CHAPIER XIX.

Mr. Rayner was right. I was very tired; and the next morning I overslept myself, and did not come down-stairs until breakfast was more than half over. It had been unusually punctual, and, to my surprise. the brougham came round to the door as I went into the dining-room, and I found Mrs. Rayner in outdoor dress at the table.

"Well, Miss Christie, we have all got tired of you; so we are going to leave you all alone at the Alders," said Mr. Rayner, when he saw my astonished tace.

And, when he had amused himself a little longer by all sorts of absurd stories about their departure, I found that he was going up to town for a few days, and that Mrs. Rayner was going with him as far as Beaconsburg station. He was going on business, he said; but he should combine pleasure with it-go the round of the theatres, and perhaps not be back until Saturday.

This was Tuesday. "Would you like to go to Beaconsburg with us? You have no lessons to do, as Haidee is still in bed. And I dare say you have some little purchases to make; and you can change the books at the circulatinglibrary, and Mrs. Rayner will have a com-

panion to drive back with."

Mrs. Rayner did not receive the proposal with enthusiam; but he told me to run upstairs, put on my things, and be down before he could count thirty; and I was in the dining-room again, panting and struggling with my gloves, in scarcely more than the prescribed time. There was plenty of room for me on the little seat in front of them in the brougham but I had great difficulty in dissuading him from sitting outside by the coachman in order to give us more

When we got to the station, we found we were there a great deal too soon. Mr. Rayner walked up and down, talking to the station master and the people he knew, telling every one where he was going, and asking those among them who had been to London lately what were the best plays to go and see, and if they knew of a really good hotel, not too expensive, within easy distance of the theatres. He said to me once, when I was standing beside him-

"If anything should happen while I am away-if Haidee should get worse, or Mrs. Rayner frighten you, or anything-telegraph to me at once at the Charing Cross Hotel. I don't know whether I shall be there; but if you send it there it will reach me. You will find some forms in my study, and you will just write it without saying a word to anybody, and take it right to Sam, and tell him to go to Beaconsburg with it at once. Mind to Sam ; don't trust any of the womenservants."

I wondered he did not entrust this duty to the all-important Sarah; but I accepted the charge without comment.

"What shall I bring you this time?" said he, just before the train came up. "Roses are out of season. Some more paste to match

your pendant?' 'Oh, no, no !" answered I. "You know I can't wear it, Mr. Rayner; and it only makes me vain and makes me wish for more."

"Ah I though so!" said he, half to himself, maliciously. "Well, wishes always come true if one wishes them hard enough. I shall bring you some garnets. That is the most expensive red stone, and very pretty."

"Oa, I think I would rather not! I really don't want any jewellers, Mr. Ray-

ner." declared I.

Bit the train had come up. He said good-bye affectionately to his wife and kindly to me; and we saw him off, and then made our purchases and drove back to Celdham. It was rather an uncomfortable drive, for the only remark Mrs. Rayner made was, when I said it was cold-

"Then you had better order them to light the fire in your room early, Miss Christie. Mr. Rayner will upset the whole household i you take cold while he is away."

Then she shut her eyes and went, or pretended to go, to sleep, and I looked at her and thought what an unpleasant person she was, until the hollows in her face and the suffering expression about her mouth touched me. Why did she shut herself up and persist in being miserable, instead of returning her husband's love and changing the melancholy Alders into the cheerful, bright place it might be?

I spent a dull day; for, when I went to see Haidee, Mrs. Rayner instantly lett the room, and I could not help seeing that it was to avoid me; so I was obliged to resist the sick child's entreaties for me to stay, and to go back and wander by myself about the house and garden, too miserable in my thoughts about Laurence and his cruel desertion of me to be able to read or work.

At tea-time Mrs. Rayner did not appear. Sarah said that Haidee was worse, and that her mother would not leave her. The evening was very cold, and, as Mrs. Rayner had rather ostentatiously told Jane to light Miss Christie's fire directly after dinner, I went up to my own room as soon as I had finished tea, and sat on the hearthrug, and nursed my sorrow where at least I could be warm.

