## REDMOND O'DONNELL

LE CHASSEUR d'AFRIQUE.

OHAPTER XV .- CONTINUED.

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Sne looked up, aroused from her trance. "Send him in, by all means," she said. "Let us see how generous, Peter Dangerfield

Ho got up walked irresolutely to the door, can be." hesitated a moment—then came suddenly

hack. "And, Kathie," he said impetuously, "if you should fling his miserable dole back in his face, don't fear that you shall ever want a home. I have no daughters of my own come with me to Castleford, and brighten the life of two humdrum people. Come and be my daughter for the rest of your days."

He gave her no time to answer-he hurried away and rapped smartly at the library door. Peter Dangerfield's small, colorless

face looked out. "What is it?" he asked. "Am I to go upstairs ?" "You are," responded Mr. Mansfield, curt-

ly; "and as you deal with that poor child in her trouble, may the good, just God deal by von. I shall remain here and take her home with me to night if she will come.' Peter Dangerfield smiled-an evil and most

sinister smile.

"I think it extremely likely she will go, he said. "The two-story brick dwelling of Mr. Mansfield, the solicitor, will be rather an awkward change after the gayety and grander of Scarswood, but then-beggars mustn't bechoosers."

He walked straight upstairs, still with snile on his face-still with that exulting flow at his heart.

"You have had your day, my lady," he said, "and you walked over our heads with a ring and a clatter. You queened it right royally over ue, and now the wheel has turned, and my turn has come. There is not a slight, not a sneer, not an insult of yours, my haughty, uplifted Miss Dangerfield, that I do not re member-that I will not repay to-night."

He opened the door without ceremony, and walked in. The room was brightly lighted now; she had lit the clusters of wax tapers in the chandeliers, and stirred the fire into a brighter blaze. With its crimson and gold hangings and upholstery, its rich velvety carpets, its little gems of paintings, its carved and inlaid piano, its mirrors, its light, its warmth, and perfume, it looked, as he opened the door, a rich and glowing picture of color and beauty. And in the trailing black dress, and with her white, cold face, Katherine, the fallen queen of all this grandeur, stood and looked at him as he came in.

She had left her seat, and was leaning lightly against the mantle, her hands, hanging loosely, clasped before her. On those wasted hands rich rings flashed in the firelight, and on the left still gleamed Gaston Dantree's betrothal circlet, a heavy band of plain gold. It was the first thing Peter Dangerfield saw. He laughed slightly and pointed to it.

"You wear it still, then, my fair Cousin Katherine. And he will recover, Otis says. Well-who knows-you were madly in love with him when you were a baronet's daughter. He may prove faithful, and think better of jilling you when he recovers, and we may have a wedding after all. Let us hope so. He has used you badly-infernally, I may say, but then your angelic sex is ready to forgive the man they love seventy times seven." He took his place opposite her, and they looked each other straight in the eyes. It was the grave defiance of two duelists to the

death.

"Was that what you came here to say, Sir Peter Dangerfield?" "No, Katherine,—I wonder if your name really is Katherine, by the way; I must ask Mcs. Vavasor; I came here at old Munsfield's request to talk business and money matters. How nice it is for you, my dear, to have so many friends in the hour of your downfallthe Talbots, the Mansfields, and that heavy dragoon, de Vere, who will do anything under Heaven for you-well, except, perhaps, marry you. And you look like a queen uncrowned' to-night, my tall, stately Miss Dangerfield-not good-looking, you know, my dear -you never were that but majestic and dignified, and uplifted and all that sort of thing. An! how are the mighty fallen, indeed! Oaly a fortnight ago you stood here ruling it like a very princess, on my soul, monarch of all you surveyed; and now-there isn't a beggar on the streets of Castleford poorer

"She stood dead silent, looking at him. How his eyes gleamed-how glibly his venomous tongue ran. His little form actually seemed to dilate and grow tall in this hour of his triumph.

