Emile Gaboriau.

Yes; innocent or guilty, Prosper must have been endowed with great self-control and dissimulation to wear this presence of mind at a time when his honor and future happiness, all that he held dear in life, were at stake. And he was only thirty years old.

Either from natural deference, or from the hope of gaining some light by a private conversation, the commissary determined to speak to the banker before acting de-cisively.

cisively.

"There is not a shadow of doubt, mon-sieur," he said, as soon as they were alone,
"this young man has robbed you. It
would be a gross neglect of duty if I did
not secure his person. The law will decide
whether he shall be released or sent to

This declaration seemed to distress the

He sunk into a chair, and muttered: "Be calm, monsieur," said the official;
"before the week ends justice will have collected sufficient proof to establish the guilt
of this unfortunate man, whom we may
now call in."

of this unfortunate man, whom we may now call in."

Prosper entered with lanferlot—whom they had much trouble to awaken—and with the most stolid indifference listened to the announcement of his arrest. In response, he calmly said:
"It swear that I am innocent."

He drew from his pocket a small key, which he laid on the table, and said:
"Here is the key of your safe, monsieur.
I hope for my sake that you will some day be convinced of my innocence; and I hope for your sake that the truth will not come too late. Before leaving I hand over the books, papers, and accounts necessary for my successor. I must at the same time inform you that, without speaking of the stolen sum, I leave a deficit in cash."

"A deficit!" thought the commissary; "thought the commissary thought the commissary that the commissary the commissary that the commissary that

in cash."
"A deficit!" thought the commissary;
"how, after this, can his guilt be doubted?
Before stealing the whole contents of the
safe, he has practiced by occasional small
thefts."

Before stealing the whole contents of the safe, he has practiced by occasional small thefts."

"A deficit!" said the detective to himself; "now, no doubt, the very innocence of this poor devil gives his conduct an appearance of great depravity; were he guilty, he would have replaced the first money by a portion of the second."

The grave importance of Prosper's statement was considerably diminished by the explanation he proceeded to make:

"There is a deficit of three thousand five hundred francs of my cash account, which has been disposed of in the following manner: two thousand taken by myself in advance of my salary; fifteen hundred advance of my salary; fifteen hundred advance of several of my fellow-clerks. This is the last day of the month; to-morrow the salaries will be paid, consequently—"

The commissionary interrupted him.

"Were you authorized to draw whenever you wished to advance the clerk's pay?"

"No; but I knew that M. Fauvel would

"No; but I knew that M. Fauvel would not have refused me permission to oblige my friends in the bank. What I did is done everywhere; I have simply followed my predecessor's example. predecessor's example.

The banker nodded. The police commissary shut up his portfolio, bowed to the banker, and said to Bertomy:

"Come!"

Prosper had put on his coat and hat cool-ly, and he left the room with the two re-presentatives of the law, while the banker sorrowfully regarded the departure.

CHAPTER IV.

NINA GIPSY.

NINA GIPSY.

It was Fanferlot's duty to take the prisoner to prison, but he asked his principal to let him proceed in another direction. He wanted to secure the note of Bertomy's which he knew to be in Cavaillon's charge. The easiest way was to arrest him, but he might refuse to betray who the "Gipsy" was, and, on second thoughts, the detective concluded to dog the envoy until he could catch him in the act of delivering the note. This was but play to the detective. Fanferlot waited a long time, but did not wax impatient; for he had often had to remain on watch entire days and nights at a time, with much less important objects in view than the present one. Besides, his mind was busily occupied in estimating the value of his discoveries, weighing his chances, and, like Alnaschar in the "Arabian Nighta," building the foundation of his fortune upon present success.

Finally, about one o'clock, he saw Cavaillon rise from his desk, change his coat, and take down his hat.

"Very good!" he exclaimed, "my man is coming out; I must keep my eyes skinned."

In another moment the clerk came forth,

is coming out; I must keep my eyes skinned."

In another moment the clerk came forth, and after a slight heatation in ciscosing the shortest route, he darged off at such a smart pace that the Squirrel had much to do to keep up with him. On reaching the Rue Chaptal, Cavaillon suddenly stopped, and entered the house numbered 39.

