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A Story of Intense Interest in which a Beautiful but Unscrupulous Woman's Schemes are Made to Fail by the Man She Loves.

manly, and the long golden-brown lashes lowered over her eyes as she half offered her lips. Yet it was at least curious that she should have laid an embargo upon his mentioning to his brother the fact that she was a widow, and, if not absolutely deceitful, she was at least capable of very remarkable reticence on the subject of her own affairs.

These thoughts passed through Dudley's mind as he sat smoking in silence while waiting a reply from Victor. Raising his eyes at length to the latter's face, he was suddenly filled with surprise and sympathy by noting how careworn and old Victor appeared and how the look of glad enjoyment disappeared, to be replaced by an expression of strained anxiety.

"By Jove, Victor, how ill you look!" he exclaimed, in a voice from which all trace of ill-feeling had fled. "I remember now you've been eating next to nothing the last day or two. What's the matter? Aren't you up to the mark, old man?"

His brother leaned his head wearily upon his hands.

"I am in love," he said, with a sad laugh. "I suppose that's what's the matter with me. I can't sleep for thinking of her, and I am dreaming about her all day."

"But you look downright ill!"

"That is because I cannot eat. And then this English riverside—I don't think it suits me very well. I have talked with the chemist at Kingston, and he tells me that people are often ill when they come out here first. Relaxing, he calls it. And then it is so hot," Victor went on, starting up and walking restlessly about the room, with his arms and hands stretched out —"so hot I feel stifled."

"But we often had it hotter in Paris."

"Not like here. I am always so thirsty here," he continued, pouring himself out another tumbler of claret and soda and drinking it eagerly; "my throat feels sore and parched, and food hurts me as it goes down. Ah, it is not the climate," he cried in an outburst of affectionate expansion, throwing his arm about his brothers shoulders, "it is that I am so much in love! I miserable—miserable out of Francesca's presence! The baleful fire of her eyes burns into my heart! Ah, Dudley—you, cold Englishman that you are—you can never love her as I do! I hate that she should look at another man; I cannot endure that she should even talk and laugh with the Irishman; I am even jealous of that nasty snake that always clings round her lovely wrist. I love her—I adore her!"

"But are you certain that she loves you back? Has she given you reason to believe——"

"No; that is just it. She is always kind; but she will always laugh and say she does not want to marry, and that I am younger than she, and all that silliness. But in time she must say 'Yes'!"

"Make her say it now," said Dudley, rising also and speaking in determined tones. "She has seen you daily for a month—surely she has had time to make up her mind! I don't mind telling you that I am in love with her too—she is one of those women you can't see much of and not be in love with. But I won't be made a fool of, and I won't see her make a fool of you either. Why, man, no woman living is worth fretting yourself to a skeleton about; and it isn't the way to win them either. Make her decide at once one way or another; and I give you my word of honor I won't speak one syllable to her alone until I hear from you whether or not she means to have you. Let her once say she will be your wife, and she will be nothing in the world to me."

"And if she will not marry me?"

"If she will not," repeated Dudley, frowning heavily as he ran his fingers through his curly hair—"oh, well, then any other man has a fair chance to try his luck, you know!"

"She shall decide to-morrow," said Victor."

Not another word on the subject of Francesca passed between the brothers that evening, the newly-installed billiard-table occupying all their attention. Heremon O'Meara came over to inspect it; and the three ladies descended from the drawing-room and were initiated into the mysteries of "pool" and French and English billiards, which absorbed them until a quarter to ten, when Welldon brought in the candlesticks on a tray, and Mrs. Revelsworth Francesca, and Betty retired to bed.

In deference to their aunt's love of early hours her nephews parted from O'Meara and locked up the house at eleven, at which hour they retired to their rooms, not however to sleep, but to sit smoking by the open window in their shirt-sleeves, amicably chatting in the soft air of a hot June night.

About midnight, when Dudley was making the suggestion that they should "turn in," a piercing scream of terror broke the perfect stillness of the house, to be repeated again and again.

