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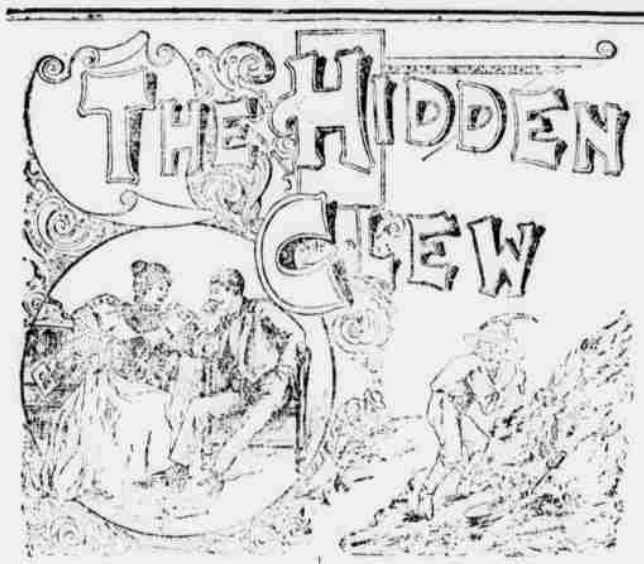

CHAPTER VII.

About 4 o'clock on a lazy July afternoon, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and seventy-five, and two years after the advent of John Satterthwaite at Chesden, the neat omnibus, painted in chocolate and gold, which had been substituted for the old time-honored stage coach, came lumbering along the High street and pulled up, as was its daily wont, at the door of the Satterthwaite Arms Hotel. A gentleman alighted and was received in very hearty style by mine host, while Mr. Coachee tossed a leather valise to the porter who stood by.

The landlord's practiced eye caught the lettering upon the side of the valise—"E. H., Chicago"—and, being utterly ignorant of the whereabouts of that flourishing city, except that it was in "furrin parts," he treated his guest with so much more respect, on the general possibility of his being a Russian prince, or a minister plenipotentiary from his majesty of the Sandwich Islands, or a defaulting city treasurer from "the States."

In truth, the stranger was Mr. Edward Handford, an American gentleman known in his own country as the successful and genial general manager of the Great Occidental Railroad. Because he held that very honorable and responsible position, it must not be supposed that he was necessarily old and sedate, for thirty-five years was the full extent of his sojourn upon mother earth up to that July afternoon.

He is now taking his summer vacation, but has by no means "drifted" to Chesden.

In a short time he is comfortably ensconced at the ancient mahogany of the Satterthwaite Arms, doing ample justice to one of those substantial English dinners which the old landlord is too rarely called upon to serve in these degenerate days of rapid railroad travel.

At last his appetite is appeased, and, with a Chicago cigar between his lips, Edward Handford ruminates upon his present location and surroundings. It would be difficult to decipher all his thoughts, for, as he sits with his eye fastened upon a shred of paper drawn from his pocket-book, we may go backwards a little to discover the true motive which brought him from Illinois to England.

Just one year before, Edward Handford was on his way from Chicago to the Thousand Islands, by way of the great lakes. The passengers on the steamer were very few, but included enough to make the trip a memorable one for him.

A party, consisting of an elderly lady, a younger lady and a lad, traveled therefore disposed. Handford met them at meal times and was considerably impressed by the younger lady, who, though evidently of a somewhat haughty disposition, was friendly of fun when with the lad and with the captain of the steamer. But Handford was not even disposed to take advantage of the freemasonry permitted to fellow travelers, and never made any overtures to conversation. On the last day of the voyage, however, fortune, or what might have proved serious misfortune, favored him.

