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A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XX.

Maida's lips parted, but no sound came from them. The thought that the man was mad flashed through her brain: and yet, why was her father so crushed?

"Yes, he has robbed me as meanly as ever any man robbed another," continued Purley, not loudly, but as if he were borne away on the torrent of his righteous indignation and resentment. "Some months ago I was up a tree—in great distress—and I went to him to help me. He was the only friend I had in London, and I was cast adrift there. I relied on his old friendship as he might have relied on mine if he'd been in my place: he knows it! He lent me a little money, for which I was grateful enough, God knows; and that day I met a man who offered me a chance of a new life and a fortune—at any rate a small one—out in Australia. I wanted some money to enable me to take it, so I went to your father again to borrow it of him."

"And you had it," panted Carrington.

Purley cast a glance of passionate scorn at him.

"He says I had it. Yes, I had it; but at what a price! I had some shares, shares in a mine at Klondike—you may have heard of it; oh, no doubt you have—the Roaring Jane."

Maida started, slightly, and her white hand closed still more tightly on the chair.

Purley drew his hand across his brow, upon which the sweat stood in big drops.

"I held nearly all the mine, and I sold it to him for two hundred and fifty pounds." He laughed bitterly, and his hands closed spasmodically on his cap. "I thought they were worthless, and I was ashamed to offer them to him. But he knew better. He knew when he was taking them from me that they were worth a million—more! They had found gold, gold by the ton, and he knew it. Let him deny it if he can, here, to me and you!"

He glared at Carrington, and Carrington sat up and opened his white lips.

"I deny it!" he panted, but could get no further.

"Of course he denies it," said Purley, scornfully. "But it's a lie! I'm sorry to use such a word before you, miss, his own daughter; but I've got to speak out or burst; and I'm speaking the solemn truth. After he got those shares, he followed me about like a shadow; he got me intoxicated; he kept the newspapers out of my reach—oh, I remember everything, every little thing that happened that day. He shadowed me till he'd seen me on board the ship. He let me go to rough it out there in Australia, knowing that he'd robbed me of a million of money, of the money I had worked and sweated for, yes, sweated and nearly died for—Why, my partner did die!"

His voice grew thick and his lips quivered.

"If you'd known what Klondike was like, what a hell upon earth—but no matter, I earned that money with the

sweat of my heart as well as my brow, and he robbed me of it; if he'd only given me a portion of it, half, ay, even a quarter, but he stole the whole of it; he let me go out there. It's a lonely place; it's a hard life out there in Australia—while I was working and toiling like a slave there, he was living like a prince on my money."

He looked round the room, with its costly decoration and furniture, its richly bound books in their handsome cases.

"He might have written to me, might have cabled, but he didn't; he stuck to it all. He'd got me hard and fast, for he insisted upon not making it a loan, but buying the shares right out."

He paused to catch his breath, an intense stillness reigned in the richly appointed room; a hand as chill as that of death was closing over Maida's heart.

"It is only by a chance that I heard the truth," continued Purley, doggedly. "A sundowner happened to leave a newspaper behind him, and I read—out there in those lonely places, you read every line of the paper, miss—that the Roaring Jane had struck it, that nearly all of it was owned by Mr. Carrington. The money article was full of it. I borrowed enough of my partner, and I took ship back. I only reached London yesterday; but I have had time to hear of the great Mr. Carrington, to find that he's a big swell in the city, one of their greatest men; a landed proprietor," he laughed again bitterly, "the director of ever so many companies; oh, the very greatest of swells. And it's all done on my money, the money he robbed me of! I come down here and I see this place, fit for a prince, with servants as gorgeous as peacocks, and no doubt horses and carriages like—like a lord mayor's. And all done with my money! He was poor enough before he got them shares. Oh, I've heard all about it. Why, the very diamonds—"

His fierce eyes flashed upon the diamonds—not her finest by any means—which shone on Maida's neck and arms.

"No, no, I beg your pardon, miss," he said. "You're innocent enough. I daresay. It ain't likely he'd tell you. I'm sorry I spoke about—about the diamonds. But my heart's sore. Sore, it's on fire! Your asking me what right I have here, set me in a blaze. Now I've told you."

There was silence again. Maida had not taken her eyes from the man for one instant. Her breath was coming painfully, she was growing cold, as if the chilly hand were closing more tightly on her heart. Her lips opened at last.

"Father!" she breathed, "is this—is this true?"

Carrington rose. His hands gripping each other, his pallid face set, his eyes fixed defiantly on Purley.

"And—if it is true," he said, hoarsely. "What has he got to complain of? He says I bought the shares. Well, I did. I bought them in the regular way. I am a business man; in business it's every man for himself—"

Maida shrank from him with a faint cry of horror.

"Father, father!" she panted. "Oh, you do not mean it! Then it is true,

and all this"—she looked round the room with a kind of wild despair—"all this belongs to him—everything; even the dresses we wear? But we will give it back! Yes, you shall have it all back, every penny. My father did not mean to rob you; he is sorry—he will make restitution—we will all make restitution—we will give you everything at once—at once!"

