

ABYSMAL DEPTHS

OR BLINDFOLD ON THE BRINK
OF PRECIPICES

CHAPTER XIII.

In another minute Mr. Montgomery was descending the dingy staircase. "Just the same as of old," he muttered; "hard as nails—not to be moved. Deuced awkward their sticking to that bit of paper—not that it is ever likely to be found out. They did not half believe in it. But, cunning as they are, they are done—they did not suspect me. How familiar this old ramshackle place looks to me, although 'tis many a year since I saw it last. Its moldy walls suggest no very agreeable retrospect."

While he was thus muttering his thoughts, he left the building and passed out of the court into the open thoroughfare. Then he opened the paper that the lawyer had given him, and read the address. The words were: "Madame Berne, Ivy Cottage, Ivy Road, Highbury."

Had that paper informed him that he was to die within the hour, its perusal could not have cast upon his face a more marked expression of dismay. For a moment he stood rooted to the spot; and when jostled by a rough passer-by, went back into the court to stare at the writing, and recover from the shock.

"Great heavens!" he ejaculated. "Is it possible? What can this mean? Who is this Silas Carston, then? Can this woman be—she must. The name is uncommon; and the same lawyers, too. But why has she left the Willows? I must fathom this mystery."

He stood musing silently for some moments, and gradually an expression of dark determination settled down upon his face.

"I'll do it," he muttered. "I'll face her once more, although I would as soon face a tigress in her den."

He buttoned his coat across his breast with a jerk, drew on his gloves and walked rapidly in the direction of Holborn, with the air of a man thoroughly resolved. He was, however, very nervous. He stepped into a public house, and drank a glass of brandy. Then he hailed a Highbury omnibus, mounted to a box-seat, and lighting his pipe, smoked and meditated until he arrived at the Cock Tavern. There he strengthened his nerves with another glass of brandy and inquired for Ivy Road. It was about twenty minutes' walk from there, in the direction of Highgate.

Ivy Cottage was a small, gloomy looking house, covered with the dark leaves of the plant from which it took its name; a shriveled holly tree, and a large, untrimmed lime threw a yet deeper shadow upon the building. It was a remnant of bygone days, when Highbury was a country place, and it looked like a meanly-dressed, old-fashioned woman in a gay crowd, amidst the glaring stucco and white paint of the new villas that were dotted on each side of it.

Mr. Montgomery pulled up short as he saw "Ivy Cottage" inscribed upon the gate-post of this shabby-looking dwelling. He felt more nervous than ever. He drew out his handkerchief, took off his hat and wiped his face, fidgeted with his coat, and finally glanced about for a public house, whereto to procure another strengthener. Strange to say there was not one in sight. Even a glass of water would have been a boon to him at that moment, for his mouth was parched with excitement.

At last he made the plunge, opened the garden gate, walked up the path and rang the house-bell.

His summons was answered by a solemn-looking servant. Madame Berne was at home, but she could not see strangers. Would he send in his business?

He desired to say that he came from Messrs. Fogle & Quick, of Gray's Inn, and that his business related to a certain advertisement which had appeared in the morning papers. The woman shut the door in his face, and

left him standing upon the steps while she delivered his message. Any person who stood beside him might have heard the thumping of his heart against his side. Again he took out his handkerchief and wiped away the perspiration that stood in large beads upon his face; yet the morning was raw and cold.

After the lapse of about a minute the door reopened, and he was marshaled by the solemn servant into the front parlor, there to await Madame Berne's appearance. It was a gloomy room; the walls were covered with a dingy, dark paper; the furniture was old-fashioned in form, and mostly of oak. The trees in front threw in a black shadow and obscured the daylight. Mr. Montgomery seated himself with his back to the window, and in that position his features were indistinct to any person coming into the room.

Five minutes passed, and then the handle of the door was turned, and there appeared upon the threshold an elderly woman; tall, big-boned; thin, white lips; a nose like a parrot's beak; light gray eyes, as cold as stone. She wore a front of dark brown hair, dressed in small flat curls, and bound round the forehead by a band of narrow black velvet. She was dressed in black silk, and wore a kerchief of white muslin crossed upon her bosom.

Mr. Montgomery rose and bowed, still carefully keeping his face from the light.

"You have brought me intelligence of the boy, Silas Carston?" she said, in a hard, cold voice, and standing only just within the doorway.

He tried to speak, but his mouth was too parched, and his voice failed him, so he politely moved a chair a little toward her; but she still remained standing on the same spot, not recognizing his civility.

"My time is precious," she said, yet more coldly. "Will you please to state your business?"

