsh. "I am tired of the park, and we have driven all over Kensington more than once."

Miss Marsh had lately learned to address me as Ernest, which had greatly delighted me, and determined me henceforth to call her Constance.

"Whichever way you please, but if it is agreeable to you we will go to Richmond. We have plenty of time," I said, consulting my watch. "It is barely 10 o'clock, and we do not lunch till 2. I was never there, but I have often heard that Richmond is the most beautiful suburb of London."

"By all means," replied Miss Marsh. "I will order the carriage and get ready at once." And she rose instantly and tripped lightly from the room. American ladies prepare their toilettes with a despatch quite unknown to their English sisters, though certainly with no less care and elaboration, and I had only written a telegram to my father, acknowledging the receipt of his letter and promising to reply to it that evening, when Miss Marsh again entered the room fully equipped for a drive, no button of her glove being left for me to fasten.

I looked up at her with some surprise. "You are soon returned," I observed.

"Too soon?" she asked, fixing upon me her steadfast eyes.

"No, how could that be?" I said, and I drew her arm through mine and led her downstairs.

"Good morning, Mr. Ernest," exclaimed a voice belonging to a tall form which stood in the shadow of the hall door. "I am fortunate in not having just missed you," and turning round I beheld the Rev. Dr. Evan Price.

"Pray, don't let my unexpected presence startle you," continued the Vicar of Holdenhurst Minor; "I bring no ill news. Being summoned to London on business which may end in my appointment to the curacy of All Souls', North Brixton, your father has asked me to call here to say that he would like you to return home at once for a day or so. He would like you to catch the train which leaves St. Pancras at 11.45, and travel via Cambridge."

This information annoyed me greatly. I could not find it in my heart to keep away from my father when he desired my presence, though to forego my visit to Richmond with Miss Marsh was a bitter disappointment to me. For a moment I stood in doubt how to act.

"Of course you will go," remarked Miss Marsh.

"I fear I must," I replied, in a voice which but ill concealed my vexation. "but I will return to-morrow or next day at latest. I am sorry to leave you in this abrupt manner, and I am sure my father would be the last to desire such a thing without very good reason for it."

We adjourned to the drawing-room, whether Miss Marsh invited Mr. Price to accompany us, an invitation which he accepted with great promptitude and courtesies. He was a man of fine presence and considerable tact, gifted with the power of talking interestingly in general and nothing in particular. Indeed, nothing was more admired by the feminine world of the two Holdenhursts than the genial affability of the Rev. Evan Price. This handsome and gallant cleric had not been in the house ten minutes before I learned that he was to have an interview with the Bishop of London at Fulham at 3 o'clock, until which hour he was at leisure (which being interpreted signified that he intended to stay until then); that after the said interview he would return to pay his respects to Mr. Samuel Truman—in other words that he would come back to dinner. When I quitted the drawing-room, leaving Mr. Price and Miss Marsh together, I was more depressed than I had ever been before, and half regretted that I had not decided to remain. I felt like a runner who, having kept ahead of his competitors in a long race, faints when near the goal and sees the prize he regarded as his own seized by other hands. I am almost ashamed to record how the tears started to my eyes, but I forced them back, summoned all the courage of my nature—not at that time very much—and after a severe mental struggle fell into a strange mood compounded of pride and fierceness.

It was with some difficulty that I contrived to speak to Miss Marsh alone before I left, but I succeeded in doing so, and again assured her of my regret at the unexpected interruption of our arrangements, and I laid special emphasis on the great pleasure it would give me to return to Kensington at the earliest possible moment, at the same time desiring her to inform my uncle and aunt of the hasty summons I had received from my father.