It was about seven o'clock when Jane came up to say that Haidee was worse, and

was crying out for me

"I think she is going to die, miss-I do indeed," said kind little Jane sobbing. "They won't let me in there; but I've been listening, for Mr. Rayner's away, and Sarah's out, and I don't care not that much for Mrs. Rayner !"-and she snapped her fingers contemptuously. "I heard Miss Hair dee a calling for you, miss; and I don't believe she knows what she's saying, poor little dear, and they ought to send for a doctor; but I don't suppose they will. Sarah don't care, and Mrs Rayner, don't dare-that's about it, miss."

And Jane gave me a nod and an expressive look as I went out of the room with her. I knew the servants, one and all, looked upon their mistress as a poor-spirited thing, while they had some admiration and a great deal of respect for their master. The few orders she gave they filled in a spirt of condescension (r neglected altogether, while a word from him acted like a spell upon any one of them.

Thus, he having ordered that Mrs. Rayner, being an invalid, was not to be disturbed by sweepings, and dustings, and noises in the

wing but Sarah, who had charge of the long corridor, bed-room, dressing-room, and store room which it contained, although it was shut out from the rest of the house merely by a heavy baize covered swingdoor with only a bolt, which was seldom, I believe, drawn in the daytime. So that Jane felt like a heroine after having ventured on the other side of that door; and, when we came to it, she stood looking first at it and then at me, as if to touch it again was more than she dared.

"Oh, miss," said she, as I stepped forward to go through, "suppose Mr. Rayner was in there?"

"But Mr. Rayner is in London" returned

I, laughing. "Ah, yes, miss! But he do come back that sudden sometimes he might be a ghost. Of course it's all right for you, miss; but, if he was to know I'd been in there, oh, miss, I should die o' fright! When he's angry, he just speaks fit to cut yer head off."

I laughed at Jane's fears, and pushed open the door, not without difficulty, for it was very heavy, and, Jane's courage having evaporated, she dared not help me. My teeth chattered as I went through this passage, it was so cold; and what was my surprise to find, when I got to the end, that the window had been left open on this chilly, and wet Ostober evening? I took the liberty of shutting it, and, returning to the dressingroom door, I tapped softly at it. I could hear Haidee's voice, but I could not hear what she said, and Mrs. Rayner was sobbing and calling her by name. I went in softly, and with a shriek the mother started up from her knees; she had been on the floor beside the bed. Haidee knew me, though her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright with fever, and she wandered in her talk.

I sat on the bed and tried to make her lie down and keep the clothes over her, for the room was as cold as the corridor. Mrs. Rayner was clinging to the rail at the bottom of the little bed and watching me with eyes as glittering as the child's. I felt just a little tremor of fear. Had I trusted myself alone with a sick child and a madwoman on the verge of an outbreak of fury? Her bosom heaved and her hands clutched the rail tightly as she said-

"What right have you to come here? Are you not snug and warm up-stairs in your turret? Why must you come and exult over me? You were welcome to my husband. Then you took my child. Can you not spare her to me now she is dy-

I had heard that one must always talk to mad people as if one thought them sane; so

"Not dying, Mrs. Rayner; don't say that. I came down just to see if I could be of any use. Why don't you take her into your own warm room? It is so cold in here. And wouldn't it be better to send in for Dr. Maitland? Oh, I forgot! He is away. But you might send Sam to Beaconsburg for Dr. Lowe.

Her manner changed. As she looked at me, all the anger, all the little gust of defiance faded out of her great eyes, and she fell to sobbing and whispering-

"I dare not-I dare not!" "May I take her into your room, Mrs. Rayner?"

"No no." 'Then, if you will allow me, I will take her up into mine. You won't mind her be ing so far away from you, if you know it is better for her, will you?" said I persuasively. 'It is so beautifully warm up there that it won't matter if she throws the clothes off her, as she can't help doing, poor little thing; and I'll wrap her up well, so that she snall not take cold on the way."

Mrs. Rayner stared at me helplessly. "Will you dare?" she asked fearfully. "Certainly, with your permission."

