WHITTLECHIRC

CHAPTER V.

yards in the direction of the cliff the business ought to be done as soon as moon became obscured; but he was able possible; and I think that Mrs. Rimto make pretty straight for where he had seen the man lie down. In a few | night again." minutes he espied him, lying like a log, a few paces on his right. He advanced, and was just stooping down to shake awaiting him, but not Mary. "Why, him to his senses, when the seeming in- mother," he said, "where's that sister tion, where some very startling news ebriate jumped up, and, springing at of mine? I thought that she was an awaited him. Miller's body had been him with all his force, endeavoured to early bird." throw him over the cliff.

through the brain with lightning like ington spoke seriously, and her son saw rapidity, time, indeed, being almost a to communicate. negligible quantity. But, though the thinking powers are at a maximum, the capacity for putting the thoughts into proposed to Mary. She has accepted practice and profiting by the conclu- He spoke to me about it yesterday morn- sum of fifteen hundred pounds, signsion arrived at, becomes almost nil. The ing, and Colonel Forward was here in ed Pedro Bersano. brain, so to speak, divides from the the afternoon." nerves, which, since they can no longer to the inferior organs, backed up by a about his money?" sort of instinct, the practical task of length may be said to be more or less a gauge of his practical character, and should we have to say against it?" fitness for responsibility. In plain English, it is nothing more or less than but, as you say, it is her happiness, not the time he takes to regain his presence did you tell Ogilvie?" of mind.

to recognise Miller, able seaman in the frenzy, or of mistaken identity. Soon, however, these speculations ceased, and ed, depended his very life. Both men cliff. So far, the struggle had been and, in so doing, partially threw back his hood. Just before, he had been gathering himself together for a final God! it's Mr. Rimington," made off at he could not help asking him if anythe top of his speed.

"Hi! Stop him! Help!" cried Rimington, giving chase, for he had no mind piest of men. But come in, and let me

to let him off so easily. "Hullo! What is it?" cried a voice from the direction of Rose Cottage.

ing how things were, ran to cut off shook him by the hand, saying at the the fugitive. He judged his direction same time: "I suppose that Ogilvie has well, and at first it looked as if, between Poor boy, it is hard for him to bear. the two, Miller would be secured. The For myself it does not matter; but for latter, however, had a good start of the your sister and him it is hard, very stranger, and was greatly assisted by hard." the darkness of the night. He was al- don't know what your trouble is; but it so a good runner, so that, although the must be very great to affect you thus." chances seemed against him at first, he managed to give both his pursuers ness-looking letter which lay upon the the slip.

each other. "Hullo! Rimington," cried Forward; "I'm awfully glad to see you for further information. back. But what on earth has been hapcening?"

tell you what has been happening, I why I am the unhappiest man in the certainly can't imagine why it has hap- world. Yesterday, I would not have pened, I walked home from the station, called the Tzar my uncle. Now-what and just as I got to the door, I saw is there left for me to do but to tell a man-tipsy, as I thought-close to the your sister that I have not enough to edge of the cliff. I went to see what offer her a meal, let alone a roof to-" I could do for him; but I soon found | "But, Forward, you don't think that that the obligation was more likely to Mary, you cannot think that she--" be on the other side-he very nearly did | "That she would turn me away if

" How ?" me over the cliff. Indeed, I thought derstand how I am placed. It's not as he would have done it too; but luckily if I had a couple of hundred, or even for me, just as I thought that it was one hundred a year left. Then, with all up, my hood got shoved aside, and my pay, we could live in India, a solhe recognised me, started back as if dier and his wife; and my father would here I am, all over mud and very glad first this cursed letter came. But we that it's no worse."

Do you know the man, then?" Maharanee, a man called Miller.

what made me ask was that I thought gain nothing to put off telling her; I I recognised him as he was running will go at once. across the common. What are you go- "Wait a minute," cried Rimington, ing to do now?-Inform the police?" as Ogilvie was leaving the room, "I seems so incomprehensible. He evident- that there is yet hope. It is a very ly did not wish to murder me-that is, small chance; but the thought of it when he saw who I was-because he crossed my mind this morning, and I could not have had a better chance. I can't help thinking of it. You were ly tell the time by looking into a cat's can hardly believe that the man goes not always called Forward. What was in for highway robbery. He certainly your name before?" never tried to take my watch. But I suppose that the best plan will be to

inform the police as you suggest." "Approved," replied Forward, "with vie's turn to look surprised. the police station is on my way, so There is a fortune waiting for you." I'll look out for that. You go straight

much."

