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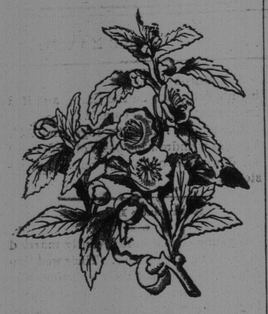
Branch of Tea Plant.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

Lovers of a cup of really fine Tea will be glad to know that T. WILLIAM BELL, 88 Prince Wm. Street, has recently imported an EXTRA CHOICE TEA, in fact the finest that has ever come to this market, and which he is offering in 6lb. 12lb. and 20lb. caddies.

PUGSLEY BUILDING,

COR. PRINCE WM. & PRINCESS STS.

DIRECTORY.

Ground Floor—on Prince Wm. Street.

Halifax Banking Company.
M. A. Finn, Wine Merchant.
W. Hawker, Druggist.
W. A. Lockhart, Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.

Third Floor—Entrance from Princess St

ROOMS 1, 2, 3—D. R. Jack, Agt. North British & Mercantile Ins. Co., and Spanish Vice-Consul
" 4, 5, 6—C. A. Stockton, Barrister, etc.
" 7—Herbert W. Moore, Attorney-at-Law, and Stanley Kierstead, Attorney-at-Law.
" 8—E. G. Kaye, Barrister, etc., and J. Sidney Kaye, Agt. Royal Ins. Co.
" 9—James J. Kaye, Q. C., Barrister, etc.
" 10, 11—Charles Donerty, Barrister, etc., and Master in Equity.
" 12, 13—E. H. MacAlpine, Barrister, etc Master in Equity.
" 14 & 14½—Charles L. Richards, Barrister, Commissioner for State Massachusetts.

Second Floor.

ROOMS 15, 16—News Room, C. H. Fisher, Preprietor
" 17, 18, 19—C. N. Skinner, Q. C., Barrister, &c and R. C. Skinner, Judge of Probates.
" 20, 21, 22—Hannington, Millidge & Wilson, Barristers, etc.
" 23—Board of Fire Underwriters, Peter Clinch, Secretary.
" 24, 25—G. Herbert Lee, Barrister, etc.
" 26—Office of Coadjutor Bishop of Canada.
" 27, 28—G. Sidney Smith, Barrister, Solicitor Bank N. B., and Sec'y Rural Cemetery.

Third Floor.

ROOMS 29, 30—The Dominion Safety Fund Life Association, J. DeW. Spurr, President.
" 31, 32—R. C. John Dunn, Governmental Architect.
" 33, 34—G. Anthony Davis, Barrister, etc.
" 35—Wm. J. Brophy, Janitor, etc.

Top Floor.

ROOMS 35 to 45—Occupied by Geo. W. Day's Printing Establishment.

MACHINE
Repairing & Refitting
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Promptly Attended to at

E. S. STEPHENSON'S,
53 SMYTHE ST.

N. B.—Scales a Specialty.

JOHN HANNAH,
MANUFACTURER OF
Woven Wire Matrasses

Of several Grades and Varieties, which are Warranted to be the Best in the Market. Also:

Woven Wire Cots.

These Goods are sold by the principal Furniture Dealers in the Lower Provinces.

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35 and 37 WATERLOO ST.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN & SON,
FUNERAL FURNISHING
Undertakers.

Adult Hearse, also White Hearse For Children.

WAREROOM
No. 15 MILL STREET,
RESIDENCE:
15 Main St., Portland, N. B.

AGENTS FOR
Royal Family Cigarette

We have on hand a fine Assortment
Choice Havana Cigars
Which we will Sell low to the Trade.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,
84 KING STREET.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

Per schr Welcome Home:
10 Cases ANGOSTURA.
THOS. L. BOURKE,
11 and 13 Water Street.

WANTED.—50,000 MEN to have their Collars and Cuffs Laundried at UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY.
30w

Venus And Cupid on the Drumcondra Road.

[BY D. F. M'CARTHY.]

