## JIKE AND UNLIKE

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AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET, WYLLARD'S WEIRD, ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX .- (CONTINUED.) "You must go away, Val; but you must do nothing hurriedly. Mrs. Freemantle was talking about you to my mother this afternoon, saying that you looked ill and mopish, and needed change. My mother admitted the fact, and it was agreed that you should be persuaded to travel. Your departure will therefore seem perfectly natural to all this little world of Chadford. There will be no appearance of flight. All you have to think of, therefore, is the place to which you would like to go-all you have to do is to follow the bent of your own inclination." "I will go to Africa. There is better sport

there than in A ustralia-and a freer life. "If you decide upon Africa, Melnotte may be of use to you.'

"I don't like Melnotte, and I don't believe in his African experiences. I strongly suspect that the man is an imposter. He is too glib."

"But his stories of adventure have a vivid air, as if he had lived among the scenes and people he describes."

"The fellow is a good actor, that is all Some rowdy adventurer whom the Colonel has picked up in a gambling den. Melnotte may have been to the Cape, perhaps. His experiences in the interior I rank as sheer fiction."

This idea agreed curiously with Adrian's own vague suspicions as to Mr. Melnotte's truthfulness. Those African storic of his were rather too good and too pictu. sque to have happened to one traveller. The average man's experiences are dull enough. They ring the changes upon famine, fever and sport. But Melnotte seemed to have passed from hairbreadth escape to romantic situation, from dramatic encounter to picturesque rescue, with an electrical brilliancy. He had slain his lions by the horde, and shot his gemsbocks in hecatombs. There was exaggeration, no doubt; but remained to be proved.

"I don't want anybody's advice?" said Valentine decisively. "If I can once brace myself up to leave this place, I shall go to London, get the kind of outfit I think necessary, and then sailfor the Cape. Once there I can pick up all the information want about the interior, and I shall plan

my route from there." "I shall go to London by an early train to-morrow-and to the cape by the first good steamer that can carry me there."

"To-morrow? That's soon." "Why should I delay? I have been staying here face to face with a spectre—like a man in a nightmare dream, who faces some great horror and cannot move hand or foot. The sooner I go, the better."

"Let me go to London with you, Val I should like to see you off." "No, no. I am not fit company for my fellow-men yet awhile. Perhaps after ten years in Africa I may be better. Let me suffer my purgation, Adrian. Let wrestle with the memory of sin as Jacob wreatled with the angel—and then perhaps-some day-" with a stifled sob,

love—and of my mother." "God help you to pardon and forgetfulness, Val. But let me go to London with

shall be better worthy of your unselfish

"No. I want to be alone there. I have something to do. I will wire to you before I sail, and then, if there were time, and you would like to come and shake hands at parting-"

"Be sure I will come, if you give me the chance. It will comfort the mother to hear of you at the last moment of leaving. She would like to be there herself, dear soul, if you would let her."

"Dear soul, poor soul," murmured Val entine, with a remorseful tenderness which was strange to his rough nature, "She has given me honey, and I have given her gall. I ha e been a fountain of bitterness to you both. But it is past. You are strong in love and in mercy. Good night, and goodbye, till I sail. I shall be off early to-morrow morning.

"But you will bid your mother good-

"Must I? That will be hard. I should like to slip away without any leave taking. I would like to write to her from London.' "She would be heartbroken if you left her like that.".

"Perhaps you are right. It is the weakness of her character to be fond of me. I'll see her in the morning before I start. She will be happier when I am gonc—safe and happy-with you. You ought to marry, Adrian. You owe as much to my mother as well as to yourself. There is Lucy Freemantle, who has been in love with you for the last five years.'

"Valentine." "It's a true bill. I've seen the growing passion from the time she left off short frocks. and lorg hair. You have been her ideal from the day she left the nursery - perhaps before. I daresay she was often thinking of you over Pinnock or Lingard. Marry her, Adrian. She has not one of the attributes of the typical girl, and she will make you a true and honest wife."

answered Adrian, with a sad smile. has not come yet."

Lady Belfield was always an early riser. ing at the first clusters of snowdrops, white ed me." against the whiteness of the hoar frost,

abroad for a spell."

"Yes, dear. Yes, it will be a good to London.

