The Weekly Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1899.

Lady Stalland's Diamond.

(Continued from last week.)

He took the diamond from its hidingplace, and gazed at it with eyes of leathing and despair. Its value in thousands was nothing to him. How gladly would be have signed a cheque more in peace! But he must keep it dispose of a ten-thousand-pound jewel now, though its possession must in- on a Sunday evening in a quiet evitably bring him to confusion. What | country place.

a conspiracy of circumstances it was! as he remembered a remark of his own ett,, basing his decision upon a long only yesterday at dinner to Mrs. Dig- experience. "At any rate, I must get by. He had sternly set his foot upon a look at this man at once. If he's the suggestion that circumstances the one I fancy, well, things are likely should be considered in the case of an- to get straight very soon. other-yes, another criminal; and the After clearing up every point which irony of fate had decreed that he seemed in the slightest degree hazy, he should have uttered those foolish words had inquired the probable time of while Lady Stalland's diamond lay | Martin's return, and had decided to snugly in his pocket. How the gods get a quiet look at him from the

gates and taking the road that led and its interesting results. an hour, and then, warned by the ap- a fair amount of pity. proaching darkness, retraced his steps. "You are a good man, my lord," he

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The bishop was naturally startled by | til the morning, and you'll see him!" the unexpected appearance. Nor was he relieved to find Mr. Fitchett before | inspector amused himself until he had

ness: "Taking the air, I suppose?" equally unwelcome. "It is a beautiful | rpw.

bishop made an abrupt, yet bold resolve. The germ of the idea had occurred to him during his walk, but it had not taken definite shape. Now it seemed to form itself, and here was the chance to execute it.

"Yes," he assented. "But, by the way, I was just thinking of you, Mr. Fitchett. I should like to have a few words with you. "Certainly, my lord," said the officer,

at your service." He turned immediately, and they

went on together. After a few moments' consideration, the bishop began, in an easy and casual manner: mamed Martin, who was formerly at

"I know that there is a man of that the inspector, with great caution. "But I have not seen him. Sir Edward furniched me with a list of all his ser-

"Of course," said the bishop, "of course. But you will recognize this man when you see him. You will also remember, I dare say, that he was discharged from my service for being untrustworthy."

The inspector could not understand such a bland confidence as this. His small bine eys became harder and

"The reason why I mentioned this," continued the bishop, "is simple enough. Finding Martin here, and knowing of that past incident, you may be disposed, and very naturally, to regard him with suspicion. Now, I happen to know that since he left my service, this man has become a better man. I believe him to be now

"Once a thief, always a thief," said humbly courteous as before.

his lordship resumed, "that I feel positive of his innocence in this affair of | do you think?" the lost diamond. In fact, I shall have no hesitation whatever in asking him to return to his old place at the pal- | ing.

"Your lordship is very good," Mr. Fitchett murmured admiringly; but his the eyelids signified concentration of | would do such a mad thing."

thought. "Not at all," said the bishop, "not at all. But I do not think that a man's single fault should be allowed to pur-

season can prevent it. There you have my opinion, Mr. Fitchett, what- expecting to find the diamond some- ously suggestive of a deadlock. It ever it may be worth." "Thank you, my lord," said the inspector very smoothly. "It is extreme- | yet had a chance to replace it. I cal-

ly good of you to take this trouble. Ha! there is some one coming. group of laurels at the border of the she had found it she would look into spector made no sign. carriage road. What Mr. Fitchett had the room just three times as often as beard was a sound of footsteps on the any other person. That would be Stalland, "I am glad you have come in

peared. Mr. Fitchett, who had come much as possible. In fact, I have into the shrubbery for the simple pur- scarcely left the place for a minute pose of getting a quiet view of the except when I was bound to do se, or footman whenever he should return, when there was someone else here." then concluded his remark:

