

CHAPTER XL.

Two days after Sir John had been taken into confidence, Philip received a visit from Lady Bellamy that caused him a good deal of discomfort. After talking to him on general subjects for awhile, she rose to go.

"By the way, Mr. Caresfoot," she said, "I really had almost forgotten the object of my visit. You may remember a conversation we had together some time ago, when I was the means of paying a debt owing to you?"

Philip nodded.

"Then you will not have forgotten that one of the articles of our little oral convention was, that if it should be considered to the interest of all the parties concerned, your daughter's old nurse was not to remain in your house?"

"I remember."

"Well, do you know, I cannot help thinking that it must be a bad thing for Angela to have so much of the society of an ill-educated and not very refined person like Pigott. I really advise you to get rid of her."

"She has been with me for twenty years, and my daughter is devoted to her. I can't turn her off."

"It is always painful to dismiss an old servant—almost as bad as discarding an old dress; but when a dress is worn out it must be thrown away. Surely the same applies to servants."

"I don't see how I am to send her away."

"I can quite understand your feelings; but then, you see, an agreement implies obligations on both sides, doesn't it? especially an agreement for value received, as the lawyers say."

Philip winced perceptibly.

"I wish I had never had anything to do with your agreements."

"Oh! if you think it over, I don't think that you will say so. Well, that is settled. I suppose she will go pretty soon. I am glad to see you looking so well—very different from your cousin. I assure you. I don't think much of his state of health. Good-bye; remember me to Angela. By the way I don't know if you have heard that George has met with a repulse in that direction; he does not intend to press matters any more at present; but, of course, the agreement holds all the same. Nobody knows what the morrow may bring forth."

"Where you and my amiable cousin are concerned, I shall be much surprised if it does not bring forth villainy," thought Philip, as soon as he heard the front door close. "I suppose that it must be done about Pigott. Curse that woman, with her sordid face. I wish I had never put myself into her power; the iron hand can be felt pretty plainly through her velvet glove."

Life is never altogether clouded over and that morning Angela's horizon had been brightened by two big rays of sunshine that came to shed their cheering light on the gray monotony of her surroundings. For of late, notwithstanding its occasional spasms of fierce excitement, her life had been as monotonous as it was miserable. Always the same anxious grief, the same fears, the same longing, pressing hourly round her like phantoms in the mist—no, not like phantoms, like real living things peeping at her from the dark.

It was in one of the worst of these fits, her "cloudy days," as she would call them to Pigott, that good news found her. As she was dressing, Pigott brought her a letter, which, recognizing Lady Bellamy's bold handwriting, she opened in fear and trembling. It contained a short note and another letter. The note ran as follows:

"Dear Angela—I inclose you a letter from your cousin George, which contains what I suppose you will consider good news. For your own sake I beg you not to send it back unopened as you did the last.

A. B."

For a moment Angela was tempted to mistrust this inclosure, and almost came to the determination to throw it into the fire, feeling sure that a serpent lurked in the grass and that it was a cunningly disguised love-letter. But curiosity overcame her, and she opened it as gingerly as though it were infected, unfolding the sheet with the handle of her hair-brush. Its contents were destined to give her a surprise. They ran thus:

"My dear Cousin.—After what passed between us a few days ago, you will perhaps be surprised at hearing from me; but, if you have the patience to read this short letter, its contents will not, I fear, be altogether displeasing to you. They are very simple. I write to say that I accept your verdict, and that you need fear no further advances from me. Whether I quite deserved all the bitter words you poured out upon me I leave you to judge at leisure, seeing that my only crime was that I loved you. To most women the offense would not have seemed so unpardonable. But that is as it may be. After what you said there is only one course left for a man who has any pride—and that is to withdraw. So let the past be dead between us. I shall never allude to it (again) wishing you happiness in the path of life which you have chosen. I remain your affectionate cousin.

George Caresfoot."

It would have been difficult for any one to have received a more perfectly satisfactory letter than this was to Angela.

"Pigott," she called out, feeling the

absolute necessity of a confidante in her joy, and forgetting that the worthy soul had nothing but the most general knowledge of George's advances. "He has given me up; just think, he is going to let me alone. I declare I feel quite fond of him."

"And who might you be talking of, miss?"

"Why, my cousin George, of course; he is going to let me alone, I tell you."

