AS GOOD AS GOLD.

CHAPTER XLI .- Continued.

"Good morning, good morning," said the stranger with profuse heartiness. as to be almost sublime. The young "Is it Mr. Henchard I am talking to?" "My name is Henchard."

with you?"

"By all means," Henchard answered, | Was Elizabeth-Jane to remain his by showing the way in.

"You may remember me?" said his visitor, seating himself.

ly, and shook his head. "Well-perhaps you may not. My

name is Newson." Henchard's face and eyes seemed to die. The other did not notice it know the name well," Henchard said at last, looking on the floor.

"I make no doubt of that. Well, the fact is, I've been looking for ye this fortnight past. I went through had no sooner lain down than I napped. me you had some years before been I again, and by long and by late I got | sorbing as they may be." here by coach, ten minutes ago. "He lives down by the mill," says they. So sleep," he said, taking her hand with troyed.

Despit here I am. Now-that transaction gave her a pleasant surprise. between us some twenty years agone -'tis that I've called about. 'Twas a curious business. I was younger then than I am now, and perhaps the less said about it, in one sense, the better."

"Curious business? Twas worse than curious. I cannot even allow that I'm the man you met there. I was not in my senses, and a man's senses are himself."

"We were young and thoughtless," said Newson. "However, I've come to mend matters rather than open arguments. Poor Susan-her's was a strange experience."

"It was." "She was a warm-hearted, homespun woman. She was not what they. call shrewd or sharp at all-better she had been."

"She was not."

"As you in all likelihood know, she was simple-minded enough to think! that the sale was binding. She was as guiltless o' wrong-doing in that particular as a saint in the clouds."

"I know it, I know it. I found it out directly," said Henchard, still with averted eyes. "There lay the sting o't to me. If she had known the truth she would never have left me. Never But how should she be expected to to know? What advantages had she?

and no more." undeceive her when the deed was done," said the sailor of former days. "I thought, and there was not much vanity in thinking it, that she would ceeded to the second, or stone be happier with me. She was fairly happy, and I never would have unde-Your child died; she had another, and all went well. But a time cameand I and the child returned from view. He then took off his coat and lof Lucetta—all that it was, and all that to her was a mockery, and made jest of him. of her belief in my right. After that she was never happy with me. She pined and pined, and socked and sighed. She said she must leave me, and then came the question of our child. Then a man advised me what to do, and I did it, for I thought it was best. I left her at Falmouth, and went off to sea. When I got to the other side of the Atlantic there was a storm, and it was supposed that a lot of us, including myself, had been washed overboard. I got ashore at Newfoundland, both alive she'll be miserable; but if and went slowly away. had supposed, she went to you, and yet returned.

Elizabeth-Jane-where is she?" enervated pace or two down the room | He said to her, "Are miracles still "Dead!" he said, in a low voice. "Then what's the use of my money to me?" Henchard, without answering, shook

his head, as if that were rather a question for Newson himself than for him. "Where is she buried?" the traveller I seem.

in the same stolid tones.

"When did she die?" "A year ago, and more," replied the other without hesitation. chard never looked up from the floor. At last Newson said, "My journey hither has been for nothing. I may as well

I'll trouble you no longer." Henchard heard the retreating footsteps of Newson upon the sanded floor. to the pool, and tell him what she saw. Newson's shadow passed the window.

go as I came! It has served me right.

the evidence of his senses, rose from his seat, amazed at what he had done. It had been the impulse of a moment. He hastily put on his hat, and went out in the direction that Newson had taken. Newson's back was soon visible up the road. Henchard followed; and saw his visitor stop at the Golden Crown, where the morning coach which had brought him waited half-an-hour chard. for another coach which crossed there. The coach Newson had come by was about to move again. Newson mounted; his luggage was put in, and in a few minutes the vehicle disappeared with him.

