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The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY PRIDAY, JULY 1, 1887.

FORCED APART

By W. CLARK RUSSELL Author of the "Wreck of the Growenor." "A Sailor's Sweetheart," Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"trood mornin', Mrs. Mend. How are you? Tis an ago sin I so n yo my way." "I'm middlin' well, that k 'er, Mrs. Bruff. As to comin' your way, what liath snuff to say to a lone o'd cratur' that counts her valloy in furdenet The flies, they do tickle, truly. Them and the dogs knows what's good," exclaimed Mrs. Mead, with a glance at the paper parcel. "And doth not the parson say that prosperity draws strange things

"Yo're allers quizzing, Mrs. Mend. Prosperity, indeed! Rive and fourpence was my mirnings last week; scarce three leaves in itthanks to them wagabore French, as it's & musey for them I ain't a man."

"Well, and ye give me no news? That two gossips should roust i' this heat with nothing to say! But they're wonderful liers i' Greystone," said Mrs. Mend. "Nows to thee" oriel Mrs. Bruff, with a

Indicrons tous of the head. "Why, here I stand for truth; for, as you say, they're dreadful liars i Greystone." "The truth o' what?" "But you know!" exclaimed Mrs. Bruff,

looking at her old companion with abourd incredulity in her face,

"I do not know," replied Mrs. Mend, with the engerness of a born gomip. "I am this minute arrived from Winston, and if anything both happ'd I'm as strange to it as a unborn infant.

"Why, then," said Mrs. Bruff, speaking slowly, and with evident sense of superiority, fit's everywheres towd that Mike Strangfield's wench hath run away for shame o' the wrong done her by Dr. Shaw's son. But that's not it, neither. Not twenty minutes since, I met Deacon Skelton, who says to me, 'Is it true, Mrs. Bruff, that my brother Strangfield is dead? 'The Lord forbid,' I says 'I hope not, Mr. Skelton,' 'I'm afeard is, then, he says 'I'm Mason,' he says, him as keeps the Blue Posteses, had the news from Tom Ruffles, as is consin to the Strangfields' servint: Polly her name is. was sent for the doctor, but came first in fright to her mother who's kept her bed April, poor wretch- an' mys that Strangfield's fell down in a fit, and's a dead Tord bless me, sir! save L"

"That's never indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Mead, very pale, and eatching up her dress, "If it's true, it's as sfrange a misitation as any that iver I fend of in Holy Write Goodby to ye. You've put me in a burry, Mrs. Bruff. Lord save us! what wonderful things happen in this life!" She was limping rapidly away before Mrs.

Bruff could return her farawell. She was too experienced a gossip herself to believe in the accuracy of any story related; but then, likewise, she well know that almost never does any story get abroad without foundation. They may say there's a ffame where there is only a spark; but be sure there

Hastily down the street she went, Arrised at her home, he washed her face, brushed her hair, dusted her Lonnet and shors, and, glancing at the cupboard, to make sure of a bit of dinner to be cooked on her return, she sallied forth once more, and walked direct to Strangfield's house, No ontward and visible sign there was of

anything being amiss Mrs Mead knocked softly, and, with uncheinese bred in her by the dislike bore her by the Strangfields, kept herself close, that she might not be spied by any sideways glinee from the window. No one responding, she knocked again loudly, and presently the door was opened by Mrs. Strangfield

The desolate white and grief of the poor woman's face was indeed something heart moving to behold. The atter forlormess of the eyes, the pitcous droop of the mouth, the dishevelment of hair and attire, which into grief throws a violent dramatic element were beyond expression. She looked at Mrs. Mend, while the old lady bobbed a courtesy, as a person to whom everything that offers has a meaning cruelly hard to master. "food forbid, mistress," said Mrs. Mead.

"ye should think I am come out of evil curionly. They my the dearon bath been stricken ill, and positively would I know this from one who hath the truth," "Why do you come here for news! This is a house of mourning now. I am a desolate, lenely woman. Heaven help me," replied

Mrs. Strangfield in a broken voice. "So, indeed, ye be, if it is only for your daughter's leavin' ye," said Mrs. Mend, with deep compassion. "But what hath happ'd to the descon! For the Lord's sake let me hear it of you, ma'am!"

