A GREAT MISTAKE.

And indeed Susan entered at that moment, a little white tray in her hands, and her eyes full of sleep.

"Thank you, Susan," said Miss Ludlow gently. "I am sorry you have been kept up so late. I think you may go to bed now. Good night. We shall not want you any more."

"Good night, miss."

Susan was already half-way up the first flight of stairs when Ada begged her cousin to call her back.

"Susan," she said then, "If my mother should require help again during the night—I hope she will not, but it is as well to be prepared—would you be afraid to go for the doctor?"

Susan declared stoutly that she would not be afraid.

"And could you find your way to his house? He lives in Beaudesert Gardens. In what part of the town is that?"

Susan explained that she knew the square very well, having lived for a year with a lady in Queen's Crescent.

"And Queen's Crescent is near Beaudesert Gardens?"

"Yes, miss; its one of them streets as runs out of the square."

"I see. But I hope I shall not have to call you up at all. Good night again."

"Well, you have seen Doctor March at last!" said Lucy, as the cousins prepared to go up stairs. "Is he like what you expected him to be?"

"I am afraid I had not formed any precise idea of what I expected him to be," returned Ada rather wearily. "He looks like a gentleman, and is decidedly plain. "Are you disappointed?"—smiling at Lucy's change of face.

"No, no, of course not," Lucy answered, coloring. "What can it matter to me? Only ——"

"Only what?"

"I was thinking that perhaps that is the reason why Bee Throgmorton and he had never fallen in love."

"Was that absolutely necessary?"

"I suppose not necessary; but it would have been so nice. They are all very fond of him you say, Ada, and——"

"You forget Mr. Ackroyd," Miss Ludlow said, with a smile. "Have not I told you that Bee is to marry him?"

"Whether she cares for him or not?" cried Lucy, horror-stricken.

"Oh, no doubt she does, or will care for him! And money is not to be despised notside of a convent, *mademoiselle la nonnette*!"

"But Bee will have money of her own," persisted Lucy wistfully. "What does she want with any more? And doctors often become rich."

A slight swift change crossed Miss Ludlow's calm face—a change that disappeared as swiftly as it came.

"Yes," she said thoughtfully. "I suppose Bee will have quite a dot. She would be a very nice match for Doctor March, I should say. And her sisterly regard for him is really of the warmest order."

"Then you think he does not care for her?"

"Perhaps he has never thought about it. Perhaps it would be a kindly act on the part of some discreet friend to open his eyes to the golden opportunity he is letting slip. Such a one would really deserve the thanks of all the marriageable maidens in Barlaston."

"Oh, why?" asked Lucy, puzzled

"Why? Would not the great prize be once more open to competition if Bee Throgmorton married the Doctor?"

"The prize? I am awfully stupid," faltered Lucy.

"It is a shame to puzzle you, you little goose!" exclaimed Miss Ludlow, kissing her cousin on the forehead and breaking into a light laugh. "And I am only talking nonsense! I am so relieved to know that mamma is better!"

CHAPTER XII.

Before many days Mrs. Ludlow was able to be down stairs, and to lie on her sofa again, talking to her friend Mary, who came every morning—the carriage laden with game and jelly and grapes—to sit with her, while Bee took Ada for a drive or a walk.

Doctor March still found it necessary to pay a daily visit to his patient, so that there were many pleasant meetings for them all in the invalid's little drawing room—for all except Lucy, who might have been away in her convent with the kind simple nuns, so little was seen or heard of her by Mrs. Ludlow's visitors.

Mary Throgmorton was radiant with delight. Her cherished plan seemed to be quietly working itself out, and sooner than she had dared to hope for. Ada and George were going to be friends, that was quite clear. It was really pretty to see how Ada was learning to depend upon and look up to the Doctor. If only Bee would share a little in her mother's enthusiasm, that kindly woman thought, nothing would be wanting to complete her happiness.

But Bee did not find this easy. She had meant, she was quite sure, to be nice to Ada Ludlow; and sometimes she found herself wondering whether it was altogether her own fault that she had not succeeded.

All their walks and talks together, the presence of illness in the house, her mother's pathetic eagerness that they should be friends—none of these had brought them any closer together since the day of their first long chat in Miss Ludlow's bed room, where Bee had felt the opening of a fatal "little rift" between them that had gone on widening ever since.

The girl had honestly tried to take the blame to herself. Everybody else found Miss Ludlow charming; she was certainly as gentle and agreeable as it was possible for a girl to be, and her manner to Bee was at all times simply perfect, in spite of certain abrupt ways and flashes of temper, into which, in her new born trouble, Mary Throgmorton's daughter had been at times betrayed, and which Ada might very fairly have resented, conscious as she was of not deserving them.

Nor was there anything in Ada's bearing towards Doctor March, or Jack, or towards Ted Ackroyd in which her puzzled young censor could take exception. Miss Ludlow was as simple, frank and modest with young men as she was with everyone else. In spite of that first disagreeable impression which still haunted Bee, she was compelled to admit that the young lady, when in their society, indulged in none of the ogles or manœuvres of the traditional siren, a character which Miss Throgmorton had met more than once in the course of the novel reading about which George used to scold her.

"No, it is my own fault; it must be my fault!" poor Bee decided over and over again, after hours spent in these puzzled questions. "It is I who am ungenerous and —yes—and jealous"—it was with burning cheeks she whispered this admission—"and can see no good in her. Oh, I am ashamed! I don't know why such feelings have come to me. I was not thinking about them; but now they are here, and I cannot put them away!"

Then Bee determined that she would school herself into greater charity towards her mother's protege; but in the midst of her efforts something happened—it was not much —it might have been an accident—after which the girl told herself that right or wrong she could no longer honestly call Miss Ludlow her friend.

It was one morning in the second week of poor Mrs. Ludlow's convalescence, and the two girls had been ordered out for a walk by Mrs. Throgmorton.

"Take Ada to the park, my love," she suggested, the park being one of the small 'lions' of Barlaston which Miss Ludlow had not yet seen. "Now don't look so anxiously at the sofa, you dear little creature!"—kissing Miss Ludlow's cheek. "Can't you trust me to take care of your mother for an hour, and to report all that the Docter says to her, word for word?"

"You are so good," Ada gently returned. "Perhaps we may be home again before Doctor March calls; but, if we are not, pray remind him, dear Mrs. Throgmorton, of the book he promised to lend me, in case he has forgotten it, which is more than probable."

"Ada, I call that shabby of you!" cried Mrs. Throgmorton—Bee had turned away, and was buttoning and unbuttoning one of her gloves. "I am sure George never forgets any of your commissions, my love!"

"Oh, Doctor March is only too kind!" Ada said, smiling prettily. "But remember how much he has to think of. Now, Bee if you are ready —— Oh!" She paused, looking with gentle concern at the girl. "I think it is I who must take care of Bee to-day, dear Mrs. Throgmorton. What has become of that glorious color I have so often envied her? She is really not looking at all well."

The color came rushing back now to Bee's pale face, while she protested, as she had protested a few days before to Doctor March, that she was perfectly well—had never been better in her life.

"Oh, do come along, Ada!" she added impatiently. "What is the use of these perpetual discussions about my unfortunate cheeks?" Then, remembering her good resolutions, the girl checked herself, and broke into a repentant smile. "I am only cross," she said; "the fresh air will blow my bad temper away."

As they were opening the door, Bee saw the flutter of a gray gown disappearing down the garden steps at the other end of the littl hall.

