

ABYSMAL DEPTHS

OR BLINDFOLD ON THE BRINK
OF PRECIPICES

CHAPTER XV.

On Sunday, the Reverend Mr. Porter had just sat down to his early dinner, when the sour, puritanical-looking servant who had succeeded Martha came to the dining-room to announce that a gentleman wished to see him. Thinking that his visit related, perhaps, to the advertisement he had inserted, and supposing for a moment that it might be Silas himself frightened into returning, he eagerly bade the woman ask the gentleman's name.

"I'll save you the trouble, Sarah Jane!" cried a voice. "I'll take it in myself," and the next moment Mr. Montgomery presented himself in the parlor.

There was something about the self-assured air and insolent tone of the intruder that inspired Mr. Porter with anything but satisfaction.

"You can leave the room, my dear," said the professor, turning to the servant; "what I have to say to your master is very confidential and strictly private."

"Pardon me, sir," said Mr. Porter, assuming his devotional whine; "I never transact any unusual business on the Sabbath Day, but—"

"Don't come this humbug with me, Bill Stokes!" interrupted Montgomery, contemptuously, as soon as the servant had left the room.

At that name, the Reverend Obadiah and Judith started.

"Do you mean to say that you don't remember me?"

"I do," said Judith, quietly.

"Ah! I thought the wonderful eyes of Mademoiselle Zenobia would find me out," Montgomery returned.

A look of recognition began to dawn in Mr. Porter's face. "It is the professor," he said.

"Yes; it is the professor," answered Montgomery. He had thrown himself back in a chair, and with his hands in his trousers pockets, and his legs stretched out, was enjoying, with an air of insolent satisfaction, the dismay depicted upon his quondam associate's face. But Judith sat calm and unmoved, watching the enemy as keenly as though he had been a wild beast, whose spring she momentarily expected, but of whom she was not the least afraid.

"I am very glad to see you, professor," said her father, trying to assume an air of easy hospitality.

"Don't tell lies! You cannot be glad to see a man who knows as much about you as I do, and whom you treated so infamously."

"But that was in my unregenerate days, when—"

"Now look here, Bill Stokes," cried Montgomery, savagely; "if you give me any more of your cant, I will walk out of the house, and make it so hot for you in the town, that you will never dare to show your ugly form in Little Bethlehem another Sunday."

"Well, professor, is there anything I can do for you?" asked Mr. Porter, in his most fawning accents.

"You did enough for me years ago, after I had saved you from starvation. Do you know that two days back, when I first determined to pay you a visit, I swore that I would not leave the town until I had exposed you in the middle of your congregation?"

"But you have changed your mind since then," said Judith, calmly, speaking for the first time.

"How do you know that?" asked Montgomery, sharply.

"If you still intended to do that,

you would not have troubled yourself to take a walk of two miles first."

"I am sure the professor would not think it a trouble to walk two miles to see old friends who are so glad to see him," snuffed the father.

"Cease that humbug!" cried Montgomery. "But you certainly have jolly snug quarters here, and as you are so very pressing," he added, with a malicious grin, "I think a month or two down here, to a man who has been smoke-dried in London, would be a wonderful health-improver."

Mr. Porter turned pale at this proposition. "Will you take some dinner with us, professor? Come, father, it is getting cold." Judith spoke in the same calm, unmoved tone as before.

Montgomery did take some dinner, and washed it down with copious libations afterward, keeping up a running fire of sarcasm all the time, which greatly disconcerted his host, but affected Judith not at all; for she felt convinced that he had some subject of mutual interest in view, or he would not be there.

"Now," said Montgomery, after he had drunk himself into a more congenial mood, "suppose we proceed to business; for I guess you begin to think I am not here altogether for pleasure, much as I love you. But, ah! I forgot; you are too pious to transact business on a Sunday!"

"There are exceptions to all rules, you know," grinned his host.

"That is to say, you don't object to business when anything is to be got by it—on any day."

"Shall I leave the room?" said Judith.

"On the contrary, my dear, I wish you to remain as a check upon your father's palaver. This is your ad-

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, hemorrhoids, and rectal troubles, the manufacturers have granted it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. One box at all dealers of EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

vertisement, isn't it?" he went on with a sudden change of tone, and producing a newspaper from his pocket.

A look of eager interest came into Judith's face, and her father began to brighten up as he answered.

"Yes."

"Very well, then; I know where to put my hand upon the lad at this very moment."

"You do?" cried the listeners, both together.

