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"I will try to persuade him to give you to me, nevertheless, little one, and I think I shall succeed."

"I hope you will," she replied; "but if he don't, what can we do?"

"Do without it!"

"What! Harry, you surely would not want to marry me without papa's consent?"

"Of course I would much rather have it, than not, but, if he won't give it what else can we do. I want to marry you, darling, not your father, and I mean to do it at all hazards."

He meant it too, and no one but himself knew the full meanings of those two words, "all hazards." He fully recognized the risk he ran in marrying again while his wife lived; but, would she live? Only he and his God knew what he had determined on that point.

He could not possibly have pleased Miss Howson more than by telling her he meant to marry her at all hazards. It had a smack of the "going through fire and water" about it which she had always fondly hoped to experience in real life. She was fully prepared to run away with him that night, and would probably have consented had he proposed it. But he did not propose it; his next question had something more of the prosaic about it.

"Annie, don't you think it would, perhaps, be better if we kept our engagement secret for a week or two, and in the meanwhile I can get to know your father better, and possibly he may learn to like me and so not refuse his consent when I ask for you?"

And then arose before Miss Howson's vision another scene. A grand marriage at the Cathedral; splendid wedding presents; half-a-dozen bridesmaids; a champagne breakfast; the congratulations of friends; the envy of rivals; a paragraph in the paper, and a wedding tour.

Yes; take it all together, Miss Howson thought she preferred the realistic to the romantic side of the picture; and, altho' she was fully determined to get married without her father's consent, if necessary, she thought it would probably be better to obtain the paternal blessing if possible; and, therefore, she said, after a slight pause:

"Perhaps you are right, Harry, it would be better to gain papa's consent; and if you desire it our engagement can remain a secret for the present; but not for long, Harry dear, I am so anxious to show you to the world as my affianced husband."

She allowed him to kiss her again, and I am not very certain, but what she kissed him in return, for there was a pause of several seconds, and the sound of labial salutations several times repeated before he spoke again.

"I think two weeks will be sufficient, darling; if I cannot gain his consent in that time, I may well despair of ever doing so."

"Perhaps I can help you, Harry."

"Certainly, darling, I expect you to assist me all you can."

"But I don't mean by myself, Harry, I mean through some one else; some one papa has a very high opinion of, and in whose judgment he places great confidence."

Her manner was not very confident, and she seemed rather doubtful as to the manner in which he would receive her answer to the question he immediately asked her:

"Who, Miss Moxton?"

"No; some one whose opinion papa places more dependence than he does on auntie's."

"Who?"

"Charlie Morton."

"Charlie Morton?"

"Yes; he told me he had known you from boyhood; that you were at school together, and if he will only help us I know papa will consent; he will almost always follow Charlie—Mr. Morton's—advice, and Charlie—Mr. Morton—will do anything I ask him."

He thought over this for some time. The idea that the brother of his wife should use his influence to gain him the hand of another while that wife lived was something which staggered him for a moment; and the multitude of thoughts which crowded into his brain as to his own designs with regard to that wife pressed on his brain so strongly that he remained silent for several minutes, and scarcely heard Annie's question:

"Well, what do you say? Don't you think we had better get Mr. Morton to help us?"

"No," he exclaimed half starting from his seat, "I will owe nothing to Charlie Morton; I will win you, or lose, by my own exertions. I might lose you, but I intend to try hard to win you, and when I try I am hard to beat."

ACT III.

DEAD.

SCENE I.

MR. FARRON FINDS A SUBJECT.

August twenty-ninth; time, six o'clock in the evening; place, Mrs. Grub's boarding house in St. Urban Street.

Mr. Frank Farron and his friend Mr. Gus Fowler occupied, jointly, a medium sized room on the second floor of a boarding-house in St. Urban Street. The room was furnished like most second class boarding-houses with a good deal of nothing and very little of anything. The most prominent feature in it was a huge stove which stood in one corner and occupied a very fair portion of the rather limited space and which alternately kept the room too warm or

too cold owing to its having a weakness for suddenly blazing up very hot and then burning rapidly out. The landlady said it was the fault of the draught, but Mr. Fowler stoutly maintained that it was due to the plentiful scarcity of coal. This stove was never taken down but stood solemnly in its corner winter and summer.