"Is that your cousin?" she asked, suddenly reminded of poor Lucy's existence, which every one seemed to have forgotten. "How is it we never see her, Ada? Mustn't she be awful lonely left so much to herself?"

"One would think so indeed," assented Ada gently. "But all my persuasions have failed to induce Lucy to come down and make friends with you. You know she has only just left school. I hope that by degrees she will gain more confidence."

"Is she nice?" Bee asked again bluntly. "Do you get on well together?"

"Lucy? Lucy is the dearest little oddity in the world! I am sure you will like her, Bee, when you really know her. It is a pity that dear mamma is a little prejudiced against her; but that feeling will, I trust soon wear away."

Outside the green gate Miss Ludlow paused, looking, in apparent indecision, up and down the sunshiny suburban road.

"Which is the way to the park?" she asked. "Shall we pass Queen's Crescent n our way?"

"Queen's Crescent?" Bee colored without any apparent reason. "No; it is in quite an opposite direction. Why?"

"Would you mind?" Ada said, hesitating. "I have a little bit of business to attend to in Queen's Crescent. It is a great secret, something I don't want to trouble mamma about; and, if you would really not mind walking there instead of to the park ——"

"Mind! Not a bit. But we had better have kept the pony carriage. It is not at all an interesting walk, and I am afraid you will find it rather a long way."

"Well, we can but turn back."

For some minutes their way lay along King's Road, which was thronged, as usual, with perambulators moving countrywards in the early sunshine. Bee's listless face brightened at sight of the babies and the sweet trotting children with their sturdy legs and fresh morning cheeks. Miss Ludlow was delicately threading her way through the pretty groups, while admiring nursemaids nudged each other into keener appreciation of her perfectly cut walking dress.

"Look at that funny little fellow," Bee said, nodding at one very tiny sailor, who bore the magic name of Sultan in gold letters round his hat. "Wouldn't you like to smack him soundly—he is so provokingly fat—and then kiss him to make it well."

Miss Ludlow answered only with a charming smile; and the two girls kept on their way for some minutes in silence. Bee's thoughts had gone back—she did not know why—to Lucy Thrale; and a pang smote her as she remembered how the child had fled before them, like a little Cinderella from the presence of the haughty sisters.

"It certainly is not a picturesque neighborhood for a walk," said Miss Ludlow, breaking in upon her companion's uncomfortable musings with a light laugh and a little shrug of the shoulders. The road was beginning now to change into a street. The modest semi-detached villas gave way by degree to shops and an occasional public house; the detached thoroughfares became busier, the traffic noisier. "Where do the nice people live in Barlaston, Bee? I mean"—prettily—"those who do not live in Upper Brunswick street?"

Bee did not answer.

They were passing the gates of St. Chad's now, where was a black board posted with a notice of a charity sermon on the following Sunday.

"We must cross here," she said, pausing. "This is the way to Beaudesert Garden."

"But it is Queen's Crescent I am looking for," Miss Ludlow explained a little anxiously.

"Yes, I know." Bee colored again. "They are close together. Mind that cab."

The young ladies crossed over safely and kept on their way, past many dull and ponderous rows of houses with wire blinds and gloomy curtains in the windows—houses in the smoke blackened fronts of which not a face or a flower was to be seen—past a nursery the beds and greenhouses of which were almost bare of bloom, and so at last into the old fashioned square called Beaudesert Gardens.

"What an odd old place!" said Miss Ludlow, looking about her. "Can you fancy any one living here all their life? What must it be like? I am sure I should go melancholy mad!"

The houses in Beaudesert Gardens were large substantial old dwellings of red brick, the warm tints of which had been agreeably mellowed by wind and weather into a sober russet. Their dark twinkling windows looked down upon the railed in square of grass and lilac bushes and smoky trees from which the place derived its name, and on the rustic benches and trimly kept walks, which were deserted that bright morning, save by an old gardener with a wheelbarrow, who was pottering about among the bare brown beds.

It was not a romantic spot certainly; but to the two dark eyes that saw it just then through a sudden treacherous mist thought it was more interesting than any Venetian canal or Alpine pass, common place and antiquated though it might be.

Bee had naturally been in Doctor March's house many times with Mrs. Throgmorton. She had called there during her rides with Jack and Ted to leave a message or a note; she had even made tea once or twice for George and her mother in the young man's sanctum; and her bright face had always been hailed with satisfaction by Mrs. Batters, the Doctor's housekeeper. Why did the old house seem so changed to her now? What had happened between those days—which were only last month, last week—and to-day that she could not look at the dear dingy old square through which she had carelessly passed a hundred times without feeling these hot miserable tears in her eyes?

A subdued exclamation of annoyance from Miss Ludlow reminded her that she was not alone. Ada was searching her pocket and her purse, and looking greatly distressed.

"How very provoking!" she cried. "There is Queen's Crescent, sure enough, but I have lost the address. I cannot remember the number and after bringing you all this dreary walk! Bee, I am so very sorry."

"That does not matter in the least," returned Bee, her brown eyes going back wistfully to the ivied walls of No. 9. "But I am sorry too, if your business was important."

"Very important,"—sighing. "However, it is of no use thinking of it now. I must only come again some other day. I certainly thought I had put the advertisement in my purse; but I suppose I must have left it on the dressing table."

She looked round the quiet square once more. Not a sound disturbed its old world stillness.

"Bee," she began again, "I am ashamed to confess it, but the walk has really knocked me up. Please don't say 'I told you so!' Do you think we might sit down in the gardens a few minutes!"

"I don't think the gates are open."

With the words a recollection flashed across Bee's mind of George's having once locked her into the square as a punishment for some worse piece of impertinence than usual. She remembered how she had lost her temper when he would not let her out, and how he scolded her and brought her a few days afterwards the pretty gold key she often wore on a velvet band round her throat.

Miss Ludlow had meanwhile crossed the road and tried the nearest gate. It yielded to her hand, and the young ladies found themselves within the railings and the leafless lilac bushes, with several wooden benches at their disposal.

"How fortunate!" said Ada, when, having looked about her for a moment or two, she sank down upon a seat which was almost opposite to the tranquil windows of No. 9. Bee could hear the barking of the dogs in the yard. A groom was taking one of the horses out to exercise. "I suppose we are trespassing, Bee? But I feel that Beaudesert Gardens should be grateful to us for affording it even so small a chance of excitement."

Bee did not answer. She had put her hand up to the ribbon round her throat, and found that she had that morning tied on her golden key. The girl was thinking sadly that when she went home she would take it off and put it away out of sight. There was no reason for doing so any more then there was a reason for the tears that had sprung to her eyes a moment before; but everything seemed to be changing, and her key belonged to the old happy days and not to these, in which she could not help feeling so heavy hearted and ashamed.

"Did you ever try to read the physiognomy of houses?" Miss Ludlow was going on lightly. "Don't you think they always express the character of the people who live in them? Now look at that one there—no, not the corner one with the ivy; I mean the third to the right. Do you ever see anything so appalling as those bead fly catchers, or whatever the abominations are called?"

"Never," murmured Bee absently.

"That house is occupied by a gaunt and forbidding maiden lady, I am sure. Behind the rigid folds of those drab moreen curtains, could we but peep, we should discover an obese poodle lapping cream out of a china saucer, and possibly a rampant cockatoo in a gilded cage. Their mistress made those bead horrors in her youth, and still believes in them as matchless works of art!"

