THE EVIL GENIS.

A DOMESTIC STORY BY WILETE COLLINS.

from me! I want Syd! I want Syd!" That was her one cry. When exhaustion silenced her they hoped that the sad delusion was at an end. No! As the slow fire of the fever flamed up again the same words were on the child's lips-the same fond hope was in her sinking heart.

The doctor led Mrs. Linley out of the room. "It this the governess," he asked.

"Yes F" "Is she within easy reach?" "She is employed in the family of a friend of ours, living nine miles away from us."

"Send for her instantly!" Mrs. Linley looked at him with a wildly mingled expression of hope and fear. She was not thinking of herself-she was not even thinking for that one moment, of the child. What would her husband say, if she (who had extorted his promise never to see the governess again) brought Sydney Westerfield back to the house?

The doctor spoke to her more strongly still. "I don't presume to inquire into your private reasons for hesitating to follow my advice," he said; "but I am bound to tell you the truth. My poor little patient is in serious danger-every hour of delay is an hour gained by death. Bring that lady to the bedside as fast as a carriage can fetch her, and let us see the result. If Kitty recognizes the governess-there, I tell you plainly, is the one chance of saving the child's life,'

Mrs. Linley's resolution flashed on him in her weary eyes-the eyes which, by day and night alike, had known so little rest. She rang for her maid. "Tell your master I want to speak to him."

The woman answered: "My master has

gone out." The doctor watched the mother's face. No sign of hesitation appeared in it-the one thought in her mind now was the thought of the child. She called the maid back. "Order the carriage."

"At what time do you want it, ma'am." "At once !"

XVII.

Mrs. Linley's first impulse in ordering the carriage was to use it herself. One look at the child reminded her that her freedom of action began and ended at the bedside. Two hours at least must elapse before Sydney Westerfield could be brought back to Mount Morven. The bare thought of what might happen in that interval, if she was absent, filled the mother with horror. She wrote to Mrs. MacEdwin and sent her maid with the

Of the result of this proceeding it was not

possible to entertain a doubt. Sydney's love for Kitty would hesitate at no sacrifice, and Mrs. MacEdwin's conduct had already answered for her. She had received the governess with the utmost kindness, and she had generously and delicately refrained from asking any questions. But one person at Mount Morven thought it necessary to investigate the motives under which she had acted. Mrs. Presty's inquiring mind arrived at discoveries, and Mrs. Presty's sense of duty communicated them to her daughter.

"There can be no sort of doubt, Catherine, that our good friend and neighbor has heard, probably from the servants, of what has happened; and (having her husband to consider -men are so weak!) has drawn her own conclusions. If she trusts our fascinating governess, it's because she knows that Miss Westerfield's affections are left behind her in this house. Does my explanation satisfy

Mrs. Lintey said: "Never let me hear it

And Mrs. Presty answered: "How very ungrateful!" The dreary interval of expectation, after

the departure of the carriage, was brightened by a domestic event. Thinking it possible that Mrs. Presty might know why her husband had left the house,

Mrs. Linley sent to ask for information. The message in reply informed her that Linley had received a telegram announcing Randal's return from Lendon. He had gone to the railway station to meet his brother. Before she went down-stairs to welcome

Randal, Mrs. Linley paused to consider her situation. The one alternative before her was to acknowledge, at the earliest opportunity, that she had assumed the serious responsibility of sending for Sydney Westerfield. For the first time in her life Catherine Linley found herself planning beforehand what she would say in speaking to her husband.

A second message interrupted her, announcing that the two brothers had just arrived. She joined them immediately in the

Linley was sitting in a corner by himself The dreadful discovery that the child's life, (by the doctor's confession) was in danger had, completely overwhelmed him; he never even lifted his head when his wife opened the door. Randal and Mrs. Presty were talking together. The old lady's insatiable curiosity was eager for news from London; she wanted to know how Randal had amused himself when he was not attending to basi-

He was grieving for Kitty; and he was looking saily at his brother. "I don't re-Lemoer," he answered, absently. Other women night have discovered that they had chosen their time badly. Mrs. Presty, with al, you must rouse yourself

·Surely you can tell us something. Did you meet with any agreeable people while you "I met one person who interested me," he

said, with weary resignation. Mrs. Presty smiled. "A woman, of course?"

