

were engaged to him—that you had been engaged to him for months; and I loved you so I could not trust myself to see you again."

Again she sat silent and without a vestige of colour in her face. There was a slight noise at the head of the table and a sudden flush leaped into her cheek.

"We are going," she said. "Don't come upstairs—don't see me again before you go. Have I your promise?"

"You have," he said.

"Then God bless you, Gerald, and make you happy. Say anything you like to me—it is for the last time. It cannot be very wrong."

"God bless you, my darling, my own lost love! May you be happy!"

As he spoke she rose, gave him her hand, looked full in his face with a wan look of sorrow and love, and was gone.

When she returned to her home, she went straight into the library, at which her husband was still busied with books and papers. He looked up.

"Bless us, Maud, what is the matter? You look like a ghost."

"I have seen Gerald Mayfield," she said, "and I know that you lied to us both. You told him that we were engaged; you told me he was married. What have you to say?"

"Say?" Gossett said, with a light laugh. "Nothing. Everything is fair in love and war. If we were not engaged, I knew we should be soon; so I was only anticipating the thing a little."

"Paul Gossett," his wife said, "when you asked me to marry you, I told you that I did not love you as a woman should love a man she was going to marry, but that I would give you what love I could, and would do my best to make you a good wife. You were content with the terms, and said that you hoped and believed the love would come. I hoped so too. We have not been married long, but long enough for me to see that your love is no truer than mine. I should have no right to complain that you gave me more than I, and could have gone on with liking and respect. That is over forever. I find you won me by a lie—that you have neither honour nor generosity. I will not bring scandal upon our names, but at present I cannot live with you. To-morrow I shall go home to my mother; she is ill, and it will appear natural for me to wish to be with her. After a time I may get over the horror I feel, and then I will come back and try to do my duty."

"And how about Mr. Gerald Mayfield?" Paul Gossett asked, with an evil smile.

Maud stepped back a pace as if she had been struck, and put her hand to her heart. "God help me!" she said, "and I am married to this man!" and without another word she went out and left him.

Gerald Mayfield was sitting in his office at Melbourne, two years after his arrival in Australia, when he heard the shouting of the newsboys outside, "Great fraud in England! Second edition of the *Argus*!" In another minute a clerk came in.

"Here is the *Argus*, sir. Another great banking swindle at home."

When Gerald was alone, he opened the paper and read, in large letters:

"Great Fraud and Embezzlement. The Metropolitan and Suburban bank has been robbed of upwards of £100,000 by its manager, Paul Gossett. The frauds have been going on for years. Money lost in stock exchange gambling. Gossett still at large. Police on his track. All outward bound vessels watched."

For a long time Gerald Mayfield sat without moving. "Poor girl!" he said at last, as he put down the paper. "I never thought the fellow looked honest. I put it down to prejudice, but I was right, after all. I wonder what she will do? I saw that her mother died just after I came out. I suppose her fortune's safe."

Two days later came another telegram: "Gossett still at large. His wife has handed over her own fortune of £25,000 to the bank."

Then Gerald Mayfield sent a telegram to his partner:

"Find out the address of Gossett the defaulter's wife. Place £50 to her credit at a bank; advise her anonymously that an equal sum will be paid in quarterly. Be sure it is done so as to be untraceable. You remember our conversation when I first proposed coming out here."

It was nearly three months after this that Gerald Mayfield was breakfasting at his club, chatting with the head of the police. Presently a boy came in with a note for the latter.

"Ah," he said, glancing over it, "the *Taunton Castle* is off the Head; I have been expecting her for some days. By what we hear, it is possible that Gossett, that fellow who swindled the bank in London, is on board, and we shall put our hand on him as he lands. I can't go myself, for I have a very important case in court; but we shall have them."

"Why do you think he is on board?"

"Of course, we can't be sure, and in fact they are doubtful at home. All they say, is that the *e* is a passenger on board who seems to have given no address, and to have had no belongings in England, and the description of his height and appearance tallies pretty accurately with that of Gossett. Still, that is not much to go upon, and we shall have to be very careful."

"What time do you think the *Taunton Castle* will be in?" "I am going down to meet her, as I have an old friend on board, and I shall look out to see if your men succeed in their capture."

"She ought to be in by eleven."

Gerald sat some little time over his break-

fast after the chief of the constabulary had left.

"I must save him if possible, for her sake," he said to himself at last. "He is a swindler, and I fear, a bad lot altogether; but she loves him, and that is enough for me. Even if she did not love him I would spare her the disgrace of his trial and punishment."