"Tame, hackneyed, intolerable. The holiday ground of self-opinionated Yankees and personally conducted Cockneys. No, it change of scene is to do me any good, if I am to get out of myself, I must get face to face with nature. Africa is the place for me. Don't be afraid, dear mother. The Dark Continent is as safe a solitude as Herne Bay. "And you are going—this morning?" "At once. The dogcart is waiting for

Good bye." He clasped his mother in his arms, kissed her as he had not kissed her for yearshardly since he was a schoolboy. His own eyes were not innocent of tears as he rushed away, leaving her to sob out her sorrow n the quiet shrubbery walk which her footsteps had so often trodden. Never had she felt more desolate than in this parting with the wayward and beloved son, and yet she told herself that it was well he were gone.

him as he had been since last August. The South-Western Railway conveyed Mr. Belfield to Exeter, but in the junction station there, he had a choice of trains, and the Great Western suited him best on this occasion. He crossed from one platform to the other, took his ticket for Paddington, and came out upon the departure platform of the Great Western, under the big clock.

Anything must be done rather than to see

The platform was not so crowded as usual and the train was not due for five minutes. As he walked slowly towards the end of the station, Valentine passed a man whose face flashed upon him with a sudden sickening of the heart and weakening of the limbs, like the sight of a ghost in high noon.

The wintry sun shone upon the pale and high-bred teatures. He saw the face looking at him, half in hatred, half in scorn, and he could not give back scorn for scorn, hate for hate. He who had never feared his fellowmen, sickened at the sight of this man, and passed on with quickened step, and eyes whether the man were an actual impostor | looking steadily forward, pretending not to who had stolen his wite's heart

St. Austell stopped and locked back at

"As I am alive, that was the face of s felon," he said to himself, "and the mystery of Helen's fate is darker than any of us dream of. That man dared not meet my eye-although it was his place to hecter and mine to quail. There was guilt in that

He was on his way westward. Since that meeting at the Badminton, he had been much disturbed in his mind about his lost love. Fickle as the previous experience of his life had proved him, he had not yet forgotten Helen. The year which Mr. Baddeley had allowed for the duration of his passion was not yet ended, and it may be that the disappointment and mischance which had attended this particular intrigue, had intensified his feelings. He would have forfeited ten years of his life to have found Helen, and won her for his own, but there was that in her husband's countenarce which chilled his soul. He had half a mind to follow Valentine Belfield, and tax him then and there with foul play. He had no evidence except the mysterious circumstances of the wife's disappearance, and that guilty look in the husband's face—but the two together brought conviction to St. Austell's

CHAPTER XL.—THE FORLORN HOPE. Valentine Belfield walked to the furthest end of the platform and stood there, cold and sick, like a man in an ague fit, till bis train came in from Plymouth, and then he had to run after the train as it steamed into the station, and scramble into a first class compartment, panting and breathless, and white to the live.

"You oughtn't to run things so close as that, sir, you don't look the kind of man who could stand it," said an elderly parson, one of these amiable busy-bodies who are always interested in other people affairs.

Valentine scowled at him wby ay of answer, as he threw his deer staker into the rack, and mopped his forehead and

hair, damp with icy sweat. "A churlish personage," thought the West Country rector, "something wrong with the heart, and a very irritable temper, and the good man tried to interest himself in his newspaper, glancing over the top of it every now and then to see if there were any hope of conversation.

Valentine put on his cap again, pulled it over his forehead, and coiled himself in corner of the carriage in an attitude that meant total isolation. He was trying to recover his nerve after that sudden apparition of St. Austel'.

"By ---, I was afraid of the man," he said to himself. "For the first time in my life I have known what it is to fear the face of a man. If a brace of constables came to arrest me, warrant and handruffs complete I wouldn't flinch; but his face unnerved me. He loved her. He would ask me, What have you done with your wife What have you done with that frail, false lovely girl whose heart was mine?' Yes, his, his—not mine. It was his love I mur-"I will wait till my time comes, Val," dered. It is to him I am answerable. was his life I spoiled. She had ceased to belong to me—she was openly, avowedly his. And I quailed before him, turned sick She was in the garden next morning, look. | with fear at sight of the villain who wrong-

For an hour and more he sat in his corner, when Valentine joined her, clad for a jour- living over that brief moment of meeting face, telling himself again and again in the "Mother," he began abruptly, "Adrian bitterest mockery that it was St. Austell and I had a long brotherly talk last night, who had lost by that fatal blow. At last, and he advised me to try change of scene as and with a tremendous effort, he dismissed a cure for bitter memories. I am going this dark train of thoughts, and his mind recurred to one of the object of his journey

thing, I am sure," answered his mother, Ever since that last meeting with Madge paling suddenly at the mere thought of a possible parting, "but you will not be go present to his mind. Passion was dead in ing just yet. You will take time to think him, buried under the crushing weight of a about it."

