

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

When we landed at the boat-house, the church clock was just chiming the half-hour past one. The lateness of the hour shocked me.

"Never mind," said he. "They are sure not to have gone to bed yet. I'll take you in by a side-door I know, and you shall slip into the library and open a big book before you. And I'll bring in Cole and one or two others, and say we didn't know what had become of you; and you can pretend to have fallen asleep over a book."

"But why should I do all that?" said I. "I haven't done anything to be ashamed of. You said Lady Mills would not mind."

"No, of course not, my dear child; I'll tell Lady Mills all about it. Don't trouble your head about that. She won't say a word to you, and you need not say a word to her. But none of the other ladies could have done a thing so unusual as you have in your innocence—and Sir Jonas would scold you for your rashness, and say you might have taken cold."

"But it wouldn't look innocent to pretend I had never been out at all, Mr. Carruthers. And I wasn't alone; I was with you—so I was all right. I dare say Lady Mills has not gone to bed yet. I'll go and see."

And I ran away before he could prevent me, and found Lady Mills and Mrs. Clowes in the drawing-room, the former looking anxious and grave, the latter hard and angry.

"My dear child, where have you been?" We thought you were lost!" Her voice trembled.

"Oh, Lady Mills, I am so sorry! I went on the water with Mr. Carruthers. He said you would not mind; but I ought to have known better when it was so late."

"The later the better, my dear, I should say," said Mrs. Clowes, in her most cutting tone.

But Lady Mills's face was lightening as she looked at me.

"Don't you know, my dear, that Mr. Carruthers is one of the most dangerous men—"

Then she stopped, for Mr. Carruthers had come into the room; and turning from me to him, she said, in such a stern voice that it made me tremble—

"Tom, aren't you just a little ashamed of yourself?"

And he answered very gravely—
"Perhaps; but that doesn't matter. But this inquisition is out of place, Stephana, for it is easy to see that to that child night and day are all the same; and, if I had been my respected father in iniquity himself, she would have been none the worse for my society. It was very sensible of you to come to Lady Mills, child," he said to me very kindly.

And he shook hands with me, and Lady Mills kissed me, and Mrs. Clowes gave me a cold little bow; and they sent me off to bed without knowing even then the enormity of the breach of propriety I had committed.

Sir Jonas, who was going up to town the next morning, was to drive me to the Alders, and then go on to Beaconsburg station. Every one—nearly every one, for Mrs. Clowes, never came near me at all—bade me a very kind good-bye; and just as I was sitting in the phaeton waiting for Sir Jonas to take his place beside me, Gordon, Mr. Carruthers's mysterious servant, came up to me in his stolidly respectful manner, and said—

"I think this is something of yours, ma'am. You must have dropped it, for I found it on the stairs, and I am afraid it has been slightly injured." And he put my pen into my hands.

I was so much astonished that he was gone before I could even thank him; and then, turning it over in my hands, I found the little shield on which the initials were engraved had been wrenched off.

Was Gordon himself the thief, and had he repeated? Or had the person who took it been ashamed to restore it in person? Or had I really dropped it, and only dreamt that I put it away?

CHAPTER XVIII.

When Sir Jonas left me at the gate of the Alders that morning, a sense of desolation crept over me as I walked down the drive, followed by the gaunt Sarah carrying my little trunk—like a gaoler rejoicing over a recaptured prisoner, I thought ungratefully to myself as I came in sight of the dark red ivy-covered walls of this house on the marsh, which, though I had lived in it two months, still had mysteries for me.