"And that other night," he went on; "do you remember it, Kathie? Oh, let me call you by the old familiar name to the last! That other night when I-a poor, pettifigging attorney, as I think I have heard Mr. Dantree call me-I had the presumption in the conservatory to ask you to be my wife It was presumptuous, and 1 richly deserved the rebuff I got for my pains; I deserved even to be called a 'rickety dwarf!' No one knows it better than I. You the beiress of Scarswood, and I not worth a rap. If I had been good-looking, even like that angelic Dantree, with a face and voice of a scraph; but ugly and a dwarf, and only an attorney withal, you served me precisely right, Katherine. You adored beauty, and Dantree was at your feet; you worshipped him, and he worshipped your-fortune; a very common story. What a pity the Fates did not make us both handsome instead of clever. What chance has brains against beauty-particularly in a woman? You served me right, Katherine, and, in return, 1 am to come before you tonight, and offer you three thousand poundsmine to give or keep as I please."

He paused, his whole face glowing with sardonic light. Hers never changed.

"Go on," she said, in a perfectly steady voice.

He came a step nearer. What did that strange demoniacal light in his eyes mean now? She saw it but she never flinched. "Katherine," he said, "I can do better for you than that. What is a pitiful three thou-

sand pounds to the late heiress of eight thousand per annum? I can do better for you, and I will. Why should you leave Scarswood at all-why not remain here as mistress still!

"Go on," she said again in the same steady tone.

"Need I speak more plainly?" He drew still another step nearer, and all the devil of hatred and malignity within him shone forth in the gleam of his eyes. "Then I will-it would be a pity for us to misunderstand one another in the least. Last September I asked you, the helress of Scarswood, to be my wife. You refused-more, you grossly insulted me. To-night I return good for evil -let us i rgive and forget. As lord and master of Scarswood, I offer you again a home here—this time not as wife, but as my

The atrocious word was spoken. His hate

and revenge had given him a diabolical courage to say what he never would have dared to say in cold blood. But at the last word he drew back. He was a coward to the core, and she had shown herself before now to have the furz of a very panther. And they were alone—she might murder him before he could reach the door. His first impulse was

flight; and she saw it. "Stop!" she cried, and he stood as still as though ne had been shot. "You coward! You cur!" No words can tell the concentrated scorn of her low, level voice. You have said it, and now hear me. This is your hour -mine will come. And here, before Heaven, by my dead father's memory, I swear to be revenged. Living, I shall pursue you to the very ends of the earth-dead, I will come back from the grave, if the dead can! For every word you have spoken to-light, you pay dearly-dearly! I have only one thing left to live for now, and that is my vengence on you. The fortune you have taken I will wrest from you yet-the shame, the misery, the disgrace that is mine, you shall feel in your turn. I swear it ! Look to yourself, Peter Dangerfield! Living, 1 will hunt you down-dead I will return and torment you! Now go."

She pointed to the door. It was the most theatrical thing imaginable. His courage rose again. She did not mean to spring upon him and strangle him then, after all. He laughed, a low, jeering laugh, with his hand on the door.

"Katherine,' he said, "do go on the stage. You'll be an ornament to the profession, and will turn an houest penny. That speech that attitude, that gesture, that tone were worthy the immortal Rachel herself. With the stage lamps, and an appropriate costume, a speech half so melo-dramatic would bring down the house. And if you die, you'll haunt me! Don't die, Kathie-you're too clever a woman to be lost to the world. And ghosts, my dear, went out of fashion with the Castle of Otranto and the Mysteries of Udolpho. Think over my proposal, my dear, and good-night."

He looked back at her once as she stood there, the leaping firelight full on her white face and black robe, and as he saw her then, he saw her sleeping or waking all the rest of his life. Then the door closed, and Kather- self forever in the unshine of prosperity, was ine was once more alone.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE hours of the evening wore on. Sir Peter Dangerfield had shut himself up in the lower rooms, on the watch, however, for any sound upstairs. He had had his revengehe had offered one of the proudest girls in England the most deadly insult a man can offer a woman. It was the hour of his triumph, but in the midst of all he felt strangely nervous and uneasy.

"Dead or alive I will have my revenge." The ominous words haunted him. In the mouths of other girls they would have been melo-dramatic and menningless, but Katherine Dangerfield was not like other girls. She meant them, and would move heaven and earth to compass her ends.

In her pretty, wax-lit, crimson hung room, Katherine stood, long and motionless, where he had left her. Her loosely clasped hands still hung before her, her darkly brooding eyes never left the fire. Her face kept its white, changeless calm—her lips were set in that hard, resolute, bitter line.

The sonorous clock over the stables striking eight awoke her at last from her trance. She started up, crossed the room, like one roused to a determined purpose, and rang the bell. Ninon came.