"You know very well that my permis

sion is nothing," sobbed she. "And I don't wonder, you poor spiritless thing!" I thought to myself. But I was very sorry for her; and I asked if she would like to have my room for the night, to be near the child.

But she was frightened at the idea; so I wrapped the child up well in a blanket, thinking I would put her in my own bed until her little one could be taken upstairs. I was rather frightened myself at the thought of giving such an order to the awful Sarah, and, just as I was debating with myself whether she would be likely to obey it, she entered the room. I attacked

"Sarah, I want you to bring Miss Haidee's bed up into my room, if you please. This is too cold for her. Jane can help you if it

is too heavy." She seemed not to be quite sure whether to be insolent or submissive. She decided

for the former. "And by what authority, miss, do you give orders for moving around the furniture ?"

"Your mistress wishes it to be done." "My mistress! And pray who is that,

miss ?" "You know-Mrs. Rayner."

"And is that all the authority you have, "No," said I boldly; "more than that-

Mr. Rayner!" The women both started, and Sarah took up the bed and without a word went out of

the room. I turned to Mrs. Rayner. "Don't be alarmed about Haidee," I said gently. "I'll take great care of her. And, if you will just give your consent, I will send for a doctor on my own responsibil-

The poor thing stooped and kissed one of the hands I held round the child.

"Heaven bless you, Miss Christie!" she murmured; and, turning away, she sank down upon an empty space where the bed had been, and burst into a flood of tears.

She would not listen to the few incoherent words I said to comfort her; and I was obliged to leave the room with tears in my eyes, and carry my patient up stairs. could not go very fast, for the burden was rather heavy for a small woman like me; and by the time I got up-stairs the bed was ready, and Sarah had disappeared.

And now how to get a doctor? For I was seriously alarmed about the child. To expect any more help from Sarah was out of the question. I went down to the nursery, called Jane, who was just going to bed, and asked her where Sam slept.

"In the village," said she. Nobody slert at the stables now that Mr. Rayner was away, except the old gardener, passage leading to her room, no member of | who would certainly never reach Beacons-

nine o'clock at night. Jame was too young to be sent all that way alone at night, the cook too old. There was only one thing to be done ; I must go myself.

"Go and ask cook, if she is not asleep, to lend me her big round water-proof cloak, Jane," said I, "and bring me one of Miss Haidee's Shetland veils."

She ran away, astonished, to fetch them; and then, seeing I was in earnest, she help. ed quickly and well to make me as like a middle-aged countrywoman as possible by buttoning my cloak, fastening a garden-hat round my head like a poke-bonnet, and attaching my veil to it. Then she tied up my umbrella like a market-woman's, and let me out, giggling a little at my appearance, but promising faithfully not to leave Haidee till my return, and to "stand up to Sallie" if she interfered.

I felt rather frightened at the boldness of my undertaking as I heard the hall door close upon me, and I realised that I had nothing in the world but my umbrella and my wits to protect me all the long three miles and a half of road to Beaconsburg. The moon was at the second quarter, but did not give much light, for it was a cloudy night, raining now and then. I was not sorry for this, as I was the less likely to be recognised, and it was not the sort of weather to encourage late loiterers. I passed two or three villagers, only one of whom walked unsteadily; but none of them took any notice of me; and I had got past the last of the Geldham cottages, and on to a piece of straight road up a hill, where there was no houses in sight, when I heard the sounds of a vehicle coming along at a good pace behind me. It slackened to come up the hill, and I, to keep up my character, bent over my umbrella and walked more slowly. But this subterfuge had an undesired effect.

"Halle, my good woman! Would you like a lift up the hill?" cried the driver; and my heart leapt up, for it was Laurence's

In a moment I felt like a different woman; my blood seemed dancing for joy, my pulses beat more quickly, and the spirit of mischief came into me so that I wanted to laugh aloud.

"Ay, ay !" I grunted out slowly; and waiting until the cart came up to me, climbed with his help and with seeming difficulty, carefully keeping my cloak over my hands, on to the seat by his side.

