[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

THE PENNYCOMEQUICKS

—Written for THE DISPATCH by—

S. BARING GOULD,

Author of "MEHALAH," "COURT ROYAL," "JOHN HERRING," "THE GAVEROCKS," ETC

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mrs. Sidebottom and her son, Captain Pennycomequick, are unable to live in the style they wish on their income of £400, and speculate on the probable fortune they may receive on the death of Mrs. Sidebottom's half-brother, Jeremiah Pennycomequick. The latter is in love with his niece, Salome Cusworth, who lives with him. Jeremiah Pennycomequick, while walking at midnight, is overtaken by a flood from a bursted reservoir. He and another man, who is half-clad, seek refuge in a hut, and Jeremiah wrans his coat around his companion. After the flood subsides a body is found which is identified by the card case in the coat pocket as that of Jeremiah Pennycomequick. Philip Pennycomequick is telegraphed for and arrives. A will is found making Salome Cusworth her uncle's heiress, but the document has been invalidated by tearing off the signature. Mrs. Sidebottom declares that she will not respect the wishes of her dead half-brother, as expressed in his will. In the meantime Jeremiah Pennycomequick, who was not drowned, has been picked up by a coal barge. Salome thinks she sees the ghost of Jeremiah Pennycomequick in the house. Philip Pennycomequick takes charge of his uncle's mill and insists that Salome and her mother shall remain with him in his uncle's house. Jeremiah Pennycomequick hears that he has been declared dead and determines to allow his relatives to remain in that belief while he spends a year on the continent for his health. Mrs. Sidebottom refuses to carry out a joint agreement made with Philip to pay Salome £2,000 and thereby offends Philip, who declares he will pay the whole amount himself, even if it ruins the mill business. Salome is again excited by seeing the figure of a man who looks like the supposedly dead Jeremiah Pennycomequick. Salome tells Philip that she will not accept the money. The latter thinks his aunt has influenced Salome, and to checkmate Mrs. Sidebottom he proposes marriage to Salome, who accepts him, thinking that he loves her. Jeremiah Pennycomequick hears of the proposed marriage and is much disquieted thereat, knowing that his reappearance at his home would force Philip to return to his drudgery and penury as a lawyer's clerk. Philip confides to his mother-in-law that he hates Earl Schofield, who is responsible for his father's ruin, at which Mrs. Cusworth becomes confused and uneasy. Jeremiah is approached by Beaple Yeo, a fluent financier, who is about to start a health resort. Jeremiah thinks he has seen the gentleman, or his clothes, at least, somewhere before. Philip and Salome are married very quietly and a happy year slips quickly by. Philip is blessed with a son, of whom he is very proud. Mrs. Sidebottom visits the spare chamber and sees a man lying there, but assures herself that it is the doctor who is attending the baby. Philip finds the strange visitor to be Beaple Yeo, and at the same time discovers that Beaple Yeo and Earl Schofield are one, and the father of his wife.

CHAPTER XXXI.—ESTRANGEMENT.

One! Two! Three!
Hark! on the church bell; then, again—
One! Two! Three!
"It is a woman or a little girl," said those listening.
Then again—
One! Two! Three!
"A woman. Who can she be? Who is ill? But—how old?" Then, again, the bell—
One! Two! Three!———Up to 46.
"Aged 46! Who can it be?"

Many faces appeared in the windows and doors of the street at Mergatroyd, and when the sexton emerged from the belfry, he was saluted with inquiries of "Who is dead? Forty-six years old—who can she be?"

"Mrs. Cusworth. Dropped dead with heart complaint."

Now, in Yorkshire, when a man dies, then the bell tolls four, four, four; when a boy, four, four, four; when a woman dies, then as above, three and when a girl, three, three, two; and in each case, the age is tolled.

"Clocks!—you may say what you will, it pays," said Mrs. Sidebottom, impatiently. She was in the study with Philip. "I would of anything so monstrous, so inhuman. I could not have believed it of you. Never what I have seen, I can believe of you."

Philip unmoved. "The plunder of that fellow," he said, unconcernedly, "is placed in the proper hands. Where is it I cannot now say, and I do not care. Many persons he has defrauded, to what extent. Whether all will get back is not certain; probably they will not, part, perhaps a large part, but

"It is preposterous!" burst in Mrs. Sidebottom, "I have been the means of catching him. No one would have had a farthing back but for my promptitude, my energy and my cleverness. Did I not track him here, and act as his gaoler, and drive him into a corner while you secured the money? And you say that I am to share losses equally with the rest! No such a thing. I shall have my money back in full; and the rest may make the best of what remains, and thank me for getting them that. As for what you say, Philip, I don't care who hears me, I say it is fiddlesticks—it is fiddlestick ends."

