

and hastened to the room. Once her astonishment was over, she proved a most efficient help, and I was carried to my bed.

The next day Frank and Mr. Eyreton had a long talk and explanation, which resulted in inquiries being set on foot about my relatives. This morning I was thought sufficiently strong to be made acquainted with their issue.

Wonderful! I can scarcely believe it! Is it possible that I—the little unknown girl whose obscure parentage has been the scorn of Frank's own people—is it possible that I am Mr. Eyreton's granddaughter, the child of his unhappy son?

Mrs. Norris has told me of the father's tardy repentance and unavailing efforts to trace the little orphan. It seems that Mr. Eyreton has suspected the truth since the day he met me in the hall below, and asked me about my relatives. Some scruple of feeling always stayed him from entering on the subject with me; but the conversation with Frank—who knows as much or as little of my people as I do myself—gave him the clue to the mystery and supplied the link that has always failed him in the chain of his researches.

My grandfather is quite changed. His love for me was born out of pity for my sorrows and loneliness even before he suspected my identity; now it knows no bounds. His old fancy for solitude and seclusion is gone; he is not happy save with me and my child. Frank says he was quite right about my "mission;" but I say it was the laddie's doing, not mine, for "grandfather" took to him first. More—Frank's own people are "coming round by degrees."

E. F.

[From the St. Paul Globe.]

The subject of human greatness was touched upon in a Sunday-School class, and the teacher aptly illustrated by reference to the President. Then she made the application. "Now, children, great as the President is, wise and all that, as much as he is loved and honored, there is one we should love and honor far above the President of this great country. Do you know who that is?" The teacher paused, solemnly and reverently, for an answer. And she got it. Not from one or two or three of the class. But in concert and instantaneously every little boy and girl shouted out, "Mrs. Cleveland."

A STAND-OFF.

[From the Alton Telegraph.]

Little Stuart had spent his first day at school.

"What did you learn?" was his auntie's question.

"Didn't learn anything." "Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do anything. There was a woman wanting to know how to spell 'cat' and I told her."

CONFUSING DARKNESS.

[From the Philadelphia North American.]

Tot, aged four, asked her mother if she might have an apple, and obtained the privilege of going to the barrel in the storeroom and taking "just one." She came back with two large apples.

"Why, Tot!" exclaimed her mother, "didn't mamma say you must take only one?"

"Well, mamma," said little Innocence, "it was so berry dart in zere, how tood me see to tate jes' one?"

CLASH OF IMPORTANT MATTERS.

[From the Providence Journal.]

A Boston gentleman came home the other evening rather late for dinner. He had had a very fatiguing day in his business, and was by no means in the most serene of tempers, and his spirits were by no means raised when he discovered that a water pipe had burst, and that it was necessary for him to go out at once to procure a plumber. As he was putting on his overcoat in the hall he heard the voice of his six-year-old daughter calling to him over the railing from the hall two stories above.

"Papa," she cried, "I want to see you."

"I am going out," he cried back, "and I am in a great hurry."

"But, papa," she persisted, "mayn't I ask you one question?"

"Yes, if you'll be quick."

"May I ask you two questions?"

"Yes, if you'll hurry. I'll answer them when I come back; but you musn't ask more than two."

"Well, papa," pursued the shrill tones from above, "I want to know how they make condensed milk, and how Christ did his miracles?"

The despairing father gave a groan and rushed out of the house to find the plumber.

CAST UPON HIS CARE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET OF ESTCOURT," "VERE LORRAINE,"
"HALF A TRUTH," ETC.

"I bear a vow of sinful kind, a vow for mournful cause;
I vowed it deep, I vowed it strong, the spirits laughed applause;
The spirits trailed along the plues low laughter like a breeze.
While, high atween their swinging tops, the stars appeared to freeze."

CHAPTER I.

ONE MORNING IN JANUARY.

"MURDER!"

"It looks like it. This way."

The policeman flashed the light of his bull's-eye up into the face and over the tall figure of his informant, a very handsome face, with clean-cut features and brilliant dark eyes—a slight, commanding figure, clothed in a richly-furred ulster, with collar up; a broad felt hat set low on the man's forehead; a gentleman—the policeman's ear had told him that by the voice—intonation—speech, before, in the snow and the darkness, he had seen more than a form, tall and erect, by his side.

How grim and dreary were time and place and season, for the words that fell a few seconds ago on the air—five a.m. of a January morning; a retired suburban road, the snow falling fast and thick—as it had been falling for hours. There was not a soul in sight, how should there be?—but these two—the policeman and the gentleman who had hailed him—not to ask him the way—as Robert imagined when he stopped, but to tell him there was the body of a man lying in one of the gardens in the next road.

"Is there a doctor hereabouts?" said the gentleman, as he turned back in the direction whence he had come, striding through the thick snow at a pace which put his companion on his mettle to keep up with him.

"There's a doctor at the top of Belinda Road, sir—Dr. Wescott."

"Which is Belinda Road?"

"Round the next corner, sir, to the left."

"That's where I found this poor fellow. I was on my way to the Queen's Hotel. I have been spending the evening with some friends, and passing one of these gardens," they were in Belinda Road now, "I caught sight of something dark lying on the path—" He paused, and shuddered, and went on, leaving the other sentence unfinished. "The man was quite dead—I could discover so much; but I'll fetch the doctor. Here we are."

The gate of the garden stood a little open; it was a small forecourt, such as is common to suburban villas, with a low stone wall, behind which grew laurels, now white with snow. The house, like the rest in the row, was a two-storied dwelling; on the gate-pillars were painted the figures "23" which the policeman read by the light of his lantern.

"It's Mrs. Frost's sir," he said, "she lets lodgings."

Even he—professionally callous though he was—spoke low, seeing that terrible something lying in the pathway, which the snow was fast shrouding in its soft mantle of white.

The two living men passed through the gate, and stood beside the dead man. His hat had fallen as he fell, and lay a few feet from him, almost buried under the snow. He was lying on his back, with his head towards the gate, his face up turned to the wintry sky.

The policeman stooped, and with his handkerchief brushed the snow from the dead face, then turned the light of his lantern full on it. The gentleman bent down suddenly, stifling an exclamation, and had the lantern-light been on his face instead of on those ghastly features below, the policeman might have noticed the flash of surprised recognition in the dark eyes—the quick compression of the lips that followed that look.

The dead man's face was calm and peaceful, the eyes closed, but the perfect rigidity of every line told that he had been some time dead. The features were strongly marked, and comely, though not handsome; the hair, a little tinged with gray; he wore no hair on his face; the man might be between forty and fifty; on his shirt front was a dark stain of blood, that told its own grim tale.

"He's been dead a good while, sir," said the policeman, in a subdued tone, after that brief inspection.

The other made no answer. Perhaps the terrible sight—for death when murder looms behind it has a terror all its own—had shaken him—strong man though he was; or perhaps that recognition—real or fancied—had moved him. He made a step towards the house; then paused.

"Best to rouse the house," he said, "and I will help you to carry the man in. Then I can fetch the doctor; though there's nothing he can do."

"No, sir, I'm afraid not."

He followed the gentleman in silence to the door, and the next moment the three loud knocks that always send a thrill of fear or apprehension through the hearer, suddenly aroused by the ominous summons, rang through the frosty air.