As the steamer drew near the mazes of Islands in the St. Lawrence, the young lady mounted the railing at the side of the boat, and with her field glass attempted to obtain a better view of a distant island. Handford stood near, and when the boat gave a sudden lurch, causing the lady to lose her balance, instead of falling heavily to the deck, she alighted on her feet, supported by his strong arms. Quite unembarrassed, she thanked him very heartily, and walked away. That evening they reached Alexandria Bay, and in the summer moonlight Handford found himself upon the piazza of the huge hotel, very near his accidental acquaintance of the morning. He approached her and ventured to commence a conversation, but found the young lady decidedly reserved; so much so that when he, rather bashfully for a man of his experience, ventured to tender his card, it was politely refused with a cold "good night."

That was the last Handford saw of her, and although very anxious to learn something more of one who had made so deep an impression upon him, he thought it beneath his dignity to ask any questions of the hotel people. So he returned to Chicago for a year's hard work, knowing nothing except that the lady was from England.

He had picked up in the salon of the steamer, after the lad who was with the young lady's party had been writing, a scrap of note paper on which was embossed, in silver lettering, the heading

"Chesden Hall,
Buckinghamshire."

That is the identical piece of paper now lying before Edward Handford on the dining table at the Satterthwaite Arms. His thoughts, which we will not attempt to penetrate, are much lost even to himself, and guided by his host, he ascends the broad oaken staircase, and sleeps through the night in a bedroom whose walls, could they but speak, might tell strange tales of three centuries of "coming and parting guests."

CHAPTER VIII.

The next morning Handford was up betimes and before breakfast had learned all about Squire Satterthwaite and, though scarcely surprised, he was at least unexpectedly glad to discover himself near an old friend and patron. So before the sun was very high he was sauntering under the fine old beeches of Chesden Park, some of a welcome from his former friend and hoping for he scarce knew what besides.

But the squire had become sufficiently anglicised to attend Quarter Sessions, and was at that time playing the part of a county justice at Aylesbury, so that Handford was compelled to retrace his steps and await, as patiently as he could, the morrow.

American like, without pausing to consider that he was trespassing, he strolled off along the by-ways of the Park, and it was not very long before he espied a white dress worn by his acquaintance of the Thousand Islands.

We all know, mostly from experience, how easy we are, when thousands of miles from home, to claim acquaintance with those whom we should never dream of addressing upon the streets of our own town. Handford raised his hat and uttered a rather cordial "How do you do," but he received a decided rebuff for his pains, and his warm manner was speedily chilled by the extremely icy look which he received in return.

"Do you not remember me?" said he.

"Sir," replied the aristocratic maiden, "I think that it is neither here nor there. We have certainly never been introduced and I am not in the habit of talking with strangers. * * * Possibly you are not aware that you are trespassing?"

Of course Handford might easily have explained that the owner of the Hall and Park was an old acquaintance of his, but under the effects of the young lady's repulse he was in no mood to do so. He merely made his bow and beat a retreat.

Now, Edward Handford, like a true Westerner, was making the tour of England by all the old and unfrequented ways that he could discover. Because he had found a few old towns strung along thirty miles of road still free from the encroachments of the iron horse, he had chosen to include it in his line of travel, finding the smart little omnibus with its four dapper horses a pleasant variation to the railroad trains. After his sharp repulse in the park, he would probably have boarded the next train had there been a next train, but there was not. He could not proceed on his way until late in the afternoon, and before that time he had concluded that he would wait and see Mr. Satterthwaite.

He managed to pass the afternoon pretty well interviewing the landlord and the natives who lazily sauntered in and out of the rambling old inn.

"By the bye," said the landlord to Handford, "they was a young gent from America stayed here just a year agone. Yes, sir, he just come and stop here over night and in t'morning looked it over to Squire's house to catch the Lunnon train, sir. Leastways much above your country, mister, and can't say as to whether he come from your parts or not. Looked like a born gent down on his luck, sir, though I must say the young fellow behaved 'andsome by me, so he did. He went off in such a hurry that he left a envelope with a couple of letters in it. My missis read they letters, but I never bothers myself with such-like things. T'ear's hanging up in the clothes closet now, sir, mebbe if you was to look at the names you might know the party?"