"Which, seeing how as he isn't fit to touch you with a pair of tongs, is about the least as he can do, miss, and as for letting you alone, I didn't know as he ever proposed doing anything else. But that reminds me, miss, though I am sure I don't know why it should, how as Mrs. Hawkins, as was put in to look after the vicarage while the Reverend Fraser was away, told me last night how as she had got a telegraph the sight of which, she said, knocked her all faint like, till she turned just as yellow as the cover, to say nothing of four-and-six portage, the which, however, she intends to recover from the Reverend—Lord, where was I?"

"I am sure I don't know, Pigott, but I suppose you were going to tell me what was in the telegram."

"Yes, miss, that's right, but my head does seem to wool up somehow so at times that I fare to lose my way."

"Well, Pigott, what was in the telegram?"

"Lord, miss, how you do hurry one, begging your pardon; only that the Reverend Fraser—not but what Mrs. Hawkins do say that it can't be true, because the words wasn't in his writing nor nothing like, as she has good reason to know, seeing that—"

"Yes, but what about Mr. Fraser, Pigott? Isn't he well?"

"The telegraph didn't say, as I remembers miss; bless me, I forgot if it was to-day or to-morrow."

"Oh, Pigott," groaned Angela, "do tell me what was in the telegram."

"Why, miss, surely I told you that the thing said, though I fancy likely to be in error—"

"What?" almost shouted Angela.

"Why, that the Reverend Fraser would be home by the midday train, and would like a beefsteak for lunch, not mentioning, however, anything about the onions, which is very puzzling to Mrs.—"

"Oh, I am glad, why could you not tell me before? Cousin George disposed of and Mr. Fraser coming back. Why things are looking quite bright again; at least they would be if only Arthur were here," and her rejoicing ended in a sigh.

As soon as she thought that he would have finished his beefsteak, with or without the onions, Angela walked down to the vicarage and broke in upon Mr. Fraser with something of her own gladsome warmth. Running up to him without waiting to be announced, she seized him by both hands.

"And so you are back at last? What a long time you have been away. Oh, I am so glad to see you."

Mr. Fraser, who, it struck her, looked older since his absence, turned first a little red and then a little pale, and said:

"Yes, Angela, here I am back again in the old shop; it is very good of you to come so soon to see me. Now sit down and tell me all about yourself while I go on with my unpacking. But bless me, my dear, what is the matter with you, you look thin, and as though you were not happy, and—where has your smile gone to Angela?"

"Never mind me, you must tell me all about yourself first. Where have you been and what have you been doing all these long months?"

"Oh, I have been enjoying myself over half the civilized globe," he answered, with a somewhat forced laugh. "Switzerland, Italy, and Spain have all been benefited by my presence, but I got tired of it, so here I am back in my proper sphere, and delighted to again behold these dear, familiar faces," and he pointed to his ample collection of classics. "But let me hear about yourself, Angela. I am tired of No. 1, I can assure you."

"Oh mine is a long story, you will scarcely find patience to listen to it."

"Ah I thought that there was a story from your face; then I think that I can guess what it is about. Young ladies' stories generally turn upon the same pivot," and he laughed a little softly and sat down in a corner well out of the light. "Now, my dear, I am ready to give you my best attention."

Angela blushed very deeply and, looking studiously out of the window began, with many hesitations, to tell her story.

"Well Mr. Fraser, you must understand first of all—I mean, you know, that I must tell you that—desperately, "that I am engaged."

"Ah!"

There was something so sharp and sudden about this exclamation that Angela turned round quickly.

"What's the matter, have you hurt yourself?"

"Yes; but go on, Angela."

It was an awkward story to tell, especially the George complication part of it, and to any one else she felt, that she would have found it almost impossible to tell it, but in Mr. Fraser she was, she knew, sure of a sympathetic listener. Had she known too, that the mere mention of her lover's name was a stab to her listener's heart, and that every expression of her own deep and enduring love and each tone of endearment were new and ingenious tortures, she might well have been confused.

For so it was. Although he was fifty years of age, Mr. Fraser had not educated Angela with impunity. He had paid the penalty that must have resulted to any heart-whole man not absolutely a fossil, who had been brought into close contact with such a woman as Angela.

His was one of those earnest, secret, and self-sacrificing passions of which, if we only knew it, there exist a good many round about us.

