SHALL IT BE DONE.

CHAPTER XX.

The night-boat from Calais bore the runaway Peggy to England. She scarcely dared believe in her own good luck in escaping without pursuit, even when the gangway had been withdrawn, and the boat was steaming slowly past the old wooden pier. She peeped out cautiously from under the cape. shelter of one of the lifeboats, with a farewell fear that some emissary of her father's, say the birdlike Miss M'Leod or the panting Henri, might dash along the quay at the last minute, and, by frantic cries and gesticulations, induce the captain to put back. But no such catastrophe happened; the fact was that Miss M'Leod had not taken fright at Peggy's long absence until late in the day, and then had not dared to report it to Mr. Beresford, who had shut himself up in the most formidable humors since Madame de Lancry's visit.

Peggy's spirits rose to the wildest height when she felt that she was safe, out of reach of her father, whom she feared, and of Victor, whom she hated. She had been scarcely three weeks at "Les Bouleaux," but the horror and the mystery of the events which had happened there during that short time had made her stay a hideous nightmare, with only one sympathic figure-Gerald. Gerald, whom she respected and liked; not with a sentimental feeling, O dear, no, but back of the armchair, smiling, red-faced, with a very strong impression that he had shy, his features quivering with some strong not been well used, with a most firm determination to put him on his guard against light in them which caused the blood to rush the wiles of Madame de Lancry. No coy- to the girl's face, was Gerald. Upon her ness troubled Peggy; the love of Gerald, first impulse, Peggy threw herself upon one which she had confessed in her excitement, knee in the armshair, with her hands over seemed such a natural feeling for any one the back, in an irrepressible burst of wild who had been so kind to her, that she felt delight. She had scarcely done so when no scruples about following him to Eng- Gerald imprisoned her where she was, land; there she would find him out, prevail flinging his right arm round her, and raisupon him to have nothing more to do with | ing with his left the little wild flower face his French friends, and then devote her at- to his, kissing her lips passionately, trying tention to finding some work by which she to speak to her, failing altogether in uttercould earr her living. What this work ing a single coherent sentence, but betraymightbe she did not care; in the exuberance | ing his love, in this moment of abandonof her happiness at having escaped from pa- ment, as he had never betrayed it before. ternal control, she would have swept a crossing.

This free, devil-may-care, bold buccancering spirit lasted until about mid-chanuel, when it was quenched by sea-sickness, which his kisses, his passionate whispers, after placed Pcggy at the mercy of a kind-hearted | reassuring, began to puzzle her, she drew sailor, from whom she parted almost with back her head, pushed his face away from tears on landing at Dover. She still felt ill hers, and tried to wriggle out of his emand giddy, but Peggy had the luck of the brace. brave; and the guard of the London train seeing her staggering along in a helpless fashion by the side of the rails on the pier, asked if her luggage was all right, and on to you." her answering that she hadn't any, found a corner seat for her in the train, lifted her caped like an elf, and, seating hersolf in into the carriage, and pulled up the windows. Her ulster was not very thick, and him to place himself at her feet. the night was cold; her travelling compan. Gerald got a footstool and very meekly ions were two noisy and tiresome French obeyed, hugging his knees and lookpeople, who tried to forget the evils of the ing up at her with intoxicated reverence. sea-passage by continuous eating and drink. For she at once assumed the attitude of the ing were a constant habit of his life. Then be due to defective nourishment of the ing. Pergy had an uncomfortable journey superior very decidedly, though the color up to London, and arrived worn out, chill- brought by his kisses had not faded from ed, and miserable, at the house where she her face, and though her voice was still meant to stay.

It was a house at the West End, in a street well known for furnished apartments neither particularly large nor particularly erely. good, but which had, somehow, got the reputation of being "superior," and were looked into the fire and cleared his throat much affected by fashionable actresses and by men about town. This class-or these classes-occupied the best rooms for the a low husky voice. most part, while the top floor of many of the houses formed a kind of rookery-still "superior," of course-where curates and shop-girls, daily governesses, retired officers | Boulcaux,' without a word to anyone, just and city cleks, inhabited each a humble because the wicked, selfish, painted Madame little room, with the satisfaction of de Lancry told you to? And when my poor being able to write from "a good father is ill, too!" address." In the house at the door of which Peggy now knocked she and her her helplessly. mother had passed many a dreary month of chesp discomfort, and it was with a very humbly. perfunctory smile that she returned the greeting of the sleepy servant, grimy even at that early hour, who opened the door to

"Yes, Ellen, I've come back," she said, choking back the tears. "Has Mrs. Walton got a room for me?"

"Yes, miss. The Major went off yesterday ; 'e said 'e couldn't stand Mr. Yorke's boots in the next room no longer, miss. So there's 'is room you can 'ave, miss."

