SUPPLEMENT TO

The Free Press.

Tigers and Elephants.

INDIA, 1780-90.—Ten years after the famine of 1770, a once populous district was a silent jungle; and in 1780 a small body of Sepoys could with difficulty force its way through its forests. "For 120 miles," says an eye-witness, "they marched through but an extensive wood, all the way a perfect wilderness; some time a small village presented itself in the midst of these jungles, with a little cultivated ground around it, hardly sufficient to encamp the two battalions. These woods abound with tigers, and bears, which infested the camp every night, but did no other damage than carrying off a child and killing some of the gentlemen's baggage-bullocks." As the rural communities relinquished their hamlets and drew closer together toward the centre of a district, the wild beasts pressed hungrily on their rear. In vain the East India Company offered a reward for each tiger's head sufficient to maintain a peasant's family in comfort for three months; an item of outlay which our officers deemed so important, that when, in the financial crisis of 1790-91, the Treasury had to suspend all payments, and it made the tiger money and diet allowance for prisoners the sole exception to the rule. In vain it spent the whole land revenue of a frontier district in rewards for killing wild beasts. A belt of jungle filled with ferocious animals lay for years around the cultivated land. The official records frequently speak of the mail-bag being carried off by tigers, and the custom of the mail-runners carrying jingling rings or bells to scare away the wild beasts survived to our own day. Lord Cornwallis, in 1790, had to sanction a grant of public money to free the military road from the depredations of these animals. The ravages of the wild elephants were on a larger scale, and their extermination formed one of the most important duties of the British officers after the country passed under our rule. Tigers, leopards, and wolves slew their hundreds of thousands of cattle. But the herd of wild elephants was absolutely resistless, lifting off roofs, pushing down walls, trampling a village under foot as if it were a city of rand, which a child had built upon the shore. In two parishes alone, during the last few years of the native administration, fifty-six hamlets with their surrounding lands "had all been destroyed and gone to jungle, caused by the depredations of wild elephants." Another official return states that forty market villages throughout Birbhum district had been deserted from the same cause. Large reductions had to be made in the land-tax, and the East India Company borrowed tame elephants from the native Viceroy's stud in order to catch the wild ones. "I had ocular proof on my journey," writes an English officer in 1791, "of their ravages. The poor timid native ties hit out in a tree, to which he retires when the elephants approach, and silently views the destruction of his cottage and the whole profits of his labour." "One night," writes an English surveyor in 1810, "although I had a guard, the chain of the sentinels [illegible] tired to the trees, and the women hid themselves among the cattle, leaving their huts a prey to the elephants, who knew very well where to look for grain. Two nights before some of them had unroofed a hut in the village, and had eaten up all the grain which a poor family possessed." "Most fortunately for the population of the country," wrote the greatest elephant-hunter of the last century, "they delight in the sequestered range of the mountains; if they preferred the plain, whole kingdoms would be laid waste."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

EUGENIE MARKHAM, the famous beauty of the original Lydia Thompson company, has been heard from in Arizona. She quitted her husband and a "Pinafore" company, leaving a letter, in which she said that she was tired of both.

CLAIMS to lots in Leadville are so unstable that the holders are extremely suspicious. James Langdon looked out of his window at night, saw a man innocently crossing his ground, conjectured that he had some sinister design; and shot him dead.

MCKENZIES was compelled, while a loaded pistol was levelled at him, to marry Miss Moore, at Leavenworth, Kansas. He contested the legality of the marriage, and the courts decided it null and void. Then he voluntarily had the ceremony repeated.

AN appeal comes from Persia for the starving thousands in that land. A lady, who for more than twenty years has been a missionary in Persia has written to friends in this country a vivid account of the terrible suffering of which she is a daily witness.

MISS BUTLER, of Pittsburg, Pa., had looked for a man under her bed every night for many years, and at last she found not one there, but four. They wore black masks, and left her bound and gagged when they went off with the family plate and jewellery.

QUEEN VICTORIA has just presented $250 to Private George Dodd, of the British army, in recognition of his gallantry in saving a child from death under the wheels of a tram-car in Dublin. The car was going over a steep incline, and could not be stopped. Dodd, sprang forward to snatch the child, and would have paid for his bravery with his life had not the pole struck him and knocked him, with the little one in his arms, clear of the rail.