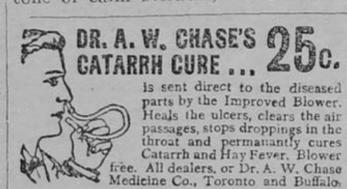
"Stony as ever," he said within himself; "impervious to politeness or blandishments. The fight must come; the sooner the better."

"I am Silas Carston's representative," he said, in a voice that would shake in spite of him. "I called upon Messrs. Fogle & Quick in the matter of this advertisement"—producing the newspaper—"they referred me to you, madame. I now wait your communication."

At the first sound of his voice the iron features relaxed into an expression of doubt, gradually changing into one of astonishment, as she fixed her eyes upon the speaker.

"Edward Morant," she said, "what have you to do with Silas Carston, and how dare you set foot within my house?"

Hardly as she tried to speak in a tone of calm sternness, there was an



DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.
is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blowers free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

anxious, troubled ring in her voice, and an anxious look in her face as she awaited his answer.

"You recognize me, then?"

"As if I could ever fail to recognize you!" she answered, bitterly. "We have both had ample occasions to imprint each other's portraits upon our memories."

Now that the ice was broken, all his nervousness vanished. Fearless and bitter as herself, he confronted her. For a moment they stood eyeing each other, like two wrestlers about to engage in a deadly struggle. In her face was a look of intense loathing; in his, a look of tigerish hatred.

"Why have you come here?" she sternly asked.

"I have told you, to inquire, on

behalf of Silas Carston, the meaning of this advertisement."

"What is Silas Carston to you, that you should come here upon such an errand? I refuse to make any communication to you. Let him come himself if he wishes to know anything. This is my house, and I will not endure your presence in it."

"Suppose I insist upon remaining until you answer my questions?"

"I shall have you expelled by a constable, and sworn over to keep the peace toward me."

"It would scarcely be creditable to my father, outcast as I am, to have his name branded in a police court, even to secure your safety."

He spoke in a voice of cold irony, and the blood was singing in his ears, and seething in his veins with passion.

"What have the dead to do with the petty vanities of earthly name and fame?" she asked, sternly.

"The dead!" he whispered; the hot blood changed to a stream of ice, and rushed back upon his heart, and he stared at her, pale and aghast.

"The dead!" she reiterated, in the same tone. She looked steadily in his face, as though doubting the truth of his astonishment. It was too terribly real to be doubted even by her. But it could not excite one touch of pity in her stony heart, for she added, in a voice of bitter irony, "A terrible commentary upon your life, Edward Morant. Your father has been dead three months, and you do not know it."

But the irony aroused no passion in him now; he was too utterly prostrated by the blow to heed her insults. He had sunk into a chair and was staring into vacancy, repeating the word "Dead!" over and over again. Suddenly he asked, in a low, anxious tone:

"Did he ask for me? Did he wish to see me before he died?"

"He had broken with all earthly ties months before he died; his thoughts and words were given to heaven alone."

Eagerly the man waited for the cruel answer, and when it came he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed until the tears dropped between his fingers unto the ground.

Still cold and pitiless as an iron statue, the woman looked down upon him without a shadow of sympathy in her rigid face. "After a minute's pause, she said, "It is useless to prolong this scene. You can now see that all ties are broken between us. I trust I shall never look upon your face again. As for Silas Carston, if he wishes to know anything, I repeat, he must come to me himself."

"And who is this base-born scamp, in whom you seem to take so much interest. I take no interest in him. I simply desire to do a duty which I have pledged myself to perform."

Spite of the calm, unmoved tone of her words, an unusual flush mounted to her face, as she rebuffed the opprobrious epithet.

"Why, then, was he sent to such a place as Tabernacle House?" he demanded, with his old sneer; for the devil, subdued for a moment by the awful shock of his father's death, was again rising strong within him. "Kept in ignorance of his parents—put to menial work? Pshaw! You can lie with all your cant, when it is to hide a shame that touches you!"

"But one shame has ever touched me or mine—a black, indelible shame—and that shame is yourself. That boy's birth is as pure as yours!" She spoke almost fiercely, and her mouth quivered.

This show of emotion was not lost upon her visitor. At last he had found a weak point in that iron armor through which he could thrust a weapon to gall and wound her.

"Do you know into what keeping you consigned this whelp of shame—I repeat it, of shame? And I tell you again, you lie when you deny it."

Again she winced at the word "shame," and an awful light blazed up in her eyes, though her face, save an occasional quiver of the nostrils, was calm and strong as ever. There was something more terrible in that deadly rage than in the devilish, fierce malignancy of her opponent.