He had not so much as turned his head. It was an act of simple faith in Henchard's words-faith so simple sailor who had taken Susan Henchard on the spur of the moment, and on the "Then I caught ye at home-that's twenty years before, was still living here. right. Morning's the time for busi- and acting under the form of the grizness, says I. Can I have a few words | zled traveller who had taken Henchard's words on trust so absolute as to shame him as he stood.

virtue of this hardy invention of a of these words, "saved me alive," moment? "Perhaps not for long," said they slowly retraced their way to the town; and at length guessed their fellow-travellers, some of whom might meaning. "Father!—I will not leave Henchard observed him indifferent- be Casterbridge people; and the trick you alone like this!" she cried. "May wuold be discovered.

child. But no figure appeared.

He returned to the house half expecting that she would have vanished. No; there she was-just coming out If you only would come!" from the inner room, the marks of sleep upon her eyelids, and exhibiting a generally refreshed air.

"Oh, father," she said smiling. Casterbridge on my way to Weydon though I did not mean to! I wonder Priors, and when I got there, they told I did not dream about poor Mrs. Farme you had some years before been did not. How strange it is that we do herd, and that of Lucetta a little living at Casterbridge. Back came not often dream of latest events, abhigher up in the same stream. But as

"Father," she said, as soon as she recalled herself to the outspread meal, "it is so kind of you to get this nice

breakfast with your own hands, and I idly asleep the while." "I do it every day," he replied. "You have left me; everybody has left me; how should I live but by my own

"You are very lonely, are you not?" "Ah, child-to a degree that you know nothing of. It is my own fault. You are the only one who has been near me for weeks. And you will come no more.'

"Why do you say that? Indeed will, if you would like to see me." Henchard signified dubiousness. Though he had so lately hoped that Elizabeth-Jane might again live in his house as daughter, he would not ask her to do so now.

When they had breakfasted his stepdaughter still lingered, till the moment arrived at which Henchard was accustomed to go to his daily work. Then she arose, and with assurance of coming again soon went up the hill in the morning sunlight.

"At this moment her heart is as warm towards me as mine is towards her; she would live with me here in this humble cottage for the usking Yet before the evening probably he will have come; and then she will despise me."

This reflection, constantly repeated by Henchard to himself, accompanied him everywhere through the day.

To the east of Casterbridge lay moors and meadows, through which much water flowed. The wanderer in this direction, who should stand still for None. She could write her own name a few moments on a quiet night, might hear singular symphonies from these "Well, it was not in my heart to waters, as from a lampless orchestra, all playing in their sundry tones, from near and far parts of the moor.

Henchard, nowever, leaving the towm by the east road, probridge, and thence struck into this path of solitude, following its course beside the stream till the dark shapes ceived her till the day of her death. of the Ten-Hatches cut the sheen thrown upon the river by the weak lustre that still lingered in the west. In intervals, and then mostly as a trana second or two he stood beside the sitory object in the distance of the of than hers. The reason of this lies mark me, a time always does come. All weir-hole where the water was at its time came-it was some while after she deepest. He looked backwards and America—when somebody she had con- hat, and stood on the brink of the it was not. He could not but perceive one to interview her, and refrains from fided her history to told her my claim stream with his hands clasped in front that by the death of Lucetta he had

ter beneath there slowly became visi- her history, which must have come ble a something floating in the circu- sooner or later in any circumstances, lar pool formed by the wash of cen- it was hard to believe that life with turies; the pool he was intending to her would have been productive of furmake his death-bed. At first it was ther happiness. indistinct, by reason of the shadow By the end of a year Henchard's litfrom the bank; but it emerged thence, the retail seed and grain shop, not much and took shape, which was that of a larger than a cupboard, had develophuman body, lying stiff and stark up- ed its trade considerably, and the stepon the surface of the stream.

and then I asked myself what I should strong in this unhappy man, and he in which it stood. The quiet bearing do. "Since I'm here, here I'll bide," turned away as one might have done of one who brimmed with an inner ac-I thought to myself; "twill be most in the actual presence of an appalling tivity characterised Elizabeth-Jane at kindness to her, now she's taken miracle. He covered his eyes and bow- this period. against me, to let her believe me lost; ed his head. Without looking again infor.' I thought, 'while she supposes us to the stream he took his coat and hat,

she thinks me dead she'll go back to Presently he found himself by the him, and the child will have a home.' | door of his own dwelling. To this I've never returned to this country till surprise, Elizabeth-Jane was standa month ago, and I found that, as I ing there. Newson, then, had not even

my daughter with her. They told me "I thought you seemed very sad this in Falmouth that Susan was dead. But morning," she said, "so I have come again to see you. Not that I am "Dead likewise," said Henchard dog- anything but sad myself. But everybody gedly. "Surely you learnt that too?" and everything seem against you so The sailor started up, and took an and I know you must be suffering."

