

# THE EVENING NEWS.

Wednesday, May 24, 1871.

## THE TWO MRS. TRAFFORD.

[CONCLUDED.]  
Rosalita withdrew the hand she had laid upon the girl's shoulder. The contact seemed to sting her with fire. She reflected intensely for a minute or two, and then her courage returned.

"You must be insane," she said. "Why do you come here when my husband is away? Why are you bringing me such a tale as this? You have come from him with it. It is all a falsehood."

"Do I look as though I were acting a falsehood?" asked the pretty Quakerine, raising her tear-stained eyes to Rosalita's face. "No, Mrs. Trafford!"—and her exquisite lips trembled again—"what I say is true. I had no opportunity to warn you before, or I should have warned you. I saw your arrival in the morning, and came to you at once, at the risk of meeting him. Forgive me if I render you miserable; but perhaps my grief has made me selfish. I have been miserable myself for the last year—ever since he made me his wife."

"How will you repeat Rosalita. It seemed as though the bushes would burn or the ground open at her feet." "I swear to you I am his wife—his true and lawful wife!" continued the visitor. "It is nearly one year ago since we were married. I do believe that once, when I was innocent Dorothy Dilworth, he readily loved me. After our marriage we lived together happily just as we had done from that hour to this. I have never lied upon Ellery Trafford; but I shall know him anywhere—anywhere at all."

She stopped, noticing the change that had overspread Rosalita's face. "It had become very pale, and she swayed backward as though she would have fallen. In an instant the arms of the other were around her, and the visitor would have touched her lips to her cheek, but Rosalita, recovering herself, pushed her coldly away.

"You have had your satisfaction," said Rosalita. "You have taken your revenge. Leave me. If it is any satisfaction for you to know that you have ruined my peace forever, enjoy that satisfaction, but leave me; that is all I ask."

A moment's compassion overshadowed the fair face of Dorothy. "Do not let us part without a kiss," she said, stretching forth her hands. "See, I would have given you if you would have let me. I bear you no ill will. I owe you no grudge. I have taken no revenge. Only I could not bear my load of misery any longer alone, and wrong as it was, in order to make you share in it I have made you miserable. Forgive me. Let us part as friends, never to see each other more. Let us be as sisters. But as for that man—"

"Hush!" said Rosalita, raising her hand; "not a word against him, though he has treated us both shamefully. He is your husband. You have the best right to him after this. No! He is to me no more from this moment so far as anything more than remembering him goes, than if he had never been. To love him and to live with him longer would be a crime in the sight of heaven and man. Do not go! You must stay until he returns. Then, together we will confront him!"

Even while she was speaking, steps were heard in the corridor, and the next moment Ellery Trafford entered the room.

The sight he met there was a strange one. Rosalita stood facing him, standing by the mantelpiece, her form erect and proud, her hands tightly clenched in one another. At the center-tablet Dorothy, her face buried in her pocket-handkerchief among the books and pictures, and her shoulders heaving convulsively, telling of the struggle within her breast.

He looked from one to the other in amazement, and an undefinable expression passed over his face. To the day of her death Rosalita never forgot it. He passed quickly over to her, and would have taken her hand, but she repulsed him.

"Don't touch me!" she said, you."

She tried to pronounce the harsh word, but memories of the golden hours of her courtship overwhelmed her, her lips trembled and she burst into tears.

"For God's sake, what does this mean? Rosalita, won't you speak to me? What is this mystery? What does this woman want here?"

He turned to confront Dorothy, but her face was still hidden, and her sobs filled the room. Rosalita it was who commanded herself and spoke first.

"Here is your wife, see her," she said, pointing to Dorothy. "From this hour, Ellery Trafford, you are no more to me than if you had never crossed my path."

As though by an inspiration, and without any process of logic, Ellery strode up to where Dorothy was weeping.

"Who are you, woman?" he cried, and laid a strong arm upon her shoulder.

The hand was still bowed. Shame fear or anguish still caused that gentle face to be concealed, although the sob came fast and thick.

Ellery paused once more, looking first at one woman, and then at the other, in what Rosalita took to be the most complete surprise. A second time he laid his hand upon the woman's shoulder, and this time with a still rougher hand.

"Who are you?" he shouted. "Speak, or—

"Me! O, I'm Dick!" exclaimed a voice almost inaudible through its smothered laughter, and the next instant the visitor's head was thrown back and pealed after peal of utterly irrepressible mirth rang through the parlor.

Rosalita and Rosalita stood there like people in a dream, utterly failing at first to comprehend the situation. Meanwhile, there sat their visitor, every movement exploding with a fresh volubility and pointing and gesturing at them in a most unladylike manner.

"Don't speak to me! don't come near me!" he exclaimed, his face growing scarlet. "I'll split! I'll split! I know I shall! O, what fun! what lark! By Jingo! I said I'd never you for disappointing me, and so I did. Miss Dorothy Dilworth! Ellery's first wife! O, you're two simpletons! O, it is too good! Don't interrupt me, please. Let me have my laugh out."

Off he went again into another series of explosive guffaws. Rosalita, having nothing else to do, followed him, as length understanding how he was minded. Yes, it was Dick—his naturally garrulous features completely disguised in his borrowed feminine apparel. He had mimed the train which was to have taken him to the wedding; had arrived some hours after it was over; had left home afterwards, his heart full of remorse, to deposit him on his wharves; had stolen a quantity of his sister Lucy's d�m clothes in order to set his past, and stayed at the hotel all night, in order to watch his chance in the morning.

Half an hour afterwards he went up stairs and soon made his appearance in the attire of his sex.

THE GERMAN EMPIRE.—The new German empire is to have a population of 38,500,000, exclusive of Alsace and Lorraine, which will give it 1,255,546 or a total of 40,185,546. This is the largest population of any state of Europe, except Russia. The figures of various States are as follows:

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