"I'm going out, Ninon-I am going to Castleford. It may be close upon midnight before I return, and the house will probably southern turret, and when I knock let me the woman she hated stood before her.

"But Mademoiselle," the girl cried; "to Castleford so late, and on foot, and alone! molest me. For the walk, I can do it in an | mind for ver. hour and a quarter. Do as I bid you, Ninon,

and say nothing to any one of my absence." She loved her impetuous young mistress, who scolded her vehemently one instant and made it up the next by a present of her best silk end by marrying a title. dress. She loved her, as all the servants in

the house did, and never so well as now. "If-if-oh! Mademoiselle Katherine, lonely, and coming home it will be so late. Mademoiselle, I beseech you! let me go too!"

"You foolish child—as if I cared for the lateness or the loneliness. It is only happy people weo have anything to fear. All that past for me. Go, Ninon, and do precisely as I tell you, if you are still so silly as to have any love left for such as I.2

The girl obeyed reluctantly, hovering aloof on the landing. In five minutes the door opened and Miss Dangerfield, wrapped in a velvet mantle, and wearing her little black velvet hat, appeared.

"You here still, Ninon! Do you know if Mr.—Sir Peter Dangerfield"—she set her lips hard as she spoke the name-"is anywhere in the passage below?"

"He is in the library, mademoiselle." "So much the better—we shall not meet | wine silk. then. Lock my door, Ninon, and keep the key until my return."

She glided down the stairs as she spoke, dark, and noiseless as a spirit. She met no one. Sir Peter was busy over papers, the servants were in their own quarters, the house was more silent than a tomb. Soitly she opened and closed the ponderous portico door, and flitted out into the night.

It was clear, and cold, and starlight—the moon had not yet arisen. In that light no one she met would be likely to recognise her. The January wind blew keen and cold, and she drew her fur-lined velvet closser about about her, and sped on with swift, light, elastic steps.

the lights of the town gleamed forth through the starry darkness she did not meet a soul. She had walked so rapidly that she was out of breath and in a glow of warmth. She slackened her pace now, making for a described back street, and pausing finally before the quiet, roomy, old-fashioned hostetry known as the Silver Rose.

"Does a lady named Mrs. Vavasor lodge here?"

The landlord of the Silver Rose started to his feet as the soft accent tell upon his ear. The next moment he was bowing low before the slender, black-robed figure and the two grave gray eyes.

The heroine of the day, the talk of the town the reputed daughter of the late Sir John Dangerfield, stood before him.

"Yes Miss Katherine, I really couldn't say, but I think it likely. She don't hoffen be hout heven as late as this. If you would please to come in and wait," looking at her

doubtfully and pausing. "If you will show me up to her room ! will wait," the young lady answered. "I must see her to-night. If you knew where she was you might send."

The landlord shook his head. "I don't know, Miss Dangerfield. St 10 goes hout very seldom and never stays lovag. This way, if you please."

stairs, and flung open a door on the l' auding above. "This be Mrs. Vavasor's sitti n'-room Take a seat by the fire, Miss Kather ine, and I

dessay she'll be halong soon." He went out and closed the door. Kalooked about her with a cer cain amount of curiosity in her face. The reom was furnished after the stereotype fast ion of such rooms. A few French novels F cattered about were the only things to bete ken the individuality of the occupant. The, door from the chamber opening from this ap partment stood ajar, and looking in with the same searching gaze something familiar caught the girl's eye at once.

The bed was un old-fashoned four-poster hung unwho'c comely with curtains. Beside this bed was a little table, scattered over with dog-eared novels, Parisienne fashion books, bonbonnieres hand-mirrors, and other womanly litter. In the centre stood an Indian box of rare beauty and workmauship. Katherine recognized it in a moment. It was one of hers, a farewell gift from a military friend when leaving India. She remembered how more than once Mrs. Vavasor had admired it among the other Indian treasures in her room, how all at once it vanished mysteriously, and now, here it was-Katherine's short upper lip curl-

ed scor fully.
"So," she said, "you are a thief, as well as an intriguante, an adventuress. You have stolen my box. Let us see to what use you have put poor little Ensign Brandon's gift,"

She walked deliberately into the sleepingroom and took up the casket. It closed and locked with a secret spring-she touched it and the lid flew back. It contained a slim packet of letters tied with ribbon, and an oldfashioned miniature painted in ivory, in a case of velvet ornamented with seed pearls.

