LORD KILLEEN'S REVENGE

Lord Killeen's Revenge

"It is beyond question," said Donna.

"She is calmness itself; she never cries or complains. They tell me she is delicate," said Lady Varley, with an attempt at a scornful smile; "but I prefer to judge for myself. You can see how good-tempered she is; how unlike other children—"

She paused again. Was every idle word that fell from her to carry to her breast a bitter pang? "Unlike other children!" Oh, no! Kind heaven, no! A strange look grew upon her face, and she clasped the fragile little form to her bosom, with a wild, hungry gesture. It was her all!

"She is strong—quite strong!" she said, vehemently, as though Mrs. Dundas had been denying it. Then her voice sunk, and she looked down at the little waxen face below her. "My child! My life!" she whispered, and then broke off suddenly, as if choking. She stood panting before Donna (almost forgetful of her, in the awful fear that had assailed her), with the child crushed against her breast. Some cruel doubt was tearing at her heart-strings.

"Your nurse is, as you say, experienced; she should know," said Donna, cheerily, unkind kindliness prompting the hopeful words. She was indeed touched by this fierce grief, if altogether surprised by it. To care so much for any living thing! It was absurd, but piteous beyond doubt. To her, the child seemed dying, and she thought it repulsive, having nothing of the maternal about her; but she felt herself bound to say something that should create comfort in the other's mind, if only to avoid a scene. A scene was detestable, always unless a disappointed lover was the hero of it; and so she ignored Lady Varley's agitation with great tact, and finally, by her own assumption of belief in the child's good health, subdued it.

As she was leaving Araglin, she met Constantia coming up the stone steps. She put out her delicately gloved hand to her with her usual radiant smile. Constantia accepted both very coldly.

"Truant!" said Mrs. Dundas. "How many years is it since you have been to see me?" She did not really care whether Constantia ever came to see her, whether she lived or died, but to be charming to all people was a creed with her. There was no one born who could say that Mrs. Dundas was ever willfully rude to them. She put them to one side when they obstructed the path in which she would go, but otherwise, they were welcome to breathe the air that she did.

Constantia took no notice of the implied reproach. She appraised it at its exact value, and let it drop to her feet.

"Have you been in there?" she asked. Youth is always a little tragic when its sense of honesty and decency is hurt. "Have you seen her?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Dundas, with an amused air. "I have been there, and I have seen her! What prodigality of emphasis, and what a Bernhardt pose! Any reason why I shouldn't?"

"No greater reason than you already know," said Constantia coldly, who was strong enough, when occasion demanded it, (as she now believed it did), to be proof against her cousin's mockery.

"You are enigmatical, my pretty sphinx," said Donna, with a slight laugh. "You are evidently full of purpose, and therefore, no doubt, amusing. Come, you shall disclose yourself to me. The baby is as well as—the baby is ever likely to be. Better, therefore, take advantage of my ponies and return with me, and give me—besides the inestimable pleasure of your society—your secret. You are big with it; one can see that. Come, now, surrender yourself to me."

"I will go back with you if you will. It is as good an opportunity as another," said Constantia, still coldly. She turned and walked down the steps after her cousin, who swept on before with a little laugh.

"You would make your fortune upon the stage," she was saying. "It is a sin to waste such force upon the birds, the trees, the cabbages. If I had you in town for a season, why, you would make a furore, and have all the gilded youth of the empire at your feet. If you encouraged yourself a little, that is, if you were a degree more—more—It is difficult to name it. Well step in." She turned to the groom at the ponies' heads. "Walk home, Smithson," she said, and touched up the ponies, and was well up the sweet-smelling lime avenue before Constantia quite knew in what words she was going to clothe the speech she was bent on making. She had argued out the matter with herself, early and late, for all the days succeeding that scene in the garden between her cousin and Lord Varley that she had witnessed, during which time she had absented herself from Donna's presence; and had at last decided that she would tell her what she had seen, and compel her to desist from further interference with the happiness of Lady Varley.

"Well," said Mrs. Dundas, glancing at her with a rather amused regard from under her long lashes, whilst the ponies flew swiftly through the scented air, "why don't you speak? Come, out with it. It is evidently something too great for that youthful frame of yours to hold."