"A man," Randal answered; "a guest like myself at a club dinner."

"Who is he?" "Capt. Bennydeck."

"In the army?" "No; formerly in the navy."

"And you and he had a long talk togeth-Randal's tones to be tray irritation. "No," he said; "we were at opposite ends of the table-and the captain went away early."

Mrs. Presty's vigorous intellect discovered an improbability here. "Then how came you to feel interested in him?" she objected. Even Randal's patience gave way. "I can't account for it," he said, sharply. "I only know I took a liking to Capt. Bennydeck.'

He left Mrs. Presty and sat down by his brother. "You know I feel for you," said, taking Linley's hand. "Try to hope." The bitterness of the father's despair broke out in his answer. "I can bear other trouble Randal, as well as most men. This afflicti

revolts me. There's something so horribly unnatural in the child being threatened by death; while the parents (who should die first) are alive and well—" He checked himself. "I had better say no more, I shall only shock you." The misery in his face wrung the faithfu

heart of his wife. She forgot the concilitory expressions which she had prepared healf to use. "Hope, my dear, as Randal to you," she said, "because there is hope."

His face flushed, his dim eyes brightened.

"Has the doctor said it?" he asked. "Why haven't I been told of it before?" "When I sent for you I heard that you had

-perhaps even unheard. "Tell me what the doctor said," he insisted; "I want it exactly, word for word."

She obeyed him to the letter.

The sinister change in his face, as the narrative proceeded, was observed by both the other persons present, as well as by his wife. She waited for a kind word of encouragement. He only said, coldly: "What have

Speaking coldly on her side, she answered: "I have sent the carriage to fetch Miss West-There was a pause. Mrs. Presty whisper ed to Randal: "I knew she would come back again! The Evil Genius of the family

-that's what I call Miss Westerfield. The name exactly fits her!" The idea in Randal's mind was that the name exactly fitted Mrs. Presty. He made no reply; his eyes rested in sympathy on his sister-in-law. She saw, and felt, his kind-

ness at a time when kindness was doubly precious. Her tones trembled a little as she spoke to her silent husband. "Don't you approve of what I have done,

Herbert? His nerves were shattered by grief and suspense, but he made an effort this time to speak gently. "How can I say that," he replied, "if the poor child's life depends on Miss Westerfield? I ask one favor-give me time to leave the house before she comes

Mrs. Linley looked at him in amazement. Her mother touched her arm; Randal tried by a sign to warn her to be careful. Their calmer minds had seen what the wife's agitation had prevented her from discovering. In Linley's position the return of the governess was a trial to his self-control which he had reason to dread; his look, his voice, his manner, proclaimed it to persons capable of quietly observing him. He had struggled against his guilty passion—at what sacrifice of his own feelings no one knew but himself -and here was the temptation, at the very time when he was honorably resisting it, brought back to him by his wife! Her motive did unquestionably excuse, perhaps even sanction, what she had done; but this was an estimate of her conduct which commended itself to others. From his point of view-motive or no motive-he saw the old struggle against himself in danger of being renewed: he felt the ground that he had gained slipping from under him already.

In spite of the well-meant efforts made by her relatives to prevent it, Mrs. Linley committed the very error which it was most important that she should avoid. She justified herself, instead of leaving it to events to justify her. "Miss Westerfield comes here," she argued, "on an errand that is beyond reproach-an errand of mercy. Why should you leave the house?"