"He hath been struck with paralysis, and lies dying and calling for his daughter. That is the truth. And now must I go to him, for your knock has brought me from his bed, and the maid is away on an errand, and I

the spoke with stolidity of exha grief, and was stepping back to close the

"Stay!" oried Mrs. Mond, "I bring thee news of thy child." The mother wheeled round with a surick, and with both hands seized her arm. "What of her? In she living?"
"Living and well. Not an hour ago I left

Mys fitrungfield had no words. The sudden lispersion of the fears that had torn her leart was a moral convulsion that deprived less of speech. She stood with her ingere dutching hard the old woman's ann. Thus leading hard the old woman's ann. Thus leading hard the old woman's ann. These leading hard the old woman's ann. These leading hard the old woman's ann. These leading hard the house that her included him proof of your marriage rather than the leading hard the house that her included him to be a second with the leading hard the old woman's ann.

"sweet girl! slow men me been wronged!

My pretty one! Alive, indeed, and I have been praying for thee. Oh, what a serrow to heall the pure in heart! God forgive us!"

She drooped and leaned toward Mrs. Mend, and brought up the old hand to her mouth and bleeed if, weeping the while such tears

"Alive and well!" she burst out againg.
"Dear heart, to bring me such good tidings!
Come in, come in! God is good to send. hee! Dear heart, what joy you give me!"
With drope trickling down her furrowed

check, Airs. Mend suffered herself to be drawn into the house by the passionate "Quick, now, door friend," cried Mrs.

Strangfield, feverishly. "Tell me where my girl is! Is she in threystone!- Oh, my

"She is at Winston, at the Greyhound there, and you mun go and fetch ber, and tell her what blow hath fallen on thee, or she will not retoorn. Oh, she is bitter-and rightly so!" quavered the old woman, in a voice strangely composed of indignation and sympathy. "Niver, she swears, will she come to her home again, to be despised and thought vilely of. For her dving father she may come-but you must fetch her, mis-

"Come! Oh, she will come when she sees my face, and hours that her father lies moaning for her. Besides, hath not Dr. Shaw proved her a married woman! Ay, this very norning. Mrs. Mead, he came to bring us written proof of my Jenny's marriage with Cuthbert Shaw! But how can I leave my lusband" she cried distractedly, "The doctor says he must be watched. And how can I fetch my Jeany and be with my poor

"Well, well' trule proved married! And he hath told no lies, thone" gasped Mrs. Mead "The Lord forgive ye for all the pain on have given her. What didst thee say:thy husband wants nursing! While ye're gone I'll watch by him. I've nursed a many 'my time. Hath he his mind?"

"Yes; he lies still the has no power in one orm and he groans sadly. He calls for denny, and - Oh, Mrs. Mend! if I am not quick he may never see her again in this world. Dear Mrs. Mead, since you will stop, un up to him now, dear heart, while I get my bonnet, I will be very quick. Do you mind, I have courage to be quick since she is living. Straight up, Mrs. Moad, to the right. Story, I will show they. Oh, God grant him a little lifer!"

She ran upstairs swiftly, yet with light feet, and Mrs. Mend went labortonely, quivering and stumbling after her. Outside the door quite clearly was the greating of the man heard. He lay on his back looking toward the wall, and in the gloom of the room his face was scarcely distinguishable from the pillow for the whiteness of it.

With finger on her lip Mrs. Strangfield motioned to Mrs. Mend to take the chair by the bedside; and, nimbly appareling herself, she ame to the old woman's ear and breathlessly delivered instructions. They were simple enough, and to Mrs. Mead's discretion was left the explanation of her presence if Strangfield should observe her. But, truly. there seemed little chance of this; never once, sine a lifted from the parlor floor and latel upon the bed, had he stirred, and that should be over three hours. At regular intervals he groaned, and as his wife glided out of the room he called for Jenny.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JENNY AND HER MOTHER Just out of High street, not a stone's throw from the church, lived Mr. Franklin, the owner the Swiftsupe coach that plied between Greystone and the old city on the

and to London He was a pudding-faced man, and shaped like a ball in that part of his body which the and of his breeche: circled; and he stood, with his legs with anart, sucking a straw at he gateway of his yard, wherein, under sheds, stood his rolling stock, when Mrs. Strangfield breathlessly came to him, and exought him, with clasped, entreating muds, instantly to order out one of his onches, that she might be driven to Win-

Now, fortunately for her, Franklin was a prompt man; and reading urgency in the poor woman's desperate face, he gave a shrill whistle, and out from a little office umbled a knock-kneed hostler.

