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Complete Story.

A Lady of Moods.

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

"Heart of my heart, she has broken the heart of me; Soul of my soul, she will never be part of me— She whom I love, but will never be love of me, Song of my Sorrows— My Lady of Moods."

Michael's death, in the season when his promise was being fulfilled, was a shocking loss to us who loved him; and a ten days' wonder. In a land of plenty, with money in his purse, a friend by his side, and the earnest of an unparalleled success pouring in by every mail, the man to whose robust body and vitality there seemed to cling a suggestion of immortality, had died of what the doctor in attendance declared to have been physical exhaustion.

The scene of Michael's death, and of his lonely burying, the Hill station of Nuwara Elya in Ceylon, was so far removed from the obliterating roar and change of New York that we, who were most interested and affected, despaired of receiving those particulars with which it is the touching custom of a man's friends to busy their minds on the melancholy occasion of his dying. It was idle to speculate, and the tragedy, by degrees, fell away from thought and talk. But it was not one of those visitations which can be wholly forgotten, and when it was learned that Prince Laniaski, of Warsaw, Michael's companion in Ceylon, had landed in America, there was a general reviving of interest.

Prince Laniaski is a long, emaciated man, with the lofty forehead, the ivory-yellow colouring and the Virgilian profile of the early Florentine poets. He has singularly deep-set, light grey eyes and the poise of an Oriental. In speaking English it is by deliberateness and not accent or construction that he distinguishes himself a foreigner. "Michael," he began suddenly, and breaking off abruptly an entirely different topic, "died of physical exhaustion brought on by a broken heart."

I recalled everything I knew about Michael, which was much, and could not find any grounds for entertaining such a theory. There were plenty of vicious flirtations to which I could have sworn, and with equal readiness I could have taken oath that in and about his native city, and in all my long and intimate knowledge of him, he had never been drawn by a serious inclination toward any woman. All this passed into my mind.

Laniaski looked at me steadily as if I had spoken aloud, and immediately answered my scepticism.

"You are quite mistaken," he said. "At once well known and quite unknown to his familiar friends, there was a woman—a young girl—here in the very midst of you, who brought this thing upon him."

"I cannot think who," I said. "Do you know a—Mrs Jolyff?" he asked.

"Certainly," I said: "I have known her always. I was one of Jolyff's ushers."

"Five years ago," said the Prince—"precisely five years. She was a Miss Carr—Miss Evelyn Carr. Michael has been dead precisely five years."

"My dear sir," I said, "there was nothing in little Miss Carr to attract such a man as Michael. She was a light-hearted, gay little flirt, of about as much use in the world as a butterfly, and just as charming to look at."

"Almost Michael's words," said Laniaski, "and yet he loved her in a way that is very difficult for you and me to comprehend."

"He saw very little of her," I said; "I am sure of that."

"My dear fellow," said the prince, "it does not take long to set fire to a haystack if you like I will tell you the truth about the affair—all that Michael told me when we were together there in Ceylon."

"Evelyn Carr!" I said. "I was never so astonished."

"Seven years ago," said Prince Laniaski, "she was not known to him. He

was very busy hammering gold n thoughts into immortal shape. Do you recall his 'Hymn in June'—in which there is a description of a young girl among the roses?

"You do not like the piece? Nor do I. Nor does any reader of perspicacity. In it there is too little of the divine fire which so crackled among the lines of Michael's later works. It is the composition of a youth maudlinly in love. But who else could have written it?"

"Michael composed that hymn of three hundred lines extempore, standing upon a beach and addressing his passion to the sea. That is why it is so powerless—so—no rank. It was a June night, on the midnight of the night he met her, that he stood upon the beach smoking his cigar, and crying aloud to the waves of the passion and longing that were his. But as a poem it is very rank—very maudlin. June roses, a young girl, love—and death to philosophy."

"He met her at a dinner party in the country. He did not even sit next to her, he told me, but zizzing from her; she at one end of the table, himself at the other, and on opposite sides. She was then just out of the schoolroom, and had indeed only taken the place at the table of an older sister confined suddenly to bed by a touch of bronchitis. She had had her hair done up for the first time, and wore her first low-necked dress. It was of white silk, printed like a wall paper, with immense pale pink roses. Michael told me all this—once. And I have remembered."

"He said that when he took his seat at the dining-table he was a normal man of active habits, very hungry. He sat on the left of Mrs. Carr, the girl's mother, and begged her to forgive him for a few moments of gluttonous silence while he devoured his soup. 'I am so hungry,' he said, 'and the soup is so good.'"

"And then he became so interested in the topic which he had started, to wit, the necessity of hunger being satisfied

before conversation could begin, that his soup was taken from before him almost untasted. That was very like Michael. And then he looked up and to the left, and found that Evelyn Carr was looking at him. And he was the man to draw a girl's eyes out of her head—the lion face of him, the dancing, Baxton eyes, and the red glistening mane—the colour of the lighter markings in old Domingo mahogany. He said that for some moments she would not lower her eyes nor he his; and that then, and at the same moment, as if by mutual agreement, both looked away. That episode was repeated several times during dinner. With Michael it was a sudden call to his soul. But with the girl it was not that way at all. The first time she wished to see the effect of her eyes upon a man—any man. That is how I figure it. After that she felt a real attraction. But it was not of the soul.

"When the men were left to themselves Michael said that it seemed to him as if the room had been darkened; and though there were only two lamps burning under soft shades in the drawing-room, where the ladies had gone, he said that when he entered it it seemed bright like noon. He said further that this was not mere lover's talk, but an absolute, incomprehensible, physical illusion. He went straight to where she sat and placed himself beside her. He said:

"We were not introduced. My name is John Michael and you are Miss Carr. My dinner was spoiled because I wanted to sit by you. I have never in my life seen anyone like you—never. I think you are a very wonderful person."

"Those were his first words to her—right there in the drawing-room among all the chattering people—delivered in that quick, quiet way of speaking which was his when deeply in earnest. He said that she did not answer him, but looked straight in his eyes with a strange, questioning look, and that she moved uneasily. Then he said:

"You are going to see a great deal of me, Miss Carr, whether you want to or not. It is one of those things that can't be helped. It is not your fault nor mine. I am going to know you very well."

"His expression must have told her even more than his words. And her heart must have beaten gladly to have exercised so sudden an influence over the man whose genius was already beginning to thunder throughout the Eng-

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Mr. Frank P. Pocock, of Given Terrace, Paddington, Queensland, sends us his photograph, and says:

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