"In justice to you," Linley answered. Mrs. Presty could restrain herself no long-er. "Drop it, Catherine?" she said, in a

whisper. Catherine refused to drop it; Linley's short and sharp reply had irritated her. "After my experience," she persisted, "have I no reason to trust you?" "It is part of your experience," he remind-

ed her, "that I promised not to see Miss Westerfield again. "Own it at once!" she broke out, provoked beyond endurance; "though I may be will-

ing to trust you-you are afraid to trust your-Unlucky Mrs. Presty interfered again. "You're quite right, Herbert. Keep out of

harm's way, and you keep right She patted him on the shoulder, as if she had been giving good advice to a boy. He expressed his sense of his mother-in-law's friendly offices in language which astonished

"Hold your tongue!" "Do you hear that." Mrs. Presty asked, appealing indignantly to her daughter. Linley took his hat. "At what time do

you expect Miss Westerfield to arrive?" he said to his wife. She looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. "Before the half-hour strikes. Don't be alarmed," she added, with an air of ironical

sympathy; "you will have time to make your He advanced to the door, and looked at

"One thing I beg you will remember." he said. "Every half-hour while I am away (I am going to the farm) you are to send and let me know how Kitty is-and especially if Miss Westerfield justifies the experiment which the doctor has advised us to try." Having given those instructions he went

The sofa was near Mrs. Linley. She sank on it, overpowered by the utter destruction of the hopes that she had founded on the separation of Herbert and the governess, Sydney Westerfield was still in possession of her husband's heart!

Her mother was surely the right person to say a word of comfort to her. Randal made the suggestion-with the worst possible result. Mrs. Presty had not forgotten that she had been told-at her age, in her position as the widow of a cabinet minister-to hold her tongue. "Your brother has insulted me." she said to Randal. He was weak enough to attempt to make an explanation. "I was speaking of my brother's wife," he said. "Your brother's wife has allowed me to be insulted." Having received that reply Randal could only wonder. This woman went to church every Sunday and kept a new testament, bound in excellent taste, on her toilet table. The occasion suggested reflection on the system which produces average Christians at the present time. Nothing more was said by Mrs. Presty. Mrs. Linley remained rbed in her own bitter thoughts. In silence they waited for the return of the carriage and the appearance of the governess.

Pale, worn, haggard with anxiety, Sydney Westerfield entered the room, and looked once more on the faces which she had resigned herself never to see again. She appeared to be hardly conscious of the kind reception which did its best to set her at her ease.

"Am I in time?" were the first words that escaped her on entering the room. Reassured by the answer, she turned back to the door; eager to hurry up-stairs to Kitty's bedside. Mrs. Linley's gentle hand detained her.

The doctor had left certain instruction warning the mother to guard against any ac-cident that might remind Kitty of the day on which Sydney had left her. At the time of that bitter parting the child had seen her gov erness in the same walking dress which she wore now. Mrs. Linley removed the hat and cloak and laid them on a chair.

"There is one other precaution which we must observe," she said; "I must ask you to wait in my room until I find that you may show yourself safely. Now come with me. Mrs. Presty followed them, and begged armestly for leave to wait the result of the us experiment at the door of Kitty' momentous experiment at the goor of Anty bedroom. Her self-asserting manner had vanished; she was quiet, she was even humble. While the last chance for the child's life was fast becoming a matter of minutes only, the grandmother's better nature showed itself on the surface. Randal opened the door for them as the three went out together. He was in that state of maddening anxiety He was in that state of maddening anxionabout his poor little niece in which men his imaginative temperament become morbid and say strangely inappropriate things. In the same breath with which he implored his safter-in-law to let him hear what had happened, without an instant of delay, he startled Mrs. Presty by one of his familiar remarks on the inconsistencies in her character.

"You disagreeable old woman," he whisperThe captain seemed to wonder why this im-

ed as she passed him, "you have got a heart

Left alone, he was never for one momen in repose, while the slow minutes followed each other in the silent house.