"This man—this Reverend Mr. Porter, as he calls himself," he went on, "I remember as a vile, drunken vagabond—a companion of mine. You will see he is a converted sinner. I tell you this man is the vilest of hypocrites; a trader upon cant, whom to-morrow I will expose in

the midst of his congregation, and drive out of the town. His daughter was once for two years clairvoyant in a traveling mesmerism show, and at the end of that time, when scarcely fifteen, ran off with a gentleman; while to her father's name still cling stories of the vile immorality. What do you think now of the guardian of your precious charge?"

"Leave this house, and never darken it with your accursed presence again."

"Although you shall never see me again, you shall feel me," he went on, with momentarily increasing passion. "Listen, woman, to the last words you may ever hear me speak! I have never injured, nor sought to injure you. From the moment you first saw me, you hated me because I would not cant and whine; and because I passed a few boyish jests upon Calvin and his doctrines, you vowed my destruction; you turned my father's heart against me, and for a few youthful excesses that time would have cured you had me expelled from my home, turned adrift upon the world, to beg, steal or murder. That act fell back upon yourself in a terrible retribution; but while its consequences glanced off your steel heart, and left no lasting wound, they handed me over body and soul to Satan himself! When, homeless and starving, I have written to my father for money to buy bread, the letters were returned unopened—not by his hands, but by yours; and even on his death-bed you embittered his heart with enmity against his only child! For the sake of one dear memory I have borne all this. But there is a limit to all human endurance, and that limit is passed with me. It seems you have one being still in whom you take some interest—that you have one vulnerable point, and through that I'll strike you! There is no revenge, however fiendish, that I will pause at. I will never cross your threshold again, but my shadow shall be upon you to the last hour of your life!"

As he spoke, he drew close to her, foaming with passion, and wildly gesticulating, as though he would strike her. But not one step did she move, but looked him full and fearlessly in the face, though her own grew a shade paler. The solemn servant, attracted by the noise, stood terror-stricken in the doorway. As he spoke the last words, he pushed her aside, and rushed out of the house, with Madame Berne's voice ringing in his ears, "Beware what you do, lest the vengeance fall upon your own head!"

Left alone, her nerve gave way, and she sank back trembling, almost fainting, upon the sofa.

An hour afterward she was on her way to Gray's Inn. When she arrived the office was closed. Early on Monday morning she sought it again. But the time lost was, unfortunately, fatal.

(To Be Continued.)

WAKE UP, BABY!

A New Game for Mothers.

Baby's awakening ought to be looked forward to as a pleasure, not dreaded as a scourge. He should awaken bright, merry, and full of fun, refreshed by sleep, ready for a good time.

How many mothers dread his awakening howls, knowing that he will keep everyone miserable until he goes to sleep again or gets his food. These crying fits are the terror of every inexperienced mother. Mrs. Gabriel Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., is a mother who has learned how this trouble can be best met, and writes us as follows: "My baby suffered much from indigestion, and was cross and restless. I gave him several medicines, but they did not help him. I then got a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and they helped him almost at once, and have done him so much good that I would not now be without them. I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers as the best medicine I have ever used for children." These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest infant. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

HER ONLY CHANCE.

Recently a lady was much annoyed with the servant, who made frequent visits to the sitting-room when her mistress was entertaining visitors. Molly on the most trivial excuses would pop her head into the room, varied occasionally by boldly advancing right in.

Mistress—"There is one thing, Molly, I would like to speak to you about. You must learn to keep out of the sitting-room when I have visitors, unless I ring the bell for you."

Molly—"Ye towld me Oi was to thry and larn manners. How kin Oi be afther doin' that if Oi don't watch the quality as calls!"

Wilson—"Philson is a man who keeps his word, whatever else may be said of him." Bilson—"Do you find him so?" Wilson—"Yes. He borrowed five dollars from me a year ago, and he said he'd never forget my kindness." Bilson—"And he hasn't?" Wilson—"No. Every time he wants to borrow money he comes to me."

THE POLITE NEW YORKER.

His Action Proved That Gallantry Is Not a Lost Art.

"Don't tell me any more that New Yorkers are not polite," chirped the young man who "takes a powerful sight of notice" to the old man who reads as he rides as the pair left an elevated train. "Saw something a little while ago that convinces me there are others besides blanket Indians on the Manhattan reservation."

"What was it?" queried the man who reads and sees nothing unless perhaps it be a vacant seat spotted afar off over the top of his newspaper.

"You didn't notice it? Of course you didn't. You were too busy forgetting the fact that there were women in the aisle of the car. It happened between Ninety-third and Eighty-first streets, and it almost made me feel that the days of chivalry had returned. An old woman was holding on a strap and standing in front of a dapper chap with a blase face.

"Step up farther in the center of the car!" shouted the guard, and the old lady was about to obey when the dapper head opened and its owner gallantly said:

"Don't move, madam. I get off at Fifty-third street and Eighth avenue, and if you'll wait you can have my seat."

