"Mind you take plenty of wraps and your flannel night-shirt; you should never sleep In a strange bed without flannel, it prevents damp. Shall I put up some walsky and

"No, I prefer to get out for what I want. We wait ten minutes at Giouccester, you and Ally came running after him for a last

ly, and said: "Be good, darling, and do what Miss

Snow wishes. I will bring you home a big pieture-book." "You dear papa !"

"You dear Ally," he said as he gave her a hing and stood her down on the doormat. The snow was falling outside, and the scenery seemed deschate in the extreme. From an upper window Dorothy watched him away with a strange heartsinking, yet he was to return soon, and she knew no cause for fear.

When he had gone she called Ally, and they busied themselves over the Christma tree, which was to be sent to the sick children at the infirmary, and Dorothy managed to tell a lot of pretty anecdotes of sick children she had seen.

The day passed pleasantly enough, and Ally was put to bed by Dorothy's own white hands. When she had said her prayers she

neck, and that the light had gone out, and that there was someone besides herself and Ally in the room,

"Who is that?" she cried out, as the moonlight, clear and frosty, showed a shadowy shape standing beyond the window. No answer came. Dorothy felt creepy, but fearing for the

child, summoned up her courage, and felt for the matches on the dressing-table. The blind was not drawn, and the moonlight shone full upon her as her eyes sought the glass, and saw looking over her shoulder a dark revengeful fac., full of hate and

A smothered cry escaped Dorothy; she turned and tried to eatch at the form, but a heavy blow felled her senseless to the ground, where she lay she knew not how long, and awoke dazed and faint, with the peaceful moonlight shining upon her, and all the house silent.

crept shuddering back to the parlor to find old Agnes making up the fire. "Why, where have you been, M:ss Snow? You look like a ghost; are you ill?"

Hastily, with many looks at the curtains and doors. Derothy told Agnes what had happened, and showed the bruise on her forehead where she had been struck. Agnes ; seemed terribly upset, and asked anxiously: "Do you think you were really awake?) You might have knocked your head against something and stunned yourself."

'No; I distinctly saw a face in the glass , beside my own. It was a dark face, and I ed Agnes in an agony of alarm.

"Yes, she is safe. I kissed her as I came. down. Oh, I was so frightened and hurt too! Who could it have been, Agnes?" "How should I know, Miss Snow? The maids are all trustworthy girls, who have all worked under me for years, or I might fancy your jewelry tempted one of them.

Is it all safe? "I don't know; I did not think about jewelry. I will look when I go back to bed. There is no way of getting into my room but by the door, I suppose?" "No; I can't understand it. Shall I get you some wine and biscuits, or will you

have anything else?" "I don't want anything to eat, but I should be glad of a glass of wine, I feel so shaken. "Enough to make you, poor child. I'll go back with you to look at the child; my heart misgives me on her account." "Surely no one would harm a little inno-

"I hope not, Miss Show." went to bed. All was right, jewelry un touched, and Ally sleeping peacefully. Old Agnes gave a sigh of relief; she had dreaded she knew not what, and was relieved to find, so far, all was well with her

and Dorothy forgot to fear every shadow, but the bruise on her forehead reminded Choose from. her unpleasantly of the night's adventure, and she longed for Mr. Penfold to return; she felt she would be safe if he were at

She missed his jovial presence and kind thought for her. And it is not to be wondered at that, considering his great kindness, she being young and impressionable, she should set him up in her heart of hearts

And, indeed, he was no ignoble one. A man of blameless life, who had suffered a surpassing wrong, that had wrecked his life and made his home desolate. This had been bravely borne by him three .

years before, and the thought of that made old Agnes very tender to her young master, whom she had nursed in infancy, and loved as an own child, · Derothy awoke on the morning of New .