Peggy followed her up stairs to the third floor, and wondered, as she threw herself on the hard bed, and looked stupidly round her at the cupboard-like bareness and dreariness of the little room, how "the Peggy's. Major" could have "stood it" for so long. She felt too tired to sleep, too ill to eat the stale egg and bit of black toast which Ellen presently brought her on a cracked plate dedicated to the use of the third floor. She drank a cup of tea, however, and felt gratetul for the girl's attention.

The day passed miserably; she could not rest except for a few minutes at a time ; she felt too stupid and excited to lie still and think, and whenever she attempted to get up, the room swam round her and her head throbbed violently. It was not until the afternoon was drawing to a close that, with tottering limbs, she made her way downstairs, and into the little back room, which was Mrs. Walton's own sitting-room, and of which certain of the more favored inmates

of the rookery had the entree. Peggy peeped in ; no one was there. She | for?" entered, went straight up to the cage of the canary, gave him an affectionate "tweettweet" to let him know she had not forgotten him, and then seated herself on the gaudy hearthrug, dragging the huge tabby cat-another old friend-on to her knees, and squeezing him more than was kind, for friendship and sympathy, A night journey, says. followed by a day's headache, might play havoc with a licn's courage ; and Peggy began to feel, as the tears trickled one by one down her face and exasperated the patient you found out about Mr. Smith?" cat, that she had left "Les Bouleaux" on a no home at all.

with her head in a leather covered armme l"

This was quite a new and horrible thought, born of the humility of loneliness and misery. It brought a blush to her wan face, and suddenly stopped her tears as if with a burning iron. She raised herself on her elbow and stared fiercely into the fire, while the cat seized the opportunity to es-

The next moment the door openel, and Peggy heard some one come into the room. She did not look round, for she was ashamed of her tear stained face ; she kept quite still, hoping that the intruder might go out again without having noticed her. But she was disappointed. The arm chair from which she had just raised her head creaked on its castors; a hand on the back was moving it, as if to attract her attention. Still she would not move, being seized by an impulse of rage at the impertinence of this somebody, who, seeing ber distress, was anxious to get a better view of her in her misery. The enemy, however, was quite as strong of will as she, and she suddenly felt the armchair pushed forward so that it jerk-

She turned her head, as if by a spring, and began, crimson and furious, "Will you have the kindness-"

But then she stopped short, and sprang upon her feet with a cry. Leaning upon the emotion, his eyes fixed upon her with a

"Gerald!" she half shricked, half sobbed; and she threw her arms round his neck, not like a woman who has found ner lover, but like a lost child found by its nurse. But

"Don't go away, darling. Aren't you glad to see me ?"

"Ye-es. But let me go; I want to talk As the grasp of his arm loosened, she es-

the armchair, imperiously signed to rather unsteady from excitement.

"I think you have been behaving in a very extraordinary manner," she began sev-

in modest confusion.

"Glad to see me!" she echoed sharply "that's not what I mean at all. What did you mean by running away from 'Les

Gerald turned from the fire to stare at

"You've come away, too," he suggested

"That's different. He is my father, and bound to provide for me, which he hasn't done. And he is not your father; yet he has been good—that is, pretty good—to you. So he has a claim on you, but none on me;

Gerald nodded, not daring to dissent. There was a pause. He glanced up at her, and, surprising a look of the frankest fondness on her face, his right hand sneaked up to hers and squeezed the little fingers. She withdrew them with a look of rebuke for the familiarity, and they sat in silence for some minutes, Gerald stroking the cat, who submitted to his caresses more willingly than to

Then at the same moment their heads turned toward each other, and their eyes met lovingly.

"What made you come to this house?" asked Peggy softly. "I don't know London, and you had told

me this was where you and your mother used to come," he answered shyly. Another pause. Then Gerald spoke agair.

"What did you come to England for ?" "I? O, I? Why-to earn my own living. I'm tired of idleness," said Peggy restlessly and rather incoherently. "What

did you come for ?" with resolution. "Madame de Lancry sent me ; I thought she had sent you."

Peggy's face clouded. "She is a hard, cruel woman, and I hate her. What did she send you here

"To give a letter to Mr. Smith." "Mr. Smith! I don't like him. And

did you give him the letter?" "Not yet. I haven't seen him," said Gerald, growing very grave. "And I've been hearing such strange things about him, that I'm crazy to know what the letter

"What strange things? Do tell me, Gerald. I can keep a secret, because I don't know anybody to confide it to. What have