"Number Two, Jeremy, and Sarah's your al. Let Thomas scrape hissent, and tell um the leddy's waiting, said Mr. Franklin; and with disputch that would pleasure this lectric age to experience, a coasis ruttled up

"To the Greyhound, at Winston, as quick sever you can gallon," cried Mrs. Strangold; and in a tries the heavy-wheel-d velule was scattering loungers in the roadway on to the pavements, and making the shop windows clink to the thunder of its progress. Still, it was a half-hour's drive, and a ter-

riply hustling one.
At last the village hove in sight; a little row of cottages swept by, and the coach came to a stand in front of the glass door of the Greyhound inn. The man descended from the box of the coach, though aiready she was agraining her wrist in desperate efforts to open the door for herself; and no sooner was she liberated than she flew into the arms of Sally, who, having caught sight of the coach from a window, was running to

"Are you the mistress?" said Mrs. Strange field, in a wild way. "You, I be, ma'am," replied Sally, with a

civil courtesy.
"Is there a lady beref" "Ay; an' you be her mother, I reckon."
"I am her mother. Take me to her a

Though Sally had been fortified with dozen scruples, they would have been helpleasly swept away by the peremptoriness of

"She's just where Mrs. Most left her, ma'sm. This way, please," and she went to the parior door and threw it open, saying: "Here be thy mother, mistress."

Jenny was standing at the window over-

lecting was standing at the window over-lecting the green space of garden at the back of the house. With a stupefied face on her she turned, and a cry left her lips, and she stepped back a pace when her mother rushed to her. Then, like a flash of night at the sight of the beloved face, an impulse of love and joy leaped up in her; and in close, sob-bing embrace were they locked as fally, looking away from the sacred sight, closed the door upon them.

the door upon them. "Oh, Jenny, why are you here! why didst thee leave me!" cried Mrs. Strangfield, re-linquishing her daughter to game at her, with eyes in which rapture and sorrow were strangely blended. "Never was mother's heart wrung as mine was when this morning I beheld your bed untouched, and you

were not near to answer to my call."
"I could not stay. Father would have taken me to London to-day; and see what a mad journey it would have been, and how cruel my ignorance would make him!" the girl said, pushing back her hair, and standing in a half defiant, half drooping posture before her mother.

to prove the income wild. An, my per-least, how thould she know!—and that the came or thy humands mining, a the decire believe, is that he was solved by the pres-ging and queried away to see! Down thy father fell, and we have him to his roon, and

the surgeon fears for his life; and all the while he fies groaning and crying upon thy name. 'Bring Jenny to met bring Jenny to me!' he moans. My pretty, come quickly, or you'll see him no more in this world."

The girl stood transfixed and overwhelmed by her mother's news. Then you could have seen her battling with the ruels and surge of tunnultuous emotions a whole minute on the ultuous emotions a whole minute ere she

"Do you tell me that my darling is carried away to sea?" she said, in a febrile

"'Tis what his father believes." "And that Dr. Shaw hath proved me his

"And that Dr. Shaw hath proved me his non's wife to my father?"

"Yes, indeed. He came with a paper, and the sight of it hath killed thy father. His heart is broken for the wrong he has done his only one!" wailed the mother. "Oh, Jenny, do not delay! There is a coach at the door. Make haste to put on your hat. Yen would not let him be meaning for thee in dving sorrow and not come?" in dying sorrow and not come!"

She looked at her mother with a wonderful expression of troubled amazement and incredulous horror in her eyes, then took up her hat, and in a few minutes was ready to depart. As she left the room she met Mrs. Walker, into whose hand she slipped a gninea, giving her a sweet, strange smile as

she did so, but quite powerless to speak.