Miss Marsh was as gracious to me as the most exacting lover could ex-

pect or desire, waiving my apologies as unnecessary, promising to convey my message, regretting my sudden departure, hoping for my speedy return, and permitting me to retain her hand in mine longer than is customary in the farewells of mere friends. She also suggested that I might write to her if I did not return in two days; a suggestion which I assured her I would most certainly adopt, at the same moment resolving to do so under any circumstances. I would have given the world if only I might have kissed her, but I did not dare to do so. Uttering a final farewell, I regarded her with great earnestness for a few moments, then released her hand and hurriedly left the house.

The course of my life seemed to have changed entirely in fourteen days. Never before had my mind been filled by so many or such conflicting ideas. Before my uncle came to Holdenhurst I had been idle and careless; now my head ached from consideration of affairs of which I could conceive no satisfactory issue. One thing, however, was clear to me. In only a few days I had grown to love Miss Marsh with a devotion more intense than I had supposed my nature permitted; and short as our acquaintance had been I would have asked that lady, before obeying my father's urgent call, to become my wife but for that formidable barrier between us—her wealth. Her eyes' speechless messages, an occasional phrase or word from her lips, or, rarer still, her gentle touch, had assured me that my suit would accord with the dictates of her own heart. But my pride was as great as my love, and I felt strongly that I could never ask a woman of enormous wealth to become the wife of the portionless son of an impoverished squire. Without commercial training, and with no natural aptitude for business, there was absolutely no hope for me to raise myself to her social plane by any effort in my power to make, and in bitterness of spirit I alternately cursed her wealth and my poverty. Visions of the perfect happiness which might be mine were either of these difficulties removed served only to increase my depression. As my uncle's carriage sped toward St. Pancras, Browning's remarkable line—

"Money buys women."

kept ringing in my ears, tormenting me like an evil sprite. Then there was that smart young cleric, the Rev. Evan Price. With the Rev. Evan Price I had very little to do, and our communications had always been of the most friendly character possible, but heaven, how I hated him now! and with what fiendish delight I was contemplating his extreme poverty when the thought that he was probably at the point of greatly increasing his income and of residing permanently in London promptly pushed me for my uncharitableness, and I winced. In the chaos of my ideas I did not forget Annie Wolsley, the unfortunate play-fellow of my childhood, whose youthfulness had always prevented me regarding her as an aunt; nor did I forget my grandfather, anxious and alone, as far from home as could be; nor my indulgent father, now expecting my return, but I do not much doubt that these considerations were of a minor sort, and that the central figure in my mind which occasioned my cerebral disturbance was Constance Marsh, and no other.

My uncle's horses were good ones, and soon conveyed me to the Midland terminus, but I had no time to spare. Having bought my ticket, I sought for an empty compartment, for I felt averse to staring at strangers, after the manner of English travelers, for three hours; while to listen to conversation in which I was not interested would have been simply unendurable. There being no compartment without passengers I selected the one which contained the fewest—an old lady, attended by a young maid. In my abstraction I left my Gladstone bag on the platform, where, after the train was well in motion it was noticed by my uncle's groom, who contrived to thrust it through the window so that it fell on the floor at the feet of the old lady, causing her to shriek appallingly.

I apologized for the clumsiness of the servant, and for my own forgetfulness, which had caused the incident, but despite all I could say, and the careful ministrations of her maid, the old lady continued to roll her eyes, to pant, and to utter strange sounds, until at last I thought she had suffered some serious injury. When she perceived that I was really alarmed the old lady recovered herself with surprising suddenness, and remarked that the bag had not touched her, but that it nearly fell on her feet, in which case it would have been impossible to tell what might have happened. She then requested her maid to hand her a certain flask. This command was more easily given than obeyed, for the flask, it appeared, was at the bottom of a closely-packed portmanteau, which had to be emptied before the article wanted could be got at. The lady scolded her maid terribly because of the delay, and when the maid timidly ventured to observe that the flask had been the first thing to be placed in

the portmanteau in accordance with her own repeated injunctions, went into a violent passion, and declared that she never had and never would allow a servant to answer her. When at last the flask was obtained the old lady at once applied it to her lips, the odor of brandy pervaded the carriage, and her rubicund features relaxed into a smile.