AT a recent cricket match in England the winning side was much assisted by the admirable fielding of a retriever. Dogs have been trained to many kinds of work, but their appearance in the cricket field is a novelty. It is easy to see, however, what valuable service retrievers and other dogs of size, strength, activity, and intelligence might be taught to render in opposition to the best batting. There would be very few threes, and scarcely ever a four, if a swift sporting dog were ready to follow and bring back the ball.

SPAIN has a remarkable specialator in the Marquis de Santa Cesr di Mandils. He made a fortune many years ago, and became a large holder of fir tree lands in the Sierra di Sequra, just before they rose from nothing to great value by the railroad being made from Alcante to Madrid. His next venture was in planting vines on such a scale that he is believed to be the largest owner of vineyards in the world. His district is the well-known one of Valdepener. His vineyards are ploughed, instead of worked by hand, and he raises great quantities of drinkable wine at small cost.

JULIUS RAHDE'S wife died, at Dayton, Ohio, and left two children on his hands, one aged six; and the other an infant. He complained that they bothered him insufferably; the baby was a particular pest, keeping him awake nights, and refusing to eat the solid food that he gave it. The little one was found dead in its cradle one day; and the following is the testimony of the surviving child: "Paps came in and took baby from the cradle and hit it; he then put baby back in the cradle and went out and got drunk; then paps came in again and took baby from the cradle and threw him down on the floor; he kicked baby in the side, then picked him up and hit him and choked him; baby did not cry, and paps put him back in the cradle."

IN a street in Canton rats are hung up for sale with poultry. They are dried and salted and are very much affected by ladies whose hair is falling off, as the flesh of rats is known to be an excellent preventive of baldness. Pork is one of the staples of Chinese cookery, the best bacon and hams coming from the provinces of Fokien and Quang Tung, the flavour of the hams being much improved by keeping them for a year or two in sawdust after they have been cured. As in Europe and here certain places in China are renowned for their products, such as Pekin for its sweet ducks; Tou-lion, a small village near that city, for its vinegar, (tson), Tchin-Kiang, in the Kiangsu, for a sauce made with fermented beans and salt, which the Chinese use as we use Worcestershire sauce.

She And I.

Sunny silver light
Floods the heavens o'er;
In the autumn night
Stand we at the door—
She, the young coquette,
Graceful, fresh and fair,
Like a mignonette
Scenting all the air.

Thus we talk and look
(Sweet the moments are)!
In a shady nook,
With the door ajar.
Reck we not the time,
Nor of those around—
She with dreamy eyes
Bent to woo the ground.

'Tis our parting too:
Weeks of joy and pain
Will have bloomed and died
Ere we meet again.
"Shall your heart be mine?
Do not tell me, nay."
Comes her answer low,
"Time alone can say!"

So to tardy Time
Trust I all my care,
All my boundless love,
All my hopeful prayers!
If my English rose
Breathes but her consent,
In the coming years
I will be content!

CARRIED BY STORM.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,

AUTHOR OF "A MAD MARRIAGE," "A LITTLE QUEEN," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BITTER END.

The journey home after the startling events of the evening is silent enough. Neither Geoffrey nor Leo feels equal to any animated conversation. Geoff is reproaching himself bitterly with having, however, unconsciously, trifled with Marie's affection, and Leo is divided between sympathy, both for her brother and for Marie, while on her own part she is very loth to lose the bright, happy-faced girl who has been almost the only companion of her own age she has had since they have "fallen from their high estate."

Doubts of her brother, she has none; she would as soon believe that the sun would cease to shine as that her noble-hearted Geoff could be guilty of a dishonorable or mean thought, much less of such a traitorous part as Marie's accusing words would seem to indicate.

No! She feels pity for Marie, whose wounded heart spoke in every tone, but at the same time never ceases to believe her the victim of a self-delusion, in common with her mother and Frank.

And so they reach the villa, and enter the pleasant drawing-room.

"Where in the world have you been?" is Frank's greeting, as he rises impatiently from the comfortable armchair in which he has ensconced himself with a book.

He is soon enlightened with a history of the little adventure with the tramp, of which he is eager for the full details, while Mrs. Abbott is alternately swayed by indignation, terror, and pride in her two children.

As if by tacit consent, neither Geoff nor Leo makes the slightest allusion to the Marie incident. It has already caused too much pain.

"By Jove!" Frank cries, when the story is ended. "Perhaps you were right, Geoff. But I don't think I could have let the scoundrel off quite so easily. I fancy his life-blood, or at least, a small portion of it, would have been spent my bread, or my hands, before I had done with him. Why, in the name of all that is holy, did you not 'knock the engineer with his own potard,' or, rather, thrash him within an inch of his life with his own cudgel? It had been so with us had we been there."