"Listen, then!" said Constantia, angered by her air of suppressed amusement. She grew very pale, and then, all at once, she took courage in her hands and spoke out. When she drew near to the end of her story her pallor, left her, and when she told, with strong girlish hesitation, of that last act in her drama—that disgraceful caress—her breath came quickly, and a hot blush of shame mantled on her cheeks. But she bore it all in her loyalty to her friend, and in her desire to shield her from growing trouble.

"Yes," said Donna, interrogatively, when she had finished. If she had been at all taken aback by Constantia's disclosure, she did not show it. She smiled now serenely, gazing at the girl as if in expectation of something further. "Go on," she said, encouragingly, "give me the rest of it."

"The rest! What more would you have? Good heavens, Donna, are you lost to all sense of—of—"

"Virtue? Don't hesitate about saying it," said Mrs. Dundas, with a friendly little nod. "But you misjudge me, really. I quite thought, because of your tragic expression, that there must be something more."

"What more could there be?"

Mrs. Dundas laughed.

"And so all those exquisite blushes," she said, looking at her young cousin with much mockery in her lovely eyes, "were wasted on such a mere bagatelle? Bah! What a cruel squandering of rich and rare goods!"

"I think it was sufficient to make any one blush; you, first of all," said Constantia, coldly.

"So? I am sorry I must disappoint your expectations then. I confess a blush isn't in me. The blush proper, at all times, I found to be a troublesome companion, so I flung it off just as soon as ever I could. Now, occasionally, I regret that act of mine. If troublesome, the blush is also effective. There is a touch of the ingenue about it that is invaluable. Keep it, my dear as long as you can."

"I have not come here to discuss the merits or demerits of a rush of blood to the head," said Constantia, with angry impatience; "rather a very abominable act of yours."

There was fire in her eyes, if an unmistakable tremor in her tone. Yet her courage upheld her.

"My! what righteous indignation!" said Mrs. Dundas, turning her head so as to regard her fully. She was evidently unimpressed, and by no means offended by the other's out-speaking. "And all about a little kiss. One more or less in the year's account—what does it matter? If Lord Varley was rude enough to kiss me—mind you," laughing, "I don't admit the soft impeachment—it is part of my principles never to admit anything—but if he kissed me, why, that won't bring the world to a close, eh?"

"If you kissed him, you mean."

"Even that won't bring the upheaval of the universe; and of course, I deny it. Any nice-minded woman would."

She laughed gayly here, and flicked up her ponies with a sense of thorough enjoyment in the turn the conversation had taken.

"Well, I warn you of one thing," said Constantia. "I shall certainly tell her."

"Tell her what, my good girl? That Varley, her husband, was an old lover of mine, and for a moment forgot himself?"

"There was no forgetfulness, save of personal dignity. There was only remembrance," said the girl, bravely, but with a pale face. "And, as I have said, I shall certainly put her on her guard."

"You mean you will adopt the role of mischief-maker."

"I mean that I shall tell her what I saw."

Mrs. Dundas turned, and looked at her with calm questioning in her eyes.

"But do you really think you saw it?" she asked, pleasantly. "Don't you rather think that those tricksy moonbeams cheated you? If I were you, I should be inclined to that belief; and yet, with that doubt on your mind—"

"Doubt!" interrupted Constantia, with wrathful protest. Could daring further go?

"Strong doubt. You will, then, take this canard to Lady Varley, and imbitter her life with a tale in which you yourself have not much faith. And even looking at it as its worst, what was it save a vague indiscretion?"

"You treat the matter very lightly, but I do not. She is unhappy enough as it is, and I will not sit quietly by and see her made more so."

"You say that? And yet it is now you would choose, to waken suspicion in her breast. You would create an affaire between me and Varley just when her child lies dying—when her heart is smitten. I saw her, she is torn with suppressed fear and emotion. You are a true woman, my pretty Constantia. You love an imbroglio."

"You wrong me when you say that. Do you think it doesn't hurt me to—to accuse you, my cousin, of so horrible a thing, and yet how can I be silent when such things are?"

"I, then, am to be the victim. You sacrifice me," said Mrs. Dundas, gayly. "So be it. I shall deck myself for the altar. It is something to my lacerated feelings to know that you feel regret as you bind the cords. You are stern Justice itself, a veritable Brutus in petticoats. All for virtue, and the world well lost, is your motto; a cold one and insufficient, as you will learn in time. Well, go to your Saint Yolande, and tell her of Varley's treachery, as I feel sure you call it in your high-flown tragical style, and—take the consequences."

