SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Shame touching our mother? That is absurd, Shirley!" the lad said, flushing to the roots of his curly yellow hair.

"Not touching her, I trust, Jack, but touching something we ought to know," she whispered low. "I hope she may be able to tell us."

"Is she asleep?"

"No; she is in a stupor, I think."

"You have Uncle Gilbert's letter," Jack Ross said, after a pause. "Does he say nothing, Shirley?"

"There is much that I do not understand," the girl replied. "And I have a long letter for him which mother wrote before we left Heidelberg—a very long letter, Jack. It seemed almost as if she had a presentiment. Oh, I wish—I wish she had not come!"

The hot burning tears rose quickly to her eyes; but she chocked them back. Jack put his arm around her and drew her fondly to him.

"Poor little Shirley, it has been terrible for you; but, dear, Dr. Graham tells me that the travelling has made no difference, or very, very little."

"And she was so anxious to come."

"Could you let me see Uncle Gilbert's letter?" said Jack, presently. "There may be something in it which would help us to understand what our mother tells us."

Shirley took some letters from the inner pocket of her sealskin coat, which she was still wearing, and, selecting one, handed it to her brother. As he took it from her she showed him mutely another letter, or rather a thick, weighty packet addressed in his mother's handwriting to her brother, Sir Gilbert Fairholme, Fairholme Court, Dumfife. Jack's lip quivered slightly as he saw the pretty, graceful Italian handwriting; then, turning away, he carried his uncle's letter to the mantle-piece, where a dim light was burning, and read as follows:

My Dear Marian,—I have received both your letters; and I did not answer the first because it required consideration; and, before I had thought over it sufficiently, your second letter came. When your husband died—three years ago, I think—I made you a proposal to return to Scotland and live there quietly; but your reply was decided, and you shrunk so unmistakably from my proposal, that I did not repeat it. Even when your son settled in London you did not seem to see the necessity of making a home for him there by settling there with Shirley; but that was no affair of mine. You preferred living abroad, and perhaps, in all the circumstances, it was just as well. You might have met persons who knew your history, you said. I should have fancied that you were far more likely to do so wandering about the Continent than living quietly at home in England or Scotland. But you said Scotland had been cruel to you; well, of that I cannot judge. You have been cruel to yourself, I think; but you were always wilful, and it is too late now to alter or regret the past. You wish to return home, your health is failing, you tell me; but you are so young that I hope your weakness is only temporary, and that our more bracing air will set you up again. Should you not wish to come to Fairholme Court, where, however, you shall be made very welcome, I will take a small house for you and my niece at Dumfife. Your story is well-nigh forgotten now, and, even if it were not so, the fact that Lady Fairholme and myself consent to forget it will be sufficent. We are still the Fairholmes of Fairholme, my dear Marian; although you have been so long absent, that you may have almost forgotten that fact.

"My son Oswald is with his regiment at Chatham. Gracie is now at home, but she has been spending some weeks at Edinburgh, where she has been much admired. The two younger girls, Maud and Jean, are still in the school-room; and Shirley is, I suppose, still young enough to share their studies. You may rest assured that all that can be done to make you comfortable in your old home, or a new one if you prefer it, will be done. Happiness, perhaps, you cannot expect—wrong-doing always brings its own punishment; but you may find quiet and peace here. You tell me that your children do not know your story; nor is it necessary that they should, so far as I can see. Let it die now, and be buried and forgotten. We will not disinter it.

"I inclose a check for your travelling expenses, as I wish you to have every possible comfort. Do not spare expense. Lady Fairholme joins me in love to you and Shirley. I have very good accounts of your son, and at my request Mr. Burnett is going to give him a post in the Glasgow branch of his establishment.

"Your affectionate brother,

"Gilbert Fairholme."

It was not an unkind letter, but somehow, as he read it, a hot feeling of anger rose in Jack's heart against his uncle. What did he mean by his cruel sentences that it was too late to regret or alter the past? Hi; mother's married life had been a happy ones why should she regret? What did he mean, too, by the phrase that wrong-doing must always bring its own punishment? What wrong had his mother done—his dear mother? There was something strange and incomprehensible about it all, something which made Jack anxious and uneasy, and made him wish with as great an earnestness as Shirley's own that his mother would awake from her stupor and find strength to tell them herself what they so much wished to know.