"I dare say."

Bee's eyes were still fixed on the quiet windows of No. 9. In the lower ones was visible the cheerful flickering of a fire.

"Which are you tryin to read?" cried Miss Ludlow, leaning forward so as to look into her companion's face. "The corner one? Let me see what I can make of it. It is brilliantly clear, and has an air of old fashioned comfort. But there are no lace curtains on the drawing room windows, and no flowers in the window boxes. No woman rules within those ivied walls, my dear Bee. She would not allow that incessant barking of dogs, or consent to the grooms keeping so many pigeons. The corner house," decided Miss Ludlow, gayly, "belongs to a well to do widower of a slightly sporting turn. What do you say, Bee?"

"Nothing." The girl roused herself with an effort. "I know who lives in there, of course. I thought you did too."

"Don't say it is not a widower!" cried Miss Ludlow, clasping her hands in a gentle burlesque of anxiety.

"It is Doctor March's house"—abruptly.

"Doctor March's?"—with a little air of disappointment. "And I thought I had made such a good guess! And so that is where our good Doctor resides? Why did you not tell me before? I am always interested in every little particular about my friends."

"I thought you knew his address, of course."

"Bee," Miss Ludlow looked at her with laughing reproach—"what an accomplished hypocrite I must appear in your eyes! No doubt he must have given it to us; but I had forgotten all about it. Did you think I wanted to take credit for my good guess? For, after all, it is a bachelor's house; so my penetration was not so very much at fault."

"No," said Bee, briefly.

"I confess myself puzzled, however as to Doctor March's motive in taking such a great barrack of a place to live in all by himself. What induced him to do so?"

"I believe, when he first came to Barlaston he expected his step mother to live with him, and she has a large family."

"But surely not dependent on our poor Doctor?" asked Miss Ludlow, with ready sympathy in her face and voice.

"I don't know," Bee answered wearily. "I dare say mamma can tell you anything you wish to know about it."

Miss Ludlow, with her usual forbearance, took no notice of Bee's ill temper, but went on to ask many smiling questions about the rents of the houses in Beaudesert Gardens, the position and probable income of Doctor March's neighbors in the square, with other similar inquiries, most of which Bee was unable to answer.

And just then the old gardener came up the walk with his spade, and his wheelbarrow full of leaves and twigs, and informed the young ladies, touching his hat that he was about to leave the square and to lock the gate behind him.

"Come let us tear ourselves from these interesting solitudes!" whispered Ada, gaily. "We had better have gone to the park after all!"

"It has been a walk at any rate," said Bee.

"Yes; it has been a walk certainly. And in my heart of hearts I am not sorry to have lost that advertisement. I am afraid my pride is not broken, as people say, enough. Poor dear mamma. If she knew that I had come out with the intention of answering an advertisement for a visiting governess——"

"That was your business?" Bee said slowly. A queer look had come into the girl's eyes.

"Unfortunately, yes."

There was a pause. Bee walked on, frowning her puzzled frown, for a few steps; then she stopped abruptly, and said, with an evident determination to speak pleasantly—

"Ada, if you like—it would save you the bother of another walk—we can go across the square and ask Mrs. Batters, Doctor March's housekeeper I mean, to let us look at to-day's papers."

Miss Ludlow turned round, displaying a face full of comic horror.

"My dear Bee," she protested, laughing, "I hope I look as shocked as I feel. But of course you are joking. No. After all, I could have taken no decided step without obtaining dear mamma's consent. I merely intended to feel my way this morning; and, so long as my poor darling does not hear of my plan, there is no harm done. I know how utterly it would upset her."

"I won't tell her where we have been, if you mean that," said Bee bluntly.

Ada looked at her in mild surprise.

"I did not suppose for one moment that you would interfere in another person's business," she returned calmly; and Bee, drawing up her throat, felt that after that remark she would rather be chopped in pieces than mention one word about their walk.

But a moment later she found herself wondering how Mrs. Ludlow could hear of the matter except from Ada or herself, and why, if Ada was so convinced of her discretion, she had spoken of the matter at all.

The girls found a cheerful group awaiting them in the little drawing room, the invalid setting up among her large chintz pillows eating jelly, Mrs. Throgmorton and her pink and white knitting in an easy chair by her side, and Doctor March standing with his back to the fire, laughing over a story some one had been telling.

He advanced with alacrity to shake hands with the young ladies. It turned out that he had indeed forgotten Miss Ludlow's book, and some playful reproaches and excuses ensued. Bee felt a little forlorn. Not long ago, she was thinking bitterly, his first look and word would have been for her.

"What is the matter with my little enemy?" asked the Doctor presently in that brotherly tone he was accustomed to adopt towards Mrs. Throgmorton's children. "Have you been discussing Wagner and Berlioz with Miss Ludlow, or have you merely been walking too far?"

"Neither one nor the other," returned Bee listlessly as she went and sat down by her mother.

"Did you not get as far as the park then?" Mrs. Throgmorton asked, unrolling her pink wool, and turning her head to kiss her tall girl's chin.

"No," said Ada gaily, before Bee could answer; "I am ashamed to say that my courage failed me, after all."

"Then I suppose you went into town and looked at the shops, like two foolish children?"

"Not quite so bad as that," protested Ada, who was kneeling by the sofa and holding her mother's two pale hands in hers. "I put myself under Bee's direction altogether, being a stranger in the land; and she has been pointing out the beauties of St. Chad's and of Beaudesert Gardens to me."

The blood rushed to Bee's cheeks; and George March saw it with some surprise. It was not like Bee to be blushing at every little trifle.

"My dear child," remonstrated her mother, laughing, "what possessed you to choose that part of the town for a walk?"

"You will like the music at St. Chad's, Miss Ludlow," cried Doctor March hurriedly as Bee suddenly rose and went to the window—"at least, if your taste is at all eclectic. Miss Bee and I squabble about many things; but our deadliest fights invariably arise after morning service in St. Chad's."

The young man hardly knew what he was saying. A swift miserable suspicion had shot through him at sight of Bee's confusion; and he was wildly doing his best to cover her want of self-control, than which his own was scarcely less apparent.

Miss Ludlow, looking from his disturbed face to Bee, who was sitting apart in the window, downcast and almost sullen, opened her large eyes as if with a slow dawning of comprehension, and immediately began to make the most graceful small-talk, from which she was careful to exclude Bee, who was thus afforded time to recover herself.

Her tact seemed admirable in George March's sight as she went on chatting easily with Mrs. Throgmorton about her knitting, and about the exhibitions of art needlework at South Kensington, which she felt sure would interest her so much.

No one had time to observe poor Bee's trouble; but the pleasure of the little meeting was changed into pain. Each member of the party felt the chill creeping of some new constraint, though perhaps only two could account for it; and at last Doctor March, unable to stand it any longer, started up, remembering an urgent call, and took his leave, having hardly dared to looked at Bee, who still sat, silent and miserable, in the sunshiny bay window.

It may have been a feeling of pity which caused Miss Ludlow to go over to her and kiss her gently on the forehead, asking whether she felt very tired.

"No," returned Bee abruptly. "But—why did you say that, Ada?"

"Say what, dear?" Ada asked, surprised. "That your mother's knitting is in very good taste? I assure you——"

"I don't mean that; you know very well I don't!" Bee retorted, a sudden flame of anger lighting up her heavy eyes. "Why did you say that about—Beaudesert Gardens?"