"I should have supposed, Aunt Louisa, that by this time, you would have known that when I say a thing I mean it and if I mean a thing I intend to carry it out unaltered." Then, after a pause, "And now I am sorry to seem inhospitable, but under the painful circumstances—with death again in this house, and with my child ill, I am obliged to recommend you to return at once to York, and when there, not again to consult Mr. Smithies. It is more than probable that this reliable man of business of yours, whom you set to watch me, has sold you to that rascal Beaple Yeo—or whatever his name may be."

"Oh, gracious goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Sidebottom. "To be sure I will return to York. I wouldn't for the world incommode you in a house of mourning. I know what it is; the servants off such heads as they have, which are heads of hair and nothing else, and everything in confusion, and only tongues going. I wouldn't stay with you at this most trying time, Philip, not for worlds. I shall be off by the next train."

Philip was left to himself.

His wife was either upstairs with the baby or was below with the corpse of one whom she had looked up to and loved as a mother. Surely it was his place to go to her, draw her into the room where they could be by themselves, put his arm about her and let her rest his head on his breast and weep, to the relief of her burdened heart.

But Philip made no movement to go to his wife.

She was alone, without a friend in the house. Her sister was away, her baby was ill. A death entails many things that have to be considered, arranged and provided. Philip knew this. He sent word to the registrar of the death; he did nothing more to assist Salome. He rang the bell, and when after a long time a servant replied to the summons, he gave orders that clean sheets should be put on the bed lately occupied by Mrs. Sidebottom. He would, he said, for a while, sleep there.

Did it occur to Philip that there was cruelty in leaving his young wife alone at night, with a sick baby, and with the body of the woman, who had been to her as a mother, lying waiting for burial down stairs? Did it occur to him that she might feel infinite desolation at night, if the were away from her? He thought only of himself, of the wrong done to him.

"She married me, and never told me who she was. She married me, lying, under a false name."

Salome had not realized, indeed had not perceived, how deep and fatal a rift had been cloven in her relations with Philip. The fall of her mother, the efforts to restore life, the arrival of the doctor, the conviction struggled against but finally submitted to that life was extinct, had concentrated and engrossed all her faculties. Then, when she knew that death was again in the house, there sprung out or that knowledge many imperious duties that exacted of Salome full attention and much thought. Mrs. Sidebottom had volunteered no help. Upon Salome everything depended. She had not the time to consider how Philip would take the startling revelation made to him. Salome was not one to give up herself to emotion. She braced herself to the discharge of the duties that devolved on her. Quiet, very pale and hollow-eyed, she went about the house. From the nursery she found that the nurse had escaped, deserting the baby, that she might talk over the events that had occurred in the kitchen. The cook, Salome found, had made the pastry with washing instead of baking powder, and the housemaid had found too much to talk about to make the beds by 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Only, when everything in the house had been seen to, a woman provided to attend to the dead, and all the trains off their lines set on them again, only then could Salome sit down and write to her sister of their common loss.

After this was done she wrote a few notes to friends, and then, lacking stamps, came with the packet to Philip's door.

He was seated at his secretary writing, or pretending to write, with his brows bent, when he heard her distinct and gentle tap at the door. He knew her tap, it was like that of no one else, and called to her to enter.

"My dear," she said, "I have not been able to come to you before. I have had so much to do; and—dear, I have wanted to speak to you; but, as you know, in such a case as this, personal wants must be set aside. Have you any stamps? I require a foreign one."

He hardly looked up from the desk, but signed with the quill that she should shut the door. He was always somewhat imperious in his manner.

She shut the door and came over to him, and laid the letters on his desk. "You will stamp them, for me, dear?" she said, and rested her hand lightly on his shoulder. Then she saw how stern and set his face was, and a great terror came over her.

"Oh, Philip!" she said; and then, "I know what you are taking to heart, but there is no changing the past, Philip."

Sometimes we have seen the reflection of the sun in rippled water out of doors sent within on the ceiling. How it dances; is here and there; now extinct, then once more it flashes out in full brilliancy. So was it with the color in Salome's face; it started to one cheek, burnt there a moment, then went to the temples, then died away wholly, and in another moment was full in her face, the next to leave it ashy pale. Her voice also quivered along with the color in her face, in rhythmic accord. Philip withdrew his shoulder from the pressure of her hand, and slowly stood up.

"I shall be obliged if you will take a chair," said he formally, "as I desire an interview, but will undertake to curtail it as much as possible, as likely to be painful to both."

She allowed her hand to fall back, and then drew away a step. She would not take a chair, as he had risen from his.

"Philip," she said, "I am ready to hear all you have to say." She spoke with her usual self-possession. She knew that they must have an explanation about what had come out. There was always something in her voice that pleased; it was clear and soft, and the words were spoken with distinctness. In nothing, neither in dress, in movement, nor in speech, was there any slovenliness in Salome. There was some perceptible yet indefinable quality in her voice which at once reached the heart.

Philip felt this, but put the feeling from him, as he had her hand.

"Salome," said he, not looking at her, except momentarily; "a cruel trick has been played on me."

