

## SECOND CLASS TO EUSTON.

Continued.

"You can't take your canaries?"

"I can't—I can't, mavourneen; They must go to my sister. And, oh, my dear, dear young lady, if you have any pity for a poor foolish half-broken-hearted woman, you will promise—promise faithfully—to deliver them into her hands this evenin'. Here's her address—No. 25, Cook's Court, off Tottenham Court Road. It isn't three minutes' drive from the direction you're goin'—not three minutes, honey, I give ye my sacred word of honour. So you'll promise, won't you, to drive straight there before you go home or anything, and give them into her own hands? She'll be waiting on the steps to take them from you; for I'm just goin' to wire her a word when—when I recover the shock a bit. You promise? Heaven bless ye! Heaven bless ye! I'll never forget this to you, sweet child—never! And I know I can rely on you—I know I can. You'll not let them one instant out of your sight; you'll not get once out of the train till you arrive in London, or go larkin' with those horrid young men?"

"Mrs. O'Toole!"

"There, there—forgive me! You're not one of that sort, I saw at the first glance. But, oh, the dreadful responsibility of leaving ye like this, me child, after me promisin' your dear mother to see ye safe through—it's drivin' me half distracted, so it is!"

"Don't let it trouble you, please," I broke in, laughing. "I assure you I am perfectly well able to take care of myself, as well as your canaries, Mrs. O'Toole. Don't be in the least uneasy about us."

"I trust ye, I trust ye. No. 25 Cook's Court. Here's the paper; put it in your purse, love. That's right. Oh, dear, that dreadful whistle! It must be good-bye. Good-bye!" she cried huskily, gluing her lips to the rusty wires, and then, with a gesture of despair, depositing the cage in my lap. "Cover them up—cover them up with your rug; they won't miss me so soon!" she panted, running heavily alongside as the train moved slowly out of the station.

"In attending to her request I became aware that I was still wrapped in her shawl, and that my Maltese scarf, a valuable family heirloom, lay in the basket into which she had thrust it for safety when we left our carriage."

"I must not forget to tell the sister about it," I thought, with some dismay, "for aunt Cathy would never get over the loss of that lace. And the worst of it is, Mrs. O'Toole is not a person likely to estimate its worth, and may use or throw it aside carelessly. I wish I could telegraph to her; but unfortunately she didn't mention the ship that she was to sail in. I must trust to fate."

"The canaries gave me no trouble, and, as far as I could see, exhibited no particular emotion on discovering the absence of their mistress. Whether it was the paralysis of bereavement or not, they lay huddled together in a corner of the cage, shivering and not taking the least notice of my small attempts to comfort and enliven them."

"Presently I sank into a light, comfortless sleep, which must have lasted longer than I imagined, for, when I woke up with a start at Rugby, it was broad daylight; and the first object my startled gaze fell upon was the face of the man in the brown overcoat who had followed me out of the refreshment-room at Chester. He was leaning on the window, which was open, and staring calmly into the carriage. I turned from him indignantly and pulled up the window with a jerk; but he did not appear in the least discomfited."

"At the very next station he passed up and down before my carriage; and when at Willesden Junction two passengers got out, to my horror and disgust, he actually jumped in and took the vacant seat exactly opposite to mine. I drew myself back as far as I could, tucked my rug closely around me, so that not an inch of my property might be contaminated by his touch, and, opening a book, sat with downcast eyes and burning cheeks, not once daring to look up during the few miles that I thought would never come to an end. At last we reached Euston; but, before venturing to leave the carriage, I scanned the waiting crowd eagerly to see if I could espy my uncle. He was not visible however; and so, collecting my scattered property, I stepped on to the platform and bailed a passing porter; but he feigned not to see me, and moved on to attend to another passenger."

"I lingered a few minutes until the people were massed round the luggage vans at the end of the train; and then, being convinced that my uncle had not yet arrived, I moved away a few steps, when a hand closed sharply over mine that held the cage, and my persecutor whispered with unbearable insolence, his lips almost touching my ear—

"Pray allow me to assist you."

"I shook him off so violently that the poor birds fluttered in terror for five minutes afterwards, and hurried up to the luggage-van. My trunks were already on the platform, waiting to be claimed; so, getting them placed on a truck, I ordered the porter to engage a cab, determined not to give my uncle a moment's grace."

"A four-wheeler—did you hear me?" I said, with nervous impatience, for the womanly wretch was still by my side, and was actually helping the porter to adjust my luggage upon the truck, as if we were travelling together."

## HOW TO GET A "SUNLIGHT" PICTURE.

Send 25 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrapper bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner Than a Man") to Lever Bros., Ltd., 43 Scott St., Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising, and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market and it will only cost 1c. postage to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

"Put those trunks on a cab at once. What are you waiting for?" I demanded.