"Not the least trouble in the world," Before Rimington had gone many something I want to tell you; but this ness." ington will tell you all about it to-morrow morning; so I won't stay. Good-

"Good-night." The next morning when he came down, Rimington found his mother

"Perhaps she knows that I have some-On occasions like this, ideas rush thing to talk to you about." Mrs. Rimthat she had something of importance track, and then, venturing too close,

"What has happened?" he asked.

as he had completed a very long-drawn | the chief inspector, who happened keep pace with it, it leaves behind, and whistle, "you know him better than I alysis of the circumstances, it may be Ogilvie Forward to be able to congratu-

"Colonel Forward is very liberal about that. He has offered to buy and saving the whole. Sooner or later, how- furnish a house here at Whitby, and ever, the normal condition of affairs is going to settle twenty thousand pen varies with the individual. It sel- but our Mary's husband will be betdom exceeds a second or two, and its ter off in this world's goods than her enough; but as it stands, I call it mother was; and if she loves him, and hopeless." he will make her a good husband, what | "It is hard to lose Mary, mother; ours, that we must care about .- What

"I gave him my consent, and I ans-With Rimington, accustomed and wered for yours. There was something else which he asked me to tell you; trained to act promptly in emergencies, Mary, of course, knows it too. He is that time was almost inappreciable; but not really Colonel Forward's son. Who shall take place towards the end of short as it was, it had sufficed for him he really is, who his parents were, he does not know. The colonel adopted him from a workhouse in the south of Maharanee, to speculate on his motives, England. Of course it was right of and come to the conclusion that he must him to tell us; but at the same time either be the victim of a drunkard's we know him and like him for himself, and I told him that it could make no possible difference."

"No, mother; certainly not," replied all his energies were enlisted in the her son. Then he added, as if struck desperate struggle, on which, it seem- by a sudden thought. "Did he tell you what his name was originally?"

"No, dear. Why?" were strong, and at first the contest ? "Oh, nothing. I had an idea; but was fairly equal. Rimington, however, it is much too improbable to be worth was encumbered by his thick greatcoat, consideration. I suppose, though, that and this told on him more every second. was before. But never mind; here He felt that he was being slowly but comes Mary. Now, my lady, aren't you surely forced nearer the edge of the ashamed of yourself.? Yes; it's no good blushing. Mother's been telling me what you do when I'm at sea. Who is carried on in silence; now he shouted going to fill my pipe in future, I should for help. With an oath, his opponent, like to know? However, I suppose that tried to put his hand over his mouth, you want to be congratulated; and, on the whole, I think I'll do so. Now, go and make the tea,"

After breakfast, Rimington announced his intention of going to look up throw; but when he saw Rimington's Forward. When he arrived at Colonel features, he suddenly started back, paus- Forward's house, the bell was answered a second, and then saying, "Great strangely disarranged and wild, that thing was the matter.

"Yes; something is the matter," he replied, "and it has made me the unhaptell you about it."

Old Colonel Forward was seated at the breakfast table, from which the remains of that meal had not been cleared It was that of a young man, who, see- away. Rising as Rimington entered, he

"No, sir," replied Rimington; "1 "This, then, will tell you," said the old man, putting into his hand a busitable. It was the announcement of the

The latter now turned to speak to failure of a Mining Company. Rimington read it through, and then put it down and looked at the colonel

"My whole fortune was in that undertaking," he said simply; "and now "That's more than I can tell you," my son and I are penniless." replied the other, "At least, if I can "And now," said Ogilvie, "you know

I came to her a beggar in rags? No; God forbid! But in honor I cannot now "Simply enough. He tried to throw ask her to be my wife. You don't unshall not have a farthing, literally not "You say that he recognised you. a farthing-except this house and the clothes we stand in. I must leave the "Yes; I do, and that is the strangest army. But she will wait," he added, part of it all. He was a seaman in the passionately, "Say, as her brother, that I may ask her to wait. My father and "Charles Miller?"

"Yes.-Why, do you know him?"

I are going out to Australia, and I will work as never man worked yet to "I do know something of him, and make a home for him and her. It can

Well, I really scarcely know. It all can't tell what, but something says

"Whittlechurch." burst out laughing. It was now Ogil-; at once tell what time it is. This they matrimony."

"What ?" "It's vary good of you.-Thanks very is a fortune waiting for Ogilvie Whit- the character of light, even when the here next week to answer for himself. Nettie-Did you ever hear of one that tlechurch, and there are detectives day is cloudy.

scouring the country to find him-to

At this moment there was a ring at the bell, and the maid brought in a card: "Mr. J. Pryer, Detective Department, Scotland Yard." At the bottom was written in pencil: "To speak with

"Why, here's the very man!" cried Rimington laughing. "He already looks on you as a millionaire, and shows it portunity go by would be almost like by giving you brevet rank.. Well, I'm off, and shall expect you at Rose Cottage in an hour's time at the latest, holding your head up with all the dignity of your new-found thousands."