The following curiously constructed sentence appeared as part of an advertisement in the Freeman's Journal of this morning, Wednesday, 13th May, 1868:—

LOST, last Evening, a CAMEO BROOCH, representing Venus and Cupid on the Drumcondra Road, between Seven and Nine.

"Along Drumcondra-road I strolled."
—THOMAS FURLONG,

BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND, p. 158.*

O Road, by Furlong's muse renowned,
Famous alike in fact and fable,
Where Hugh O'Neill's bold love was crowned
By Bagnal's sister, beauteous Mabel!†
A greater glory now is thine,
For lately in this lovely weather,
Along thy paths "twixt seven and nine,"
Venus and Cupid strolled together.

No wonder that the hawthorn glows
Along that road in pearlier whiteness,
No wonder that the Tolka flows
Beside that bridge in sunnier brightness;
For where the Queen of Beauty treads,
Where'er the God of Love doth gambol,
A paradise the desert spreads
A peerless rose-tree blooms the bramble.

That radiant queen, that rosy page,
Where did they go? on what sweet duty?
O hostel of "The Cat and Cage!"‡
Was't thine to shelter Love and Beauty?
Or did they, those benignant powers,
Seek rest beyond life's shoals and shallows—
Is beauty veiled in Hampton's § bowers?
And love a student at All Hallows?‖

Perhaps—for beauty and desire
Etherialized, the more arrest us
When zeal love's arrow tips with fire,
And purity entwines the cestus;
Long may they stay, nor fade, nor cool,
And may the other deities follow—
Minerva, for the men who rule—
And for the rhymers—an Apollo!

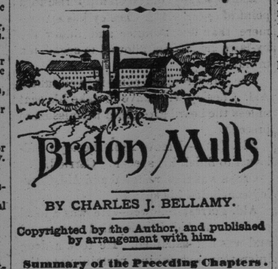
*Thomas Furlong is buried in Drumcondra churchyard.

†In the Kilkenny Journal of Archæology (vol. iv.) Daniel M'Carthy, Esq. (the distinguished author of the "Life of Florence M'Carthy Mor"), has collected the romantic incidents of Tyrone's marriage with Mabel Bagnal, the sister of Marshall Bagnal. The courtship commenced at Turvey, and the marriage was performed at Drumcondra. See also "The Flight of the Earls," by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, p. 9, note.

‡The old and well-known sign of an inn on the Drumcondra-road.

§The Carmelite Convent of Hampton, near Drumcondra.

‖The Missionary College of All Hallows, at Drumcondra.



BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY.

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Summary of the Preceding Chapters.

Philip Breton, the only son of the wealthy owner of the Breton Mills, having disguised himself as a laborer, attends a labor meeting of his father's operatives, where he hears a stirring speech on the rights of labor by an agitator named Curran. The next day Curran saves the life of Philip's sweetheart, which arouses a dangerous interest in the breast of the fair but fickle Bertha. The mills take fire, and the men who at first work with a will to quench the conflagration, suddenly cease their efforts in obedience to the counsels of one of the dissatisfied workmen, but are finally persuaded by Philip's promises and renew their efforts.

A meeting between Curran and Bertha takes place in her father's house. Mr. Breton appears on the scene and a stormy interview takes place between him and Curran, whom Mr. Breton accuses of being at the bottom of the trouble between him and his workmen.

In a moment of mad infatuation, Bertha leaves the house of her father (who has meanwhile fallen in love with and proposed to his housemaid) to elope with Curren. Philip whose suspicions have been aroused, follows them and obtains a flying view of the eloping pair at the railway station. Fresh trouble arises between Mr. Breton and his workmen, and in the midst of an angry speech to the assembled strikers, the old man falls dead in his son's arms, and Philip, robbed of father and sweetheart, assumes the ownership and management of the mills amid a sea of troubles.