Ada's face fell.

"My dear Bee," she whispered kindly, "I had no idea that it would annoy you. You know I had a reason—an innocent one enough—for not telling mamma that the walk was my choice; but I thought it could not possibly matter to you. I am so very sorry!"

Bee stood up abruptly, and walked away to her mother, leaving Miss Ludlow in the middle of her apologies.

It was rude; but Ada accepted the situation with perfect good-breeding; and she wished Bee good-bye, when presently Mrs. Throgmorton rose to go, with even more than her usual cordiality.

In the meanwhile Doctor March, having shut himself with an ominous bang into his carriage, was driving away towards town in a most uncomfortable frame of mind. In vain did he try to concentrate his thoughts on a brilliant article in the *Medical Review* he was reading; they would return, with irritating persistence, to the little scene in Mrs. Ludlow's front drawing- room, and the magazine was flung aside.

"What the deuce is the matter with my dear old Bee?" the young man growled inwardly, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets and knitting his brows in a tremendous frown. "Why should she have blushed and looked so terribly confused because she had chosen to show Miss Ludlow my house? And why did she avoid my eye?"

George broke into a rueful whistle, and took his hands out of his pockets to rub them irritably over his head.

"I never dreamt of this," he thought miserably. "And the idea seems simply preposterous; but—— The other night too, when I pretended to feel her pulse—— And her manner has changed so much of late; and—good Heaven"—the young man sat up suddenly, tearing open his coat and pulling off his gloves with a sensation of oppression—"it can't be me that the poor child cares for!"

CHAPTER XIII.

When Doctor March awoke next morning, he tried to laugh away his disagreeable impressions about Miss Throgmorton; but he found they were not so easily disposed of; and towards the middle of the day a sort of reluctant fascination drew him toward Upper Brunswick street, resolved to see her again and convince himself that he had been mistaken. He had timed his visit ill, it seemed, for the old butler told him that the ladies were out.

"Perhaps it is as well," he thought; and, as he went down the steps, he sighed with a greater feeling of relief than should have belonged to the conviction that he had misjudged his old friend Bee. "I will go about my business, and let the poor girl alone. What right have I, after all, to be prying into her harmless secrets?"

At that moment he saw Miss Throgmorton riding slowly down the street, followed by her groom, and he was struck with the undeniable change in the girl's looks. Her straight young shape was drooping, the reins hung listlessly in her fingers, all her bright brunette bloom had disappeared.

George waited to lift her from her horse, beginning to feel exceedingly uncomfortable again.

"There is something the matter with the child," he thought miserably.

For, as Bee's languid eyes fell upon him, the treacherous blood began to mount into her pale cheeks; and he saw, as he helped her to dismount, that her glance avoided his.

"Mamma is out," she said, as the groom took the horses round to the stable. "I suppose this unexpected honor was hardly intended for me?"

"Well, it was," George admitted, trying to speak lightly; "but, now that I see the storm signals flashing, I have changed my mind. You have been riding alone?"

"Yes; it is a relief sometimes. My horse does not speak about the Ludlows."

"Bee, you are positively in a bad temper. What is the matter with you, child? I have a good mind to make you put out your tongue!"

"There it is, then," said the young lady, laughing and reddening as she made a gamin like grimace at the Doctor. But still her dark eyes did not meet his frankly; and she stood absently beating the skirt of her habit with her whip, and forgetting to ask George into the house.

"Well, miss, where are your manners?" he inquired loftily. "Am I to pay you a morning call on the steps?"

"Mamma is at King's Road," returned the girl curtly. "You will find her there, no doubt, if you make haste. You are going to see Mrs. Ludlow, of course."

Without another word she went into the hall, where old Jenner was holding the door open, and marched straight up stairs, leaving Doctor March in the street, at perfect liberty to pay his professional visit to the Tower House a little earlier than he had intended.

George broke into an uneasy laugh and turned on his heel.

"It will blow over," he said to himself, with a decided absence of conviction. "The dear foolish girl! She is only a little bit jealous, like all the others, of these strangers that have come amongst us. I wish with my whole heart they were back in London, if they are going to set us all by the ears!"

He went on his way moodily enough through the crisp and cold November sunshine that was glorifying the bare branches overhead and turning their fallen leaves to gold beneath his feet. The fine weather had somewhat lost its charm.

The hall door of the semi-detached villa was standing wide open, and no notice was taken of the Doctor's knock, even when he repeated it somewhat impatiently, not being used to being kept waiting.

He could see another open door at the end of the hall, which gave him a glimpse at the sunny back garden. The house was apparently deserted.

"The ladies are out," he decided; "and Susan is naturally seizing the opportunity to compare notes with Susan next door. I will just lay my book on the drawing room table and take myself off."

The book was a copy of the poems of Sully-Prudhomme, which Miss Ludlow had expressed a desire to read.

At the drawing room door however a pleasant sound fell on his ear, and proved that somebody was at home, if it were only Susan —the sound of a girl's voice singing aloud cheerfully in time to the smart whisk to and fro of a broom upon the carpet.

Susan, instead of being engaged in gossip, as the Doctor had injuriously supposed, was evidently taking advantage of her mistress's absence to give the drawing-room a good "clean."

And what a sweet voice she had! As the young man opened the door, he could hear it better, and the words of her song—

"Jack and Jill"

—with a tremendous sweep upon the "Jack"—

'Went up the hill'

—another tremendous sweep on the "hill"—

"To fetch a pail of water."

Mrs. Ackroyd's model pupil Susan was an admirable girl, no doubt; but George doubted some that she was capable of imparting such a charm to the singing of a nursery rhyme; and, without more ado, he put his head in to look at the sweeper.

The room was in utter confusion, of course —chairs piled one upon another, couches dragged out of their places, lace curtains pinned up out of the dust; and in the middle of this chaos, with her back to the Doctor, stood a slim maiden shape in a brown dress, whose head was bound turban wise with a blue checked apron, from under which homely head dress her long bronze brown hair fell in a rough braid that curled at the ends in little rings and tendrils.

The wearer of the turban was grasping the broom in her two small hands, and apparently giving her whole soul to the work; consequently she did not hear the opening of the door.

George looked on in considerable amusement for a moment or two, until, finding that in all probability he would have to wait until the whole process was complete, he announced himself, no more original method occurring to him, by a very elaborate and unnatural "Ahem!"

At this sound the girl stopped sweeping and turned around, displaying a charming flushed face with a smudge on it. Without the least embarrassment she looked straight into the keen dark eyes that were fixed so admiringly on her, her little frown of inquiry not disappearing or giving place to any flutter of self-consciousness or gratified vanity.

"You want to see aunt Letitia?" she said, resting both hands on the top of her broomstick and her chin on her hands. "She is out driving with Mrs. Throgmorton. So is Ada."

"I found the door open," explained George smiling.

Lucy smiled back at him.

"Susan is out, too," she said. "I am afraid it is very dusty in here. I will come into the hall"

She put down her broom; and Doctor March held the door open for the pretty little Cinderella, who retained her hideous turban and the smudge on her face with unruffled serenity.

"I have a book for Miss Ludlow," said he when they were in the hall, admiring as he spoke the sweet face, from whose charm the smudge did not detract in the least in his mind any more than the shabby brown frock and coarse apron could hide the enchanting outlines of the girl's budding figure.