"All right?" said he ; and again I grunted

"Ay, ay!" and on we went. Oh, how happy I felt to be again by his side! But it was rather hard not to be able to take the hand that was nearest to me, and nestle up to his shoulder, and tell him how miserable I had been since last night, when he had rushed away with the dreadful threat of not seeing me again. Well, now he should see me again; he could not help himself. I felt rather nervous as to what he would say when I did discover myself. Was he still angry? Would he insist upon getting down and going the rest of the way on foot? Or would he say more unkind things to me? Or would he be pleased to see me, and forgive me?

He was not in a very conversational mood, Was he thinking of me, I wondered, or was it only that in my disguise I did not promise to prove an entertaining companion? He asked me if I was going to Beaconsburg, and I said "Ay, ay !" again. I knew very well that a real countrywoman would not say "Ay, ay!" and I was surprised that it did not strike Laurence himself as a strange sort of answer.

I began to get impatient for him to know me. I looked at him furtively; he was evidently not at all curious or interested about his companion. But he looked very grave and thoughtful; and presently, to my exceeding comfort, he pulled down over his wrists two little uncomfortable woollen cuffs that I had made, that he had bought of me at the sale. I remembered them quite well, we had had a struggle to get them over his size, too large for a woman and too small for a man. It seemed to me that he handled them lovingly. Upon this encouragement I

"Aren't you going to talk?" said I in my natural voice.

along at a good pace; but he gave the reins such a jerk that the horse stopped.

"You won't be cross with me again, will you?" said I, anxious to pledge him to good temper while he was in the first flush of his joy at meeting me; for it was joy.

He slipped the reins into his right hand, and put his other arm around me and kissed me, Shetland veil and all. And so we made it up without a word of explanation.

I told him my errand, and he told me his. His father had gone up to town that day to arrange for the disposal of some shares in order to purchase a farm for Laurence a few miles off, which was to be stocked, according to his promise, while his son was away. He was to return by train which reached Beaconsburg about ten o'clock, and Laurence was on his way to meet him.

"We will call at Dr. Lowe's first, and then you shall go on with me to the station and see my father," said he.

I protested a little that I ought to go back with the doctor; but of course he carried his

point. "What do you want a farm for, Laurence?" I asked, as we waited outside the station.

I remained in the cart holding the reins, for fear my quiet appearance should excite curiosity regarding young Mr. Reade's companion if I got out and went into the station with him. But he stood by my side holding my hand under my cloak while we talked in a low voice.

"What do I want a farm for? Why to have a home for you and a something to live on, of course! I know something about farming, and it doesn't matter if I do lose a little just at first."

"But why did you want to goon preparing a home for an 'accomplished coquette,' whom you said last night you were never going to see again?"

"One isn't always answerable for what one says to a tormenting little witch like you," said Laurence, laughing. "You did'nt Dundee for the first time was taken through BANK BARNS, CHEESE FACTORIES, suppose I was really never going to see you again, now did you?"

"I shouldn't have cared," said I. "Ah, I was right about the coquetry! You wouldn't have told such a story before you went to Denham Court. I was coming to see you to-morrow evening. I've had to be away all to-day over at Lawley, and I have to be there again to-morrow with my the household ever dared to enter the left | burg before daybreak if I sent him out at | father; but in the evening I shall call at | fecht?"

the Alders and ask boldly for Miss Christie. So mind you are not out.'

"I shall not promise."

"And we will have a good long ta'k together, since, thank Heaven, Mr. Rayner is away; and I will give you an address where a letter will reach me,

We were so intent upon our conversation that I did not notice that there was a man standing very near us during the last part of it. As Laurence finished speaking, he turned his head, and suddenly became aware that the train had come in while we were

"By Jove! Wait for me, darling," he cried hastily, and then dashed off so quickly that he ran against the man, who was dressed like a navvy, and knocked his hat

When he returned with his father, who greeted me very kindly, he looked pale and anxious.

"Do you know who that man was I ran against?" he whispered.

"That navvy?" "It was no navvy. It was Mr. Rayner."