As he quotes the line he draws his strong, shapely figure to its full height, and little Leo, deep down in her heart of hearts, thinks him at that moment the most splendid specimen of humanity it has ever been her lot to meet, not excepting Geoff—but then, she has seen so few!

The few remaining hours of the evening pass delightfully enough in fighting the battles o'er again, but just before the moment of parting for the night, Geoff calls Leo over to him.

"You must do me a service, little one, to-morrow," he says, "if you will."

"A thousand, if I can."

"It is not much—only to take a little note to Marie."

"Geoff!"

"I mean it. See her if you can—force your way to her, and let her give you an answer."

Leo nods, kisses him and her mother, and trips out of the room, singing merrily enough. Never again with you, Robin," a ditty which, though she does not know it, is appropriate enough to the life's romance of both the gentlemen, who are soon left by Mrs. Abbott to their cigars.

The next morning Leo finds Geoff has left for her a note addressed to herself, in which is enclosed another to Marie, and nerves herself bravely for her task. Contrary to her anticipations, she has little trouble in finding Marie, who receives her kindly enough, but there is that indescribable difference which shows to her clearly enough that the silver link which bound them together is snapt asunder for ever.

She takes the envelope, and breaks it open almost mechanically, and then reads it through without a word.

It is a long letter, and as Leo eagerly scans her face, she notices her colour vary, and tears brast in her, while her eyes are not undimmed by tears. When she has got through with it, she rises slowly, comes over to where Leo is standing, and, placing her hand on her shoulder, says, with quivering lips—

"I cannot trust myself to write one word in reply. Only tell him that we must never see each other again. Tell him to forget that he ever met—ever saw me. Ask him, if he can, to forgive the wild, mad words I spoke last night, and believe that I shall always think of him as the noblest of men. What there is in that letter, Leo, must ever remain a sacred secret between us two, but it only tells me how illimitable is the happiness I have lost, and lost for ever. Good bye."

Leo cannot utter a syllable. Her heart is too full, and, like all impulsive natures, she is only too ready to receive the impression of sorrow from the heartbroken girl by her side. All she can do is to clasp her to her heart and mingle her own tears freely with those of the friend she feels she, too, has lost. A few broken sentences come to her at last, and then she hurries away home again.

Marie watches her out of sight, and then buries her face in her hands.

"Nothing remains," she murmurs, "but to wait—wait patiently and resignedly for the bitter end."

CHAPTER XV.

HOW JOANNA CAME BACK.

"Geoffrey," Leo says, on the evening of the same day, after dinner, "what is the matter with Frank?"

"Matter with Frank?" repeats Geoffrey, looking up from the evening paper, distractedly. "There is nothing the matter with Frank. He looks in very good health."

"I don't mean his health," returns little Leo, pouting. "I mean—I mean his looks. A person may have something the matter with him, and still his liver and lungs be all right."

"Oh, you mean the secret sorrow sort of thing, do you?" with an amused look. "Well, come to think of it, Livingston does look a trifle hipped—as if he had gotten a facer, somehow, in the set-to with life. But it is only what he must expect, as well as the rest of us," says Dr. Lamar, philosophically, going back to his paper. "As we ride onward in life care mounts the crupper with most of us."

As he speaks, Leo catches a glimpse of some one coming up the road, and starts to her feet. She knows that tall, graceful figure, that negligent walk.

Brother and sister have been for some time out here in the scented summer dusk. Mamma is reading one of her pious little books in her room, and their guest went to the city in the afternoon. It is their guest who approaches, with a certain air of weariness and boredom now. In his hand he carries a large bouquet, whose fragrance heralds his approach.

"Ah, Livingston," Geoffrey says, genially, "back? Were you successful? Did you find your mother?"

"No," Frank says, moodily, "I did not. There is a fatality in it, I think. It has been a regular game of hide and seek. She left yesterday for Brighton. Where is Leo?"

The sound of the piano in the dusk of the parlour answers. Leo is well enough to sing about all day, and sing in the twilight. Here is a voice like herself—low and soothing, and sweet, suited to nothing more pretentious than little home songs and tender love ditties. It is one of these she sings now, "Take Back the Heart That Thou Gavest."

It is too dark to read.

Dr. Lamar lays down his paper, and essays conversation, but Frank's replies are monosyllabic. He is listening to that gentle little plaint with a strange sort of sorrowful ache at his heart. Even here savage sort of sorrowful ache at his heart. Even here his infidelity faces him, in the innocent voice of the singer, in the mournful words of the song.