"It is very good of you to take the ["You haven't." trouble, my lord. I certainly shall not forget what you have said." "Thank you," said the bishop, well catcher," the commander said apo'ematisfied. "I think it was my duty to getically. "I have been doing this for the simple purpose of testing my little theory. But it hasn't worked out as

little easier in his mind. Martin was | morning. would have made everything right. By not to try. to-morrow evening he would be at home, writing that letter to Stalland. The inspector did not follow the bishop at once. He stood among the laurels for some time, recalling the conversation which had just ended, and trying to discover how it bore upon the case. In about five minutes he had fitted it nicely into the framework of

"Martin, my friend," he said to himself, "you are a little smarter than I thought. You have managed to get round our good bishop, and got him to make things easy for you. It was a good idea-a very good one indeed " The inspector's conclusion was a very natural one. On his arrival at Stalland House, Sir Edward had informed him thoroughly as to all the circumstances of the case. In addition to this, he had, perhaps unconsciously communicated, to him his own suspicions, which lay in the direction of Martin. The detective perceived that they were not without reason; and when he had learnt that the footman was an old acquaintance with a clouded record, he adopted them without hesita-

"This Martin," he had asked carelessly, "where did he come from last?" "From the Countess of Jerbourg's," answered Sir Edward. "We did not inquire as to his previous place." Mr. Fitchett had made a mental note there. Footmen are apt to boast of their previous situations; but Martin had evidently been silent with regard to his place at Hexminster. A palace

is nothing to be ashamed of, either. "He is not in the house now," Sir Edward continued. "I thought it well that he should not know of your arrival, and therefore sent him out." The inspector had approved of this for the full amount, or for any amount movement as a good one, greatly to had vanished uttorly with his self-re- prise : if by doing so he might have released the baronet's satisfaction. There was, spect. He had learned that he was "But Martin isn't a wobber. He himself from this painful and danger- of course, the danger that Martin ous dilemma! How cheerfully would might find some epportunity of parthe have hurled the sparkling stone into ing with the diamond before he rethe mazes of the shrubbery, if that turned, but it was not a serious dan-

"It's hidden, I expect, somewhere Circumstances! He smiled bitterly about the house," thought Mr. Fitch-

must have laughed at that moment! shrubbery as he came in. Then had He walked on, passing the lodge followed his meeting with the bishon,

away from the village of Stalling. The | It was Mr. Fitchett's opinion that sun had gone down half an hour be- clergymen and ministers were among fore, and the dusk of a summer even- the most gullible of all earth's creating was stealing on. Without him all ures, and he did not doubt that the was peaceful and tranquil; within, bishop was like the others of his cloth. there was a conflict of fear, self-cen- He rewgarded him now with a great

Instead of going directly up the drive | murmured, with a curious smile, as he to the house, he turned into the shrub- made his way back to the house buildbery, intending to take that way as a | ings-"you are a good man, but you more pleasant one. By this movement, are very soft. As for you, friend Marhe came suddenly face to face with a tin, your game is up. You managed person who was lingering among the the bishop right enough, but you never thought of Fitchett. Wait un-With these pleasant reflections, the

reached a small French window, "Ab," he said, with assumed careless- which had been left open for his use. Five minutes later he was enjoying an "Yes, ,my lord," answered the detec- excellent cigar in Sir Edward's study, tive, to whom the encounter was and completing his plans for the mor-

CHAPTER V.

"Circumstance is the test of a man's quality; his conduct in a crisis the standard of his value." The bishop closed the book impatiently. Mr. Dallis looked up from his paper and smiled. They were both sitting on one of the lawn seats. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Is

it very poor?" "It is absurd," said the bishop. "Abwith great readiness. "I am entirely surd-inane! It is time to restrict this man's output;" and rising hastily, he op stepped into the drawing-room to replace the volume upon a table. Commander Digby, as usual, was there, and looked up as he entered. "What I wish to say is concerned The bishop gave him a glance of doubt with your business here. Perhaps you and questioning, not unmingled with are aware Mr. Fitchett, that Sir Ed- a little curious but pardonable resent- the second footman, dismissed, went his child at his side.

low-guest had checked his plans more the palace. Perhaps you have seen than once by his apparent desire to lounge in that corner chair as often and as long as he possibly could. Such name in the house, my lord," answered | conduct | seemed utterly thoughtless and unreasonable. But now the commander rose with

a little gesture of relief. "I give it up," he said lazily. "I am afraid it won't work." "What do you mean?" asked the

bishop, in natural surprise. "My little plan or rather my theory answered Commander Digby. "It's about that diamond."