"Philip," said she, quietly but pleadingly, "that man, as I told you, is my father, but I did not know it till yesterday. I had no idea but that I was the daughter of those who had brought me here, and who gave themselves out to be my parents. I will tell you what I know, but that is not much. He—I mean that man—had married my mother, who was the sister of her who is below, dead. He got into trouble somehow; I do not know what kind of trouble it was, but it was I suppose a disgraceful one, for he had to leave the country, and it was thought he would not venture back to England. My real mother grieved at the shame, died and left us to her sister, who with her husband, Mr. Cusworth, cheerfully undertook the care of us, adopted us as their own, and when they came here shortly after, gave out that we were their children, partly to save us the pain of knowing that our father had been a ——— well, what he was, partly also to screen us from his pursuit should he return, and also, no doubt, the more to attach us to themselves. As you know, shortly before Mr. Cusworth, our reputed father, was to be taken into partnership, a terrible accident happened and he was killed. Janet and I do not remember him. Since then mamma—I mean my aunt—and we children lived in this house with dear, kind, Uncle Jeremiah. Whether he knew the truth about us I have not been told. We never had any doubt that she whom we loved and respected as a mother was our real mother. Then, on the occasion of the terrible flood and the death of Uncle Jeremiah, or just after, he—I mean our father—reappeared suddenly, and without having let mamma know that he was yet alive. He came here in great destitution, wanted money and even clothing. Mamma—you know whom I mean, really aunt—she was in great straits what to do. She did not venture openly to allow him to appear, and she suffered him to visit her secretly through the lower garden door, and to come to her sitting-room; she gave him money and he went away. That was how her £250 went, about which you asked so many questions, and which she was afraid of your inquiring too much about. My father had then assumed the name of Beaple Yeo. She also allowed him to take uncle's greatcoat and hat which were laid out in the spare room for distribution. You told her to dispose of them as she saw fit."

Philip hastily raised his hand.

Mrs. Sidebottom had hit the right nail on the head in her explanation of that mysterious visit to his house—and then he had scouted her explanation. He lowered his hand again, and Salome, who had supposed that he desired to speak, and had stopped, resumed what she was relating. "Mamma heard nothing more of him after that till yesterday, when he reappeared. He was, he said, again in trouble, which meant, this time, that he must leave the country to avoid imprisonment. But he was not in a hurry to leave too hastily; he would wait until the vigilance of the police was relaxed, nor would he go in the direction they expected him to take. He had come, he said, to ascertain Janet's address. He intended, he said, to go to her. My mother refused to give it. I trust she remained firm in her refusal, but of that I am not sure. He said that if he had not been married he would have carried me off with him: it would not be so dull for him if he had a daughter as a companion. Janet knew about him and her relationship to him. I did not. When he came here first of all, Janet was in my mother's room, and the matter could not be concealed from her.

"Do you mean seriously to tell me that till yesterday you were ignorant of all this?"

"Yes."

"Ignorant when you married me that your name was Schofield and not Cusworth?"

"Of course, Philip; of course." She spoke with a leap of surprise in her tone and in her eyes. It was a surprise to her that he should for a moment suppose it possible that she was capable of deceiving him, that he could think her other than truthful.

"Then at that first visit you were told nothing: only Janet was let into the secret?"

"Yes, dear Philip."

"What! the giddy, light-hearted Janet was made a confidante in a matter of such importance, and you the clear of intellect, prompt in action, close of counsel, were left in the dark? It is incredible."

"But it is true, Philip."

Thereupon ensued silence.

She looked steadily at him with her frank eyes.

"Surely, Philip, you do not doubt my word. Mamma only told Janet because the secret could not be kept from her. At that time my sister slept in mamma's room, and spent the greater part of the day with her, so that it was not possible to keep from her the sudden arrival of—of him." She shuddered at the thought of the man who was her father. She put her hands over her face that burnt with an instantaneous blaze, but withdrew them again directly, to say vehemently, "But, Philip, surely it cannot be. You do not doubt me?" She looked searchingly at him. "Me!"

He made no reply. His face was set. Not a muscle moved in it.

"Philip!" she said, with a catch of pain—a sudden spasm in her heart and throat. "Philip, the sense of degredation that has come on me since I have known the truth has been almost more than I could bear. Not because of myself. What God sends me, that I shall find the strength to bear. I am nobody, and if I find that I am the child of someone worse than nobody—I must endure it. What crushes me is the sense of the shame I have brought on you, Philip, and the sorrow that a touch of dishonor should come to you through me. But I cannot help it. There is no way out of it. It has come on us without fault of ours, and we must bear it—bear it together. I"—she spread out her hands—"I would lay down my life to save you from anything that might hurt you, that might grieve your proud and honorable spirit. But, Philip, I can do nothing. I cannot unmake the fact that I am his daughter and your wife."

"I shall never, never forgive that that truth was kept from me. The marriage was a fraud practised on me."