He had scarcely taken three steps up the narrow corridor when he felt a touch on his shoulder, and, turning abruptly, found himself face to face with Fanferlot. He recognized him at once, and turning kery pale, he looked around for means of escape.

He recognized him at once, and turning kery pale, he looked around for means of escape.

But the detective, anticipating the attempt, barred the passage-way. Cavaillon saw that he was fairly caught.

"What do you want with me?" he asked, in a voice tremuious with afright.

Fanferlob was distinguished for his exquisite snavity and unequaled urbanity. Even with his prisoners he was the perfection of courtesy, and never was known to handcuff a man without first obsequiously apologizing for being compelled to do so.
"You will be kind enough, my dear monsieur," he said, "to excuse the liberty I take; but I wished to say that M. Bertomy threw you a note this morning."

Cavaillon saw the folly of contradicting a man so well informed; so he said:
"It is true Prosper gave me a note this morning; but it was intended for me alone, and, after reading it, I tore it up, and threw the pieces libt the fire."

This might be the truth. Fanferlot feared so; but how could be assure himself of the fact? He remembered that the most palpable tricks often succeeded the best, and, trusting to his star, he said at hazard:
"Permitme to observe that this statement

and, trusting to his star, he said at nazard:
"Permit me to observe that this statement is not correct; the note was intrused to you to give to Gipsy. You not only preserved the note, but you came to this house for the purpose of giving it to Gipsy, and it is in your pocket now."
"No, monsieur, no?"
"Fanferiot paid no attention to this denial, but continued in his gentlest tone:
"And I am sure you will be kind enough

give it to me; believe me, nothing but e prist absolute necessity—"" "hever?" exclaimed Cavaillon; and, be-ving the moment favorable, he suddenly tempied to jerk his arm from under Fau-

ferlot's, and cacape.

But his efforts were vain; the detective's strength was equal to his suavity.

"Don't hurt yourself, young man," he said. "If you persist in being so obstinate, I shall call two poincemen, who will take you by each arm, and escort you to the complishers of policy.

not."

Cavaillon was devoted to Prosper, and

suddenly drew from his pocket-book the inlucky note, and gave it to the detective. Fanierlot trembled with pleasure as he infolded the paper; yet, faithful to his abits of fastidious politeness, before reading it, he bowed to Cavaillon, and said:

"You will permit me, will you not, moneture."

much as possible. My fire may depend on your effectives. Take with you five hundred francs which the transport of the hundred francs which the transport of the transport of the transport Heavy your address with Cavallion, who will ex-tin what I have not time to tell. Be hopful, attever happens, Good-by.

Had Cavaillon been less bewidered, he would have seen blank disappointment depicted on the detective's face after the perusal of the note.

Fanferlot had cherished the hope that he was about to possess a very important document, which would clearly prove the guilt or innocence of Prosper; whereas he had only seized a love-letter written by a man evidently more anxious about the welfare of the woman he loved than his own. Vainly did he puzzle over the letter, hop

ing to discover some hidden meaning; twist the words as he would, they proved nothing for or against the writer.

The word "everything" underlined could be interpreted in so many ways.

The detective, however, determined not

The detective, however, determined the to drop the matter here.

"This Madame Nine Gipsy is doubtless a friend of M. Bertomy?"

"She is his dearest friend."

"Ah, I understand; and she lives here?"

"You know it well enough, as you saw

"You know it well enough, as you saw me go in."
"I suspected it to be the house, mon-sieur; now tell me whether the apartments she occupies are taken in her name."
"No. Prosper's."
"Exactly; and which floor, if you please?"

please?"
"On the first."
During this colloquy, Fanferlot had folded up the note, and slipped it into his pocket.

ed up the note, and slipped it into his pocket.

"A thousand thanks, monsieur, for the information; and, in return, I will relieve you of the trouble of executing your commission. With your permission, I will my self take this note to Madame dippsy."

Cavaillon began to remonstrate; but Fanferlot cut him short by saying:

"I will also venture to give you a piece of advice. Return quietly to your business, and have nothing more to do with this affair."

"But Prosper is a good friend of mine, and has saved me from ruin more than once."

"But Prosper is a good friend of mine, and has saved me from ruin more than once."

"Only the more reason for your keeping quiet. You cannot be of the slightest assistance to him, and I can tell you that you may be of great injury. As you are known to be his devoted friend, of course your absence at this time will be remarked upon. Any steps that you take in this matter will receive the worst interpretation."