He folded up the letter and gave it back to his sister in silence. Perhaps Sir Gilbert meant kindly; but he had an unfortunate way of showing kindness. The letter was like his uncle, Jack thought. He had seen him only once, in London; but he had felt that there was no sympathy between them. Sir Gilbert was many years older than his mother, tall and grave and pompous and dry, and Jack could not guess how much he had loved his beautiful young sister in the days gone by, before she had caused him such grief.

"He calls Aunt Geraldine 'Lady Fairholme,'" said Shirley, huskily. "Is it not strange and cold, Jack?"

"Perhaps they don't get on very well", Jack answered, bitterly. "Or perhaps he wanted to impress our mother with the thought that it was not a sister she was going to, but only a sister-in-law."

"But he meant to be kind, Jack," Shirley whispered, softly. "He sent the cheque, you know, and he would have come himself to London if he had not been laid up with the gout."

"I dare say he meant to be kind, dear," said Jack, sorrowfully. "But I wish—oh, how I wish, Shirley, that we had no need to accept his kindness!"

"Hush, hush, Jack!" the girl said, quickly, thinking that she saw her mother move; but it was only the flickering shade cast by the lamp upon her face. There was no change in her death-like calm.

All was very still now. The city was sleeping; its great passionate heart was stilled for a brief space. Not a sound was to be heard, not the wheels of a passing vehicle or the echo of a hurrying footstep; and the stillness fell heavily upon Shirley's heart like the calm which comes before a storm.

So, minute by minute, the long night hours passed away, and the time crept on toward the dawn. The night seemed to have grown suddenly chill and even yet more quiet. It was as if an icy breath passed over the quiet earth for a moment. Any one who has watched by a sick bed knows that the moment when the one day seems to breathe its last, and there is a strange tremulous pause before the new day dawns upon the world. Shirley had read a description of it, and had been struck with it. It came back to her now, and she felt its truth:

"Do you know that moment in the night—the passage, as it were, from day to day—when a chill breath seems to pass over the earth, and for a space all the world is hushed as if in death? You may feel it by sea or by land. I have shivered and trembled under its spell while gasping for breath in the sulphurous Red Sea. Or in the heart of London, should you be awake, you lie and feel that yesterday is dead indeed, and the new day not yet fully born. This is the time when feeble old men and children, and death seems most terrible."

For this moment Shirley had been waiting with a strange thrill of superstitious dread. Would her mother die then—die without giving them a word or sign—die without telling them that secret in her past life, which, unless she told them, they would not know? As the "chill breath" swept over the room Shirley leant forward eagerly. The long lashes on the sunken marble cheeks flickered slightly, and the girl held her breath in agony. No, it was not the shade of the lamp now; the white lids were lifted slowly and heavily, and

Unto the dying eyes
The casement slowly grew a glimmering square.

At the same moment, even as the white lips parted to speak, the gray dawn of another October day stole slowly and stealthily over the east.

"Shirley," Marian Ross said, faintly, in a voice so low that it hardly reached the girl's quick ears, "where am I?"

"We are in London, dear, and Jack is with us," the brave girl answered, in her calm, brave, gentle voice.

"Jack!"

A glimmer of joy flashed into the dying eyes as they fell upon her son. Jack bent down and put his lips to hers in silence. Shirley, kneeling, lifted the beautiful head upon his arm.

"Have I been very ill?" said Mrs. Ross, feebly. "I think it must be near the end now, Shirley; but—I can not—I can not—'

Her voice died away upon her lips; but the dying eyes, growing wild in their intense eagerness, went from one young face to the other in piteous entreaty; and Shirley brought some of the restorative and held it to her lips. She could hardly swallow, but she drank it eagerly, and it seemed to give her a momentary strength.

"Lift me, Shirley—lift me higher," she said, in a somewhat stronger voice. "I can breathe more easily so. And I must tell you both, because you will hear it better from me; but it is a long story," she added faintly, "and the time is so short. Oh, Shirley, why did you not let me tell you in the train?"

"Tell us now mother," the girl said, through her tears. "Is it anything about Uncle Gilbert?"

"Oh, no—oh, no! But it is a long story, and I am so tired!" wailed the dying woman, with bitter anguish, almost as keen as if she could see into the future and know what misery ignorance of her story would bring upon her daughter.