20 20 212 great remerse, numbed and from a the

be with her. He felt that if there were any one to whom he could confess his crime. was Madge Dawley, and not a priest,

"The Forlers Hope," he repeated to himself as he me in his corner, looking out at the landscape; every field, and copes, and hill, and curving stream, familiar to him from his boyhood; beheld again and again at all seasons, sometimes in listless vacuity, sometimes impatience.

At last the train steemed into Paddington Station on the edge of dusk. The aunset glowed darkly red athwart the London fog, as the train passed Harrow and Hanwell. The great vaulted roof of the termious looked ghastly and sepulchral in the chilly light of electric lamps.

Valentine told a porter to take his portmanteaux to the Great Western Hotel, and then left the station on foot. He was going to Lisson Grove to look for the Refuge found. ed by Madge Dawley.

The long thoroughfare of the Grove was light with lamplit shops, and full of traffic. Valentine enquired in one of the shops, and was directed to a side street, a dismal looking street of shabby, dilapidated houses, which might have had some pretension to respectability half a century ago, but which had fallen to about the lowest stage in the history of bricks and mortar. They were houses of a considerable size, however, and offered accommodation to a considerable population, as appeared by the various lighted windows, suggesting many domiciles un-

der one roof. the fanlight there was a lamp with the words "Refuge for Women and Girls," in black letters, on the glass. There was no possible mistake as to the motive and character of this institution.

The door swung open at Valentine's touch, and as he crossed the threshold, a woman in a black gown and a white cap came out of the parlor next the street, and met him in

It was Madge Dawley. The shepherdess was always ready to receive the lost sheep. The fold was humble and unattractive, but it meant what it offered-Shelter.

She started at sight of a tall man in a fur bordered coat-started again on recognizing Valentine. "Mr. Belfield !" she exclaimed.

"Yes. I told you I should come to you some day, Madge, and you promised not to shut your door in my face. "I am not likely to do that; but I don't think you will want to stay very long in this

She led the way into the parlour, a plainly furnished room, lighted by a cheap para-

ffin lamp, under a green shade. A tall press made of pitch pine occupied either side of the fireplace. The table was of varnished deal, the walls were whitswashed, the floor was uncarpeted, and halfa-dozen rush-bottomed chairs completed the furniture of the room; but all was scrupulously neat and clean. A fire burned cheerily in the shining grate, and an open-work brass fender made one point of brightness in the picture. A large iron kettle was singing on the old-fashioned hob.

"Pray sit down," said Madge, pointing to a chair opposite her own. "You have an idle hour to spare, I suppose, and you have come to see our Refuge - to find out for yourself whether we are doing good workin order that you may help us.

She spoke gravely, faltering a little, more deeply moved by his presence in that place than she would have cared to own to herself. The lesson of her life for nearly you." four years had been the lesson of forgetfulness; but it was not yet learned. His voice, his face, had still the power to awaken strange, unreasoning gladness, to give life

"No. Madge: I have come on no such philanthropic errand. I confess to caring very little whether your work of mercy thrives or fails. I am here from pure sel fishness. I am eaten up by my own cares my own burden is too heavy for me, and of late, night and day, I am devoured by one thought, one hope-

He stopped suddenly, looking at her with eyes that shone feverishly bright in his paie and haggard face, with one strong hand clenched upon the table between them.

"The Forlorn Hope, Madge," he said in a low voice, after a few moments' silence. "the hope that you will pity me when no one else in this world, except my brother, can pity me, knowing all. Yes, that you knowing my ain, might still pity me-might still love me.

He flung himself on his knees at her feet. He seized her hand and covered it with kisses, despairing kisses, which moved her more than his wildest passion of days gone by had ever moved her, fondly as she had loved the tempter.