Geoffrey sees he is not in the mood for talk, and resigns himself to listen also. Little Leo's singing is always pleasant to the fraternal ear. Certainly Livingston is very much changed, he thinks. He used to be rather a rattlepate—melancholy and Frank never used to be on speaking terms. Can it be connected with Olga? the young doctor wonders. He sighs as he wonders. She rises before him, a vision of pure pale loveliness, a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair—no other he sees equals her.

Happy Frank, if he is to win her. But is he worthy? He is the sort of fellow to fancy himself in love many times, but Olga Ventnor has a deep nature, a strong, steadfast heart. The man she gives herself to should be brave, and loyal and true.

A good fellow enough, Frank—a fellow to make a different sort of girl happy, but never Olga Ventnor.

The song ends, and silence falls. Frank rises and approaches the piano.

"A melancholy ditty," he says, half smiling. "Will you have some white roses, Leo? They used to be your favourite flowers, used they not? You see, I remember old times and tastes. And as a reward of merit, sing for me again—something not so heartbreak this time."

A flush rises to Leo's face. She does not thank him for his floral offering other than by that fleeting blush, but she buries her pretty little nose in their sweetness, and gives them a surreptitious kiss, a little for themselves, a great deal for their giver.

"I will sing whatever you like," she says, in that shy, sweet way of hers. "I sing all Claribel's songs, and like them not. They are so simple, you know, and so just suited to me."

"So sweet, you know, and so suited to your amends Livingston, rallying, and dropping into this sort of thing from sheer force of habit.

"Shall we have lights?" Leo asks.

The half light is charming. His presence sets every little youthful nerve thrilling as he leans, tall and dark, against the piano.

"No—unless you wish it. I like this hour 'twixt the glooming and the mirk,' as the Scotch say. Can you not sing from memory?"

"Oh, yes," Leo answers, and sings.

It is another of Claribel's, not and this time, but with a gay, lilting refrain—

And I will marry my sin love,
For true of heart am I.

"True of heart!" Livingston thinks. "True of heart!"

Is it in him to be that to anyone, he wonders. It is a noble quality, truth of heart, but noble qualities seem to have shaken hands and parted from him of late.

It is precisely five days since he first came to the Lamar villa—days that have flown so pleasantly that their flight has been unfelt. All his life is about to be changed. On the brink of that supreme change he may surely linger for a moment. Sybarite that he is, looking neither backward nor forward. But the brief respite is at an end. This is the close of the last day.

"Sing 'Robin Adair,'" he says, in the pause that follows "you used to sing it long ago—and I will return to Geoff and smoke while I listen. It will be my parting remuneration of you—this twilit room and the words of the old Scotch song."

"'Robin Adair!' she exclaims. The little brown hands on the keys falter and fall in the dusk, the small face whitens. "What do you mean?"

"That I tear myself away from this enchanted spot, this 'Island of Tranquil Delights' to-morrow morning by the 9.50 train; and 'Robin Adair' shall speed the parting guest. Ah, little Leo, it is five long summer weeks since I came, and the good days of this life are not long-lived. My pleasant visit is ended. To-morrow I go back to my stern reality, to grim duty. I will carry this picture with me, and paint it some day—this half-lit interior this open piano, and you. Ah, little Leo, believe me I am sorry to go!"

And then he stops suddenly, and goes off to Geoffrey and his cigar, and little Leo is left to realize the swift, startling truth that her heart will go with him, and that she will follow her heart, oh, so gladly, so lovingly, if that blissful day ever comes when he will ask her. But just at present she is a maiden unasked, and her duty is to be "plucky," and sing "Robin Adair" while he smokes over there in the garden dusk.

And she does it bravely, too, to the end. If the sweet voice is low, it is always low; if it falters, it is a pathetic little ballad; if it closes with something like a sob, the last chord of the accompaniment drowns that.

The summer darkness is friendly and hides much. But she sings no more. She comes close to her brother, and sitting on a low stool, nestles her head against his knee. He lays his hand lightly on that dark, drooping head.

"Tired, little Leo?" he says gently. "Does the ankle hurt?"

"A little," she answers, in a stifled voice.

Opposite, Livingston sits smoking, silent, dark, in deepest shadow. Overhead there is a primrose, starlit sky, around them sleeping flowers and fragrant shrubs, summer stillness, a faint breeze, and the noise and lights of the great city afar off.