worked, do ye think, Elizabeth? I am not a read man. I don't know so much as I could wish. I have tried to peruse and learn all my life; but the

"I don't quite think there are any "Beside her mother," said Henchard, miracles nowadays," she said. "No interference in the case of desperate intentions, for instance? Well, perhaps not, in a direct way. Perhaps not. But will you come and The sailor continued standing. Hen- walk with me, and I will show you what I mean."

She agreed willingly, and he took her over the highway, and by the lonely path to Ten-Hatches. When they got near the weir he stood still, and asked her to go forward and look in-She went, and soon returned to him. "Nothing," she said.

look narrowly."

second time. On her return, after some attention. delay, she told him that she saw something floating there; but what it was

der if- Father, let us go away. will get home."

margin of the pool. She started up, and hastened back to his side. "Well," said Henchard; "what do you

say now? "Let us go home." "But tell me-do-what is it float-

ing there?" "The effigy," she answered hastily. "They must have thrown it into the river, higher up amongst the willows, to get rid of it in their alarm at disfaith of a glance at her face, more than | covery; and it must have floated down

"Ah-to be sure-the image o' me But where is the other? Why that one only? ... That performance or theirs killed her, but saved me alive!' Elizabeth-Jane thought and thought

I live with you, and tend upon you He watched the distant highway, ex- as I used to do? I do not mind your pecting to see Newson return on foot, being poor. I would have agreed to enlightened and indignant, to claim his come this morning, but you did not ask me."

"May you come to me?" he cried bitterly. "Elizabeth, don't mock mel "I will," said she.

"How will you forgive all my roughness in former days? You cannot!" "I have forgotten it. Talk of that no more.

The next morning the fact turned out to be as Elizabeth-Jane had statfrae, after thinking of her so; but I ed; the effigy was discovered by a cowlittle as possible was said of the mat-"I am glad you have been able to ter, and the figures were privately des-

Despite this natural solution of the mystery, Henchard no less regarded it as an intervention that the figure should have been floating there. Elizabeth-Jane heard him say, "Who is such a reprobate as I! And yet it seems that even I am in Somebody's

CHAPTER XLII.

But the emotional conviction that he close to the place at which Farfrae enwas in Somebody's hand began to die countered her, and he thought he heard slowly removed into distance the event which had given that feeling birth. The apparition of Newson haunt-ed him. He would surely return.

Yet Newson did not arrive. Lucetta had been borne along the churchyard path; Casterbridge had for the last time turned its regard upon her, before proceeding to its work as if she had never lived. But Elizabeth remained undisturbed in the belief of her relationship to Henchard, and now shared his home.

In due time the bereaved Farfrae had learnt the at least proximate cause of Lucetta's illness and death; and his first impulse was naturally enough to wreak vengeance in the name of the law upon the perpetrators of the mischief. Lucetta had confessed everything to him before her death, and it was not altogether desirable to make much ado about her history, alike for her sake, for Henchard's, and for his again.

bore to meet. For Elizabeth's sake the former had fettered his pride sufficient- the Devil, when I try so hard to keep ly to accept the small seed business him away?" which some of the Town Council, headed by Farfrae, had purchased, to afford him a new opening.

Here they settled themselves; and on each day of their lives Henchard anticipated her every wish with a watchfulness in which paternal regard was heightened by a burning, jealous dread Kate Greenaway, the talented English of rivalry.