"Prosper is innocent, I am sure."

"Prosper is innocent, I am sure."

Fanferlot was of the same opinion, but he had no idea of betraying his private thoughts; and yet for the success of his investigations it was necessary to impress the importance of prudence and discretion upon the young man; he would have told; him to keep silent concerning what had passed between them, but he dared not.

"What you say may be true," he said. "I hope it is, for the sake of M. Bertomy, and on your own account, too; for, if he is guilty, you will certainly be very much annoyed, and perhaps suspected of complicity, as you are well known to be intimate with him."

Cavaillon was overcome.

him."

Cavaillon was overcome.

"Now, you had best take my advice,
monsieur, and return to your business, and
—Good-morning, monsieur."

The poor fellow had no sooner turned the
corner of the street, than Fanferlot entered

The poor fellow hat his Fanferlot entered No. 9, gave his name to the porter as Prosper Bertomy, went upstairs, and knocked at the first door he came to.

It was opened by a tiger dressed in the most fanciful livery.

"Is Madame Gipay at home?"

The groom hesitated; seeing this, Fanferlot showed his note, and said:
"M. Prosper told me to hand this note to

lot showed his note, and said:

"M. Prosper told me to hand this note to medam, and wait for an answer."

"Walk in:"

The name of Prosper had produced its probable effect. Fanierlot was ushered into a little room furnished in blue and go d silk damask. Heavy curtains darkened the windows, and hung in front of the doors.

"Our cashier was certainly well lodged," murmured the detective.

But he had no time to pursue his inventory. One of the door curtains was pushed aside, and Madame Nina Gipsy stood before him.

aside, and statume thin

Madame Gipsy was quite young, small,
and graceful, with dark complexion, and
tiny hands and feet.

Long curling silk lashes softened the
piercing brilliancy of her large black eyes;
her lips were full, and her teeth were very
white.

piereing brilliancy of her large base eyes, her lips were full, and her teeth were very white.

She wore a velvet dressing-wrapper, which did not conceat the lace ruffles beneath. But her hair was curled and frizzed high on her forehead, and confined by nurrow bands of red velvet; her black hair was rolled in an immense coil, and held by a beautiful gold comb.

She was ravishing. Her beauty was so startling that the dazzled detective was speechless with admiration.

"Well," he said to himself, as he remembered the noble, severe beauty of Madeleine, "our young gentleman certainly has good taste—very good taste—two perfect beauties."

While he thus reflected, perfectly bewildered, and wondering how he could begin the conversation. Madame Gipsy eyed him with the most disadnful surprisa; she was waiting for this shabby little man in a threadbare coat and greasy hat to explain his presence in her dainty parlot.

She had many creditors, and was recalling them, and wondering which one had dared to send this man & wips his dusty boots on her blue velvet expert.

A CORPSE IN A CHICKEN COOP

TURDER OF A BEITON WOMAN THE MICHIGAN SOO.

Found Buried In the Fowl House— She Had Been Murdered—Her Busband Arrested and the Evidence Is Com-

Arested and the Evidence Is Complete That He Committed the Crime,
BEETON, Dec. 30.—Word was received Friday from Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., that Mrs. Peter Pacoloni, mother of Mrs. W. Robinson of this place, and a former resident of Newson Robinson, had been murdered.

Mrs. Pacoloni had been missing since December 6, and yesterday her body was found buried in the chicken house. When dug up the body presented a ghastly appearance. Sand adhered to the face, heal and feet. Only the underelothes were on the body. The dress was missing. Over the right eye was a contusion, as if made by a blunt instrument. Not two feet from the burial place of Mrs. Pacoloni leaned the frozen carcass of a hog. Her husband has been arrested charged with her murder.

Pacoloni was the dead woman's third husband, the names of his predecessors being Thomas Walker and Archibald Morrison. Both of the latter were Sincee County farmers, and it was on the death of Morrison that the woman migrated twice before.

Mrs. Pacoloni was an Irish woman. Dur-

Morrison that the woman migrated to Michigan. Pacoloni had also been married twice before.

Mrs. Pacoloni was an Irish woman. Dur

Michigan. Pacoloni had also been married twice before.