"I do. But before I go any further, I have two conditions to make. In the first place, you must make a clean breast to me of everything you know concerning this youth. You must tell me your motives for hunting him down; and lastly, if there is anything to be got, which I am certain there is by the trouble you are taking, I must have my share."

There was a pause. Father and daughter exchanged irresolute glances.

"Oh, very well; just as you please," said Montgomery, rising.

"I wish you good-morning. I shall drop into Little Bethlehem to-night."

"Stay, stay, professor; don't be in such a hurry," said Mr. Porter, hastily. "One must think a moment. Now, if I accede to your terms, you

agree to put Silas Carston into my hands?"

"I agree to tell you, and even show you, where he is, and give you all the help in my power. But, mind, no lies; I know sufficient to bowl you out if you attempt anything of that sort."

Protesting that he would speak simply the bare truth, Mr. Porter proceeded to relate the same story that he had told Silas, suppressing, however, the mention of the locket. He knew that if he could once come face to face with Silas' friends, that locket would be an all-powerful lever to raise the price of his silence. For the present, he would keep it as a *bonne bouche*. To the narrative, however, with which the reader is already acquainted, he added other particulars—telling how, when he had gone up to London upon certain business of his own, he had seen the woman who had committed the child to his care coming out of the office of Messrs. Fogle & Quick; how he had followed her to the Great Northern Terminus, and heard her ask for a ticket for a certain station in Hertfordshire; how he had taken a ticket for the same place, and got out upon the same platform.

"And her destination was a mansion called the Willows," put in Mr. Montgomery. "You see, I know a little," he added, in answer to the narrator's astonished look; "so be cautious."

Her destination was the Willows. He had loitered about the neighborhood in the hope of gleaning some intelligence; but all he could learn was that the woman's name was Madame Berne; that she was housekeeper and confidential friend of Mr. George Morant, the gentleman who resided at the Willows, and that those two, with the servant, constituted the entire household.

"Nevertheless, I had learned quite enough to tell me that Master Silas was a family secret that might turn out uncommon profitable one day," he concluded.

"But how did you contrive to track this woman without being recognized? Your face, once seen, is not easily forgotten."

"Well, you see, I was very cautious, and kept at a good distance from her—except when I had to press close at the ticket office, to overhear what place she asked for. Then I put my handkerchief up to my face, as though I had the tooth-ache; and she never once looked right or left as she walked, but straight along, with her eyes right before her. Well, that confounded Silas had not bolted more than a month, when I got a letter from Fogle & Quick, to say that he was come into an annuity, and I was to send him up to their office at once."

"But had you not informed them of his disappearance?" inquired Montgomery.

"Certainly not. I was doing all I could to track him; I was determined to get him back, by fair means or foul; but if these people discovered that he had got out of my hands, it might suit their purpose to keep him out of them."

"But I cannot perceive what hold you have upon this youth. What is the serious charge you threaten to bring against him?"

"Well, he carried away a suit of clothes with him, for one thing," said Mr. Porter, hesitatingly.

"How the deuce can you prosecute a man for taking away his own clothes when you are paid a yearly stipend for his maintenance? That is not what you meant—what is?"

Mr. Porter paused for a moment; then, leaning forward, with his arms upon the table, he said, in a low voice: "The other thing is for deserting his wife!"

"Deserting his wife!" echoed Montgomery, in a loud tone of astonishment. "Do you mean to say he is married?"

His companion nodded.

"To whom?"

"To Judith, there."

Montgomery was struck speechless with astonishment, and for a moment could only stare with the most bewildered of expressions, which quickly merged into one of intense satisfaction.

"More food for revenge upon that woman," was his first thought.

"Well, you have astonished me this time!" he cried.

"But I should have thought Silas Carston was the last man in the world that Judith would have selected for her lord and master. Rather a hazardous spec to risk that much on the fellow's probable marketable value—if there was no other motive," he added, suddenly, looking straight at Judith, who had been an attentive listener to the whole dialogue.

The thrust went home, and the color mounted hotly to her face; but she did not speak.

Montgomery observed her emotion, but said carelessly: "Well, well; that is nothing to do with me. How long is it since the happy event took place?"

"Ten weeks," answered her father.

"A great deal longer than that!" said Judith, irritably.

Montgomery smiled to himself, but changed the subject.

"I wouldn't, for the world, make mischief between man and wife," he said sneeringly; "but I can tell you that he is making up to a girl in London. I saw him at the window of her house a few days back, with his arm round her waist, and a remarkably pretty girl she was. He seems to have a weakness for golden hair," he added, glancing sarcastically at Judith's red tresses.