"Well, you know what a queer, mixed wild goose chase, and that even a home lot of people come to stay in this house overshadowed by a mystery was better than Last night I was talking to a tall thin lady who had supper in here with us; she was while the young fellow put the scrap of "And I shall never, never be able to very amusing, and said lots of things that paper carefully into his pocketbsok. find Gerald in this great London!" she were funny just from the way she said wailed, as she threw herself, cat and all, them; and presently I found out that she Blair asked stupidly. full-length on the flagrant hearthrug, was an old actress when somebody in the room began to abuse the stage. She de clear up this business, if I can." chair, the spring of which had got out of order fended her profession, and when she was Gerald's quiet, kind, business-like manner and made uncomfortable mountains and challenged to deny that there were a great impressed Blair, and after another pause the tinent of Europe, and the opinion prevails in valleys in the seat. "And even if I knew many wicked reople in it, she said she only old man came close up to him, looked Berlin that the peace illusion, with which where he was, I shouldn't dare to go and knew one thoroughly bad, and he had left straight into his face, and whispered : Prince Bismarck's speech invested the situasee him. Perhaps he would not care to see the stage. Everybody laughed at her, and "Why was poor Shaw killed? Can you tion, has passed away and that while war wanted to know his name. She would not tell me why he was killed?"

tell, but she gave a description of him so like Mr. Smith that I got her on one side after supper, and asked her tell me in confidence if that was his clue to the thieves. I heard him say so." name. She asked me a few questions, and when she was satisfied that I was not prompted by mere curiosity, she gave me the address of a house at which she had been staying where she said I should find out more about him."

"And did you go there?" "Yes, I've just come back. The person had to ask for would not see me." "What was the name of the person?"

said, in a low voice, "Mr. Blair."
Peggy started; and they looked at each

other silently. Then she whispered, "Did you give your own name?" " No."

"You must go again, and give it. You must see him. You had better go now." They rose at the same moment, both

terribly excited. "How could you sit here quietly and talk about other things, when you had to get out of order because of its delicacy heard that?" hissed out the girl, in a low and complexity. The musical expert, howvoice. "Don't you know what this may ever skilful, can produce only discord if throw light upon?"

when I saw you."

not read the wish in his eyes. Reluctantly, but trying to hide his re-

who stood there inciting him with flashing

and started on his errand.

ald was shown. A wretched place at the friend who is really miles away, or even in ald as he came in. For a few moments the young fellow hesi- most levely forms.

tated, unable to recognise the florid, swaggering, travelling companion of Mr. Shaw in the man before him. "Mr. Blair ?" he said at last diffidently.

"You don't remember me, I am afraid." The other tried to pull himself together, and the limp and forced travesty of his old hand through his long white hair, reassured

Gerald as to his identity. "Ah, yes, delighted to meet you again." And he shook the young man's hand heartly showing plainly in his face, however, that the sight of his visitor aroused in his mind no memories whatever.

"I am staying in London now," said Gerald simply, when he had been offered a would talk in a low tone and smile and hang chair and had taken it rather awkwardly, wet flowers over her pictures or doors, and not knowing how to come round to the ob- try to pass from room to room. ject of his visit.

a couple of days, but-

He stopped short, listening-as if listenhe got up, and glanced out of the window; and Gerald saw that his face wore a hunted before retiring, an appropriate remedy, look. The young man sprang up, hot and which was followed by immediate improvered-faced, and broke out impetuously :

know me, so I'll tell you what I've come in dreams, which occupied very brief perabout. Miss Harrison, who was staying lods; but probably the condition of her Gerald blinked at her humbly, and then here, and who was kind to you when you brain was similar to that of those who see were ill, has told me about your troubles. visions when awake, and all such cases Is it true that on the night you crossed to might be benefited by proper treatment. "I-I was so glad to see you," he said in | England, after the robbery in the train, Mr. Smith crossed too ?"

The old man turned livid, and started forward with a curse.

"You are a detective !"

Mr. 8n ith." feverishly. "I know there is a warrant them. Is it any wonder that we call him a

concerned in the robbery, except me, and you, and I believe one other person. Is it true that he crossed with you?"

"Yes, curse him! He chummed up with me on the way, and got me to drink with him at Dover; and then I hardly remember what happened next, but just the rattle of the cabs and trains; and when l first came quite to myself again, it was seven o'clock the next morning, and I was in the Scotch express, on the other side of the Border. I found some money in my pocket, and a note in a handwriting I did not know, advising me to keep out of the way for a while. I got out at Edinburgh, and telegraphed to Mr. Shaw at 'Les Bouleaux' in the afternoon, when I had got my wits back | Crown Prince to tracheotomy. The operaa little. I got no answer, as you know, for | tion was successfully performed by Dr. next day I learnt that he had been murder. Bramann. His voice sank to a horror-struck whisper. "I rushed back to London, to find that a warrant had been issued for my apprehension, and that I was suspected, not only of the robbery, but of complicity with the persons who murdered my best friend. I did not dare to come forward, I did not dare to leave London; and I have lived like a rat in a hole ever since."

"But surely you could have proved your innocence? Anything was better than seeming to hide yourself."

