CHAPTER V.

FORTUNE ABROAD. DAM Furness stood besithe body of the woman, wil or no wife, whom he had ly as if he had succeeded in handing her over alive to the interested mercies of Wandham Snell, Whatever he had been to her for these ineteen years, he must have loved her once

for one could read at a glance, capacities for passion in his face, and she, even as she lay "A bad business-this," murmured the soft

voice of the Doctor, from not a gard away. The widower starte |-he must for the moment have been fancying himself alone. "Yes-it's that," he grow.ed. "l'oor Leab -poor girl!"

"I mean poor me," said Wyndham Snell, in the same monotone as before-a tone that nature or cultivation had taught to carry just as far as the ear it was meant to reach and no 'arther, "It's just my luck; and I'm -hanged if it's my fault this time."

"What the devil do you mean?" asked Adam Furness roughly, with a sudden flash

alightly towards the head of the sofa, over which a hidden face was bowed. "I mean that I'm rained by one minute and a quarter -that's all. On my life, it's hard," Adam Furness had already faced round upon him, and now surveyed the man he had meant to make his tool with a long look of

grave scorn. Then his eyes followed the direction of the other's nod, and rested for an instant upon the hidden face and tumbled There should, by rights, be but little room

for pity in the heart of one who had, in effect, been hiring an assassin. But no man can be so hard at heart as not to feel some sort of awe when fate, or chance, or whatever be the power in which he believes, has taken his crime into its own hands and saved him from the need of developing sinful thought into sinful deed. It tempts a man to believe in Providence itself when, while gaining the reward of murder, his hands are left clean. "Oh-you mean your fee," he said. "Come

downstairs. We can' talk before the child." Ever since their flight from the Clarence, Marion had lived in a dream. And could this be more than a dream--would she not wake up in a moment, and touch her mother's warm and living hand! Had her mother spoken to her with dead lips, she would not have been amazed. She did not move when she was left alone. Her whole body was heav-

Presently a hand was laid on her shoulder, She had not wondered that her father should be here. Nothing is wonderful in a dream, "Marion," said he. A first broken sob told him that she heard-at least, with her ears. "Listen to me. . . You must heten; though I know it's hard. Can you -to a word! Very well. I am your father. Marion. I must speak to you; and I have been thinking for the best, I trust and I believe. That gentleman who came with me is Dr. Snell, I brought him to judge as a physician, of your poor mother's

certifies. You will have to live somewhere, you know. I've arranged for you to stay, just for the present, with Dr. and Mrs.

She looked up-still with dry and burning eyes. She was terribly alone and forlornparted from her mother by death, from her lover by worse than death; and all in three short days. What mattered it where she went, for a time, so long as it was far enough from Maichgrave, and beyond discovery of Guy! She could write to him from any-

"Everything will be seen to," said he. "You can do nothing more-this is no place for you. And . . . you will come now. Yes; you may be by yourself five minutes if you like. Only remember that the doctor is waiting o take you home; and that a physician's time must not be wasted by a Never mind about your things; the

Lett alone, Marion pressed her lips to her mother's forehead, covered, the face, kneeled down beside the sofa, and tried to pray without words. More than the five minutes! grace had been given when she was summoned by a sharp rap on the door. "Good by , mainma," she breathed hurried-

ly, with at mother glance at the face; and

on servants, in a back settlement was very much less strange to one with Marion's exper overs of distant t avel than might be supposed, she had take a much greater incongruities as matters of course, and, had she been in bertar more curious than the things excused. Figure Town was reached at last,

Ah, here we are, Julia," said Wyndham Stell as, having opened the door with his brokey, he went first into the narrow passage, Mrs. Wyndham Snell-Miss Furnes our new guest, my dear."

"Miss Furness f" exclaimed Mrs. Snellsurveying Marion from head to heel. "Miss Furness, Julia. A sad circumstance has changed our plans. Would you mind stepping for a moment into the parlor, my dear young lady, while I explain? There Julia. So that's done. Two thousand in my pockets-all in bank notes and gold! Ithink we'll astonish Smith now, oh ! Tisn't every physician that makes his two thousand a day

his seven hundred and thirty thousand ! "You said Miss Furness," said she. "Yes; exit mo her onter daughter. And a live daughter like that for a dead mother-I call it a good exchange.

