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should be informed as to the terms of intimacy his daughter is on with a stranger."

Miss Moxton turned to leave the room, but Miss Howson sprang to the door before her and stopped her exit.

"Don't say anything to father to-night, auntie," she said. "Harry intends to tell him of our engagement to-morrow."

Miss Moxton made no reply, but with a scornful elevation of the nose succeeded in opening the door and securing her retreat.

Her absence was a very brief one for she quickly returned accompanied by Mr. Howson.

"My sister-in-law has given me some very unpleasant information; may I ask to have a few minutes' conversation with you in the library." He bowed to Dr. Griffith and motioned him toward the door. The doctor did as requested, but paused for a moment to look at Miss Howson who was weeping on the sofa, and at Miss Moxton who was standing rigid in the centre of the room. As he opened the door the latter lady gave a vigorous toss of her head and said:

"I'm perfectly disgusted."

Mr. Howson's interview with Dr. Griffith was very short, and eminently unsatisfactory to that gentleman; in very plain and concise terms he refused his consent to his marriage with Annie, and desired that the engagement should be considered as broken. He politely, but firmly refused to listen to any explanation from the doctor and finally bowed that gentleman out before he had time to fully recover from his astonishment. The doctor returned to the parlor to get his hat and coat, and contrived to whisper to Miss Howson as he passed her:

"Remember, to-morrow night."

She answered with an inclination of her head, but so slight that neither of the two other occupants of the room noticed it. The doctor then bowed with rather excessive politeness to Miss Moxton, who only elevated her nose, and left the house.

Mr. Howson returned to the parlor and spoke to Miss Annie, who was still lying on the sofa crying. He was not harsh with her, but very firm; in almost the same words he had used to Dr. Griffith he told her that he would not consent to her engagement.

"I know very little about the man," he said, "and nothing to his advantage; he seems to be an adventurer who is probably trying to marry you for the sake of the fortune he fancies he will get with you. I am sorry I did not undeceive him on that point, for you may as well understand that if you marry without my consent, you do so on your own responsibility, and not one cent of my fortune do you get. You will very seriously displease me if you have any further communication with this man; you have known him but a short while, and I do not think your feelings can be very deeply interested. I should like to see you married, but to some good man whom I know would take good care of you, not to some adventurer whose very name might not belong to him for all we know."

Mr. Howson seldom indulged in so long a speech, and his daughter knew him well enough to feel assured that it would be useless to remonstrate with him; he had "made up his mind," and when he had done that it was a very difficult thing to induce him to change it; perhaps, with Charlie Morton's help she might succeed, but if that failed she was fully determined to elope with the doctor. She had inherited some of her father's obstinacy, and her mind was as firmly made up to marry the doctor as his was to prevent her.

She said nothing, but before she went to bed that night she penned the following note which was delivered to Dr. Griffith next morning:

"DEAR HARRY

Father continues to refuse his consent. We will do without it. I will meet you at the depot at seven this evening; we can be married before we leave the city. Can't we? It would be better I think.

ANNIE."

ACT IV.

ON THE TRACK.

SCENE I.

MR. HARWAY GETS KICKED OUT.

Time, September tenth, eighteen hundred and seventy; place, Dr. Griffith's office on Beaver Hall Hill.

That amiable disposed gentleman, Mr. Harway had not allowed so long a time to elapse before calling on Dr. Griffith, without having good reasons for so doing. He had watched the house at Longueuil for two or three days, and had formed an acquaintance with the smart little servant girl from whom he soon gained all the information it was in her power to give. From her he learned that Mrs. Griffith had resided in New York for some years with her husband; and, as he was determined to present as strong a case as possible to the doctor, he repaired to New York for the purpose of gathering, if he could, full particulars of the marriage, and to settle, if practicable the doubt which had arisen in his mind as to whether the lady who was called Mrs. Griffith in Longueuil was really Mamie Morton, or some one who bore the title "Mrs." only by courtesy.

It puzzled him rather to think that the doctor should contemplate so serious a crime as bigamy

with the evidence of his guilt so conveniently at hand; and he feared that after all he might be mistaken, and that the doctor may have told the truth when he said Mamie was dead, and that the lady at Longueuil may not have any claims on him which would prevent his marriage with Miss Howson; he, therefore, determined to gather all the facts possible relating to the case before making his demand on the doctor for the promised five hundred dollars.