"Never mind, mother darling," Jack said, soothingly. "Uncle Gilbert will tell us."

"Ah, but he will tell it so differently!" she moaned. "I must—I must—tell you—"

She struggled to a sitting posture again, resting on Shirley's shoulder and supported in her arms, and began to speak hurriedly, yet faintly, making pitiful efforts to gather her strength.

"It was so long ago—in Scotland—and I was so young," she said, brokenly. "I did not know—who could have guessed?—it was all like a play—and—no church—and—" Her voice failed, her head fell back wearily. "I can not—I can not!" she said piteously, as her eyes went from one to the other wildly; and Shirley bent down, tears falling as she did so, to utter some soothing words.

"Never mind dear; we shall know by and by. Meanwhile lie still and rest; you are so weary."

"So weary—yes. We have travelled a long way, you know; but we can rest now," murmured the dying lips, with the ghost of a smile passing over them. "Rest—you know the doctor said I was to rest. There was some one who—who was very kind, Shirley. I could not walk, you know."

"You mean the gentleman who carried you into the boat, mother. Am I to thank him for you?"

"Yes—thank him and the doctor."

The painful eager look was fading from her face now; she seemed to have forgotten the story which but a few minutes before she was so anxious to tell them. She lay back on her pillows calmly enough, and the smile which had crept to her lips crept up yet further into the depths of her dark eyes.

"I can smell the heather," she said clearly and sweetly. "Cannot you, Roland? How sweet it is! Listen—how prettily the beck murmurs among the stones!"

There was a silence; the dawn crept higher over the eastern sky, and a faint roseate tingle stole into the dark gray. Over the beautiful face on the pillows the shadow of death crept slowly and darkly.

"They say that I am his wife," she said then, with a sudden pitiful cry of pain; "but that is impossible. I was not married, Roland—tell me I am not his wife."

The two pairs of watching eyes met across the pillows, the blue ones dim with tears, the hazel eyes wide and startled and miserable.

"What does she mean?" Shirley whispered.

"Nothing dear—she wanders," Jack answered, a new gravity and tenderness on his handsom boyish face.

"Not his wife—oh, no, we never went to church!" continued Marian Ross, in her low feeble tones. "But you are my husband, Roland!"

"She thinks she is talking to father," Jack said tumulously. "Mother, don't you know us Don't you know Shirley and Jack?"

"Shirley!" she repeated vacantly. "Little Shirley and Jack! Jack, take care of your sister, or she will fall."

She had gone back to their childhood Shirley guessed, as the great hot tears fell on the soft dark hair, and the girl's whole frame trembled with the violence of her emotion.

The minutes slipped by. Jack went to the window and drew back the curtain; a streak of morning sunshine, the herald of a fine day, fell across the carpet and touched the foot of the bed.

Suddenly the large dark eyes opened; the painful, eager, puzzled look had faded from them, and they had become dim and glassy; but they smiled.

"Never mind" she said, in a faint clear happy tone. Shirley will not judge her mother. I do not mind Shirley. It is getting dark now, and I am—going home. It is dark—so dark!"

Dark! And the sun-rays were streaming into the room in a flood of golden light! But she could not see it, for she had gone home.

Gone home without telling the secret which had weighed upon her for a score of years, without warning her daughter against the fate which had fallen upon her! Ah, if she could have seen into the future, she could not have gone home with that peaceful smile upon her face!

CHAPTER IV.

To go, or not to go—that is the question; and, upon my word, it seems such a kindly hospitable invitation that I should not hesitate about accepting it!"

As he spoke, Guy Stuart poured out a second cup of coffee, sugared and creamed it with due deliberation, and proceeded to discuss his breakfast, as if it were of far more importance than the subject under consideration while the other man, his friend and host, Sir Hugh Glynn, sitting opposite him at the long dining-table, looked meditatively at a note lying before him.

"Of course it is very civil and all that," he said, in rather a plaintive tone; "but we are quite strangers in this part of the world, and we do not know what we should be committing ourselves to by accepting."

"At the most to a few days of uncongenial society," Major Stuart answered carelessly—"and perhaps bad dinners."

"The last is a very serious condition. My predecessor here had evidently some notion of comfort and good cooking. The cook has been at Maxwell for twenty years, the butler tells me, and I hope she may remain here for twenty more. Those cutlets she gave us last night," continued Sir Hugh, in his languid, rather drawling voice, "made mutton seem like meat from some other sphere."