"That girl is to live here-in this housewith you and me?"

"In this house -with you and me." "And for how long t Is that arranged

"Juliet, one would think your father was an acute angle and your mother a quartor vinegar. Yes, it's all arranged. More than Ive minutes, and less than a hundred

years,"
"My father was a respectable coal merchant, and my mother was consin to a dentist, as you very well know. I don't pretend to be a star, and a charubim, and a hangel-I de my duty in that station of life; and if every body did the same, 'twould be a better world, But I'm not going to have that girl in this haouse, no, not for a thnousand paound. "And quite right too, Nor would, I, my

dear. But it's for two thaousand, you see, "Nor for ten throusand then! So there!" "Julia! You would turn away Fortune when she is knowling, positively double-knocking, at the front deer?"

He with all his coolness, she with all her stiffness, almost jumped. For even while he was speaking the double knock came. When, however, Mrs. Saell recovered and opened, it was to a broad-faced man, with a

en, dogged air, a curious odour, and black and broken nails. At such a sight, it had been the habit of Wyndham Snell, for long past, to retire into invisible privacy, leaving Julia to deal with the enemy. On the present occasion he

King or Knave thrust himself chivalrously in front of the lady, and substituted for her sombre sharpness the gentlest of smiles. "And pray, my man," he asked, "who are

you!"
"I'm no more a man than you be! So none of your soft sawder with me, Doctor Snell, I'm Crisp, that's who I am."
"Crisp! Well, I'm glad to see you, Crisp, I'm sure, whoever you are. One of

patients' Let me see.
"Patient, indeed! No, Dector; its Impati ent, this go. Here's your oldest boots, my missus was green enough to take in while I was out-but they don't take in me. Not another patch on 'em till I see the colour of my little account; and that's two pound twelve for over the year. So here's the old things, I'm not going to find no more leather for nothing, not I. So take 'em to them as

Snell's head, and fell in the form of what had once been boots at the foot of the

"And if you want to know what's to fol low them boots, 'tis a summons!" shouted Mr. Crisp, for all Piggot's Town to hear, "I reckon you've got steks enough for two pound twelve—not that you've paid for them, I'll be bound. But every man for himself and a man that don't pay his bootmaker-that man ought to be flogged at the cart's

"And what of a man who doesn't pay his medical attendant—eh, Mr. Crisp?"
Wyndham Snell cheerfully. "I pays mine-and he's Smith; and for

why! Because he pays me." "Ah—mutual accommodation, I suppose.
If you had any sense of humor, Mr. Crisp, you would perceive the folly of asking a professional gentleman for money in such an untradesmanlike way. I was going to give a rather extensive order for boots, and should of course have preferred to patronize a local tradesman; but you have compelled me to transfer my custom to the West End, and hang me if I'll ever do a good natured thing again. I've done with you, Mr. Crisp; and with every tradesman in Piggot's Town." "That's true enough, Doctor-seeing

they've done with you. "They'll have to be, my man. Pick up those boots, Julia, Thank you, my dear. There, Mr. Crisp. One-two-three sover-You'll give me a receipt and the change. And there, Mr. C isp-I'll make you a present of the boots; you may wear them yourself, if you please. And now be off for an impudent blackguard; go to blazes, you cobbling thief, and if they condescend to ask you who kicked you there with your own toe-leathers, say it was Doctor Wynd-

Mr. Crisp's eyes became saucers and his mouth a yawning abyss of amazement as he stared from Wyndham Snell to the sovereigns and back again. No-they did not fly away. He scrawled a receipt with a pencil-stump on the bill, and stood dangling the old boots, one in each hand, in a feeble sort

"Sir," said he, in a hoarse whisper, "don't you going to no West End! You'll get them new boots twice as bad and half as cheap of me-that's to say, half as good and twice as

dear!"
He went off like a cobbler in a dream—a tradesman of Piggot's Town who had been paid his whole account, all at once and without a haggle, by a customer, and that cust mer Wyndham Snell. On his way to the Royal Albert, weighed down with a piece of local news that would come thundering upon his fellow-patrons of that establishment like an avalanche, he passed the milkman and then the grocer's young maneach on his way to Euphrosyne Terrace, and each with a determined air. He guessed their errands; and, slapping the gold and silver in his pocket. quicken dhis step to the Royal Albert, that no might be the very first with the golden news, and start a new score of his own.