She snatched her hand from him indignantly, looking at him in angry surprise. "I thought you knew me better than to talk to me in that strain," she said. " thought I had shown you that I am not the kind of woman to be tempted by a fine gentleman lover—to be tempted now, after I have given my life to the saving of weaker | it killed her. Between the reading of that women. Do you think that I am likely to forget that you are another woman's husband —and that when you were a 66 man you

refused to makey me?"

"I was a fool, Madge, a proud, self opinionated idiot. I did not know that you were the one woman upon this earth who could der. You did not mean to kill her." have made my life happy—who might have the nobility of such a nature as yours? 1 saw in you a beautiful peasant, whom it was my business, as a gentleman, to seduce. ney, in a fur-lined overcoat and deer stalk- seeing that passing vision of a malignant | And when I was that your recistance was fancied myself in love with another woman.

He shuddered as he pronounced his wife's | ed itself, and she was dead."

your marriage ended unhappily; but there tail, showing how vividly every circum well as these here gentleman, nodding is a long life before you vet I hope and stance of the vividly every circum well as these here gentleman, and that I is a long life before you yet, I hope, and stance of that dismal scene had painted itabout it."

I ou wait take time to think him, buried under the crushing weight of a shout it."

Which is the control of the present of the pr never given to irresolution. I have done rekindling of an old flame, but in the as he most things, for good or evil, on the spur of his dead love for that strainge girl, there the moment. I am off by the stable life was a faint flow, a fittle spot of warmth reportmenteaux have gone down to the stable interesting where tall label had grown cold. I shall attay a day or two interesting where tall label had been to the sound the things had been to tall attay a day or two interesting where tall the things had been to tall attay and then sail for the Cape.

"For the Cape! That is so far, Val." Why that this if there duld be counfort or hope to I laly or Spain."

"I am going at once. You interest and in a part of the same of his dead love for that strainge girl, there is a man I suspect to been suspect you?"

"No one has found me out. There is a man I suspect to been suspect you?"

"No one has found me out. There is a man I suspect to been man upon and it is the things had been to the things had been to been father, and the little strain to been father, and the little strain to been father, and the little strain to been more politically the man."

"You must not lose as hour in getting the label as much sense."

Yes, please. I should relish a cup of away from England—from Europe—bon cold water from your hand. And my mouth the reach of pursuit, if that be possible cold water from your nand. And my jour- Suspicion once aroused, detection might be sey. Think of me as the worst of your easy, and then having hidden your orbe patients. Have you many in the house?" you might seem a deliberate murder in "Every bed is full except one. There is stead of the victim of a moment's parion.

You must sail by the first ship.

She was moving to and fro between the morrow morning." press and the fireplace, filling her little tea pots from the big iron kettle as she talked to him.

"I need not wait for that, I know the and only confirm suspicion. Go at once while you are free to go." meaning of misery.

"Ah, but not of such misery as she has suffered, a girlhood that has been one long chance," he answered thoughtfully, "It degradation. Think of what it was for that you would be kind to me, Madge\_if you would let me spend an hour in all you girl to awaken to the first consciousness of would let me spend an hour in this room life in the mids; of such foul surroundings sometimes, hear the sound of your voice as decent lips dare not name; to have been watch you coming in and going out, I would so reared as not to know the meaning of sin rather stay in London than go to Africa to till she was steeped in it, blackened by it, look for diamonds and shoot big game, dying of it. That is her history."

"She is what you call an interesting case,

"She is one among many. Old and young thought life would be the come here every day, pleading for a corner to die in. That is about all we can give yet awhile."