At 11 o'clock Gerald stood on the wharf watching the *Taunton Castle* coming alongside. Near him stood a couple of constables. He knew them, as both being engaged in hunting up more than one fraudulent debtor to the firm.

"I hear from Capt. Peters that you are on the look-out for a passenger."

"Yes, sir. We hope so, but there doesn't seem much certainty about it."

As the ship came alongside Gerald was one of the first to leap on board. He looked hastily round, and among the passengers he at once saw the man he was searching for. Paul Gossett was looking ill, and had grown a beard, but there was no other change about him.

"What is that gentleman's name?" he asked a lad who was standing near.

"Hopkins," the boy said.

Then Gerald went up to him with outstretched hand. Gossett gave a start; but a gesture commanding caution on the part of Gerald caused him to repress it.

"How are you, Hopkins? What a time it is since we met—ages almost! How are you?"

He spoke in loud tones, in order that the constables, who were close by, might hear.

"Well, what sort of a voyage have you had? and how did you leave every one at home?"

Paul Gossett had prepared himself for arrest at the moment of landing. He knew that if any suspicion had been excited that Paul Gossett and James Hopkins were one and the same person, that the constables would be on the quay to arrest him as he landed. He was therefore prepared to meet whatever came; and after the first slight start he recognized by the action and tone of voice, that Gerald was trying to save him, and fell into the lead. A man who has for months and years been running a great risk must necessarily have his nerves well under control, and the constables, who stood a short distance off listening to the conversation, did not for a moment suspect that it was forced.

For a few minutes they talked so, and then Gerald said:

"You know I am only in bachelor's lodgings, but I have taken a room for you at the Royal. I shall see you later in the day. I must go off to my office now. Well, officers," he said to the constables, as he turned from Gossett, "have you got your man? Which is he?"

"We haven't got him, and we ain't a-going to. The chap that we were put on was the very gent as you've been talking with."

"What? My friend Hopkins? That is a joke."

"Can't be no mistake, I suppose, sir?"

"Mistake, man! Why, I've known him for years. We have been down at the seaside together. In fact, I saved his life once."

"That's good enough, sir. It's quite clear the people at home have gone after a wrong scent altogether; very likely put on it so as to render it more easy for him to slip off in some other direction."

"Likely enough," Gerald said, carelessly.

"At any rate, it is as well for Mr. Hopkins that I happened to meet him here. Imagine his astonishment at being seized and locked up. If he had not had any one to identify him, and you had detained him for a couple of months, till some one came out from England to swear to him, he would have had grounds for action, and would have got swinging damages against all your people."

Twice in the course of the evening Gerald called at the Royal, but each time he was told that Hopkins was out. He was relieved to find that the man had guessed that, although he was bound to call in order to keep up the story of their acquaintanceship, yet that he would far rather that they did not meet. Next morning when he called at the hotel he was told Mr. Hopkins had gone up the country, but that he had left a note, for him.

Its contents were brief:

"You are a grand fellow, Gerald Mayfield. You have saved me twice, and have returned good for evil. If I could undo the past, heaven knows that I would. I am going up the country to get work of some sort; I only got off with enough to pay my passage out."

Ten months later Gerald received from the doctor of a hospital at Ballarat the certificate of the death of Paul Gossett, mortally injured by a fall off the roof in one of the mines there. He had lived a few days, had said who he was, and had written to his wife. He had ordered that the certificate of his death and his letter to his wife might be forwarded to Mr. Mayfield, who would, he was sure, see that they were sent to his widow.

For another ten months Gerald Mayfield worked on at Melbourne, and then, having been relieved by his junior partner, he sailed for England. Maud was, he knew, living at Brighton, where she was supporting herself by giving music lessons, having firmly declined to touch the money anonymously paid to her account.

Then he went down and pompously took possession of her. Maud had determined upon resistance, for she had schooled herself to believe that it would be wrong for her to marry again. She acknowledged freely to herself that she loved Gerald Mayfield. She had heard from her husband how Gerald had saved him from arrest; she felt sure that it was Gerald

who would have provided for her; she never doubted that he would come back and claim her; but she had assured herself over and over again, that she would never allow the stigma of her name to attach to him, hard though it might be to refuse him. But when he came in, and straightway took her in his arms and held her there; when he stopped her lips as she tried to speak about disgrace, and wiped away her tears as they fell, there was nothing for her to do but to yield, and even to allow him, in his masterful way, to settle that, as the marriage would be perfectly quiet, there was no reason in the world why it should be delayed beyond a month at the outside.