At they sit there, a silent trio, Mrs. Abbott—Lamar she calls herself now—descends and joins them. She looks very frail and white, but the rare beauty and stately grace remain.

"In the dark?" she says, smiling. "Why do you not light the parlour, Leo, and go in?"

"It is pleasanter here, mother," says her son, bringing forward a chair. "Have you a wrap? Yes I see. Well, sit down; it is a lovely night—let us enjoy it."

"Let us crown ourselves with roses before they fade," quotes Livingston out of the dusk. "My roses faded with this evening. To-morrow I go, and I shall bear with me the memory of one of the pleasantest visits of my life."

There are exclamations from Mrs. Lamar and Geoffrey. Leo says not a word.

"So soon?" Mrs Lamar says. "Oh, I am sorry."

She is sorry. It has seemed wonderfully good to see a face out of the old life—the old life that has had its pleasures and its friendships, as well as its bitter pain.

"Thank you for saying that," Frank returns; "thank you still more for the tone of sincerity in which it is said. Mrs. Lamar, I think you would let Olga Ventnor come and see Leo."

There is a movement in the quiet figure leaning against Geoffrey's knee, but she does not speak.

"Olga!" the lady says, startled. "Oh, indeed I do not know. All this is at an end—

"You have chosen that it shall be," says Frank; "there is no other reason why. She has so few friends of her own age, and—pardon me—it must be a little lonely to her sometimes."

"No, no—oh, no!" from Leo; "no, no, indeed, mamma. Do not think that."

"And Olga is dying to see her," pursues Livingston, unheeding, "and Olga is a charming girl, I assure you. Quite all she promised to be, and more. How often have I heard her long to see you all again. Come, Mrs. Abbott—odine, Lamar, be generous to old friends—say she may come."

"I see no reason why she may not," Geoffrey says, slowly; "but it is a matter of feeling with my mother, and one for her decision alone. Would Miss Ventnor care to come?"

"Do you ask that, Lamar? If I tell her, she most assuredly will come to see you. Does your remembrance of Olga lead you to think she is one of the 'out of sight, out of mind' friends? You hardly do her justice."

"You are her loyal knight, at least," Dr. Lamar says, and laughs a little constrainedly, "and pleads her cause well. Will congratulations be premature, or are they an old story by this time? We are such ancient friends and cronies all, you know, that it is not impertinent to ask."

There is a tremor in the figure leaning against his knee, there is a strained, painful hush, in which she can count her own heart-beats. A brief pause follows; Livingston removes his cigar to knock off the ash with care, and speaks—

"If you mean an engagement between me and my cousin Olga, there is certainly no need of congratulation. We are not engaged, and we never shall be. But we are excellent friends and cousins all the same."

"But I thought—we all thought," says Mrs. Abbott, surprised, "that it was an understood thing you and Olga were to marry. We thought the families—

"So did I," says Livingston, with a half laugh, "and on that hint I spake. We were all mistaken, it seems. Olga thought differently and has reserved herself for a better man."

"Ah! and that better man—"

"Is mythical at present—has not yet put in an appearance. But no doubt he will, and Olga will wait serenely, although it should be a score of years hence. She will certainly never make a mistake matrimonially. What principally concerns me is, that I was not the man."

There is a pause.

Frank resumes his cigar, Leo's heart its wonted beating, but with a sudden contraction of pain that she cannot define. He has asked, then, and been refused.

"Refused!" thinks little Leo, looking shyly over at him in the dark; "how very strange!"

"She has had many offers, no doubt?" says Mrs. Abbott, at last. "Olga must be very lovely."

"She has the loveliest face ever seen out of a picture or a dream," Frank says, but he says it without one faintest touch of enthusiasm. "Mamma raved about her abroad. She has been painted again and again—her beauty is almost without a flaw. But you will see her for yourself. Only say the word—she will be but too glad to come."

"Could we be churlish enough to refuse? Yes, bring her, Frank, dear, fair little Princess Olga. It is good of her to remember us all so long."

"Five years is not an eternity, Mrs. Abbott. And I doubt if fifty would enable those who ever knew to forget you."

Mrs. Abbott smiles.

"My dear Frank, you are as charming as ever. You always had a faculty for saying nice things. I am afraid you are a flirt—I think, indeed, I have heard it whispered that you always were. Leo, do you not hear? Have you nothing to say? Olga will come."

"I am glad, mamma."

"Only that, and you are generally so enthusiastic. You are strangely quiet to-night. Are you in pain? The shock of that horrid fright last evening—your ankle—"

"Oh, it is all right, mamma," poor little Leo cries out.

