

at the hands of her drunken father, and how the water called—and she let go its hands, and a great gust of wind came, and the child was drowned and—let God see to it.”

Yet the judge put on his black cap, and delivered sentence that the prisoner be hanged by the neck until she be dead!

* * * * *

Andrea, who was in court, rose instinctively with the prisoner to listen to that terrible sentence.

She supposed she maintained silence because the Majesty of the Law did not call her to order.

But surely somewhere the cry of her spirit could be heard demanding mercy.—Nay, and not only mercy, but justice—and punishment for the father of that murdered child.

Then it was for the first time that she took up her pen—and as it flew over the paper, poured forth all that her tongue might not utter. With what daring and menace her signature “Andrea Carillon” stood out upon the sheet—with what firmness she stamped the seal.

The document—grim—daring—logical—human, did its work. The thin white neck of the prisoner—escaped the bruise of the rope—but the girl who wrote it was never young any more.

* * * * *

Rosabelle Lanark was gathering forget-me-nots in the Duchess' garden, she came and pinned them on her lover's coat. How changed he was! Cold and reserved he was no longer the brilliant and strenuous man who had won her heart in the past—and yet was he not even more beloved?

“John,” she said—with a little flush—“you can, and you must save that poor creature.”

“I will ride down to Carillon at once,” he said, moving to the gate.

“To see the old lady who wrote the wonderful appeal?”

“Yes.”

* * * * *

“Did you see her?”—questioned Rosabelle, as he took his seat beside her, late for dinner. “Was she a kind old thing?”

He did not at once reply, but as he turned towards her, she caught a glimpse of the old force and gaiety.

“She was all beauteous grace”—he answered: “I saw her afar off—she was in a field picking cowslips for making wine—I helped her gather them—it was a golden day—we stood together on cloth of gold—she was dressed in something light and fluttering—like purple mist—I think her eyes are purple, her hair grows in little tight waves all over her head—she inspired the picture—the Seventh Marchioness of Rivière—but she is no myth—she is here—here—in this world—alive—”

The Duchess had risen—Rosabelle followed her. “She has marvellous dignity for so young a woman,” thought the old Duke as he watched her pass out of the room.

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

(To be continued.)

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

CHRISTOPHER.*

“He was what his mother's maid Trimmer, pressed by untoward circumstances into all sorts of duties which were to have fallen to the lot of a crinolined lady waiting in London—he was what Trimmer called a ‘posthumous child.’ The word pleased and encouraged her. She spoke it frequently and with unction, dwelling longingly, for euphonious reasons, upon the syllable immediately before that with which she had embellished it.” Not only was he “posthumous” but born unexpectedly at sea, which happening had done the crinolined nurse in London out of her job. Trimmer wore a chignon, so the period is fixed. The volume is divided into three books, all of which are good, but the first the most delightful. In it we have given to us Christopher's childhood spent with his mother and Trimmer at Boulogne. It was the time of the war, and even Trimmer hummed the Marsellaise.

“Le jour de glwore est arrivay.”

“Gloire, Trimmer, not glwore.”

“Glwah,” amended Trimmer, “Le jour de glawh.”

It was in Boulogne that he became fascinated by the beautiful lady whose chignon was different from everybody else's, different even from his beautiful mother's. Mrs. St. Jemison he heard was not a nice woman. He tackled Trimmer.

“Because she had run away from her husband, if he must know.”

“And what did the ‘Custody of the Child,’ mean?”

Thus Christopher as a small boy.

Notwithstanding all the delights of Boulogne, the London visit put them in the shade.

There was something stimulating in the very uproar.

This is London, everything said. This is London.

“O this crowd and the noise, 'm. There's the valise, 'm. Near the 'ip bath. Now perhaps we shall get along.”

What Christopher chiefly noted in the cab was the straw, bits of which he picked off his mother's dress, and the deafening rattle of the windows that made conversation almost impossible. Delicious the meal that was in waiting, with chops that were not cutlets, and a vegetable that according to Trimmer, was, not a logume.

The story is so pleasantly written and descriptive, that one forgets to quarrel with a certain wrong-headedness.

But why should Christopher's beautiful young mother accept without great demur the cast-off lover of Mrs. St. Jemison, and why is he to be accepted without any apology at all by the reader as the ideal husband and stepfather of Christopher?

In after years Christopher meets and falls in love with the child whose “custody” had

* Richard Pryce. (Hutchinson & Co., London.)

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