All the questions which had puzzled me about this household came into my mind again with new force after my short absence, which seemed, with its fresh experiences, to have lasted so long, together with others which had arisen while I listened to the talk of my new friends. Was Mrs. Rayner really mad? If so, how was it that no suspicion of the fact had reached that gossip-loving company I had just left, who had tales to tell of almost every family in the neighborhood? Why had the ladies called kind Mr. Rayner, who always went to church and led the simplest of lives, "dreadfully wicked"? They did not think it wrong to play the violin or to go to races. And why, if they thought him "dreadfully wicked," did they all say they would give the world to know him? What was the relation between Mr. Rayner and Gordon, Mr. Carruthers's servant? Then was Sarah really Mrs. Rayner's guardian, and was she not herself a little mad too? What had become of the wild jealousy of Jane which she had expressed to the stranger in the plantation? And why did she hate me so? Had she stifled her hatred once and for all, or would she—Oh, what would she not do, if her wicked, senseless dislike of me should get the better of her again?

It was better to talk to her than to think of her, and I turned and asked after Mr. and Mrs. Rayner and Haidee. My pupil was not well, and had not got up that day; but Sarah would ask if I could go and see her.

"She caught cold, miss, wandering round the pond late Saturday night, because she said she could talk to you there. Such nonsense! But you know she is full of her fancies."

I was touched by the proof of little Haidee's affection for me, and I wanted to go to her at once; but Sarah said Mrs. Rayner was with her and did not wish to

be disturbed. So I went up-stairs, having asked in as careless a manner as I could, if there were any letters for me, and having been told that there were not. Laurence might have sent me just a little note; I had been so longing for one. He had not been nearly so nice since I told him I loved him, I thought to myself mournfully; and I sat with my head on my arms and cried. But I had not much time to indulge my grief, for it was nearly dinner-time, and I did not want Mr. and Mrs. Rayner to see my eyes red and swollen, and to think that my holiday had made me discontented. I thought that Mr. Rayner saw that something was wrong, for he looked at me very closely, and said I did not look any better for the change, and that it was plain dissipation did not agree with me. And, as I was still rather pensive and my voice a little tremulous, he asked me only a few questions about my visit and then left me to myself, for which I was very grateful.

In the afternoon I was allowed to go into Haidee's room. It was a cold day, and the room itself and the long corridor which led to it struck me as feeling damp and chilly. It was the first time that I had been in the left wing. Haidee's chamber was a little dressing-room without a fireplace, and I wondered why they did not move the child, who was really ill, into another room. She jumped up in bed and clasped her hot little hands round my neck as soon as I came in, and then drew my head down on the pillow beside her and told me to tell her everything I had done from the first moment I went away. So I made a little story of it all, leaving out the parts it would have been improper for her to hear, such as the behaviour of Mr. Carruthers in church, and laying particular stress upon such points of interest as my feeding the chickens and cutting the grapes and the flowers. Mr. Rayner peeped in once, and, after listening to part of my narrative, said—

"I shall want to hear about all that too, bye-and-by, Miss Christie; but shall want another edition, one not revised for the use of infants."

I felt a little disconcerted, for he said this rather mischievously; and I began to wonder whether he would approve of the governess having enjoyed herself quite so much, for I had forgotten to be dignified and prim altogether while I was at Denham Court.

Haidee begged me so hard to have tea with her that I was obliged to consent, the more willingly that Mrs. Rayner, who had never once come in to see her child while I was in the room, had seemed, by the way she greeted me on my return, to have exchanged her attitude of apathy towards me for one of dislike. While we were alone together over our tea, Haidee said very softly—

"Miss Christie, will you please go to the door and see if anybody's listening?"

I went to the door to content her, opened it, and saw that there was no one.

"And now will you listen at the other door—mamma's door?"

This was locked; and assured her there was no one there. Then she beckoned me back to her and put up her head to whisper.

"Last night that hateful Sarah made mamma cry. I heard her through the door. Mamma's frightened of Sarah—and so am I. Hush! Somebody is always listening."

But no listener could have heard her soft whisper; even I, with my ear close to the lips, could scarcely catch the faint sounds. I comforted her, told her Sarah would not hurt her or "mamma" either—though I felt by no means so sure of her good will as I pretended to be—and stayed with her until she went to sleep.

Then I wrapped myself up in a shawl and went into the plantation to look at my "nest." And there, leaning with his back against the tree which formed my seat, was Laurence. I gave a cry of delight and ran toward, but he only raised his hat and said,

"Good evening, Miss Christie."