Wyndham Snell turned to Julia as another quick rap-saarp and single, this time-fell on the door, "That will be the candlestick maker," said he, "I gave a porter half-acrown at the station; and it has brought the hawks down. And you'll turn away Miss

Mrs. Snell sighed-a long, deep sigh. But she went to the door and let the milkman in. If only Fortune had come to Euphrosyne Terrace in a little less fair a form !

Guy Derwent was undecided whether to go to London or Southhampton, No letter had arrived for him from Marion. He was in despair. See her he must, so flinging business to the wind and his chief clerk he started-but for Southhampton and consequently lost a day. Finally he arrived in London and drove immediately to the Green Cheese in Blink Lane. There had been something fantastic about the place to Marion, when seen through a veil of fog and flare. Guy, less fanciful, only saw a mean tavern, in a mean blind alley. It was evidently not a place where a chance customer would drop in for a glass of ale; far less a natural haltingplace for a lady. So little, indeed, was it the latter, that Guy passed the red-curtained window twice and three times before he could inquire at such a place with ut extravagant

At last he entered the close smel passage, and then the bar, where a blotched and pimply man in shirt sleeves, bald-headed and club-nosed, was serving a knot of seedy-looking customers at one end of the counter, and a red-headed girl was chatting with a smart and smiling gentleman across the other. Except for these two it was a solemn though shabby gathering; and yet Guy knew by instinct that he had come into queer company. And Marion-here!

"Are two ladies staying here?" he asked of the pimply man.

The latter turned upon him a long, slow "No, mister. There's no ladies kept here An awkward sort of whispered chuckle seemed to come from the knot of smokers, round. Guy's spirit turned at once both faint and angry, though he scarce knew why. "Have none been here within these seven

days?" asked he "This is the Green Cheese, "This is the shop, mister. No mistake

The landlord of the Green Cheese shifted his

gaze from Guy to the smart customer at the other end of the bar. Then: "No, mister," said he, shaking his bald head "This is a respectable house-none of

nehow, Guy felt that the man was con fright and folly, strayed into a den of robbers and murderers. Of course the thought was wild; but Guy was a countryman after all, to whom legends of London were more fact than fable, and were saturated with all manner of gloomy mysteries—traps in innocent-locking floors, hidden cellars, and the un-fathomable secrets of the Thames.
"I shouldn't have thought your house was

so large," he said, "that you'd have forgotten what seems to be so unusual a thing. I happen to know that two ladies have been here

and a jocular nudge to a third. "That's bad—but never you mind; it's not half so bad to lose 'em as to find." "Ah," said another, "but to lose two of 'em at once—no wonder the gentleman feels

a bit put out, and so would you." "Not a bit. I'm sure he's welcome to th lot of mine. P'r'aps if you'd show me that lady's letter, sir, I might advise, knowing the ropes of London better than a gentleman from the country could be looked for to do. It's a wicked place, is London. Eh, Jellitt,

you bald-headed old sinner? None of your tricks on travellers. Give the gentlema back his sweethearts at once-do you hear?" Temper must reach boiling point at last, and Guy's boiled ver.
"Then, Mr. Jellett," said he, "if that's your name, since I can't make you remember, I must find somebody that can. I don't

fancy this is a house where the police would

"Allow me, my dear sir, said the smart customer, leaving his chat with the barmaid, and advancing with a winning smile. "I think I can settle this little matter. Mr. Jellett is quite right to make no admissions. How can he tell what the motive of your in quiry may be? But a gentleman knows a nan when he sees one; and so I know you. There have been two ladies here. But they're gone. Our friend Jellett's right

"Gone?" asked Guy, touched with a new distrust. "Have you any reason-"
"For knowing, or for interfering? I attended the elder for-a passing ailment, as a medical man. In that capacity you find me

"And where are they gone?" "Well-I suppose it is no breach of professional confidence if I say abroad. Yes; they distinctly told me abroad,"

It was a safe place to send them; but it tallied with the letter. And a sudden flight abroad tallied also with the same terror of her husband that had induced Mrs. Furness to rid herself, for surer and swifter escape, of the fortune now safe in John Heron's hands, Guy began to hope that he had found help at need. The drowning man does not re quire credentials from his straw.