Merely for want of something better to kill the time, Handford followed the landlord into that worthy's private sanctum, where the coat was produced. From a pocket two soiled envelopes, each containing a letter, were withdrawn. Both were mailed at and both were addressed to points within the United States. One was very old and bore the inscription:

"Harry Spencer, Esq., 2802 Fifth avenue, New York city." The other was of more recent date, and the superscription read:

MR. HENRY RICHARDS,
"Bluff City, Nebraska."

The first name was totally strange to Edward Handford. The latter he remembered perfectly well. It was the name of the brakeman who had behaved so well and bravely in frustrating the evil designs of the would-be wreckers of the Pacific mail.

But then, thought Handford, Richards was a very common name, and the coat was much more likely to be the property of Spencer than of Richards. So Handford turned on his heel and soon forgot all about the envelopes and their superscriptions.

After that small incident the day dragged wearily, and our friend was half resolved, when the omnibus rolled up, to pack up his grip and shake the dust of Chesden from off his feet. But he stayed, and that evening the squire, on his way home, ran plump against Handford at the door of the hotel. Of course the two men were heartily glad to see each other, and Mr. Satterthwaite insisted upon dragging Handford up to the Hall for dinner.

Dinner was waiting, and so was the young lady who had so persistently declined Handford's friendly overtures, but if she was surprised or vexed at beholding Handford as a guest, she did not show it, and, after being formally introduced, neither he nor she made any reference to a previous acquaintance. The girl left the table early, while Handford and his host sat over their cigars until nearly daybreak.

A week passed away, and Edward Handford was still at Chesden. Indeed, every day had found him at the Hall, more or less of the time being spent in the company of Miss Satterthwaite, for the squire had introduced the young lady to his friend as "my daughter."

Handford was in love. He had guessed as much a year before, and now he was sure of it.

At the end of another week he felt that he must be starting before very long to busy Chicago, pleasant and enticing as were the attractions of sleepy old Chesden. One course of action he was quite resolved upon, which was that he would tell this beautiful girl of his love for her. She could but refuse to accept it at the worst, and keenly as he knew he would feel such refusal, it would be better than leaving England in doubt and uncertainty.

The last evening of his visit arrived, and upon the broad marble flagged terrace of the ancient hall, with the myriads of summer birds singing their vesper songs in the beech woods, Edward Handford, in a manly fashion and without waste of words, made his first confession of love.

The lady listened, because she could not very well do otherwise, and then quietly and gently, but with evident feeling, replied:

"Mr. Handford, from the first I was a little afraid of this. Possibly I seem to have thrown myself too much, yet, I repeat, I was afraid this might occur, and I hope you will at least do me the justice to admit that I did my best to evade an acquaintance with you. To prove, however, that I do not lightly regard you or your friendship, I will frankly tell you why. I am already married. I can say no more than this. I was married before we came to Chesden, and it saves a vast amount of gossiping as well as idle gossip to let folks know me merely as Miss Satterthwaite. No one in England knows otherwise, and I tell you because you have my utmost respect and regard, and I feel that when I say 'No' to your request I owe you at least a sufficient reason for so doing. Good-by."

With that she extended for a small white hand devoid of all jewelry except one plain gold ring, which Handford took and fervently pressed to his lips. That was all.

Edward Handford was bewildered as he walked down the broad avenue through the park and, when he finally collected his scattered thoughts, imagined that he had been badly treated. He was a good man, was Handford, and a generous one; but, like worse men and better, in his love he was selfish.

He did not see poor Emily in the quiet of her own room, as she sat with her shapely head resting upon the window sill, while she wept bitterly far into the summer night. To him she was but a haughty, cold-hearted woman—a woman with a history, perhaps, but none the less heartless and cruel. Never he could not know her as she really was an unhappy and disappointed girl.

CHAPTER IX.

When Edward Handford returned to the Arms that night, he resolved to do one thing at least. He would leave Chesden the following day, and try to forget, as speedily as possible, that there was any such person in existence as Emily Satterthwaite—or whatever her name might be.