Year's Eve with a heart at rest. Before the night came her here would be with her, and : her heart felt light at the thought, as she wished the time away. Towards evening, when dusk had darken-

ed the quaint rooms and made mysterious shadows in neeks and corners, Dorothy sat down on the fur rug by the fire, and drawing little Ally into her lap, began to talk to her of long walks in the woods when the frost king's reign was over. The room grew darker and darker, but

the firelight glowed bright and warm, and the two were coally nestled together, Ally's dark head on Dorothy's breast, Dorothy resting her back against her armchair. "When the frost has gone, Ally dear, we

will go to Caerphilly Castle; among the ruins there are always beautiful lichens and "Yes-yes, Miss Snow; we'll find lots of

lovely flowers for dear papa, he loves flowers; and Drift shall go with us, and run and

over his rough head. Dorothy loved Drift; he had been the means of rescuing her from death in the snow, so she allowed the bonny brute to

put his big head on her knee. After a time Ally's voice grew drowsy, and she fell fast asleep on Dorothy's breast. Dorothy was glad she had done so, for she wanted to sit up and see her papa. So she kept very still, and after a time fell aslcep too, luiled by the steady tick of the clock,

und warmed by the bright blaze. When she awoke, a pillow had been placed

Ally, so she kept still with her eyes not quite closed, and waited. She was afraid Ves. her dress did not properly cover her pretty ankles. She could see the eyes of the man she had got to think a here bent upon her. and her face glowed with blushes beautiful as the tints of a budding rose.

Mr. Penfold looked into the fireglow and sighed; he was looking careworn and tired. Somehow, without knowing why, Dorothy felt sorry for him, and wished she had the power to comfort him.

As she lay there wondering about him, she saw him start up with an angry cry, and spring to the window; they were on the ground-floor in a room that looked out on the lawn. A modern French window had been substituted for the old lattice; so that Ally could run in and out at pleasure in the

Dorothy's eyes were fixed on this window as Mr. Penfold wrenched it open, and she saw for one fleeting moment the face that had so frightened her that night in her bed-

Mr. Penfold had flown out on the lawn. went to the open window.

She saw Mr. Penfold fly across the snewy

lawn to the main road; then the hedges shut

him from her sight, and she could only shut

the window and wait with what patience she

... Printey and lift folcome.

R. CASEY'S elever at Dorothy of

E. Rose's Old Stand,

Not Given away but sold at She rose and found it was late; then she 25 per cent less than can be handled by any House in Kingston.

Come and see our

der my fall did not wake Ally." Where is Ally? Is the child safe?" ask-SUITS, PANTS

---IIV---

The Best Fits, Lowest Prices, and a Large and Choice Stock to

We Show a Large Stock of

Underclothing, Fancy Scarfs, Ties, Bows, &c.,

Hosiery and a Varied and Beautiful Stock of Silk Handkerchiefs hope that you can ever care for me as 1 do him?" his tail—a dog's way of saying "yee," Ally of New and Choice Patterns and explained, as she smoothed her little hand

Low Prices and Good Goods always tender eyes bent on mine. Oh, my love, my am sorry Ally should be disappointed; she master? your trust is sweet to me as your has heard so much about the clown, the love, and I am not unworthy of you. sitting opposite, watching her with admiring eyes, was Mr. Penfold. She could not move for fear of waking Speak for themselShe could not move for fear of waking speak for themselShe could not move for fear of waking speak for themselShe could not move for fear of waking speak for themselShe could not move for fear of waking speak for themselShe could not move for fear of waking speak for themselShe could not move for fear of waking speak for themselShe could not move for fear of waking speak for themselShe could not move for fear of waking speak for themselShe could not move for fear of waking speak for themselShe could not move for fear of waking speak for themselShe could not move for fear of waking speak for the speak for

Purchasing

No trouble to Show Goods.

T. R. CASEY

Don't forget the place.

138 PRINCESS STREET. McNee & Minnes' Stone Blcck

who seemed his usual jolly self again, only

to her, and Dorothy had to read it. Then they discussed some of Caldecott's quaint pictures, and in a pause Mr. Penfold

and I have some change to g.v. you out of your ten-pound note."