"Did they tell you nothing more than that?" he asked. Now that the gentleman had come forward, the shabbier customer had fallen back and left the end of the counter clear for quiet speaking. "You will do them, and me, an infinite service if you will call to mind everything you can."

"Of course-of course. I'd tell you with pleasure anything I could remember-and "Did they send no message to anybody be

fore going away?" "Let me see. . . . Oh, yes; they sent a telegram. I despatched it myself." "Ah-then you know the very message

"Confound my-memory! That's what comes of tackling a big book on the top of an overgrown practice like mine. I remember-the telegram was one of my own, to fix for a consultation in the Isie of Man; it was a letter I posted for your ladies at the same time. Of course it was a letter-"

"Ah, addressed to. Let me see. . . Pve such a slippery memory for names. . . . Addressed to—I have it, Guy Derwent, Esquire, Marchgrave,"

"Thank you with all my heart!" said Guy, his heart relieved from a load. "Pray don't mention it," said his friend. 'Anything I can do you're welcome, I'm sure. Perhaps I'm not wrong in thinking I have the ham Snell. You may have heard of my little salame, oysters in their dep shells, Requean hour to spare. I wish I ever did; but- spoons of German silver, and there was nowell, well. One mustn't complain. Take the thing but a powier pos, a cracked teacup, word for it of a successful man, Mr. Derwent; and a chimney nice account for the chamthere's only one way to succeed, and that's-to pagne. But one it make a mor al obalways been my maxim from my cradle; offer you! You mightn't think it from ap-

turn up his nose at, often do." "Thank you again, Dr. Snell, and goodnight-I'm more than glad to have met you," ice any of his new acquaintance's little mannerisms. His one thought was to get back to Marchgrave by the quickest train, there to find the letter that was doubtless awaitng him, and to hurry to wherever it would ummon him-even so sacred a thing as business must go to the wall now and then, He did not think it needful to throw Mr. Jellett more than the slightest of nods as he turned from the counter towards the glazed

door, which opened as he came close to it for the entrance of a newcomer.

Guy started back as he came feee to face "John Heron!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER VI.

of the argument between the physician and the cobbler, including the flight of boots from the street door to the stairs.

Meanwhile, she must wait in patience till she should see her father and learn to know Whatever first impais, had suggested and such an impress outcoul i readily pass for the natural recognition between kindred

-which they say is the aer than water. After what seemed no interminable levee on the doorstep, her hast earn into the her hos'ess, looking cold and grim.

"You'll excuse your being left alone so long, Miss Furness," said the Doctor; "tut a professional man can't call himself his own master, you know-not for an hour. Patients never can be got to observe consult ing hours; and they will persist in coming in crowds. And as for their manners-

"Miss Furness would like to see her room," said Mrs. Snetl, sharpy and icely. "Twe tidied up the second-floor tack as best I can. sciously lying. And yet why should be lief
Unless—have we not all heard of such things?

Marion and her mother had, in some fit of

Marion and her mother had, in some fit of

"What, Julia! do you appose I don't know my manners better than that—to leave a repose of the grave no comfort, but a wearilady guest to feed all alone with you the ness to brain and bones. first day she comes ! No; we'll all dine together; and, mind, I say dine. 'Refection'

"Then I'm sure I don't know where to cut enough off that cold knuckle for the two of | deal the blow. But it had to be done. rou, sighed Mrs. Snell. "It's true I might end out for chops again, now things have took another turn; only we shan't get the took another turn; only we shan't get the firing in time; and we must have a new grid-live as if there were no me in the world. That

within the last seven days."

