

# LOST MAN'S LANE.

## A SECOND EPISODE.

### IN THE LIFE OF AMELIA BUTTERWORTH.

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

CHAPTER XX.

I kept the promise I had made to myself and did not go to the stables. Had I intended to go there, I could not have done so after the discovery I have just mentioned. It awakened too many thoughts and contradictory surmises. If this knot was a signal, for whom was this signal meant? If it was a mere acknowledgment of death, how reconcile the sentimentality which prompted such an acknowledgment with the monstrous and diseased passions lying at the base of the whole dreadful occurrence? Lastly, if it was the result of pure carelessness, a bit of crape having been caught up and used for a purpose for which any ordinary string would have answered, what a coincidence between it and my thoughts, what a wonderful coincidence, amounting almost to miracle!

Marveling at the whole affair and deciding nothing, I allowed myself to stroll down alone to the gate, William having left me at my peremptory refusal to drag my skirts any longer through the briars. The day being bright and the sunshine warming even the gloomy recesses of the forest before me, the road, I thought, looked less ominous than usual, especially in the direction of the village and Deacon Spear's cottage. The fact is that anything seemed better than the grim and lowering walls of the house behind me. If my home was there, so was my dread, and I welcomed phantasms more than I ought to the sight of Mother Jane's heavy figure bent over her herbs at the door of her hut, a few paces to my left, where the road turned.

Had she not been deaf, I believed I would have called her. As it was, I contented myself with watching the awkward swayings of her body as she pottered to and fro among her turnips and carrots. My eyes were still on her when I suddenly heard the clatter of horses' hoofs on the highway. Looking up, I encountered the trim figure of Mr. Trohm, bending to me from a fine sorrel.

"Good morning, Miss Butterworth. It's a great relief to me to see you in such good health and spirits this morning," were the pleasant words with which he endeavored, perhaps, to explain his presence in a spot more or less considered as under a ban.

It was certainly a surprise. What right had I to look for such attentions from a man whose acquaintance I had made only the day before? It touched me, little as I am in the habit of allowing myself to be ruled by trivial sentimentalities, and though I was discreet enough to avoid any further recognition of his kindness than was his due from a lady of great self respect he was evidently sufficiently gratified by my response to draw rein and pause for a moment's conversation under the pine trees.

This for the moment seemed so natural that I forgot that more than one pair of eyes might be watching me from the upper windows back of us—eyes which might wonder at a meeting which to the foolish understandings of the young might have the look of premeditation. But, phaw! I am speaking as if I were 20 instead of—let the family record say. I never could see that it was a weakness for a woman to keep certain secrets to herself.

"How did you pass the night?" was Mr. Trohm's first question. "I hope in all due peace and quiet."

"Thank you," I returned, not seeing why I should increase his anxiety in my regard. "I have nothing to complain of. I had a dream, but dreams are to be expected where one has to pass a half dozen empty rooms to one's apartment."

He could not restrain his curiosity. "A dream!" he repeated. "I do not believe in sleep that is broken by dreams, unless they are of the most cheerful sort possible. And I judge from what you say that yours was not cheerful."

I wanted to tell him. I felt that in a way he had a right to know what had happened to me or what I thought had happened to me under this roof. And yet I did not speak. What I could tell would sound so puerile in the broad sunshine that enveloped us. I merely remarked that cheerfulness was not to be expected in a domicile so given over to the ravages of time, and then with that lightness and versatility which

characterize me under certain exigencies I introduced a topic we could discuss without any embarrassment to himself or me.

"Do you see Mother Jane there?" I asked. "I had some talk with her yesterday. She seems like a harmless imbecile."

"Very harmless," said he; "her only fault is greed; that is insatiable. Yet it is not strong enough to take her a quarter of a mile from this place. Nothing could do that, I think. She believes, you see, that her daughter Lizzie is still alive and will come back to the hut some day. She wouldn't be away then for all the bank holds. I know, for I have tried to tempt her. It's very sad when you think that the girl's dead and has been dead nearly 40 years."

"Why does she harp on numbers?" said I. "I heard her mutter certain ones over and over."

"That is a mystery none of us has solved," said he. "Possibly she has no reason for it. The vagaries of the witless are often quite unaccountable."