In every nature there are depths of evil that come to light under the influence of adversity. Who is not virtuous, untemptedwho is not konorable, untried? The dark side of Katherine's nature that might have lain dormant and unsuspected even by herasserting itself now. She deliberately read the address on the letters. The paper was yellow with time, the ink faded, but the bold, firm, masculine hand was perfectly legible still. " Miss Harriet Lelacheur, 35 Rosemary Place, Kensington"—that was the address.

She turned from the letters, pressed the spring of the picture case, and looked at the portrait within. Like the letters, time had taded it, but the bold, masculine, boyish face smiled up at her with a brightness that even a score of years could not mar. It was the eager, handsome, beardless face of a youth in the first flush of manhood, with lips that smiled, and eyes that were alive.

"A brave, gentlemanly face, Katherine thought. "What could a man like this ever have to do with her? Is this the lover she spoke of, from whom my mother parted her? Are these letters from him? Was her name Harriet Lelacheur, instead of Harman? You may keep my Indian box, Mrs, Vavasor, and welcome, and I will keep its contents.

With the same steady deliberation she put the letters and picture in her pocket, and walked back into the other room. There was a hard light in her eyes, an expression on her face not pleasant to see. "On the road I am walking there is no

turning back. To accomplish the atm of my life I must do to others as I have been done Mrs. Vavasor and Peter Dangerfield shall find me an apt pupil. Ah-at last! here she is!"

She turned and faced the door. As she be shut up. Wait for me at the door in the did so, it was thrown impetuously open, and

It was Mrs. Vavasor's last "I don't mind the lateness-no one will ford-her last night; she had made up her

It was all over. The romance and revenge, and the triumph of her life were finish-The French girl knew her mistress too | ed and done. She had wrought out her venwell to disobey, but she lingered for a mo- | detta to the bitter end. Her price had been ment at the door, looking back wistfully, paid twice over. With twenty thousand pounds as her fortune, she would return to Paris, launch out into a life of splendor, and

"I am still young-still handsome-by gaslight," she mused, standing before the mirror, and surveying herself critically. "I am don't be angry, but if you would only let me one of those fortunate women who wear well go with you! The way is so long and so | and light up well. The French are right in saying you can't tell a woman from a guat by lamplight. With my twenty thousand pounds, my knowledge of this wicked world, my host of friends, what a life lies before me in my own delightful city of sunshine. Yes, to-morrow I will go; there is nothing to linger in this stupid, plodding country town for longer-unless-unless-it be to see her in her downfall."

She paced softly up and down the little sitting-room. The hour was early twilight, an hour Mrs. Vavasor hated. Hers were no tender twilight memories to come with the misty stars. Gaunt spectres of crime, and shame, and poverty haunted horribly the dark record that lay behind this woman. So the curtains were drawn, and the lamp lit, and the firelight flickered on the masses of braided black hair and the trailing robe of

"I should like to see her in the hour of her downfall," she repeated. "I should like to see her mother's daughter in the poverty and pain I have felt. And I shall one day, but not here. Somehow-I am neither superstitious nor a coward, but I feel half atraid to meet that girl. I can see her now as she came gliding forward in that ghostly way in her bridal dress, that face of white stone, and those wild, wide eyes. Ah! my lady! my lady! In the hour of your triumph how little you dreamed that my day would come too.

She walked softly up and down, a subtle and most evil smile on her dark small face. The striking of the little clock on the man-The walk was unspeakably lonely. Until | tel aroused her; it was eight, and she had an errand in Castleford before all the shops closed for the night.

She put on her bonnet, wrapped berself in a large fluffy shaw, and tripped away. She was barely in time to reach the station whither she was bound before the shopman locked his door. She bade him good-night in her sweetest toner, and walked homeward, glancing up at the great winter stars burning in the purple, bright sky.

"And Sir John is dead, and Sir Peter reigns! Sic transit gloria mundi! Poor little pitiful wretch! it was like wringing his very heart's blood to part with his beloved guineas to me yesterday. I wonder how he and my haughty Katherine, my queen uncrowned, get on together up at the great house, and I wonder how my handsome Gaston does this cold January night. Ugh!" She shivered under her furred wraps. She was a chilly little woman. "This beastly British climate! And to think I to think that but for me she would be far away in fair foreign lands by this time, enjoying her honeymoon, the bride of a man she adored! Yes-I may go; no revenge was ever more complete than mine."