"Have you no conscience?" said Constantia, very pale. "Will you not promise me to abstain for the future from—from—" She hesitated, and blushed warmly all through her clear skin, not knowing how to proceed.

"Well, go on; from—from?" There was malicious mirth in Mrs. Dundas's eyes, as she marked the other's discomfiture. "What! can't you finish the enigmatical sentence? You are too pretty to be a diplomatiste. Give it up, I advise you, and think only of how best to arrange for yourself, and so get the salt of life."

"Answer me," said Constantia.

"But how, then? Was there a question? I am not a thought-reader, my dearest Con. You say 'Promise me for the future to abstain from—' and there you stop. From what, then? Baccarat, loo, champagne, cigarettes?"

"From Lord Varley," said Constantia, in a low tone. She felt terrible shame as she said it, and her brow flushed crimson, her eyes filled with tears; she kept them fixed steadily on the white wolf's skin that covered her knees. "You are married, he is married, so is she—and then there is Mr. Dundas. It seems to me so dreadful a thing—and she, trusting, believing—"

She paused, hoping for some sympathetic answer, but the moments went past and Donna said nothing; she kept, indeed, singularly silent. Constantia, raising her eyes anxiously at last to see if this silence meant contrition, found Mrs. Dundas lost in one of her odd agonies of dumb laughter. She pulled herself together after a bit, and pressed her lace handkerchief to her eyes, and then glanced at Constantia.

"Some day you will be the death of me," she said, her tone still trembling with her late merriment. "How you take things! Were life as serious a matter with me as it is with you, I should commit suicide. 'Life is a jest, and all things show it.' Why not look at it through my spectacles! Why not amuse yourself as I do, moi qui vous parle?" She laid her hand, with a little saucy pat, upon her bosom.

"No," said Constantia, coldly, and with ill-suppressed disgust; "I would not be like you for all the amusement the world could give me."

"You are a very dear little girl," replied her cousin, suavely and promptly, and with an amused smile; "but as I once hinted to you—" She paused, to quite gather the girl's attention. It was time, she thought, to administer, to her a little smiling rebuke—to make her feel the knife in turn. "As I once hinted—too mildly, perhaps, for your good—you are a trifle crude—in a degree, perhaps—shall we say farouche? You have not trained fine; you project your opinions upon one bald and bare. When smothered in rose-leaves they fall easier; they do not hurt so much. A lesson, Con, free of charge. Take it to heart; it will be of use to you even in this odd little corner of the earth. Men like Barry, who are 'rough and tough,' and men like your blanket lover might, perchance, call your crudity honesty; but men like Featherston would shrink from it and from you." She had her eyes fixed on the girl's face, and noted with satisfaction the sudden paling, the quick indrawing of the breath, as Featherston's name was mentioned. In truth, Constantia felt that last remark keenly. Was she, then, unlovely in his eyes?

"You disdain to hide your sentiments," went on her tormentor, sweetly. "That may be very upright, very honorable, but it is also very—ill-bred."

"Enough," said Constantia, quickly but coldly; "I admit all that you say. I see, too, that I have failed to impress you. I meant only to help my friend, and to show you your duty."

"Don't trouble yourself about that last ingredient in your dose; it sits lightly on my shoulders. I don't mind shirking it in the least, though I know there are people who set great store by it. They are welcome to mine as well as their own. I say, Con, a cloudy brow is not becoming to you; and, after all, why should you take to heart my delinquencies? Do you imagine you will get through life without having some of your own to dwell upon? When you have, my quaint pre-Adamite, I expect you will do it in sackcloth and ashes. It will be a prolonged Lent with you, severe enough to eclipse the joys of your carnival. Though you are specially uncivil to me, I confess I feel something bordering upon sorrow for you."

"Why can not you be content with your lovely home—with your husband?" said Constantia, sorrowfully.

Mrs. Dundas regarded her with a large amazement.