It was some little time afterwards that Philip left his counting room and made his way up the street. He was dressed in somberest black, and his silk hat was subdued with a wide band of crape. But his dress was no more melancholy than his face. When under pressure of business, one would not have noticed it so especially, but the instant he was thrown back upon himself, his face became as sad and hopeless as the face of the most wretched laborer in his mill. He was tasting the most bitter dregs in life, he thought. What soul could be more crushed than his? The time was when it would have been impossible for him to see a human creature suffer without a thrill of sympathy. It would have seemed a cruel and unnatural stroke of fortune, which it was for him to prevent or cure. But he had learned better, he thought. Suffering was common to all; there was no good of trying to patch up this life or that; the terrible disease was forever at work. Conditions made but little difference; rich and poor, high and low, agonized together over some form of broken hope, some unsatisfied hunger.

The chapel door stood open, and he stopped and looked in. It was here Bertha and he were to have been married. And it would have been before this—but now. He saw the place where they would have stood together. The church was empty and he walked softly in, as if afraid of disturbing the ghosts of his dead hopes, who haunted yet, perhaps, the sacred spot they glorified in all the dreams of his early manhood. He walked wearily up the echoing aisle and threw himself into a seat. He bowed his head upon the back of the pew in front of him. Had he no shame to come to the rescue of his broken heart? would he grieve forever over a woman that had become another man's wife? She had called on the laws of the land for her protection; he had no right to even think of her now. She was shut away from him forever. It had become a sin for him now to long for her, though she had been so nearly his own wife. There was no place in the world for unmated lovers like him. If she had not married that man! How strange that he had heard nothing of that marriage; her note had not mentioned it, and no one had spoken of it since. Why, his belief in her purity was so absolute he had not even thought to question her marriage, and now it was like a guilty thing, that he permitted himself to entertain for a moment terrible fears. What vengeance would be stern and relentless enough for him who had wrecked the noblest womanhood in the world, who had sullied a purity like an angel's, and insulted a sacred dignity like Bertha's? Oh, it could not be; no man on earth could have been so bold, so impious. How wild his imagination had become.

"Oh, I didn't know but it was young Breton and that Bertha Ellingsworth that was going to be married." Two graceless women had come in and seated themselves in a neighboring pew. Philip had been thinking so intensely until now that an earthquake would hardly have disturbed him.

"That'll never be," giggled the other; "you don't say you didn't know she eloped with that Curran fellow, though it's been kept pretty still?"

"Do tell!" Philip shuddered. Why were creatures like these permitted to touch names like Bertha's? "Married another chap, eh? Well, young Breton never was much for looks, anyhow."

"Married!" Philip started at her tone. "Who said she was married? The shoe's on the other foot. She aint married at all. Handsome fellow like him has a wife in every town, such as they be. That proud minx is only one on 'em." How they rolled the shameful story, like a sweet morsel under their tongues, as if it relieved the blackness of their contemptible souls, that one woman more had singed her angel wings in the pitiless flame of disgrace.

Philip had struggled to his feet. The women blushed like fire and tried to look unconscious, but he did not even glance at them as he moved down the aisle. He could not see very well. Was the chapel full as it seemed? and was that an usher in white kids who was coming toward him and saying:

"Just one minute more; the bridal couple are just coming in."

Bolt upright he sat where he had been guided, and saw as in a dream a white phantom of a woman it seemed and a black shadow of a man go by. "Married! who said she was married? Ah! it was horrible! Perhaps they two, those women fiends, were all that knew the shameful secret. Would it do any good to pray them for the mercy of God to keep it? Would money hire a woman to keep a disgrace that had fallen on a fair sister's name?"

"Aren't you going to salute the bride?" smiled an acquaintance. "This is the marriage of Labor and Capital at last." He had perpetrated his witticism a dozen times at least, and this was the first hearer who had not laughed. Jane Graves and Silas Ellingsworth, Bertha's father—were they mad, or was he?"

"I am ill," he muttered incoherently, as he pushed his way almost roughly out.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NEW STOCK COMPANY.