It was to strive to conquer this pas-

sion, which in his heart he called dishonorable, that Mr. Fraser had gone abroad, right away from Angela, where he had wrestled with it, and prayed against it, and, at last, as he thought, subdued it. But now, on his first sight of her, it rose again in all its former strength, and rushed through his being like a storm, and he realized that such love is of those things that cannot die. And perhaps it is a question if he really wished to lose it. It was a poor thing indeed, a very poor thing, but his own.

At last Angela came to the letter that she had that very morning received from George. Mr. Fraser read it carefully.

"At any rate," he said, "he is behaving like a gentleman now. On the whole, that is a nice letter. You will be troubled with him no more."

"Yes," answered Angela, and then, flushing up at the memory of George's arguments in the lane, "but it is certainly time that he did, for he had no business, oh, he had no business to speak to me as he spoke, and he a man old enough to be my father."

Mr. Fraser's pale cheeks colored a little.

"Don't be hard upon him because he is old Angela—which, by the way, he is not, he is nearly ten years my junior—for I fear the old men are just as liable to be made fools of by a pretty face as young ones."

It was nearly dark when at length Angela, rising to go, warmly pressed his hand and thanked him in her own sweet way for his goodness and kind counsel. And then, declining his offer of escort, and saying that she would come and see him again on the morrow, she departed on her homeward path.

The first thing that met her gaze on the hall table at the Abbey House was a note addressed to herself in a handwriting that she had seen in many washing bills, but never before on an envelope. She opened it in vague alarm. It ran as follows:

"Miss.—Your father has just dismissed me, saying that he is too pore to keep me any longer, which is a matter as I holds my own opinion on, and that I am too uneducated to be in your company, which is a perfect truth. But, miss, not feeling any how equal to bid you good-bye in person after bringing you up by hand and doing for you these many years, I takes the liberty to write you miss, to say good-bye and God bless you, my beautiful angel, and I shall be to be found down at the old house at the end of the drift as my pore husband left me, which is fortunately just empty, and p'raps you will come and see me at times, miss."

Yore obedient servant,

"Pigott."

"I opens this again to say how as I have tidied up your things a bit afore I left, leaving mine till to-morrow, when, if living, I shall send for them, if you please, miss, you will find your clean night-shift in the left-hand drawer, and sorry am I that I can't be there to lay it out for you. I shall take the liberty to send up for your washing, as it can't be trusted to any one."

Angela read the letter through, and then sunk back upon a chair, and burst into a storm of tears. Partially recovering herself, however, she rose and entered her father's study.

"Is this true?" she asked, still sobbing.

"Is what true?" asked Philip, indifferently, and affecting not to see her distress.

"That you have sent Pigott away?"

"Yes, yes; you see, Angela—"

"Do you mean that she is really to stop away?"

"Of course I do; I really must be allowed, Angela—"

"Forgive me, father, but I do not want to listen to your reasons and excuses." Her eyes were quite dry now.

Philip quailed before his daughter's anger.

"Thank goodness she's gone, and that job is done with. I am downright afraid of her, and the worst of it is she speaks the truth," said Philip to himself, as the door closed. Ten days after this incident Angela heard casually from Mr. Fraser that Sir John and Lady Bellamy were going on a short trip abroad for the benefit of the former's health. If she thought about the matter at all, it was to feel rather glad. Angela did not like Lady Bellamy—indeed, she feared her. Of George she neither heard nor saw anything. He had also gone away.

CHAPTER XLI.

Meanwhile at Madeira matters were going on much as we left them; there had indeed been little appreciable change in the situation.

For his part, our friend Arthur continued to dance or rather stroll along the edge of his flowery precipice, and found the view pleasant and the air bracing.

And no doubt things were very nicely arranged for his satisfaction.

One morning, peeping through a big telescope that was fixed in the window of the little boudoir which formed an entrance lobby to the museum, Mrs. Carr saw a cloud of smoke upon the horizon. Presently the point of a mast poked up through the vapor as though the vessel were rising out of the ocean then two more masts and a red and black funnel, and last of all a great gray hull.

"Hurrah!" called out Mrs. Carr, with one eye still fixed to the telescope and the remainder of her little face all screwed up in her efforts to keep the other closed, "it's the mail; I can see the Donald Currie flag, a white C on a blue ground."

"Well, I am sure Mildred, there's no need for you to make your face look like a monkey, if it is; you look just as though the corner of your mouth were changing places with your eyebrow."