She stood erect, her face white, her violet eyes glowing. Suddenly she put her hand to her neck and tore the diamonds from it and from her arms, and dropped them on the table with a shudder, as if they had actually burnt the white flesh.

"We will give you everything!"

Josiah Purley shrank back from the splendour of the figure, the nobility of the face, and opened his lips as if about to speak; but he was stopped by a cry from Carrington.

With a cry of mingled rage and despair he flung himself forward and grabbed at the glittering gems.

"No, no!" he gasped. "You shall not! They're mine—they're mine! Everything's mine—I bought 'em, bought 'em fairly! It's a lie—"

Then suddenly his manner changed, the words he had been pouring out thickly and almost incoherently died away in a guttural groan; his eyes turned from Purley to Maida with a wild despair and appeal.

"No, it's true," he gasped, hoarsely. "I didn't mean it—at first. I was tempted—it was more than any man could resist. I wanted the money badly. It was of no use to him. It was for you—for you and Carrie! Forgive me, Maida; pity me—I'm your father—"

His voice ceased suddenly, he threw up his hands, letting the diamonds fall in a glittering mass on the floor, then, swaying to and fro like a drunken man, fell back in the chair with his clenched hands pressed against his heart.

Maida flung herself on her knees beside him and caught at his hands and pressed them to her bosom.

"Father! father! It is not too late, all is well! We will give everything back, everything, will we not? Say so, tell him so!"

Carrington's eyes opened, and resting on her, a faint smile flitted across his ashen face, he moved his head assentingly, then a shudder seemed to

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pass over him, his head fell back, his eyes closed.

Purley uttered a cry and sprang to the bell; then he bent over Carrington and raised his head. But he let it fall back a moment afterwards and staggered away from the prostrated man and leant against the mantel-shelf.

"My God! he is dead!" he said. "And I have killed him!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Maida uttered only one cry, but it rang through the house, cleaving the luxurious silence and startling the hearers with a sudden terror.

The library door was thrown open and Heroncourt burst in; he was followed by Lord Glassbury, and very quickly by the rest. He was at Maida's side in an instant; while Carrie, with a cry, threw herself on her knees beside the lifeless figure of her father.

"Maida, what is it?" Heroncourt demanded. "Your father is ill! Ricky go—"

Ricky did not need anything further but darted into the hall and ordered a dog-cart that he might fetch the doctor.

A rapid examination showed Heroncourt, as he bent over him, that Mr. Carrington was dead, and he straightened himself, his face white and full of tender, loving sympathy.

"Come away, dearest," he said, drawing Maida's arm within his. "It is all over—nothing can be done!"

"Oh, come with me; let her come with me," said Lady Glassbury, pitifully, but courageously struggling for calm. "Come with her, Carrie!"

But neither of the girls would leave their father, and they followed Heroncourt and Glassbury as they carried the dead man to his room and laid him on the bed, where Maida and Carrie knelt beside him; there Heroncourt and Glassbury left the girls to their solemn charge, and went down to the hall to wait for the doctor.

"I half suspected it," said Glassbury. "I had a suspicion that poor Carrington had heart disease. Men of his build don't faint unless there is something serious the matter with them; and I haven't liked the look of him lately. Poor Maida! poor girls! left alone in the world."

"Not alone," said Heroncourt, almost inaudibly.

"I beg your pardon, Byrne; of course not. Poor old chap, this is hard on you! It will put off the wedding indefinitely."

"I am the last to be considered," said Heroncourt. He looked at the library door thoughtfully. "There was a man there. Who is he?"

"Lord Glassbury shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know. Some tenant, some man on business. Surely it couldn't have been important enough to have upset Carrington, to have caused his illness?"

They gave no further thought at that moment to the man; but paced up and down; Heroncourt now and again going half-way up the stairs, as if he longed to go to the silent room and comfort Maida. After what seemed an age, the dog-cart dashed up the drive and Ricky and the doctor sprang out and entered the hall.

"I am afraid that it is too late, that you can do nothing," said Heroncourt, gravely, as he led the way upstairs. The doctor bent over the still figure for a moment; then he shook his head and said to Lady Glassbury:

"He is quite dead—died instantaneously. Take them away."

But it was Maida who drew Carrie to her and led her to her own room—for Carrie was recovering from the shock and beginning to realise their loss, and was crying bitterly and moaning:

"Father! Father! Oh, father!"

But Maida did not weep now. She had shed tears as she knelt beside the bed, but she had fought against them and stifled the choking sobs, for she knew that she would have to comfort Carrie. And more: she knew that her father's death had come as a merciful release; that he had been spared all the misery and humiliation which would have awaited him had he lived. She murmured soothing words to Carrie as she held her in a sisterly, a motherly, embrace; as if she would, with her loving arm, shield her from the bitterness of grief.

(To be Continued.)

Telegram Fashion Plates

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Henry Blair

List of Letters Remaining in the G.P.O. to July 3rd, 1917.