I felt him looking at me, not from any connection between what he had just said and anything to be observed in me, but from— Well, I was glad that I have been carefully trained in my youth to pay the greatest attention to my morning toilets. Any woman can look well at night and many women in the flush of a bright afternoon, but the woman who looks well in the morning needs not always to be young to attract the appreciative gaze of a man of real penetration. Mr. Trohm was such a man, and I did not begrudge him the pleasure he showed in my neat gray silk and carefully adjusted collar. But he said nothing, and a short silence ensued, which was perhaps more of a compliment than otherwise. Then he uttered a short sigh and lifted the reins.

"If only I was not debarred from entering," he smiled, with a short gesture toward the house.

I did not answer. Even I understand that on occasion the tongue plays but a sorry part in such interviews.

He sighed again and uttered some short encouragement to his horse, which started that animal up and sent him slowly pacing down the road toward the cheerful clearing toward which my own eyes were looking with what I was determined should not be construed even by the most sanguine into a glance of anything like wistfulness. As he went Mr. Trohm gave me a bow I have never seen surpassed in my own parlor in Gramercy park, and upon my bestowing upon him a short return glanced up at the house with an intentness which seemed to increase as some object invisible to me from where I stood caught his eye. As that eye was directed toward the left wing and lifted as far as the second row of windows I could not help asking myself if he had seen the knot of crape which had produced upon me so lugubrious an impression. Before I could make sure he had passed from sight and the highway fell again into shadow—why, I hardly knew, for the sun certainly had been shining a few minutes before.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### Five Fees for Doctors.

Sixty thousand dollars and a pension of \$2,500 a year was the fee paid to Dr. Thomas Dinkdale, the Hertfordshire physician who, in 1872, was summoned to St. Petersburg to vaccinate the Empress Catherine II. Dr. Butler, who had obtained a great reputation for extraordinary skill in the operation for lithotomy, received a lac of rupees (then equivalent to \$50,000) from each of six Indian rajahs for the single operation.

The late czar of Russia paid a fee of \$75,000 to Professor Zacherine of Moscow for two days' attendance. A certain Dr. Gale of Bristol, who was blind, for curing a gentleman of a seriously diseased knee by some electric treatment received a check for \$250,000. Dr. Gale Yowski, the famous oculist, who attended the son of the shah of Persia, received \$35,000 in fees during the three months of his residence in Teheran, while all his expenses of traveling and maintenance were paid.

Sir William Jenner received for four weeks' attendance at Sandringham during the illness of the Prince of Wales a baronetcy and a fee of \$50,000, while Sir Morell Mackenzie is reported to have received twice that amount for attending the Emperor Frederick. His royal highness the nawab of Rampur, India, a few years since paid an English army surgeon \$50,000 for an occasional attendance in an ordinary attack of rheumatism.

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By George W. Taylor and F. W. Hargett, or either of them, at Jacksonville, Onslow county, N. C.

By Frank Andrews, N. E. Armstrong and Joseph E. Rhodes, or either of them, at Tar Landing, Onslow county, N. C.

By S. B. Taylor, Geo. H. Simmons and J. F. Boggs, or either of them, at Catharine Lake, Onslow county, N. C.

By Wayne Venters and Robt. D. Thompson, or either of them, at Wayne Venters' store, Onslow county, N. C.

By M. B. Steed, J. L. Nicholson and N. Sylvester, or either of them, at Richlands village, Onslow county, N. C.

By W. S. Hargett, H. F. Brown and F. B. Koonce, or either of them at their respective residences in Swackhoe township, Jones county, N. C.

By Spencer H. Phillips at his residence on Chinquapin, in Jones county, N. C.

By Christopher C. Turner at his residence in Lenoir county, near the Jones and Lenoir county line.

By E. F. Cox, J. W. Grainger and David Oetinger or either of them, at Kinston, Lenoir county, N. C.

Said books to be kept open until the sum of ten thousand dollars is subscribed and five per cent. paid in thereon, and for such further length of time as may be deemed expedient, or until the whole of the capital stock is subscribed.

This notice is given pursuant to Sections 3 and 4 of the Act to incorporate "The Kinston and Jacksonville Railroad Company," passed by the General Assembly of North Carolina at its session in 1890, and by the order and authority of the incorporators named in Section 1 of said Act, made and given in their meeting held at Jacksonville, in Onslow county, N. C., on April 6th, 1891, as set forth in the record thereof.

This April 15th, 1891.

F. D. KOONCE, President.  
J. W. BURTON, Secretary.  
April 22, 1891.

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