It was not long before the old lady exhibited symptoms of an intention to open a conversation with me, but I checkedmate her by taking from the Gladstone bag which had occasioned this flutter a thick folio volume of manuscript—the book I had found in the copper box when I was getting out the Holdenhurst deeds for uncle Sam. I had brought this book with me to London, intending to carefully examine it and read so much of it as was English during my stay in my uncle's house. But if I could find no convenient opportunity to do so at Holdenhurst while uncle Sam and aunt Gertrude were there it is certain I could not in London, with Miss Marsh in the same house engrossing all my attention, and the book had not only been in my possession for nearly a fortnight without being opened, but had narrowly escaped being lost. Settling myself comfortably in a corner of the carriage I determined to study the volume until I arrived in Bury St. Edmund's, and thus keep off any advances the tyrannical old lady might make toward a conversation, and divert my thoughts from my affairs.

The manuscript was still very damp, and great care was necessary in separating the leaves without tearing them. It appeared to be nothing more than the commonplace book of my ancestor Roger Trueman (for so he and others of his period wrote our family name). The handwriting was large and distinct, but the letters, though uniform, were quaint and peculiar—they approximated more nearly to modern than ancient forms. A large number of pages were devoted to records of chemical experiments, with notes of the results, and here and there a few lines in some Eastern language of which I was ignorant even of the name, though I guessed it was Turkish, from the writer having lived in Turkey. I examined each page in regular succession, and found that they were all of similar character, until I had exhausted about 200 pages, or nearly a third of the book. The pages were now filled with close writing, unbroken by paragraphs, and the headline, "Record of a Wasted Life: Roger Trueman, his history; written with his own hand, A. D., 1671," absorbed my attention, and I became oblivious of the voluble tongue of the old lady lecturing her maid, and, however uninteresting it may be to other readers, read with absorbing interest what I copy in the three following chapters.

## CHAPTER X.

### RECORD OF A WASTED LIFE:

ROGER TRUEMAN, HIS HISTORY; WRITTEN WITH HIS OWN HAND, A. D. 1671.

November 12.—All men being at all times like to die, the robust no less than the sick, it falleth out that but few men are troubled by contemplation of that circumstance; and indeed I have ever noted, but more particularly such as hold by the Mohammedan faith, that the inevitable is generally accepted with stoicism or indifference, and that death by natural progression hath no terrors at all. That such is my own case this present writing shall testify. He who hath exceeded the span of life allotted to man by the Psalmist; he who for many years hath lived among a strange people in a strange land; he who, having become a recluse, perceiveth now his physical and mental powers to grow feeble day by day; who, hoping for nothing, feareth naught, is not tempted to lie. He who lies, both for his advantage, or for what he conceiveth to be such. To this dictum I will admit no exception—and I have had large acquaintance of men of divers nations and qualities, so speak knowingly. And for what purpose should I record of myself that which is untrue, seeing that my earthly course is so nearly outrun; that certainly this record will go unread of any until after I am in my grave, and may perhaps moulder to dust ere other eyes than mine shall look upon it? Should I in such circumstances wittingly chronicle the thing which is false, then of all lies lied by lying man from the first man to the latest born on earth, this record would be the farthest removed from truth; its gross impertinence would at once astound and appall, and the Master Liar would pause among his angel's aghast at being eclipsed by his lieutenant. I write only to assist my mind in reviewing past experiences and not to convince any man of any matter, my business with men being past, and there remaining nothing for me to gain or lose by them.

To be continued.

### Four Captain Lawtons.

It is an odd fact that there are now four Captain Lawtons in the United States regular army—all young men, not one of whom is related to the late General Henry W. Lawton, who made the name illustrious in Cuba and the Philippines. One of these, Captain Louis B. Lawton, is to be retired for desperate wounds received in China, where he distinguished himself not only for extraordinary heroism, but for sagacious action in a dangerous situation. After an exceptionally brilliant service he must now give up his chosen career, because of those honorable wounds. In any other country extraordinary honors would await such a man.—Cleveland Leader.