"A book? You must give it to me in the corner of my apron. That is what Susan does with cards and notes when her fingers are black. Oh, but I forgot! The back drawing room is not dusty. Please come in there."

"You seem to be fond of sweeping," the Doctor, said, as he followed her into the sunshiny garden room, the windows of which were thrown open to the sweet sharp air. "I heard you singing over the work as I came in."

"But I am not fond of it indeed," protested the girl, shaking her head. "It is better than sewing, though, for a change. I have been sitting at the machine all the morning; so I promised Susan I would go on with the drawing room while she ran and got me some more silk."

"Can you be Miss Thrale?" asked Doctor March, smiling again at this frank explanation of affairs, and for the moment altogether forgetting Miss Thrale's dangerous reputation.

"Yes." Lucy's periwinkle blue eyes twinkled with fun. "But I am supposed to be in disguise just now. You ought to pretend that you don't know who I am."

"I beg your pardon, really. And am I to remain incognito as well?"

"Not if I can guess who you are," replied Lucy, beginning to pull off her checked turban, and showing all the pretty waved bronze of her rough hair.

"Do you think you can?"

The girl looked at him as he stood leaning, with his hands behind him, against the table, a little dawning shyness bringing the color to her cheeks and making her blue eyes droop.

"I think you must be Mr. Ackroyd," she said, nodding at him; "because you are so tall."

"Is Mr. Ackroyd the only tall man in Barlaston Regis then, Miss Thrale?"

Lucy laughed.

"You are not young Mr. Throgmorton," she continued, carrying on the conversation in ignorant defiance of Mrs. Grundy and the proprieties. "And the Doctor is not coming until the afternoon. That is why aunt Letitia went out for a drive this morning."

George remembered that he had made some such arrangement on the previous day—an arrangement which Mrs. Throgmorton had since contrived to upset.

"So I must be Mr. Ackroyd?" he asked gravely.

"Then you are?" cried Lucy. She had not spoken to a soul except Ada and Susan and poor Mrs. Allen since she had come home from her convent; and she found this little stolen conversation with a kind looking and pleasant young man decidedly interesting. Susan had come back and had resumed her work, the rhythmical sweep of the broom being distinctly audible through the doors that divided the two rooms. "Then you are?" she repeated, smiling.

The young man answered the smile if not the words.

"I thought you had decreed that we were not to remove our masks during this interview?" he said good-humoredly. Miss Thrale might be, and by all accounts was, a contemptible coquette, a girl on whom no man with a grain of sense would care to waste a thought; but she was undeniably pretty; and George March, who was not altogether so sensible as to remain unmoved in the presence of a charming woman, and who happened to have an idle half-hour on his hands, was in no particular hurry to finish the conversation.

"Ada has often spoken of you, Mr. Ackroyd," continued Lucy with shy warmth, deciding within herself that this plain, dark, strong looking man was quite worthy of pretty Bee Throgmorton. "She says that——"

"No; I am afraid that I must not hear any more," said George, laughing, "I am not the tallest man in Barlaston, Miss Thrale; and you will be kind enough to tell your aunt from me that she had no business at all to go out to-day without my permission."

"Then you are Doctor March!" said Lucy, startled. "And I have been talking to you while——" The laughter died out of her eyes, her face fell. "My aunt will be sorry to have missed you," she added, with extreme politeness, making him a very ceremonious little bow. "I will give the book to my cousin as soon as she comes in. Good morning."

Before the astonished young man could protest, he found himself in the hall, and outside the door, which was mildly but firmly shut in his face.

"Cool, by Jove!" he thought, bursting into a half vexed laugh and making as dignified an exit as circumstances would permit. "So that is Lucy Thrale! Well, she is charming enough really to prove an excuse for a good deal of folly in a man. Lord Meldrum had excellent taste. If I had been Lord Somebody now, I suppose she would not have turned me out! However, I was certainly in the way; so I won't bear malice. And so that is Lucy Thrale! By the way, how comes it that I have never met her before? Where do they hide her, I wonder, all day long?"

"Horrible man!" Lucy Thrale was saying on the other side of the hall door; and she actually stamped her foot as she spoke. "Why could he not tell me who he was at once? And what does he mean by saying he will come in the afternoon, and then changing his mind? I don't see why I need care however!" With an impatient sigh the girl began to ascend the stairs. "I don't suppose I shall ever see him again; and I am sure it will be no great loss!"

The little bedroom under the roof was in a litter of dressmaking. The days were over when Lucy had sighed for something to occupy her time; and now it was often difficult to snatch an hour for her lonely walks along King's Road, where she used to gaze wistfully into the windows of the invalid state entailed on the little household.

Ada had done her best at the time to soothe and cheer her mother, though she admitted later, in a confidential chat with Lucy, that there was some cause for uneasiness.

"I do not know how it is," she said sadly; "but it certainly does cost more than I supposed to live in Barlaston. Indeed I begin to feel, dear Lucy, that we shall not be able to stay here much longer. The house, small as it is, is too expensive, I am afraid; and I shall have to contrive some means of earning money."

"You mean by teaching?" Lucy asked eagerly. "I could teach too, if it were only beginners, Ada! Don't you think Mrs. Throgmorton could get us a few pupils, and ——"

Ada shook her head gently.

"Not at Barlaston. It would kill mamma!" she said. "We must not dream of doing such a thing! No; if the worst comes to the worst, I suppose we shall have to separate."

"And go out as governesses?" Lucy's blue eyes were full of emploring terror. The thought of going away alone, among strangers, nearly made her heart stand still.

Ada smiled affectionately at the startled face, and touched it with her lips.

"You would not like to leave us then?" she asked. "I do not say that we shall be compelled to take such a step. Many things may happen of course to prevent, or at any rate to delay it; but it is as well to be prepared."

"But you will try to keep together?" Lucy urged, still very pale from the fright she had received.

"Indeed yes. But in the meanwhile"—Miss Ludlow laid a caressing hand on the girl's shoulder—"we must see about making my tall little Lucy pretty for the winter. You have your own little fortune, you know, dear; there is no need to worry you with our troubles; and I am very glad that it is so."

Lucy's eyes filled with sudden tears.

"Indeed," she protested earnestly, "your troubles are my troubles, Ada! And I want nothing at all. My black silk gown is just as good as new."

"But you are outgrowing your gray one."

"Oh, I will let it down! And you know, dear, what you were speaking about at breakfast, and how aunt Letitia cried. It is very bad for her to be worried; and I want you to take this money. I should not know what to do with it!"

"You foolish child!" returned her cousin tenderly. "Of course I cannot take it!"

"Then you don't love me," pleaded Lucy, putting her two pretty arms around Miss Ludlow's neck and squeezing her in a childish hug; "and you don't care to save aunt Letita from being worried."

Ada sighed and laughed, and returned the child's eager embrace.

"When you put it in that way," she said, half vexed, "I have not a word to say. Indeed, as you know, the money comes so particularly a propos just now that it would be affectation on my part to persist in refusing it. And so, if you have really no immediate use for it, dear, I will consent to borrow it for a little while."

"Borrow? Nonsense!" cried Lucy gaily, her charming face glowing like a rose above her shapely gray go n. "Do you suppose aunt Letitia can find a great hungry thing like me in bread and butter in these hard times? The money is yours, Ada; so please don't say any more about it."

And Miss Ludlow could not but avoid a subject which appeared distasteful to her cousin.

But Lucy's representations as to the state of her wardrobe had not been strictly founded on fact; and she was beginning at last to feel a little puzzled as to the best means of covering its deficiency.