"Agatha, you are dreadfully rude; when the faeries took your endowment in hand, they certainly did not forget the gift of plain speech. I shall appeal to Mr. Heigham; do I look like a monkey, Mr. Heigham? No, on second thoughts, I won't wait for the inevitable compliment. Arthur, hold your tongue and I will tell you some-

thing. That must be the new boat, the Garth Castle, and I want to see over her. Captain Smithson, who is bringing her out, has got a box of things for me. What do you say if we kill two birds with one stone, go and see the vessel and get our luncheon on board."

"I am at your ladyship's service," answered Arthur.

"For goodness' sake don't look so lazy, Mr. Heigham, but ring the bell—not that one, the electric one—and let us order the lunch at once."

Arthur did as he was bid, and within an hour they were steaming through the throng of boats already surrounding the steamer.

"My gracious, Mildred," suddenly exclaimed Agatha, "do you see who that is there leaning over the bulwarks? Oh, he's gone, but so sure as I am a living woman, it was Lord Minster and Lady Florence Thingumbob, his sister, you know, the pretty one."

Mildred looked vexed, and glanced involuntarily at the Arthur, who was steering the launch.

The captain of the ship had already come to the side to meet her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Carr; are you coming on to South Africa with us?"

"No, Captain Smithson; I, or rather we, are coming to lunch, and to see your new boat, and last, but not least, to claim my box."

"Mrs. Carr, will you ever forgive me? I have lost it!"

"Produce my box, Captain Smithson, or I will never speak to you again. I'll do more, I'll go over to the Union line."

As soon as they got on the quarter-deck, Arthur perceived a tall well-preserved man with an eyeglass, whom he seemed to know, bearing down upon them, followed by a charming-looking girl, about three-and-twenty years of age, remarkable for her pleasant eyes and the humorous expression of her mouth.

"How do you do, Mrs. Carr?" said the tall man. "I suppose that you heard that we were coming; it is very good of you to come and meet us."

"I had not the slightest idea that you were coming, and I did not come to meet you, Lord Minster; I came to lunch," answered Mrs. Carr, rather coldly.

"Nasty one for James that, very," murmured Lady Florence; "hope it will do him good."

"I was determined to come and look you up as soon as I got time, but the house sat very late. However, I have got a fortnight here now, and shall see plenty of you."

"A good deal too much, I dare say, Lord Minster; but let me introduce you to Mr. Heigham."

Lord Minster glanced casually at Arthur, and, lifting his hat about an eighth of an inch, was about to resume his conversation, when Arthur, who was rather nettled by this treatment, said:

"I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you before, Lord Minster; we were stopping together at the Stanley Foxes last autumn."

"Stanley Foxes, ah, quite so, forgive my forgetfulness, but one meets so many people, you see," and he turned round to where Mrs. Carr had been, but that lady had taken the opportunity to retreat. Lord Minster at once followed her.

"Well, if my brother has forgotten you, Mr. Heigham, I have not," said Lady Florence, now coming forward for the first time. "Don't you remember when we went nutting together and I tumbled into the pond?"

"Indeed I do, Lady Florence, and I can't tell you how pleased I am to see you again. Are you here for long?"

"An indefinite time; an old aunt of mine, Mrs. Velley, is coming out by next mail, and I am going to stop with her when my brother goes back. Are you staying with Mrs. Carr?"

"Oh, no, only I know her very well."

"Do you admire her?"

"Immensely."

"Then you won't like James—I mean my brother."

"Why not?"

"Because he also admires her immensely."

"We both admire the view from here very much indeed, but that is no reason why you and I should not like each other."

"No, but then, you see, there is a difference between lovely scenery and lovely widows."

"Perhaps there is," said Arthur.

At this moment Lord Minster returned with Mrs. Carr.

"How do you do, Lady Florence?" said the latter; "let me introduce you to Mr. Heighton. What do you already know each other?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Carr, we are old friends."

"Oh, indeed, that is very charming for you."

"Yes, it is," said Lady Florence, frankly.

"Well, we must be off now, Florence."

"All right, James, I'm ready."

"Will you both come and dine with me to-night, sans facon, there will be nobody else except Agatha and Mr. Heigham?" asked Mrs. Carr.

"We shall be delighted," said Lord Minster.

"Au revoir, then," nodded Lady Florence to Arthur, and they separated.

To Be Continued.

THE MAN OF MODERATE MEANS.