So he rose with the sun and occupied the morning by a farewell tour about the quaint old town and in saying good-by to his friend Mr. Satterthwaite. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the stage pulled up, and the landlord, loth to part with so profitable a guest, escorted him to the street.

"Good luck to you, sir," said he. "Speak a good word for the house when you can."

"That I will," said Handford cordially; "good-by, old fellow."

As the two were talking there alighted from the little omnibus a very smart and active young man, carrying a hand satchel and followed by a porter with a genuine small-sized Saratoga. His luggage, his style of dress, his features and his carriage proclaimed him to be an American youth. He gazed upon Handford, who calmly returned the stare. Each was confident that he had seen the other before, but only the new arrival was able to place his man. He remembered Handford as a Chicago railroad official with whom he had once transacted some business. As for Handford, he moved up Emily's story, the letters in the coat pocket at the inn, Harry Spencer, Henry Richards and a multitude of probable and improbable people.

The younger man broke the silence.

"Beg pardon, are you not from Chicago?"

"Yes," replied Handford, somewhat relieved.

"My name," continued the young fellow, "is Brett Max Brett of Chicago. Don't I not transact some old business with you once? I'm glad to meet a fellow Chicagoan anywhere in the world, if only for a moment. Sorry you are off."

"I'm glad you spoke," said Handford; "it would have been a pity not to do it this out-of-the-way spot. At home we have our tiffs and quarrels, but abroad, you know, a 'Yankee is a Yankee wherever a Yankee meets a Yankee.'"

"Homeward bound?" asked Brett, as the fresh team bounded off with the 'bus, Handford standing on the step at the back.

"Yes—direct!" replied Handford, waving his disengaged hand. "Come and see me when you return."

"I will, my friend," muttered Max, "and sell your company a big bill of oil on the strength of this rencontre."

When Max entered the Arms he found the table already set for dinner, and the landlord assured him of a square meal at 5 o'clock sharp. When Brett finally settled down to dinner nine host eyed him curiously, as if the mere fact of acquaintance with his late guest made Max as important and as liberal a patron. As for Max, whom the reader already knows as a keen observer of human nature, he was in want of reliable information more than anything else. He studied and probed the old landlord for all he was worth, so that by the time his appetite was appeased he knew just how to proceed to business. In a few minutes they were chatting away as though they had known each other for years.

"Who owns the Hall?" asked Max.

"Master Satterthwaite, in course, and a out and out gent he is, too, if he be from America!"

"That's as may be," said Max. "You say he has a handsome daughter. Does she receive attentions from any young gentlemen in these parts?"

"Now, that's summat as I don't know about. My missis thinks Miss Emily don't care for any of 'em, unless it's Mr. Handford. S'pose do say as how he made fast running in that direction while he was here."

"Is that so? Well, do you have many guests from America?"

"No, sir. Let me think, and mebbe I can roll 'em all to mind. First one was a young gent that come about a year agone. He just stops 1 over one night and went off without his every-at. There's a pair of gloves in the coat, and you might know the party if you took them."

"Yes," replied Brett, "I certainly might know him."

The landlord stumbled off, and after a deal of trouble returned with the envelopes which he wished to see the two old letters. Max Brett might have been surprised as he read the superscriptions, but if so he never betrayed his emotion.

Just then a loud noise in the rear of the house attracted the landlord's attention and he hurried off to learn the cause of the disturbance. Max was quite too much of a gentleman to so much as entertain the idea of learning the contents of the letters, but, knowing that they might prove valuable documents at a future day, he kept them, and when the landlord returned, the two letters which he found in the old coat pocket were just those which Handford had examined.

Max, in an off-hand manner, said that he guessed the letters were of no account, and the coat was carried back to its peg in the closet. Then, as the evening was unusually fine, Max donned his hat and sauntered out for a stroll.

(To be continued.)