The remaining furniture consisted of two chairs, a washstand with a cracked basin and a mug minus the handle, a couple of trunks, a small table, and a bed which Fowler declared would soon prove too small if Farron continued to get stout in the way he was doing. The carpet was old, faded, and torn, and frequent patches bore evidence of the thriftfulness of its owner. The walls were covered with dingy paper which showed all its blackened ugliness when the young men took possession of the room, but Mr. Fowler soon remedied that defect by hanging on it half-a-dozen sporting pictures of impossible horses running without taking the trouble to touch the ground, and by suspending a pair of monster snow-shoes which neither he nor his companion could wear.

Messrs. Farron and Fowler were medical students attending Victoria College; and, altho' their lodging was not very sumptuous they

an amputation of the thigh just at the hip-bone; I never read a more interesting case." "Oh, hang it! don't talk shop. I thought you were reading a novel or I would have spoken to you long ago. What is the good of bothering about hip-bones and such things until term commences?"

"Well, term will commence in a week, and I thought I would polish up a bit; I've got awfully rusty during the summer vacation. Just read this description of the operation," he continued, offering Mr. Fowler the book.

"No, thank you, I don't care about hip-bones, especially after supper."

"I wish I could get a subject," half soliloquised Mr. Farron; "I should like to try that operation; it must be very interesting."

"If all you want is a subject, I suppose there are plenty in the cellar at the College."

"No. I've been there, and there is nothing very good. I should like to get a fresh one."

"I wish," said Mr. Fowler, half soliloquising, "that old mother Grub could find it convenient to die just now; if it's bones you want, she would supply little else, and if she proved only half as tough as the whit-leather she provides for us and honors with the name of beefsteak,



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found it convenient on account of its propinquity to the dissecting room.

On the evening in question both gentlemen were at home. Mr. Farron was seated at the table reading, and assisting his studies by constant application to a briar pipe, and occasional sips of something which was in a glass at his elbow, and which looked considerably darker than water. From time to time he would remove the pipe from his lips, make a fresh addition to the new pattern he was gradually producing on the carpet, consult the glass, replace his pipe and continue his reading.

Mr. Fowler was sitting by the stove with his feet resting on it, and his chair tripped slightly back. He was also armed with a briar pipe and a glass with something in it, but he was not ornamenting the carpet for the simple reason that he found it easier to open the stove door and convert that article into a gigantic spittoon.

Silence reigned supreme for about half an hour, when Fowler, having finished the contents of both the glass and the pipe, removed his feet from the stove and turned towards his companion:

"Say, Frank, what on earth are you studying so intently? I should think you had had enough of it by this time at any rate."

Mr. Farron looked up from his book, and, after an attack on the glass which completely emptied it, replied:

"I've been studying a magnificent case, Gus;

it would be fun to see you trying to cut her up. But, no," he continued, sadly shaking his head, "there is no such luck; she is one of the sort that never dies; she will gradually dry up, and some fine morning, when there is a stiff breeze, she will blow away like a chip, beefsteak and all. May the day not be far distant." He shook his head again, put something out of a black bottle into his glass, added a little—very little—water from the mug without a handle, took a sip with an air of satisfaction, lighted his pipe, and resumed his seat by the stove.

"Never mind your chaff now, Gus," said Mr. Farron, "old mother Grub won't die to please you, and I must look elsewhere for a subject."

"Then why don't you—?" began Mr. Fowler, but ere he could complete the sentence he was interrupted by a knock at the door, and the head of a servant-girl quickly following the knock, she announced:

"There's a man below wants to see you, Mr. Farron."

"Tell the man to come up."

The head was withdrawn and the two occupants of the room smoked on in silence until the door opened again and "the man" entered the room.

He was a middle-aged man of rather unprepossessing appearance, dressed in a short coat and well worn dark pants, which were rolled up at the bottoms as if constantly expecting a tramp through the mud,

"Good evening, gents both," said the man, pulling off his hat and making a scrape with his foot, "I 'opes I sees you well."

"Ah! Boggs, come in," said Mr. Farron, "called about that little bill, I suppose?"

"That's hit," replied Mr. Boggs promptly, taking one step into the room, and planting himself where the door-mat ought to have been; "but wasn't, for the reason that there was no door-mat. You told me to call, yer 'oner, hand has I ham not driving this week, hi thought a few hextra stamps would 'elp to keep 'ouse. No offence hinteded, gents both."