Major Stuart laughed; he did not possess his friend's delicate appreciation of the art of cookery, and to him Brillat-Savarin was nothing more or less than a rather contemptible gourmand.

"The cutlets were very good, and so is this game pie," he said carelessly, still devoting himself to the fortification of his inner man. "Will the answer to Sir Gilbert's note, then, hinge on the abilities of his cook?"

"I am afraid we shall not be able to ascertain what his or her abilities may be," replied Sir Hugh, laughing. "It is more likely to hinge on his womankind, if one could find out anything about them."

"I should think that was pretty easy. They must be people of some consequence about here—and your servants are old stagers; I have no doubt they know all about them."

"Fairholme is about seven miles from here," Sir Hugh said meditatively; "so that I could ride over and see how things went on here—and certainly it would be a change. Aren't you getting just a little bit tired of my society, Guy?"

"Not a bit," Major Stuart answered heartily. "I have not had a glimpse of you for nearly three years, remember, until that lucky meet at King's Cross."

"A lucky meeting for me!" said Sir Hugh cordially. "To think that you had returned, and that you had been in England for nearly three months without giving me a notion of your existence! It was too bad, Stuart!"

"My dear fellow"—and Major Stuart's dark gray eyes, with a warm kindly light in their depths, went over across the breakfast-table to Sir Hugh's handsome face—"I could not discover your whereabouts. You were to be heard of everywhere; but, whenever I followed you up, you had disappeared like a meteor. Sir Huge Glynn is evidently a person of some importance in the world of fashion and distinction."

Sir Hugh laughed carelessly. He was a singularly handsome man, with a complexion as fair as any girl's, wide sleepy blue eyes, a heavy fair mustache, and soft fair hair. His movements were slow, listless and languid, and, had he been a man of less size and presence, the charge of effeminacy might have been laid at his door.

"Well, what are we to do about this invitation?" he said, reverting to the subject once more. "Sir Gilbert evidently takes it for granted that we are tired of our own society, and should like a change. He says he would call if he were not laid up with the gout, but that his son called a day or two since. I don't remember the circumstance."

"Don't you? I do. It was the day we went into Dumfife. On our return we found his card in the hall, and Martin said he had ridden over. He is in the —th Hussars."

"Oh, well, I wish her ladyship would let us have her *menu* and a list of the members of her household!" said the young baronet, laughing. "I find that ladies who have marriageable daughters are generally very civil to me, Stuart, and I dare say you have found the same."

"I? *Hugo mio*, you forget. I am not a baronet with an unlimited rent roll," answered Major Stuart, laughing.

"Unlimited! I find mine limited enough," Sir Hugh said lightly. "I assures you that I did not find old Uncle Robert's legacy come at all amiss. It added this place and nearly five thousand a year to my possessions, and I needed it."

"Not a legacy to be despised," observed Guy Stuart. "At the same time, you could have done quite well without it! However, you'll be able to give me some good grouse-shooting here in the season, and you must be content to submit to the feminine maternal persecution which invariably follows such an eligible unmarried man as yourself." And again Guy Stuart's eyes, with a laugh in their depths, sought his friend's face, and Sir Hugh, meeting the glance laughed also.

As they sat opposite to each other in the dining-room of Maxwell House, no greater contrast could have been found than these two men, and yet they had been friends for many a year. Sir Hugh was exceedingly handsome, and he had used his great wealth to add to his prestige which his good looks gave him in the fashionable world. He kept a first-rate stud, lived in the most luxurious manner, gave the best dinners and the most charming entertainments of the London season; his horses and carriages were the best appointed in the Park, his drag the cynosure of all eyes at Epsom. It was no wonder that all men spoke well of him, that the great ladies of his set smiled upon him, and that a shower of invitations poured down upon him all through the season. He was such a charming flirt, the great ladies said languidly—and, his waltzing was as near perfection as waltzing could be; and his taste was so unexceptionable that no belle would have deemed her court complete unless he formed one of her courtiers, and "Handsome Hugo" was a household word in many a dainty boudoir.

Life had always been a very pleasant thing to this petted prosperous favorite of fortune; he had never known a care or a sorrow; but the thirty years he had lived had not fitted him to bear the storm which breaks almost inevitably, and more or less heavily, over every life, and which broke over Hugh Glynn with additional fury.