Blair shook his head. "What could I prove? Shaw was dead. That scoundrel Smith is a man of position and trust. Men like me, who live by their wits, have no friends at court, or anywhere else. At best, they would have said I was his accomplice, and as he would certainly have been out of reach, I should have had

"Have you the note advising you to keep out of the way?" asked Gerald, in a low voice.

Blair got up, turned over a handful of papers in the drawer of a rickety writing table and produced it.

"I think it is Mr. Smith's handwriting," said Gerald, after examining it. you trust me to take care of this?"

Blair nodded mechanically, and was silent "What are you going to do with it?"

"I am going to use it as evidence to

"He had something about him-I don't know what it was, but something-which to would have given the police an unfailing

Blair started back with a loud cry. "A clue! A clue to the thieves, you say What was it?"

"I don't know. It was something he carried about with him.' "The old man's face grew gray, his lips

shook, and his voice came out weak, hoarse, and unsteady.

"Then they might have let him live! they might have let him live. Shaw was a Gerald paused for a moment. Then he cautious man, and never felt safe among Frenchmen. The clue you speak of he sent to England that night—by me !"

"Good God! Why haven't you used it ?" "I never knew how important it was till now."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Visions.

The brain is a very delicate and complex machine and, of course, is the more liable his instrument is out of order. So with the "Yes. But I-I forgot everything- instrument of the mind. A disordered brain produces no harmony, however She would not let him kiss her again, but learned, exalted and good the subject. The shook hands, holding him off, as it she did | sad facts of insanity are familiar to all. But there are also mental states no: usually regarded as insane, when the mind certainly luctance from the energetic little creature is not in its normal condition.

For instance, one thinks he hears voices eyes to immediate action, Gerald left her distinct and familiar, and yet they proceed wholly from the person's own brain. An-It was a lodging house in the north of other listens, charmed, to sweetest music, London to which the old actress had direct- without a suspicion of its internal origin. ed him, and it did not take him long to find Others, fully awake and in broad daylight his way back to it; a great, bare, dingy and in ordinary health, see-or seem to see, house, let chiefly in single rooms, into one without a doubt of its reality-in their of which, after waiting for some time, Ger- room, or advancing toward the house, a best; it looked like a prison now that it was another world. Some as soon as they close G. C. Robb, Chief Engineer. A. Fraser, Sec'y-Treas. tenanted by the miserable creature who sat their eyes, though awake are tormented by the table and looked suspiciously at Ger- with the most distinct appearances of hideous looking men; while others see the

These visions may or may not be frequent occurence. Some persons are able to recog their unreal character; others cannot reason themselves out of a conviction of their being veritable flesh and blood.

Medical Record, not long ago, gave an account of nocturnal visions which for a buoyant manner, as he passed a shaking long time disturbed an aged lady over ninety MACHINE, with new years of age. She was apparently in good improvements, is away health and was not in the habit of using ahead of any and every opium or alcohol. Every night a group of gayly dressed people would come to her sleeping room and remain till morning.

Some of them would sit and look at her, and the young women, clad in light, handsome dresses, and with gay caps and bonnets

They were not rude, but would not leave "Indeed! I am very glad to hear it. the apartments when ordered to do so. The Hope I may have the pleasure of seeing old lady was not only annoyed by this violayou again when I am in more comfortable tion of her privacy, but also felt disturbed quarters. This is merely a make-shift, you when she thought how unwholesome it was understand-good enough for a bachelor for to have so many persons in her room at The physician, believing the trouble to

"Look here, Mr. Blair, I see you don't These visions doubtless occurred to her

A Madman at Large!

He is a well-known citizen, and his nearest and dearest friends do not suspect his insanity. How do we happen to know about "No. I'm a clerk of Mr. Beresford's, it? Listen; his appeti e s gone, he is lowand I've been sent over here, as far as I can spirited, he don't sleep well, he has nightmake out, to keep an eye on the doings of sweats, he is annoyed by a hacking cough. These symptoms are the forerunners of con-"Is he suspected then?" asked Blair sumption and death, and yet he neglects out against me; is there one against him?" madman? If you are his friend tell him to "No. Nobody suspects him of being get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery without delay. It will cure him if he takes it in time. It will not miraculously create new lungs when the old ones are nearly gone, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy condition. Tell him about it, and warn him that in his case delay

means death. Prince Philippe, of Bourbon, has been sentenced by default to three months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 5,000 france for swindling a priest in a jewellery trans-

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M. Jules Simon says that most of the wretchedness prevailing among the French poor might be done away with if they would take to a more solid diet and live in health-

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There is talk of a very extensive migration of negroes from the Southern States to South America, and the projectors talk of a movement of hundreds of thousands of men. If this is even partially true it will create an economical revolution and the effects may be far-reaching.

Military activity continues on the Conhas been postponed it is still inevitable.

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