"You have done a good deal, I think, in establishing such a refuge." "People are so kind. The poor have helped me as much as the rich. Those who flavour was gone. I went about as if I

me little presents out of their household own existence or the life round ma Across the front of one of these houses, of goods, at a sacrifice. This iron kettle was thoughts went with me Across the front of one of these houses, of goods, at a sacrince. This front of one of these houses, of goods, at a sacrince. This front of one of these houses, of goods, at a sacrince. This front of one of these houses, of goods, at a sacrince. This front of one of these houses, of goods, at a sacrince. This front of one of these houses, of goods, at a sacrince. This front of one of these houses, of goods, at a sacrince. This front of one of these houses, of goods, at a sacrince. This front of one of these houses, of goods, at a sacrince. This front of one of these houses, of goods, at a sacrince. This front of one of these houses, of goods, at a sacrince. This first houses, of goods, at a sacrince house, at a bours, appeared a long black board on which It was a legacy from a butcher's wife whom stronger than I brought that the words, "The Forlorn Hope," were she had served for years. 'It is too good stronger than I-braver, nobler. Pity me painted in large white letters. In front of for me, sister, she said. 'Any little tin if you can, as the strong should pity the tea kettle will do to make my cup of tea.' She kissed the kettle before she handed it me, for love of her dead mistress."

> She set one of the tea trays before him, with a little plate of bread and butter, such as she had been cutting for her patients. She rang a beli, and a woman of about forty came into the room, dressed in a gray merino gown and a white cap and apron. She looked like a lady, but she was very thin and gaunt, with a pale pinched face and a sad smile. She looked surprised at finding a stranger seated by the hearth. "Sister Angela, Mr. Belfield," said Madge, by way of introduction. "Mr. Belfield good enough to be interested in our work, Sister." Angela bowed, but made no reply. The two women took half a dozen of the little trays between them, and went away to attend to their patients, leaving Valentine to stare into the fire and brood over his

past life. He thought of those careless days on the river, with boat, and dog, and gun; the sheer idleness of fancy which had led him to Madge Dawley's cottage; the hold her beauty had taken of him, and his scornful disbelief in her virtue. And he now came to this woman in his agony, as the woman who could give him help and comfort, whose strong brave soul could inspire him with courage to begin life anew. And having come into this house of pain, he felt as if it would be best of all to stay here for ever. to be her clerk, her ally, her drudge, only so have the privilege of being near her. He almost forgot his scheme of distant travel, he was ready to grovel at her feet and plead to be allowed to stay with her.

She was absent for more than an hour. He emptied the tea pot, and looked at his watch a dozen times before she came back. "Are you surprised to see me here still,"

he asked. "Yes, I thought you would have gone back to your hotel. This is not a place for love. I have planned out my path in life, the form of the thread of a screw,

"I suppose not, yet you told me if I wish you good-night, and ask you to leave been left behind the moving bod were in great distress I might come to you this house. I have a great deal to do be which it was cast off, and the difficu

for shelter. I hoped to find the name of fore bedtime." your house was not altogether a delusion-The Forlorn Hope. I have no other hope, Madge." "That cannot be true. You have your

mother, who adores you." "My mother cannot help me to bear my There are three and twenty sick or ailing

burden. It would blast her declining years. girls and women in the house, and only bring her in anguish to the grave, to know | three sisters besides myself to see to them, bounded domains, and govern the b the nature of my misery. I want some We are a sistemhood of twenty-two. I am growth and destiny of its count strong bosom to lean upon; I want some the only permanent resident. The other heroic soul to inspire me with courage. | twenty-one each give one day and night in Madge, I have come to you—to you, as the every week to the work. They come at only woman who can shed a ray of light upon | eight one evening, and go away at eight on this darkened spirit. I am a viler sinner the following evening. It is one day taken than any of your lost sheep. Have pity from the week of worldly business for upon me if you can, Madge, for I am the work of mercy. We find the plan works kind of sinner whom no one pities. I am better than many resident sisterhoods. The a mutderer !"

drew her nearer to him, looking up at her monotonous. There is no weariness, in with despairing eyes, as she stood looking pining for escape into the outer world down upon him, speechless with horror. " I killed my wife."

" Oh, God !'

"I had the confession of her falsehood in my hand, her own deliberate declaration that she had ceased to love me, and that she was passionately in love with another man—that she was leaving me to be his mistress. A pleasant letter for a husband to read, Madge. The ink was wet upon the paper, and she stood there looking at mebeautiful—false to the core. I struck her to the ground. It was only one blow. but letter and her death, there was but an interval of half-a-dozen seconds. The ink was wet still, and she was lying at my feet looking up at me-dead."