"Oh, indeed!" The commander proceeded to ex-

mond was picked up by one of the ser-"Indeed?" said the bishop again. He was looking out through the window with no sign of particular interest. dressing, and it was this: If one of | fear so."

at the dinner-table when the loss was | ter. The bishop answered mildly, yet | discovered. But an idea occurred to speaking with difficulty: the servants took the stone, she would the inspector, with conviction; but he probably soon regret the theft. As

"Not at all-not at all. Her doe thought would be to return it to the spot from which she had taken it. I head was bent and his hard eyes al- am presuming you observe, that it companion took place at a singular most closed. With him, a drooping of | was one of those silly women. No man | point in the proceedings. Sir Edward | laid it down beside the others. It was | der-O! it's ruined! I tell

The b shop nodded agreement. "As soon as I thought of this," con- You have nothing more to say.?" tinued the commander, "I determined ; to work it out. I came down early yes- had answered it finally: sue him and spoil his life, if a word in terday morning-you were down only just before me, if you recollect-almost where on the floor. It was not there, was during the pause that the newso I concluded that the woman had not comers entered. Their appearance was culated, however, that she would hang of relief, and Sir Edward evidently about the drawing-room until she shared her emotion. Martin's obstinate They had paused, standing near a found her opportunity, and that until features relaxed a little, but the incrisp gravel, and in another moment something after the style of the moth This is a most unhappy affair." a man passed by in the dusk. It was and the candle, you know. Therefore I resolved to keep a good lookout and ly, and looked at Sir Edward. "Can They were silent until he had disap- watch faces, keeping in the room as I do anything?" he asked. "That is true," thought the bishop,

"You will understand, of course, that I am not qualifying for a thiefinspector; and the bishop went quietly well as I expected. You'll never guass on to the house. He was well pleased who has made the largest number of

visits to surely safe now, for a time at least, The bishop might have made a very

"It is yourself," said the commander. "Dear me!" exclaimed the bishop. "Dear me, how very remarkable!" and he looked suitably startled and impressed. What a deceitful bishop he had become since Sunday.

"Yes," proceeded Commander Digby, rising from his chair. "You have come into this room exactly twenty-three times since yesterday morning. As for the servants, why not one of them has acted a bit suspiciously, and it is evident that my theory was weak somewhere. Pil give up detective work after this."

The bishop smiled. If the commander's eye had been nearly as keen as his theory, he must have noticed the sickliness of that smile; but he did not notice, and in a moment more had passed out to join Mr. Dallis on the

The bishop was glad to see him go, for he was plainly a dangerous man. Standing alone on the hearth-rug, he wondered how many more threads he had yet to come upon in this tangled

It was now Monday morning, and he was looking forward with feverish eagerness to the hour of his departure. movement had yet taken place. Sir Edward had said nothing at breakfast, and Mr. Fitchett was invisible. Things were quiet and he began to think that they would remain in that state until he could settle them. His letter to morrow morning would do it.