Her black silk gown indeed—a well worn garment which had been made during her one happy year at Prince's Gate—was still in a sufficient state of preservation for Lucy to wear on Sunday mornings at St. Mark's—the old church in the shadow of which the villa stood—and, being respectfully removed on her return, it bade fair to last the season through.

But little boots and shoes, or even the cheapest of little brown or slate color gloves, did not grow on the bushes in Lucy's dear old back garden; nor did they come up among the bulbs and roots she was nursing in the old tool house against the spring. And she was determined not to ask Ada for money until she was absolutely compelled, lest there should be any more talk of her going away.

"Of what use would all the new gowns in the world be to me," she thought, shaking her chestnut head, "if I had to go away to be called 'Miss Thrale,' and to be hated by the poor children because I was 'the governess'? I would rather stay at home and cobble my shoes for ever! It always makes me sorrowful to read about the poor Brontes, and how they suffered. Oh!"

The sewing machine came to a sudden stand still, and Lucy sprang up, clapping her hands and jumping around the room like a mad thing.

"I know something! I know a way to earn money!" she cried aloud to the daisies on the wall paper, her face flushing and her blue eyes blazing with excitement. "Oh, what a lucky thought!"

She walked about the little room for a few moments, beating her hands together and laughing softly to herself.

"To-morrow!" she thought eagerly. "If I have time, I will set about it to morrow. I must work hard and get Ada's polonaise finished this evening; and to-morrow—"

Down she sat again, and went on with her stitching, her blue eyes full of happy dreams.

"Aha, my poor gray gown!" she said, nodding down at the skimpy sleeves above her pretty wrists. "Your nose will soon be out of joint! You are my last relic of the kind old Sacred Heart, and you shall be put away in lavender for ever and a day! In real lavender, mind you—not figurative—great tall gray wands of sweetness out of my garden! What do you think of that?"

Faster and faster whirred the sewing machine. The seamstress heard the carriage drive up the gravelled sweep and drive away again; the light began to fade; the room grew chilly; but no one came to disturb the progress of her work.

Then an opening door downstairs sent a burst of music to her ears.

"Ada is singing!" she said, nodding her head in time to the bird like trills. "Young Mr. Throgmorton has come, I suppose." She paused to rub her little red fingers gether. "The evenings are growing cold. wish I might have the machine down stairs; but I dare say Ada would not like it, and the noise is a nuisance, of course. But"—with a sage little pursing of the pretty mouth—"it would never do to have three fires burning!"

The singing had ceased. A light step was heard on the stairs.

"You industrious child," cried Miss Ludlow softly, putting her flaxen head in at the door. "Do you think you can find time to give us some tea?"

Lucy sprang up joyfully and kissed her cousin.

"I will come down now," she said. "Just look how well I am getting on with the polonaise."

Miss Ludlow inspected the work and bestowed some words of commendation on the eager young dressmaker.

"But it is too cold up here!" she added, shivering. "Why don't you have a fire?"

"What extravagance?" cried Lucy gaily; and the cousins went down stairs together. There was to be no walk to Green Knowe that afternoon.

CHAPTER XIV.

Jack Throgmorton was sitting by Mrs. Ludlow's sofa in the small front drawing room; the boyish tones of his voice and his ready laughter reached Lucy through the curtains, as she deftly arranged the tiny tea table, which was drawn up to the fireplace near her cousin's easy chair. A quantity of fresh cut flowers lay in a basket, ready to be transferred to the great china bowl which monopolized the center of the embroidered tea cloth.

"How delicious," sighed Lucy, burying her face in the cool wet masses of roses and heliotropes and pelargoniums. "They scent the whole room."

But indeed the pretty back drawing room, beyond the deep bay windows of which stretched the garden, still and brown in the November twilight, was already as warm and fragrant as any nest. The flickering light of the wood fire playing upon the jardinieres showed them to be filled with rare flowering plants, and every available jar and vase was overflowing with the spoils of a hot house.

The whole room was much altered in its appearance since the day when Bee Throgmorton had done her simple best to beautify it for its new occupants. The fruits of Miss Ludlow's unwearying industry were everywhere to be seen in embroidered chairs and lace trimmed tables, in artistic curtains and portieres and draperies, which completely transformed the modest back drawing room, giving it quite an unusual appearance to Barlaston eyes. A good deal of charming bric-a-brac too, which had appeared after the unpacking of Miss Ludlow's trunks, was skilfully disposed about the shelves, and hung on the walls against a background of dark velvet niches and medallions. The very Sevres tea cups, with their delicate raised flowers, out of which Jack Throgmorton so often drank his tea, were relics of the old Prince's Gate days.

The whole aspect of the room struck Lucy afresh now, as she finished the arrangement of her table and prepared to carry away the basket and the loose leaves and stalks left in it.

"What taste Ada has?" she thought. "How pretty and home like it looks!"

Then her cousin came through the curtains, a delicate small figure in a pale blue gown, with crimson roses in her belt, and declared that they were quite ready for tea.

"Would you like me to light the lamp?" Lucy said, preparing to disappear; but Miss Ludlow said it was a pity to shut out the glimpse of the garden, and decided for the firelight.

Susan carried in Lucy's cup of tea with Mrs. Ludlow's and the young lady drank it sitting by her aunt's side in the little front room.

One side of the heavy curtains was looped back, thus lending the sanction of the widow's presence to the tete a-tete in the back drawing room; but Jack was speaking now in a much lower voice, and Ada's replies were almost inaudible Lucy did not want to listen, of course; but she could not help thinking that she would like to be there too.

"I have nearly finished Ada's polonaise, aunt Letitia," she was saying. "I think it will look very pretty."

Mrs. Ludlow sighed.

"At least it will on her," continued the child, with a coaxing little air. "Ada looks pretty in everything."

"My poor girl!" said the widow. "I never thought the day would come when she would have to wear turned dresses." Lucy colored. "But it is not her fault at any rate; and no one can say that she deserved the misfortunes that have befallen her."

Lucy did not answer; such little speeches were only too common, and she had found that it was best and kindest not to attempt any reply.

"Would you like me to read to you, auntie?" she asked pleasantly though with a suspicious tremble in her voice.

But now it was the widow's turn to be silent; and then in the hush that fell upon the room, some sentences from the tea-table talk beyond the curtains reached Lucy's ears.

"I wanted Ted Ackroyd to come in with me," Jack was saying; "but he was not to be induced, and I'm sure the loss was his"

"But another time," returned Ada's silvery voice, "you must not try to 'induce' gentlemen to come in. Of course we are pleased to see any friend of yours, but we are such a stupid little party that——"

"Stupid!" cried Jack reproachfully. "How could any house be stupid that you lived in?"

"Very pretty—for Barlaston," returned the young lady, with an arch little inflection.

"And I should not have asked Ted or anybody else, Miss Ludlow, only that you said ——"

"Do have some more tea and consider yourself forgiven," interrupted Miss Ludlow with a light laugh. "Your big 'Ted' is just a shade uninteresting, though I know it is rank heresy to hint at such a thing. But isn't he now? I confess to liking a man to be spiritual above everything else. Any one can become rich nowadays, but so few people talk well." A gentle little twinkling of china and silver and then the young lady continued. "Pray do amuse me a little Mr. Throgmorton, I have been so dull all day; but I felt sure somehow that you would come in, and I have been looking forward to our usual little chat with so much pleasure."