Mrs. Pacoloni was an Irish woman. During the past 15 years she has been in constant quarrels with her husband, and it is a point at issue between her sons and those of Pacoloni as to who was the aggressor.

A Sault despatch says:

Nobody believes that Pacoloni murdered the woman deliberately. He probably struck her more violently than he intended, and finding that he had killed her tried desperately to hide all traces of his crime. Some allege that two of Pacoloni's relatives had a hand in the murder.

When informed last night by Prosecuting Attorney Hurst that his wife's body had been discovered, Peter Pacoloni received the news with astonishing coolness and said he did not believe it. He is a keen-eyed, shrewd-looking man of 58 years. When asked to tell what he knew of the terribic affair, he said:

"On the morning of Dec. 6 1 got up and went to the barn and left my wife in bed. I returned to the house in half an hour and found my wife curling her hair. Breakfast was ready and we ate together. Afterward she went out to milk, and I went to the barn sain. I returned to the house in half an hour and put the milk away. Then I went back to thebarn. This was about 8 o'clock. When I went back to the house, and I nave never seen her since."

The verdict of the coroner's iury was that the decessed came to her death at the hands of some person or persons unknown. The evidence produced at the inquest leads to the belief that Pacoloni is guilty of this terrible crime. The evidence is circumstantial, but the chain is complete.

Pacoloni's preliminary examination has been postponed until Jan. 2.

A BRUTAL ASSAULT.

That May End in Murder-Beaten in Hi Own House,

Own House.

ORANGEVILLE, Dec. 30.—John Wylie, a stome mason, was brutally assaulted in his town house in the East Ward on Monday night. Wylie, it appears, was alone in the house when a quarryman named John Penny, better known as "Scotty," entered. Penny helped himself to Wylie's lunch and a row ensued, in which Wylie was beaten into insensibility. He is now in a critical condition and his ante mortem statement was taken to-day by the crown attorney. Penny was arrested and is now in jail.

THE WILLIAMS MURDER.

THE WILLIAMS MURDER.

A Fearch of the Mouse and Vicinity
Maile Yesterday.

TORONTO, Dec. 30.—Government Detective Greer and High Constable
Hurst of Brampton yesterday paid
a visit to the house formerly occupied
by James Williams and his wife by
the Middle-road, Toronto township, and
thoroughly searchest the house, yards and
adjoining tearchest the house, yards and
adjoining the snow has entirely
if the nurderer left any instrument appeared,
which may have been used by him in killing
the old people. Their search was not rewarded with succes.

The Williams' horse and a leigh, which
formed so important a part in identifying
the accused parties, was taken from Brampton to the Moody farm yesterday, Moody
giving a bond of \$1000 that he would produce norse and autter at the trial at the
spring assizes.

A CUSTOMS OFFICER SUSPENDED.

Irregularities Discovered In the Barri-Office-Collector Grant Suspended.

Office—Collector Grant suspended.

Barrie, Dec. 30.—For the past few days an inspection of the books of the local customs official has been in progress and importers have also been summoned to testify to amounts of duties paid in specific instances. Irregularities have been discovered and Collector Grant has been suspended. It is alloged that the sums remitted do not agree with those received, the discrepancy in the case of one large importer amounting, it is said, to \$800. The total deficit is not yet known. There is likely to be a change, and on the strength of this probability some 15 candidates are out among their friends looking for support for the vacancy when it arrives.

Business of the Week.

New York, Dec. 30. -Bradstreet's today will say: General trade throughout the Dominion is at the customary low ebb, and not many travelers are on the road. Christmas trade has been disappointing, except in New Brunswick, where it has been the largest on record. Anticipated tariff changes at Ottawa tend to depress business. There are 1781 business failures reported from the Dominion and Newfoundiand in 1893, compared with 1882 in 1891, with liabilities amounting to \$55,509.000, about 50 per cent. more than in the year before, and assets \$7,389.000, a proportionate increase compared with the year before. Noteworthy increases in numbers of failures are found in the far Northwest, but in Nova Scotia there has been a decrease in number. Bank clearings at Hamilton, Toronto, Moutreal and Halifax amounted to \$13,539,000 last week, 13 per cent, less than in the week before and 5 per cent, less than in the week a year ago.