"It is true," she said at last. "You are the oldest fashioned person I ever met! To be content with Mr. Dundas would take a larger or a smaller mind than mine. He is, I admit, admirable. It would be impossible to put a finger on a speck anywhere, except, perhaps, the extraordinary size of his ears and his feet, and his regard for his coffers; but, au fond, he is very well—very well indeed. And yet—there has been such a thing as a glance behind one, even when one has been married to the best man in the world."

"Was your glance for Varley?"

"Would you be better pleased if I said it was for Featherston?"

"It scarcely matters," said Constantia, in a low, vehement tone, touched with passion; "the one great consideration is, that it be a glance, not glances. Give up this unworthy part, Donna, I entreat you, for the sake, not of Lady Varley, but of yourself. You are our cousin. Your dishonor must touch us. It is horrible to me."

"Your nobles have come to ninepences," said Mrs. Dundas, with a gay laugh. "Your concern, after all, on your own showing, is only selfishness. You dread an esclandre because it will drag you into its whirlpool. Well, be happy; there will be no esclandre where I am concerned. And as for your Saint Yolande—pouf! It is not I who shall make her unhappy."

"You promise that?" said Constantia, eagerly, leaning forward so as to see her face.

"No, I shall not be the one," said Mrs. Dundas, smiling blandly into the girl's earnest eyes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

She left Constantia at the gate of The Cottage, and drove on. She was feeling a litle amused, a little annoyed. No, she certainly would not be the one to make Lady Varley unhappy. It would, of course, be Varley. If Varley had been somebody else's husband, her flirtation with him would not have caused Constantia's saint a pang; therefore, of course, the fault would lie with Varley. Why was he her husband? Why had he been so very impossible that time in Italy? He had left her in an absurd anger because she chose to accept a pearl or two from a little grimacing prince, who was as ugly as a monkey, and with all the airs of a dancing-master. Pshaw! If one had a spark of justice in one, it might be seen that he was the one in fault.

At her own gates she met him. He was just coming out, and, in fact, threw them open for her with an eager glance and a sudden smile, as if doing some service for his sovereign.

"What, you here!" cried she gayly.

"And I have just come from Araglin; cross purposes, my lord." She used to call him thus sometimes, in an adorably jesting little tone, that delighted him and made his pulses throb. Was he indeed her lord? "Cross purposes all through," she went on, thinking of Constantia's diatribes against her behavior. She lifted her shoulders at the remembrance, and laughed a little at the pretty fool's belief in her future honesty of purpose. "I met Constantia," she said; "she was brusque, terrible, abominable to me." She laughed lightly, and pulled her lace skirts aside. "Jump in," she said, still laughing, "and let me give you your tea. I will tell you all about it when we are between four walls."

Tea was served in her boudoir, a delicate little apartment, all of bronze and silver coloring, and sweet with the dying breaths of frail white pinks and lily of the valley. She flung from her her wraps and wide feathered hat, and Varley, who was seated on a low chair near her, drew off with lingering care her long tan-colored gloves.

"Well," said she, "Constantia scolded me. A proper scolding, I can tell you."

"About what?"

"Tiens, Frederick! you grow dull. About you if it must be put in plain words. I am never to look at you, I am never to think of you again. You are to be a thing of the past. I am to pass you by on the other side whensoever we may chance to meet, and I am to see that those meetings are infrequent."

"But how?" said Varley, not understanding, as was only natural. He was not much concerned by her words, because her manner was light with laughter. "What does it all mean?"

"That she was in the gardens that night of Mr. Stronge's dance."

Varley reddened.

"The deuce!" he said briefly but eloquently.

"Quite so. I entirely agree with you. She is a troublesome little fool, you know, somewhat wild in manner and beyond purchase, but I squared her for all that. A judicious word or two about Featherston, whom she affects—a hint as to the cruelty of disturbing Lady Varley's peace of mind just now, when—"

"What! she would speak to Yolande?" cried Varley, rising to his feet, and regarding her with a strange expression. He looked horrified, unstrung.

"Even so. That alarms you? Yet every instant it is possible." She spoke easily, but a certain chill had fallen upon her tone. Her eyes had gained a mocking light. "It is not too late," she said. "Draw back while you can. As yet she knows nothing. Go; swear to her your heart is hers alone. Be wise whilst yet you may."

She, too, had risen. She leaned against the silken hangings of the mantel-piece, her tall, svelte figure thrown slightly backward, her eyes, with the lids half-closed upon their wondrous beauty, fixed on his. She looked superb as she thus challenged him, laughing in her heart the while as she measured his power as compared with hers.

