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THE CARLYON TRAGEDY.

Just the two met composed the family at Carlyon Hall, and a gay, well life they led. But then they were much together, or that good will inclined them to the same course. Truth to tell, then was little sympathetic feeling lost between the two Carlyons.

The elder man gave his select dinners and champagne suppers to his clique, while Ralph, his son, scoured the country for a score of miles about with choice spirits of his own.

The Hall itself was a patched up pile of ruinous masonry. The Carlyons for three generations back had proved a spendthrift race, and their once ample patrimony had dwindled down to a few barren acres, with a village of miserable houses, which yielded the sole income of the present proprietor. Still he could mount a long descent, and we all know few of an illustrious pedigree will go toward propping up a falling house.

This was the state of affairs when Mrs. Mendeville came down from town with a half dozen servants at her back, and pretty Bertha Mendeville, her very refinest companion.

Bertha was the lady's youngest daughter, and, besides the generous portion of Mendeville property destined to fall to her share, had good prospects of an inheritance from a certain wizened, eccentric old woman who had stood godmother to her at her christening, eighteen years before.

With such expectations, and possessed of natural attractions which drew hosts of sighing lovers to her feet, it was certainly reprehensible in her to give preference to one far beneath her in the social scale. At least so reasoned her lady mother. But Bertha was willful, and maternal restrictions went for naught. She had given her heart and promised her hand to Henry Bernard, the struggling artist, who as yet was quite unknown to both fame and fortune. He was sanguine, though, and Bertha relied on him. She imposed the utmost confidence in his genius and ultimate success, while he toiled with renewed energy for his triumphal wreath, knowing that her happiness was involved in the result of his effort.

But here Mrs. Mendeville interposed. Her wrath fell heavilonly upon her daughter's persons head, until angered beyond bounds, she had recourse to extreme measures to break off the proposed nuptials. Henry Bernard was forbidden the house, and Bertha was placed under strict espionage for the time.

The Carlyons were distant relatives of the family, and Mrs. Mendeville fixed upon the hall as a secure and retired asylum for her wayward child. So hither they had come, fast upon the track of the courteous little note of warning that announced them.

The hall had been put in hurried order for the reception of the ladies. The remnants of plate were duly polished; the frayed damask and fine linen (evidences of decaying grandeur) taken from the drawers. Carlyon cleared his domicile of bachelor guests, and met them with the courtly ease which distinguishes gentle blood, no matter how much weighed upon by adverse circumstances. Ralph, who was in the habit of being absent for days together, knew nothing of the proposed advent, and surprised himself not a little by coming home to find such an unprecedented party established there.

Mrs. Mendeville endured a week in the dreary, solitary place, and then went away, leaving Bertha and a Argus eyed maid to the inseparable charge of the Carlyons.

It was not a pleasant duty for the latter to assume, and for a time they regretted the necessary suspension of their reckless pleasures. Not that either relented, even temporarily, but the ball could no longer be thrown open to boon companions and nightly orgies. They clung to their customary habits, but unused to the trouble of concealment, chafed against the bondage which common courtesy imposed upon them.

This state of things did not continue long, however. Bertha's cheery young presence brought a flood of sunshine into the dusty old house, such as it had not known for years. The grim, dark corners held attractions for their inmates which they had not hitherto possessed.

Certainly, in removing her daughter from the influence of one lover, Mrs. Mendeville had not meant to subject her to the importunities of two. Carlyon, drawn perhaps by visions of the ample dowry destined for, and Ralph—Heaven as he was—actually troubled with an approximation to noble sentiment, were both soon numbered among her devotees.

Bertha's position was becoming extremely unpleasant. A note smuggled out despite the watchfulness of her maid brought to response from Henry Bernard. Her mother remained unmoved by her urgent entreaties for a speedy return, and meanwhile the two Carlyons urged their individual suits with persistent ardor.

Ralph, impulsive and passionate, could wait to take no politic course to promote his wooing. His very extravagances would have pleaded powerfully for him had not the girl's heart and mind been filled with other love and other thoughts. Its claim is upon her suddenly one afternoon when he knew her to be alone.

"It's the old, old story, Bertha, that I want to tell you," he said. "I suppose I am not worthy of you, for I've been a wild fellow in my time, but I will make myself better when you give me the dear assurance I am waiting for. Bertha, love, come to me."