"You know a great deal, mister, about my house—a precious deal more than me,"

"I know this much," said Guy, speaking low and doing his cest to keep cool, "that I have a letter from one of them in my pocket at this moment, telling me that they were then at the Green Cheese in Blink Lane."

"Women are rum," said the landlord of the Green Cheese.

"Lost your sweetheart, sir?" asked one of the group, giving a genial wink to another,"

"I know this much," said Guy, speaking low and doing his cest to keep cool, "that I have a letter from one of them in my pocket at this moment, telling me that they were then at the Green Cheese in Blink Lane."

"Women are rum," said the landlord of the Green Cheese.

"Lost your sweetheart, sir?" asked one of the group, giving a genial wink to another, as if thought you was to meet the college and read a pyper——"

"Why, where are your wits? Didn't I tell you I looked at my list, and found I'd made a mistake—that paper on Hypochondriasis is fixed for—well, not for to-day. Didn't I tell you I looked at my list, and found I'd made a mistake—that paper on Hypochondriasis is fixed for—well, not for to-day. Didn't I tell you I looked at my list, and found I'd made a mistake—that paper on Hypochondriasis is fixed for—well, not for to-day. Didn't I tell you I looked at my list, and found I'd made a mistake—that paper on Hypochondriasis is fixed for—well, not for to-day. Didn't I tell you I looked at my list, and found I'd made a mistake—that paper on Hypochondriasis is fixed for—well, not for to-day. Didn't I tell you I looked at my list, and found I'd made a mistake—that paper on Hypochondriasis is fixed for—well, not for to-day. Didn't I tell you I looked at my list, and found I'd made a mistake—that paper on Hypochondriasis is fixed for—well, not for to-day. Didn't I tell you I looked at my list, and found I'd made a mistake—that paper on Hypochondriasis is fixed for—well, not for to-day. Didn't I tell you I looked at my list, and found I'd made a mistake—tha

to read them a hundred papers, do you think I'd throw over Miss Furness the first day she

condescended to come?" The Doctor's right hand made a wave to wards his heart, as he bowed and beamed. Marion followed Mrs. Snell up to the narrow stairs, whose carpet grew more fragmentary until it disappeared, into a room with a crazylooking bedstead in one corner, a rush-bot tomed chair with a broken back, and an apology for a toilet-table in the window, furnished with a distering mirror, a beerjug filled with water, hart weake of dry soap,

complicated railway lines.
"I hope you'll be able to make yourself comfortable," said Mrs. Sneil. "But I'm afryde von won't," she added, in a tone that very distinctly implied, "And I decidedly don't mean that you shall." "I'm sure it will do very nicely, indeed,"

said Marion, though rather blankly. "Please don't give yourself any trouble; I don't want to give any at ali.' So humbly and so saily the poor girl answered that Mrs. Snell, despite the prejudice against personal leastly, turned sharply

round with a less stony ook in her eyes. "I'm told how you just lost your mamma Miss Furness. Is it true!" If he sour and down-trodden woman had only been a little less awkward she would have opened her aims and made a friend for She might have felt that Marion was thirsting for a touch or a word of sympathy of a woman's sympathy with a woman, which, if not always the best, is still the most needful. But that is as much as to say that see might have spread her wings and

flown over the moon.

"Yes," said Marion-if she said any word "That's a pity. Though if it's true she had a bit of a lee, of course it's not so hard. And a precious big be she must have had to marry Adam Furness-a regular bumble-

"He is my father," said Marion. "No offe ce, I'm sure. Though I wouldn't be touchy about that, if he was mine. He was a coal merchant, and brought us up to lydies-though I dursay you wouldn't think it, now. There. If you miss anything you've been accustomed to, take the hairbrush and hammer the floor; my room is just be-

Marion did miss a great many things; but she certainly had no notion of summoning back hostess whose whole bearing seemed deliberately repulsive. For had she been much more favorably impressed by the vaunted manners of her host, which seemed to her a trifle over-flowery. So she sat down on the edge of the creaking bed-stead, and cried with all her heart and

At last, what sounded like a clattering of a pair of tongs upon a teatray warned her that she must return to the parlour. She had more than half a mind to plead a headache, and go to bed; but her suggage had not yet arrived from the sation, and she had many misgivings as to what Mrs. Snell's treatment of a headache might be. So she took the simpler alternative of going downstairs.