I stopped short, overwhelmed with dismay. Then I said in quite a low husky voice, for I could scarcely get the words out—

"Laurence, why do you speak like that? Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Why should I be glad to see you, Miss Christie? I can't hope to show to advantage in your eyes after the more amusing society you have just left."

"What do you mean? What society do I like better than yours?"

"Oh, you are very kind; and I dare say I do very well as a make-shift when there is no more exciting amusement to be had!"

"Oh, Laurence, how can you say such cruel things? Are you angry because I went to Denham Court, and because I enjoyed myself? I couldn't help it, every body was so kind. But I thought of you all the time, and I wished with all my heart that you had been there."

"Did you think of me while you were letting Mr. Carruthers whisper to you in the conservatory? Ah, I don't wonder you start! And did you think of me when you were sitting in the window-seat with Mr. Carruthers leaning over your chair, and when you were using the same book in church with Mr. Carruthers, and letting Mr. Carruthers gather fruit and flowers for you, and feeding the fish with him in, oh, such an idyllic manner, and playing his accompaniments, and talking about poetry, and—"

"Stop, Laurence—it isn't true, it isn't true! It was Mr. Cole who gathered flowers and fruit for me, and who looked at the fish with me—not Mr. Carruthers at all. And it was Mr. Standing whose accompaniments I played and who talked about poetry with me, not—"

"Mr. Standing? He's another beauty! You choose your friends well, Miss Christie. I feel I am not worthy to be admitted among the number. I am too dull."

"You are too rude," said I, my spirit rising. "I don't know what you mean by calling them 'beauties'; but none of the gentlemen you sneer at would have thought of insulting me and trying to make me unhappy, just because I sometimes talk to other people."

"No, you tried to be impartial, I see," he sneered again. "But I don't think you succeeded. You were not on the river between twelve and two o'clock in the morning with all the men-visitors at Denham Court, were you?"

"No," said I; then, stung to the quick by sneers—"I wasn't at Denham Court long enough."

"Oh!" said Laurence, more angrily than ever. He was so angry that he began to speak again two or three times, but only

stammered and broke off. At last he said, "You—you were not there long; but you—you made good use of your time or by this morning the name of your exploits has spread all over the neighborhood."

"My exploits!"

"Yes. This morning, before you arrived, Mr. Rayner had heard of them."

"Mr. Rayner! Oh, that is not surprising!"

Laurence turned upon me sharply. "Mr. Rayner has a friend staying there," said I, with sudden caution. I must not let out things concerning the people I was living with which they did not wish to have known.

"Oh, more mysteries! So Mr. Rayner set a spy upon you; I can't quite believe it of him."

"I did not mean that. Of course he would not think of such a thing. And there is no need of a spy to watch my actions, for I don't do anything to be ashamed of. And Mr. Rayner knows that, for he has said nothing to me about my conduct, which you seem to think so disgraceful."

"Mr. Rayner! No, of course he would not mind. It is nothing to him whether you endanger your reputation by going out alone late at night with one of the most notorious fast men about town."

"But how could I tell he was notorious, Laurence?" said I—I couldn't be spirited any longer; I wanted to cry. "Lady Mills said afterwards that he was dangerous; but could I tell before? Nobody ran away from him, and all the ladies seemed fond of him, and rather jealous because he talked to me. And he didn't say wicked things—not half so wicked as the things they said. Oh, Laurence, don't be harsh to me! How could I tell?"

He was touched at last; the hand with which he had been angrily pulling at his moustache dropped, and he was turning slowly towards me, when the church clock and the far off Beaconsburg town hall clock began to strike seven together.

"Oh!" said I, turning instinctively towards the house.

"What is it?" asked Laurence, suddenly stiffening again.

"Mr. Rayner. I promised to be in the drawing-room to accompany his violin at a quarter to seven."