He had passed another miserable night-a night such as he had often read of but never experienced before the hours had followed one another his self-scorn had magnified his fault into something quite unlike itself. His old assurance, his self-confidence, in a small voice, full of indignant surnothing better than a contemptibly isn't a bit of a wobber!" weak mortal, doing wrong because he dreaded the opinions of his fellow-men He was not Saturday's Bishop of Hexwould have enabled him to sleep once ger. One would scarcely be likely to minster, but some other feeble and unworthy creature who had, in a myste- ever, that she held the bishop's hand, rious way, found himself in lawn.

rug where all his troubles had commenced, and looking vacantly at the bronzes on the mantle-piece. But suddenly his glance fell upon a mirror which reflected the portions of the room behind him, and the region of the door; and he saw that some one was | the man was prepared to keep silence. watching him from the doorway.

look round. He examined the face of the thought aside with contempt. He the watcher carefully, and saw that it was the face of a woman - a young woman. Something, partly memory, minated in a sudden revival of his partly intuition, told him that it was | fugitive courage. Face to face with the face of little Miss Connie's nurse. In another moment he saw more The expression on the girl's face was tion, and the revelation a stimulant, not the expression of one who watches as a spy. True, there was a certain furtiveness about it, and she evidently sure, self-contempt. He went on for dea, of contempt, a little admiration did not intend to be seen; but that was not all. There was a great deal of anxiety in the manner of her gaze, as though she wished, almost as much as she feared, to attract attention; and, above all, there was a look of eager appeal not for a moment to be mis-

> Still watching, motionless, the bishop tried to imagine a reaso; for this curious conduct. She wanted something; that was clear enough. That her want was in some way connected | with himself seemed equally clear. She was on very good terms with Martin, as he knew. Ah, yes-Martin!

The bishop gave a start, as a berrible suggestion came to his mind, and the face vanished abruptly from the doorunusually quiet; but it was a quiet danger. Where was Sir Edward Where was Lady Stalland? Where was Fitchett? He reached the door in three strides, just in time to hear light | no time. footsteps hastening down one of the farther corridors.

He stood for a moment irresolute. Then the second footman happened to emerge from the dining-room. "Where is Martin," asked the bish-

'In the library, my lord." there?" "Yes, my lord; and her ladyship, and the strange gentleman."

wondering.

was obliged to pass the stairs and one | them there. who was slowly descending greeted his "Oh, there's my wobber!"

The bishop looked up. This time the child's greeting caused him no tremor. nursie? I'se lost her."

he prepared to pass on. said. The child was now on the fourth sion was one of astonishment, and so plain. "I'll tell you how it is," he said; step, looking full into his face. What was Lady Stalland's. But Sir Edward, more intent, his face more expression- it's a rather curious case, because you she read there, with the marvellous with an exclamation quite as abrupt as less than ever. What was it leading are in it yourself. Do you know, I and unreasoning perception of child- the detective's, picked up one of the have an idea that Lady Stalland's dia- | hood, must have produced her next

question: "Is the game finished, wobber? Is it over? And you are going to give up the diamond you wobbed ?" The question was cruel, heartless, al-"Yes. Ignorance and sudden temp- most triumphant; but the face of the tation, you know-just as I suggested | questioner was full of sun and laugh- it the-is it the-

"In the lib'wy?" asked Connie.

said it mentally and not orally, while soon as she realized its value, and as with you." And before he could pro- speak, excited y, wonderingly; but he his manner to the bishop was as soon as the loss was discovered, he test or object, she had descended the did not hear what they said. He was would be frightened, and would begin remaining steps and had taken him recalling the incidents of Saturday "I have so great confidence in him," to wish she hadn't touched it. Then by the hand. Half-unwillingly he her one thought would be-- What submitted and they went on together. In the library Sir Edward Stalland "To hide it," suggested the bishop, sat at the writing table with his back this time. Had he been mistaken all deceitfully; for he saw what was com- to the door. At his right stood Lady along? Had he suffered all those Stalland, and before him, with the agonies needlessly? Could it be posstable between, Martin, the footman. | ible? Inspector Fitchett was also there. The entrance of the bishop and his

had just asked a question. "So you refuse to speak, Martin? It was a final question, and Martin

"Nothing, Sir Edward." A pause had followed-a pause curireceived by Lady Stalland with a sigh