Paving experiments are to be made in Havana with vitrified bricks, granite squares and sandstone blocks.

## WORLD'S FAIR TOPICS.

Belgium will make a great exhibit of draft horses at the World's Fair.

Missouri's forestry, fish and game exhibit at the World's Fair will cover nearly two acres of ground and will be situated west of the Forestry, Fish and Game Palace.

President Roosevelt has sent word to the managers of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis that he will be unable to attend the opening of the big show on April 30.

The British pavilion at the St. Louis Exposition will be an exact reproduction of the orangery at Kensington Palace, which was built for Queen Anne by Sir Christopher Wren.

Several of the World's Fair intramural stations have been finished. The road itself was completed in January and at a formal test was found to be satisfactory in every particular.

The largest piece of silver ever cast will be shown in the Mines and Metallurgy Building by Nebeska. This great bulk of metal weighs ten tons, and from it could be made 320,000 silver dollars.

King Edward has granted permission to the band of the Grenadier Guards, of London, to play at the World's Fair. The band is the finest in England, and is composed of sixty-five musicians.

Models of several type of boats are now in readiness in the Army Building at St. Louis for the opening of the Exposition. They consist of models of one sailing ship, three types of steamships and a new steam dredge.

Progress in medicine and surgery will be shown by an excellent exhibit of appliances, instruments and apparatus for surgery and medical research in the Palace of Liberal Arts at the World's Fair. A complete modern hospital, with all of the accessories and apparatus, will be the most prominent feature of this group.

### Vardaman Against Lynching.

Jackson, Miss., Special.—"I will spend every dollar at my command, but what I will give that negro a fair trial," said Governor Vardaman in regard to the negro Baldwin, who was carried to Sumner, Tallahatchie county under military escort to prevent lynching. It is not believed that the negro will be mobbed. The Governor stated late in the afternoon that all was quiet at Sumner.

# THE AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW OF REVIEWS

## THE NECESSARY MAGAZINE IN THE PRESIDENTIAL YEAR.

The Review of Reviews is often called a necessity, in recognition of its usefulness in keeping readers "up with the times."

In Presidential election years the REVIEW OF REVIEWS is more than ever "the necessary magazine." Everybody wants to be truly and quickly informed about this or that public question that has forged to the front; to know about the new candidates and personal factors in politics, to have a complete picture at hand of the current movement of history.

In Dr. Shaw's editorials, in its authentic and timely contributions, in its brilliant character sketches, in its condensations and reviews of all the important articles of other magazines, and in its hundred a month of valuable portraits, witty cartoons, and interesting views, the REVIEW OF REVIEWS gives the much desired news of the world's and our own progress. "The World under a Field-glass" is the way one subscriber describes it.

Men in public life, like President Theodore Roosevelt, the members of Congress, and the great captains of industry, who must keep "up with the times," intelligent men and women all over America, have decided it is "indispensable."

25c. a copy, \$2.50 a year

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.

13 Astor Place, New York

### Note and Comment.

An Albany dispatch to the New York Herald says that Governor Odell has informed his most intimate friends that it is his intention to resign from the Governorship, probably in September, so that he may be free to devote himself entirely to the management of the Republican State and national campaign. This determination on the part of the Governor meets with the hearty approval of his associates in the direction of the affairs of the party.

### News of the Day.

Investigation of the water sewers in Paris hotels has found many of them swarming with microbes. Travelers are warned to insist on having fresh water on their arrival.

Miss Anita Kelly, of New York, has been awarded a verdict of \$35,000 damages and costs at Los Angeles, California, against a Santa Barbara hotel company, for the loss of one of her legs in an elevator accident in July, 1903. She sued for \$50,000.

# \$7,500 Cash Contest

## THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION'S

Great New Offer Upon Receipts of Cotton at All United States Ports From September 1st, 1903, to May 1st, 1904, Both Inclusive.