"But the gentleman says I'm to take them to the station-master's office," objected the man. "I don't know what to do, I'm sure, ma'am. Are the trunks yours or his?"

"Mine—mine! Of course they are mine!" I answered, raising my voice, which quivered with excitement. "This person is a total stranger to me. Will you ask one of the guards, please, to call a policeman, that I may give him into custody?"

"There is a detective from Scotland Yard at your elbow; pray make use of his services, madam," answered the gentleman, with a smile that made my blood boil; then, in a voice of impatient command—"Look sharp, porter; take those trunks to the station-master's office at once."

"And the next moment the truck was wheeled away under the wretch's escort, without another dissenting word from me, for his unparalleled audacity had struck me dumb for the moment. I turned mechanically to the man at my elbow, a low-sized individual with a red beard and a cunning good-humored face."

"Will you help me?" I cried, impulsively. "I am a girl, and quite alone. My uncle, Colonel Burton Clark, who was to have met me, has—"

"Hush, hush, my dear young lady!" he interrupted, with repulsive familiarity, laying two fat, grimy fingers on my arm. "Don't make a row about it, for it can do you no good. Make your mind easy; it's all square enough. I've the warrant to search you here safe in my pocket. 'It's all quite square, I assure you.'"

"A warrant to search me! To search me for what?" I demanded, dumbfounded.

"For Lady Frances Willoughby's diamonds, which were stolen from her dressing-case in an hotel in Dawson Street, Dublin, a fortnight ago. The gentleman who travelled with you from Chester is, you know, her ladyship's second son."

"It is a mistake—a most unwarrantable mistake!" I protested vehemently. "You must be mad, all of you! I am a lady, I tell you. I am Miss Eleanor Holmes—here's my mother's address in Dublin—and I am going to stay with my uncle, Colonel Burton Clark, who was to have met me here, and who will call Mr. Willoughby to severe account for this outrage on a defenceless girl. It is shameful—it is unparalleled!"

"So it is—so it is!" he assented, with soothing impertinence. "I am sure Colonel What's-his-name will make him smart for it when he comes. At the same time, it's no use taking on so, my dear. It's all a mistake that will be cleared up, I am sure. Well, Dawson, what do ye want?"—this is to a dark, sullen-looking man, whom I had also seen speaking to Mr. Willoughby. "Oh, ay—the keys! I'd forgotten about them. Yes, yes; I'm telling the young lady it's all a mistake we'll clear up in a jiffy for her. Now give me that bag, my dear, and that pretty little purse—calmly taking them from my paralysed hands and handing them to his confederate—that's the way to work—no fuss, no nonsense—there's a good girl!—and the bird-cage. Dawson, where's your manners, to let a lady carry a hobject like that about a public station? Fie, fie!"

"I darted away from them, and ran towards the street to see if there was any sign of my uncle; but, before I had reached the big station gates, I heard the odious little creature puffing by my side and jocularly reproaching me for my desertion of him."

"I waited for a few minutes; but, seeing no sign of my relative, I returned to the platform and bade my companion take me to the station-master's office."

"Shall I ever forget the scene that greeted me there? My trunks were both unpacked, and the chairs, tables, and floor were littered with their contents; my best bonnet was suspended from a dusty chandelier, my white tulle ball-dress, tenderly swathed by my dear mother in one of her finest linen sheets, was spread out on the floor, and kneeling beside it was the man Dawson, engaged in turning over the leaves of my album with damp, dirty fingers."

"The hero of this disagreeable occurrence was standing apart at one of the windows; and, when my wrathful eyes met his, he actually had the grace to look a little ashamed of himself, and began stammering something that might have been considered an attempt at an apology had I inclined myself to listen to him."

"Sir," I said, breaking in with a thrilling vibration of voice which I afterwards learned had a most crushing effect, "do not presume to speak to me. Any explanation of your conduct which you may find it expedient to give must be given to my uncle and guardian, who is at present in London, who, I know, will deeply resent and avenge the unpardonable insult offered to a defenceless girl who never offended you."

"Pausing momentarily for breath and for something even yet more annihilating to say, to my great joy I heard uncle Ned's voice, and, darting out, I threw myself into his arms."

"It was some time before he could make head or tail of my incoherent complaint; at last, leading me to a seat, he said impatiently—

"My dear child, one moment, or I shall believe that you have lost your head. You tell me you have been detained here at this station and your trunks examined by a brace of detectives for some diamonds stolen from a Lady Frances Willoughby in Dublin. Who the deuce is Lady Frances Willoughby, and what have you to do with her?"

"Nothing, nothing; I don't know her—have never seen the woman. My mother, I believe, knew her just a little when she was a girl. She

## CONSTIPATION CURED.

GENTLEMEN.—I suffered for a long time with constipation and tried many medicines without success. I then tried Burdock Blood Bitters and very soon had great relief, so I continued its use and am now completely cured. JOSEPH PHILLION, Quebec, Que.