The friendship which had existed for so many years between Sir Hugh and Major Stuart had been a source of surprise to more than one of their acquaintances. The young baronet's life and tastes seemed so directly opposed in their luxurious indolence to the brave, simple, self-denying life of the soldier. But those who wondered did not know that the foundation of that friendship had been laid in their school days, when Guy, a few months the elder and considerably the stronger, had defended the more delicate boy from the bullying which seems inseparable from a public school. Nor did they know that the friendship thus begun had been cemented by a life saved. The occurrence had taken place many years previously, but Hugh Glynn's gratitude was warm and living still. He had not forgotten that at the risk of his life Guy had thrown himself into the angry waves which were hungering to make Hugh their victim, and had brought him with great difficulty safely to land.

The passionate gratitude which had welled up in the boy's heart as he lay, faint and bruised, watching the endeavors of two or three rough sailors to restore his friend to consciousness had never died away. Even when, later on, both men were dazzled by one woman's face and the death-blow to their friendship was struck, even when one of them stooped to the blackest treachery, the basest betrayal, that gratitude did not quite fade; it lived to add the bitterest sting to the remorse of the betrayer, the most poignant anguish to the traitor's suffering.

Very different in physique were the two men. Beside Guy Stuart, Sir Hugh, although by no means a short man, became almost insignificant, for Guy was unusually tall and strong, towering, like Saul of old, above all his fellows. For the rest, his features were irregular and almost rugged, and, if they were not plain, it was because his eyes were unusually beautiful—dark deep gray, with long lashes, which gave them at times almost a feminine softness.

"It is not such a very severe penalty after all," Major Stuart said, laughing. "I'm not an eligible, so I have never been obliged to submit to it; but we had one or two rich fellows in the regiment, and it used to be very amusing to see how sweetly the mothers used to smile upon them—ah, and the daughters likewise! There was a handsome young 'detrimental' amongst us too, and one or two of the girls were inclined to favor him; but—"

"The mammas were too wise," put in Sir Hugh, laughing. "I wish you'd decide about this, Guy. You're my guest, and I am at you disposal. Go or stay, just as you like best."

"I'm perfectly happy here," said Guy Stuart, laughing—"excellent quarters, and commissariat department perfectly managed."

"Then we'll stay at home."

"But," Major Stuart said thoughtfully, as he pushed his chair from the table and sauntered over to the mantel-piece, where he had left his cigar-case, "perhaps Sir Gilbert might be huffed; and it will not do for the new master of Maxwell to get into bad repute in the neighborhood."

"No, perhaps not; but even that would be better than being bored."

"Of two evils choose the lesser," said Major Stuart laughingly, as he selected a cheroot. "Suppose you toss up, Hugo?"

"Not a bad idea!" responded Sir Hugh, looking up eagerly. "Upon my word, I have a mind to adopt your suggestion!"

"Do," said Major Stuart carelessly. "Let chance decide it."

Sir Hugh took half-a-crown from his pocket and looked at it meditatively; then, meeting his friend's glance, he laughed lightly.

"I don't suppose it is the first time in our lives that we have let chance decide for us," he said gaily. "What will it do for us now, do you think? Will the fates be propitious?"

"I wonder if there is such a thing as chance?" said Major Stuart, coming to the table, cigar in hand, with some interest lighting up his dark face.

"We won't discuss that question," answered Sir Hugh, laughing, as he played with the coin between his fingers. "It is far too deep for you or for me. But"—he lifted his eyes for a moment to his friend's face—"you are strangely in earnest, Guy!"

"Am I?" said the other, turning away with a laugh and a flush on his cheek. "Well, perhaps I was. For a moment I had a kind of feeling that something serious would come of it; but it's all nonsense of course!" he added, as he lighted his cheroot; then, suddenly coming back to the table, he went on with a strange earnestness. "Put back the half-crown, Hugh, and let us discuss the *pros* and *cons* dispassionately, and decide accordingly."

Sir Hugh looked at him for a moment in silence.

"No," he said quietly, "we'll trust to chance. 'Heads'—we will accept Sir Gilbert Fairholme's invitation. 'Tails'—we will refuse it!"

"Come in," said Sir Hugh sharply, covering the coin with his hand as he turned toward the intruder.