He walked about the room, he listened at the door, he arranged and disarranged the furniture. When the nursemaid descen from the upper regions with her mistress message for him, he ran out to meet her, saw the good news in her smiling face, and, for the first and last time in his life, kissed one of his brother's female servants. Susan-a well-bred young person, thoroughly capable in ordinary cases of saying "For shame, sir!" and looking as if she expected to feel an arm round her waist next-trembled with terror under that astounding salute. Her master's brother, a pattern of propriety up to that time, a man declared by her fellow-servants to be incapable of kissing a woman unless she had a right to insist on it in the licensed character of his wife, had evidently taken leave of his senses. Would he bite her next? No: he only looked confused, and said (how very extraordinary!) that he would never do it again. Susan gave her message gravely. Here was an unintelligible man; she felt the necessity of being careful in her choice of

"Miss Kitty stared at Miss Westerfieldonly for a moment, sir-as if she didn't quite understand, and then knew her again direct-The doctor has just called. He drew up the blind to let the light in, and he looked. and he says: "Only be careful"-" Tender-hearted Susan broke down and began to ery. "I can't help it, sir; we are all so fond of Miss Kitty, and we are so happy. 'Only be careful' (those were the exact words, if you please), 'and I answer for her life,' Oh, dear! what have I said to make him run away from me?"

Randal had left her abruptly and had shut himself into the drawing-room. Susan's experience of men had not yet informed her that a true Englishman is ashamed to be seen with the tears in his eyes.

He had barely succeeded in composing himself when another servant appeared (this time a man) with something to say to him. "I don't know whether I have done right, sir," Malcolm began. "There's a stranger down-stairs among the tourists who are looking at the rooms and the pictures. He said he knew you. And he asked if you were not related to the gentleman who allowed travelers to see his interesting old house." "Well?"

"Well, sir, I said 'Yes.' And then he wanted to know if you happened to be here at the present time.' Randal cut the man's story short. "And

you said 'Yes' again, and he gave you his card. Let me look at it." Malcolm produced the card and instantly

received instructions to show the gentleman up. The name recalled the dinner at the London club-Capt. Bennydeck.

XIX. The fair complexion of the captain's youthful days had been darkened by exposure to hard weather and extreme climates. His smooth face of twenty years since was scored by the telltale marks of care; his dark beard was beginning to present variety of color by means of streaks of gray, and his hair was in course of undisguised retreat from his strong, broad forehead. Not rising above the middle height, the captain's spare figure was well preserved. It revealed power and activity, severely tested perhaps at some former time, but capable even yet of endurance under trial. Although he looked older than his age, he was still personally speaking an attractive man. In repose his eyes were by habit sad and a little weary in their expression. They only caught a brighter light when he smiled. At such times, helped by this change and by his simple, earnest manner, they recommended him to his fellow-creatures before he opened his lips. Men and women taking shelter with him, for instance, from the rain found the temptation to talk with Capt. Bennydeck irresistible; and, when the weather cleared, they mostly carried away with them the same favorable impression: "One would

like to meet with that gentleman again." Randal's first words of welcome relieved the captain of certain modest doubts of his reception, which appeared to trouble him when he entered the room. "I am glad to find you remember me as kindly as I remember you." Those were his first words when he and Randal shook hands.

"You might have felt sure of that," Randal said.

The captain's modesty still doubted, "You see, the circumstances were a little against me. We met at a dull dinner, among wearisome, worldly men, full of boastful talk about themselves. It was all 'I did this,' and 'I said that'-and the gentlemen who were present had always been right; and the gentlemen who were absent had always been wrong. And, oh, dear, when they came to politics, how they bragged about what they would have done if they had only been at the head of the government; and how cruelly hard to please they were in the matter of wine! Do you remember recommending me

to spend my next holiday in Scotland?" "Perfectly. My advice was selfish-it really meant that I wanted to see you again." "And you have your wish, at your broth-

er's house! The guide-book did it. First, I saw your family name. Then I read on and discovered that there were pictures at Mount Morven, and that strangers were allowed to see them. I like pictures. And here I am.' This allusion to the house naturally re-

minded Randal of the master. "I wish I could introduce you to my brother and his wife," he said. "Unhappily, their only child is ill--"