Thus they lived on in the shop overlooking the churchyard, and nothing occurred to mark their days during the remainder of the year. Going out but known in England and in America than seldom, and never on a market-day, she, and yet no woman's personal life they saw Donald Farfrae only at rarest

exchanged a looming misery for a sim-While his eyes were bent on the wa- ple sorrow. After that revelation of

father and daughter enjoyed much The sense of the supernatural was serenity in the pleasant, sunny corner

> now. In going and coming, in buying and selling, her word was law. "You have got a new muff, Eliza-

"Yes; I bought it," she said. "Rather costly, I suppose, my dear, was it not?" he hazarded. "It was rather above my figure," she

said quietly. "But it is not showy." lous not to pique her in the least. year had advanced into another spring, ed under the title of, "Under the Winhe paused opposite her empty bedroom dow," brought her fame. This was not Gummed, Filed and Set. in passing it. The present room was only confined to the artistic brothermuch humbler, but what struck him hood, but fashion quickly recognised about it was the abundance of books the charm and style of these picturelying everywhere. For the first time sque costumes and adopted them. Unmore I try to know the more ignorant he felt a little hurt by what he thought til then children had been overdressed he felt a little hurt by what he thought or unattractively dressed, and the beauher extravagance, and resolved to say or unattractively dressed, and the beaua word to her about it. But, before tiful and numerous fashions in dainty

> flying in quite another direction. Henchard, contrary to his wont, went date from Miss Kate Greenaway's efout one Saturday afternoon towards the forts fifteen years ago. market-place, from a curious feeling that he would like to pass a few minutes on the spot of his former triumphs. Farfrae stood a few steps below the Corn Exchange door, and he appeared lost in thought about something he was

looking at a little way off. own stepdaughter, who had just come out of a shop over the way. She, on

perhaps there was nothing significant ous, she consens herself with punch-

stoop till her head was close to the that she replied "No."

"Oh-that's right-that's right.... It was only that I saw him in the street when we both were there." He was wondering if her embarrassment justified him in a new suspicion-that the long walks which she had latterly been taking had anything to do with the

There was nothing secret in Elizabeth-Jane's movements beyond what habitual reserve induced; and it may at once be owned on her account that she was guilty of occasional conversations with Donald when they chanced to meet. Henchard became aware of this by going to the Ring, and, screened by its enclosure, keeping his eye upon the road till he saw them meet. His face assumed an expression of ex-

"Of her, too, he means to rob me!" he whispered. "But he has the right. I do not wish to interfere.' Could he have heard such conversation as passed he would have been en-

lightened thus much:-He .- "You like walking this way, Miss Henchard-is it not so?" She.-"Oh yes. I have chosen this road latterly. I have a reason for it.' He.-"And that may make a reason for others."

She (reddening) .- "I don't know that. My reason, however, is that I wish to get a glimpse of the sea every day." He.—"Is it a secret why?" She (reluctantly) .- "Yes."

He.—"Ah, I doubt there will be any good in secrets! A secret cast a deep shadow over my life. And well you know what it was." Elizabeth admitted that she did, but she refrained from confessing why the

sea attracted her. Henchard vowed that he would leave them to their own devices, put nothing in the way of their courses, whatever they might mean. If he were doomed to be bereft of her, so it must be.

With such a possibility impending he could not help watchfulness. The meetings seemed to become matters course with them no special days of the week. Once he was standing behind a wal

out of Henchard's breast as time the young man address her as "Dearest Elizabeth-Jane." Had she lost her heart to any other man in the world than the one he had rivalled, cursed, wrestled with for life in days before his spirit was broken,

Henchard would have said, "I am content." But content with the prospect as now depicted was hard to acquire. There is an outer chamber of the brain in which thoughts unowned, unsolicited, and of noxious kind are sometimes allowed to wander for a moment prior to being sent off whence they came. One of these thoughts sailed into Henchard's ken now. Suppose he were to communicate to

Farfrae the fact that his betrothed was not the child of Michael Henchard at all -legally, nobody's child; how would that correct and leading townsman receive the information? He might possibly forsake Elizabeth-Jane, then she would be her step-sire's own

Henchard shuddered, and exclaimed, Henchard and himself mutually fore- "God forbid such a thing! Why should I still be subject to these visitation of

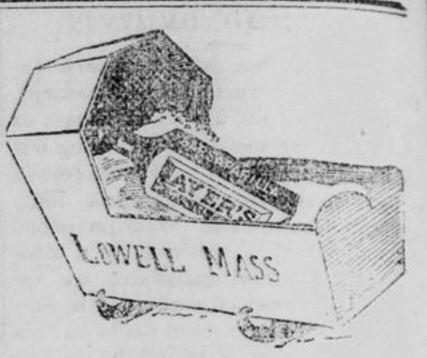
(To be Continued.)