"Well, we shall see, Miss Snow. I am coanging as the sky above us. Mine is black

happily settled, and he seemed to look relieved when he spoke of it. When her box came later on Dorothy found it contained all she required, and everything of the best and prettiest. When she had seen Ally to bed, and lock-

ed her door, taking the key away, she wer down, her cheeks pink as a blush-rose, her eyes shining like stars.

beat light and gay, or why every moment Shall it be hope and happiness with me at by her new friend's side seemed happier | last, far away from the shame that clings to than the 'ast. ery, her heart had gone out to him, and

Penfold singing in a mellow monotone like, words of love were to her desolate heart, a bird with but one note, but that replete

he rose, took both her hands, and smiled on her brightly. She was indeed a goodly sight with her she. rose-pink cheeks, tender red lips, and eyes of starry radiance. Mr. Penfold feit all her beauty's spell, and

So glad and joyous were his looks that she may be slighted. A stepmother is not ten years seemed lifted from him in as many a pleasant possession; you know that Jem,

he had just vacated, and hade her sing to to be tried, and you confess you know nothhim something soothing, but not sad, and ing of her; she may be what you call a bittelling of love, of happiness, of bright de ter bad one. Virtuous women are not pientilight and merry weather.

liquid light of love; his checks were flush- my condition, and you know where to find ed, his hands trembled. Dorothy looked at him, amazed, yet sym- fore me, and I am chilled to the heart. pathetic, and he said gaily: "Child, have you ever freed an imprison- him, to plead for the only possession I care

ed bird, and seen it soar singing to the for under heaven—the possession of my clouds, to back and bathe in the sunlight? own little child; but in face of what I have Have you ever looked upon one in mortal seen, I dare not enter his doors, my blood agony when sudden-relief has come and is up, there would be murler done. Oh, I made a heaven of rest for them?" "Yes. Tell me, has such sweet freedom | black heart and my bitter past."

year full of hope and promise. Before it loved you all my life, and somehow I think dies away you will know my history, and It will be that in time—not at first, perhaps, sympathize with my gapture to-night. My | but I could be patient-you might get to blood seems to have fresh life, my heart | care for me. Not as I do for you, of course, leaps like a trout in a sunny stream; life | I can't expect that; there is nothing in me seems all life, light, brightness, and beauty. | to love, while you are proud, beautiful, and Are you glad for me?" "More glad than I can say. I do not un- hope of winning you to see you happy and

derstand the cause for joy, but it is reflected | innocent in your old place as Pierce Penin my heart as in a crystal mirror." "May that pure fountain of tender womanly love ever keep my image there,

vision of delight such as I now feel. I could dance, sing, go mad with merriment! What can you think of me, chiki? I am like a man possessed by unquiet spirits to you." "You are all that is good and noble to me. Little as I know you, I can believe you good and true as steel. Some day you will trust | warm heart, and could feel impulses of me with the history of this rapturous belief.

chime of fairy bells, full of throbbing, danc-Mr. Penfold bent over her, watching the | a second, and she laid her shapely hand in

white fingers fly over the ivory keys. Truly he had caged a nightingale when he brought this frozen fairy to his home and warmed her in his heart. The evening sped on golden wings; time

was never ! ss a laggard. Supper-time came and passed, and the new friends waited hand-in-hand together ready to welcome the new year. "We must open the window to let in our

A blaze of light was behind them as they stood at the bright casement hand-in-hand, The air was still; the stars beamed down wretched when one can forget their misery

beautiful as the eyes of love, and Dorothy in sleep." felt an arm encircle her waist, As the hour chimed out, a pair of loving longing lips were pressed to hers and a

kind joyous voice said: "A happy new year, my God-gift! May Come under the shelter of the house. I'l. we stand thus together many and many a get you something to refresh you." year with hearts as light and hopes as bright as those that make this madness in me now. choke me. Come along if you are coming Forgive me, dear, if I offend. Some day I may win the right to kiss you twenty times