An indistinct baritone murmur followed this speech, and Miss Ludlow laughed again

"I do not call that at all amusing," she declared lightly. "One is so tired of hearing such things."

"What shall I talk about then?" demanded the lad, after a scarcely perceptible pause—and there was a hint of mortification in his voice. "We luckless Barlaston people are all 'a shade uninteresting,' I am afraid."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CRAZED BY NIHILISM.

Attempted Murder by a Boy in Detroit—Reading of the Russian Destroyers He Tries to Imitate Them.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

A year or more ago a club footed English boy named William Lane, now nearly twenty twenty years of age, was treated by Dr. Kergan for his deformity, which was so great that he actually walked on the top of his foot. He was treated successfully, the foot being placed in its natural position. This treatment occupied considerable time, and in their conversations the Doctor became aware that the patient was remarkably well informed, cool, quick of comprehension and apparently of a healthy turn of mind. The result of this was that "Billy" became a protege of the Doctor's, was received into his family as one of the members, the Doctor thinking that his strong vigorous mind and correct deportment would have a good effect upon his young children. Lane was then learning the printers' trade in the newsroom of the *Free Press*, but was soon after discharged for cause. He had been once before discharged, but was taken back at Doctor Kergan's intercession. The Doctor then took him into his office in a general capacity, and so favorably was he regarded by the firm that they were contemplating setting him up in the job printing business, and negotiations for the purchase of a half interest in an established business were actually in progres when the true character of the human fiend they were nurturing came to light. On Thursday evening George Allen, the husband of Dr. Kergan's daughter, came home in a dazed condition. He entered the parlor, where his strange conduct attracted attention but not comment; remained there a few moments and then went up stairs and to bed. About seven o'clock in the morning, after passing a sleepless night by reason of chills, cramps and cold sweats, he commenced vomiting, and retched so violently as to alarm his wife and her mother, and the doctor was hurriedly summoned to his bedside. The symptoms found were those of poisoning, but for reasons that will be found below the nature of the poison could not then be determined. The doctor was of the opinion that it was of a corrosive nature and prescribed accordingly. Subsequently Mrs. Kergan told him that from half uttered threats and the further fact that a few days previous he had given her his sister's address in England with some remark about letting her know if anything should happen, she had her suspicions that Billy was the poisoner. Going to his office the doctor summoned Billy to his presence and said: "I had a horrible dream last night and it concerned you." "What was it?" inquired Billy. "It was about you and George Allen and his sickness. It was so vivid that I thought there must be some reason for it and I have found out that he has been poisoned," at the same time looking the suspected youth full in the eye.

"I did it," said Billy in an exultant tone of voice

"Did what?" asked the Doctor.

"Gave him a teaspoonful of morphine."

"Great God!" ejaculated the Doctor, "what did you do that for?"

"Because I hate him and wish he were dead."

The Doctor immediately hurried home and commenced treatment for a narcotic poison. It was a hard fight for life, but by Friday evening hopes were entertained, and Saturday forenoon found Allen able to sit up. He was weak and trembling but will be wholly recovered in a few days.

ALLEN'S STATEMENT.

George Allen, the victim of the poisoner, was on Friday able to make a statement, and narrated the following facts: Some weeks ago Lane exacted a promise of secrecy from Allen, and then told him that he was a socialist and nihilist; that Joseph A. Labadie was the head of the Order in this city; that there were four members of the Order here who were Russian spies, and that the nihilistic headquarters for this country were in Chicago, and that all who betrayed the secrets of the Order were hunted to death. To give color to his story he managed to have Allen to see him in company with Labadie. Last Tuesday he called at the office of J. B. Polk & Co., where Allen is employed, called him out, and, after again exacting a pledge of secrecy, told him that a Russian nihilistic courier, *en route* from Chicago to Europe, was to arrive by the Detroit and Milwaukee train this evening; that officers were watching for him at the ferries, and that Labadie had directed him (Lane) to take a boat, row over under the shadow of Belle Isle, and there wait until after the red glow of light had faded from the western sky. Then he was to row over to the mouth of a creek just below the waterworks and await a signal that was to be three croaks of a bullfrog. Then he was to row to land, take in the courier, row him to Belle Island, guide him across to the south shore, where other agents of the Order would receive him. To do this he needed some one to help row, and he gave Allen $5 that he claimed came from Labadie for that purpose.

This arrangement they carried out in the evening, but the courier did not come. On Thursday Lane came round again and said he had seen Labadie and learned that the courier had taken another route. That night a second courier was to go through and was going to boldly cross on the transit, but to keep the officers on the wrong scent Lane was to go up and row around the island to lead them to think that a crossing was to be made there. Again Allen accompanied him, and after pulling up the Canada channel nearly to the head of the island Lane asked Allen to have a glass of lemonade, and produced a bottle of the prepared article. Allen accepted the invitation and Lane prepared some in a cup, dipping water from the river. Allen drank it and then remarked that it was terribly bitter. Lane declared that he had put in a lot of sugar, and then proceeded to mix a cup for himself, but in dipping up the water managed to spill the whole, after which he threw cup and spoon overboard, Allen soon afterward felt cramps at the stomach, and his hands were so cramped that he could with difficulty cling to his oar. He told Lane that he was not well, and Lane also complained of cramps, and, standing up, commenced stamping his feet, nearly swamping the boat. Allen told him to sit down, when Lane sprang upon the gunwale and nearly threw the boat over. After that he kept his eyes upon Lane and they reached the boathouse safely. While walking up to Jefferson avenue Allen went into a saloon and drank a glass of lager and took a car for home. He soon discovered that he could not see well and felt as if intoxicated. He reached home, and of what followed the reader is already aware.

FURTHER CONFESSION.

Returning to his office, Dr. Kergan called Lane to his private office and there he confessed to all Allen had said, reserving only the nihilistic portion. It may be said here that so thoroughly had he impressed upon Allen's mind that speedy and sure death was the fate of all who betrayed the secrets of the order that Allen was trembling with fear that what he had confided to the Doctor would be made known and he only told it under a pledge of secrecy.

Further questioning brought out the fact that Lane had become enamored of Allen's wife, and had in some way become impressed with the idea that Allen does not treat her well, and then he fiercely ejaculated: "Anybody who hurts me, I'll forgive; but anybody who injures one I love, I hate!" He then stated that he stole the morphine from the doctor's medicine room, and when the doctor remarked that Allen was better he exclaimed in a disappointed tone of voice, "He isn't going to live, is he?" Then he again said, "I wish he were dead," and a moment later, "I wish he had gone overboard in the night;" then he said, "I wanted to kill him fair and straight, but did not want to bring your name in the matter, and so I planned to do it accidentally. At least you would never know but what it was an accident. I thought the morphine would put him to sleep, and then I would upset the boat and swim ashore. I don't think he is fit to live. I do not care to kill myself, but if you want to punish me, I'll do it. I will never go to prison."