"You foolish Gerald," she said to him later on in the evening, "you are always in extremes; you lost me five years ago because you were so timid you would not stand up for yourself; and now you have become a perfect tyrant and won't allow me to have ever so little a bit of my own way."

"You shall have all your own way, darling, when you are once my wife," he said, "but till then I mean to be master; so your best plan is to hurry on your preparations as fast as you can in order to free yourself from my tyranny. And there is one thing, Maud, if you don't object; I should like to spend part, at least, of our honeymoon at Ilfracombe. Another year you shall travel all over the Continent, if you like; but if it is not painful to you I should like Ilfracombe now. Of course we will not go to the hotel but get into some quiet lodging, and ramble on the rocks as we used to do."

"Yes, I should like it," Maud said; "and we will agree to believe that we were only there a few weeks ago, and that this five years has been a bad dream, never to be talked about or thought of willingly again."

VARIETIES.

FRENCH MARRIAGES.—In France clandestine marriages are impossible. No Frenchman under twenty-five is allowed to marry without the sanction of his parents, or, if they be dead, of his grandparents. Even after this age, although he may dispense with their formal consent, he is bound to inform them repeatedly, and "in a respectful manner" of his intention. Unless this and many other conditions be complied with, there can be no valid contract of marriage. The principle of the French law, in fact, is to surround the act of marriage with such formalities as will render hasty unions difficult and secret ones impossible. When once the knot is tied, however, there is no unloosing it, divorce not being as yet one of the institutions of the republic.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.—The English habit of thinking of marriage, in the majority of cases, as the "union of true hearts," is very beautiful, and under the guidance of sensible persons it works well. But the French marriage customs work well, too, and the only real difference that we can see between the two is that the French acknowledge openly the interference of the higher authorities, while in England the arrangements are managed with more pretence at concealment. No father or mother worthy the name would willingly give a daughter in marriage when nothing but misery could be expected to follow. The whole system of the superintendence of young girls in society in England has for its object the judicious keeping off of "detrimentals."

AGASSIZ.—A good anecdote is told of the late Professor Agassiz and Home the spiritualist. They happened to meet in a railway carriage, and, getting into conversation, Home complained of the prejudices of men of science, who refused to investigate the phenomena of spiritualism. "Mr. Home," replied the great geologist, "I never refuse to investigate anything which promises to advance science, and nothing will give me greater delight than to investigate the marvels which occur, as you say, at your meetings." "Well, then," says Home, "come this very night and witness the appearance of the spirit-hand." "Nothing will give me more pleasure," answered Agassiz, "than to be one of the guests round the table where the spirit-hand appears. My opinion is that it is a physical hand, with a little phosphorus rubbed over it; but I am open to conviction. All I ask is that I shall have the privilege of putting my stiletto through it. If the hand is a spirit-hand, no harm will occur; if it is a human hand, I feel confident in my power to transfix it on the table, much to the discomfort of the possessor." Home declined the test. Such a want of faith, he said, would necessarily prevent the spirit-hand from appearing.

SHE WAS DELIGHTED.—Mrs. Batterytongue was outwardly a beautiful woman; and, though her tongue worked like a steam-hammer when once in motion, yet the varying expressions of her countenance and the changeable light of her brilliant eyes made her really an object of interest when she was talking. And how she could talk! When once her tongue had become loosened on a familiar subject, she was like a piece of machinery wound up and all its parts set for long and continuous work. On one occasion she was present at an evening party at which chanced to be a gentleman, a near relative of the hostess, known to only a few of the company; and those few, moved thereto by a hint from the hostess, determined to make the gentleman-stranger the medium or means through which to punish the chatterbox for her

tireless and persistent loquacity. Accordingly, in the course of the evening, the gentleman was pointed out to Mrs. Batterytongue as one of the most learned and polished scholars in the country. Mrs. B. was in a flutter immediately. She was eager to be presented; and ere long the opportunity was offered and accepted. Happy Mrs. B! She drew the *savant* to a quiet nook in the great bay-window and had him all to herself; and there she kept him for the remainder of the evening, her tongue running like a mill-clapper, while he, with respectful attention, watched the play of her brilliant features, believing, perhaps, that she was giving him a history of her life. As the party was breaking up, her friends gathered around her, anxious to know how she liked her new acquaintance Mr. S. "Oh," she cried, in an ecstasy of fervour, "is he not charming? Such wit, such understanding, such taste, and such refined judgment! And, oh, such a gentleman!" Imagine her feelings when convinced that the man had been deaf and dumb from his cradle!