The joy of Dorothy's heart had found a "Papa, there is such a grand circus in name at the warm contact of his lips. She Cardiff, I wish you would let me go. Jem knew she loved him with the first love of a | would take me, and I should so like to go. life, yet she had known him but a week; May IP' to a Hercules in less time than it takes to and the nights are so very cold. It might

his breast, and he said softly: name into your care? Only tell me you can

love me, and I ask nothing more of you. love you. It ink I loved you at first sight I hate waiting." when I saw you like a frozen lily lying in the snow-drift.

"Say something kind to me, child; I cannot bear suspense to-night." "What shall I say? I love you more than | to wait for my wife, yet she says I must." opened my eyes to see your compassionate | villain. But don't let us talk about that

"You will be the angel of my home, my

life's best treasure, the one light to lead my | blessom." lagging steps to Heaven! Hark! how the loy-bells see a to bless us. How still and sweetheart? Tuero is an old saying that the | so much inclined to fret that her indulgent

light behind them. looked upon the pretty picture framed in you the other day." 'vy, with a background of golden light, and

ed teeth, and a woman smote her breast in impotent passion. In her heart a fi ndish voice whispered that word of hate, "Kill," The curse of Cain, was on the woman; she | seemed so changed to her. looking upon the paradise she had once

"Jem, look at that window. What does

her in the snow a week ago. She is a pretty used to hate him like pois a.

. "What is poison to a weman at one time, Jem, is mediar of the gods another. Do not try to read a moman's heart, lad, it is ever baby. If I have the child I would care for naught clace I have money enough, with SENT,

cir d, and said soffly; · Laiways leved you, Ally; now you are) er ambing our own tribe. I'd te so good to

eall this tender joy that glorified all things seem a comelier sert of man when you man. about her; she did not know why her heart | can't see me beside yonder tine gentleman. you here? 'Tis New Year's Day now; say new life in which I may love you."

made him the love-elected master of her. The wemans seemed to waver; she was very lonely, and her heart was hot and an-She heard the sound of the piane, and Mr. | gry. Yet she did not think, we'come as the that she could live the quiet domestic life he painted. Yet poor Jem had been a faith-When she entered, full of grateful thanks, ful lover. He deserved a reward, and it would be sweet to live innocently again, if innocence was possible to one so debased as

"I will do as you wish, Jem, on one condition, and that is that we take my child with us. Far away in a new country, among a rapture stirred in him that he was free to fresh scenes and faces, she will soon forget win her priceless love if she had a heart to her father and love me. Her father will have other children to love, and perhaps ; to your sorrow, don't you."

make this New Year's Eve one to remem- one. This girl is not like that. She has no ful enough to be picked up like withered A sort of rapture rained from his eyes a sticks on the high-road. Well, you know me. I'm going now, I have a long walk became here to-night to humble myself to

wonder you can want me, Jem, knowing my "So do I, wonder," said Jem honestly. "It has, ma belle. I shall begin the new | "yet I can't help longing for you. I have clever. Oh, my girl! I could give up all

> fold's wife." "Hush, Jem! Why talk of that which is beyond retrieving? I should do it all over again if I could live my life afresh." "You did love the scoundrel who led you

from your duty, then, Ally?" "Yes, God pity me! That was the worst of it, that was what made me suffer the torments of conscience. I used to have a good, now I am all evil. You had better not ask for that which is so worthless, it Her sweet clear voice rang out like a may be your lot to know the misery of a granted prayer.