The terrible seeds of suspicion sown in Philip Breton's mind bore the bitterest fruits through the dreary winter months. No efforts of his will, nor course of reasoning could comfort him. For a moment he might find relief, but his torment would only return afresh. Humanity are slow to believe good of fellow creatures, but nothing seemed too bad to be true. He thought it might have calmed him to have been assured even of the worst. He believed that he might despise the woman he had elevated to the highest pinnacle of his ideal temple of womanhood, if she had made so little of the most sacred gift of God. But it would have been a violence to his feelings to inquire of those who must know. Her father must know, but his smiling face will reveal nothing, and his very reserve was peopled with horrors for Philip. His wife Jane must know, too, but he could not bear to think of the malicious pleasure she would take in detailing the shameful story to him. She would sate her hate in his misery. But what if it were not a shameful story? Still he could not form his lips to ask. The humiliation of such a question from him, a discarded lover, about her at whose feet he had been proud to sit, shocked him into silence. He even dreaded lest they might speak to him of her, although it had been months since he had heard Bertha's name once breathed.

One evening at the very close of the winter, Philip Breton called a meeting of his help, and the old market hall was packed from door to platform. Reporters were planted by their tables, to catch every word of the mysterious proceedings. Representatives from all the factories in the country elbowed the crowd for their three feet of standing room, eager to learn some new device for making money out of their help as good as the other. But the great audience was strangely silent. It knew not what to expect. Perhaps the economical mill owner was going to announce a new reduction in their wages; everybody said he was reducing everywhere. The feeling in their hearts was more of fear than hope, and it was a look of piteous terror, almost, that they cast at the slight form in black, that came forward on the platform. They reminded Philip of a flock of frightened sheep that had never had a shepherd. Then he thought of a great army massed before the smoking cannon mouth, an army that had never had a general. He saw they feared him.

"I have been for a long time trying to think of some way to make your lives more fair for you, and yet be fair to myself and my class. I have been cutting on expenses to make the whole business machinery as economical as I knew. Now, at last I am ready to take you into my confidence and make you a proposal."

There was a stir in the great audience, as if every man changed his position at the same moment, so as to be sure not to lose one precious word of the new gospel.

"I cannot feel that I ought to give you anything. And I cannot see that it would be reasonable to pay more wages than others pay; that is, than you have now."

A hush had fallen upon the people like death. There was no hope for them, then. Still the speaker went on.

"But if your labor is profitable to me, so that I can pay you your price, and pay my other expenses, and pay me for the time I give to the business what such service as I do is paid elsewhere, and then have something besides"—

The reporters dropped their pens in astonment; was the man mad?

"I am disposed to think that you have earned a share in it." He paused to catch his breath, and one could have heard a pin fall in that crowded room. "My capital should be allowed for, too. In a word, I propose to divide the profits of my mill, after all expenses are paid, into two equal parts hereafter, one for labor, yours and mine, and one for the interest on my money. The part which belongs to labor will be distributed according to the worth of each one's year's work. The one that earns the largest year's pay will have the largest per cent. of that dividend. We shall all be stockholders together, each with a share large or small according to the value of his work."

The building trembled with the roar of applause that went up, and it was several moments before Philip could make himself heard again. He had thought there was nothing left in his life, with love gone out of it, but as he stood that moment with the glad shouts of the poor ringing in his ears, and felt he had led them out of bondage, his heart thrilled with a proud joy that was almost ecstasy. His wealth had brought him a happiness that made even a life like his worth living, had conferred on him a glorious sense of the dignity of manhood which lifted him as on wings.