Socialist Incendigries Arrested. WARSAW, Dec. 30.—Over 100 Socialists and Polish Irristests have been arrested here on the charge of setting fire to the military storehouses. The storehouses are now closely guarded.

Cobblers on Strike. Cobblers on Strike.

BRUSSELS, Dec. 30. — Nearly all the shownakers employed in the large factories at Verviers, Province of Liege, and vicinity have gone on strike. The mes demanded an increase of 25 per cent. in their wages which the employers refused to grant.



BY SPECIAL ROYAL APPOINTMENT

Wash Day No Steam IN THE

House

NO HEAVY BOILER You Say:

BY USING



DON'T Let another wash-day go by without trying it. Going away to School?

If so, you should send for the new illustrated circulars of Rochester N.V.

Business University.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Makes the linir soft and glossy.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five lears, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty five years,"

—Win. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill,"
Newcastis, Wyo.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out.

"A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray. The first effects were most satisfactory, Occasional applications since have kept by hair thick and of a natural color."—

"H. E. Basham, McKinney, Texas.

Aver's Hair Vigor Restores hair after fevers.

"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. A. Collins, Dighton, Mass.

Aver's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from turning gray. "My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now its original color and full-ness."—B. Onkrupa, Cleveland, O. * pared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.





SHILOH'S VITALIZER. Mrs. T. S. Havrkins, Chattanoogs, Tonn, seys: Sidols Vitzlicor SAVID MT LIFE consider it that all results for additional ending fever used. To Dyspop a, Livor or Kidney trouble it excels. Friedvices.

Have you Contract Try this Remedy. 15 will portively release and Gure you. Price 50 cts. This Injector for it is uncessful treatment is furnished from the Proposition of the Injector Control of the

Sold by J. E. Richards. MAY WE SEND YOU FREE CATALOGUE
HARNESS F SADDLES It contains cuts, descriptions and prices. We have a larger trade in these goods than any other firm in Canada. We seel them in every lower than any local dealer can possibly give. We ship them with privilege of examination before paying for them. We have every style of harness, from dog, goat or pony to heavy and extra heavy, double and single; also gents, bury and addessessed at 18. Outrains THE SUPPLY OR., MAGRAR FALL, OWTRIB

UN-NERVED, TIRED CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE pleasant restorative and appetizer. Pure nd wholesome, it has stood the test of years. Prepared only by K. CAMPBELL & Co., cware of Imitations. Montkeal.



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re now prepared to supply Double or single Will pump m Never choke

In OR sprinkling law one of the forcing water from house to barn it has prices to the prices to the

AYLMER

A Merry Xmas

HAPPY NEW YEAR

We take pleasure in thanking the public for their liberal patronage the past year, and trust we may all live to exchange greetings many

We Would Ask

inspect our holiday Remember we have no cheap, trashy, flimsy toys, but something for young, for ing and old, that is attractive, useful and

SUBSTANTIAL

Don't buy until you have seen our stock a CANDIES, NUTS, FRUITS, ETC. We have selected with care, and to please you Once again asking you to call and see us, we beg to remain your faithful servants

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of our Ove Venetians,

order one of Beavers, V

LIVERY

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attended to promptly. Careful drivers furnish when required. Stables, one block west of the Brown Heur

Talbot Street, Aylmer

Note—A D McKenney, V S, will promptly arswer all calls, day or night, where veterinary attendance is required

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Of Abraham Dibbell, Deceased.

Pursuant to Sec. 36 of Chapter 100 of the Ret vised Statates of Onterio, 1857, notice is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of Abraham Dibbell, late of the Town of Barrow, in the County of Harrow, in the State of Wisconaio, no of the Onterior of the Town of Maryon, in the County of Disco, ear, on or before the lat day of Februar, 1800, are, on or before the lat day of Februar, 1800, are, on or before the lat day of Februar, 1800, are, on or before the lat day of Februar, 1800, are, on or before the lat day of Februar, 1800, are, on or before the lat day of Februar, 1800, are, on or before the lat day of Februar, 1800, are, on or before the lat day of Februar, 1800, are, on or before the lat day of Februar, 1800, are directly definition of the late of the State of the late of

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SO

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Hobson?"
(Mr. Hobson, the curate, had made

GOLD RING.