"My dear mother—you know whom I mean—acted with the kindest intentions, but I cannot excuse her for not speaking."

"Janet knew, as you tell me, and she said nothing."

"Mamma urged her to remain silent."

"I was sacrificed," said Philip, bitterly. "Upon my word, this is a family that transmits from one generation to another the fine art of hoaxing the unsuspicious."

"Philip!" A rush of indignant blood mantled her face, and then left it again. She heaved a sigh, and said, "If I had known before I married you whose daughter I was I would on no account have taken you. I would have taken no honest man for his own sake, no other for my own."

"You know what Schofield was to me—to me above every man. I can recall when I told you and Janet and your mother how he had embittered my life, how he had ruined my father—and you all kept silence."

"Philip, you are mistaken, I never heard that."

"At all events, your mother and Janet heard me—heard me when they knew I was engaged to you, and they told me nothing. It was infamous, unpardonable. They knew how I hated that man before I was married. They knew that I would rather have become allied to a Hottentot than to such an one as he. They let me marry you in ignorance—it was a fraud; and how, I ask," he raised his voice in boiling anger, "how can I trust you when you profess your ignorance?" He sprang to his feet and walked across the room. "I don't believe in your innocence. It was a base, a vile plot hatched between you all, Schofield and the rest of you. Here am I—just set on my feet and pushing my way in an honest business, and find myself bound by an indissoluble bond to the daughter of the biggest scoundrel on the face of the globe."

Salome did not speak. To speak would be in vain.

He was furious; he had lost his trust in her.

She began to tremble, as she had trembled when Mrs. Sidebottom had seen her on the stairs—a convulsive shivering extending from the shuddering heart outward to the extremities, so that every hair on her head quivered, every fold in her gown.

"And now," pursued Philip, "the taint is transmitted to my child. It might have been endurable had I stood alone. It is intolerable now. These things run in the blood like maladies."

She was nigh on fainting, she lifted one hand slightly in protest; but he was too angry to attend to any protest.

"Can I doubt it? The clever swindler defrauded my father, and the clever daughter uses the inherited arts and swindles the son. How do I know but that the same falsehood, low cunning, and base propensities may not lurk inherent in my child, to break out in time and make me curse the day that I gave to the world another edition of Beaple Yeo, alias Schofield, bearing my hitherto untarnished name?"

Then she turned and walked to the door, with her hands extended as one blind, stepping slowly, stiffly, as if fearful of stumbling over some unseen obstacle. She went out, and he, looking sullenly after her, saw of her only the white fingers holding the door, and drawing it ajar, and trying vainly to shut it, pinching them in so doing, showing how dazed she was—instinctively trying to shut the door, and too lost to what she was about to see how to do it.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE FLIGHT OF EROS.

The funeral of Mrs. Cusworth was over.

The blinds were drawn up at last.

When the service at the grave was concluded, Philip and Salome returned to their home, if that may be called home from which the elements that go to make up home—trust, sympathy, pity, forgiveness—have fled.

The sun streamed in at the windows, broke in with a rude impatience, as the blinds mounted, and revelled on the floors again, and reflected itself in glass and gilding and china, brought out into bloom again the faded flowers on the carpets, and insisted on the bunches of roses and jessamine and nondescripts on the wall papers putting on their colors and pretense of beauty.

But there was no sunshine streaming into the shadowed hearts of Philip and Salome, because over both the hand of Philip held down the blinds.

Philip, always cold, uncommunicative, allowing no one to lay finger on his pulse, resenting the slightest allusion to his life apart from business—Philip had made no friend in Mergatroyd, only acquaintances—drew closer about him the folds of reserve.

At one time much fuss was made about the spleen, but we have come now to disregard it, to hold it as something not to be reckoned with, and Philip regarded the heart as we do our spleens.

Philip was respected, but was not popular with his own class, and was respected, but not popular, among the operatives of his mill. Some men, however self-contained, are self-revealing in their efforts after concealment. So was it with Philip.

Shrewd public opinion in Mergatroyd had gauged and weighed him before he supposed that it was concerned about him. It pronounced him proud and honest, and capable, through integrity of purpose, of doing a cruel, even a mean, thing. He had been brought up apart from those modifying forces which affect, or ought to affect, the conduct governed by principle. Principle is a good thing as a direction of the course of conduct, but principle must swerve occasionally to save it from becoming a destructive force. In the solar system every planet has its orbit, but every orbit has its deflections caused by the presence of fellow planets. Philip as a child had never lain his head on a gentle bosom, from which, as from a battery, love had streamed, enveloping him, vivifying, warming the seeds of good in him. He reckoned with his fellow men as with pieces of mechanism, to be used or thrown aside, as they served or failed. He had been treated in that way himself, and he had come to regard such a cold, systematic, material manner of dealing with his brother men as the law of social life.