The woman's great haggard eyes softened

'About, foolish, faithful fellow! as he pressed a kiss on it a tear blotted the caress out. -Why, Jem, I thought I was beyond crying for, or praying for. You are a good fellow, and deserve a better woman than I can ever be. Good-night, I would say God bless you if I was not afraid the order of things wou'd be reversed and you cursed instead." "Let me walk with you to the town, my

giri; the way is long and dark, and I have nothing to.do." You ought not to say that, Jem; there are sleep and rest in your bed, two blesstwo noble figures fit for a p-cture of youth. ings long denied to me. One is never quite

> "I would willingly give every hour of my rest to case you, Ally." "I believe you would, Jem." "Let me hold your hand; you tremble. · Food or drink from under his roof would with me, or else I shall be looked out."

CHAPTER V.

kill you, and what would poor papa do with-She rested her pretty yellow head against | out his own dear little daughter? No, my dear little woman must stop at home this "Listen to the bells, love; they seem to time, and to reward her obedience I will throb with joy. Oh, how beautiful is love? take her to see a pantomime soon in the big My heart is bounding with hope at tals beautiful city where Dick Whittington sweet yielding. Tell me, my own, can I lived; you remember what the belis said to

"Turn again, Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London," "He believed the belis like a tractable

fold meaningly, as Dorothy laid her hand &C. on his shoulder. H. turned, to smile up fondly into the sweet face and say: "I hate words can tell. I've loved you ever since I "But you must, unless you would enrich a wonders, that her little head is turned. Why not take her to a morning performance? to win the heart of your little child, and to you can wrap her up cosily, and then it may not harm her.

"I fear the risk, she is such a fragile little "Do not let me persuade you against your better judgment, Pierce; she is so sweetly good, I know she will not fret over what

Still they stood together locked in a love- good. I have a lot of business letters to dream, their forms clearly outlined by the | write, you must run away, darling, and let Miss Snow teach you your letters; you will soon be able to read that grand book I gave The child danced away holding Dorothy's

hand, and chattering in her pretty baby She was a dear little creature, and already Dorothy loved her. Dorothy was radiant with happiness, life mished, but full of light and air.

dlence upon the fair-faced girl who has fill- | Shetook a gandy-colored book on her lap. ed the vold I left in his life. Oh, my child, and fried to teach the little girl the letters, my little innocent child! you could have | big A little A, bouncing B-business. kep: my heart from further sin, yet I may. Donthy smiled over her task, and wonnot to on vour sweet lies, or look upon the deredwhat her fine friends would think

The near approach of Christmas sends a wave of gladness, and in the homes of both Rich and Poor After tea he found Ally impatient to have and wed afresh now. He has been a quick preparations are being made to and wed afresh now. He has been a quick promised her, so he brought it one and wed afresh now.

Everybody wants to make some-

The saved abit of money thinking to Here are two Lists from which to make a She did not yet know by what name to make our home and begin afresh. I shall Suitable Selection for either a Lady or Gentle-

LADIES' LIST.

In her desolation, her loneliness, her mis- you will begin afresh with me, and lead a | Elegant S. S. Seal Jackets, \$150 and \$200. Handsome Fur Lined Dolmans \$75.

Choice Astrachan Lackets from \$16 to \$40. Rich Fur Lined Circulars, \$8, \$14, \$30 and \$50.

Fur Jerseys (something entirely new.) Fur Capes in Beaver, Sable, Per. Lamb, Goat &c., from \$2 to \$16. Muffs in Hare, Sable, Per. Lamb and Seal, &c., from \$1.50 to \$20. Caps in Seal, Per. Lamb. Polar Seal, &c., from \$2 to \$15.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Seal Caps and Gauntlets to Match.

Per. Lamb Caps and Gauntlets to Match. Fur & oats in Raccoon, Dog. &c. One Beautiful Musk Ox Robe (only one in this city.

"Yes Ally; but mine was a bitter hard | Sleigh Robes in Black, Grav and White Wolf, Kid Mits, Gloves, &c., Very Cheap. He took her hands and led her to the seat | "How do you know that? her virtues have | Caps in Polar Seal, Astrachan, Per. Lamb, Seal, &c., from \$2 up-

Collars for Overcoats in Per. Lamb. Beaver, Seal and Otter.