The door opened quietly, and a servant out of livery came in and walked slowly up the long room toward his master.

Major Stuart glanced at him indifferently, but, almost as he looked, the indifference faded out of his gray eyes, and something like interest replaced it.

He was a man of Sir Hugh's height, and very much the same build, a trifle narrower across the chest perhaps, but with no material difference. He was fair, too, like his master, but with no pretensions to good looks; and altogether between the two men there was a *faux air* or resemblance which might easily exist between two persons of the same height and complexion, and having the same colored hair. For a moment the resemblance struck Guy Stuart, but the impression was a fleeting one.

"What is it, Latreille?" demanded Sir Hugh, with some impatience.

"The stud-groom is here, Sir Hugh," said the man, quietly. "He is just leaving for town, and he desired me to ask if you had any directions for him."

"For Willis? No—tell him to let me hear from him on arrival," Sir Hugh answered quietly. "That is all."

The man bowed low, with an air of extreme respect which had something foreign in its courtesy, and turned to leave the room. But Sir Hugh recalled him.

"Latreille!"

"Yes, Sir Hugh."

"I suppose you know nothing about Fairholme Court?"

"Only that it is a fine building, Sir Hugh, with handsome grounds, situated about eight miles from here."

"I know all that; but you know nothing of the family?"

"No, Sir Hugh."

"Do you think the butler could give you any information?"

"I have no doubt on the subject, Sir Hugh," the man answered, a slight fleeting smile crossing his face.

"Then go and make inquiries," said his master quietly, "and come back here and tell me the result."

"Yes, Sir Hugh."

With another low bow, Latreille turned away and left the room. Sir Hugh, with a laugh, selected a cigar.

"That fellow bows like Beau Brummel," said Major Stuart, laughing, "and moves like a prince."

"He is an odd fellow," Sir Hugh answered lightly—"Claude Melnotte style, you know."

"Where did you pick him up? He was not in your service when I went to India."

"No, I got him on the continent last year."

"And you find him trustworthy?"

"As trustworthy as most men in his position," said Sir Hugh carelessly. "I dare say that he robs me, but I have not succeeded in finding it out. He told me a long story when I met him first, which may or may not be true."

"What is it? Will it bore you to repeat it?" asked Major Stuart, who had been struck by the valet's appearance and unusual air of refinement.

"Not at all. You are welcome to as much of his history as I can remember. He has knocked about, and seen a good deal of the world, and is an amusing fellow enough."

"He is a Frenchman, of course?"

"Not a bit of it. He is a Scotchman. Yes, you may well look surprised, but it is nevertheless quite true. His father was a hair-dresser in Edinburgh, who was, I believe, unfortunate, as many men are, in his domestic relations. He left Edinburgh and settled in Paris, where he had not much success apparently, for, when he died, he left his son for a legacy some wigs, hair brushes, razors and some bad debts."

"Not much of a capital to begin the world upon," said Major Stuart, laughing.

"So our friend soon discovered. However, he converted his stock in trade into money and joined a circus, where for some months he distinguished himself by standing on his head and contorting his limbs; then he became a public singer—comic, of course—and went the round of the *cafes chantants*. When that failed, he was 'general utility' at a minor provincial theatre," Sir Hugh continued; "and I am convinced the stage is his vocation. He is a first-rate actor, and makes up capitally. It was at Poitiers that I first made his acquaintance. I was travelling, and had met at a cafe the manager of the theatre there, a pleasant gentlemanly fellow enough. There were one or two pretty actresses belonging to the company, and one night I invited the troupe to supper. Latreille was among them, and I confess he attracted me. He was so frankly insolent, so amusing, and so independent that I found him irresistible. The next morning, to my surprise, he called upon me, said he was sick of the stage, and offered his services as valet and courier; and I engaged him."

"And you have not repented?"

"Not once. He is a most useful servant; his only fault is an occasionally slight freedom of manner, which never approaches insolence, but at times is somewhat familiar. But he is far too valuable an acquisition to dismiss for so trifling a fault. I dare say he robs me, for we are of the same size and build, and my clothes fit him perfectly; but he is perfect in his own line and he never chatters."

"And he entertains a profound admiration for his master."

(To be continued.)

—Deputy-Reeve McEvoy, of Amherstburg, weighs 390 pounds.