His first visit was to the police stapicked up at the foot of the cliff, just "Mary won't be long," she replied. under a well-known dangerous place, about half a mile from where the struggle took place. He must have doubled to throw his pursuers off the without a sufficient knowledge of the neighborhood, have slipped and fallen. "Your friend, Ogilvie Forward, has | But the strangest part was yet to come. On the body had been found a cheque for the extraordinarily large

Then Rimington understood what "Well, mother," he replied, as soon | had happened. He asked to speak to be then at the station. They had a rushing on through, it may be, an an- do. Still, I have seen quite enough of long talk in private, of which it is only necessary to give the last few words. "So, taking it all together, sir, a retrospect of previous events, leaves as far as his character goes. But what I don't think there is any case," said the inspector. "I suppose that the gentleman's death would be no advantage to this Bersano now?"

"Then, sir, I think that the best is resumed and all the faculties, men- pounds on them, in addition to Ogil- thing to do will be to leave matters tal and physical, act once more in uni- vie's present allowance, on the day as they are. You see you have no proof | thousand acres in a ring-fence with that they are married. It might not and the man is out of the country by Fernleigh and its five hundred right son. The time it takes for this to hap- be thought very much by some people; now. If the sailor had actually attacked your friend, the case would be weak

> Rimington thanked the inspector and walked home. His mother was sitting in the garden. He could see Ogilvie and his sister walking together by the sea. "Georgie," said Mrs. Rimington,

> "how long shall you have ashore?" "Nearly three months." "I thought so; and that was why we've just settled that the marriage November."

(The End.)

BURGLAR AND BABY.

Little One Held Out Its Hands and He Couldn't Resist It.

The burglar was not a bad looking man, though his business had a bad look. He stood by the door of a sleeping room and peered in. A faint light was burning, and he could hear the measured breathing of some one asleep. Cautiously he crept inside, stooping low and looking around.

No one was there save a sleeping wo-

In an instant a cloth saturated with ether was thrown over her face, and he waited one, two, three-ten minutes, and the stertorous breathing of the sleeper told him the drug was doing its work. With a dexterous hand he seized the jewelry and money laying on the dressing case, and began a quick search in the drawers of the case.

"Oo-o-o," came a voice from the shadows of the room

Quick as a flash the burglar clutched his silent knife and turned to meet his victim. No one was visible.

"Oo-o-o," came the voice again, and the burglar saw a child in its crib by the foot of the bed.

ing up its hands to him. He let the knife | you see." fall to his side, and stepping over to the crib touched the child. It cooed again softly and held up its arms for him to take it. The impulse was beyond his control, and he lifted the baby to his bosom, and it nestled its soft, white cheek down to his, and put its white arm around his neck. He purred to it, and in a moment its curly head was laid against his face and it was asleep again.

"Never seen a kid like that," whispered to himself. "Most of 'em is afraid of strangers," and tenderly he laid it in its crib.

Then he went back to the dressing case. He stood still a moment, and then furtively looked over his shoulder toward the crib. The sleeping face of the child was turned toward him.

Slowly he replaced in the case all he had taken from it, hastily he snatched from the woman's face the saturated cloth, opened the door near the bed, and quietly slipped downstairs. Once in the street again he looked up at the house, angrily.

"Dang it!" he growled, "a man that ain't got more gizzard than I have ought to get out of the business." And he disappeared into the shadows of the night.

THE LIFE LINE.

Starting from the base of the big toe he had been shot, and ran away. So come too. That was my one hope when there is a distinct line. This is the life In one foot it will curve along until it terminates under the instep far toward the lower base of the little toe. This means long life. If broken in the hollow of the foot it denotes a sickness at middle age, and if it terminates in the hollow of the foot it means a short life. This line is the most interesting one on the foot. The experiments that have been conducted lately have proved this to be an almost unfailing reading of longevity.

CATS AS CLOCKS.

With a little practice you can easieyes. Often, when the Chinese want to know what o'clock it is, they will run

NABOTH'S VINEYARD.

CHAPTER. I.

"But it is such a pretty scheme, Heath. The place has been my envy for years; and now to let such an opflying in the face of Providence."