They must listen while he explained the terms of his plan more fully. He motioned to a dozen boys and took a printed sheet of paper from the pile of similar sheets which he ordered distributed among the workmen. He then read aloud the following from the paper in his hand:

The first divided will be distributed Aug. 1 for the year ending July 1. The surplus is $200,000; $100,000 is set apart as the allowance for capital invested, which leaves $100,000, to be distributed to the labor in proportion to the wages or salary earned by each. The whole amount of wages and salaries earned in the mills was about $360,000. Therefore the rate per cent. of dividend is about 27 7-10 to be calculated on the wages or salary of each man, woman and child as shown by the paymaster's book for the past year. For example, the man whom the pay roll shows to have earned $300 for his year's work, will receive 27 7-10 per cent. on $300 in addition, or about $83.10 as his dividend. The paymaster, who received a salary of $2,000, will receive about $544, and as manager worth a salary of $5,000, I shall receive more than twice the dividend of the paymaster. Certain restrictions will be imposed. First, only one-half of the annual dividend will be in cash, for it would hurt the interests of the mill to withdraw so much from the business. The other half will be in stock, which will draw dividends as the rest of the capital. Second, stock cannot be transferred except to operatives, but will be redeemed at the counting room, after notice, when holders leave the mills, as stock will yield dividends only while holders work in the mills. Holders of stock may hold meetings and choose a committee to examine the books of the company, before the annual distribution of dividends.

When Philip Breton sat down a noisy hum of voices followed as the people read and commented upon the prospectus. The figures looked anything but dull to them. The bright possibilities that came up before their imaginations as they read were such as no gentle cadence of poetry could have given them. Apparently they would never have tired of reading the wonderful words of hope and good cheer over and over, except that the outer door swung open and a tall man's form entered. Philip Breton from the platform saw it and the pride sickened on his heart. The crowd about the door passed the whisper around, and it was hardly one short minute when the building shook again with cheers as they shouted the name of Curran.

Yes, it was he who pushed his way well into the room, and then stopped and took one of the printed sheets, as if he were unconscious of their cheering, and read till his face, that had looked so stern and terrible, softened like a child. Then he mounted a settee for his platform and uncovered his head with a new grace that became him as well as his strength. The old bitterness had gone from his lips; it had given place to a touching sadness that sobered every face that was turned toward him.

"He means to deal well by you; he wants to make you shareholders in your work." Philip had risen excitedly to his feet. The sight of the man who had been with Bertha, who came perhaps but this instant from the woman he had wronged so terribly, was at first almost maddening to him. Ah, how grand and beautiful he was, with his deep mighty chest and shoulders, and his limbs like pillars of some temple. There were no laws for such men as he; the holiest and purest of women love to make themselves base and common things to win smiles from his proud eyes, and men forget their vengeance, and only remember how small and mean they seem before him. But who could look at his melancholy face and the calm dignity that rested upon him always, and believe he could be vile? Yet perhaps nothing was vile or low to him, and even sin was glorified in his eyes when it suited his caprice to sin.

Philip had come to the very edge of the platform and beckoned a friend to him. "Do you see the man talking—the man with the auburn hair curling about his neck? no, don't look yet;" his voice was husky with excitement. "Get behind him while he is talking and stop him before he goes out. I must see him and speak with him; I would rather $10,000 than lose him. Quick, now." As Philip sat down again and watched his friend trying to make his way through the close packed crowd he heard Curran's voice again. What was there changed in it? It had lost its old ring, there was a queer drag in it sometimes, and when he used to raise his voice till every nerve tingled for sympathy, he seemed now to let it fall, and his long, sonorous sentences died down at the end like a muffled bell.

"If others were like him," he was saying, "the reform I would die for would come soon, would be upon us."

How slow his friend moved. Philip actually hated the people who were too stupid to get out of his messenger's way.

Had Curran finished, was this all that was left of his eloquence? Yes, he was stepping down and moving toward the door. Philip's friend was almost there, the man must not escape thus, and plunge again with the woman whose life he had blasted into the obscurity he seemed to love. Philip leaped to his feet and almost shouted to the people. All turned their faces expectantly toward him, Curran with the rest his pale worn face. Philip's friend was come almost to him now. If Curran could only be detained for one moment more.