The woman, much affected by Jenny's munificence, put the little trunk into the

coach, and low and numerous were the courtesies she dropped as it drove off.

The rattle of wheel and window, if not a prohibition to speech, was a decided obstacle to the hearing. But Mrs. Strangfield had too much to say to hold ker peace. With her child's hand locked in hers she poured her heart into Jenny's ear, and all the story of Dr. Shaw's visit told her, and the medical man's judgment on Michael's condition, with whatever else that her head was giddy with -sometimes reproaching and sometimes breaking into passionate exclamations of rapture, which thoughts of her husband would inevitably choke; silent scarcely ever, and of the matter of her volubility leaving Jenny, amid the roar of the coach, in pes mesion of but very small fragments.

And the girl! Her father knew at last that the was honest, and for a brief while had exultation, of the kind that inflames the madman's eye, swelled until it had sickened her heart with the force and fullness of it. But the emotion died under the heavy droop of humiliated honor. She had won back her name, but what had the victory cost her? Her husband was gone, her father was dying, her heart was wounded

and bleeding badly.

The bitter passion of shame that had driven her from Greystone revisited her again when the coach entered the High street, and she leaned back and involuntarily frew her veil over her face. The mother stopped the coach at the corner of the street, that the jar of the wheels might not penetrate the resonant wooden house, and alighted with her daughter, and both of them went quickly in. "Mother," whispered Jenny, standing in

the passage as a stranger might, "I will stay here till you have seen him." "In the parlor, then, dearest, and rest thee. Oh, Jenny, pray God to spare him! He is

Softly the poor woman climbed the stairs, and Jenny went into the little room which, in all her life, she had vowed never again to enter. Speculating she stood, wondering how it had befallen that her mother had

per-'Jenny!" She went out, and on the stairs she saw her mother, who for despair could only beckon or toss her hands. She followed Mrs. Strangfield upstairs, with a creeping shill over her limbs, and the sensation of a housand quivering fibers in her body.

In the bedroom near the hed were two Sgures whom she could not immediately distinguish for the feeble light in the cha but she speedfly found that one was Mrs. Mend and the other the doctor. Both figures drew away when mother and

daughter came into the room. Mrs. Strangfield went to the bedside, and, hending over the motionless form upon it, saul, in a whisper of exquisite sadness: "Michael, Jenny is here. Wilt thou speak to her!"

For some moments there was no At last, in a faint, hoarse murmur, the dying

"Let her take my hand and kiss me. Jane, thee knowest that I cannot move." The girl went to her father, and put her hand into his and kissed his forehead "Jenny, my little one," he murmured, "thee



didst wrong to trick me. Of old did the prophet chide, saying, 'And thou saidst, I shall be a lady forever; so that thou didst not lay these things to thy heart, neither didst remember the latter end of it. But thy punishment has heen sore, my poor one. By thee am I condemned, whom I condemned. I was a liar for speaking what, ir. my wrath, I believed the truth; and it did nearly break they heart the worth as mine is heart for I believed the truth; and it did nearly break thy heart, poor weach, as mine is broken!"

No pathos the meaning of his words had could equal the deeply moving effect given to them by his speaking with his head turned away, all power lost, life choing from him as surely as the shadows cast by the san wase slowly circling to the east, whence darkness comes. She hung over him with dry eyes, for the grief in her was too deep for tears.

"Father," she whispered, "I wronged thee by loving secretly; but has not my husbame's going wrung my heart with punishment enough? Truly, I was innocent of worse sin than deesit; and now that you know I am a decit; and now that you know I am seemt, and hour with my kines, I could appy to die."

No answer did he return, and he began to breathe heavily; on which the doctor came gandy to her, and would have led her from the bed; but the father had a grip of her land, and she would not divergage his hold. Said the mother, in a feeble whinger: "Is there no hope?"

The doctor should like head, and he his office that on his breast, and stood quiet, with his heads of a light would be headed to be be not be hered.

Remove the breast, and stood quiet, with his heads of a light with his heads of a light would be headed.

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