His visit to New York had proved entirely successful, altho' it had taken him longer than he had anticipated. His sister had left the city and Bowles had gone on a voyage, as he discovered from the owners of the ships in which he was mate. After some time Mr. Harway succeeded in finding Mrs. Bowles, who was residing at Yonkers, and from her he learned where and when Mamie Morton had been married to Harry Griffith, and without much difficulty obtained a copy of the certificate of marriage; he also found out that the lady in Longueuil was undoubtedly the same who was saved from the wreck of the *Gazelle*, and married in New York six years ago, for Mrs. Bowles had seen her often, the last time only a few days before her de-

other, as if prepared for instant flight on the first hostile demonstration.

The dirty handkerchief was dirtier than ever and appeared to have been innocent of soap and water since we last saw Mr. Harway using it; he gave it a slight flourish now and polished his face a bit before addressing the doctor.

Griffith sat by the table smiling rather grimly at his visitor and apparently enjoying his surprise at his cool reception.

"So, you have really had the impudence to come back, after what I promised you. Well, what is your story now. You have found Mamie, I suppose?"

"Yes; she is living in Longueuil."

"That's a lie."

"I'm a perfect gentleman and as such I never tell a lie when the truth will do as well. I saw you with her with my own two eyes. I'm blessed if I didn't, ten days ago."

"Did you? Well you might have seen me in Longueuil some days ago with a lady whom I allowed to call herself Mrs. Griffith, a title she had no legal claim to; but how can you prove that that lady was Mamie Morton, or my wife." Bad as he was it cost him a pang to say this, and

deposing the delapidated hat on the floor and taking both hands to give his face a good polishing with the dirty handkerchief. "I'm blessed if you ain't killed her again."

"Killed her. Who says so?" shouted the doctor in so fierce a manner, and springing forward so suddenly that Mr. Harway made one desperate dive for the delapidated hat and, missing it, bolted bare-headed for the door. Once gaining this point of vantage, he stood half-in-half out of the room, holding the door with one hand so as to be able to close it at a moment's warning, and ventured to explain,

"You needn't cut up so rough, Doc, I didn't mean to say you had murdered the gal, of course not, you ain't such a fool as that; I mean you're trying to play off again that she's dead when she ain't. But it won't do," he continued gaining confidence and edging himself slightly towards the delapidated hat, "it won't do; I see your game plain now, and if you don't do the right thing by twelve o'clock to-morrow, I'll blow the whole story to Mr. Morton and Mr. Howson; they'll thank me, and pay me too, so you see it ain't no use cutting up rough, Doc, for if you don't come down with the dust right off, I'll let the cat out of the bag sure as my name is James Harway, and I'm a perfect gentleman and I never tell a lie when the truth will do as well."

He stooped, as he finished, to pick up the delapidated hat, with the evident intention of making a dignified and imposing exit; but the temptation of the bent figure was too great for Dr. Griffith and ere Mr. Harway had regained an upright position, the doctor's foot was raised and a vigorous and well directed kick sent the perfect gentleman head first into the hall way where he carromed on the hat rack and pocketed himself in the coal scuttle standing at the foot of the stairs, and lay a helpless mass, while the doctor stood over him glowering with rage, and looking very much as if he intended to repeat the operation.

"Will you?" he exclaimed fiercely, "then let me tell you that if you are not out of Montreal before to-morrow I will have you in jail for robbery and arson. I've been making inquiries too, and I've made discoveries as well as you, and I have discovered that Mr. James Harway is very badly wanted at Battleboro, Vt., to explain what he knows about breaking into the Bank there three months ago and setting fire to it. I've telegraphed for the detectives and they will be here to-morrow morning; so if you know what is good for you I would advise you to get out of this at once; it's no use trying to black mail me for I won't stand it, and your secret, as you call it, is worth nothing; if I really cared that Charlie Morton should not know that his sister only died three days ago instead of six years, as he supposes, would I have advertised her death in the papers where anybody can see it. You are a very shallow fool, my delapidated friend, and have over-reached yourself by trying to be too smart. A week or ten days ago I might have been induced to buy you off, but now I am free and nothing will you get from me but hard words and harder blows. I have the cards in my own hand now and I mean to win, and when I say that, I am hard to beat."

He slammed the office door behind him and left Mr. Harway to pick himself up and leave the house the best way he could.