That must have been a strange experience—the coming to life of the marble statue created by Pygmalion. How low long did it take the veins in the alabaster to liquefy? How long before the stony breast heaved and pulsation came into the rigid heart? How long before in that eye stood the testimony to perfect liquefication a tear?

There must have been in Galatea from the outset great deficiency in emotion, inflexibility of mind, absence of impulse; a stony way of thinking of others, speaking of others, dealing with others; an ever-present supposition that everyone else is, has been, or ought to be—stone.

Philip had only recently begun to mollify under the influence of Salome. But the change had not been radical. The softening had not extended far below the surface, had not reached the hard nerves of principle.

In the society of his wife, Philip had shown himself in a light in which no one else saw him. As the sun makes certain flowers expand, and these flowers close the instant the sun is withdrawn, so was it with him. He was cheerful, easy, natural with her, talked and laughed and showed her attentions; but when he came forth into the outer world again he exhibited no signs of having unfurled.

Now that his confidence in his wife was shaken, Philip was close, undemonstrative, in her presence as in that of his fellows. He was not the man to make allowances, to weigh degrees of fault. Allowances had not been made for his shortcomings in his past life, and why should he deal with Salome as he had not been dealt by? Fault is fault, whether in the grain or in the ounce.

When Philip said the prayer of prayers at family devotions, and came to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," he had no qualms of conscience, not a suspicion that his conduct was ungenerous.

He forgave Salome—most certainly he forgave her. He bore no malice against her for having deceived him. He was ready to make her an allowance of £40 per annum for her clothing, and £30 for pocket or pin money. Should she fall ill, he would call in a specialist regardless of expense; if she wanted to re-furnish the drawing-room he would not grudge the cost. Would a man be ready to do all this unless he forgave a trespass against him? He could not take her head, and lay it on his shoulder, and stroke the golden hair, and kiss the tears from her eyes—but then he did not ask of heaven to pet and mollycoddle him, only to forgive him, and he did forgive Salome.

He saw that his wife's heart ached for her mother; that she felt keenly the loss of her who had been to her the representative of all maternal tenderness and consideration. That was natural and inevitable. But everyone has to undergo some such partings; it is the lot of humanity, and Salome must accommodate herself to her bereavement. He saw that she had not an intimate friend in the place, to whom she could pour out heart, and of whom take counsel; but then, he also had been friendless, till he came not to require a friend and value human sympathy. What he did not appreciate, she must learn to do without.

He saw that she was distressed and in agony of mind because he was offended with her; but this afforded him no regret. She had sinned against him and must accept the consequences. It was a law of nature that sin should meet with punishment, and the sinner must accept his chastisement as his due. What were the consequences in comparison with the weight of her transgression?

Procrustes had a bed on which he tied travelers, and if their length exceeded that of the bed he cut off their extremities; but if they were shorter, he had them stretched to equal it. Philip had his iron bed of principle, on which he extended himself, and to this he would fit his poor, tender, suffering wife.

As he and Salome returned together from the funeral they hardly spoke to each other on the way. Her hand was on his arm, trembling with grief and mute, disregarded appeal. He knew that she was crying, because she continually put her kerchief to her eyes. Tears are a matter of course at funerals, as orange blossoms are a concomitant of weddings. Mrs. Cusworth, though not Salome's mother, had stood to her for 18 years in the relation of one; tears, therefore, thought Philip, were proper on this occasion—very proper.

He did not blame her for crying—God forbid!

For his own part, Philip had regarded Mrs. Cusworth with dislike; he had seen how commonplace, unintellectual a woman she was; but it was of course right, quite right and proper, that Salome should see the good side of the deceased.

Philip wore his stereotyped business face at the funeral, the face he wore when going through his accounts, hearing a sermon, reprimanding a clerk, paying his rents. He was somewhat paler than usual, but the most attentive observer could not say that this was caused by feeling and was not the effect of contrast to his new suit of glossy black mourning. Not once did he draw the little hand on his arm close to his side and press it. He let it rest there with as much indifference as if it were his paletot.

On reaching the house he opened the door with his latchkey, and stood aside to allow Salome to enter. Then he followed, hung his hat on the stand, and blew his nose at the hall, avoided blowing his nose at the grave or in the street, lest it should give occasion to his being supposed to affect a grief he did not feel: and Philip was too honest to pretend what was unreal, and too honest to pretend.

He followed Salome upstairs.

On reaching the landing, where was his study door, Salome turned to look at him before ascending further. Her face was white, her eyes red with weeping. Wondrously beautiful in color and reflected light was her ruddy gold hair bursting out from under the crape bonnet above her pallid face.

She said nothing, but waited expectantly, with her brown eyes on his face. He received the look with imperturbable self-restraint, opened his door, and without a word went into his study.

Salome's bosom heaved, a great sob broke from it; and then she hastily continued her ascent. She had made her final appeal, and it had been rejected.

Mrs. Cusworth had died worth an inconsiderable sum, and that she had left to Janet, as more likely to need it than Salome.