"It was horrible," gasped Madge, "an awful, irreparable calamity-but not mur

"I will not say as much as that. I think influenced me for good. I was hemmed in I wanted to kill her as I would have killed and bound round by petty prejudices, by her seducer had he been there-but I was bigoted belief in birth and position. What sorry the instant she was dead. The agony are birth and position when weighed against | of remorse began before that ink was dry." "You should have confessed the truth you should have braved all consequences."

"I should. I was a coward and a fool; a craven, to shrink from the donsequences real and earnest, I lost my temper, and of my wrath. I had a right to be angry. I forgot how frail a thing she was. She fell It was pique that made me Helen Deverill's like a lily—a tall white lifty snapped in a lover."

"That is all past and done with," said ghastly burial of the dead, in the silence of and a suit of homespun clothes, got up, and then he went on to describe that ered old fellow, wearing a dingy slotten and a suit of homespun clothes, got up, and then he went on to describe that ered old fellow, wearing a dingy slotten and a suit of homespun clothes, got up, and then he went on to describe that ered old fellow, wearing a dingy slotten and a suit of homespun clothes, got up, and then he went on to describe that ered old fellow, wearing a dingy slotten and a suit of homespun clothes, got up, and then he went on to describe that ered old fellow, wearing a dingy slotten and a suit of homespun clothes, got up, and then he went on to describe that ered old fellow, wearing a dingy slotten and a suit of homespun clothes, got up, and the summer night. He dwelt on every describe that the summer night. He dwelt on every describe that the summer night. He dwelt on every describe that the summer night.

a girl of nineteen in the next mom, dying. You must sail by the first ship that If you could hear her story you would know carry you. Go to Liverpool to night by the mail—if Liverpool is the port—and start to

"I am in no hurry." "But if your secret were once suspected to leave England then would look like flight

while you are free to go." "I have half a mind to stay and take my am not the man I was before that night Madge. When-when I had done that deed, my first thought was to save my neck thought life would be the same as it had been—the hunting field—the racecourse the battue-all the same. I thought I could forget. But when the seasons came round again, and the old sports, and the old people -my God, what a change. All the zest and have had no morey to give have brought was in a dream, only half conscious of my

> "I do pity you, poor soal, with all my heart," she answered, softly. She bent over him, and kissed his burning forehead. For the first time in their lives, her lips touched

him in love, freely given. "God bless you, Madge, for that kin," he faltered. "It shows me that you can pity me. Oh, my love, don't banish me. Let me stay near you-always. Let me serve you as a slave serves his master. Let me get a suit, fustian and corduroy, in Lisson Grove, and carry coals and clean windows for you-until you have tried me by years of faithful service, if you like. God knows I will be patient in consideration of the wretch I am, and then when you have found that there is some good in me, let me be your husband, and let us go away to gether to the other end of the world. If there is happiness for me upon this earth, it must be found with you."

"That is all a dream, Mr. Belfield, a million miles in a year. If the earth feverish dream of your poor sick soul. I sourneying left a luminous wake in have my duty here, which I shall never the path would appear in the form of leave; and you have your duty to yourself, spiral, resembling that actually seen and to your mother and brother. Think nebula in Draco. So far from this how their lives would be darkened by grist anique object, Prof. Holden says that and shame if you were brought to answer to ther nebulæ examined show eviden for your crime, and made to appear that similar form, and he expects to which you were not-a deliberate murderer. Further examples, perhaps still more For their sake you ought to get away while of the same class of phenomena. the coast is clear. Begin a new life in . It is difficult to suggest a satisfac new country. Find new duties, as I found mine when my life was most desolate; and in doing your duty and saving the souls of have long had examples of nebulou sinners, you may find a full atonement for made up of flat concentric rings of your own sin. And then the shadows will but these seemed naturally to su be lifted, the burden will be lessened, the likeness to the imagined condition light will come.

have yearned for you in my misery. That mass that had been shaped by rotal kiss has sealed me as your own for ever." "If you persist in saying these things, I wounded by rings. But the helix will never see you again, Mr. Belfield, I have done with love, and all thoughts of There, if the nebulous spirals really

and mean to keep to it. And now I must ther of which they are composed mu

not you give one evening in your lite to my wrist in the space through which the despair-you who do so much for others!" "I am the head of our little organization.

and have to see that all is done rightly. sisters are more cheerful, better tempered, He clasped her hand in both his own and, and in better health. Their lives are not They always bring a certain amount o freshness to their work; and it makes them happy to know that however worldly the rest of their lives may be, one day out of

the seven is spent in doing good." "The plan is your invention, I suppose!