"All right, Boggs, how much is it?" asked Mr. Farron with the proud confidence of a man who is prepared to cancel liabilities to any amount.

"Two dollars hand a 'alf, sir."

"Got change for a five?"

"Yes, yer 'oner," replied Mr. Boggs, apparently slightly surprised at finding so prompt a response to his demand for a quarter where he had expected an excuse. But Mr. Boggs' surprise changed to absolute astonishment when Mr. Farron drew from his pocket-book a considerable roll of fives and tens, and selecting a five, handed it to him.

"Hall right, yer 'oner; 'ere's the change, with my hearty thanks, gents both."

"Take something, Boggs?" inquired Mr. Fowler, holding out the black bottle in one hand and a glass in the other.

"Thank'ee, sir, hi don't mind hif hi do."

He about half-filled the glass, made a sort of general sweep with his hand and saying, "'Ere's your good 'ealth, gents both," gently tipped the glass and continued tilting until it was completely empty. He could not be said to have exactly "drunk" the liquor, he simply let it run down his throat; when it was down he smacked his lips in a satisfied manner, wiped them with the sleeve of his coat, and smiled pleasantly.

"Hi shall be hon the stand again next week, gents both," he said, "hand shall allers be 'appy to serve you hin hany way."

Farron and Fowler exchanged an expressive wink, and Mr. Boggs brushed his hat with his sleeve preparatory to taking his leave.

"Wait a minute, Boggs," said Farron. "Have you done anything in the way of carrying dead freight lately?"

"No, sir, hi haint done nothink hin that line lately, hand hif'm a'most afraid to try. The police makes themselves too busy with a poor man's business, hand hif hi was caught hit would be the death of the hold woman, she's that pertickler, gents both. There haint a better woman nowheres than the hold woman," he continued, warming with his subject, "hony she won't be 'appy; 'aint no use doing nothink fur her, she won't be 'appy; she's got a'most heverythink ha woman can want; she's ha 'ouse, hand ha 'ome, hand ha 'orse, hand ha 'usband with a 'appy 'art, but she will worrit and worrit herself hand won't be 'appy, hand hif hi was took hat the game you referred to, gents both, hit would worrit the hold woman to death."

Mr. Fowler made no direct reply to this speech, in fact he could scarcely be said to have replied to it at all, for he simply remarked, "Take another!" at the same time producing the black bottle.

Mr. Boggs evidently believed with Shakespeare that "brevity is the soul of wit," for he replied with the one word "Thanks," and took it.

"Now, Boggs," said Mr. Farron, "let's to business. I wan't a good fresh subject; can't you get one and take it to the College? You know it will be all right."

"Hi'd rather not, gents both, but hif it was made well worth my while, hi might keep my heye hopen, hand maybe hi might see some-thing."

"You need not be afraid of the pay; you know that is all right."

"His hit the hold price, gents both; hit's very little for the risk, hand bodles his hup."

"Yes, I have no doubt they are 'up' when you get hold of them," said Mr. Farron; "but, come now, I know you have managed many a quiet job before; get me a good subject inside of ten days and I don't mind giving you a trifle myself besides what the College pays."

Mr. Boggs paused for a moment, scratched his head, and then remarked:

"His hit ha man hor a woman; hor does it make no difference?"

"A woman would be best," said Mr. Farron promptly.

"Hi'm sorry for that, Hi hallers feels squeemish about women; hi don't care so much about men, but women his different; hit hallers makes me think hof my hold women."

"Don't let your feelings get the best of you, Boggs," said Mr. Farron. "You can make a good thing out of this if you like, and without any risk; why, bless me, how often is it you hear anything of body-snatching, and yet you know very well, Boggs, it's done oftener than most people suspect."

"Hi knows it, gents both, hi knows it. Did you say han hextra five hif it was a good one?"

"I did not say five, but, perhaps, it might be that."

"Well, hi'll do my best, gents both, hand hif hi succeeds you'll 'ear hof hit hinside hof ha week." After firing off which volley of h's Mr. Boggs bowed himself out of the room, and the students prepared themselves for an evening stroll.

(To be continued.)