HUMOROUS.

NEVER bother a tailor long at any time. He may have pressing business to attend to.

"HEAD it up" is the last bit of gentility, and the man who says it wishes you to stop talking.

"ADAM never had to beat a carpenter," says an exchange. No, but he had to beat a retreat in the height of the fruit season.

THE vowels.—Why is *i* the happiest of vowels? Because it is in the midst of bliss: *e* is in hell and all the others in purgatory.

ATMOSPHERICAL knowledge is not thoroughly distributed in our schools. A boy being asked, "What is mist?" vaguely replied, "An umbrella."

"You promised to pay this bill yesterday," said an angry creditor to a debtor. "Yes," calmly replied the other; "but to err is human, to forget divine, and I forgot it."

"THE topaz," we are told, "is found in primitive rocks in many parts of the world;" but "topaz" in many parts of the world are found without the "rocks."

"THE course of true love," remarked the undertaker, as he lifted the body of a Romeo, but the shocked look on the faces of the mourners reminded him that that was no time for paragraphs, so he never completed the quotation.

GIN SLING is the euphonious name of a Chinese freshman at Yale. Who knows but that at some time in the vast future Gin Sling may become one of the ornaments of the American bar.

EDUCATIONAL.—Teacher: "Suppose that you have two sticks of candy and your big brother gives you two more, how many have you got then?" Little Boy (shaking his head): "You don't know him, he ain't that kind of a boy."

A NEGRO, who was suspected of surreptitiously meddling with his neighbour's fruit, being caught in a garden by moonlight, nonplussed his detectors by raising his eyes, clasping his hands and piously exclaiming, "Good heavens! dis darkey can't go nowhere to pray any more without bein' 'sturbed."

THE Cincinnati *Gazette* breaks out suddenly as follows: "The most lively of our thoughts have no relation to any words; at certain times we think as if there were no such thing as language." That writer must have been foolish with that hornet's nest behind the blind just outside the sanctum window.

AN Englishman says that no other people in the world, so far as he knows, can equal the Arkansians in off-hand exaggerations. "Do you see that spring over there, stranger?" said one of them to him. He said he did, whereupon the settler added: "Well, that's an iron spring, that is, and it's so mighty powerful that the farmers' horses about here that drink the water of it never have to be shod. The shoes just grow on their feet naturally."

RECOGNITION.—After he had chased the car for a block and a half he managed to get aboard, when, much to his indignation, he found one of his friends in the car. "You saw me running—why didn't you stop the car and not let me run myself to death?" and with a hooked finger he slung some of the periphrasis from his brow out of the window. "I didn't recognize you at first, I could only see the upper part of your body from where I was sitting. If I had only seen your feet I would have known you several miles." The rest of the passengers glanced at his feet and smiled.

WHAT people want is confidence. It does not look well for a deacon to take an umbrella to church and carry it into his pew and hang to it. What he should do is to leave the umbrella out in the vestibule, with the supreme confidence that a man has when he bets on four aces. To see the prominent men of a church carry their umbrellas into their pews makes the ordinary member feel as though he was suspected. If we can work up a sentiment in favour of leaving umbrellas outside, we hope, before fall, to have a decent umbrella.

AN Oil City man went fishing Saturday, and he came home with nothing but a little half-pound bass. "Is that all you caught?" asked his friends. "That's all," replied the man. "How many bites did you have?" "None," exclaimed the fishermen, and the whole crowd cried, "He's found! he's found! Here is the honest fisherman!" He'd have had fifty invitations to drink in ten minutes if a small boy hadn't broken through the crowd and said: "See here, mister, yer gave me a bogus nicker for that ere fish." And now that crowd has no faith in human nature.

EFFECTS of a cyclone: "I have come for the rent for last month," said the landlord. "Look here! There is a deepch in town that there is a cyclone in the gulf heading this way, and I ain't going to pay rent for a house that may be swept away at any moment." "The cyclone that ain't here yet can't well sweep away the rent you owe me already." There is no telling. One of those stupendous efforts of nature sweeps everything irresistibly before it, and it might be just our bad luck to have it sweep away that back-rent. Come again after it has all blown over."

NEW NOTICE.

PIMPLY ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE can be driven out of the system by ACNE PILLS. They contain no arsenic or any poisonous drug; nor do they debilitate, but strengthen and tone up, aid digestion, and purify the blood. Box with full particulars mailed to any part of Canada or United States for \$1. Sample packets 25 cents (stamps). Address, W. HEARN, Druggist, Ottawa, Canada.