Capt. Bennydeck started to his feet. "I am ashamed of having intruded on you," he began. His new friend pressed him back into his chair without ceremony. "On the contrary, you have arrived at the best of all possible times—the time when our suspense is at an end. The doctor has just told us that his poor little patient is out of danger. You may imagine how happy we are."

"And how grateful to God!" The captain said those words in tones that trembledspeaking to himself. Randal was conscious of feeling a mor

tary embarrassment. The character of his visitor had presented itself in a new light. Capt. Bennydeck looked at him—understood him-and returned to the subject of his trav-

"Do you remember your holiday time when you were a boy, and when you had to go back to school?" he asked, with a smile. "My mind is in much the same state at leaving Scotland and going back to my work in Lon don. I hardly know which to admire mostyour beautiful country or the people who inhabit it. I have had some pleasant talk with your poorer neighbors; the one improvement I could wish for among them is a keened sense of their religious duties."

This was an objection new in Randal's ex-perience of travelers in general.
"Our highlanders have noble qualities," he mid. "If you knew them as well as I do you would find a true sense of religion amo

them; not presenting itself, however, to strangers as strongly—I had almost said as the devotional feeling of the lowland Scotch. Different races, different temperaments."

"And all," the captain added, gravely and gently, "with souls to be saved. If I sent to these pages margin arms.

these poor people some copies of the new testament, translated into their own language, would my gift be accepted?" that he observed with surprise the interest which his friend felt in perfect strangers.

The captain seemed to wonder why this im-

ssion should have been produced by what "I only try," he answered, "to do what good I can wherever I go."
"Your life must be a happy one," Randal

Capt. Bennydeck's head drooped. The hadows that attend on the gloom of meiannbrance showed their darkening choly remen presence on his face. Briefly, almost sternly, he set Randal right. "No, sir."

"Forgive me," the younger man pleaded,

"if I have spoken thoughtlessly." "You have mistaken me," the captain ex-plained; "and it is my fault. My life is an atonement for the sins of my youth. I have reached my 40th year-and that one purpose is before me for the rest of my days. Sufferings and dangers which but few men undergo awakened my conscience. My last exercise of the duties of my profession associated me with an expedition to the polar seas. Our ship was crushed in the ice. Our march to the nearest regions inhabited by humanity was a hopeless struggle of starving men, rotten with scurvy, against the merciless forces of nature. One by one my comrades dropped and died. Out of twenty men there were three left with a last flicker in them of the vital flame when the party of rescue found us. One of the three died on the homeward voyage. One lived to reach his native place and to sink to rest with his wife and children round his bed. The last man left, out of that band of heroes, lives to be worthier of God's mercy-and tries to make God's creatures better and happier in this world, and worthier of the world that is to come.'

Randal's generous 'nature felt the appeal that had been made to it. "Will you let me take your hand, captain?" he said.

They clasped hands in silence. Capt. Bennydeck was the first to speak again. That modest distrust of himself, which a man essentially noble and brave is generally the readiest of men to feel, seemed to be troubling him once more-just as it had troubled him when he first found himself in Randal's presence. "I hope you won't think me vain," he re-

sumed; "I seldom say so much about myself as I have said to you." "I only wish you would say more," Randal

rejoined. "Can't you put off your return to London for a day or two?"

The thing was not to be done. Duties which it was impossible to trifle with called the captain back. "It's quite likely," he said, alluding pleasantly to the impression which he had produced in speaking of the highlanders, "that I shall find more strangers to interest me in the great city."

"Are they always strangers?" Randal asked. "Have you never met, by accident, with persons whom you may once have known?" "Never-yet. But it may happen on my return."

"In what way?" "In this way. I have been in search of a poor girl who has lost both her parents. She has, I fear, been left helpless at the mercy of the world. Her father was an old friend of mine-once an officer in the navy, like myself. My last letters suggest a hope of tracing her. There is reason to believe that she is or has been employed as a pupil-teacher at a school in the suburbs of London, and I am going back, among other things, to try if I can follow the clew myself. Good-by, my friend, let us hope to meet again. When you are in London you will always hear of the at

the club." Heartily reciprocating his good wishes, Randal attended Capt. Bennydeck to the

On the way back to the drawing-room he found his mind dwelling, rather to his surprise, on the captain's contemplated search

for the lost girl. Was the good man likely to find her? It seemed useless enough to inquire-and yet Randal asked himself the question. Her father had been described as an officer in the navy. Well, and what did that matter? Inclined to laugh at his own idle curiosity he was suddenly struck by a new idea. What had his brother told him of Miss Westerfield? She was the daughter of an officer in the navy; she had been pupil-teacher at a school. Was it really possible that Sydney Westerfield could be the person whom Capt. Bennydeck was attempting to trace? Randal threw up the window which overlooked the drive in front of the house. Too late! The carriage which had brought the captain to Mount

Morven was no longer in sight. The one other course that he could take was to mention Capt. Bennydeck's name to

Sydney, and be guided by the result. As he approached the bell, determined to send a message up-stairs, he heard the door opened behind him. Mrs. Presty had entered the drawing-room, with a purpose, as it seemed, in which Randal was concerned.

Strong as the impression was which Capt. Bennydeck had produced on Randal, Mrs. Presty's first words dismissed it from his mind. She asked him if he had any message for his brother.

Randal instantly looked at the clock. "Has Catherine not sent to the farm, yet?" he asked, in astonishment. Mrs. Presty's mind seemed to be absorbed

in her daughter. "Ah, poor Catherine! Worn out with anxiety and watching at Kitty's bedside. Night after night without any sleep; night after night tortured by suspense. As usual, she can depend on her old mother for sympathy. I have taken all her household duties on myself till she is in better health."

Randal tried again. "Mrs. Presty, am I to understand (after the plain directions Herbert gave) that no messenger has been sent to the farm?"

Mrs. Presty held her venerable head higher than ever when Randal pronounced his brother's name. "I see no necessity for being in a hurry," she answered, stiffly, "after the brutal manner in which Herbert has behaved to me. Put yourself in my place-and imagine what you would feel if you were told to hold your tongue."

Randal wasted no more time on ears that were deaf to remonstrance. Feeling the serious necessity of interfering to some good purpose, he asked where he might find his

"I have taken Catherine into the garden," Mrs. Presty announced. "The doctor himself suggested-no, I may say ordered-it. He is afraid that she may fall ill next, poor

soul, if she doesn't get air and exercise. In Mrs. Linley's own interests Randal resolved on advising her to write to her husband by the messenger; explaining that she was not to blame for the inexcusable delay which had already taken place. Without a word more to Mrs. Presty he hastened out of the room. That inveterately distrustful wowhere he was going and why he was in a

"I am going to the garden," Randal an-"To speak to Catherine?"

"Needless trouble, my dear Randal. She will be back in a quarter of an hour, and she will pass through this room on her way upstairs."

Another quarter of an hour was a matter of no importance to Mrs. Presty! Randal took his own way-the way into the garden. his sister-in-law roused Mrs. Presty's ready suspicious; she concluded that he was bent on making mischief between her daughter and herself. The one thing to do in this case was to follow him instantly. The active

old lady trotted out of the room, strongly in clined to think that the Evil Genius of the family might be Randal Linley after all!

They had both taken the shortest way to the garden; that is to say, the way through the library, which communicated at its farthest end with the corridor and the vaulted flight of stairs leading directly out of the house. Of the two doors in the drawing. room, one, on the left, led to the grand staircase and the hall; the other, on the right, opened on the back stairs, and on a side entrance to the house, used by the family when they were pressed for time, as well as by the

The drawing-room had not been empty more than a few minutes when the door on the right was suddenly opened. Herbert Linley entered with hurried, uncertain steps. He took the chair that was nearest to him, and dropped into it like a man overpowered by agitation or fatigue.

He had ridden from the farm at headlong speed, terrified by the unexplained delay in the arrival of the messenger from home. Unable any longer to suffer the torment of unrelieved suspense, he had returned to make inquiry at the house. As he interpreted the otherwise inexplicable neglect of his instructions, the last chance of saving the child's life had failed, and his wife had been afraid to tell him the dreadful truth.

After an interval he rose and went into the It was empty, like the drawing-room. The

bell was close by him. He lifted his hand to ring it-and drew back. As brave a man as ever lived, he knew what fear was now. The father's courage failed him before the prospect of summoning a servant and hear ing, for all he knew to the contrary, that his child was dead. How long he stood there, alone and irresolute, he never remembered when he thought

there came a time when a sound in the drawing-room attracted his attention. It was nothing more important than the opening of a doer. The sound came from that side of the room which was nearest to the grand staircaseand therefore nearest also to the hall, in one

of it in after days. All he knew was that

direction, and to the bed-chambers in the other. Some person had entered the room. Whether it was one of the family or one of the servants he would hear in either case what had happened in his absence. He parted the curtains over the library entrance and looked

through. The person was a woman. She stood with her back turned toward the library, lifting a cloak off a chair. As she shook the cloak before putting it on she changed her position. He saw the face, never to be forgotten by him to the last day of his life. He saw Sydney Westerfield.

Linley had one instant left in which he might have drawn back into the library in time to escape Sydney's notice. He was incapable of the effort of will. Grief and suspense had deprived him of that elastic readiness of mind which springs at once from thought to action. For a moment he hesitated. In that moment she looked up and saw

With a faint cry of alarm she let the cloak drop from her hands. As helpless as he was, as silent as he was, she stood rooted to the

He tried to control himself. Hardly knowing what he said he made commonplace excuses as if he had been a stranger. "I am orry to have startled you; I had no idea of finding you in this room.' Sydney pointed to her cloak on the floor,

standing the necessity which had brought her into the room, he did his best to reconcile her to the meeting that had followed. "It's a relief to me to have seen you," he said, "before you leave us."

and to her hat on a chair near it. Under

to her? She roused herself, and put the ques "It's surely better for me," he answered, to hear the miserable news from you than

A relief to him to see her? Why? How?

What did that strange word mean, addressed

from a servant." "What miserable news?" she asked, still as He could preserve his self-control no longer; the misery in him forced its way outward at him. The convulsive struggles for breath which burst from a man in tears shook him

"My poor little darling!" he gasped. "My only child!" All that was embarrassing in her position

passed from Sydney's mind in an instant. She stepped close up to him; she laid her and gently and fearlessly on his arm. "Oh, Mr. Linley, what dreadful mistake is this!" His dim eyes rested on her with a piteous expression of doubt. He heard her-and he was afraid to believe her. She was too deeply distressed, too full of the truest pity for him, to wait and think before she spoke. "Yes! yes!" she cried, under the impulse of the moment. "The dear child knew me

again, the moment I spoke to her. Kitty's recovery is only a matter of time. He staggered back with a livid change in his face startling to see. The mischief done by Mrs. Presty's sense of injury had led already to serious results. If the thought in Linley at that moment had shaped itself into words he would have said: "And Catherine never told me of it!" How bitterly he thought of the woman who had left him in suspense -how gratefully he felt toward the woman who had lightened his heart of the heaviest

burden ever laid on it!" Innocent of all suspicion of the feeling that she had aroused Sydney blamed her own want of discretion as the one cause of the change that she perceived in him. "How thoughtless, how cruel of me," she said, "not to have been more careful in telling you the

good news. Pray forgive me." "You thoughtless! you cruel!" At the bare idea of her speaking in that way of herself his sense of what he owed to her defied all restraint. He seized her hands and covered them with grateful kisses. "Dear Sydney! Dear good Sydney!"

She drew back from him; not abruptly. not as if she felt offended. Her fine percep tion penetrated the meaning of those harmless kisses-the uncontrollable outburst of a sense of relief beyond the reach of expres sion in words. But she changed the subject Mrs. Linley (she told him) had kindly order ed fresh horses to be put to the carriage, so that she might go back to her duties if the doctor sanctioned it.

She turned away to take up her cloak. Linley stopped her. "You can't leave Kit-A faint smile brightened her face for a mo

ment. "Kitty has fallen asleep-such a sweet, peaceful sleep! I don't think I should have left her but for that. The maid is watching at the bedside and Mrs. Linley is only away for a little while." "Wait a few minutes," he pleaded; "it's

so long since we have seen each other."

The tone in which he spoke warned her to persist in leaving him while her resolu nained firm. "I had arranged with Mrs. MacEdwin," she began. "if all went well-" "Speak of yourself," he interposed. "Tell me if you are happy.'

She let this pass without a reply. "The doctor sees no harm," she went on, "in my being away for a few hours. Mrs. MacEdwin has offered to send me here in the evening, so that I can sleep in Kitty's room."
"You don't look well, Sydney. You are



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day, October 7th.

day, October 8th. DURING which time they will render that the Professional Services (Consultation, Examination, Opinion, Advice, etc.), FREE, to the sick or deformed. etc.), FREE, to the sick or deformed. It is an undisputed fact that this Association is the largest and most popular of its imin America, that the Staff, headed by Dr. Kengan, COMPRISES British and American Sur COMPRISES British and American Sur Comprise Goons of age, experience, genuine ability and professional hosor. It is known they have a headquarters and where it is, that their visits are made with a degree of regularity, that their business is always on the increase, first, because they SUCCED in CURING where others tail surprise they have the respect, confidence and patronage of the invalid public throughout this country generally. If you, any of your family, friends or neighbors are sick or deformed or suffering from any Chronic, Private or Nervous Disease, CO AND SEE Doctors as early as ease, GO AND SEE or have them go and see the GO AND SEE Doctors as early as possible during the above dates. They will give ommon sense and profitable advice, whether they undertake the treatment of your casest not. They accept for treatment no case which of a partial or complete restoration. If there is no distinction among our patients. We are patronized by all classes and all are invited to come to us, whether they be Jew or Gentile, white or black, rich or poor, during this picture. this visit ESPECIALLY which is made forths express ESPECIALLY purpose of affording even the poorest an opportunity of testing our skill, which is the result of a larger experience than ever afforded by any other medical or surgical organization on the face of the

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eases Cured, Rectal Diseases Cured, Rupture Cured (without truss), Tumors Cured Ovarian Tumors Cured, Scrofulous Tumors Cured, Cancer Cured Scrofula Cured, Varicose Veins Cured, Varicose Ulcers Cured Blocd Diseases Cured, Skin Diseases Cured, Opium Habit Cured, Goitre (Thick Neck) Cured, Superfluous Hair Removed, Marks, Moles and Scars Removed, Rheumatism Cured, Neuralsia Cured, Paralysis Cured Cured, Neuralgia Cured, Paralysis Cured, Varicocele Cured, Nervous Debility Cured, General Debility Cured, Diseases of the Nervous and Reproductive Systems Cured, and all chronic diseases peculiar to men, women and children. IF UNABLE to call, write to DE. J. D. KERGAN, Medical Director British-American Surgeons, corner Wood-

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