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respect of the committal of a great crime. Eleanore has my sympathy." And sweeping her cloak from her shoulders, she turned her gaze for the first time upon her cousin.

Instantly Eleanore advanced as if to meet it, and I could not but feel that for some reason this moment possessed an importance for them which I was scarcely competent to measure. But if I found myself unable to realize its significance, I at least responded to its intensity. And indeed it was an occasion to remember. To have beheld two such women, either of whom must have been considered the model of her time, face to face and drawn up in evident antagonism, would have been a sight to move the duldest sensibilities. But there was something more in it than that. It was the stock of all the most passionate emotions of the human soul; the meeting of waters of whose depth and force I could only guess by the effect. Eleanore was the first to recover. Drawing back with the cold haughtiness which, alas! I had almost forgotten in the display of later and softer emotions, she exclaimed:

"There is something better than sympathy, and that is justice;" and turned as if to go.

"I will confer with you in the reception-room, Mr. Raymond."

But Mary, springing forward, caught her back with one powerful hand. "No," she cried, "you shall confer with me; I have something to say to you, Eleanore Leavenworth."

I glanced at Eleanore, saw this was no place for me, and hastily withdrew. For ten long minutes I paced the floor of the reception-room. What was the secret of this home? What had given rise to the deadly mistrust continually manifested between these cousins? It was not a thing of to-day or yesterday. No sudden flame could awake such concentrated heat of emotion as that of which I had just been the unwilling witness. One must go further back than this murder to find the root of a mistrust so great that the struggle it caused made itself felt even where I stood, though nothing but the faintest murmur came to my ears through the closed doors.

Presently Mary's voice was heard: "The same roof can never shelter us both after this. To-morrow, you or I find another home." And blushing and panting she stepped into the hall and advanced to where I stood. But at the first sight of my face, a change came over her; all her pride seemed to dissolve, and flinging out her hands as if to forbid me to look, she fled from my side, and rushed weeping upstairs.

I was yet laboring under the oppression caused by this painful termination of the strange scene, when Eleanore entered the room where I was. Pale, but calm, showing no evidences of the struggle she had just been through, unless it was a little extra weariness about the eyes, she sat down by my side, presenting such a contrasted picture to herself as seen by me upon my first entrance, that I could only look and marvel. Whether it was that with the consciousness one soul thoroughly believed in her she had received a fresh influx of strength, or whether it was that in her interview with the dead she had found a new endurance and patience, I cannot say; I only know that a new creature confronted me now, a resigned, earnest, and forbearing woman, who might be called upon to endure ignominy, but who felt and was determined that others should feel it was an ignominy brought about by circumstances; a concomitant of her fate, and not a thing that tainted her spirit or touched her soul.

Meeting my gaze with one unfathomable in its courage, she said after a pause: "Tell me where I stand; let me know the worst at once; I fear that I have not indeed comprehended my own position."

Rejoined to hear her say this, I hastened to comply. I began by placing before her the whole case as it appeared to an unprejudiced person; enlarged upon the causes of suspicion, and pointed out in what regard some things looked dark against her, which perhaps to her own mind were easily explainable and of small account; and finally wound up with an appeal. Would she not confide in me?

"But I thought you were satisfied?" she enquired, trembling.

"And so I am; but I am but one, and I want the whole world to view you as I do."

"I fear that can never be," she said,

sadly. "The finger of suspicion never forgets the way it has once pointed. My name is tainted forever."

"And you will submit to this when a word—"

"I am thinking that any word of mine now, would make very little difference," she murmured.

I looked away, the vision of Mr. Fobbs in hiding behind the curtains of the opposite house recurring painfully to my mind.

"If the affair looks as bad as you intimate," pursued she, "it is scarcely probable that Mr. Gryce will care much for any interpretation of mine in regard to the matter."

"Mr. Gryce would be glad to know where you procured that key, if only to assist him in turning his inquiries in the right direction."

She did not reply, and a weight settled again on my heart.

"It is worth your while to satisfy him," I pursued, "and though it may compromise someone you desire to shield—"

She rose, a light flaming suddenly across her face. "I shall never divulge to anyone how I came in possession of that key."

I rose in my turn and paced the floor, the fang of a deadly serpent striking deep down into my heart.

"Mr. Raymond, if the worst should come, and all who love me should plead on bended knees for me to tell, I should never do it."

"Then," said I, determined not to disclose my secret thought, but equally resolved to find out, if possible, her motive for this silence, "you desire to defeat the cause of justice."

She neither spoke nor moved.  
(To be continued.)

### "One, Two, Three."

It was an old, old, old, old lady,  
And a boy that was half-past three;  
And the way they played together  
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,  
And the boy, no more could be;  
For he was a thin little fellow,  
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow twilight,  
Out under the maple tree;  
And the game they played I'll tell you,  
Just as it was told to me.

It was "hide-and-go seek" they were playing,  
Though you'd never have known it to be,  
With an old, old, old, old lady,  
And the boy with the twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down  
On his one little good right knee,  
And he'd guess where she was hiding,  
In guesses one, two, three.

"You are in the china closet!"  
He would cry and laugh with glee—  
It wasn't the china closet,  
But he still had two and three.

"You are up in papa's big bed-room,  
In the chest with the queer old key!"  
And she said: "You are warm and warmer,  
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard,  
Where mamma's things used to be—  
So it must be the clothespress, gran'ma!"  
And he found her with his three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,  
That were wrinkled and white and wee,  
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,  
With a one and a two and a three.

And they never stirred from their places,  
Right under the maple tree—  
This old, old, old, old lady,  
And the boy with the lame little knee—  
This dear, dear, dear old lady,  
And the boy who was half-past three.

—H. C. Bunner.

Two testimonies from across the Atlantic to the appreciation felt for the "Farmer's Advocate." From a country village near Cardigan, Wales, comes a post-office order for a copy for 1905, with the following: "I get my 'Farmer's Advocate' every Monday morning, and lend it round to friends, who prize it very much, but say that times are too hard just now for them to subscribe to it themselves. I was so interested in the account of Hudson's Bay voyage in the 'Home Magazine'."

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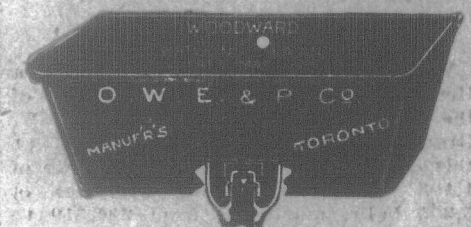
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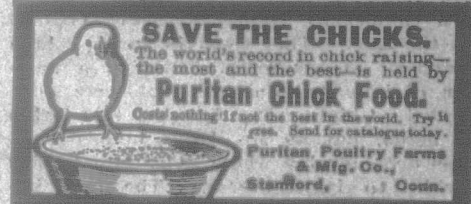


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