"Oh, my dear bishop," cried Lady The bishop inclined his head grave-Then the baronet spoke abruptly, "We have been questioning Martin,

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this room since yesterday he said; "you know the circumstances, and you can imagine why we should have done so. We simply ask him and before that time had expired he creditable guess. He thought it wiser whether he has seen anything or m'stress diamond. He refuses to an-

> There was another long pause. With | Since he had discovered the injustice the exception of the child who was of his late suspicious the post fellow prise, every one seemed distinctly un- the face. comfortable. Sir Edward and Lady whole group was probably Inspector have mentioned the matter to Lady

> For something was going awry with his plans. When Martin had been | Martin stood still thinking it over, and called in a few minutes before-when | the more he thought of it the more asthe footman had found himself face | tonished he became. Why, the butler to face with his old acquaintance - at the palace had a house all to himeverything had seemed to be going self. A house, of course, meant a wife right enough. The man's amazement, to keep it; and a wife- But when his dismay, his evident guilt and fear his meditations had reached that point had gladdened the officer's heart with he hurried away to find Miss Connie's prospects of speedy success. Then Sir | nurse. Edward had asked the fellow a question, and a check had taken place at change in the bishop, took place at

natural, and he had been fully prepar- of surprise. As far as he was aware, no fresh ed to hear a long tissue of falsehoods "What puzzles me," he said, "is Marmore prepared to witness a collapse, should have refused to answer the a confession, and a pitiful appeal for question I asked him. mercy. But silence might mean anything, and he did not forget that the whole of the evidence was purely cir- the man was burt and some people cumstantial. He watched the faces and get obstinate when they feel insulted. "Of course," said Sir Edward, "since | books you know." he refuses to speak, I have only one thing to do. There is no alternative."

"Ha!" said Inspector Fitchett himself; "what is this?" Lady Stalland frowned at the child, and Sir Edward turned impatiently. Seeing, howhe said nothing. It was the bishop who So he mused now, standing on the silenced her by a whisper of "Hush!" The others had been surprised at her

remark, but he had been alarmed. He had come to settle this matter himself, and she must not do it for him. In Martin's face he saw that the game was not yet really over - that He would keep silence, at least, until At first, he was naturally startled, to morrow, when all would be set to but had the presence of mind not to rights. But the bishop had brushed

was a man once more. His emotions of the night had culthis crisis in affairs, he became himself again. M riin's con u t was a revela-While his weakness has been without hurt to others he had indulged it; had allowed it to lead him into doubtful places, into evasions, shufflings, almost into baseness. Now he saw another man accused in his stead, and it was another matter. So there was

something heroic in the way in which he faced the group and prepared to own his error. In spite of his pallor, famous for his sympathy with the he had never been so like a bisbop, to faults and failings of his fellow-men, "I am sorry," he began-"I am sorry that Martin should have been suspected in connection with the loss of

the diamond. It is a great mistake." He paused, to allow his words to have their full effect. Inspector Fitchett heard them with growing uneasiness, the others with surprise. Martin looked up in breathless anxiety. But at that critical moment there came a way. The house, he new noticed, was slow tap, tap, tap from the edge of the table where the bishop stood, and Miss which had in it a hint of impending Connie was heard to count in a loud whisper, "One, two, three!" The bishop heard, but did not look

> down. He had more to say, and lost "I have already told Inspector F.tchett." he said, with a stern glance at the officer, "that I have every confidence in Martin's integrity, despite what occurred a few years ago. I have the very highest reasons for this confi-

Tap, tap, tap-"Four, five, six," M'ss "Who is with him? Is your master | Connie counted, in quiet disdain of all that was passing. And there the bishop paused, exactly on the verge of his fession. The others were looking at "Thank you," said the bishop; and him no longer-all eyes were upon the

He looked down. On the edge of the The bishop stood in the hall for sev- table were six pieces of glass. At the eral moments longer, and then pro- same instant she raised her eyes triumceeded to the library, On his way, he | phantly - the child who had placed