The Seal Jackets and all other goods named in the above lists are now in Stock and will be offered at prices that must assure PROMP.

Our Store will rémain open until 9 o'clock.

Make no mistake as to the place REMEMBER this is the advertisement of

The ROSTON HAT and FUR STORE WELLINGTON STREET.

JUST ARRIVED AT JOHNSTON'S

Wellington Street,

For the holidays, a fine assortment of all the Latest Novelties "By degrees, all the old servants were in Gold, Silver, Rhine Stone Ear-Bracelets, Broaches, Sets, Bangles, Gents' Scarf Pins, Ladies Lace Pins, Necklets, Lockets, Crosand a caress cansmake infant love grow in but you cannot go; you have a bad cough Ses, Etc. Also a fine selection monds, Pearls, Rubbies and Garnets of every style. Plain Gold authority, he being supposed to live a saint. stinct that you are good, and you are all the "Yes, I know, papa; but a circus is here, world to me. I never level another as I and not to be waited for like a pantemime, Rings, Band Rings, Signet Rings, "So do I for some things," said Mr. Penand Silver Watches, Boy's Silver Watches, Clocks, &c.

Call and examine our Stock of to wast our yows to Heaven's registry; yet eannot be helped.".
they will be sacredly kept, will they not, Ally's pretty lips ponted, and she looked Silver-Plated Ware, consisting Well, we'll think about it, pet, enly be of Tea Sets, Dessert Sets, Crumb

A Full Line of Plated Knives, Forks, Spoons, She took her charge to the nursery, a etc., kept constantly on hand at the very Lowest Donathy liked the room much, for it look- Prices.

child; you are used to it, I suppose, Miss . but see thought better of it, and said:

had any experience. Why, you can't be "No, I wish I was; I am only nineteen.

Ally, which is E" Jane went away singing softly to herself, and the afternoon passed away, and the sun went down amid flame-colored clouds. Dorothy was teaching Ally the beauty of the ever-changing sky. The sun sauk like

a ball of fire, and dusa crept over the earth like a mantle of silence. Ally support away to see if paps had finished his business. She and him in his the light of the reading lamp shone full Aily ran to him, climbed upon his knee,

"May I have tea with you, papa?" He k seed her very tenderly, then hastily writing on a sheet of paper. "Darling, does this refer to you? Send back word by Ally. yes or no," he then cut out half a c-lumn of neu-paper and encles dit, saying to Ally:

"Where is Miss Show, pet?" "I left her in the nurse; , papa; she has dressed for dinner, so I shall find her there

"Run then pet, and give her this. Tell her

papa wants an an-we. When Ally ran into the nursery, her pretty white frock fluttered about her, her. tiny dancing feet tripping lightly over the polished floor, Dorothy stood by the fire in her black velyct dress with the jeweled

cross flashing on her fair besom. "Here's a letter from paper, Miss Snow." Dorothy took it in surprise, and knelt down to read it by the light of the blazing log-fire. The printed slip fluttered down on the rug; she hastily picked it up and read it with the look of a hunted creature.

Ally grew impatient. · Please, Mass Snow, paper sors I am to take back an answer. Dorothy rose, pushed her hair beck from her forehead like one daz d, and with a weary sign drew Ally to her, saving: "

"Ally, did papa loos grieved or angry." "He looked sorry, Miss Snow, and he forget to kiss me." "Then run back to him, p.t. and when you tell him Miss Snow says you have him very kind, y with your little arms around is

Ally ran away to do her bidding, and found Mr. Penfold pacing the room in an agitated manner. She can to him with outstretched arms; he picked her up 'temierly, and she put her arms about his mick, saying as she kissed him: Miss Snow says yes, paper.