Contest Opened Jan. 18th, 1904; Closes April 20th, 1904.

### DIVISION OF PRIZES.

For the exact, or the nearest to the exact, estimate of the total number of Bales of Cotton received at all United States ports from September 1st, 1903, to May 1st, 1904, both inclusive.....	\$ 2,500.00
For the next nearest estimate.....	1,000.00
For the next nearest estimate.....	500.00
For the 5 next nearest estimates, \$25.00 each.....	125.00
For the 10 next nearest estimates, 12.50 each.....	125.00
For the 20 next nearest estimates, 10.00 each.....	200.00
For the 50 next nearest estimates, 5.00 each.....	250.00
For the 100 next nearest estimates, 3.00 each.....	300.00
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$ 5,000.00</b>

### Additional Offers for Best Estimates Made During Different Periods of the Contest.

For convenience the time of the contest is divided into estimates received by The Constitution during four periods—the first period covering from the beginning of contest to February 10, 1904; second period, from February 10 to March 1, 1904; third period, March 1 to 20; fourth period, March 20 to April 20, 1904. We will give the best estimate received during each period (in addition to whatever other prize it may take, or if it take no prize at all), the sum of \$125.00.

The four prizes thus offered at \$125.00 each amount to..... \$ 500.00

### TWO GRAND CONSOLATION OFFERS.

First—For distribution among those estimates (not taking any of the above 188 prizes) coming within 500 bales either way of the exact figures..... \$ 1,000.00

Second—For distribution among those estimates (not taking any of the above 188 prizes and not sharing the first consolation offer) coming within 1,000 bales either way of the exact figures..... 1,000.00

Grand Total..... \$7,500.00  
In case of a tie on any prize estimate the money will be equally divided.

## Conditions of Sending Estimates in This Port Receipts Contest.

- Subject to the usual conditions, as stated regularly in The Constitution each week, the contest is now on. Attention is called to the following summary of conditions:
  - Send \$1.00 for The Weekly Constitution one year and with it ONE ESTIMATE in the contest.
  - Send 50 cents for The Sunny South one year and with it ONE ESTIMATE in the contest.
  - Send \$1.25 for The Weekly Constitution and Sunny South both one year, and send TWO ESTIMATES in the contest—that is, one estimate for The Constitution and another for The Sunny South.
  - Send 50 cents for ONE ESTIMATE alone in the contest IF YOU DO NOT WANT A SUBSCRIPTION. Such a remittance merely pays for the privilege of sending the estimate. If you wish to make a number of estimates on this basis, you may send THREE ESTIMATES FOR EVERY \$1.00 forwarded at the same time estimates are sent. If as many as ten estimates are received at the same time without subscriptions, the sender may forward them with only \$3.00—this splendid discount being offered for only ten estimates in one order. A postal card receipt will be sent for ALL ESTIMATES REFERRED WITHOUT SUBSCRIPTIONS. Where subscriptions are ordered, THE ARRIVAL OF THE PAPER ITSELF IS AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT THAT YOUR ESTIMATE HAS BEEN RECEIVED AND IS CAREFULLY RECORDED.
  - The money and the subscription and the estimate must come in the same envelope every time. The estimate, the money and the subscription go together. THIS RULE IS POSITIVE.

### Secretary Hester's Figures Covering the Period of the Contest.

COTTON SEASON.	TOTAL PORT RECEIPTS.	BALES IN COTTON CROP.
1897-98.....	8,333,862	11,199,994
1898-99.....	7,993,451	11,274,840
1899-00.....	6,843,134	10,383,422
1900-01.....	6,346,312	9,436,416
1901-02.....	7,218,179	10,680,680
1902-03.....	7,378,627	10,727,559

The figures above are certified by Secretary Henry G. Hester, of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, who will furnish the official figures to decide this contest.

Address All Orders to THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, Atlanta, Ga.