"Yes, it is mine." "Clear brain; strong heart! Why did I not know your value four years ago? Well Madge, you have received me kindly, and I won't impose upon your kininess. Good-night. I shall come again to-morrow

"Think better of it, and go to Liverpool by the night mail. "Good night," he repeated, ignoring her question.

"Good night." They clasped hands and parted. Scarce. ly had the outer door shut upon him, when she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Oh, my love, my sin stained love!" she murmured; "I care for you more in your abasement than I ever cared for you yet. I would give my life to lead you back to hap piness, if I had any hope you could ever be happy. But the curse of blood is on your soul, and what hope can there be for you on this side of the grave?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Street-car Etiquette. A handsomely dressed young woman entered a crowded street-car. A long whish And then he went on to describe that ered old fellow, wearing a dingy slouch hat usetly burnel of the deed in the seat Will you please get up ." The young

and Mere Wonderful Diso with the Lick Telescope. While the Lick telescope has failed

Mars, or to cast any important

the fact of their existence it has mad

those phenomena beyond con

nishing discoveries in the nebul of the universe. But for Prof. E prance to the contrary we might, be led to think that the mighty Mount Hamilton, like Lord Rosse sirror at Parsonstown, would pro efulia observations requiring accura sition that in those which demand thed Prof. Holdon's discoveries selebrated Ring Nebula in the const Lyra, where he found a marvelous at concentric ellipses, composed alte fisters and nebulous stuff-in sl helf-finished creation, where, it would the great sunamith is still forging the light. Since then Prof. Holde kindly sent us photogaphs shewin appearance of two other nebulæ as with the giant telescope. One of the hinks, must be regarded as the first entative of a new class of nebulæ, in the nebulous stuff is arranged " in the of a helix or screw, just as if the nebu ing around the central star and les brilliant train, while the central sta was rapidly moving through space." world with his accounts of the wond sealed for the first time to human his telescopes, has any news been r from the celestial spaces of such ab interest as these announcements fr director of the Lick observatory. bals in question is one of those co in Herschel's catalogues, and is situ the constellation of Draco, in the nor quarter of the heavens. The phoshows a central point, or star, sur by two superposed nebulous spirals. pearance of which certainly justifie Holden's suggestion that they may train of luminous matter left by a orb in its spiral path around a movi tre. The reader can obtain a clear con of this by considering the case of th and the sun. The earth makes a c iourney around the sum once a yea the sun meanwhile is not standing st is moving forward on an apparently course towards the constellation I at a rate which, though undetermi certainly not less than two or three l planation of such a structure in a In the well-known "spiral nebu solar system when it was in the "I cannot live without you, Madge, I stages of its formation from a r condensation into a central aggregat nebula in Draco is something very d understand exactly how that cou "Cannot other people do it for you! Can- cocurred unless some medium is sup It is evident that these discover pretty certainly lead to new and in

riews not only of the contents of ap of the laws that prevail throughout narvellously varied creations. The Bishop's False Teeth.

Many a good story has been told a consternation and dismay produced ound of the Scottish bagpipes on the tisted ears. They are said to have light foes for whom a bayonet charge have no terrors. But the story Sishop Taylor in Ashbury church of ing about the effect his moveable te suced among the blacks in Africa hade. Somehow his black brethr know that the good Bishop had fal and one of them gently and tren roke the subject to him in conversa Not wishing to be suspected of the bishop told the children many south that in big America v came from, when a man lost a leg so and get a new one made. And pair fell off he could buy a fresh and so with the teeth, when they out or were pulled they could be r "Then," said the bishop, "I drew beautiful, white, clean porcelain when they saw that, you ought to h those darkies run and scream and ges woman declared she had seen t der of the world and was now conten

Peace." A Frank Criticism. What do you think of my poer Gazette, Wilkins ?" It was a remarkable piece of wor about it I thought was par "What was that?" That the Gazette ever published

A Difference of Opinion. to mountain house land the amount of this bill is enti-

Too large ! Just fan health-inspiring mounts think it's too small.

> To Oure a Corn. The any druggist or who the of Putnam Ges "Putnam's