And now that the last rites had been paid to the kindhearted, if stupid and illiterate, old woman who had loved Salome as her own child, Salome turned to her baby to pour forth upon it, undivided, the rich torrent of her love, gushing, tinged with blood, from a wounded heart.

There exists a sympathetic tie in nature and in human relations of which Philip had never thought—that between the mother and the babe. And now the wrong done to the mother reacted, revenged itself on her child. The little one had been ailing for awhile, now it became seriously ill. The strain to which Salome has been put made itself felt in the weak frame of the infant that clung to her breast. Salome would allow no one to nurse her darling but herself while its precious life was in danger, and she child would, on its part, allow no one else to touch it. It sobbed and cried and demanded of its mother infinite patience and pity, unwearied rocking in her arms and hugging to her heart, a thousand kisses, and many tears, words of infinite love and soothing addressed to it, soft sighs breathed over it from an utterly weary bosom, and earnest prayers, voiceless often, but ever ascending, as the steam of the earth to heaven.

For a while, care for the babe excluded all other thoughts, devoured all other cares. Through the long still night Salome was by her child; she did not go to bed, she sat in the room by its crib, sometimes taking it on her lap, in her arms, then, when it was composed to sleep, laying it again in its cradle. She heard every stroke of the clock at every hour. She could not sleep, she could but watch and pray.

Every hour or two Philip came to inquire after his child. He stood by the cradle when it was sleeping there, stooped and looked at the flushed face and the little clenched hands; but, when it was on Salome's lap or in her arms he did not come so near, he stood apart, and instead of examining the child himself, asked about it. Salome controlled herself from giving way to feeling; her composure, the confidence with which she acted, impressed Philip with the idea that she had got over all other troubles except that caused by the child's illness; and were this to pass that she would be herself again.

But, through all her thought for the child ran the burning, torturing recollection of what Philip had said concerning it. She was not sure that he desired that it should live—live to grow up a Beaple Yeo—a Schofield. The house was perfectly still. All the servants were asleep. Only Salome was awake upstairs, when, at 4 o'clock in the morning, as the day was beginning to break raw and gray in the East and to look wanly in through the blind into the sick room—Philip entered.

Salome was kneeling by the crib—a swing crib of wood on two pillars. She knelt by it, she had been rocking, rocking, rocking, till she could no more stir an arm, aching in all her joints, with her pulses hammering in her weary brain, she had laid both hands on the crib side, and her brow against it also. Was she asleep or was she only fagged out and had slidden into momentary unconsciousness through exhaustion of power? Her beautiful copper hair, burnished in every hair, reflected the light of the lamp on the dressing-table. On one delicate white finger was the golden hoop. She did not hear Philip as he entered. Hitherto, whenever he had come through the door, she had looked up at him wistfully. Now only she did not, she remained by the crib, holding to it, leaning her brow on it, and tilting it somewhat on one side.

He stood by her, and looked down on her, and for a while a softness came over his heart, a stirring in its dead chambers as of returning life. He saw how worn out she was. He saw that she who had been so hearty, so strong, in a few days had become thin and frail in appearance, that the fresh color had gone from her cheek, the brightness from her eye, that the sweet dimple had left her mouth. He saw her love and self-devotion for her child, the completeness with which her soul was bound up in it. And he saw how lonely she now was without her mother to talk to about the maladies, the acquirements and the beauty of her darling.

She did not glance up at that moment, or she would have seen tokens of melting in his cold eye.

He remained standing by her, and he looked at the child now sleeping quietly. It was better, he trusted. It could hardly be so still unless it was better.

Then, all at once, Salome recovered consciousness, saw him, and said: "Oh, Philip, you do not want me to die?"

Philip drew himself up.

"You have the crib too much tilted," he said. He put his hand to it to counterbalance her weight, but she raised her head from the side and the crib righted itself. He still kept his hand where he had placed it, without any reason for so doing.

"Philip," she said again, with passionate entreaty in her voice, "you do not wish my darling to die?"

"How can you ask such a foolish question," he answered. "I am afraid the long night-watching has been too much for you."

"Oh, Philip—you do love him? You do love him—although there is something of me in him. But——" she said hastily, "he is mostly yours. He is like you, he has dark hair and eyes, and his name is Philip, and of course he is, he is a Pennycomequick! Oh, Philip! You love him dearly?"

"Of course I love him; he is my child. Why do you doubt?"

"Because," she said, "I—I am his mother. But that is all—I am only a sort of superior nurse. He is a Pennycomequick through and through, and there is no—no—nothing of what you dread in him."

"Yes, he is a Pennycomequick."

"He can, he will be no other than a good and noble man. He can, he will be that, if God spares him."

"So I trust."

"Oh, Philip—he is better, so much better. I am sure there is a turn. I thank God—indeed, indeed I do. Look at his dear little face, it is cool again."

He had his hand on the side of the crib, and he stooped to look at the sleeping babe. And as he was so doing, Salome, who still knelt, put her lips timidly to his hand and kissed it—kissed it as it rested on the side of her babe's crib.