MILLER & BACKHOUSE.



King of Canadian Turf.

Will stand for a limited number of mares only, at his own stables, Aylmer, for the fall of 1893, and the season of 1894. Mares From Distance Pastured Free

Any cold dying at time of foaling, the mark may be returned free of charge.

TERMS: \$50 for the season, with return privilege.

One of Gold Ring's colts, a yearling, trotted a 4 mile on over the Windsor track this fall in 42 seconds. R. LEARN.

Proprietor

Cornedy of

Mrs. Farquhar was thirt than her husband. The fa pleasure te him, became offen: 2, and he quarrelled better reason. At least Nevill. his cousin; and so at all acquainted with the Old John Farquhar died and left his widow not one p. And her soc, young Johnaa ever was seen, a smart who had never offended hyear ago, and then only by tercession for his motherent who had never offended hyear ago, and then only by tercession for his motherent of the course on the course of the co

response."

Jessica obediently took a pen
"My dear Cousin," with a full
it.

response."
Jessica obediently took a pen
"My dear Cousin," with a full
if.
"What, my love, is the matter
ed her father.
Jessica threw down the pen it
to cry. Then it cameout.
"I don't want to marry John I
sobbed Jessica.
Mr. Nevill bit his iip impati
manded ressons, and Jessica
supremely hard to make them int
"I don't want to marry till I'r
twenty-eight papa. I shouldn't
were an old maid. I want to go
papa, and to be—to be cultured.
I want to be superior."
You must try to express your
clearly," said Mr. Nevill.
"Papa," said Jessica, who
moment had imprisoned her as
in her breast, and who the
loved her father dearly, was n
in the habit of talking to him
Lady Sterne was married at
and now she is so stout, an
much to do, and she always seems
of her husband, and so tired of ba
every one thinks her so stupid."
"You have not yet made your
clear, Jessica," said Mr. Nevill.
"I should much rather be like of
Snow, who is always so nicely dres
who reads so much, and writes
Sunday at Home, papa. I mean,
the good of marrying at all? cried
"And if ever I do get married, I
marry a—person—whom I esteen
worship." Here Jessica colored.
Mr. Nevill explained that she wa
liberty to worship John Farquhar,
she must not keep him ten years
for his money; an I then he advise
go on with her letter.
Jessica tried again. "But Joh
quhar seema quite an ordinary perso
and I don't suppose I shall find it t
possible to esteem and to worship h
"Then you had better love him
Mr. Nevill dryly—"that will do as
Jessica grew very pink. "P
could only esteem and worship and
here she blushed furiously—"to
one who was quite my ideal in every
way."

Mr. Nevill put on his spectacles at
de. "Jessica, are you thinking

way."
Mr. Nevill put on his spectacles at ed. "Jessica, are you thinking

(Mr. Hobson, the curate, had mad, den prosposal for Jessiea two month and had been declined with a few tea. "Papa, you know I hate Mr. Hob "I know nothing of the sort." sa father testily. "Are you thinking Edgar Lee?"

"Papa, Sir Edgar has never so m asked me, and I hate him worse eve Mr. Hobson."

"Of whom are you thinking?"

"I am not thinking of anyone."

"Excuse me, my dear. You callet your 'ideal,' I think."

"He isn't any one," murmured Jes

"Oh, a figment of fancy? Then I allow him to be a rival to John. A is of no importance."

"Oh, a figment of fancy? Then I allow him to be a rival to John. A is of no importance."

"Oh, papa, it is! it is! And, be you want to upset my whole life. I a one of those girls who are always to and imagining about "falling in low think all that is such nonsense. I wrigot to Girton as Flora Williams didlearn a great, great deal, and—and braible. Oh, I can't explain," ended Jessica, in despair.

"My dear," said Mr. Nevill, "fallitore is not nonsense. It is very seriespecially to women, who are judged of the post of the seach not about it at Girton, I think? That is chief reason for not sending you there. all this is irrelevant. You need not she question in the abstract. You an marry your cousin John, and the so you fall in love with him the betwrite your letter, my love."

Jessica could not make her tather un stand that he was trampling on linest sprouts of her delicate soul, submitted; and in the summer of Farqubar was to come to Nevill Loo make his betrothed bride's acquaence.

Now, it must be confessed, the you