

"No, no," murmured the old woman. "He shot me dead because I wouldn't give him my shilling. He robbed me."

"There's a shilling wrapped up in a bit of blue sugar paper in your pocket," said Dr. Carey. A sparkle of satisfaction shone upon the poor drawn face, and then Mrs. Duffy fell quietly asleep.

She was certainly somewhat better in the morning, and watching the people who were about her; her mind was clear, and she evidently knew her circumstance, where she was, and what had happened to her. Before noon Dr. Layard and Kate arrived; and Mrs. Duffy's sunken blue eyes brightened, yet filled with tears, as she looked up into their faces bending pityingly above her.

"Well, old friend," said Dr. Layard heartily, "you are better already. We are going to pull you through, you'll see, Carey and me. We know what a tough old lady you are. Carey used to play you some tricks in the old time, and now he'll make it up to you by pulling you through.—Won't you Carey?"

Kate had not seen him enter the ward, and now she sat down, feeling weak and tremulous, on a chair at Mrs. Duffy's head, keeping her eyes fixed upon the old woman's face. Dr. Carey's voice sounded oddly in her ears, as if he was speaking in very loud and strained tones.

"I am going to do my best," he said; "but you must keep yourself quite still now, Mrs. Duffy, and get up your strength to tell the magistrate your story. You are a brave old woman, and won't be afraid; and I'll tell them you never told a lie in your life."

Mrs. Duffy smiled, but did not speak. She had not spoken yet, but she stretched out her hand, and tried to turn towards Kate. Dr. Carey seemed to understand her meaning perfectly.

You want Dr. Layard's daughter to sit where you can see her?" he said. "You want her to stay with you?"

"Ay, ay," she answered. God bless her!"

It was Philip Carey who moved Kate's chair and placed it in a convenient position for old Mrs. Duffy to see her. She glanced at him once, but his eyes were downcast, and his aspect very solemn. He bade one of the nurses bring her a footstool, and then he and her father went away, and old Mrs. Duffy, smiling now and then, closed her eyes and seemed to fall into a doze.

It was a very quiet hour for Kate. The ward was a small one, containing only four beds, and no other patient in it. The nurses were busy, and had all gone away, leaving her alone. A wintry sunshine was through the farthest window upon the bare white walls. Her mind was strangely divided between Mrs. Duffy and Philip Carey, whose life was spent mostly within these walls. He had spoken so kindly, even affectionately, to this poor, friendless old woman, but he had not spoken a word to

her. How was it that he could be so fickle, so cruel towards her? What reason or motive could possibly have made him change his mind so suddenly and so dishonorably, and plunge her into so much wretchedness and perplexity? She could not bear to meet him, yet she would have to bear it, for her father was so fond of him. How proud and happy her father would have been in him as his son-in-law! It was too hard even to think of.—Perhaps she would even have the misery some day of seeing his wife, the girl who had supplanted her, and made her life a blank.

For Kate felt sure that it would be impossible for her even to love another man. No one else could be to her what Philip Carey had been.

The hour passed away, and there were several quiet sighs of excitement. Dr. Layard and Dr. Carey came in, felt the old woman's pulse, and gave her a cordial.

Kate was told that if she would be calm she had better remain where she was, as Mrs. Duffy held her hand closely, and wished her to stay.—Three or four strange gentlemen came in, and stood about the bed, while Mrs. Duffy, in very feeble tones, told her story; which was written down, word for word, from her lips. She had not much to say, and it was soon over.

"Could you identify the individual?" inquired the magistrate's clerk.

"Should you know the man again?" asked Dr. Carey, who was standing close to Kate, and near old Mrs. Duffy.

"Ay, to be sure," she answered, with more energy than she had displayed before.

He has been taken," said Dr. Layard; "that is, a man has been taken up, and we think it is the man. You must see him yourself."

The old woman shuddered, and grasped Kate's hand tightly. It might have been Dr. Carey's hand, for he seemed conscious of the close grasp, and answered to it.

"Come, come," he said encouragingly, "you never used to be a coward; and you have only to open your eyes, and look at him. You have plenty of friends about you, you know."

"He's a dreadful man," she said in a whisper; "but let him come."

[To be continued.]

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BAPTISM.

At Cornwalls, by the Rector, Rev. Fredk J. H. Axford, on St. Paul's Day, in sick room, privately, adults, Mrs. Lydia Ann Schofield, and her brother, Chas. Henry Vane.

MARRIED.

IRISH-CUKNINGHAM.—At Bayfield, in the Parish Church, by Rev. O. T. Easton, Frederick Irish, to Mary Cunningham, of Bayfield.

DIED.

WALES.—At Battle Creek, Michigan, Jan. 20th, Lucinda E. Wain, wife of F. T. Wales, formerly of Melbourne, P. Q., aged 60 years.

TEPHENSON.—Entered into the rest of Paradise, at the Rectory, Brockville, on Thursday, the 24th Jan., the Rev. F. Lloyd Stephenson, B.D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Brockville, aged 52 yrs.

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