"It will of course be for the interest of all of you," he knew he was talking weakly, but it was no matter, "to earn the most wages you can, to lose the fewest days, to turn off the most piece work." Of course, he spoke too stupidly; Curran turned on his heel and moved toward the door. Almost instantly then Philip Breton gave a sudden short bow to the audience and disappeared back of the platform. He bounded down the narrow stairs, four at a time, and rushed around to the front of the building like one mad, to stare for a moment in the faces of the escaping crowd. Then, wilder than ever at the thought that Curran might have gone out among the first, he ran back and forth after one group and another, but all in vain. Then he forced himself to stop and think, and forthwith made inquiries for Curran's boarding place. He reached the place at last and ran breathlessly up the stairs. In another moment he would know the truth if it killed him to bear it. He must remove the poisonous shadow of suspicion that was polluting all the holiest precincts of his nature. Certainty was better far, for the nerves can brace themselves against the clearly defined features of ever so hideous a monster; far better certainly than this crawling slimy terror that made him ashamed of a manhood that could cherish it. He dared ask Curran for the truth, he did not shrink from it. If the man were innocent he might strike him down for the insult to the purity of his wife. Philip thought such atonement would seem just and proper. But if he were guilty, ah, if Bertha was guilty through him what death was terrible enough for his penalty!

A portly woman, with the unmistakable expression of the expectant boarding mistress on her face and in her attitude, met the pale faced young man at the top of the stairs. She did not recognize the proprietor of the Breton mills, in his slight form. She would have looked for a man of lofty stature and commanding mien, and not a mere lad whom nobody would glance twice at on the street.

"Where is Curran? I—I want him."

"Why, he's just gone; he drove off to Lewiston."

"To Lewiston? Are you sure?" Why, this must be some important personage after all, he was so peremptory. Poor people can bully, but there is a shamefacedness or an over affectation of authority that betrays them; their self consciousness lets the whole secret out.

"Either Lewiston or Raleigh; I can't tell, really, sir. Shall I get you a carriage, Mr.—Mr.?"

"Two horses and a buggy; a driver, too. Tell them it is for Mr. Breton; and," he shouted after the woman, "if they give me a poor horse he will be dead before they ever see him again."

It seemed an hour before the horses drew up before the boarding house door, and another hour before they had left the village behind. Then the little patience Philip had forsook him. He caught the reins from the astonished driver, and at the threatening snap of the whip the horses took their fastest gait.

It was a little past 9 o'clock the next morning that Philip Breton, pale from a sleepless night, knocked at a low studded door in an ill ventilated tenement house, where they told him Curran lived. Within was Bertha, the high bred woman, wonted to the costliest luxuries of wealth. And she was willing, then, to live in such squalor as this to be with the man she loved. Could change have been cruel enough to have touched her? Perhaps an infant hung hungrily on her bosom, and Curran, fallen back into his vulgar traditions, lounged in red flannel shirt sleeves in her presence. Could he bear the sight? But she might be alone; his heart beat faster with terror and hope. She would lift her sweet eyes pleasantly to him—so easy it is for women to forget the agony they have caused. She would hold out her shapely hand to him, but it would be stained and worn from hardships. Should he fall at her feet? Would he be able to remember she was another's—dead to him?

He knocked again, possibly no one was at home.

"Come in." It was a man's voice.

As Philip opened the door he saw the man he sought by the window, eagerly looking up and down the street, as if waiting for some sign. There was no guilty fear or shame in the calm face that was turned to his visitor.

"Breton." He gave him his hand with hearty good will. "Somehow I could not speak last night, but you have begun a noble work. Why, I had rather feel the proud satisfaction you must have, I would rather be in your place than the greatest man in the whole world."

Philip was afraid to look about him. Perhaps Bertha had no wish to speak to him, or else she was not here; there was no atmosphere of a woman's love and care in the place, somehow. But Curran went on in his quick, eager way, "The rich men have the most glorious privilege ever men had. Each man of wealth can let the fountains of light and joy into the lives of a village in some way which shall make his name blessed forever. Instead of that, whole generations of us have to break ourselves in pieces in the effort to wear away their rock. We fail, as the wretched 2,000 creatures who strike here today will fail, to gain one privilege more for ourselves, yet our children may profit from our sacrifices, perhaps, or their children. Anything is better than spiritless, eternal submission."