The reporter then went for Joseph A. Labadie, who, when informed of Lane's statements about the socialists and nihilists, was astonished. He stated that about two months ago he was introduced to Lane, thought him a smart boy and had made considerable of him, going to walk with him, and had loaned him some books to read, notably Bradlaugh's works. Lane was not even a member of the socialists party, and his story from end to end was a sheer fabrication. The trio then went to Dr. Kergan's house and had a long conversation with Allen, and upon coming down to the parlor, found Lane there. The Doctor then told him that Allen had narrated every circumstance, and asked him what truth there was in the nihilistic story, to which he replied: "Joe knows nothing about it. I made up the entire story, and if Allen had good sense he would have known it was a lie. I have been watching for a chance to kill him for months past, and I'll do it yet." Over and over again he uttered the same threat, and appeared to gloat over his contemplated crime. Only once did he change color, and that was when the Doctor told him that the reporter was a detective and from the inner office had heard every word of the confession. Then for an instant only his perfect effrontery deserted him.

For various reasons the Doctor decided to let Lane go unwhipped of justice, provided he would leave the city and never return. To this Lane assented and the reporter came away, but upon calling at the Doctor's office in the evening learned that Lane had declared that he would never rest until he had come to Detroit and killed Allen. It was then decided that his arrest was imperative.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

In a book with the above title an English author has undertaken to depict the condition of things on earth in the year 2180. He describes the rise of socialism and predicts that the Land League agitation will involve Great Britain in a civil war, which will destroy her commerce and pave the way for her down fall. Upon the ruins of crumbling empires will be founded a world wide republic. A Yankee will invent an annihilating machine which will make wars impossible. The disappearance of armies and forts will make the universal republic stronger. The new force is discovered. By means of this man walks on the floor of the ocean and forces his way through the bowls of the earth. Great caverns are discovered at enormous depths, and as the surface of the earth becomes crowded, colonies are planted in these, and mighty domes shaped like diving bells, built upon the bed of the ocean and running up above the level of the water, afford temporary and permanent abodes to thousands. They cultivate seaweeds and vegetables and fibrous submarine plants for textile fabrics and dyes. Later, the internal fires of the globe are made available for heating purposes. With their aid the frozen regions around the poles are rendered of tropical warmth. The vine and banana flourish there, and the Arctic night is made brilliant with electric lights. In time the population of the globe becomes so dense that the ecumenical council, the head center of government for the state of humanity, decides that the four or five millions of acres covered by the habitations of men must be brought under cultivation. The population of the globe betakes itself to cities built upon piles in the seas, houses are demolished, and every inch of the earth's surface is cultivated for food. The capital wherein laws are made for the world is located at Terapolis, a city of 10,000,000 inhabitants, built in the South Pacific sea. It is ornamented with a few of the most remarkable buildings of the ancient world, including the Cathedral of Cologne, the Tower of London, the Vatican and the great pyramid.

SHE SHOOED IT AWAY.

They were a party of four couples coming over on the steambort Saucelito last Sunday, and the prettiest girl of the gushers looked up to Mount Tamalapais and said:

"Oh, that horrid mountain! I had the most frightful adventure up there last summer you ever heard of. It's a wonder my hair didn't turn white."

"What on earth was it?" chorussed the rest.

"Well, you see, I was up there with a private picnic party, and I wandered off by myself about a mile, picking flowers. After a while I sat down to rest in a lonely canyon, and before long I heard a queer rustling sound in some bushes right behind me. I knew at once, somehow, that it was a grizzly."

"Great Scott! and you all alone!" shuddered her escort.

"Not a soul within a mile of me. I was just paralyzed with terror. I didn't dare to stir, but in a minute I heard the beast coming toward me through the thicket."

"Oh, if I had only been there," said the young man breathing very hard.

"I knew it was no use to try and run, and I had heard somewhere that bears never touch dead people. So I just shut my eyes and held my breath."

"Gracious!"

"Pretty soon that great brute walked up close and began sniffing me all over. Oh, it was just terrible!"

"Should have thought you would have fainted."

"Oh, I didn't dare to," said the heroine.

"Just then, I suppose, the party rushed up and rescued you," said the appalled audience.

"No, they didn't. Pretty soon I felt the great brute pulling at the flowers in my hat, so I just got up and shooed the horrid thing away."

"What, the grizzly?"

"Oh, it wasn't a grizzly. It was a nasty old cow. But just suppose it had been a grizzly!"

But the audience refused to suppose, and the party looked like a Quaker funeral until the boat struck the wharf.

THE MAN WHO WAS MIXED.

"Really, but I hope you will excuse the intrusion," said a shabby-looking man as the insurance agent looked up.

"You are excusable, sir. What did you wish?"

"Well—you see—I'm a bit mixed. Was it Napoleon or Washington who crossed the Alps?"

"Napoleon, of course?"

"Just so—thanks. I was inclined that way myself, but yet I knew that Washington was always scooting around and he might have taken it into his head to cross the Alps. Good day, sir."

He passed down the hall thirty feet, and then returned and protested:

"Say, don't think ill of me, but I am still mixed up—dreadfully mixed. Will you answer me one more question?"

"Yes."

"Was it Nero who commanded the sun to stand still?"

"No; it was Joshua."

"I had an idea that it was Joshua, but I didn't dare put up money on it. Nero was always fiddling around, you know, and I had a dim idea that he might have taken a whack at the sun. Very much obliged to you, sir."

This time he went half way down stairs and returned on tip toe. The agent looked up and saw him in the door and sharply queried?

"Well?"

"Mixed again!" pleaded the stranger. "Say, I want to ask you just one more question."

"Yes."

"Did you ever lend a man a dollar to help him on his way to Columbus to see his dying wife?"

"Never! You are thinking of old Diogenes. He used to shell out to every dead-beat who came along."

"Mixed again, by thunder!" muttered the man, and as he passed down stairs he took great pains to set his feet down on each step like a man who had bet on three of a kind and found a flush taking his money.—*M. Quad.*

MOLLIE AND THE CATAMOUNT.

Miss Mollie Schultz, of Montague County, is the champion lady shot of this section. She is ready with either a rifle or shotgun, and handles the pistol with great skill. Tuesday afternoon, accompanied by a gentleman friend, she mounted her mustang and rode into the woods to kill some squirrels for supper. They met with good luck and most every shot brought down a bunny. Her companion had killed two more than she had and she was beginning to feel somewhat piqued over being outdone when they both spied a large catamount in the topmost branches of a tall tree. Eager to beat his companion, he fired three shots in rapid succession at it, missing it each time, when Miss Schultz fired her first and only shot, which took effect, when the animal sprang from the tree, lighting on her horse behind her, which frightened it, when it dashed off through the woods at a furious speed, throwing the fair rider and afterwards ridding itself of the catamount, which her companion dispatched. Fortunately, she was not hurt by her fall, and escaped with only a slight shock to her nervous system,—*Dallas Herald.*

A BOOKMAKER'S TRICK

A good story was told apropos of a noble lord who was recently returning from the races. In the adjoining compartment were eight bookmakers, who, "cleaned out" by successive failuress, were traveling without tickets, hoping by a turn of good luck to escape payment. At last one of them, during a stoppage, hit upon a brilliant idea. Pulling his cap down over his eyes and buttoning his coat, he went to the carriage of the noble lord and his friends, and, assuming an official air, collected all their tickets. These he distributed among his own friends, and on the train reaching London the noble lord had a narrow escape of seeing himself and his friends taken into custody for attempting to defraud the railway company, for despite their assurances the officials declined to believe that anyone had been audacious enough to collect these passengers' tickets. The thing was too absurd. It was only by paying their fare a second time that the noble lord and his friends escaped from the clutches of the railway servants.—*London Cuckoo.*

—Seven grains of mellolotis will kill a dog. Mellolotis is used to flavor cigarettes. Our best young men will notice their danger.