BRAVERY IN BATTLE.

Curious Extracts From the Order Book of the Gallant General Wolfe.

Some curious and interesting matters have lately been unwelling from an old order book of one Lieutenant Brigadier General Wolfe, which dated from the heroic soldier Wolfe, when Colonel, in the regiment, dated 1750.

He is strong upon military courtesy, as he will gather from one of his orders issued just now.

"Whoever shall throw away his arms in an engagement, whether subaltern, non-commissioned officer or soldier, cannot be thought worthy to be admitted in the presence of his superiors, either under the appearance of a better soldier or any other cause whatsoever, unless ordered to be sent for by a court-martial for the crime.

"The death of an officer commanding a company or platoon shall be to every one of the commanders or subalterns of that platoon or company, while there is a party of men commanded either by a lieutenant or a sergeant, to be considered as being his country.

"Neither officer nor man, in case of a battle, can expect to have his life spared if he quits his post to save his life, or runs away out of the battle, or shows any cowardice, or behaves ill, or cannot be rallied to charge with their bayonets in front, and when they are on the point of yielding upon their charge, the instant they give a warble, shout and run in.

"The soldier who takes his musket from his shoulder and pretends to begin the battle without orders will be put to death that moment. The cowardice or irregular proceeding of one man is not to put the whole in danger.

"The soldier who quits his ranks or offers to fly is instantly to be put to death by the officer who commands the platoon. A soldier does not deserve to live who will not fight for his King and country.

"If a non-commissioned officer or private man is missing after an action and upon his company afterward inquiry, he will be reported a coward and a dog-liver, and will be tried for his life.

"If we attack a body less in number than we ought to be, the glory is more the less, and we must be careful to prove that we are a match for our enemy. He observes and sees the numbers of their platoons before we attack, begins where they are in the most fire, and they are to take a resolution to destroy their adversaries.

"There is no necessity for being very fine. A coat, well lined, tie, with the pieces carefully lapped, is much more destructive and formidable than the quickest fire in confusion. The soldiers are to take their orders entirely from the officer of their platoon, and he is to give them with all possible coolness and resolution. The misbehavior of any other corps will not affect this battalion, because the officers are determined to give the strongest proofs of their fidelity, zeal and courage, in which the soldiers will second them with their usual spirit.

"The men should consider that they are upon the point of entering in to a war for the defense of their country; that a drunken, vicious, irregular army is but a poor defense to a State; but their virtue, courage and obedience are a sure guard in all assaults; they should, therefore, always be ready to perform their part with honor and spirit, and not give themselves up to any excess or irregularity. In times like these both officers and soldiers should particularly exert themselves in every part of the duty, and show their country that they deserve its esteem and admiration by their zeal, fidelity and valor."

The principles on which the British soldier should fight very little to this day from those inculcated by General Wolfe.—*London Express.*

Zebras in Place of Horses.

Mr. R. J. Sowds, an authority on veterinary science, says the time is near at hand when the zebra will be harnessed in British East Africa and the Transvaal priced rates, which these animals are not in common use. The zebra is immune to the poison of the tse-tse, and Mr. Sowds predicts that if the British government should make the experiment of breeding a number of trained zebras and use them for service in Africa, the army would work at home and in India. After they are domesticated will point to fully for years among the small in large herds and subsisting on the grass of the country, it is believed that the zebras will readily be adapted.—*Country Gentleman.*

No More Pencils.

A man made a wager with a lady that he could sharpen a needle quicker than she could sharpen a lead pencil. The man won—time, 6 1-4 sec. It is thought that the result would have been different if the woman had not run out of lead pencils inside of five minutes.

POWDER AND PATCHES.

Fairy Eighteenth Century Accessories Are in the Mixing.

Nearly but nearly everyone [illegible] powder and powder are [illegible] less they are too patently rouge and powder; beds have grown thin and [illegible] and the scattered [illegible] patches of the [illegible] patch [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] of the