"This girl has the most—By Jove! that reminds me—No, such

a coincidence could never occur out of a novel."

"Oh, the depravity of the human heart!" snuffed the Reverend Obadiah Porter, forgetting himself for an instant; but the color had again flushed up into Judith's face, and there was a dangerous look in her eyes.

"I met your old friend Rodwell, the other night," said Montgomery, suddenly looking up. "We were talking about you."

Judith became excited. It was a chance shot, but Montgomery perceived it had told.

After a moment's deliberation, he said, fixing his gaze upon her: "I know you are pretty well versed in Rodwell's secrets. Do you know anything about a girl with bright golden hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion—a relation, I should fancy, by what he has told me? I see you do, by your glances. Well, he has set me on the hunt for this girl, whoever she is, and I believe I have accidentally discovered her. I will tell you how. Somehow or other, I have felt a strange interest in this Silas Carston—not of the sort I feel now, though—from the time I first saw him. Well, of late, he has grown wonderfully spruce in his style; his clothes are shabby enough, in all conscience, but they are carefully cleaned, and his hair is brushed into a regular polish, and tastefully arranged; added to which, he is frequently out the whole day, no one knows where. Now, putting all these signs together, I began to think, in the language of Shakespeare, 'The sweet youth's in love.' Being naturally of a curious disposition, and feeling the other morning inclined for a ramble, I thought I would watch my gentleman's movements. With some little difficulty—for he evidently suspected that I was watching him—I discovered his destination, and saw him standing at the window with his arm very lovingly round a young girl's waist. I got into conversation with the servant next door, and learned a few particulars; but until this moment it never occurred to me that this girl precisely answers to the description given me by Rodwell! By Jove! and the servant said she did painting. For a hundred guineas it's the same, and I have killed two birds with one stone!"

Long and earnest was the conversation that ensued between the trio. But it is not necessary to repeat it in this place. Both its explanations and results will appear hereafter.

(To Be Continued.)

THE OLD ROCKER.

Should Keep Its Place for Kindly Service Done.

The rocking chair by the sitting-room window could tell many a story of life and death, if it would speak. Grandmother sat in it sixty years ago, when, with a pretense of being absorbed in her book, she watched for the moon-shadow of her young lover to fall across the window. When they were married and came to live in the old house, the first baby was laid in the rocking chair for his first nap—before the cradle had been brought down from the attic.

In later years mother sat in its supporting embrace for many an hour while a feverish or tired child found comfort in her arms and in the gentle motion of the swaying chair. When father was tired with the long day's work, he drew it to the fire, and half in dream counted his blessings as wife and children clustered about him.

There came a time when, in the blank middle of the night, a bereaved wife sank into the old chair, and smothered her sobs in the cushion so often pressed by the dear head now to be lifted nevermore.

So the chair has seen funeral and wedding, mourning and merrymaking—and through them all it has kept a half-human care for the men and women and children whom it has held, and to whom it has brought relief and rest.

New fashions in chairs abound. Morris chairs and reclining chairs and Turkish chairs with patent springs flaunt their merits in shop and newspaper advertisements. But the old rocker ought to keep its place—a place of honor for kindly service done, and of trust for that which it still promises.

NEW FIRE-PUMP.

The chief of the fire department in Rouen, France, has invented a fire-pump which can be operated by tapping the current of any street-car or electric-light system. The pump is small enough to be drawn easily by one horse in a light, two-wheeled cart, but sufficiently powerful to throw a stream of water 100 feet high. In a trial the new pump developed its full energy in three minutes, while a steam-pump required fourteen minutes to get up the same pressure.

SPROUTED BY ELECTRICITY.

Electricity will accomplish almost any wonder. A recent illustration of this is shown in the case of an engineer in a Cleveland tannery, who had been bald for years. Suddenly a little fluff began to sprout on his head, and a few weeks later his cranium was covered with a thick but short growth of hair. A doctor investigated the matter, and learned that he had been working under a revolving belt. His hair had been sprouted by electricity.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

WHEN YOU GROW WEAK AND YOUR CHEEKS LOSE THEIR COLOR.

This Means Anaemia, and if Neglected Consumption May Follow—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Only Certain Cure.