It was a woman's scream, and it seemed to come from the floor below.

Following immediately upon it, before the brothers had even time to follow their impulse of rushing to help, a hurried knocking was heard upon the panels of the bed-room door.

"Wake up! Wake up and come down directly! Some one must be hurt and is crying for help!" came to them in Francesca's voice.

CHAPTER XVI.

When on the following day Dudley Revelsworth came to think calmly over the events of that night, he could not fail to recall one incident to which in the hurry and excitement of the moment he had given but little attention. This was that Francesca, whom he would have deemed a woman of considerable nerve and self-control, had, in her alarm at the [illegible] planted herself against the door of her cousins' rooms as positively to impede their egress.

The screaming still continued as Francesca beat with her hands upon the panels of the door, calling the brothers loudly by name, and apparently ignoring the fact that they could not come out without pushing her roughly on one side, as the door opened outwards and, in her agitation, she seemed to be leaning with all her weight against it. So closely indeed did she cling to it that, when Dudley, by a sudden exercise of strength, burst it open, she staggered in and would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms to save her.

Her beautiful hair hung loosely about her shoulders, her face was very pale, and her eyes were distened with fear. She clung sobbing to Dudley, holding him closely in what looked like a paroxysm of extreme terror.

"Dudley, Dudley—don't leave me! It is that ghost I am certain! I heard its horrible rustling!"

"But that isn't a ghost's scream. It must be my aunt or Betty. Compose yourself, Francesca dear, and let me go down to see what is the matter."

Victor, on his part, had not moved from the doorway. He stood there, transfixed by jealousy, watching Francesca as she clung to his brother, breathless with admiration at her beauty, which he had never seen to greater advantage than now, when her bright dishevelled hair hung in gleaming masses about her white face, and her beautiful figure was shown off to perfection by her long dressing-gown of pale-green lawn, edged with billows of fine white lace.

She was so enchanting in the caressing fervour with which she clung to Dudley, clutching him with what might be hysterical terror or might again be artful coquetry, that the young man forgot for a moment that she was detaining him in the pleasing task of trying to comfort her, and he could even have found it in his heart to forget his brother's jealous watchful gaze in such close vicinity.

"You had much better go back to your room, dear," he whispered to his cousin, "and let Victor and me go and see what is the matter. We will see that no ghost hurts you. I should never have though you were such a coward."

"Francesca—Francesca!"

It was the thin sweet voice of Mrs. Harold Revelsworth, in accents of quavering alarm, which reached them from her room at the end of the passage. At the sound Francesca raised her head, which she had buried on Dudley's shoulder, and appeared to be endeavoring to regain her self-control.

"I must go to her," she murmured—"just for a moment at least, to quiet her. The screaming must have awakened her, and I wouldn't have her seriously frightened again for the world. No—don't come with me as far as the door; I am ashamed now of having been so silly and so selfish. Go at once, you and Victor, and find out what is the matter. Then to me again if I can be of any help."

When Dudley subsequently reflected on this little scene, it seemed strange to him that Francesca had not accompanied him at once to the floor below. But at the time the touch of her clinging fingers, the perfume which hung about her loosened hair, and the delightful softness of her cheek when in apparent unconsciousness she pressed it against his own, while he could feel the very throbbing of her heart as she nestled in his arms—all these things so intoxicated him that he was incapable of clear and dispassionate thought. The screaming, which had now ceased, and was replaced by the hurried pattering of feet about the house, seemed to him in those few moments a wholly unimportant incident, the one great fact of the night being the fascination of Francesca's face and voice and the magnetism of her touch.

On the first floor the brothers found everything in the greatest disorder. The women-servants, half dressed, were running in and out of Mrs. Revelsworth's apartments, searching for salts and brandy and other restoratives; old Mrs. Margaret herself, tall and gaunt in her long gray flannel dressing-gown and strangely pale, was directing them; while at her feet, motionless and insensible, lay little Betty Mannington.