She was singing softly to herself as she as-

cended the stairs. Everything had gone so well! She had had her vengeance and made her fortune at one clever throw, and after tonight a long vista of Parisian pleasures and Parisian life floated before her in a rosy mist. He had a candle aloft, and led the war g up-With the opera tune on her lips she opened her door and stood face to face with-Katherine Dangerfield.

She stood stock still. The song died on her lips, the sudden swift pallor that overspread her face showed through all the pearl therine stood in the centre of the room and powder she wore. She had said she was no coward, and she was not, but in this honr she stood afraid to the very core, to tace this girl she had wronged.

Katherine had arisen and stood behind her, and Katherine was the first to speak.
"Come in Mrs. Vavasor—the room is your

own. And you need not look such a picture of abject terror. I haven't come here to murder you-to-night." Her voice was perfectly clear, perfectly

steady. An angry sullenness came to the el-

der woman's relief. She came in, closed the door, and faced defiantly her foe. "This is a most unexpected pleasure, Miss Katherine Dangerfield. To what do I owe

"And as unwelcome as unexpected, Mrs. Vavasor, is it not? To what do you owe it? Well, there are women alive-or girls, if you will, for I am only a girl-who would have given you back death for less ruin than you have wrought me. Oh, yes, Mrs. Vavasor, I mean what I say—death! But I am not of that sort; I am one of the pacific kind, and I content myself by coming here and only asking a few questions I perceive there was no time to lose. I hear you leave Custleford

to morrow.
"I do." The widow's thin lips were shut in a hard, unpleasant line now, and her voice was sullen. "Permit me to add that I am in somewhat of a hurry, and that the hour is late. I must pack before I retire. I quit Castleford to-morrow by the very first train.

"Ah! Naturally, Castleford can't be a pleasant place for you to remain. You are not popular here at present, Mrs. Vavasor I will not detain you long. Of course it is at your own option whether you answer my questions or not."

"Of course. What can I do for you, Miss Dangerfield?"

She threw herself into a chair, stretched out her daintily booted feet to the fire, and looked across with the same defiant face at her enemy. And yet her heart misgave her. That colorless face, with its tense, set expression, its curious calm frightened her more than any words, any threats could have done.

Katherine turned her grave eyes from the fire, clasped her hands together on the little table between them, and leaned slightly forward as she spoke.

"Miss Dangerfield is not my name. You are the only one who knows. Will you tell me what it is?"

" No-decidedly." "That is one of the questions you will not answer. Here is another: Is my father alive:"

" He is." "My mother is dead-really dead?" "As dead as Queen Anne Miss Dangerfield. I suppose we may as well continue to call you so to the last, for convenience sake.

Your mother is dead-and, Katherine, you've been brought up a Christian, and all that, and you ought to know. Do you suppose the dead see what goes on in this reeling, rocking little globe of ours? Because if they do, I sincerely hope your late lamented maternal parent is looking down upon you and me at

this moment." "You are a good bater, Mrs. Vavasor. Now I should like to know what my mother ever did to you to inspire such deep, and bitter, and lasting hate. You hated her alive, you hate her dead, and you visit that hate, as bitter as ever, years and years after, upon her child. I don't blame you, mind; I don't say I would not do the same myself, under certain circumstances; only I am very curious

to know all about it." Mrs. Vavasor looked at her doubtfully. "You hate," she said, "and you talk to me like this-to me of all people alive. You hate-you who sit there so quietly, and speak like this after all the trouble and shame that would drive most girls mad. I don't think you know what hate means."

The shadow of a smile came over Katherine's face. She looked silently across at the determined. speaker for an instant, that slow, curious

smile her only answer. "We must discuss that," she said. "Per haps I came of a weak and pusillanianous race, and there is so much of the spaniel in my nature that I am ready to kiss the hand that hits hardest. Never mind me. Time is passing, Mrs. Vavasor; do one generous thing to your enemy at the last-tell her something more of her own story. You have had full and complete revenge-you can

afford to be magnanimous now." The perfect coolness of this unexpected address won its end. Mrs. Vavasor, plucky herself, admired pluck in others, and all women, good or bad, act on impulse.