"You can leave me," she said, "now, forever! Believe me, it is the best plan—for you."

"Leave you!" he said. There was passion as well as despair in his tone. No, he could not leave her! Her presence was his life. It intoxicated him. She ruled his destiny to-day as she had ruled it in those past days, when he sighed at her feet an accepted lover.

"That rests, then," said Donna, calmly. Then suddenly, and in a lower tone: "The child is dying."

(To be Continued.)

"'SCIPLININ' SISTER BROWN."

Shet up dat noise, you chilen! Dar's
some one at de do'.
Dribe out dem dogs; you 'Rastus, tek
Linkum off de flo'!

Des ma'ch yo'se'f right in, sah! (Jane,
tak dem ashes out!
Dis house look lak ur hog-pen; you
M'randy, jump erbout!)

W'y bress my soul, hits Efrum—w'y
Efrum, how you do?
An' Tempie an' de chillen? I hopes dey's
all well too.

Hyuh, M'randy, bresh dat stool off; now,
Efrun, des sot down,
Wut's de news f'um off de Ridge an'
wut's de news in town?

Now doan' you t'ink dem niggahs hed
Susan fo' de chu'ch
'Bout dawncin' at de pa'ty—dey call dat
sinnin' much.

Dey up an' call ur meeting tur 'scipline
Sistah Brown,
But de night dey hol' de meetin' she
tuk herse'f ter town.

Dey sont de Bo'd ob Deacons, de pahst-
or at de head,
Ter wait upon de sistah an' pray wid
her, dey said.

But Susan mighty stubbo'n, an' wen dey
lif' ur pra'r,
She up an' tell de deacons she des wa'n't
gwine ter cyar.

An' wen de Reb'ren' Pa'son prayed
about ur "sheep wus los',"
An' 'bout "de po bac'slidah," she gin her
head ur toss!

I seed de debbil raisin' in de white ob
Susans' eyes—
Fyear she blow dat deacon-bo'd ter
"mansions in de skies."

Ides tuk down my bawnjer an' den I
gins an' plays:
"Come dy fount ob ebbery blessin',
chund my ha't ter sing dy praise."

De pa'son an' de deacons, dey jined me
pooty soon;
Lawd! Dat bawnjer shuk itse'f ur-play-
in' ob de chune!

An' wen' dey mos' was shoutin', I tight-
ened up ur string,
Drapped right inter "Money Musk" an'
gin did chune full swing.

De "Debbil's Dream" come arter—de
debbil wus ter pay.
Dem niggahs fell ter pattin'—I larf mos'
ebbery day!

Deacon Jones got on his feet, de pa'son
pulled him down;
I played ur little fastah, an' sho's my
name am Brown.

De pa'son an' de deacons jined han's
right on dis flo',
Su'cled right an' su'cled lef—it sutny
was ur show.

Dey naded up an' down de flo' an' we'n
hit come ter swing,
De pa'son gin hisse'f a flirt an' cut the
pidgin-wing!

An' w'en urfo' de meetin' dat 'mittee
med its 'po't
'Bout Sistah Susan's dawncin', dey cut
it mighty sho't.

De chyuhsman, Mr. Pa'son, said in
tones so mil' an' sweet,
Sistah Brown wa'n't guilty, caze—she
nebber crossed her feet!

A SAFEGUARD.

"I haven't had any peace of mind at all," said Mr. Lushly, "since my wife got the bicycle craze."

"She wants to ride, does she?"

"No. She wants me to ride. She says she believes that a man who is out at night is as safe if he's confronted with the responsibility of getting a bicycle back home as he is if he has signed the pledge."

QUEBEC HEARD FROM.

Henary G. Carroll, M. P. for Kamourrska, Que., Sounds the Praises of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

It will be noticed by those who have studied the testimonials for this wonderful catarrh remedy, that they are thoroughly unsectional in character. Every province in the Dominion through its members of parliament, and most prominent citizens, has told of the peculiar effectiveness of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It is of a character that overcomes any local or climatic conditions, and as with Mr. Carroll, it is a most effective remedy for catarrhal troubles in whatever shape, not omitting hay fever, where it works like a charm, and in every case is speedy in effect.