His dark face, handsome despite the lines ominous that had left upon it, grew tender. His eyes looked down to hers with eager, impassioned light. Bertha's heart throbbed painfully as she realized the pain her words must inflict upon one

"Oh, Ralph, I had hoped you might not subject me to this test! It would be cruel to give you false hope, for I can never be more than your earnest friend. Forget that you have ever cared for me, and believe your love on some one who will make you happier than I ever could."

"Bertha! Bertha! You can't mean to be so cruel as after despair. I will wait and work, and prove myself a better man than I have yet been. Only tell me that there is a chance of winning you at last!"

"It never can be, Ralph! Because—because I love another!"

The dull, white rage which settled down upon his face frightened her more than if he had broken out in angry words.

"I shall not give you up, nevertheless," he said, with quiet intensity. "Give me a little hope and an equal chance, and I will **try** for your love by fair means; but by heaven as God is false no other man shall ever ever take you from me!"

With that he retreated, leaving her abruptly as he had come, and his quick steps grew back a sharp ring from the paved walk without. At a little distance he encountered the elder Carlyon, who accosted him, timing his leisurely pace to the other's hasty strides.

"Easy, my son! I have some information which it may be best to impart at once. I happened to overhear your conversation of a moment ago—by the way, you should never make love near open windows—and am entitled to know that Bertha holds such an important place in your estimation."

"Ah!" Ralph waited, knowing that something more lay behind that suave address.

"Yes, but I must warn you against your own impetuous nature, which may lead you to extremes. As she said, it is quite impossible for her to regard you suit with favor."

"May I ask why?"

"Simply because I intend to marry her myself!"

"By heaven, you shall not!"

The elder Carlyon dropped his eyelids, a trick of his when amused.

"Did you ever know me to relinquish a purpose?"

"Or me to fail in making good my words? I would kill any man sooner than any man or brave me by claiming her preference."

Each read indomitable resolution in the other's face. The gauntlet was cast between them, and hereafter only bitter enmity could mark their mutual relation.

A week more heavily away. Then Ralph disappeared, went no one knew whither, and Bertha awoke to a consciousness that she was no better than a prisoner in the old hall. The maid had been bribed to co-operate with the elder Carlyon, and he himself announced his purpose with a quiet steadiness of manner which would admit of no gainsaying.

With his ruthless will crushing down all obstacles in his way, and no communication with her friends permitted, save such as he dictated, Bertha felt that her opposition must give way before the cruel forces he brought to bear upon her.

At last he gained his purpose. How he accomplished it himself and the maid best knew. But the clergyman was waiting at the church, and Bertha, worn to a shadow of her former cheery self, with her face more like white than the bridal robes she wore, went trembingly down the worn eaten stairs to go and be wedded to the man she both hated and feared. Carlyon met her with a triumphant smile upon his face, but the words of congratulation he was about to offer never left his lips.

A man, with haggard face, bloodless lips drawn away from his glittering teeth, and disheveled hair streaming about his neck, rushed up the length of the passage and grappled with him. It was Ralph, who had been confined all this time in one of the vault like cellars beneath the old hall, and had escaped now to wreak issues fary upon his jealous foe. There was an inherent madness in the Carlyon blood, and these weeks of solitude and mental torture had brought the curse upon the younger man.

A struggle ensued that was fearful to witness. Bertha crouched upon the stairs, with rigid, blanched face, and eyes never wavering from the horrible spectacle. Servants ran screaming, all was chaos for a moment, and then awful quietude fell upon the hall.

There was a crushed, bleeding, senseless man upon the floor, and the madman, his rage appeased, unresistingly submitted to the hands which were placed upon him. The elder Carlyon went to answer for his sins before an eternal tribunal; his son drags out a living death in a lunatic asylum.

But Bertha, scarcely cried, found peace at last. Shocked beyond measure by the frightful tragedy which had been enacted and appalled by the peril her daughter had passed, Mrs. Mendeville recalled Henry Bernard from the freedom quest he was pursuing. It is needless to say that Bertha's letter never reached him, and that Mrs. Mendeville had sent him so far to possible from the actual track. But the young people could freely forgive all past injuries in the happiness which was theirs at last.—New York World.