A Antle, John C., Franklin Avenue

B Barnes, H.

Barnes, Wm., Long Pond Road
Bailey, A., Convent Square
Brage, James, Flower Hill

Barnes, Miss N., LeMarchant Road
Barter, Miss D., York St.
Bartlett, Miss Jessie, Gower St.

Baggs, Joseph, card
Berwick, Ralph, care Gen. Delivery
Byrne, T. J., Nagle's Hill
Bourne, B. R., card
Butler, Ralph, Monroe St.
Button, Miss Edith, Gower St.

C Clarke, John
Critch, Charles
Cole, Miss Flora, Military Road
Coleman, Miss Mary, Catherine St.
Cumley, Miss Katie, care G. P. O.
Cronan, Mrs. Ann, New Gower St.

D Davidson, A. P., care Gen. Delivery
Deschamps, R. G. A.
Driscoll, Hubert, Hamilton St.
Driscoll, Thomas, Hamilton Avenue
Driscoll, Gordon, card

Doran, Mrs. Laura
Duncan, Mrs., Bannerman St.
Duggan, Mrs. Bridget, Theatre Hill
Duncan, Mrs. John, care G. P. O.
Day, George E.

E Eales, Miss G., care G. P. O.
Earle, A. M., card, care General Delivery
Earle, Arthur, care Post Office
Erickson, S. R., care Gen. Delivery

F Fallon, Mrs. S., Cochrane St.
Fogarty, John, care Gen. Delivery
Forist, Luther
Furrie, John

G Geary, George
Grieve, Mrs. John
Gillard, E., Water Street
Groves, Harvey
Guy, J.
Goss, Frank
Grant, Miss Lillán, Lime St.

H Hartery, F., Water St.
Hartrum, Miss J., Quidi Vidi
Hall, Mrs. J., John Street
Hamilton, Mrs. R., card
Hennebury, Mrs. James, Boncloddy St.
Hartley, Mrs. Annie
Harvey, Miss K., Barnes' Road
Hallett, Thomas, Bond St.
Henderson, Hector, Duckworth St.
Hiscock, Edgar, Water St.
Hill, Harvey

J Jones, Joseph
Jones, William, ——— St.

K Kearsey, Mrs. Annie, Pennywell Rd.
Knight, Mr., ——— Square
Knox, Jack, Holdsworth St.

L Lewis, W. J., Pennywell Road
Long, Mrs. M. E.
Lodge, Heber
Louis, Eli

M Maney, Mrs. John
Martin, G. C., care Gen. Delivery
Matthews, Walter
Masters, Charles
Mason, John
Meyers, Mrs. Emma, South Side
Mitchell, Mrs. Rose
Miller, Miss Lillie, Brazil's Square
Milliey, Frank, Pennywell Road
Moulton, Miss K., card
Mundle, Fred E.
Martin, John, South Side Battery.

N Neil, Mrs. James, care Mrs. Stamp, Lime St.
Neilson, Mrs., Water St.
Nickerson, Miss K.
Norman, Mrs. Thos., card
Barnes' Road

O O'Neil, V., Water St.

P Parrell, Mrs. P., Long Pond Road
Parsons, Mrs. E., Water Street
Parsons, Miss F., Freshwater Road
Penny, Miss L., Water St., East
Percy, Edward, care G. P. O.
Perlis, Albert B.
Perry, A. J.
Peeble, Josiah, care G. P. O.
Phillips, Miss Maggie, James' St.
Porter, Miss Annie, Springdale St.
Power, William, 6 Power St.

R Roberts, George, Freshwater Road
Rose, Cecil T.
Roach, Joseph, care Col. Cordage Co.
Roach, M., Water St., West
Rogers, Joseph, Springdale St.

S Sharpe, L. L.
Starr, Mrs. F. P.
Searle, Miss F., Spencer St.
Spencer, Archibald, Field St.
Sheppard, Miss A. E., George St.
Simmons, Joe, card, Pilot's Hill
Smith, Robert, Larkin's Square
Smith, Mrs. Sarah, Gower St.
Smith, J. W.
Smith, Wm., Monroe St.
Snow, E., New Gower St.
Scott, Walter
Squires, Helena E.
Sinnott, Miss L., care Mrs. Knowling, Circular Rd.
Smith, J. B.
Strickland, Miss M., Brine St.

T Tobin, William, care Gen. Delivery
Thomas, Miss G., Pilot's Hill

W Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road
Wadding, John
Walters, James
Way, Mrs. N., Queen St.
Walsh, Miss Thonie, Military Road
Whelan, W. J., Flower Hill
White, Thomas, care Gen. Post Office
Wells, D. J., card
Whelan, Miss D., Catherine St.
Whiffin, Miss Sarah, LeMarchant Rd.
Wiseman, Willis, care Gen. Delivery
White, Mrs. G. C., 4 King's St.
Williams, Mrs. Harold, Hamilton Ave.

Y Young, George R.
J. ALEX. ROBINSON, P. M. &

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