Colonel Sandhurst spoke very warmly; in a way, indeed, which was quite a contrast to his usual calm judicious utterances. He had his long neatly clad limbs planted very widely apart before the fireplace of Mr. Heath's private office; while the latter gentleman sat at a desk stabbing a blottingpad with a penknife, as if he were slaughtering his client's arguments as they cropped up, hydra-headed, before this legal Hercules.

"It is a pretty scheme," said he, with a certain dry irritation. "I've seen plenty of them in my time-mostly failures. And I don't mind telling you in all candour that I hope this will be one.-Why can't you leave Mrs. Charlesworth alone? Here you have one of the most beautiful places in Sussex, a handsome almost princely income to keep it up, and yet nothing but the possession of Fernleigh will content you."

"But don't you see there is no house on my property down here?-three in the centre. It seems very hard."- onel extended his neatly gloved hand,

"It is a great deal harder for my poor client, Mrs. Charlesworth, turn out of her old home.-Oh! course as mortgage you have a per- praiseworthy fashion. fect right fo foreclose, and I am a great fool to allow sentiment in business."

"But if the woman can't afford to live there, what right has she to stay?" "Cannot you understand that if this long-delayed Chancery business was concluded, she would have ample means? I wish you would abandon this plan, Sandhurst; I do indeed. If you only knew how attached the poor little woman is to her home; how happy she blind boy—there hang it, you couldn't do it! Of course I am a weak-minded old man, but"-

taches in some perturbation of spirit. Usually speaking, he was a kind-heartmerited misfortunes. But at the same time it is very annoying, as most landed proprietors know, to have a long stretch of some one else's property exactly in the center of your own. And, moreover, the Bartonsham estate was celebrated for its preserves, while the unhappy owner of Fernleigh had no sympathy with the pursuit of either foxes or pheasants. Colonel Sandhurst had no personal antipathy to his neighbor: nevertheless, when an opportunity offered for a heavy mortgage, he jumped at the chance. And now that more than two years' interest was in arrear, and the Colonel in a position to foreclose at any moment, the temptation was too strong to be resisted. "I do not see why I should drag a

lot of sentiment into the matter," he said reflectively. "Of course I am very sorry, and all that kind of thing; but It was a pretty baby, sleepily hold- if I don't have it, some one else will, lawn, with its spreading copper beeches,

"I am afraid so," the lawyer groaned parenthetically. "I see that plainly enough." "Very well, then. Again, if it comes

to a sale, I shall probably be run up to a fancy sum by one or more of the lady's friends.—Come, I will make you a proposition. My mortgage is for seven thousand five hundred, and for this the property is legally mine. But I don't want to appear grasping. Suppose we call it a sale and I give you another two thousand five hundred for your client. I call that a fairly gen-

Mr. Heath dug his knife three times in rapid succession into the blottingpad and dropped it with a sigh of defeat. Of course it was a generous offer, an extremely generous offer, and yet beyond the folded blue papers and red tape and tin boxes, there was before his mind's eye a picture framed by a long avenue of ancient fruit-trees; the vision of a gentle-faced little lady with a blind lad leaning on her arm, and the last words she had said to him were ringing in his ears now. They answered the master of the hounds. were such simple words, too: "If I self, but for the children."

over."

conscious of having done a generous mine gained me one of my battles." action. "Fernleigh is a cautiful old house," he observed complacently, "and will be the very place for Frank and his bride. The old soldiers are pretty tough in a general way; but hard se. vice begins to tell after fifty, and I should like to see my boy settled before long. Ethel Morton is an exlad a good wife."

do by observing the size of the aper- "He was always a very obedient son, one amendment. I am going home, and "Why, man you are a millionaire! ture of the pupil of the eye, which though; and by Jove, sir, one to be they have discovered is of varying size proud of. Of course you heard all at different hours of the day, being about that Victoria Cross and the fear-"I mean exactly what I say. There affected by the position of the sun and ful wound he received; but he will be made by letter, anyhow. In his last letter he says that the six was declined simply on that account?

months at Madeira have quite set him up again. If anything had happened to him"- Here the speaker paused and hummed a fragment of operation music with a great show of palpably assumed gaiety; while Mr. Heath looked across Castleford's principal street, deeply interested in the facetious conversation of two cabmen in the sunny sleepy square below.

"Would you like to go over Fernleigh?" he asked suddenly, his mind still dwelling uneasily on the old topic. "It would ease my client's mind to know that she is not in the hands of an investment-seeking ogre; and, as a matter of fact. I don't believe she knows the name of her principal creditor .-What do you say to running over one day this week?"