In pain—yes—but the pain is not in anything so unromantic as an ankle. If he is not engaged to Olga, what then is the matter? Is it that her refusal has hurt him so deeply, in spite of his forced lightness of manner?

"There is another friend of the past," Dr. Lamar says, slowly, after a silence, "whom I suppose you have never met in all your wanderings up and down the world. I mean Joanna."

The name falls so unexpectedly, that all start at the sound. Livingston in the darkness turns quite white.

"Why do you suppose so?" he answers, and his voice is not quite steady. "I have met Joanna."

There is a universal exclamation.

Dr. Lamar starts to his feet, his mother clasps her hands, Leo sits erect, and looks eagerly.

"Her own sister! Geoffrey cries, excitedly. "You know where she is? Mother, you hear this? At last!"

"I have met her—I know where she is,"—Livingston answers, surprised at the amount of excitement they show at the information; "is there anything extraordinary in that?"

"There is this—that I have searched, and caused search to be made everywhere all those years in vain. I had almost made up my mind she was dead—so impossible has she been to discover. And all this time you have know where she was, until I thought I saw her again the other night—"

"Not all this time, if you mean these six past years—only within the past two months," says Frank, feeling oddly cold and conscious, and wondering what they would say if they knew.

"And where is she? In London?"

"At Ambleside, I think, just now. How excited you are over the matter, Lamar. I always know, of course—

"My dear fellow, you know nothing, absolutely nothing, of the truth. It is the most important concern of my life to find Joanna. She is safe and well, and married to Blake?"

"She is safe and well, but not married to Blake, or anybody else."

"What! She ran away with him, you know—"

"I know," Frank says, wincing; "but she run away from him, as you must recall, after."

"It was true, then? Odd girl—strange, wild Joanna! And what became of her—what did she do? No harm befell her, I trust?"

"None whatever, but much good. She found friends, honest and real friends, and she has worked her way to comparative fame and fortune. She is wild Joanna no longer. She is a rounded and thoroughly well-bred young lady, with gracious manners, and all womanly sweetness and goodness and grace."

He speaks warmly, his handsome face flushes in the dark.

"Thank heaven!" he hears Mrs. Abbott murmur, and Geoffrey, too, seems deeply moved.

"I am more thankful than I can say," he says, after a little. "I always knew the elements of a noble character were there, crushed, warped, as they had been, from childhood, but still there to call out the better. You can form no idea of how deeply we are all interested in the well-being and history of Joanna."

"So he tells me—he has so told me—"

But there, in the sweet summer dark, Livingston tells the story of provocation, and repetal, and flight, and pain, and struggle, and hardly won victory.

Joanna has told it to him—simply, unconscious of its pathos—and he repeats it tenderly, dwelling on all her goodness, her free generosity, her brave great heartedness, her beauty to all work, oppressed, and suffering things.

"She gives like a princess, freely, with both hands, to all who need," he says. "I know that the dearest desire of her heart is too soon to all again. She speaks very little of herself, but that much I know."

"Will you bring her to us?" Mrs. Abbott says, with repressed eagerness, great tears in her eyes. "Oh, my poor Joanna! my poor wronged, ill-treated child! living her to us, Frank, at once—at once! Geoffrey, you cannot go for her, I know—if you could—

"Quite impossible, mother; quite unnecessary, also. Livingston will tell her, and she will come. I will write to-night and say—well, something of what there is to be said—and she will come. The rest she can learn here. Frank, you have done us to-night a service for which I thank you with all my heart. You do not understand now, but you will later. Get in lights, Leo. I will write my letter at once, before I am called away."

So they leave the sweet-smelling garden, and the starry sky, and go in. Lights are brought, Geoffrey sits down to write, Mrs. Abbott goes to the piano and plays dreamy sonatas, Leo goes quiet needlework, Frank sits near, with the paper thrown down, and says little.

Presently it is eleven, and the letter is finished—a very long one—and it is bedtime, and they all stand up to say good-night and good-bye.

"But you will soon return with Olga?" Mrs. Abbott says.

"Olga will soon be here," he answers, with a smile, but Leo notices he says nothing about accompanying her.

Then it is her turn, and those two hard words, "good bye" are spoken, and his visit has come to an end.

"A gentleman for you, Miss Jenny."

Her maid hands her a card.

Joanna looks at it, and her face flushes. Frank returned.

She is alone in her room. A week has passed since Sir Sleaford told her his story, and no action has been taken yet.