Philip released his hand from the man's clasp and turned to look about him. No woman's shawl hung on the rack. No baby's shoes or toys were in sight. A man's rude hands had set the chairs in an awkward row. A man's hands made the comfortless looking bed that stood in one corner. There was no soft scent of perfume, such as Bertha would have left behind her if she had but lately gone. Why, Bertha could never have breathed for a moment there. Love can do much, but it cannot make a woman over.

"Where is your wife?" Philip asked in a low, breathless voice. "Bertha."

"Where is your wife?"

The eager look faded from Curran's face, and his blue eyes grew troubled. For an instant he did not answer, but stood with folded arms gazing out into the street.

"What is a wife?" he said at last. "A woman who loves a man and lives in his love, who pines in his absence and listens to the coming of his foot steps, as the sweetest music in the world to her; to whom all the gifts of life would be nothing without him; to whom poverty and disgrace would lose their hatefulness if he shared them. A wife is a sweetheart, a hundred times tenderer and happier." His voice grew bitter and hard for a moment as he added, "No, I have no wife, Bertha has left me."

He heard a shout, and a score of hurrying forms rushed by his window. He turned from the window in a sudden passion of excitement.

"The strike has begun. What pity do the rich deserve? Even their women are taught only to break honest men's hearts. They are beautiful as the angels of heaven and cruel and pitiless as the angels of hell."

"But wait," cried Philip, catching him by the arm. Curran had not yet spoken the longed for words to protect Bertha's name from the insult of another suspicious thought. But a shout rolled up from the street, and another and another in quick succession. Curran shook him off and, catching his hat from the table, sprang down the stairs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHY COULDN'T SHE HAVE WAITED?

The new maid, who showed Philip Breton into Mrs. Ellingsworth's parlor, was not nearly as pretty as her predecessor of office, but he was too much absorbed with his delicate errand to take any notice of her. Bertha was alone somewhere, deserted, unprotected. Something must be done for her. It was a strange place to seek pity for her, in the woman's bosom which he had seen heaving in hate of her; but a magnanimous heart is wont to count on the generosity of others. The maid had said Mr. Ellingsworth was not in, and so he was left to appeal to the womanly tenderness of his wife.

He rose suddenly from the satin covered sofa and looked wonderingly at a woman's form in the doorway. Could this be the poor little factory girl, this fashionably dressed woman, with a train like a queen's? He had stupidly enough expected to find her in the same old calico dress, perhaps with the dingy, plaid shawl about her shoulders.

But the girl was not so sensitive as to be annoyed. Had not she kept him waiting while she dressed on purpose to enjoy a triumph? And now she was quite pleased at the plain evidence of it. She smiled rather consciously as she extended her jeweled little hand to him.

"Why haven't you called before?" Her voice had lost the desperate or sullen tone he remembered in it of old, but he was not sure he liked it any better. He bowed, like any gentleman, as he touched her hand, and noticed the great gold bracelets on her slim wrists. Philip was unpleasantly reminded of manacles, and then the massive chain around her neck, with a huge locket shaped like a padlock, had suggestions, too, of a sort, he fancied, the girl would hardly have liked if she had thought of them. He glanced at her olive cheeks, and the slightly oblique eyes, and the voluptuous fullness of her form. How could an American village have produced so perfect an odalisque?

"I did not wish to interrupt your honeymoon." He seated himself again.

She was looking oddly at him, as if curious whether he had forgotten her indiscreet visit, when she had told him of her own broken heart.

Philip suddenly met her eyes as she sat opposite him. "The truth is, Mrs. Ellingsworth, I have hardly been in the mood for polite calls of late. I suppose you understand."

"How should I?" She elevated her dark brows rather unpleasantly as if to dismiss, once for all, any further confidences with him. Philip smiled, in spite of himself, at her tactics.

"Do you know where Bertha is?" he asked, simply.

A sudden flash of color lit up her cheeks. "I hate the very name of her," she exclaimed, as she rose as if to leave him. She was not yet wonted to the customs of her new rank.