The most important conference of the season has been postponed and will now meet in Baltimore in April. It is one which will try to inaugurate united action among farmers' societies, trades unions, Knights of Labor and other labor organizations and reform bodies generally. The last named, "reform bodies generally," will open the door to all the cranks in christendom and some from heathendom. Still, cranks can be set upon after it is found for certain they are cranks.

"The Art of War."

"Marie," said the lieutenant, "I's ar got married an hour."

"But, Henry, dear, we have only been engaged a week."

"I know it, love; but I am a soldier, and soldiers like short and decisive engagements."—Harper's Bazar.

A Gale Covered with Snow.

The principal gateway at Allahabad is thickly studded with hemispheres of every size and make. These are hollowed out, their naked edges the great noses, doubtless the offering of many a traveler who has long since finished his earthly pilgrimage. The sacred grain of Buddh, in the fort of Agra, are similarly adorned.—New York Ledger.

SOCIETY MEN OF LONDON.

A Leading English Paper Accuses Them of Being Lazy and Selfish.

A careful and, so far as we have been able to compare it, an impartial study of the young men of the present day has convinced many persons that he is abnormally lazy, and that his selfishness is without parallel in any other period of our history. A concurrence of the two vices is to be traced, they think, to the fact that he has almost ceased, or at any rate he is rapidly ceasing, to dance. It is in vain that he will plead the absorbing occupations of modern life, or the enfeebling influence of the philosophy of Schopenhauer. The plea is idle.

It is not the overweight student or the pale pessimist alone who declines nowadays to join in the mazy dance. It is his dashing, or once dashing, brother. The dapper beau who was once the triumph of the Tenth has-been will soon be the common property of every cavalry and infantry regiment of her majesty's army, while as for the learned professions, their members make fresh contributions to the row of "wall flowers" every season.

Yet there seems to be no ground for saying that girls are any less fond of dancing than they used to be; the partner difficulty is created by the male set alone. In other words, the young man of the present day, having ceased to care about this particular amusement himself, is in the majority of cases too indolent and too selfish to take part in it for the sake of gratifying other persons of that sex which it is supposed to be man's duty, no less than his delight, to attempt to please. Such self sacrifice, however, dulls his vitality in the fin de siecle youth. To use his own expressive phrase, it is "not good enough, don't you know," and he declines it accordingly.

The "worth concentrated all on self" lounges at a few dances, and surveys the rows of fashion and mammal maidens who line the sides of the ballroom and leaves early for a cigarette and a lemon squash at his club. We are prepared, of course, for the answer which our young man of the period, then "roughly and sighingly handled," is likely to make to us. He will say that this is word for word—except as to the cigarette and lemon squash—identical with what his grandfather once fortuned to from his great grandfather and repeated some thirty years after to his grandson.

There is a specousness about this argument which might, perhaps, deceive the unthinking, and it is therefore well to remind them of the well established fact that the grandfather of the youth of the present day, although wearing people in many ways, were extremely prejudiced, whereas their sons, the fathers and mothers of our contemporary young men, are admittedly capable of facilitating a fair and impartial comparison between the men and manners of the present and the past.

Instead of resorting to platitude but fallacious retorts of the ad hominem description we counsel our youths to resolve to cultivate the virtues of courtesy, kindliness and self sacrifice to others, to determine that they will display in future a chivalrous attention to ladies and register a vow that elders of their own sex shall never fail to receive from them the due tribute of deference and respect.—London Telegraph.

The Hurrying Instinct.

The Anserinus trait of hurrying from instinct was illustrated on the bridge the other day. A man with a big valise in one hand and leading two little girls by the other, while a tired looking woman with a baby in her arms and a bandbox perched on the baby followed furnished the illustration. The party was just starting up the stairs on the Brooklyn side. The man turned and said, "There, Maria, we have forty-five minutes to get to Cortlandt street, so we needn't hurry," and then as he heard the bell clang at the head of the stairs he was on his way up, two steps at a time, with the valise and the two little girls bumping together as they trailed out behind him, and the poor woman with the baby and the bandbox making frantic efforts to keep in sight.

He missed the train, as he deserved, and while he was waiting for the next, which followed in one minute and a half, he remembered that there was no need of being in a hurry, and asked four men who did not realize him of that fact instead of letting them run up the stairs at the risk of dropping dead from heart disease.—New York Times.

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