"Dudley at last!" his aunt exclaimed, at sigh of her elder nephew. "The child has had a fright of some sort; I thought she was dead at first. Welldon and his boy sleep like logs. Go down, one of you two, and wake them, and send at once for a doctor."

"I will go for a doctor myself, if you tell me where to find him," said Victor.

"You'd lose your way. Go down and wake Welldon. And, Dudley, help to lift the child back to her room. I can't bear to see her on the floor like that. And look at the dogs. All this noise scarcely wakes them."

"But what has happened?"

"I know nothing. Betty's screams woke me. She couldn't answer me when I spoke to her; she seemed in a paroxysm of terror, which ended in her falling flat on the floor in a dead faint. She has never fainted before. I can't understand it."

"Perhaps the air may revive her," suggested Dudley.

He had waited upon his little stepmother on the rare occasions when she had fainted, and very tenderly and reverently he now lifted the child's slight form in his arms and carried her easily to one of the three long windows in the passage, which he threw open to let the night air play upon her face.

Very fragile and childlish Betty looked, her head, with its silky dark curls, pillowed on his arm, and her pretty pink-and-white flesh-tints faded to an ivory tinge. The childish contour of her face and that look of innocent youthfulness about it made her appear more like a dead child than a living woman; and, bending over her in tender solicitude, Dudley could not help recalling with a sense of strong contrast, the sensations which had recently swept over him when that other woman had thrown herself in what looked like fear into his arms.

Passion was the sentiment inspired by Francesca, tenderness by a pure-souled little womanly creature such as Betty.

Her pale lips parted at last in a quivering sigh, and Betty opened her eyes, to find her head pillowed on Dudley Revelsworth's arm, while his aunt, close beside them, chafed her hands.

"Oh, what is it all?" she murmured, blushing warmly all over her face, and suddenly conscious of the deshabille of a pink flannel dressing-gown, as Dudley helped her to her feet and half supported her as she stood, a little unsteadily still, and started about her.

"You fained, my dear, and were insensible quite half an hour. I've sent for Doctor Vernon," Mrs. Revelsworth explained. "I though you were dead at first. You gave all of us a dreadful fright!"

"Oh!" cried little Betty faintly, as remembrance came back to her. Then she pressed her fingers to her eyes, as though to shut out the memory of some dreadful sight. "It's of no use sending for the doctor!" she cried. "It was a ghost I saw—the ghost! Doctors can't cure ghosts. I was afraid about you, Mrs. Revelsworth, because you've been ill and nervous lately, and so I kept my door a very little way open lest you should call me in the night, as you promised you would if you had bad dreams or anything. And then, just as I was about to fall asleep, I heard it—that awful rustling something—and I made up my mind to face it and slip into your room, that you mightn't be frightened too. But, as soon as I had slipped on my dressing-gown and got to the door of my room, I saw it. It was gliding right out of the door of your room without making the least sound—even the dog on the mat didn't wake. Only the yellow brocade rustled horribly; and, though there was scarcely any light, I saw its face."

Her teeth were chattering and her whole frame was quivering in such an agony of terror that both Dudley and his aunt strove to calm her and to postpone the telling of her story; but Betty clung to Mrs. Revelsworth's hand and hurried on.

"I must tell you, because it was so horrible, and I want it explained, if anybody can explain it. The thing was small and thin, and its dress looked old and faded. The ruff and muslin cap were just like the picture, and the golden hair was dressed with pearls. But when I saw the face—oh, it was awful—awful! It was Mistress Penfold after she was drowned—a horrid dead face quite gray, and yet shining strangely in the dark, with great black holes for eyes, and a smile like that on a skull, and hands like a skeleton's, shining too. At first I was too frightened even to scream, and stood still, staring at it. But, when it came gliding right towards me, making no sound except that dreadful rustling, and clawing the air with those horrible bony little hands through which a light seemed to be glowing. I must have lost my senses, for I can remember nothing more. I don't even remember whether I called aloud for help!"