"There is one enjoyment that we may all alike enjoy," said the man of moderate means, "and that is the warmth of returning spring. I can always tell when spring has really come by seeing somebody standing in front of a building, where he is sheltered from the wind, enjoying the sunshine of the first really gentle day after winter. There is a mellowness about it, a broad, geniality, that is unmistakable, and that we accept with grateful hearts. It pervades us with present comfort and gives us much promise of the future. The glow may last, on the first day, but a little time; it may be chilly before and after. Happy is he who is abroad on this day, and who happens upon a sheltered spot at such an hour as to receive it—the sun's first spring greeting to the earth."

A Neighbor's Advice.

THE MEANS OF RESTORING A LITTLE GIRL TO HEALTH.

He Was Gradually Fading Away and Her Parents Doubted Her Recovery to Health.

From the Examiner, Charlottetown.

Perhaps the most remarkable cure that has ever been recorded is that of little Minnie Woodside, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Woodside, of Baltic, P.E.I. Mr. and Mrs. Woodside are members of the Princetown Presbyterian church, and are well and favorably known in the settlement where they reside. Mr. Woodside does an extensive business in oysters. A newspaper correspondent hearing of the remarkable recovery of this little girl called on Mr. Woodside and ascertained the exact facts of the case. The following is substantially the result of the interview:—"About a year ago last June I first noticed that my little daughter was not as bright as usual and that she complained at times of pains in her head and chest. Up to that time she had regularly attended school and was remarkably clever for a child of her age. She did nothing except attend school and although I never supposed it would do her much injury, I allowed her to study too sedulously. Thinking that she was only a little run down I kept her from school for a few weeks and expected that she would be all right again. By the end of that time I was badly disappointed in my expectations, however, as she rapidly grew weaker and lost flesh every day. I was alarmed about her condition when she complained of a soreness in her lungs and began to cough. I was just preparing to take her to a doctor when a neighbor called to see her and advised us to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She assured me that Pink Pills had restored her own daughter to health after several doctors had failed to do her any good. I therefore resolved to give her a trial and purchased a couple of boxes that very day. I began giving my little daughter those pills being very careful to follow the directions. At the end of a month I noticed a decided improvement in her health and thus encouraged I continued using the pills three months more. Her health was quite restored by that time and she was able to attend school again. I regard my daughter's cure as almost marvellous and accord all the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For little girls and boys of delicate constitutions no better remedy could possibly be prescribed. What was done for my little girl could certainly be done for other children."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

A. H. Hutchins Sends Back a Word of Ad-vice to Prospective Gold Hunters.

A. H. Hutchins, of Rochester, N. Y., who is now on his way to the Klondike, has written a letter from Juneau. In the course of his letter he says:

"If I were to start our again I should not buy a single article before reaching here. If any of your readers think of going to the gold fields, my advice is, first of all, don't go; but if you don't take that advice, just pack your grip with enough old clothes to last you for about three weeks. Buy your ticket for Juneau, and go to the American Express Co. and buy their signature checks to the amount of \$600. Then, when you get here you will have a chance to change your mind and you will have had a run well worth your money."

"There are many who would turn back about this time if they had not already spent their money, and in many cases spent it for goods not suited for the work in hand. This is a splendid place to catch your breath—the last chance I am told—and calmly view the situation."

"While I write there are in the rooms with me, three men who have just come out. There are plenty of them about town, but I have never yet met one who has made even a moderately rich strike, and that too after several years of constant prospecting. They have all made a living; but how many of the thousands who are flocking to Alaska can keep up their courage on a bare living in this God-forsaken country for a year or two, in the hopes of ultimately making a strike, which, after all, may not pay for the ammunition."

"There seems to be no doubt that the claims in the vicinity of Dawson City have panned out rich, and that there are many more such places when discovered. The ordinary finds, however, will not enable a man to save much more, if any, than he could out of an ordinary salary in the east, if the stories of those coming out are true."

DISCARDS HIS PIPE.

The Teuton is apparently abandoning the pipe and cigar in favor of becoming a cigarette fiend. In 1892 Germany manufactured 152,000,000 cigarettes. In 1895 the figures reached 600,000,000, which were doubled in 1897. Dealers do not complain, as cigarettes are more profitable than cigars.

THE LIGHT OF THE HOUSE.

Mr. Romanz—I tell you what, a baby brightens up the house, and that's a fact.

Mr. Practickel—Yes; we've had to keep the gas burning all night ever since ours was born.