That gentleman did not, however, seem in a great hurry to leave, for he remained several seconds where he had fallen, wiping his face in a mechanical sort of way with the dirty handkerchief, and ejaculating occasionally,

"I'm blessed."

At last he rose, shook himself together a bit, put on the delapidated hat, brushed his boots with the dirty handkerchief as if to shake the dust from off his feet, and slowly left the house. Once safe on the sidewalk he paused a moment and shaking his fist at the house, said:

"This game ain't played out yet, Doc, and you don't hold as many trumps as you suppose; I'll have to clear out pretty sudden, that's evident, I don't want any detectives after me, but I'll fire a shot at you before I go that'll make you jump. Hard to beat, are you? Well so am I, plagu' hard, as you'll find out before I'm done with you. Kick me out, did you? I'll make that the worst kick you ever gave anybody as sure as I'm a perfect gentleman. I'm blessed," he continued, turning to go down the hill, "if I ain't as dry as a red hot stove, I must get a little cool, refreshing gin pretty soon, or I'll go off by spontaneous combustion."

The idea of so lamentable an occurrence seemed to animate him greatly and he started down the hill at a good pace.

(To be continued.)

We read in the *School Board Chronicle*: "It is generally known in educational circles that the teaching personnel of the mixed schools in the United States consists of both sexes. In many cases, indeed, the number of lady assistants has outnumbered that of the masters. I now gather from one of our Dutch contemporaries that the American example has for the first time been followed in Holland, where mixed education has been for years the rule instead of the exception. In one of the Dutch boroughs two ladies, daughters of common counsellors, have volunteered their services as school assistants, and the praiseworthy example of these ladies is likely to be soon followed by other spirited and respectable women in the country."

THE FAVORITE is printed and published by George E. DESBARATS, 1 Place d'Armes Hill, and 319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Dominion of Canada.



"COME BACK TO IRELAND."—SEE PAGE 98.

parture for Montreal when she said she was going to meet her husband.

Mr. Harway did not enlighten his sister as to his reasons for being so inquisitive about Mrs. Griffith's affairs, but fully satisfied with the information he had gained, he returned to Montreal and wrote the letter we have already seen to Dr. Griffith. He had no fear that Mrs. Griffith would be taken away from Longueuil, for the smart little servant girl had informed him of the expected baby, and somehow it never occurred to him for a moment that she might die; it was, therefore, with a light heart and full confidence of success that he approached Dr. Griffith's office on the evening in question.

The doctor was out when he called, and Mr. Harway retired to a neighboring restaurant and regaled himself with liberal doses of cold gin and water until it was almost ten o'clock, when he returned to the doctor's office.

Dr. Griffith was in when he called the second time, but Mr. Harway could see at a glance that he was not in a very amiable mood; his brow was knitted and a dull passion shone in his eyes which showed that his temper was none of the mildest, and that it would be dangerous to trifle with him. He had not yet recovered from his interview with Mr. Howson, and he looked very much as if would like to have some object to vent his anger on. Mr. Harway noticed the look and instinctively kept near the door, remaining standing with the delapidated hat in one hand and the dirty handkerchief in the

he turned a little away as he spoke of Mamie as being his mistress.

"You're a deep one, Doc," said Mr. Harway partially recovering his composure and advancing a little from his position near the door, "you're a deep one, but I think I can prove too many for you. You see, I thought you would try some such game as this, so I'm ready to answer all questions; for, I'm a perfect gentleman and it ain't polite to refuse to answer another gentleman's questions, if they are civilly put. I know you're married, for I saw the ceremony, and I've been to New York and have a copy of the certificate; I know it's Miss Morton you married, for I recognised her myself as the gal I saved, and my sister who saw her only two or three days before she left New York, will come on here and identify her. Oh, you're a deep one, Doc., but I euchre you this time, for I've got both bowers and the ace, and I mean to play them unless you do the square thing."

"Do you? Play away, my delapidated friend, but you won't win. How long is it since you were in Longueuil."

"About ten days."

"Then you have not seen this?" As he spoke he extended a copy of the *Star* for that evening to Mr. Harway who read, with astonishment, the following paragraph under the heading "Deaths":

"At Longueuil on 7th inst., Mrs. Mary Griffith, aged thirty-one."

"Well, I'm blessed!" exclaimed Mr. Harway,