"You are a cool hand," she said, with something of admiration in her tone, " and I may tell you this -you are of no weak or cowardly race; the blood that flows in your veins has been bitter, bad blood in its day. And you would like to know something more of your mother? Your mother ! " Her eyes turned thoughtfully upon the fire, her mind wandered back to the past. "I can see her standing before me as plainly as I used to see her twenty years ago, tall and stately. You are like her Katherine—the same graceful walk; the face at once proud-looking and plainlooking-the dress of black and orange, or purple or crimson—she had a passion bright colors, and the dark red flowers she used to wear in her hair. You are like her, and a little like your father, too: his way of smiling and speaking at times. You are most like him now as you sit there, so quiet, so deep, so resolute. Kstherine, you will make your way in the world, I think-women like you always do."

"Will you go on, Mrs. Vavasor? Once more, never mind me." Mrs. Vavasor laughed-all her airy, easy

selfagain.

"And you really are anxious like this to know why I hated-why I still hate your dead mother? Well. - I am in the humor to gratify you to-night-I have locked the past so closely up for such a length of time, that it is something of a relief and a pleasure to unlock it to-night. But to think I should tell it to you-to you! These things come about so queerly—life is all so queer—such a dizzy, whirling, merry-go-round, and we all jumping-jacks, who just dance as our strings are pulled. And they call us responsible beings, and they tell us we can shape our own lives Why look you. I might have been a good woman—a rich woman—a model British matron-sitting at the head of a husband's table-bringing up children in the way they should walk, going three times every Sunday to church, visiting the poor of the parish, distributing tracts and blankets at Ohristmas, and dying at last full of years, and good

works, and having my virtues inscribed in

stepped forward, interposed her want of authority, and lo! to-day, and for the past eighteen years, I have been a Bohamian houseless, friendless, penniless, and reputationless.
Now, listen—here is the story. No names, mind; no questions when I have done. All you are to know I will tell you. "Your father lives—you have hosts of relatives alive, for that matter, but I don't mean you shall ever see or know any of them."

She sank back in her chair, played with her watch-chain, looked at the fire, and told her

story in rapid words.

"Your mother was just my age when I first knew her-a little the elder, I think-and just married. She wasn't handsome, but somehow she was attractive-most people liked her-I did myself for a time. And she was a great heitess, she was the wife of the handsomest man in England, and she loved him-ah, well! as you loved poor Mr. Dantree, perhaps, and not much more wisely.

lived with her-never mind in what capacity; I lived with her, and knew more of her than any other human being alive, including her husband. Indeed after the honeymoon-and how he used to yawn and smoke during the honeymoon—he saw as little of her as possible. She was the woman he was married to, and the woman he loved was as beautiful as all the angels, and not worth a farthing. It's a very old state of things, Miss Dangerfield—nothing novel about it. Your mother was frantically jealous, and having the temper of a spoiled child, made his lor-I mean, made your father's life, a martyrdom, with endless tears and reproaches. When she sat sobbing sometimes, swelling her eyes, and reddening her nose, and looking very ugly. I used to pity her, and once I ventured to offer my humble sympathy, and call my-her husband a wretch Do you know how she received it? She jumped up and slapped my face."

"I am glad to hear it," Katherine said, with composure. "She served you right." "Ah! no doubt! You would have done the same, I am sure. Well, it was about that time the romance of my life began. Your mother's brother came from Ireland to make her a visit, and we met. He was only twenty; I was your age, seventeen. He was handsome and poor—your mother had got all the money, he all the beauty of the family, was—my modesty makes me hesitate to say it-considered pretty in those days-that is, in a certain gypsy style of prettiness. It was a style that suited him, at least, and we lookturned to Paradise, and we were among the blest.

"I don't need to tell you what followed, do 1 ?-- the meetings by chance, the appointments, the twilight walk, the moonlight rambles, the delicious blissful folly of it all? No need to tell you—your own experience is recent. Let me skip the sentimental and keep to hard facts. A month passed—court-ship progresses rapidly with two people of be insupportable. But how? Youths of twenty and girls of seventeen cannot marry clandestinely and yet legally in England, except under very great difficulties—under perjury, in fact. As deeply as he adored me, he was not prepared to perjure himself on my account. We must try a Scotch marriage for i-there was nothing else-and think about close upon midnight when the mistress the legality afterward. He was poor-I was poorer. What we were to live on after marriage was an unanswerable question We never tried to answer it --- we must be married first at all risks---time enough to think of all these prosaic details after.