Mrs. Snell's threats of an insufficiency of cold mutton were unrealized to a startling degree. Only her husband's occasional s'oppages for parc is at the London shops could account for a tack-spread with bewildering profusion. Either he or a w zard had covered the round table with all manner of pleasure of speaking to Mr. Derwent himself? cold things, displayed at a single view-Allow me to introduce myself-Dr. Wynd- pate de foie g as, smoked geose's breast, work on Tuberculosis Mesenterica; but per- fort cheese, lobster, game pie, various cakes, haps medical literature isn't in your line. It's and chaos knows what besides, with chaman amusing-I mean an interesting little pagne to wash it down. The plates were work, though, if you ever find yourself with eracked, the knives chapped, the forks and succeed. If you don't succeed, why you may jection to nightmares to quarred with the

remain unsuccessful all your days. That's fare.

And yet there's doctors, and big pots too," and it's proved a sound one. What can I said Wyndham Snell, letting a cork fly, pearances, but Jellett there keeps some un- and all these some of thinks are unwholesome. commonly decent champagne. These sort of That's all galainon, Mass Farness. I'm a queer little old places, that anybody who specialist on hygiene; and I tell you that he hidn't know the ins and outs of things would | more complex the creature the more co. ex and artificial ought to be its dist-and what creature is so complex as man, unless, indeed, it be woman? Welcome to Euphrosyne Tersaid Guy, too full of his own affair to not- race, Miss Furness. Julia, give Miss Fur-

ness an oyster-she boks tired." Marion had to make a pretence of eating, and of sipping from the teache, the mantel-Measpelli er ta ling to M . Seb. Fortu-

nately her want of appetite passed unobserved by the octor, who, reducing his medical principles to practice, made an entire circle of the dishes, and then rebegan at the begin-

"We'll have in a grand piano to-morrow," said he, lighting a cigar. "Mrs. Wynham Snell is passionatoly fond of music. You sing, of course? I've observed that a beautiful voice always goes with eyes like yours. And so do I. We'll learn some duets together. I'm an operatic tenor-up to C sharp; I've taken the top E flat, real chest voice, beence between me and Giuglini; and if you sing half as sweet as you speak, we'll make a

pair."
"Wyndham," said Mrs. Saell. "people don't sing before their mothers are half cold in their grave.' "Don't they? Of course not, I mean. But

it don't take lon; to get whole cold; and then-eh?" Day by day, almost hour by hour, a transformation crept visibly over Euphrosyne Terrace, Piggott's Town. The house grew gradually furnished; Marion had no long to sleep in a chamber that a maid-ofwork would have scorned. A cook and a house maid followed, to get on as best they

might with Mrs Snell. The meals occame

frequent, less chaotic, and less cold. The grand piano appeared, and by some magic magic was squeezed through the front door. And forthwith, strange to say, the patients who had hitherto patronized the simple doorplate of E. Smith, Surgeon, felt a ma that drew them to Wyndham Snell, M. R. C,-S., L. A. C., Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur. In the morning the latter had no longer to stand at his parlor window, smiling, envying, and trimming his nails. He himself in such sudden request, that had his patients only been of the paying sort, he might have set up a carriage on the strength of his practice alone. As for Julia, she was reduced to wandering about the house, and to climbing and reclimbing the stairs for the want of anything in the world to do, like some ghost of a housekeeper haunting the

Marion wrote to Guy. And if her first letter had been hard to write, what had this to be? After all, it is one thing to sentence one's own heart to death-it is another thing to "It must all be over. Do not ask me why.

scene of her ancient reign, and finding the

It is no fault of mine-none of yours. That

spent an evening at nome uniting units and dence in Piggot's Town—eight she made it, counting once when the line was blocked by a railway accident, and three times when he was out of sorts and wanted nursing-before Marion Furness came. Within the first nine days of her visit, however, he stayed at home no fewer than seven times. It was true he had a separate reason for every one of them. On Monday, for example, he had to read up a case of pericarditis that had come before him in the morning; on Tuesday he was tired with his growing practice, and needed to go to bed early; on Wednesday itrained; on Thursand a cracked soup tureen. The window, without a blind, looked over a patch of marsh and a deserted brickfield to a black horizon of and so on. No possible objection and so over be made to one of his reasons. could ever be made to one of his reasons, taken alone. But there was the one fact for Julia-that girl.