It was long before she could be persuaded to go to bed on the couch in Mrs. Revelsworth's dressing-room; and, when Doctor Vernon, the local practitioner, as distinguished from Mrs. Revelsworth's own particular London doctor, arrived, he found it necessary to administer a very strong sedative before he could leave his patient with any hope of sleep.

This local doctor was a small, neat-figured, alert little gentleman, who had settled at Hampton Court some ten years before, only to find nearly every resident devoted to Doctor Burbage, a steady old-fashioned man of considerable experience and no originality, who, fortunately for the new-comer, had contrived to offend Mrs. Revelsworth by the expression of some opinion antagonistic to her own. Forthwith Doctor Vernon was installed as medical adviser to the servants, to Miss Mannington, and to Mrs. Revelsworth when she had nothing serious the matter with her, in which latter case she invariably telegraphed for Sir Henry Champneys from town. Yet Doctor Vernon was perhaps worthy of more confidence than the autocratic old lady reposed in him. He was a man of culture, of reading, and intelligence, perhaps a little too proud of the extremely good society in which he had formerly moved by reason of his wife's distant connection with an impoverished Irish nobleman, and a little fonder of tennis and boating and gossip than of the technicalities of his profession, but by no means unobservant, and of a kindly and considerate nature.

Down in the billiard-room, he took Dudley aside after he had prescribed for Miss Mannington up-stairs. Dudley had lighted the gas, and was waiting by the open door of the room to catch the Doctor as he passed.

"Ah, I wanted a little chat with you!" cried Doctor Vernon, who aroused from his bed at one o'clock in the morning, looked as neat and fresh-colored and daintily exact in his dress as though it had been one in the afternoon. "You are the male head of the family now, I believe? I am delighted to make your acquaintance! Oh, yes—Miss Betty is much better! A charming girl, and a great favorite with my wife! I suppose you had all been telling each other ghost-stories? Or perhaps it was only indigestion."

"Some servant's trick, more likely," returned Dudley. "I should have suspected that imp of a page-boy, but that my brother found him fast asleep in bed in his father's room when he went down-stairs to arouse him. But I hope Miss Mannington's nerves will not be seriously injured! She seemed terrified beyond measure, and gave a most graphic account of the ghost."

"She is nervous and excitable, and very anxious just at present, so I have gathered, about Mrs. Revelsworth's health. And that I can throughly understand. I haven't seen your aunt for six weks, and I have seldom seen a woman more changed for the worse in that time in my life."

"Do you really mean that? I know she has looked pale, and complained of sore throat and want of appetite; but I put that down to her age and to the extreme heat we have had lately."

Doctor Vernon shook his head.

"I have known her ten years," he said, "and she has never complained of the heat before. She had rather a bad heart-attack about two months ago, and by my advice she advertised then for her surviving relatives. But she was a lot better than she is now. She looks positively broken.

Dudley hesitated.

"I suppose our coming has upset her," he said, "after so many years' solitary reign. My aunt is, as you know, a woman of very strong prejudices——"

"I noticed how very disagreeable in manner she was to that tall handsome young lady who wanted to take care of Miss Mannington for the rest of the night—'Miss Revelsworth,' the servants called her. May I ask if she is your sister?"

"My cousin."

"And the young gentleman with the foreign accent?"

"My step-brother—Victor Revelsworth."

"He looks wretchedly ill."

"I wish you would prescribe for him!" said Dudley earnestly. "For several days past he has been complaining of want of sleep and want of appetite, and feverishness and sore throat."

"A very frequent effect of the Thames Valley air when one isn't used to it. Send him round to me some time during the morning. Or I will see him when I call here at noon."

"He is going to be away all day, so he was telling me, on a solitary rowing excursion."