Then he withdrew his hand. He took his kerchief out of his pocket, wiped it, said coldly, "Yes, the child is better," and left the room.

Philip went to bed. He had not asked Salome if she were going to rest, he had not called up the nurse to relieve her, though he saw and admitted that she was worn out. He had withdrawn his hand from her lips not with intention to hurt her, but to know her that he was opposed to sentimentality and not inclined to be cajoled into a renewal of confidence by such arts. That which angered and embittered him chiefly was the fact that he was married to a woman of such disreputable parentage. Then in the next place, he could not forgive the fraud practiced upon him in making him marry her in ignorance of her real origin. He did not investigate the question whether Salome were privy to it. He thought that it was hardly possible she could have been kept in complete ignorance of the truth. It was known to her sister. Some suspicion of it at least must have been entertained by her. A fraud, a scandalous one, had been perpetrated—on her own showing by her sister and reputed mother—and even supposing she were not guilty of taking share in it, she must reap the consequences of the acts of her nearest relatives. Mrs. Cusworth and Mrs. Rayner were beyond the reach of his anger, therefore it must fall on the one accessible.

Salome had acquired by marriage with him a good position and a comfortable home, and it was conceivable that for the sake of these prospective advantages she would have acquiesced, if not actually concurring, in the wretched mean plot which had led to his connection with her—the daughter of the most despicable of men, and his own personal enemy.

Philip went to bed and fell asleep, satisfied with himself that he had acted aright, and that suffering was necessary to Salome to make her feel the baseness of her condition.

Salome finding that the child fretted, took it out of the cot, drew it to her bosom, and seated herself by the window. She had raised the blind and looked out at the silvery morning light breaking in the east, and the pale east was not more wan than her own face. When Psyche let fall the drop of burning wax on the shoulder of Cupid, the god of Love leaped up, spread his wings and fled. Psyche stood at the window watching his receding form, not knowing whither he went, but knowing that he was from her without prospect of return. So now did Salome look from the window gazing forth into the cold sky, looking after lost love—gone, apparently, past recall.

(*To be continued next Monday.*)

SURVEY OF TRADE.

Leading Features of Our Home Markets for the Week Past.

LOW GRADE CHEESE GOES SLOWLY.

The Sharp Drop in Hogs Fails to Affect Provision Trade.

CEREALS AND HIDES IMPROVE NOT

OFFICE OF PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SATURDAY, May 18, 1889.

The marked features of the week's trade in produce lines were the activity of tropical fruits and strawberries and the sharp decline in butter. Said a leading Liberty street produce commission merchant: "There were not less than 3,000 bushels of strawberries consigned to this market since the beginning of the week, mostly from Tennessee. Direct consignments of fruit from Tennessee are a new feature of our markets. Heretofore we have received stuff from that quarter mainly through middlemen at Chicago or Cincinnati. Next week strawberries will be coming from Maryland. Our advices are that the Maryland crop will be a full average. The Tennessee crop was below the average because of drought. The home crop will be still further below average by reason of sharp frosts in the latter part of April."

Reports from Belmont county, O., indicate that there will not be above half the strawberry volume of last year. Similar reports come from Beaver county. From Barnesville, which last year sent out 25,000 bushels of strawberries to the world's markets, and a large proportion of this to Pittsburg, the estimate now is that the amount from that source this season will not reach 12,000 bushels.

Fruits and Dairy Products.

Dealers in tropical fruit report this as their best week for this season. One firm reports receipts of 12 carloads of bananas, and sales of 10 since Monday.

Butter markets are badly demoralized. Outside of standard creameries butter prices are merely nominal. A leading jobber of butter, eggs and cheese thus puts the situation: "April was the best month we ever had. May has so far been disappointing, and falls considerably below the first half of last May. We have sold more butter and eggs than for the same period last year, but prices are so much lower that the money value of our sales shows a decline. Margins are closer than ever."

The demand for high grade cheese is active, but the poor stuff which last and former seasons could pass muster in saloons, now goes begging for customers.

Hog Products.

The feature of the week was the big run of hogs at Chicago amounting to 25,000 to 30,000 daily for the first four days of the week, and the sharp decline in prices. Receipts exceeded expectations not less than 35 per cent. There has been a drop of 35 cents in a few days. A light run is reported to-day and prices have rallied to the extent of 10 to 15c. The range for packing hogs as wired by Chicago agent to one of our provision firms to-day is $4 20 to $4 45. Within a week $4 75 to $4 80 was the range. On Thursday of this week the best mixed packing hogs sold in Chicago at $4 17.

The provision market here has not so far shown any sympathy with the drop in hogs. This has been due to light stocks in the hands of our packers. Packers report no increase in volume of trade this week over last. Rains have dampened expectations in this respect. The week, however, closed with a slight improvement over the beginning and a few days of such hot weather as we are now having will clean up the light stock on hand.