"Such gallantry on an elevated train in New York almost brought moisture to my eyes, and if I had had a baseball bat I am quite sure that I could not have restrained myself from bringing moisture to that part of the blase face which on the gridiron is usually protected by a rubber guard."

Shout Breaks a Glass.

Every one knows that windows will rattle when a loud noise is made in a room, but very few persons know that a glass can be broken by shouting into it.

Any ordinary glass which has a clear tone will do for this trick, and the exact nature of its tone can readily be ascertained by passing a moistened finger around its rim. This point being settled, the performer should hold the glass in front of his mouth and shout into it in a tone about an octave higher than that of the glass. The result will be that the glass will break immediately, and for the reason that it will not have strength enough to resist the force exerted against it by the waves of air.

The thinner the glass is the more easily it will be broken.

The Heat of Lava.

The lava streams from the eruption of Vesuvius in 1858 were so hot twelve years later that steam issued from their cracks and crevices. Those that flowed from Etna in 1787 were found to be steaming hot just below the crust as late as 1840. The volcano Jorullo, in Mexico, poured forth in 1759 lava that eighty-seven years later gave off columns of steaming vapor. In 1780 it was found that a stick thrust into the crevices instantly ignited, although no discomfort was experienced in walking on the hardened crust.

Alsatian Egg Women.

A favorite trick of Alsatian market-women is to place six or eight adolescent eggs in a small basket and to declare that those are all the absolutely fresh ones they have. The victim buys them, thinking that if the woman were dishonest she would have offered more "fresh eggs." Afterward the market woman takes six or more out of a larger basket which is carefully covered over.

Two Double Roles.

Joey—Uncle Joe, what is an optimist and a pessimist?

Uncle Joe—An optimist, Joey, is a man who can act happy when he feels miserable, and a pessimist is a man who can act miserable when he feels happy.

Thorough Work.

Mrs. Youngwife—A friend has sent me a basket of quinces, and I don't know how to use them.

Mrs. Oldwife—Nothing is simpler. Pare and core them, make preserves of the best pieces, marmalade of the others, and jelly of the cores and peelings.

Mrs. Youngwife—Well, I declare! And what shall I make of the basket they came in?

Not In His Line.

"What is his status in this community, if I may ask?"

"He ain't got none that I ever heard on. He run a grocery for awhile down to the Corners, but if he ever had any status there 'twain't kep' out in sight where anybody could see it."

The Rejected One.

"Let me see," remarks the ignorant personage. "Ryme means frost, doesn't it?"

"Mine usually does," replied the unsuccessful poet absentmindedly.

Assurance Pays.

Sitphen—Dr. Skillings gets \$5 for every consultation. That's what comes to a man who thoroughly learns his profession.

Wilfer—And Dr. Kwacker gets \$10. That's what comes of cultivating a sup lime cheek.

Paralysis and Locomotor Ataxia

The Dreadful Result of Neglected Nervous Diseases—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Prevents and Cures Paralysis by Restoring the Wasted and Depleted Nerve Cells.

To understand paralysis and its causes it is well to remember that every movement of the body of its members is due to the contraction of muscle, which can only take place under the influence of nerve force.

As this all-important nerve force is created in the nerve centres of the brain and spinal cord, and conducted along wirelike nerve fibres to the various parts of the body, any derangement of the brain, spinal cord, or nerve fibres may result in paralysis or loss of the power of movement.

Paralysis, then, is the natural result of all neglected nervous diseases.

If you find yourself nervous and irritable, over-sensitive to light,

sound, and motion, addicted to continual movement or tapping of the fingers, twitching of the muscles, sudden startings and jerking of the limbs during sleep; if you have nervous headaches or dyspepsia, are unable to sleep or rest, feel down-hearted and discouraged, and unfit to fight the battles of life; if your nerves are weak and exhausted, and your blood thin and watery, you have every reason to fear paralysis of at least some part of the body, and consequent suffering and helplessness.

Paralysis can always be prevented and partial paralysis actually cured by the timely use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The time to begin treatment is when any of the above-mentioned symptoms become ap-

parent. These are indications of a degeneration of the nerve cells, and when nerve force becomes exhausted paralysis is bound to follow.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food acts on the system in an entirely different way to ordinary medicines. It is neither a stimulant to whip tired nerves to renewed activity, nor a narcotic, nor opiate, to deaden the nerves. On the contrary it is a food cure, which forms new, red corpuscles in the blood, and creates new nerve cells. Every day it is bringing back health, strength, and vitality to scores and hundreds who have become discouraged through the failure of doctors and other treatments to cure them. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.