

THE REVIEW

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EVE HARWOOD. CHAPTER I.

NO ARMISTICE War, War!

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men proper. If they did not speak evil of dignities, they treated them in what seemed to native eyes, a very cavalier fashion;

born, through whom it is given to us all to be born again.

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ing the sleeping face with kindly attentiveness.

"Oh, yes, it's a girl, and a right pretty one too," answered one of the men, who numbered two little girls among his own children.

"Perhaps it's a Christmas fairy," said another, laughing at his own small joke.

"Well I suppose there's nothing for it but to take it into the shed till we can settle what else is to be done," said Reuben, taking the infant gently in his arms as he spoke, and beginning to lead the way back, followed by the other hands, the "nipper," and Duke bringing up the rear.

On the discovery of the infant, some of the hands had looked searchingly about in every direction, but had failed to catch sight of any human being, or detect anything that might serve as a clue to the mystery.

Throughout the scene around the fire, however, a pair of eyes had been eagerly fixed upon the actors in it; a judge of eyes set in a face that, though to judge by the regular cut of the features, doubtless handsome enough when in repose, was now distorted as well as deadly pale from fear and excitement.

It was the face of a well-dressed young man of some two or three and twenty years of age. His secret post of observation was a guard's van standing on a siding sufficiently distant from the fire to be out of the range of its light, and at the same time sufficiently near for one standing with his face against the dark-out glass to command a view of all that was going on within the belt of light.

When, on the return of the hands, the shed gates were closed again, the unseen watcher gave a heavy sigh of relief, and sinking on the seat of the van, as if in a collapse of reaction, muttered, "If he only does take to the child, it will be the best way out of a bad business for all parties. At any rate the other plan would most likely only have ruined me, without soving it—and, I'm committed to this now."

Though it was a cold night, perspiration was standing in great beads upon his brow, and when he rose to his feet again it was with the uneasy gait of one struggling against physical fatigue. He steadied himself by the side of the van for a minute or two, evidently bracing himself for an effort, and then muttering, "This won't do; I must be off while the coast is clear," he took a key from his pocket and let himself out. Moving noiselessly and rapidly, he clambered over three rows of waggons drawn up on many sidings. This brought him to the embankment of the line in the shadow of which he waited for a distance of about three hundred yards. At that point a light of roughly-cut staves led up to a gate opening into the grounds of a large white-fronted house, from the windows of which lights were gleaming. Quickly ascending the steps, he entered the grounds with an assured step, and the air of a person familiar with the place.

For the first time he seemed to breathe freely and held his head erect, and altogether assumed a bearing as of one mentally availing of some hurried and hasty thought, as Melchior of the ghost of the murdered Hengoo.

"I am a man apart,"

Quickening his pace, he passed the front of the house, and, taking a latch-key from his pocket let himself in by a side-door. A minute or two later he entered the well-appointed drawing room of the establishment in which were assembled a number of ladies and gentlemen, by whom he was received with a chorus of welcomes. These first greetings over, however, more than one of those present remarked that he was not looking "the thing," that he looked pale, jaded, "out of sorts," and so forth; to which observations he answered in the light, off-handed tone of a person explaining a matter scarcely calling for explanation, that night travelling was rather cold work.

And the tone taken certainly seemed justified, for soon color came back to his cheeks, and the rather wild look in the eyes died out, and the generally harassed expression of countenance gradually gave place to one of easy self-complacency. Before the quarter of an hour had passed he was joining freely in the chaff and laughter going on, and any one looking upon him might have supposed that he had indeed nothing worse to forget or overcome than the effects of a winter night journey.

Meanwhile, among the workmen in the shed wonders had increased and mystery been intensified. As the night was still slumbering soundly when Reuben carried it into the shed, and as he in his own phrase, "couldn't a wile" to nurse it now that the time for resuming work had arrived, a tolerably comfortable bed was extended for it by piling a number of overcoats together. As Reuben was gently depositing the child on this couch, the heavy shawl in which it was wrapped got somewhat disarranged, and from its folds a paper fluttered to the ground. One of the hands picked it up, and, after looking at it for a moment, gave vent to what could only be described as a roar of surprise. "Well, this is a starter he exclaimed. 'It's a regular case of Christmas-box for you, Reuben. There you are; see, it's addressed to you as plain as it can be wrote."

Reuben, with a bewildered look, and scarcely knowing whether the other spoke in jest or earnest, took the paper on which was written in pencil, "To Reuben Harwood, from one who, knowing his goodness, believes he will keep the helpless."

The piece of paper had the appearance of having been the fly leaf of a book, and the attractively school-boy-like hand in which the words were written had evidently been used for purposes of disguise.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The extent of bee-culture in America is so large that the product of wax is stated to be 20,000,000 pounds annually, and increasing—worth in money at least \$6,000,000. Of this, about \$700,000 worth is exported and \$1,200,000 worth of honey also goes abroad. The total product of honey and wax is worth at present in the United States nearly \$6,000,000.