He had not been able us yet to bring about the duet. But the grand piano had not been conjured into the house for nothing, and he was really something of a musician, even though it was he himself who had said so. He could sing light and easy songs in a pleasant voice and a pleasant way, doing special justice to pathetic passages—inde d, he had quite a knack of touching those queer corners of the heart that are only to be surred by certain scents and certain soun is, and then with a shy and secret rapture that is narder to bear than pain. Marion was in the mood to be moved by sligh, though; and Mrs. Sneil, though impervous to music hars if, could not fail to perceive how Marion listened when Wyndham played. Though thetless herself, she could be jenious. aware of the effect of the subtle flattery bestowed upon the vain heart of man by silent attention; and her spirit writhed. Never had Wyndham stayed at home to play to her. It is true that there had ot been till now any instrument to play on; but that was a detail. The principle remain

ed the same. Then a brilliancy-to her mind, at least, a brilliancy-came into his home talk that he had certainly never wasted upon his domestic hearth for many a long day. It is true that better circumstances may send a man's spirits up, just as a good meal decently served may keep a man at home whom a diet of pickled gherkins quite naturally drives abroad. The poor plais woman sat over her poor plain sewing in the evening (the one occupation she could retain in her own hands), and watched his brillancy and her beauty till the needle'seemed to mistake her flesh for the calico. Not that for a moment she found any blame for Wyndham. What could he, poor fellow, do, with his susceptibility and his own power to charm, when a pretty girl was making eyes at him, and looking melancholy and demure, and humoring his musical hobby, and altogether behav-

ing as only those quiet girls know how ! If only Marion, had known through what sort of spectacles her hostess was watching her, she would have indeed have started. However she had other things to think of than what might be going on in the grim abode of Mrs. Saells brain-to say nothing of the doctor's; and if only Mrs. Snell could ed in the mind of his guest, it is she who would have stared. Ev n as things were, she opened her eyes pretty widely when Marion, after the usual late breakfast, asked Mrs. Snell for permission to help her in her sew

"I must do something," she pleaded : "and I used to do all the sewing, when-She stopped short-the time had not vet come when she could speak of her mother to a woman who kept her at arms' length.

"Thank you, Miss Furness," sai ! Mrs. Snell, snapping her seissors and her words at the same time ; but I've always don. Dr. Snell'e sewing myself; and it's to late to change-

thanking you all the same." "Is there nothing I can do-till my father "Till what, Miss Furness?"

"Till my father comes." "Oh-you're going away, then?" "I don't know," sighed Marion. "I don't know anything yet-I suppose I shall. . . . I only know one thing. I can't go on doing nothing all my days.

"It hasn't seemed to me like as if you'd found things so dull here, Miss Furness. "Dull! Indeed, no! But if it had been-I'm sure you've both of you been very kind, and I'm sure I don't know why. Is it for my father's sake? Have you known him

Some such question she had been burning

to put ever since she began to realize that her father was long in coming—indeed, .had she been less auxious she would have put it long ago, in spite of Mrs. Smell's repellent

"Yes," said Mrs. Snell. "He won't have spoke much of us, though, I darsay-no more than of Bot'nv B'y." Marion flushed crimson. This was not what she had meant to hear. Not that she suspected Mrs. Snell of finding any comfort

in alluding to matters that are generally ig. nored among friends. "I know-but he is innocent," said she hotly, but yet somewhat feebly.

"Yes, Miss Furness. Of course. People that go to Bot'ny B'y always are. Anyhow they're no worse than them that don't go; so it's all the syme," said Mes. Swell bitingly, and making her calico scream. "But all the same, Miss Furness-and though you mayn't think it, I can't help speaking out my mind if I was to die for it -I'd sooner he'd styed there, and not come troubling respectable people over here."