"You wobbed one of my diamonds," appearance with a cry of recognition: she said; "but I had six all the time. I found one more on the carpet!" The pallor of the bishop's face seemed to deepen as the last words were borne "Wobber!" she cried, "have you seen in upon his understanding. His lips were parted, and he stared vacantly, He remembered the face at the draw- first at the articles on the table, then ing-room door. "Yes, my dear," he at the countenances of those around said, "I think she is down here." And him. Mr. Fitchett's eyes were wide open for once, and the word he uttered But there was something still to be was short and sharp. Martin's expressix glass diamonds and gazed at it

> fixedly. There was a brief pause. The object Sir Edward was smaller than the other five, but it gleamed with tenfold

"What is it? gasped the bishop.

"Yes," said Sir Edward, quietly; "it is. It is the lost diamond. thoroughly honest, thoroughly reli- me yesterday morning while I was ! "I think so, my dear-I think so-I To the bishop's gaze the faces around him were hazy at that moment. He gripped the edge of the table to steady "Where papa is? Then I'se coming himself. His companions began to night, the words of the child, the finding of the diamond, and the truth was coming home to him-the real truth

> Slowly he took from its place of concealment the other diamond-the one he had found. With a sickly smile, he exactly like them. Then he looked at | you I gave the horrid thing a bit of my

> Miss Connie. "That's my diamond," she said, nodding in complete understanding. "That's my diamond. You've been a make-believe wobber ever since Sat- to scorch the who'e side of my best urday; but now the game is over;" and damask, it's enough to drive one mad; she gathered up her toys in her chubby hands, with every sign of satisfaction

> Yes, the game was over. Again the bishop smiled. The child's words were quite true. He had only been a make-believe robber after all. But what a terrible game it had been! He had been playing in dead earnest. Half an hour later, Inspector Fitchett was being driven away in the dogcart, muttering sundry opinions as to the "infernal meddlesomeness" of chil- most trivial items imaginable, and we dren, and the stupidity of their par- | women call it "conversation"! Do ents. Sir Edward was telling his you wonder we are credited with talkguests in the drawing-room how the | ing scandal? What is scandal built diamond had at last been found in the | upon but the inane mouthings of gabvery spot where no one had dreamed | by-women ? the turning over of hints, of looking for it; and M'as Connie was | the warming up of yesterday's news, reflecting upon the really excellent | the ripping up the back of some unway in which a bishop himself, after | conscious soul, who, perhaps, innocenta short interview with Lady Stalland, ly enough did some small thing calling was speaking to Martin in the hall. for condemnation, but who must de-

one which followed it indicated that there had been a change. "Martin," he said, kindly, as the man came up, "I have been thinking of what you to'd me on Saturday evening. Your words gave me great pleasure, and I shall be glad to try you once more in my own service." "Yes, my lord," said Martin, humbly.

gazing at her elders in wide-eyed sur- | had not dared to loo's his lordship in "As it happens," the bishop contin-Stalland waited for the bishop's opin- ued, "my butler, Gannet, will be leavion, and wendered at his sternness and ling at the end of the quarter. If you pallor; while Martin hung his head | think you could take his place you low. But the most troubled of the may write to me in a day or two. I

Stalland already." And with that the bishop passed on.

The other interview indicating a lunch. The story of the diamond had, He had never expected a refusal to | of course, to be reto'd, and Sir Edward answer. Denial would have been | concluded the tale with an expression

and protestations. He had been still | tin's silence. I can't imagine why he "Ah," said Commander Digby. " shouldn't trouble about that. Perhaps

waited, his small blue eyes half closed. He felt himself in Fitchett's black The commander's suggestion was generally considered satisfactory, and The next remark came from the the matter dropped. Mrs. Digby, who most unlikely quarter. It was spoken was again the bishop's neighbor, then

> turned to another subject. "By the way," she began, "you remember the case we were speaking of the other night. That man has been brought before the magistrates." The bishop remembered very well. 'Indeed!" he said. "What was the re-