"The fresh air will do him good; but I shouldn't let him overdo the exercise. He doesn't look fit for much exertion. Why, you would make two of him! You and that splendid cousin of yours, Miss Revelsworth, make a man of my inches feel very small and mean! Well, good-bye now! I will call at noon and see if my sleeping-draught has taken any effect, and try to persuade your aunt to place herself in my hands. Frankly, if she doesn't either do that or send for Sir Henry Champneys, I won't answer for the consequences."

At the breakfast-table on the following morning Dudley found himself alone. Victor had stolen off early, leaving a message that he would not be back before dinner. Miss Mannington was still too nervous and weak to rise, and Miss Revelsworth was devoting herself to her little friend with womanly tenderness, having, at Betty's express wish, carried her in her arms back to her bed-room, to be "out of Mrs. Revelsworth's way."

"I have to go up to London to-day by the 11.20 train, dearest," Francesca explained to Betty, as she sat by the latter's bedside persuading her to eat some breakfast. "I must go, as it is to get a tonic made up for my mother, which they can't do at any of the chemists' here, and to buy her some little Italian things which she likes to eat at a little charcuterie shop near Leicester Square. I hate to leave you, dear, especially as you like to have me with you. But I can't refuse my mother; and you know invalids have such curious whims for [illegible] times."

"How very good you are to her!" murmured Betty. "I don't wonder she worships you as she does."

"It is only my duty," Francesca answered simply, while a flush crept slowly over her fair face.

It was a charming characteristic of hers, so Betty thought, that she deprecated all praise of her filial devotion, and invariably blushed if any allusion was made to it.

At a quarter-past ten Francesca took a tender leave of Betty and hurried to her own room to dress. Donning her tan lace blouse, silk skirt, and large black-lace hat, she caught up a dust-cloak wherewith to conceal the elegance of her toilet on her journey, and her tan Suede gloves, and tapped at the door of Mrs. Harold Revelsworth's room.

"It is I, mother. May I come in?"

"Come in, carissima!"

The old lady was seated in her invalid-chair, and grasped the arms with restless skinny hands.

"You will meet that French fool in London, will you not, my darling?" was her first question.

"Yes. You know quite well I can't go about in London alone."

"No—you are too beautiful, my beloved one! But is it very wise, do you think, this whole journey? Suppose you should meet——"

"I don't care!" exclaimed Francesca, stamping her foot defiantly. "My position is secure enough now. Or at least"—she corrected herself, with a little laugh—"it will be soon."

"Thanks to your adoring mother!"

—"I owe you a lot, I know!"

"And you will owe me more, my queen! You will owe it to me that you are a millionaire, that you can live as you please, as you have longed to all your life——"

"Are you going to begin reminding me of my obligations to you, madre mia?" the girl inquired scornfully. "Because the list is no doubt a long one, and I have a train to catch, and an idiot who is in love with me waiting at the other end."

"You are under no obligations to me," whimpered the old woman, while tears began to course down her shrivelled cheeks. "I only want a little love, a little tenderness from you——"

"And you shall have them when I have time!" retorted Francesca lightly. "Good-bye!"

Nodding gaily, she ran out of the room and tripped in light-hearted fashion down stairs and round the corner of the Green to where the Kingston omnibus stood waiting.

"Five hours and a half—five hours and a half in London with you!"

It was Victor Revelsworth who uttered the words as he flew to the door of the compartment from the window of which he had perceived his cousin's lovely face peeping.

She gave him her hand as she stepped on to the platform; and every man in her vicinity turned with one accord to look again at her tall form and beautiful calm face, with that lurking smile in the eyes.

"Have you got the carriage?" she asked.

VOLUNTEER FIREMEN.