"No one suspected our secret-his folly and my presumption, that is what they term-We had fixed the day of our flighted it. we had packed our portmanteaus-in less than a week we would be in Scotland, and A note of his to me fell into her the truth. told her all—of our flight in two days, of our proposed marriage-all.

"I have told you, Katherine, that you are like your mother. You are. You have taken all your troubles quietly, and made no outcry, no complaint. She took things quietly, too. Three hours after she got that note she came to me, quiet, composed, and

"Harriet," she said, 'I am going into the country for a day—only a day. Pack a few things and be ready to accompany me in an hour.'

"I stood confounded. He was away what would he say when he came back. But it was impossible for me to disobey, and then -only for a day. We would be back in time after all."

"For a day! Katherine, she never stopped until we were in Cornwall. She had an uncle a rector there; he and his wife lived in a lonesome old gray house on the sea-coast. It was late at night when the rambling stagecoach brought us to the door; and I was worn out with fatigue. I asked for some tea; my -your mother gave it to me graciously, with her own hand, a smile on her lips, and a sleeping potion in the cup.

"You must be tired, my poor Harrist," she said; 'and you didn't think we were coming all the way to Cornwall. No more did I, but I took a sudden fancy to pay the old place a flying visit."

"A flying visit?' I repeated wearily

Then you mean—' "'To return to town to-morrow, my dear child. Certainly you don't suppose I could exist here, and in the height of the London season too? But I think country air and solitude will do you good. Good night, Harriet you look sleepy; don't let me keep you awake.

"I remember her laughing as she went out. then my eyelids swayed and fell, and I slept the sleep of the drugged.

"The noon sunshine of the next day filled my room when I awoke. I was still lying back in my chair, dressed. I had not been to bed. My head ached, my eyes felt hot and heavy—I was unused to opium in any shape then, and its effects sickened me. I struggled wearily with memory. With a sharp pang I recollected it was the day fixed for my wedding day, and I was here alone, and he was-

"And she had done it all. The first glow of that fire of quenchless hate that has burned ever since kindled in my heart then. I went downstairs sullenly enough, and asked the rector's lady for my mist-for your mother. And the rector's lady-in the secret toolaughed in my face and told me she was gone. Gone! While I slept, she was far on her way back to town, and I was left behind, without a penny in my pocket, a prisoner in this stupid Cornish rectory.

"Katherine, I shall pass over that time. It is nearly twenty years ago, but to this day I can't look back without some of the frantic misery and pain I endured then. I was only seventeen, in love, and a fool; but the pain of fools is as hard to bear as the pain of wise men. I understood it all-I was never to see him again. She had found us out, and this letters of gold on a granite shaft. I might was her plot! I threw myself face downward have been all this, Miss Dangerfield, and I on the floor of my room, and lay there for on the floor of my room, and lay there for Also makers of Errs's CHOCOLATE ESSENCE

speaking. And then I got up and went downstairs and-kept silent, still,

"Two months passed away-two months A short time enough, as I reckon time now. an eternity then. My order of release came at the end of that time. Old Maskham the butler, was sent for me, and I was taken back to town. I asked him just one question of the road.

"" Where was young Mr——?" and I got the answer I looked for. Mr —— had joined the -th Rifles, and gone out to Canada a fort. night before.

and your mother and I met. She looked a little afraid of me in that first moment-and she had reason. "You must forgive my running away and

leaving you, Harriet, she said. It was a whim of mine, a practical joke, knowing how you hate the country, you child of London, It won't happen again, and I have hosts of presents for you that I know you will be charmed with. "I thanked her, and took the presents.

diculed her brother into the army, and out of England. I knew it all, and she knew teat I knew it, but we never spoke of it-never once-until the hour of her death. "There, Katherine! that is my story; that

Don't you think she deserved it?" "From you-yes," Ketherine answered

doubtless, and took the only means of saving her brother. Gentlemen and office:s don't, as a rule, marry their sisters' waiting maids." Mrs. Vavasor sprang to her feet. That

random arrow had sped home.
"It is false!" she gasped. "I was no wait

Mrs. Vavasor stood white, terrified, dumb, Good Heavens! What a fool she had been to

"You see I know your real name, among Gaston Dantree. I shall one day be avenged

Ninon sat up for her mistress. It was

"You have been a good gir!, Ninon," shi said, kindly, "to a very capricious mistress Thank you for all your patience, and good-