"Pray don't let me detain you," said he between his teeth. "I am sorry I came at all to disturb you in your meditations upon your late enjoyment. But, as I shall leave Goldham for the Riviera in two days, and shall not have another opportunity of seeing you before I go, I took the liberty of coming round this way to-night, to congratulate you on having become an accomplished coquette. Good-night and good-bye, Miss Christie. I wish you another pleasant evening with Mr. Rayner."

He shook hands with me, trembling all over with passion, and dashed away through the plantation before I could find voice to call him back. I was too utterly miserable to cry; I sank upon my seat, with a confused sense that all joy and brightness and hope had gone out of my life, since Laurence had left me angry and unforgiving; but I could not think. I sat there staring at the pond until Mr. Rayner himself came out in search of me; and, seeing how unhappy I looked, he very kindly told me that I was tired and should not play that night; but I said that I would rather; so we went in and I sat down to the piano, and he took out his violin.

But the spirit was not in me on that night, and I played the notes loudly or softly as was marked, without a spark of the fire which is the soul of music. At last Mr. Rayner went out of the room. It was to go and see Haidee; but in my despondent state it flashed through my mind that it was because my heartless playing was spoiling the music, and a tear rolled at last down my cheek on to one of my hands. Mr. Rayner stopped, put down his violin, and said, oh, so kindly—

"What is it, my poor child? I did not mean to make a martyr of you. But I saw you were in a sad mood, and I thought the music might divert your thoughts."

"Oh, it is nothing, Mr. Rayner! Let me go on please."

"No, child, I am not so selfish as that. It would hurt me more than you. Come and sit by the fire, and I will bring you Nap to play with."

Nap was his big retriever. Mr. Rayner drew my arm in his, seated me by the fire, and left the room; and I dried my eyes, feeling heartily ashamed of myself. What would he think of a governess who went away on a short visit, did things that shocked people, and came back and cried, and could not play, and made herself a burden to everybody? He came back with Nap at his heels, and a glass and decanter in his hand; then, sitting down by me, he poured me out some wine and told me to drink it.

I began apologetically—

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, I am so—"

"Yes, I know. You are so very sorry that you can't help thinking Denham Court a livelier place than the Alders, and so very sorry that you were obliged to leave a lot of nice, bright, amusing people there to come back to a couple of very worthy, but prosy people who—"

"Oh, no, no, no, Mr. Rayner, not that at all!" said I, alarmed.

"Wasn't that what you were going to say? No, my child, you were going to say something far more civil, but not half so true. We may be worthy, but we are prosy; and why should we not own it? And why should you not own that you enjoyed yourself more at Denham Court than you can possibly do here? Why, that is the very thing you went there for!"

"I ought never to have gone at all."

"Now that is a mistake, my dear child. If you were to remain always boxed up in this dreary old vault, you would soon take to spectacles and a crutch. Take all the amusement that comes in your way, little woman, and, after the first natural reaction, you will work all the better for it. And now tell me all about Denham Court; I've been saving myself up for your description as a little treat, though I've heard something of your doings, Miss Prim, from another quarter."

And this was what Laurence, in his passion, called "spying upon me," when Mr. Rayner owned that he heard what went on at Denham Court!

"I heard, for one thing, that you wore the pendant I gave you."

He seemed pleased at this, I thought.

"Yes, it looked so beautiful with my

musaln frock. And, oh, do you know, some of the people thought it was made of real diamonds!"

"Did they really?"

"Yes; I knew you would laugh when I told you that. But now you see it wasn't so silly of me not to know the difference when you first showed them to me, when those people who have worn diamonds and beautiful jewels all their lives were taken in by them. One of the gentlemen, Mr. Carruthers, said he once saw a pendant just like it in real ones, and it was worth fifteen hundred pounds. Do you think it is true?"

"I dare say it is. Stones of that size would be very valuable. To whom did it belong?"

"He didn't say. And it had initials behind it too just like mine."

"How very curious! The same initials?"

"Oh, I don't know! I shouldn't think they were the same."