Sample bottle and blower sent by S.G. Detchon, 44 Church St., Toronto, on receipt of two 3-cent stamps.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

For fifty years John Swim, of Alton, Ohio, had roamed the country as a tramp, although a man of wealth. He was once robbed of $10,000, and he had the rogue arrested. Doubts were expressed about his having had that sum, and to remove them he took from belts about his body money amounting to $78,000. He recently died, at the age of 104.

Intense Pain From Sciatica. The Mystic Remedy, South American Rheumatic Cure, Conquers in Two Days.

The following comes from the wealthy lumberman, of Merrickville, Ont., Mr. E. Errett: For a number of years I have suffered intense pain from rheumatism and sciatica in my left hip. It is needless to say I have doctored constantly, but without receiving anything but temporary relief. South American Rheumatic cure was at last tried and its effect was truly magical. In two days the pain was all gone, and two bottles of the remedy cured me completely. I was so bad that for two years I could not lie on my left side if I got the universe for so doing. At present I have not a symptom of sciatica or rheumatism, and hence it is with much pleasure that I recommend this great remedy. I know it will cure.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

For twenty-three years, Spina, the notorious brigand of Sicily, had been a terror in the vicinity of Aderne. It is estimated that the ransoms he received for captured travelers aggregated $750,000. He was lately murdered, near his home, by an unknown assassin, who shot him in the back of the head.

Sir Oliver Mowat afflicted with Kidney Trouble.

The news has been flashed across the wires from the old country that Sir Oliver Mowat, who is there seeking medical advice, is a victim of kidney disease. His friends say that the case is not as alarming as the press reports have stated. But there seems to be no disguising the fact, that with Ontario's Premier, as thousands of others, kidney disease has seized the system. It is laying waste the lives of our best people in all parts of the Dominion. And yet those who have learned to use South American Kidney Cure are finding in it a remedy far surpassing a sea voyage, or even the skill of England's greatest physicians. It is a kidney specific, not a cure-all, but as a specialist in this particular it gives relief within six hours after the first dose, and renewed health to all who use it.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

A man named Gallias left Paris with his wife, trundling her in a wheelbarrow, intending to thus wheel her around the world. He got as far as Croatia, and they were there attacked by wolves. The wife was so injured that she died. The widower has returned to Paris, and is looking for another wife.

HEART DISEASE STRIKES DOWN ALL CLASSES.

The Essential Matter is to be Prepared for any Emergency.

It is painful to pick up the daily papers and observe how people of all classes are being stricken down with heart disease and apoplexy. One day it is the farmer in the field, again the labourer carrying his hod or, as this week a prominent architect in Ottawa. Perhaps it is not too strong a statement, that 80 per cent. of the people of Canada are afflicted with heart disease to some degree. What a blessing it is then, that there exists a medicine like Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart which is so quick in producing relief. Instantly the patient obtains that ease that is so longed for when the heart is afflicted. There is absolutely no case of heart disease that it will not help, and with few exceptions, will produce a radical cure.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

SCOLDED THE QUEEN.

Queen Margherita, of Italy, was riding on her bicycle lately in the part of the park of Monza from which the public is excluded, when she was stopped by a carbineer, scolded for trespassing, and then asked to give her name. The same day she sent the man her photograph and one of the ten-franc pieces bearing her effigy by the side of King Humbert's that he might recognize her in future.

TOOK IT FOR A TIP.

The lighthouses in England are periodically visited by the inspecting officers of the Trinity House Brethren, whose function is to see that everything is in proper order. On one occasion, while examining the mechanism of the monster revolving lamp belonging to a lighthouse, one of the gentlemen, wishing to see how many seconds would elapse in completing a revolution, took a half crown piece from his pocket and placed it on the revolving framework.

Watch in hand, he patiently waited for the coin to come around again to where he was standing, but no half crown appeared. The seconds lengthened into minutes—still no half crown!

"Strange!" he exclaimed. "What can be the meaning of it?"

In order to ascertain the cause of the strange phenomenon, he walked around to the other side of the lamp, and, in doing so, encountered one of the lighthousemen, who touched his hat and said "Thank you, sir," in an undertone.

The man, seeing the coin coming toward him, had pocketed it, thinking it was meant for a tip!