"Don't go," he urged, "I am so anxious to know where she is. No doubt you have cause to be angry with her," Philip did not notice the growing passion in the girl's eyes, "but you surely would not have her starve to death, or suffer and die alone."

"Perhaps not;" Jane meant to smile, but she only produced the effect of showing the cruel white of her teeth. "Hasn't she got—" the word stuck in her throat, "him?"

"Why, didn't you know," cried Philip breathlessly, "she has left him? She is alone somewhere, for all we know, in want; think of it, and she too proud to——"

"Left her—husband?"

"If he was her husband I didn't know," he hurried on, as if afraid of the answer that would come; "I never heard, and I didn't like to ask."

She had seated herself on the pink satin beside him and caught his hands as she bent toward him to read his thoughts before he spoke.

"Did you hear they were not married?" she almost hissed at him.

"Why, yes, that is—" he looked away in his shame. "It was told about the village, but you know better, of course." He tried to laugh, then grew sober again. "How vile of them to whisper it, and it was vile of me to let even the taint of a fear into my mind."

But she did not answer him yes or no. Her eyes had grown preternaturally large, and there was a happiness in them as if she looked right into the gates of heaven. All the common expressions were gone from her face. One could read there now nothing but purity and sweetness, such as make up the substance of dreams of love.

"And he is alone. Oh! where is he? I must know. I must go to him. It cannot be true." The angelic look flitted, the exquisite drooping at the corners of her mouth was gone.

"If you have dared to lie to me." Philip was perfectly astonished at the sudden change in her face and voice. Her black eyes blazed ungovernable passion into his. The quick transition from the height of blissful hope to the depths of deep despair seemed to bear her over the line of humanity. "Tell me, have you lied to make a show of me?"

She trembled for an instant, like a wild creature before a spring, then she clutched with her hot supple fingers at his throat, magnificent as a tigress and in every motion a perfect, terrible grace. Philip threw her from him as he would some untamed animal; it was hard to remember her womanhood then.

She sat where he had left her, as if just awoke from a terrible nightmare, her fingers parted and curved and moved spasmodically as if she yet held him by the throat. Then she buried her face in the cushion in a flood of tears.

"I didn't know what I was doing," she sobbed. "Don't remember it," I was mad." She rose tremblingly to her feet and came forward covering her face with her hands. She might have been an abused child, so gentle and sweet she seemed now. She took down her hands from her face; what man could be so cold and hard as to stand against such eyes as hers looking through their tears.

But she was alone.

CHAPTER XIX.

A RADICAL.

"Oh, my God, my God, why couldn't I have waited?"

She tore the gold chain from her neck and cast it on the floor. Her husband had given it to her, and she hated him at this moment and the proud name he had put upon her. She had rather one smile of that other's than all these empty golden favors.

"I am sick of their soft ways and their lying tongues," she moaned; "why didn't I wait?" Jane Ellingsworth began to walk rapidly about the room, wrenching the great gold bands about her wrists, unconscious that she chafed and bruised the skin.

"I might have known God would not deny him to me, I wanted him so much. Oh, my love, my darling, I would have fought for you, I would have starved for you. It would have been sweet with you, and I could not wait one year. I might have known it would come, but I could not wait." She drove her nails into her flesh as she clasped them in her anguish. She panted for breath; her rich silk dress seemed to suffocate her, and the perfumed air was too heavy and dead; it seemed to strangle her.

"He is free; he would have opened his arms to me. He may be coming now to ask me to go with him. He could never have loved that cold, bloodless creature. Ah, how I could have loved him. I would have taught him that a woman can love."

She unclasped her hands and let them fall gently to her side, and her convulsed face took on a new, soft tenderness. "I would go with him," she murmured. "A hungry heart cannot feed on such things as these. Oh, he would not have me, a low creature has sold herself; he would not have me. would despise me; he would not even look me.

She fell back in one of the satin covered chairs she had bought with her husband's money, and cried and sobbed till the fountains dried up. It was then, while