The 4th annual meeting of the Provincial Volunteer Firemen's Association, of Ontario, met in the City Hall, Stratford, on the 5th inst. at 2 o'clock p. m., President E. F. Earl, of Milton, in the chair; W. J. Armstrong, of Milton, Secretary. There were about 50 delegates present from the different towns in Ontario, Mayor Stamp and Ald. Davidson and Savage of the City Council welcomed the convention to the city. Ald. Davidson said anything that aimed at the formulation of the best methods of extinguishing fire should commend itself to all right thinking people. A fireman's life was often a risky one, and it was well for them to congregate and bring the different methods from all parts of the country into close comparison. President Earl replied, thanking the Mayor and Aldermen for their hearty welcome and said that all members of the Association were volunteer firemen and that it was in existence for a purpose and that purpose was that each fire department might do its duty in the municipality in which it was stationed, to meet annually to interchange ideas as to the best mode of fighting fire and to organize and maintain efficient fire brigades in our towns and villages and small cities where fully paid brigades were not employed.

An interesting report was presented by the chairman of the committee on legislation and laws is regard to the steps that were taken by the coumittee to procure legislation so that fire assurance companies will recognize the services of volunteer fire companies by paying an annual tax of 2 per cent. of the premium collected by them where volunteer fire companies are organized, the same as is done in the State of New York. This was met by a vigorous objection by the insurance inspector, who said that the bill was unfavorable in every respect. He also contended that municipalities should pay the firemen and that they were not receiving their due. This the committee informed him was not the case, as far as the municipalities were concerned when a brigade put out a fire they were working indirectly for insurance companies and the latter should recognize it. But this he would not listen to, and it would cost the 2 per cent. to collect it. The chairman of the committee wrote to the controller of the city of Syracuse re the cost of collecting the 2 per cent. of the insurance companies' premiums, his reply was none. The companies have to make their affidavits for the amount of business they do, and pay us the 2 per cent. of the amount, which goes to the credit of the Firemen's Pension Fund. If this can be done in the State of New York, we are going to see if it cannot be done in Ontario. We also got a copy of the Act passed by the State of New York relative to the 2 per cent. tax from Mr. A. B. Steele, Attorney for the New York Firemen's Association. This will be of great assistance to the committee in drafting out another Bill which will be presented at the next session of Parliament—as we were too late in getting the last papers in.

The printing committee were instructed to prepare a blank resolution for presentation to each municipality asking their respective members of the Legislature to support the Bill. The thanks of the Association are especially due to Mr. E. J. Mack, controller of Syracuse, N. Y., Mr. A. B. Steele, of Herkimer, N. Y., Mr. J. M. Baker, M. P. P., Georgetown, Dr. Jessop, M. P. P., St. Catharines, and Mr. Gross, M. P. P., Welland, for information in regard to this important matter.

Mr. Thomas, of Niagara Falls, chairman on topics, prepared an interesting report which was adopted as a means of sustaining interest in volunteer fire companies. Several ways were suggested and in a great many places some of them are carried out, but as we are not likely to enjoy any of these luxuries there is no use of giving any detail.

The manner of fighting a fire was taken up and was also discussed for some length of time, which brought out some important points.

The committee on By-laws recommended that hereafter any town inviting the Convention must be prepared to offer prizes for at least the following sports: Hose Reel race, Hook and Ladder race, 100 yard race firemen only, Firemen's Fancy Drill, Hub to Hub Race, and that each company presenting itself for the best appearance on parade must comprise not less than 20 men.

The following officers were elected: President, W. Smith, Trenton; 1st Vice President, J. A. Vandersluyes, Niagara Falls; 2nd Vice President, S. Moffat, Merritton; Secretary, W. J. Armstrong, Milton; Treasurer, W. Miller, Niagara Falls, South.

Trenton was chosen as the place for the next Convention. After singing God Save the King the Convention adjourned. R. Torry, J. Harbottle, delegates Durham Fire Brigade.

A Great Sufferer Cured.

Mr. Benjamin Dillon, of Leeds, Ont., was cured of Muscular Rheumatism by Polson's Nerviline, and says: "I feel my duty is to proclaim Polson's Nerviline as an infallible cure for Rheumatism; it cured me after 30 years suffering, and nothing I know of can equal its penetrating power. Nerviline simply has no equal in quickly relieving and curing Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica and Lumbago. A trial will convince any one. Price 25c.