She went to her room, but not to sleep. It was disordered-she set it to rights. Her ed a few articles of dress and linen, a few

It came-rosy and golden, and touched the eastern windows into flame. Then she arose, and taking the portmanteau in her hand, went softly out down the stairs and along to that door in the turret by which she had gone out and came in last night. She closed it noiselessly-the household were not yet asti--and walked rapidly down the crisp, frozen avenue to the gates. The rising sun shot re lances through the brown boles of the tree gilded the many windows and turrets and tall chimneys of the old hall, making wonderfully bright and fair picture of early morning beauty, had she turned but to see. But she never once looked back.

Dr. Graves asked the question, blustering in like the god of the wind. A high gal roared without, a few feathery flakes floate past the windows in the stormey twiligh In the little sitting-room of the widow Otis cottage a bright fire burned cheerily, the red warm light streaming through the window

saken this leak January afternoon, on the very outskirts of Castleford, a tull quarter o a mile from any other habitation, and flanked on one side by a low, gray Methodist chapel set in the centre of a graveyard. The white and grey headstones glimmered athwart the wintery gloaming, now, like white and gray

Mrs. Otis, sitting placidly before her please ant fire, got up as Dr. Graves come noisily in Sne was the neatest of all little women, det up in a spotless dress of bombazine, a spot less white neckerchief and widow's cap, and a pale, placid, motherly face.

"Good evening, Dr. Graves. I thought was Henry. Come to the fire-bitterly col is it not, outside? My patient—well I don't see much improvement there, but Henry so he improves, and of course Henry knows best

spread himself out luxuriously to the blaze. "Where is Henry? I wanted to see him.

EPPS COCOA-GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING-By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion, and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Ma Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist any tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherevel there is a weak point. We may escape man, a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properi nourished frame."-Civil Service Gazette. 80 only in packets labelled-"JAMES Errs & Co. Homoopathic Chemists, London, England. wanted to be, but that dead mother of yours | twelve hours, neither moving, nor eating, nor | for afternoon use.

"I said no more. I went back to town;

took everything that was given to me, and bided my time. I knew, just as well as though she had told me, how she had laughed and no

is the secret of my hatred of your mother,

promptly; "at the same time I think she did exactly right. She knew what you were,

ing-maid—you knew nothing—" "It is true!" exclaimed Katherine, also tis-

ing. "You were a waiting-maid-and ] know all I desire to know at present. My mother was a lady, her brother was an officer in the-th Rifles, my father lives, and will recognize his old servant when he sees her. Harriet Lelacheur!"

speak at all to such a girl as this.

your many aliases. As I have found out that, ed at each other, and fell in love, and earth so I shall find out all the rest. As surely as we both live and stand here, I shall one day discover my father and punish you. I devote my life to that purpose—to finding out who I am, that I may be revenged on my enemies. On you, on Peter Dangerfield, on for all the bitter, cruel wrong you have done me. I am only a girl, alone in the world, without friends or money, but I shall keep my word. Secretly and in the dark as you twenty and seventeen. We were engaged have worked, so I shall work, and when my and we must be married at once, or life would time comes the mercy you have shown will be dealt back to you. Now, good-night, Mrs. Vavasor. We understand each other, I think.

She opened the door, looked back once darkly, menacingly, then it closed after her and she was gone.

reached Scarswood. But she felt no fatigue -some inward spirit, whether of good or evil sustained her. As she parted with the girl she laid two sovereigns in her hand.

night."

jewels -all -- lay in their velvet and ivon united as fast as Scottish marriage laws can caskets, her rich dresses hung in the wardunite, when all of a sudden my la-your mo- robe and closets, her bridal dress among ther's sharp, gray eyes were opened and saw them. She took a small portmantenu, pack hands and she opened it and read it. Not an her most cherished presents, one or two honorable thing to do-eh, Katherine? It hooks and souvenirs, closed and locked it Then, still dressed as she was, she sat down by the window and waited for the dawn.

CHAPPER XVII. "And how is your patient to-night, Mr Otis? Any change for the better yet?"

curtains far out upon the frost-bound road. A frost-bound and lonely road, utterly for

Take this chair—do, and try and thaw out." Dr. Graves took the cushioned rocker, and

(To be Continued.)