KATE GREENAWAY.

Every one has heard the name of artist, who has done more to revolutionize children's dress than any other living woman. No woman is better and habits are less known and talked in the fact that she regards her private "Time, in his own gray style," taught life as something sacred to herself and accepting attentions and entertainments that would bring her into a conspicuous position. She lives, however, in an old and picturesque house, in the neighbourhood of Hampstead Heath, and has her studio here on the top floor, a large, well-lighted and cosy room, Its long windows open out into a balcony, where Miss Greenaway loves to studio, and at the Slade school. When herself to illustrating children's books, repairs for Flour and Saw Mills. and to designing Christmas, birthday, and dinner cards, menus, and all kinds of pretty and artistic novelties. A col-"Oh, no," said the nettled lion, anx- lection of pretty colored sketches of children dressed in the quaint, old-fash-Some little time after, when the ioned gowns of a century ago, publishhe had found the courage to speak, an gowns and cloaks and hats, which comevent happened which set his thoughts bine sensible comfort and warmth with aesthetic taste in color and form, all

MME. CALVE.

Calve, the Carmen of the century, superb Calve, is a boxer of no mean ability. She can "hit, stop and get away" Henchard's eyes followed Farfrae's, after the most approved fashion. In and he saw that the object of his gaze her personal luggage she always carries Then Henchard, scarcely believing "Go again," said Henchard, "and was no sample-showing farmer, but his a stout inflatable bag, with the hooks and elastic straps, by which at a mo-She proceeded to the river brink a her part, was quite unconscious of his ment's notice, it may be put in position. Instead of sanding up before a Henchard went away, thinking that live antagonist, which might be dangerfevered his spirit much, and in the and a short skirt and merrily proceeds "Well—they are. Dear me—I won- evening he said, with the stillness of with her warfare until she is in a sort "Go and look once more; and then we suspense, "Have you seen Mr. Farfrae death to adipose. Then after a cold voted advocate.



Fifty Years Ago.

This is the cradle in which there grew . That thought of a philanthrepic brain; A remedy that would make life new For the multitudes that were racked

with pain. Twas sarsaparilla, as made, you know By Ayer, some 50 years ago.

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--- TO ---

## her friends, and has never allowed any one to interview her, and refrains from Farmers, Threshers and Millmen

AT THE BRICK FOUNDRY -- WE MAKE --

sit on pleasant days. She is most in- Furnace Kettles, Power Staw Cutdustrious, and to her hard work, origin- ters, Hot Air Furnaces, Shingle ality, and love for children, is attrib-uted her great success. Like every oth- Machinery, Band Saws, Emery er successful man and woman, Kate | Machines, hand or power; Cresting Greenaway toiled long and earnestly Farmers' Kettles, Columns, Church studied at the art school in South Ken- Seat Ends, Bed Fasteners, Fencing, She had her own way in everything sington, and next at the life classes at Pump-Makers' Supplies, School Heatherley's another famous London Desks, Fanning Mill Castings her first pictures were exhibited at the Light Castings and Builders' Supbeth," he said to her one day quite Dudley gallery they attracted some at- plies, Sole Plates and Points for tention and much praise, and it was after this that Miss Greenaway devoted the different ploughs in use. Casting

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she could not discern. It seemed to be a bundle of old clothes.

be a bundle of old clothes.

"Are they like mine?" asked Hen
But the mere thought of separation But the mere thought of separation and a short skirt and merrily proceed.

"The seemed to be a bundle of old clothes.

Just half an hour after her cup of the separation coffee, Calve gets into a heavy sweater and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

The Chronicle is the most wide "Go and look once more; and then we volt seen in the death to adipose. Then after a cold both she breakfasts and further exertion; and it was with some confusion cises on a bicycle, of which she is a dethe County of Grey.

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