"I thought he said they were the same?"

"Oh, no! He wanted to see the back of the pendant; but I wouldn't let him."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Rayner, I—I thought, if he still went on thinking they were real, as I believed he did, and he were to find out by the initials who gave it me, why—why he would think you must be mad, Mr. Rayner, to give diamonds to a governess!"

said I, laughing. "Fifteen hundred pounds! Why, it would be about thirty-eight year's salary!"

Mr. Rayner laughed too.

"That was very sharp of you," he said. "If he had been as sharp as you, he would have got at it, and found out the initials, if he really wanted to know them."

"But I didn't wear my pendant again."

"Why not?"

"Because people noticed it too much, and—and Mr. Rayner, it is really too handsome for me."

"Nonsense! Nothing is too handsome for you, child; haven't your new admirers told you that?"

I laughed and blushed.

"But, Mr. Rayner, I went on gravely and rather timidly, "then such a strange thing happened that I must sell you about. I put my pendant into my desk—at least, I am almost sure I did—on Saturday night, and next day it was gone."

"Well, we must find you another."

"Oh, no! But this is the strangest part. Just before I left this morning, Mr. Carruthers's servant put it into my hand, saying he had picked it up on the stairs. And the little shield with the initials was broken off and lost. Isn't it strange?"

"Well, not considering that they were pats. If they had been diamonds, I should say it was very strange that he gave it back again. You careless little puss, you don't deserve to have any finery at all! What will you do when you have real jewels, if you are not more careful with mock ones?"

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, I hope I never shall!"

"Do you mean that?"

I hesitated.

"I mean they seem to be such a heavy responsibility to the ladies that wear them."

"I suppose there were some ladies there with jewellery that made your eyes water."

"They didn't wear much; but I believe some of them had a great deal. One lady—she was the wife of a very rich husband who wasn't there—had dazzling diamonds, they said."

"And what was the name of that fortunate lady?"

"Mrs. Cunningham."

"What did Mrs. Cunningham think of your pendant?"

"She would not believe it was not real, and she scolded me for my carelessness; but I really did—"

"I suppose she is very careful of hers?" interrupted Mr. Rayner.

"Oh, yes—you don't know how careful! She has one set, diamonds and cat's eyes—"

By a sudden movement he trod on Nap's tail, and the dog howled. I broke off to comfort him.

"Go on, go on," said Mr. Rayner, touching my arm impatiently.

"What was I saying? Oh, I know—about Mrs. Cunningham's jewels. She has one set of what they call cat's-eyes and large diamonds, which she keeps—"

"That she keeps where?" said Mr. Rayner, yawning, as if tired.

"Oh, that she keeps always concealed about her person!" said I.

"Do you mean it?" he asked, much interested.

"Yes, really. She told me so. And nobody in the house, not even her maid, knows where they are. She sleeps with them under her pillow."

Mr. Rayner rose.

"Well, I don't think even the responsibility of diamonds under your pillow would keep you awake to-night, for you must be tired out."

He was fidgeting about the room, as if he were anxious about going to bed too. But he did not look sleepy; his eyes were quite bright and restless. He gave me my candle.

"Pleasant dreams of Denham Court, madam, though you don't deserve them! What business have you to repeat secrets that have been told to you in confidence?"

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, as if it mattered—to you!" said I, laughing as I left the room.

"Yes, it is lucky you told it to me," he answered laughing back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fast English Trains.

The longest run without stopping, on the Great Northern, and the longest in the kingdom, are between Grantham and King's Cross, 105½ miles, in 2 hours and 4 minutes, an average speed of 51 miles an hour. This distance is done by no less than four trains each day, all of which perform the journey within 2 hours and 6 minutes. The highest average speed attained on this line, 52½ miles, is between Grantham and Doncaster (51½ miles in 58 minutes). The longest run on the North eastern is from York to Newcastle, 80½ miles, in 1 hour and 42 minutes; and the quickest, York to Darlington, 44½ miles, in 53 minutes—an average speed of 50 miles an hour.