"Well, I don't know," said the gallant warrior hesitatingly; "it seems almost like an intrusion, and in anything but the best taste. You see I'--"Yes, I see you haven't pluck enough

to face Mrs. Charlesworth. But, as you are bound to meet some time, the better. I am going out there this afternoon, and will mention it." The Colonel nodded slightly with a perplexed smile on his lips, but he did

not answer, for the simple reason that Mr. Heath was right. There was a momentary silence between them, in which the humorous conversation of the cabmen could be distinctly heard. "I mean to remain in the neighway or another," replied the ex-dragoon

borhood till this matter is settled one at length; "and Frank will probably join me at the Green Dragon later on. And if it is a question of another thousand you will not find me obdurate." With this parting magnificence the coland took his way down the dark stairs, and thence into the High Town with the air of a man who has discharged a delicate commission in an eminently

But if he felt on such excellent terms with himself, not so Mr. Heath. The worthy solicitor was fain to own himself beaten, and handsomely beaten at that, for it is really hard to quarrel with a man who insists upon making a total stranger a present of such a good round sum as three thousand and some odd hundreds of pounds.

Mr. Heath felt genuinely sorry for his old friend and client, Mrs. Charlesworth; a sympathy none the less keen because at one time, many years ago, there had been the dream of a home over which Margaret Hay was to have held the undisputed sway and soveris there with her daughter, and her eignty. As the practical business man gazed out through the grimy windows, memory was very busy with him, jumbled up strangely with business instincts and vague shadowy plans for The Colonel pulled his long mous- Margaret Charlesworth's welfare. The old bachelor's heart was still green enough to realize the poignant sorrow which the loss of her home would be to ed individual enough, and really felt the only woman who had ever caused very sorry for Mrs. Charlesworth's un- his pulses to beat the faster. And as he drove along the deep country lanes an hour later, he seemed more strongly to realize what a wrench it would be. In the valley, lay Fernleigh, its twisted chimney stacks above the belt of immemorial elms, where the rooks were busy, and doves crooned in the peaceful silence of the afternoon. But a stone's-throw down the road between high hedges, where violet and foxglove and dogroses were blooming, were the gates, moss-grown and rusted, but still beautiful, for they had come from the foundry of Quintin Matsys, carried hither more than two hundred years ago by some art-loving Hay, who had followed the profession of the sword,

as gentlemen did in those days. Beyond the gates lay a short circular sweep leading to the house, a gray stone building with pointed gables richly carved with birds and flowers, as one sees them occasionally in districts where the soldiers of the Commonwealth failed to penetrate; while on either side of the smoothly shaven was a sloping bank topped by a thick laurel hedge, beyond which lay the gardens, each enclosed by high stone

(To be continued.)

THE IRON DUKE'S REASONS.

It is told of the Duke of Wellington that he was once out fox hunting, when the hounds on reaching the bank of a small river lost the scent. The master of the hounds apologized to the duke. "I'm afraid, your grace, our fun is over. The dogs can't pick up the scent.

"Ten to one," replied the duke, "the fox has crossed to the other side."

"Not very likely, my lord. A fox hates water."

"Aye, aye," urged the duke, "but he may have crossed over by some bridge." "I don't believe there is a bridge,"

"Well," continued the duke, "unless lose this," she had said with a wistful you know to the contrary, though I glance, "I lose all hope-not for my- was never here before. I will wager a trifle you will find one within a mile."

"I should like to refuse it," observ- The two men, followed by the hunt, ed the lawyer. "I should like, meta- pushed on and less than a mile off phorically speaking, to throw your came upon a rudely constructed bridge, mortgage in your face and snap my The dogs crossed it, again took up fingers at your legal rights. It all the scent and killed the fox. Asked comes of this atrocious sentiment; and for his reason for asserting that there the worst of it is that your offer is so was a bridge near, he answered: "I magnificent, that, speaking as a man saw three or four cottages clustered toof business, I dare not refuse it; only gether on each bank of the river, and you must give us a week to think it I thought the people living in them would be tempted by their social feel-Colonel Sandhurst smiled benignly, ings to contrive a means of visiting and expanded, as a man will who is each other. That same inference of

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.

M. Lyon, an eminent French physician, has recently published in the Union Medicale an account of careful researches which he has carried out respecting tremely nice girl, and will make the the effects of tobacco upon the stomach. He finds that tobacco lessens the "Provided always, as we say, that the contractilty of the muscles which partlad is willing. I wouldn't set my heart ly compose the walls of the stomach, too firmly upon that match, if I were thus producing indigestion and dila-you, Colonel. Captain Frank is no tation. This is an important addition Without saying a word. Rimington to the nearest cat, open her eyes, and longer a boy, to be commanded into to the charges which medical men have brought against tobacco.

THEY COUNT.

Marie-Proposals should neve. he