Marion had never noticed anything in any woman so witchlike as Mrs. Snell's manner This morning. Hitherto she had seen in her hostess only an un ainly, self-effaced silent person, capable of being shrewish now and then, hard and unattractive, but otherwise overshadowed by her husband's airy brilliancy. This morning, however, her grimness was positive and emphatic; there was an almost cruel glow in her naturally dull eyes, and she bit off the ends of her cotton as if she were snapping live flesh by deputy. And there is a way of sewing in which the operator ceases to be the diligent and homely housewife, and resembles nothing but a handmaid of Lachesis-a stitcher of

It was as if she had suddenly caught a glimpse of some profound tragedy enacting itself in a back kitchen-a drama of passion grotesquely emphasized by vulgarity. She seemed for a moment to see into a soul that she could not comprehend; and the baffling

glimpse was not a pleasant one.

Perhaps Mrs. Snell perceived some symptom
of a start, or some shadow of a shudder, letting her know that she might enjoy five de-lightful minutes' vengeance on a girl whose eyes Wyndham, inspired by champagne, had only yesterday compared to stars in a haze. Stars in a haze, indeed—gas-lamps in a fog, more likely, Mrs. Snell had thought with

"Of course, you're not answerable for your father," she said "so don't take offence when there can't be blame. All I know is there's some innocent people better in jyle than some guilty ones out; and Adam Furness is one of the innocent ones, of course; oh, of course, one of the innocent ones? As I said be-

fore, those sort always are."
"I wish, Mrs. Snell," said Marion, very quietly indeed, "you would tell me all you know of—of my father. It's always best to know the worst that can be said of anybody at once; and then, you see, there can never be anything worse left to hear. And—for that—for the very worst, I mean, I don't think I can do better than come to you,"

She looked her hostess very steadily in the eyes as she spoke, and was met by a sharp, quick glance that seemed to say, "Oh, oh, my young lady! you've got a spice of spirit, have you, behind those lackadaisical ways!

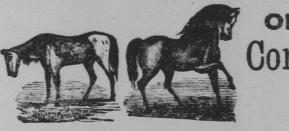
# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Casteria is so well adapted to children that commend it as superior to any prescription Sour Stomach, Diarrhosa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes it. commend it as superior to any prescription own to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Without injurious medication. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Lindsay, Dec. 12th, 1888:-1619.



OLD ENGLISH Condition Powder.

Twelfth year the farmers of this district have been using it. Sales larger than ever. Sold in Manitoba, Muskoka, Eastern Onterio, -in fact all over. Rain or shine it won't hurt any animal. 25 cents each, 5 for \$1.00

A. HIGINBOTHAM, - Druggist, Lindsay.

# City Harness Shop, Lndsay.

PROPRIETOR JAMES LITTLE,

Having extended my business, the last move being to purchase from MR. JAMES LOT and his entire stock and the good will of his business, who now retires, I am prepared to give all my off customers, and as many new ones as favors me with their patronage, satisfaction in all orders with which I mad be entrusted.

My Stock of Harness, Collars, Whips, Trunks and Valises is large, well selected, guaranteed, and cheaper than any place in town. Hand made collars a specialty, Remember that all my work is finished by experienced workman, none other employed. This is money well invested. All I ask is an inspection of my stock and you will be convinced that it is the largest to choose from, best workmanship, and prices really cheaper than any place in town. My expenses being lower, therefore I give my customers the benefit. Gentleman, place in your orders at once and don't miss this opportunity. Repairing promptly done. Don't forget the place. Give me a call.

JAMES LITTLE.

# An Invitation.

When in Lindsay don't fail to call and see S. J. Petty, 'The Jeweler.' We are showing the largest Stock we ever carried.

S. J. PETTY, - The Jeweler

FOR

# Cheap FURNITURE

GO TO

ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co. KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers.

Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it. ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.

Builders' Interests Looked After

### DRY KILN

Now in full blast, and dry

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, &c.,

guaranteed, with prices right. Parties intending to build should call and inspect our work before buying elsewhere, and we will convince them that they will save money by doing so,