> "He reserved his defence," answered Mrs Digby, "and he hinted that he was the victim of circumstances. Of course that's all nonsense, as you said on Saturday. Circumstances, indeed!" It was a minute or more before the bishop replied. "Hem!" he said, slowly but clearly. "I have been thinking over that remark, and have slightly changed my opinion. If the man pleads circumstances, I shall be inclined to wait a little. Circumstances, you

know, my dear Mrs. Digby--' "Yes." murmured the lady, as he raused. "Circumstances--" "Often after cases," the bishop con-

cluded, calmiy. It seemed a very trite, a very aged remark; yet, when he held it up to citic sm he saw that he could not have said anything more representative of his own changed, enlightened views. Mrs. Digby subsided into wondering silence, entering the last remark in her mental note-book for future use. How broad-minded the dear bisho?

As I have already said in other words, the Bishop of Hexminster (es and for his reluctance to judge them hastily. He is always ready to consider the argument of circumstances but even his most intimate friends cannot guess that this is because circumstances on one occasion made him almost a criminal, and showed him in his own conduct the belplessness and the weakness of even the most upright of men and bishops. His admirers do not know this, and probably will not credit the story when they read it; but the bishop's own character, in its increased charm and attractiveness, is the best possible evidence in his short and unhappy connection with Lady Stalland's diamond.

The End. MEN AND WOMEN GOSSIPS.

Criticism not Intended for Lindsay People, but Which Will Probably Apply to a Number of Persons in Every Other Town and Village.

The Winnipeg Free Press has a cleyer lady writer on its staff, and in a recent issue she scored men and women

gossips as follows: der awnings, on store counters, everywhere the gossiping old Nootle found; he is always cracking jokes and making a merry old Ass of himself generally; He is the father of girls of his own, yet whose daughter is safe from his busy and biting tongue? He is the husband of a sweet little wife at home, yet whose wife's reputation is safe from his mean insinuations? He is the brother of a lovely girl, yet whose sister is safe from his sneaking inuendos? Come off the perch, my old Gossip! Give up this tattle-tattle between whiffs! pull down the blind of your gay haunts; keep quiet, be mum, we women know you-we unders'and your mean-and-insing it ng-stale smiles, we know and we-sometimes love and marry you, but we-always

despise you. And as to the ladies? Wouldn't it make the gods weep to hear two women put in three hours of a June afternoon or a January day telling each other "things?" What harrowing over of old ground that had been ploughed and seeded, and reaped and garnered and sown again with the best intention in the world? How delightful to be giving whole reams of the morning's row with Betsy Jane over the ironing in which you impart to Mrs. Talker the fact that "she actually stood there-stool their right before me, Mirs. Talker, stood there and when I said, Betsy-Jane-do-you-callthat-table-cloth-fit-to-lay-on my table? she actually-and, oh, Mrs. Talker, didn't I want to slap the hussy's face,

I was so mad-she says: "I didn't know the irons was so hot, says she. Didn't know the irons were hot enough to scorch the whole side. just where the pattern edges, you know, Mrs. Talker, edges on the bormind-but what are you to do, Mrs. Talker, what are we to do? I wouldn't have cared a snap, you know, if it had been the white check-pattern one, but and the way she stood and talked back, Mrs. Talker! 'I didn't know it was hot enough to scorch it! says she; wouldn't it drive anybody mad? Now, Mrs. Talker, what could I do but give Betsy Jane a going over; I don't care what anybody says, but to have your damask scorched by a lazy, good-for-

nothing girl is enough to drive anybody mad, isn't it?" And so on, ad lib; churn, dash, splash, splutter, over the smallest and The incident of the lost diamond was over and done with, and the bishop and drawn, threshed, and flailed out by every woman of her acquaintance, last week, benign but dignified, affable friend and enemy alike! We are all but stately. Yet this interview and equal in this respect, all alike guilty.

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