"Laurence!" said I, increduously. "I tell you it was-I swear it! What was he doing, skulking about in that getup? He came down by this train, He must have overheard what we were saying. Now mark what I say, Violet-I shall not

see you again." "But Laurence, how could be prevent it? You will come to the house and ask for me

"Listen, Violet," he interrupted. "If you do not see me to-morrow night before seven o'clock, be at your 'nest' without fail at half-past.

"Very well, I will, Laurence-I will. promise,"

But nothing would reassure him. "I tell you it will be of no use, my darling-of no use. We must say good-bye tonight, for I shall not see you again!"

CHAPTER XX.

During the whole of the drive back to Geldham it was old Mr. Reade who talked to me, and not Laurence, who drove along, silent and grave, pulling my cloak affectionately up to my throat every now and then, and watching me as I talked to his father, but scarcely speaking himself at all. When we got to the gate of the Alders, he jumped out, carefully lifted me down, and, telling his father to drive on home, as he would walk the rest of the way, he came inside of the gate with me.

"Violet," he said very gravely, "I am afraid I have been foolish in agreeing to my father's wishes, and I am more anxious about you than I can tell. The Alders is no fit place for you. I can see quite well now what I could not when I was blinded by my passion last night, that you are so good and innocent that evil seems to have no power over you; but yet --- And -- and it is just that which makes you so sweet; and I don't want to spoil it, opening your eyes, and all that." He was playing nervously with my hand, holding it against his breast, and looking into my eyes so miserably, poor fellow! "Look here, Violet!" said he suddenly, as if struck by a happy thought. "If any man, while I am away, tells you you are nice, and tries to make you think he is very fond of you-no matter who it is-Mr. Rayner or-or my father, or any other man-don't take any notice, and don't believe them,"

But poor Laurence was more innocent than I if he thought I did not know what he meant. He was jealous of Mr. Rayner, and I could not persuade him how abourd it

I said, "Very well, Laurence;" but he was not satisfied. He went on trying to justify himself-not to me-he wanted no justification in my eyes-but to himself.

"What could I do, when my old dad offered to do so much for me, but let him have wrists, as I had made them a convenient his way? But it was wrong, I know. Our engagement ought to have been open from the first; and his weakness in not daring to face my mother was no worse than mine in giving way to him. And now I am tortured lest my weakness should be visited on you, child; for I cannot even write to you We had passed the hill, and were going | openly, and, if I enclose letters to you to my dear old blundering dad, you will certainly never get them.'

"Why not send them to Mrs. Manners, Laurence? Then they would be quite safe. And you don't mind her knowing, do you? I think she guesses something already," said I, smiling, remembering how she sent me to the gate to meet him on the previous Friday evening, the very night he arst told me he loved me.

He caught at the suggestion eagerly. "That is a capital idea darling! I'll go to her before breakfast to-morrow morning and ask her to look after you as much as she can while I am away. I don't think she is very fond of my sisters-I wish they were nicer for your sake, darling, especially Maud. I wish some one would marry her; but no one is such a fool."

"Oh, Laurence, she is your sister!" "I can't help that ; I wish I could. Alice, the little one, isn't half so bad; it is only being with Maud that spoils her. If you ever get Alice alone, you will find her quite

I had already had proof of that, and I told him so.

'But one can't confide in her, because she would tell everything to Maud, and Maud to my mother. You have no idea what the tyranny of those two women are like; my father dreads and I avoid them. My mother thinks she holds my destiny in her hand; but she is mistaken; and within the next six weeks she must find it out; for if she wishes to stay abroad longer, she will have to stay alone. By the third week in November I shall be back in England, and before the month is out you must be my wife, my darling," "Oh, Laurence, so soon!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A young Glasgowegian being on a visit to the "lions" by hi s friend, a native of the town. Nothing he saw, however, seemed to interest him, and after gazing about for a time as if something was lacking, he exclaimed, "But whaur's yer Green?" "Oh, we have nae Green here," replied his friend, "but we have——" "Dear me," broke in the son of St. Mungo, "hae ye nae Green? Then whaur on earth dae ye gang tae

NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

His Infirmity Repeated in the Experience of a Leading Public Man -Truths for the Aged.