"Mamma," said a precocious little boy who, against his will, was made to rock his little baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take them."

OVER THE CATARACT.

The Current Leading to Death Whirlpool, and How a Prominent Man Avoided It.

(Albany, N. Y., Journal.)

Among the hundreds of thousands of tourists who have visited Niagara Falls and stood in awe before its miracle of power, there is, probably, not one who has failed to notice the large stone building which stands directly opposite the cataract and a short distance below the railroad suspension and cantilever bridges. This building is known to all as the "Montezgle House," and it has been a popular place of resort for hundreds of travellers during many years. Nearly every place in America possessing unusual natural scenery has its legend, and a most tragical one is located on the site where this stone building now stands. Montezgle, a young chieftain of the Miami Indians, loved the daughter of a mighty chief among the Iroquois. His wooing, unlike that of Hiawatha, was not received with favor by the father chief, and hence he was compelled to resort to the usual method of abduction and flight. The escaping pair were overtaken on the banks of the Niagara where the hotel now stands, and rather than submit to capture the lovers cast themselves into the cataract below. Their bodies were subsequently found at the mouth of the river clasped in an embrace which even the cataract could not sunder. Many occurrences since that time have tended to make the Montezgle famous, and it was with surprise that it was learned a short time since that the edifice was to be entirely transformed, re-arranged and refurbished for the benefit of tourists, and especially invalids.

Feeling that this is a subject in which the public would take unusual interest, especially at the National Park question is being so strongly agitated, a representative of this paper visited Niagara falls yesterday and learned the following facts:

Dr. W. R. Crumb, who is about undertaking this important task, is a gentleman who is well known throughout the land, having successfully practiced medicine in the city of Buffalo for nearly thirty years. He is exceedingly well preserved, though nearly 60 years of age, while his energy and ambition are something wonderful. In conversation with the reporter he said:

"I anticipate great success here, although a few years ago I should not have dared undertake it, for I was then what people call a 'dead man.'"

"How was that, Doctor? How did it occur?"

"It was brought about, as such troubles usually are, by mental and physical depression, arising out of troubles and reverses. The mind has a remarkable effect upon the body, and when one meets with misfortunes financially, or in any other form they are likely to be accompanied by misfortunes physically. Such, at all events, was my case. I was irritable, restless and feverish. I had a heavy and irregular pulse, my food did not assimilate, my heart would throb violently and then stop and the fluids I passed were profuse, high-colored and thick with deposits. I was obliged to abandon my practice, and also to suspend pushing my valuable invention, known as 'Crumb's pocket inhaler,' for the cure of catarrh and asthma."

"How long did this continue?"

"For about two years. I realized that I was quite sick but like everyone else I felt it would only be temporary. The majority of people drift along the way a man might who knew nothing about these great Falls and was floating with the current. It is so easy to drift, you see. At the end of a year, however, my condition became simply horrible. I had a serious irritation of the throat, a hard, sluggish pulse, a swelling of the limbs and numbness extending down the thighs. I had terrible night sweats and my urine was loaded with albumen and acids. I called in several of the most skillful physicians but I continued to sink rapidly. I was the victim of Bright's disease of the kidneys, and I looked forward with almost certainty to a few weeks of terrible agony and then—death!" * * * It is painful to describe this experience and it is sufficient to say that I am entirely well and that my life has been saved by means of Warner's Safe Cure, which arrested the disease, effected a cure and has preserved me in health ever since."

"Then it was this remedy that saved your life, doctor?"

"Yes, I can testify from a grateful heart that it is invaluable for men or women who are depressed by reason of disappointments and reverses; who are losing flesh and strength and who must find relief or a fatal termination awaits them. I prescribe this great remedy to my patients constantly and the wonderful effects I observed in my own case I see repeated in their experiences. It is this that makes me certain I can endure the cares of the great Sanitarium I am about to establish."

A man's collective dispositions constitute his character.

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A. P. 167.

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