Grain and Hay.

All that operators can be brought to say on situation is that it is not quite so blue as it was last week and for a few weeks before. Many carloads of stuff are called at the Grain Exchange, but very few are chosen. There is the daily complaint which has been heard all winter that quality of grain and hay on the market falls below the average. With all the depression of markets, a choice quality of oats would find ready buyers at outside quotations. The same is in a measure true of good hay. Corn has shown weakening tendencies for the week.

Hides—Calfskins.

There are no signs of improvement in trade the past week. Green stock is accumulating, and dealers are carrying probably larger amounts than for years at this time of the year. The drop at the beginning of the week is fully sustained by facts. Demand is light. Expected buyers failed to show up. There is a general disposition on the part of tanners to hold off and await events. It can hardly be that prices can find a lower level, and buyers will be compelled ere long to replenish stock.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Condition of the Market at the East Liberty Stock Yards.

OFFICE PITTSBURG DISPATCH, EAST LIBERTY, May 18, 1889.

CATTLE — Receipts, 780 head; shipments, 500 head; market nothing doing, all through consignments. 21 cars of cattle shipped to New York to-day.

HOGS — Receipts, 1,300 head; shipments, 2,100 head; market dull; Philadelphias, $4 40@4 50; pigs and Yorkers, $4 40@4 50; 8 cars of hogs shipped to New York to-day.

SHEEP — Receipts, 800 head; shipments, 800 head; market firm at unchanged prices.

By Telegraph.

CHICAGO—Cattle—Receipts, 1,500 head; shipments, none; market steady; beeves, $4 00@4 35; steers, $3 60@4 20; stockers and feeders, $2 50@3 70; cows, bulls and mixed, $1 80@3 50; Texas steers, $2 60@3 60. Hogs—Receipts, 8,000 head; shipments, none; market strong and 10c higher; mixed, $4 30@4 50; heavy, $4 20@4 45; light, $4 30@4 65; skips, $3 50@3 65. Sheep—Receipts, 1,500 head; shipments, none; market steady; natives, $3 50@4 30; Western, $3 80@4 25; Texans, shorn, $3 00@3 85; lambs, $4 50@5 00.

KANSAS CITY—Cattle—Receipts, 535 head shipments, 237 head; supply light and market quiet; dressed beef and shipping steers 5@10c higher; cows about steady; good to choice corn-fed, $3 85@4 10; common to medium, $3 25@3 75; stockers and feeding steers, $2 25@3 40; cows, $1 75@3 25. Hogs—Receipts, 2,822 head; no shipments; strong and higher; good to choice, $4 27½@4 37½; common to medium, $3 80@4 20. Sheep—Receipts, 66 head; no shipments; steady; good to choice muttons, $3 80@4 25; common to medium, $2 50@3 50.

ST. LOUIS—Cattle—Receipts, 500 head; shipments, 200 head; market strong; choice heavy native steers, $4 00@4 40; fair to good, $3 25@4 00; stockers and feeders, fair to good, $2 25@3 15; rangers, corn-fed, $2 75@3 60; grass-fed, $1 90@3 00. Hogs—Receipts, 1,800 head; shipments, 1,700 head; market stronger; choice butchers', $4 35@4 45; packing, medium to prime, $4 20@4 35; light grades, $4 30@4 40. Sheep—Receipts, 1,200 head; shipments, 2,000 head; market strong; fair to choice, $3 00@4 60.

BUFFALO—Cattle — Receipts, 157 loads through; 10 sale. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 6 loads through; 14 sale; steady unchanged. Hogs—Receipts, 23 loads through; 26 sale; active stronger, 5@10c higher; Yorkers $4 55; mediums, $4 45; pigs, $4 60.

CINCINNATI—Hogs dull and easy; common and light, $3 50@4 40; packing and butchers', $4 10@4 25; receipts, 600 head; shipments, 1,020 head.

Drygoods Market.

NEW YORK, May 18.—Relative quiet prevailed to-day in the drygoods market, and a few hours only were accorded to business, as many of the commission and jobbing houses began the summer closing of their stores at 1 o'clock. A fair business was doing, but there was no new feature. The market was unchanged, and with the previous upward tendency on goods more or less raw. Satines and challis are fairly active, and there is more doing in medium and staple prints, three-yard brown cottons and staple colored cottons.

Wool Market.

ST. LOUIS—The market continues strong and receipts improving, both in amount and quality; prices are a shade higher on most desirable qualities; bright medium, 20@26c; coarse braid, 15@23c; low sandy, 12@19c; fine light, 17@23c; fine heavy, 12@20c; tub washed, choice, 36½c; inferior, 32@35c.

Metal Market.

NEW YORK—Pig iron quiet; American, $14 50@16 50. Copper dull and irregular; lake, $12 25. Lead quiet and weak; domestic, $3 70. Tin quiet and steady; Straits, $20 70.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave