"What horrible delusion passesses you?" he broke out. "Why do you curse the happy tay, the blessed day, which saw me safe in

WILKIN COLLINS.

the possession of my child?"

"For the worst and meanest of reasons,"
the answered—"a selfish reason. Don't suppose that I have spoken of divorce as one who has had occasion to think of it. I have had no occasion to think of it. I don't think of it even now. I abhor it, because it stands the tween you and me. I loathe it, I curse it, the the tental occasion is the parates us for life."

"Menarates us for life." parates us for life! How?"

"Yos, I do ask you!"

He looked around the room. A society of seligious persons had visited the hotel when it was first opened, and had obtained perm was arst opened, and had obtained per-mission to place a copy of the bible in every mount. One of those copies lay on the chim-may-piece in Catherine's room. Hennydeck mought it to her, and placed it open on the sable near where she was sitting. He turned to the new testament, and opened it at the gospel of St. Matthew. With his hand on

"I have done my best rightly to underthose duties, as I interpret them, is to let what I believe show itself in what I do. You that I believe show itself in what I do. You have seen enough of me, I hope, to know though I have not been forward in speaking of it) that I am, to the best of my poor ability, a faithful follower of the teaching of Christ. I dare not set my own interests and my own happiness above II is laws. If I cuffer in obeying them as I suffer now, I must still submit. They are the laws of my

"Is it through me that you suffer?"
"It is through you."
"Will you tell me how?"

He had already found the chapter. His sears dropped on it as he pointed to the

"Read," he answered, "what the most empassionate of all Teachers has said, in sermon on the mount. And forgive me

and pity me, if you can." The read: "Whoever shall marry her that is divorced committeen adultery."

Another innocent woman, in her place, might have pointed to that first part of the ceres, which presuppose the infidelity of the divorced wife, and might have asked if these words applied to her. This woman, knowing that she had lost him, knew also what she owed to herself. She rose in sitence and held out her hand at parting. "Have you nothing to say to me?" he

'thoud-by, my one last friend; good-by for

When she had said that she had said all. He drew her to him gently and kissed her on the forehead. The agony in his face was more than she could support; she recoiled from it in horror. His last act was devoted to the tranquility of the one woman whom se had loved. He signed to her to leave

CHAPTER LIII.

Mrs. Frenty waited in the garden to be juined by her daughter and Capt. Bennybeek, and waited in vain. It was past her grandchild's bed-time; she decided on returning to the house.

"Suppose we look for them in the sitting-nuom?" Kitty proposed. "Suppose we wait a moment before we go in?" her wise grandmother advised. "If I hear them talking, I shall take you up-stairs

"Why ger

"Herause we musn't interrupt them." www high Mr. Presty favored Kitty with a hint, reliting to the management of inquisitive children, which might prove useful to her in after life, "When you grow up to be a woman, my dear, beware of making the mistake that I have just committed. Never be foolish enough to mention your reasons when

a child asks why." "Was that how they treated you, grandsoamma, when you were a child vourself?" "()f course it was."

"Whyg" They had reached the sitting-room door by this time. Kitty opened it without cere-Having confided her gran langhter to the

Fursemaid's care, Mrs. Prest; knocked at Catherine's bedroom door. "May I come "Come in directly! Where is Kitty?" "Sus in is putting ber to bed." "Stop it! Kitty musn't go to both No

e jestions! I'll explain myself when you com back." There was a wildness in her e see and a tone of angry command in her es, which warned her mother to set dig-

y seide and submit. "I don't ask what has happened." Mrs. greaty resumed on her return. "That letber, that fatal letter to the captain, has jus-Whed my worst feats. What in heaven's imme are we to do now?"

"We are to leave this hotel," was the in-Mant reply. "When?"

"To night."

"Cataorine! Do you know what time it

offime enough to pack up and eatch the wat from to London. Don't raise objections! If I stor at this power, with associations in e week part of it wideh remind me of that within a man I shall go mad! The shoet I Lave suffered, the misery, the humiliation a fest your if's more than I can bear. Stay seen he vourself it you like; I mean to go." Shop ceed with frantic rapidity up and bown the room. Mrs. Presty took the only way by which it was possible to calm her. "Compose yoursoff, Catherine, and all that you wish shall be done. I'll settle every-Sing with the landlord and give the maid her orders; sit down by the open window; set the wind blow over you."

The railway ervice from Sydenham to Laming is a late service. At a few minutes refere midnight they were in time for the sest train. When they left the station Cathwine was calm enough to communicate her and for the future. The nearest hotel to the terminas would offer them accomm Non for that night. On the next day they could find some quiet place in the country-so matter where, so long as they were not Meturbed, "tive me rest and peace, and ny mind will be ranier," Catherine said.

"Let nobady know where to find me." These conditions were strictly observed—with an exception in favor of Mr. Sarragin. While his client's pecuniary affairs were taken into her confidence.

The next morning found Capt. Bennydeck will keeping his rooms at Sydenham. The state of his mind presented a complete constant to the state of Catherine's mind. So the from charing her aversion to the personal associations which were connected with the hotel, he found his one consolation in visiting the scenes which reminded him of the beloved woman whom he had lost. The reason for this was not far to seek. His was the largest nature and his had been the most devoted love,

as the largest hatter and he had been as usual his letters were forwarded to him his place of residence in London.

Those addressed in handwritings that he new were the first that he read. The others had out with him to that sequestered;

part of the garden in which he had passed the happiest hours of his life by Catherine's

He had been thinking of her all the morning; he was thinking of her now. His unopened correspondence offered a harmless occupation to his 'thoughts, in the meanwhile. One after another he read the letters with an attention constantly wandering and constantly recalled, until he opened the last of them that remained. In a moment more his interest was absorbed. The first sentences in the letter told him that the deserted creature whom he had met in the garden—the stranger to whom he had offered help and consolation in the present and in the future—was no other than the lost girl of whom he had been so long in search; the daughter of Roderick Westerfield, once his est and oldest friend.

In the pages that followed the writer confided to him her sad story, leaving it to her father's friend to decide whether she was worthy of the sympathy which he had offered to her when he thought she was a

This part of her letter was necessarily a repetition of what Bennydeck had read in the confession which Catherine had addressthe confession which Catherine had addressed to him. That generous woman had been guilty of one, and but one, concealment of the truth. In relating the circumstances under which the clopement from Mount Morven had taken place, she had abstained, in justice to the sincerity of Sydney's repentance, from mentioning Sydney's name, "Another instance," the captain thought bitterly as he closed the letter, "of the virtues which might have made the happiness of my life!"

of my life!"

Hut he was bound to remember—and he But he was bound to remember—and he did remember—that there was now a new interest tenderly associating itself with his life to come. The one best way of telling Sydney how dear she was to him already, for her father's sake, would be to answer her in person. He hurried away to London by the first train, and drove at once to Randal's place of abode to ask for Sydney's address.

Wondering what had become of the po Wondering what had become of the postscript to his letter, which had given Bennydeck the information of which he was now
in search, Randal complied with his friend's
request, and then ventured to allude to the
report of the captain's marriage engagement.
"Am I to congratulate you?" he asked.
"Congratulate me on having discovered
Roderick Westerfield's daughter."
That reply, and the tone in which it was
given, led Randal to ask if the engagement
had been prematurely amounced.

had been prematurely announced.
"There is no engagement at all," Benny-deck answered, with a look which suggested that it might be wise not to dwell on the

But the discovery was welcome to Randal, for his brother's sake. He ran the risk of consequences, and inquired if Catherine was still to be found at the hotel. The captain answered by a sign in the

Handal persisted. "Do you know where she has gone?"

"Nobody knows but her lawyer." "In that case," Randal concluded, "I shall get the information that I want." Noticing that Bennydeck looked surprised, he mentioned his motive. "Herbert is pining to see Kitty," he continued, "and I mean to help him. He has done all that a man could do to atone for the past. As things are, I firmly believe I shall not offend Catherine if I send im straight to the place in which Kitty and her mother are now living."

They left the house together-one to go to Sydney's lodgings, the other on his way to Mr. Sarrazin's office,

CHAPTER LIV.

When the servant at the lodgings announced a visitor and mentioned his name, Sydney's memory (instead of dwelling on the recollection of the captain's kindness) perversely recalled the letter that she had addressed to him, and reminded her that she stood in need of indulgence, which even so good a man might hesitate to grant. Bennydeck's first words told the friendless girl

that her fears had wronged him. "My dear, how like your father you are You have his eyes and his smile: I can't tell you how pleasantly you remind me of my dear old friend." He took her hand and kissed her as he might have kissed a daughter of his own. "Do you remember me at home, Sydney, when you were a child? No; you must have been too young for that." She was deeply touched. In faint, trem-

bling fones she said: "I remember your name; my poor father often spoke of you,' A man of true sympathy is never in danger of mistaking his way to a woman's heart, when that woman has suffered. Bennydeck consoled, interested, charmed Sydney, by

still speaking of the bygone days at home. "I well remember how fond your father was of you, and what a bright little girl you were" the captain went on. "You have forgotten, I dare say, the old-fashioned seasongs that he used to be so fond of teaching you. It was the strangest and prettiest contrast to hear your small, piping child's voice singing of storms and shipwrecks, and thunder and lightning, and reefing sails in cold and darkness, without the least idea of what it all meant. Your mother was strict in those days; you never amused her as you used to amuse your father and me. When she caught you searching my pockets for sweetmeats, she accused me of destroying your digestion before you were 5 years old, I went on spoiling it, for all that. The last time I saw you, my child, your father was singing The Mariners of England, and you were on his knee trying to sing with him. You must have often wondered why you never saw anything more of me. Did you

think I had forgotten you?" "I am quite sure I never thought that!" "You see I was in the navy yard at the time," the captain resumed; "and we were ordered away to a foreign station. When I got back to England miserable news was waiting for me. I heard of your father's death and of that shameful triat. Poor fellow! He was as innocent, Sydney, as you are of the offense which he was accused of committing. The first thing I did was to set committing. The first thing I did was to set inquiries on foot after your mother and her children. It was some consolation to me to feel that I was rich enough to make your life easy and agreeable to you. I thought money could do anything. A serious mistake my dear—money couldn't find the widow and her children. We supposed you were somewhere in London; and there, to my great grief, it ended. From time to time—long afterward, when we thought we had got the clew in our own hands—I continued my inquiries, still without success. A poor woman and her little family are so easily woman and her little family are so easily inguifed in the big city! Years passed (more of them than I like to recken up) before I heard of you at least by manner. The person from whom I got my information told.

from whom I got my information told me how you were employed and where."
"Oh, Capt. Hennydeck, who could the person have been?"
"A poor old broken-down actor, Sydney. You were his favorite pupil, Do you remove him?"

"I should be uncrateful, indeed, if I could forget him. He was the only person in the school who was kind to me. Is the good old man still living?"

"No; he rests at last. I am glad to say J was able to make his last days on earth the happiest days of his life."

"I wonder," Sydney confessed, "how you met with him."

"Thora was pathing at all contents."

"There was nothing at all romantic in my first discovery of him. I was reading the

posses reports in a newspaper. The poor wretch was brought before a magistrate,

charged with breaking a window. His one last chance of escaping starvation in the streets was to get sent to prison. The magistrate questioned him and brought to light a really heart-breaking account of misfortune, embittered by neglect on the part of people in authority who were bound to help him. He was remanded, so that inquirles might be made. I attended the court on the day when he appeared there again and heard his when he appeared there again and heard his statement confirmed. 1 paid his fine and contrived to put him in a way of carning a little money. He was very grateful and came now and then to thank me. In that way I heard how his troubles had begun,

He had asked for a small advance on the

wretched wages that he received. Can you

guess how the schoolmistress answered

"I know but too well how she answered him." Sydney said; "I was turned out of the

"And I heard of it," the captain replied, "from the woman herself. Everything that could distress me she was ready to mention. She told me of your mother's second marriage, of her miserable death, of the poor boy, your brother, missing, and never heard of since. But when I asked where you had gone she had nothing more to say. She knew nothing, and cared nothing, about you. If I had not become acquainted with Mr. Randal Linley I might never have heard of you again. We will say no more of that, and no more of anything that has happened in the past time. From to-day, my dear, we begin a new life, and (please God) a happier life. Have you any plans of your own for

"Perhaps, if I could find help," Sydney said, resignedly. "I might emigrate. Pride wouldn't stand in my way; no honest employment would be beneath my notice. Bestdes, if I went to America, I might meet

with my brother." "My dear child, after the time that has passed, there is no imaginable chance of your meeting with your brother—and you wouldn't know each other again if you did wouldn't know each other again if you did meet. Give up that vain hope and stay here with me. Be useful and be happy in your

own country."

"Useful?" Sydney repeated, sadly. "Your own kind heart, Capt. Bennydeck, is deceiving you. To be useful means, I suppose, to help others. Who will accept help from

"I will, for one," the captain answered. "Yes. You can be of the greatest use to

—you shall hear now."

He told her of the founding of his home and of the good it had done. "You are the very person," he resumed, "to be the good sister-friend that I want for my poor girls; you can say for them what they cannot al-

ways say to me for themselves."

The tears rose in Sydney's eyes. "It is hard to see such a prospect as that," she said, "and to give it up as soon as it is seen." "Why give it up?" cause I am not fit for it. You are as

good as a father to those lost daughters of yours. If you give them a sister-friend, she ought to have set them a good example. Have I done that? Will they listen to a girl who is no better than themselves?"

"Gladly! Your sympathy will find its way to their hearts, because it is animated by something that they can all feel in common—something nearer and dearer to them than a sense of duty. You won't consent, Sydney, for their sakes? Will you do what I ask of you, for my sake?"
She looked at him, hardly able to under-

stand-or, as it might have been, perhaps, afraid to understand him. He spoke to her "I have kept it concealed from you," he

continued, "for why should I lay my load of suffering on a friend so young as you are, so cruelly tried already? Let me only say that I am in great distress. If you were with me, my child, I might be better able to Still encouraging her to see new hopes and

new interests in the future, the good captain spoke of the share which she might take in the management of the home if she would like to be his secretary. With this view he showed her some written reports relating to the institution which had been sent to him during the time of his residence at Sydenham. She read them with an interest and attention which amply justified his confidence in her capacity.

"These reports," he explained to her, "are kept for reference; but, as a means of saving time, the substance of them is entered in the daily journal of our proceedings. Come. Sydney, venture on a first experiment in your new character. I see pen, ink, and paper on the table; try if you can shorten one of the reports without leaving out anything which it is important to know. For instance, the writer gives reasons for making his statement. Very well expressed, no doubt, but we don't want reasons. Then, again, he offers his own opinion on the right course to take. Very creditable to him; but I don't want his opinion I want his facts. Take the pen, my secretary, and set down his

facts. Never mind his reflections." Proud and pleased, Sydney obeyed him, She had made her little abstract, and was reading it to him at his request, while he compared it with the report, when they were interrupted by a visitor. Randal Linley came in and noticed the papers on the table with surprise. "Is it possible that I am interrupting business?" he asked.

Bennydeck answered with an assumed air of importance which was in itself a compliment to Sydney; "You find me engaged on the business of the home with my new secretary."

"You good fellow!" he said. "Add to your kindness by excusing me if I ask for a word with you in private."

Sydney rose to retire. After having encotraged her by a word of praise the cap-tain proposed that she should get ready to go out, and should accompany him on a visit to the home. He opened the door for her as respectfully as if the poor girl had been one of the highest ladies in the land.

"I have seen my friend Sarrazin," Randal began "and I have persuaded him to trust me with Catherine's present address. I can send Herbert there at once if you will only help me."
"How can I help you?"

"Will you allow me to tell my brother that your engagement is broken off?".

Hennydeck shrank from the painful allusion, and showed it.
"Is this necessary?" he asked.

"Most necessary. Herbert left Sydenhaut firmly persuaded that you were to marry Mrs. Ormond; and, let me add in justice to him, resigned to that event."
"Hesigned, after what he said to me when

"Yes. He had not then spoken with Catherine—he had not been asked to read the There were remembrances in him which felt that appeal; his conscience told him that you were worthy of her. I am grieved, Bennydeck, to distress you by referring to this. But if my brother is left under the impression that your engagement will be followed by your marriage, he will refuse to intrude himself on the lady who was once his wife. There are the circumstances. What is your reply to my request—yes or

Frankly and fairly the captain answered:

CHAPTER LV.

The front windows of the Brightwater cothige look out on a quiet green lane in Middlesex, which joins the high road within a few miles of the market town of Uxbridge. Through the pretty garden at the back runs a little brook, winding its merry way to a distant river. The few rooms in this pleasant place of residence are well (too well) furnished, having regard to the limits of a building which is a cottage in the strictest sense of the word. Water-color drawings by the old English masters of the arrows. ment the dining-room. The parlor has been transformed into a library. From floor to ceiting all four of its walls are covered with books. Their old and well-chosen bindings seen in the mass present nothing less than a feast of color to the eye. The library and the works of art are described as heir-looms, which have passed into the possession of the present proprietor—one more among the hundreds of Englishmen who are ruined every year by betting on the turf.

So sorely in need of a little ready money was this victim of gambling—tacitly per-mitted or conveniently ignored by the audacious hypocrisy of a country which rejoiced in the extinction of Baden, and which still shudders at the name of Monaco-that he was ready to let his pretty cottage for no longer a term than one month certain; and he even allowed the elderly lady, who drove the nardest of hard bargains with him, to lessen by one guinea the house-rent paid for each week. He took his revenge by means of an ironical compliment, addressed to Mrs. Presty. "What a saving it would be to the country, ma'm, if you were chancellor of the exchequer!" With perfect gravity Mrs. Presty accepted that well-earned tri-bute of praise. "You are quite right, sir; 1 should be the first official person known to the history of England who took proper care

Within two days of the time when they had left the hotel at Sydenham Catherine and her little family circle had taken possession of the cottage.

The two ladies were sitting in the library. each occupied with a book chosen from the well-stocked shelves. Catherine's reading appeared to be more than once interrupted by Catherine's thoughts. Noticing this cir-cumstance, Mrs. Presty asked if any remarkable event had happened, and if it was weighing heavily on her daughter's mind. Catherine answered that she was thinking

of Kitty, and that anxiety connected with the child did weigh heavily on her mind. Some days had passed (she reminded Mrs. Presty) since the interview at which Herbert Linley had bidden her farewell. On that occasion he had referred to her proposed marriage (never to be a marriage now!) in terms of forbearance and generosity, which laimed her sincere admiration. It might be possible for her to show a grateful. appreciation of his conduct. Decidedly fond of his little daughter, he must have felt acutely his long separation from her; and it was quite likely that he might ask to see Kitty. There was now an obstacle in the way of her willing compliance with that request, which it was impossible to think of without remorse, and which it was imperatively necessary to remove. Her mother would understand that she alluded to the shameful false-

hood which had led the child to suppose that Strongly disapproving of the language in which her daughter had done justice to the conduct of the divorced husband, Mrs. Presty merely replied: "You are Kitty's mother: I leave it to you' -- and returned to

her reading. Catherine could not feel that she had deserved such an answer as this. "Did I plan the deception," she asked. "Did I tell the

Mrs. Presty was not in the least offended. "You are comparatively innocent, my dear," she admitted, with an air of satirical indulgence. "You only consented to the deception, and profited by the lie. Suppose we own the truth. You are afraid."

Catherine owned the truth in the plainest terms: "Yes, I am afraid."

"And you leave it to me?" "I leave it to you." Mrs. Presty complacently closed her book. "I was quite prepared to hear it," she said: "all the unpleasant complications since your divorce-and heaven only knows how many of them have presented themselves-have been left for me to unravel. It so happens -though I was too modest to mention it prematurely-that I have unraveled this complication. If you only have eyes to see it, there is a way out of every difficulty that can possibly happen." She pushed the book that she had been reading (across the table) to Catherine. "Turn to page 240," she said.

"There is the way out." The title of the book was "Disasters at Sea," and the page contained the narrative of a shipwreck. On evidence apparently irresistible, the drowning of every soul on board the lost vessel had been taken for granted-when a remnant of the passengers and crew had been discovered on a desert island, and had been safely restored to their friends. Having read this record of suffering and suspense, Catherine looked at her mother and waited for an explanation.

"Don't you see it?" Mrs. Presty asked, "I can't say that I do." The old lady's excellent temper was not in

the least ruffled, even by this. "Quite inexcusable on my part," she acacknowledged: "I ought to have remembered that you don't inherit your mother's vivid imagination. Age has left me in full possession of those powers of invention which used to amaze your poor father. He wondered how it was that I never wrote a novel. Mr. Presty's appreciation of my intellect was equally sincere; but he took a different view. 'Beware, my dear,' he said, of triffing with the distinction which you now enjoy; you are one of the most remarkable women in England-you have never written a novel. Pardon me; I am wandering into the region of liferary anecdote, when I ought to explain myself. Now pray attend to this: I propose to tell Kitty that I have found a book which is sure to interest her; and I shall direct her attention to the lamentable story which you have just read. She is quite sharp enough (there are sparks of my intellectual fire in Kitty) to ask if the friends of the poor shipwrecked people were not very much surprised to see them again. To this I shall answer: 'Very much, indeed, for their friends thought they were dead.

Ab. you dear, dull child, you see it now!" Catherine saw it so plainly that she was eager to put the first part of the experiment to an immediate trial.

Kitty was sent for, and made her appearance with a fishing-rod over her shoulder.
"I'm going to the brook," she announced;
"expect some fish for dinner to-day."

A wary old hand stopped Catherine in the act of presenting the "Disasters at Sea" to Kitty's notice, and a voice, distinguished by insimating kindness, said to the child: "When you have done fishing, my dear, come to me; I have got a nice book for you to read?"

"How very absurd of you, Catherine," Mrs. Presty continued, when they were together again, "to expect the child to read and draw her own conclusions while her head is full of fishing! If there are any fish in the brook, she won't catch them. When she comes back disappointed, and says: "What am I to do now?" the "Disasters at Sea" will have a chance. I make it a rule never to boast, but if there is a thing that I understand, it's the management of children. Why didn't I have a large family?"

Attended by the faithful Susan. Eitte baited her hook and began to fish where the waters of the brook were overshadowed by trees.

A little arbor covered by a thatched roof, and having walls of wooden lattice-work hidden by creapers climbing over them inside and out, offered an attractive place of rest on this sheltered side of the garden.

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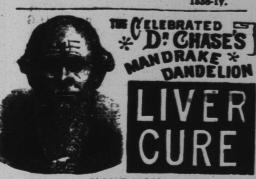
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