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The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1895.

LIFTED BY LOVE. HOW A WHARF WAIF BECAME A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

and refuse to be parted with... I looked on doggedly... I spoke to the warder... Then I whispered to Taras... "You've heard all about it."

CHAPTER VII. A NEW LIFE.

Taras read in the summary of a morning newspaper... "An extraordinary case of attempted suicide... Inspector Leveson explained that he had been unable to fill in the charge sheet... Inspector Leveson said that the prisoner was unconscious when picked up... The following is a description of the young woman: Height, 5 feet 5 inches; probable age, 21; hair dark chestnut; eyebrows and lashes of a deeper shade; eyes dark brown; features long, irregular, delicate, but pinched and hardened by privation; fingers long; dressed in a very old, faded, and well made, gray stuff dress, plain but well made; and obviously too large for her slight figure; high heeled button boots, also too large; ears unpierced; and no ornament whatever except the above mentioned ring.

questioned and lectured enough, and I sat there motionless under this last inspection in sullen determination to let nothing move me. But at the words, "That is she," I started to my feet, in an instant recognizing the voice of Taras, and waited while the door was being opened for him to enter with such trembling fear as I had not felt before the magistrate who might send me to a prison or a madhouse. Did he, too, regard it as a crime to try to end one's misery? Had he come to reproach me with my sins? I hung my head, fearing to read my condemnation in his face.

"My little friend," he said, "I have a little sympathy in his voice, the look of tender compassion I found in his eyes as I lifted mine, told me that he forgave me, and with an involuntary cry of joy I caught the two hands that he held out to me. He spoke to the warder, who after a little hesitation withdrew, leaving us alone. Then I whispered to Taras, "You've heard all about it." "As much as I want to know," he replied. "And you don't mind?" "Mind so much as this—that if I can make life endurable to you I will."

CHAPTER VIII. TARAS.

The cab stopped at the Albert embankment nearly opposite Lambeth bridge. Taras stepped out and gave me his hand as if I were a lady. The dingy old horse before us had been a shop. Taras took it and drove me to a house of the river and turned it into a dwelling-house. What had been the shop front was draped with French muslin curtains within, drawn back behind a shelf on which stood some pots of bright flowers. While Taras was paying the cabman one of the curtains was pulled aside, a face appeared for a moment, and then retreated to the door, and Mere Lucas stood there looking, to my eyes, as strange as the window from which she had first peeped out. She was so stout that she quite filled up the doorway, and her proportions were the more noticeable for a big apron of dazzling whiteness worn over her blue cotton dress. On her head was an equally dazzling kind of hat, having down his pipe, and leaning forward with a new light flashing in his deep, earnest eyes he continued: "I can think of something better than that."

in came another dash-outlet, with paper frills around the bones, and potatoes frothed up in a fashion as odd as everything else, and by this time I began to wonder when this sort of thing was going to end. However, there was no more to eat except fruit after that, for which I was thankful, as my appetite was fully satisfied, and I did not like to refuse lest Taras should think I was displeased with my food. But the oddity of the whole meal was capped by Mere Lucas bringing in a tray with a couple of severity. The tone was all I heard, for my thoughts were wholly occupied with conjectures as to the course Taras would take in the future. It mattered not to me whether I went to prison or returned to such an existence as I had hitherto led in Shadwell. The more important question was whether I would continue sometimes to give me a kind look, or whether having done so much he would feel himself released from any further concern for my welfare, and so leave me to my fate. These conjectures were broken off by the waiter. "Come on down," said he, touching my arm. "Don't you hear? You're discharged."

"I left the dock, and another 'remand' took my place. Taras beckoned me, and taking me out the court put me in the cab waiting for me. I did not catch the address he gave to the driver, but to my great joy he stepped up and seated himself beside me. "Are you going to take me back to Shadwell?" I asked. "No," said he, "we must find a better world than that." "The 'Minories'?" I asked, with a recollection of the mad woman. "He shook his head and said: 'You must forget all that is past, for you have to begin a new life, little friend.'"

CHAPTER IX. THE NEW HOME.

The cab stopped at the Albert embankment nearly opposite Lambeth bridge. Taras stepped out and gave me his hand as if I were a lady. The dingy old horse before us had been a shop. Taras took it and drove me to a house of the river and turned it into a dwelling-house. What had been the shop front was draped with French muslin curtains within, drawn back behind a shelf on which stood some pots of bright flowers. While Taras was paying the cabman one of the curtains was pulled aside, a face appeared for a moment, and then retreated to the door, and Mere Lucas stood there looking, to my eyes, as strange as the window from which she had first peeped out. She was so stout that she quite filled up the doorway, and her proportions were the more noticeable for a big apron of dazzling whiteness worn over her blue cotton dress. On her head was an equally dazzling kind of hat, having down his pipe, and leaning forward with a new light flashing in his deep, earnest eyes he continued: "I can think of something better than that."

Magistrate wrote an order and dispatched it to the station. The officer who brought it took me back to the court. Taras was standing at the door, and I saw by the light in his face that he had good news for me. "The men are living," he said as I passed him. "The magistrate had just taken his seat when I was led into the dock. He returned from putting any questions, and spoke to me for some length in a tone of severity. The tone was all I heard, for my thoughts were wholly occupied with conjectures as to the course Taras would take in the future. It mattered not to me whether I went to prison or returned to such an existence as I had hitherto led in Shadwell. The more important question was whether I would continue sometimes to give me a kind look, or whether having done so much he would feel himself released from any further concern for my welfare, and so leave me to my fate. These conjectures were broken off by the waiter. "Come on down," said he, touching my arm. "Don't you hear? You're discharged."

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