Anaemia, or poor or watery blood, is a trouble from which most growing girls, and many young boys suffer. It comes at a critical period of the young person's life, and unless prompt steps are taken to enrich the blood and thus strengthen the system, decline, and most likely consumption will follow. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that acts directly upon the blood and the nerves, promptly restoring the ailing one to complete health and strength. The following statement from Mrs. Lena M. Ryan, of Weland, whose daughter was a victim of anaemia, gives the strongest proof of the value of these pills. Mrs. Ryan says:—"About three years ago the health of my daughter, Birdie, became so bad that I was seriously alarmed. She was pale and almost bloodless; had no appetite, lost flesh and suffered from severe headaches. I took her to a doctor, and although his treatment was followed for some time, it did not benefit her. I then tried some other remedies, but these also failed, and she had wasted away to a mere shadow of her former self. At this stage I was advised to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she began this treatment. Almost from the outset these pills helped her, and as she continued their use, the color came back to her cheeks, her appetite improved, the headaches ceased to trouble her, and by the time she had taken eight boxes she felt stronger and better than she had ever done in her life before. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are unsurpassed for all ailments of this kind, and strongly recommend them to other mothers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only cure all cases like the above, but also cure all other troubles arising from poor blood or weak nerves, such as rheumatism, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, scrofula, and eruptions of the skin, etc. These pills are also a direct cure for the ailments from which so many women suffer in silence. Give the pills a fair trial and they will not disappoint you. The genuine are sold only in boxes that have the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer does not have them, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

FAMOUS FROSTS IN ENGLAND.

The lowest temperature recorded in London during the past forty years was in January, 1867, when the thermometer fell to 6.7, or nearly 26 degrees of frost, but this undesirable record was almost equaled during the famous frost of 1895, when for one whole day in February the mercury never rose above 8 degrees. The coldest December was in 1890, the coldest February in 1895 and the coldest March in 1883. The warmest December occurred in 1868, the warmest January in 1884, the warmest February in 1869 and the warmest March in 1859.

THE BEST STABLE.

We can learn from the Japanese a thing or two about stabling horses. In Japan horses are backed into their stalls, then a door is closed at the head, which has a grain and hay-rack conveniently constructed, to which the nag is secured. When needed the door is swung back and the horse is led forth. No one gets kicked, no refuse matter is visible to the visitor, and it seems to be a sensible way to construct a place for any horse.

THE RUSSIAN AUTOCRAT.

No one can grasp the fundamental state of things in Russia without realizing that there the will of the tsar is as the will of God. His land and his subjects are his, to dispose of as he may. In a Russian battle, not so long ago, the artillery, imperatively needed in front, was stopped by a deep ditch. The soldiers flung themselves in until the ditch was full, and the artillery galloped over their bodies. In the world of business it is quite the same. A Russian administrator was discussing with Sir Henry Norman the military capabilities of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and Norman said: "There wouldn't be rolling stock enough to convey masses of troops in a short time." "Every engine and carriage in Russia would be put there if necessary," was the answer. "But that would disorganize the whole commerce of the country, and bring tens of thousands to ruin." "You don't understand," said the official. "If the tsar gave the word to take every railway carriage in Russia, and run it across the Siberian Railway and throw it into the China Sea at the end, who should prevent him?"

Easy to Let A Cold Run On.

Until It Develops Into Pneumonia or Consumption—Easy to Cure
a Cold if You Use

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

It is easy to let a cold run on. You may say with others that you always let a cold take care of itself. There is a danger of following this plan once too often. At this season of the year the lungs seem to be unusually susceptible to disease, and before you suspect it pneumonia or consumption has seated itself in your system. It is possible you have tried the cough mixtures which druggists offer to their customers. These may do well enough for slight colds, tickling in the throat, but they are powerless in the presence of serious disease.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is far more than a cough remedy. It cures the cold as well as loosening and easing the cough. It takes the pains out of the bones, and reaches the very seat of disease when there is pain and tightness in the chest. It would not be too much to say that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has saved thousands of people from pneumonia and consumption. There is not a

village or hamlet in Canada where this famous family treatment is not recognized as a most unusually effective cure for croup, bronchitis, asthma, coughs and colds.

Mr. Donald Graham, 45 Callendar street, Toronto, states:—"My boy, who is six years of age, was developing all the symptoms of pneumonia when we commenced giving him Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It very quickly checked the advance of disease, and in a few days he was as well as ever, and is now going to school regularly. I have now great faith in this valuable remedy, and shall recommend it to my friends."

Don't take anything said to be "just as good." There is no throat and lung medicine just as good as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Remember this when buying, and insist on having Dr. Chase's; 25 cents a bottle. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.