(Syracuse, N. Y., Courier.)

"How long has he been in public service?" "Before the memory of the oldest inhabi-

"And he has kept his name untarnished during all that period?"

"Absolutely!"

"He is a man I should like to meet."

The above conversation occurred between two gentlemen at one of our leading hotels. The interrogater was from abroad, the other a resident of this city. The conversation had drifted into politics and Hon. Thomas G. Alvord was the man whose record and qualities were being discussed. To trace the history of public men who have grown old in the service is a task both interesting to the investigator and entertaining to those who read his investigations. It was with this truth in mind that the writer set out to call upon the man, about whom those politicians were so earnestly talking, at his spacious residence on Turtle street.

Mr. Alvord, who has been and is, familiarly known as "Old Salt," owing to his advocacy of the salt interest, is now well advanced in years, being on the shady side of seventy. He has long, white hair and a snowy beard which give him an appearance both dignified and grand. His voice is full and clear and the moment any stranger comes into his presence he cannot but be impressed with the inherent power of the man. Indeed he was endowed by nature with an unusually strong organization, both mentally and physically, which all the strain of public life, both as speaker of the Assembly and Lieutenant-Governor, failed, for many years, to in any way undermine.

It was during the year 1881, while Mr. Alvord was a member of the Assembly at Albany, that he first began to feel, most peculiar sensations. At that time he was in the midst of very important work, which was seriously interfared with by reason of the mysterious troubles which seemed to assail him. He felt unaccountable nausea almost constantly, accompanied by occasional violent retchings. History recounts that Napoleon the Great, while in the midst of his public career, was frequently attacked by an enemy greater than any he had ever faced, which came in the same insidious yet violent manner as the terrible troubles that overtook Mr. Alvord, and are to-day menacing so many thousands of others. In speaking on this subject to the writer, Mr. Alvord

"This same bitter experience came to me again in 1882 while I was a member of the Assembly, with symptoms identical to those I had felt the year before. I believe it was largely caused by my advanced years, for I had a'worn out' feeling that was terrible. This conclusion is evidently the correct one, for I was again attacked last Summer while away from all cares and recreating at my Island in the St. Lawrence River. I experienced a painful sense of fullness in the lower portion of the body, accompanied by sensations of feverish heat or chilling shudders. All efforts to move my limbs or body were followed by intense weariness or exhaustion. Those who have reached my

years can appreciate my sensations." "And did neither yourself nor the physicians understand the cause or nature of

these troubles?" "It seems not entirely, for the physicians failed to relieve me and I kept growing worse. I suffered intensely and the only relief I could possibly obtain was by lying upon my back and this was only temporary."

"But you are looking well and strong now, Mr. Alvord, How did you bring about the change?" "By using a remedy which is very popular and which I have found wonderfully efficient-Warner's Safe Care. Indeed it has

proven remarkable in its power over me. I believe in it and therefore recommend it to others, especially to those who are advanced in life; who feel a breaking down when there is no necessity and whose lost vitality and manhood remind them of their increasing years." The interview then drifted to other topics,

but as the reporter gazed at the man whose experience is so ripe and who has seen so much of the different phases of life, he could not but wish that those who are suffering from the various forms of physical ailment, and especially those persons who are advanced in years, might see and converse with the veteran whose experience and knowledge have been so rich and who is so firm a believer in the efficacy of the remedy that cur d him. There is no excuse for shortening life, as so many have done and are doing. There is no necessity for "breaking down" early in years. Premature decay and death are a disgrace to our modern civilization. They are wholly needless and men or women who permit them when they can be so easily avoided should blame no one but themselves.

Some men give according to their means, and some according to their meanness.

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The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river has been attempting to spin a mountain top.

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A couple of thorns in the side of the Government. - "Ma"-hdi and "Pa"-hdi. (Mahdi and Paddy—don't you see?)—Funny

A.P 168

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