"Good help her then, poor girl! Come. petite, we will go to her." Derothy still stood by the fire, tears stealing softly down her checks. When Mr. Penfold entered she turned to him and said: "Oh, Pierce, what can I do to make you understand the misery that made me desperate and glad to get away at any cost? Send the child away and I will tell you all

Mr. Penfold kissed Ally, rang a bell, and "Stay here and give the child her tea. Miss Snow is going to write some letters for me before dinner."

Jane stayed, and as Dorothy went down to the study with Mr. Penfold, she seemed excited and upset. In the study a cheery fire burnt brightly. Pierce drew a chair to the fire, and pursua-

ded Dorothy to sit down. She did as he desired, while he bent over her, his eyes brimming over with pitiful love. Dorothy's hands trembled as she clasped them over her knees, saying softly: "My troubles began a year ago, when my dear mother, after a brief iliness, died. She was the widow of a rich mine-owner; the dear dad had been a keen man of business, managing his affairs with such skill that when he died he left his wife a large for-

tune, and a splendid opportunity of increas-"All, by his will, after dear mother's death, reverted to me, but left my mother to choose a guardian for me, should she die during my minerity. My mother had but few friends, and no near relations. She chose as a guardian an old friend of my father's, a man who managed her affairs for

"He is a man of about forty, handsome and shrewd. My poor mother believed him to be the best man breathing, and died. leaving me and all I porsessed under his sole control. He came directly after her death and took his post as head of the house, and treated me with marked kindness. Everything promised that he would be a model guardian; but from the first I shrank from his too tender manner ail my

instinct was against him. "I begged him to allow me to return to my old school, till I came of aze, but he would not hear of it, neither would be allow me a companion of my own age. Instead, he brought his sister to rule in my mother's place-a prim severe woman, tea

sent away, till I stood alone, a martyr to their power. I dared hardly call my soul my own. But werse than Margaret Maddleton's severity was her brother's too evident partiality. He hannted me. I never knew a peaceful moment. "At last the crisis came. He asked me to

marry him, declaring it was my mother's wish, and when I gave him a decided refusal, said if he comid not force my love, he could make me marry him, if only to save my honor, and swore, with an awful oath, to make me numble by outraging my inno-"I had no one to whom I could appeal, he had me cut off from all ties, I was entirely

f ed something strange in the wine at dinner, and was selzed by a dreadful drowsiness that took away vital power. "I had sense enough left to know he had drugged me, and made some excuse to get to my room. There I drank enough warm water to act as an emetic; then while he thought me sleeping the deep sleep of insensibility. I managed, by dropping from a

low window to get away, just as I was, with

in his power; and one night I fancied I tast-

only a cloak to cover my evening-dress. like life, and I, by report, giving his saintship much trouble. Two years seemed such a long time, yet I could have been patient even with him if it had not been for his incessant love-making and constant presence. "I was 'mad from life's history' when I fled from my miserable home, and tramped to Cardiff from Penarth. You do not know what that man made me suffer, or what a eruel torment his love was. I would rather

beg for bread from door to door than return "He has a will of iron, and is determined to marry me by fair means or foul, He wants my money, I believe. He would have married poor mamma if she would have had him; perhaps that is will she thought so well of him. I am absurdly afraid of him. I would rather die than feel myself in his

"I might be discovered at any mement law on his side, and no one would believe my word against his. I live in dread of being found by him. What can I do, Pierce?"

Pierce looked gravely perplexed. "Only a husband could dispute his control over you. We must hasten our marriage, my queen. I will go to London and make the preparations; you must follow with the child. You are not safe here a day, any

moment he may discover you.

"I know Horace Middletos, well, I have had business dealings with him and liked him immensely. Love for you must have turned his brain, or he never would have proved such a dastard to you. There is not a man more looked up to and respected in all South Wales. Fancy you being John Gower's only child! I should not have connected you with the notice in the paper, but for the de cription of the lewels you wore—that quaint cross and this ring. He took her hand and looked at the beavy ring she wore with its masonic emblem.

"The ring was the dear dad's, he always wore ft, and since my mother's death I have never taken it off."

C. JOHNSTON.