She hardly knows why she waits, but it is for Livingston's return, and now the week is up, and he is here. She goes swiftly to where he waits, and he comes forward, both hands outstretched.

"You did not expect me so soon?" he say, the first salutation over. "No, I know. But the oddest thing has happened. Whom do you think I have met?"

She has no idea, she says, and smiles at the bright eagerness of his face.

"Leo Abbott—Geoff—their mother—and I have been stopping with them ever since."

"Frank?"

"I thought you would be astounded. You cannot be more delighted than they were, when they found out I knew you, and where you were. They have been looking for you, it appears, all this time. You know their home was in very opulent state. Abbott property, I suppose, and Geoffrey supports them by his profession. They are living in comparative poverty and obscurity, but are, one and all, as delightful people as ever. Here is an epistle for you, from Geoff, long enough to make one jealous, and Joanna, they count upon your going to them at once."

She takes the large letter, and looks at the clear, bold, familiar writing.

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"Very pretty."

She glances at him a moment.

"And Mrs. Abbott? she says, then.

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"I will go to-morrow"

"And I may accompany you, of course? Then I must inform Olga, who wishes to visit them, too. They will owe me a vote of thanks, I fancy, for restoring them to their friend."

"Go for your cousin at once, for I intend to go alone. Yes, I will have it so. I prefer it. Do you think I cannot travel alone?" laughing, and lifting her brave, bright face. "Have you yet to learn I am strong-minded, and simply sufficient unto myself? And, Frank, do not tell your cousin any more than your mother. Tell no one until I give you leave."

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Joanna informs him of to-morrow's journey, and that Mr. Livingston will dine with him, and so his opportunity is gone.

He dines and spends the evening, but he does not see Joanna for a moment alone; and next day she departs, holding to her resolution to go unescorted. He see her off, and takes the train for Brighthrook and his cousin Olga.

"Will they meet," he wonders, "these two, at the Lamar villa, and, if so, how? And how is it that Lamar and his mother take the finding of Joanna so greatly to heart?"

In the afternoon of that same day a cab sets Joanna down in front of the Lamar house. They have not expected her so soon, and Mrs. Abbott is alone in the house. As she sits the door opens, a tall young lady enters hurriedly, falls on her knees beside her, and clasps her in her arms.

"Mrs. Abbott," the familiar voice cries, "it is I. Oh, my friend, kindest, truest, dearest, best, look at me—bid me welcome—say you forgive me—say you are glad to see me. It is—Joanna—come back!"

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW JOANNA PAID HER DEBT.

They sit in the half-lit parlour, the lights turned low under shades, and Joanna listens once more to the story Alfred Sloaford has told. Her hand is clasped in Mrs. Abbott's, Leo nestles beside her in her usual clinging, childish fashion, and Geoffrey is the narrator.

No sound disturbs him; there are tears in his mother's dark eyes, otherwise she is calm. In the startled eyes of little Leo there are wonder and fear, but she says nothing, although what she hears now she hears for the first time.

For Joanna, she sits quite still; quite calm, and listens to the end. Even then there is not much said—there is not much that it is easy to say.

Leo buries her face in Joanna's lap, and is sobbing softly.

"Oh! how could papa—how could he—how could he?"

It is not in that tender little heart to blame anyone too hardly.

She is afraid to look at her mother, at Joanna, her sister, both so deeply wronged. Her sister! How strange that sounds.

A thrill of gladness goes through her as she clasps her closer in her arms. She has grown so famous, she bears herself so nobly—she looks so proud of her, so fond of her—it almost compensates. And she will be a great heiress—Joanna—it is her birthright, all that splendour and luxury—beautiful lost Abbott Wood.

Ah, her heart aches for Abbott Wood often and often, her fair, stately home, down by the sea. All is Joanna's now. Not one sparkle of envy or jealous grudging is in her—all good fortune that can befall her, Joanna deserves, has bravely earned. They were the usurpers, and held from her for years what should have been here.

"You have met her?" Geoffrey cries, excitedly. "You know where she is? Mother, you hear this? At last!"

"I have met her—I know where she is,"—Livingston answers, surprised at the amount of excitement they show at the information; "is there anything extraordinary in that?"

"There is this—that I have searched, and caused search to be made everywhere all those years in vain. I had almost made up my mind she was dead—so impossible has she been to discover. And all this time you have know where she was, until I thought I saw her again the other night—"

"Not all this time, if you mean these six past years—only within the past two months," says Frank, feeling oddly cold and conscious, and wondering what they would say if they knew.

"And where is she? In London?"

"At Ambleside, I think, just now. How excited you are over the matter, Lamar. I always know, of course—

"My dear fellow, you know nothing, absolutely nothing, of the truth. It is the most important concern of my life to find Joanna. She is safe and well, and married to Blake?"

"She is safe and well, but not married to Blake, or anybody else."

"What! She ran away with him, you know—"

"I know," Frank says, wincing; "but she run away from him, as you must recall, after."

"It was true, then? Odd girl—strange, wild Joanna! And what became of her—what did she do? No harm befell her, I trust?"

"None whatever, but much good. She found friends, honest and real friends, and she has worked her way to comparative fame and fortune. She is wild Joanna no longer. She is a rounded and thoroughly well-bred young lady, with gracious manners, and all womanly sweetness and goodness and grace."

He speaks warmly, his handsome face flushes in the dark.

"Thank heaven!" he hears Mrs. Abbott murmur, and Geoffrey, too, seems deeply moved.

"I am more thankful than I can say," he says, after a little. "I always know the elements of a noble character were there, crushed, warped, as they had been, from childhood, but still there to call out the better. You can form no idea of how deeply we are all interested in the well-being and history of Joanna."

"So he tells me—he has so told me—"

But there, in the sweet summer dark, Livingston tells the story of provocation, and repetal, and flight, and pain, and struggle, and hardly won victory.

Joanna has told it to him—simply, unconscious of its pathos—and he repeats it tenderly, dwelling on all her goodness, her free generosity, her brave great heartedness, her beauty to all work, oppressed, and suffering things.

"She gives like a princess, freely, with both hands, to all who need," he says. "I know that the dearest desire of her heart is too soon to all again. She speaks very little of herself, but that much I know."

"Will you bring her to us?" Mrs. Abbott says, with repressed eagerness, great tears in her eyes. "Oh, my poor Joanna! my poor wronged, ill-treated child! living her to us, Frank, at once—at once! Geoffrey, you cannot go for her, I know—if you could—

"Quite impossible, mother; quite unnecessary, also. Livingston will tell her, and she will come. I will write to-night and say—well, something of what there is to be said—and she will come. The rest she can learn here. Frank, you have done us to-night a service for which I thank you with all my heart. You do not understand now, but you will later. Get in lights, Leo. I will write my letter at once, before I am called away."

So they leave the sweet-smelling garden, and the starry sky, and go in. Lights are brought, Geoffrey sits down to write, Mrs. Abbott goes to the piano and plays dreamy sonatas, Leo goes quiet needlework, Frank sits near, with the paper thrown down, and says little.

Presently it is eleven, and the letter is finished—a very long one—and it is bedtime, and they all stand up to say good-night and good-bye.

"But you will soon return with Olga?" Mrs. Abbott says.

"Olga will soon be here," he answers, with a smile, but Leo notices he says nothing about accompanying her.

Then it is her turn, and those two hard words, "good bye" are spoken, and his visit has come to an end.

"A gentleman for you, Miss Jenny."

Her maid hands her a card.

Joanna looks at it, and her face flushes. Frank returned.

She is alone in her room. A week has passed since Sir Sleaford told her his story, and no action has been taken yet.

She hardly knows why she waits, but it is for Livingston's return, and now the week is up, and he is here. She goes swiftly to where he waits, and he comes forward, both hands outstretched.

"You did not expect me so soon?" he say, the first salutation over. "No, I know. But the oddest thing has happened. Whom do you think I have met?"

She has no idea, she says, and smiles at the bright eagerness of his face.

"Leo Abbott—Geoff—their mother—and I have been stopping with them ever since."

"Frank?"

"I thought you would be astounded. You cannot be more delighted than they were, when they found out I knew you, and where you were. They have been looking for you, it appears, all this time. You know their home was in very opulent state. Abbott property, I suppose, and Geoffrey supports them by his profession. They are living in comparative poverty and obscurity, but are, one and all, as delightful people as ever. Here is an epistle for you, from Geoff, long enough to make one jealous, and Joanna, they count upon your going to them at once."

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Disgusting Exhibition.

A So-called "Exposure" of Masonry the Cause of Riotous Proceedings in a Church—Police Interference to Restore Order.

One of the most disgraceful exhibitions ever witnessed in a church in Boston, Mass., was given recently in the Chamber street Presbyterian church, when two clergymen, Revs. J. P. Stoddard and D. P. Rathbun, of Iowa, undertook to expose Masonry. The object of the ex