

(Continued from page 145.)

room, an' she sildim comes down here, an' how could I tell ye where she is?"

"My mother appeared satisfied with this rather ambiguous answer; and I went out the back way, as soon as possible. I met Frank; we got married; father and mother forgave us, when they found they could not unmarry us; and you know how happy we have been together. So," concluded Mrs. Sloper, "I advise Annie to black her face, and walk out of the house without any one recognising her."

"No," replied Miss Howson, decidedly, "I won't black my face to please anyone; but, I think I can manage without that, only I want you to help me. I want you to ask Julia and I to dine here to-day. To write a letter, I mean, so that I can show it to auntie, and prevent any suspicion. Then Harry can call for me about seven, and the four of us, you, Harry, Julia and I can go to Dr. Bellowhard, and there will be no more trouble; and Harry and I can take the train for Niagara to-night. In your note say 'come early,' and I will tell auntie to send the carriage for us at half-past nine, and you can give the coachman a note I will write to papa."

Mrs. Sloper immediately agreed to the plan, and wrote the required note which was shortly afterwards delivered at Mr. Howson's residence.

The doctor was duly notified of the plan and arrived at Mrs. Sloper's residence shortly after seven. He and the three ladies immediately proceeded to the residence of the Rev. Dr. Bellowhard and, in a few minutes, Dr. Griffith and Miss Howson were declared man and wife.

Mrs. Sloper and Julia left the newly married couple to proceed to the depot alone, and returned to Mrs. Sloper's residence to await the arrival of the carriage which would only have one occupant instead of two. Annie had written the letter to her father and entrusted it to Julia, but that young lady felt uncommonly uncomfortable as she drove home alone, thinking of the possibility of her father's anger descending on her own head.

The station was crowded when the doctor and his young wife arrived; but they met no one they recognised.

Tickets and a state-room in the Pullman had been previously secured, and no time was lost in reaching the car as the conductor's warning voice was already crying "All Aboard," and the last bell was ringing.

The doctor was assisting his wife up the steps of the car, when, a gentleman, running out very hastily struck her and almost threw her back into her husband's arms.

"Excuse me, miss," he exclaimed. "Pon my word, you know, I'm quite ashamed of my carelessness; can't see a yard before me without my glass, you know—why," he continued, after he had succeeded in fixing a diminutive eye-glass in his left eye and looked through it spy-glass fashion, "I declare it's Miss Howson; I'm awfully glad to see you, you know, and ever so sorry that I was awkward enough to run against you, don't you see. Are you going away, or only, like me, come to see some friends off?" and Mr. Theophilus Launcelot Polydor Johnson, took off his hat and bowed very low.

That fear about anybody being able to arrest her while running away, returned to the young bride now; but she felt braver with her husband by her side, and she answered promptly:

"My husband and I are about to start on our wedding trip to Niagara. Will you be kind enough to let me pass into the car, the train will start in a minute."

"Your who?" exclaimed Mr. Johnson in astonishment.

"My husband, Dr. Griffith. Please let me pass."

"Oh, certainly, pray excuse me." He got off the step and the doctor assisted his wife into the car. The two men glared at each other for a moment, but neither spoke. In another minute the train was steaming out of the depot and Mr. Johnson was left standing alone, gazing at the departing cars through his eye-glass, which was stuck so firmly in his left eye that it seemed as if it would never come out again.

"Here's a go, you know," he said after awhile, addressing nobody in particular, and still looking at the red light of the fleeting train; "it must be a go, don't you see, I can't make it out exactly; but I'll see about it."

He proceeded to see about it immediately by leaving the depot and walking towards St. James street.

SCENE V.

A GOOD MANY PEOPLE GET ASTONISHED.

Mr. Johnson stopped on the way and purchased a cigar; he was not a man capable of any great amount of very hard thinking, but he had

an idea that he always thought better while smoking than at any other time.

He felt pretty certain that he had just witnessed an elopement; but could not exactly make up his mind what action he ought to take in the matter. Altho' a fool he was a gentleman, and it seemed to him that it was scarcely fair that he, an admirer of Miss Howson's, should turn informer on her when she had shown so decided a preference for another as to marry him. And then he thought that if she was really married—which he did not doubt—it could be of no advantage to him to have the runaways stopped; but another consideration rose before him, and that was his duty to the "old boy," as he mentally termed Mr. Howson; and whether it should be honorable in him to keep the knowledge of Annie's elopement a secret from her father.

"It's an awful puzzle, you know," thought Mr. Johnson; "it's a brick wall I can't find a hole in to peep through, don't you see. I must ask somebody about it; perhaps, it would be as well to ask Gus, he is an awfully clever fellow

"I'm in a muddle, don't you see, and I want a bit of advice from you, you know."

"Well, go on; we can talk here just as well as in the street, and I want to go out with Frank and Charlie as soon as possible. No one can hear us here; what is it?"

Mr. Johnson told his adventure as briefly as possible, and the doubt he was in as to what he ought to do, and was very much astonished at Mr. Fowler's suddenly seizing him by the arm and pulling him back into the room they had just quitted.

"It is all right," shouted Mr. Fowler, greatly excited. "I know where the doctor is; he has eloped with Annie Howson, and they are on their way to Niagara Falls; Polly saw them at the depot, and Annie told him they were married and where they were going."

"What?" exclaimed both his hearers. "Eloped?"

"Yes," said Mr. Johnson, "that is, you know, they were going away together, don't you see, and Annie said she was married, you know, and



LILIAN.—SEE PAGE 146.

for getting himself and other people out of scrapes; and he might see a way out of this which I can't. Yes," he added, after a few contemplative puffs at his cigar which seemed to inspire him, "yes, I'll tell Gus, and hear what he says about it."

When Mr. Johnson reached Mr. Fowler's lodgings, he found that gentleman in close conference with Morton and Farron. They were talking very earnestly together when he entered the room, but stopped their conversation as soon as they saw him, so that a momentary pause ensued.

"Halloo, Polly!" exclaimed Mr. Fowler, breaking the silence, "how are you? Sit down and have a pipe. I'm ever so glad to see you."

Mr. Fowler, however, did not look at all glad; on the contrary he seemed annoyed, and looked very much as if he wished Mr. Johnson at the bottom of the Red Sea, in company with Pharaoh and all his host, or anywhere but where he was.

Mr. Johnson did not take the chair Mr. Fowler kicked towards him, but after speaking to Farron and bowing to Morton said, "Gus, I want to see you about some private business; can you come outside for five minutes?"

"All right," replied Mr. Fowler looking very much as if he thought it was all wrong; and taking his hat he moved towards the door, after saying to the others, "wait for me, I won't be long."

"What is the matter, old fellow," he said when they had gained the landing.

I am in a fix as to whether I ought to tell the 'old boy,' don't you see."

There was dead silence in the room for a few seconds, which was broken at last by Morton, but his voice sounded so hard and unnatural that Fowler and Farron involuntarily started as they heard it. He was trying hard to keep cool and hide his emotion, but his face was very pale, his eyes glared fiercely and his lips twitched convulsively as he spoke.

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Johnson," he said; "but as an old and trusted friend of Mr. Howson's I will save you the trouble of telling the 'old boy,' by informing him myself. I can't go down to the Police Station with you just now, boys," he continued to Fowler and Farron, "that matter must rest until to-morrow morning. I must see Mr. Howson at once. Give me my hat, boys."

He rose to go, and Fowler and Farron exchanged glances to know whether it would not be better for one or both of them to go with him, but before either of them had time to rise there was a knock at the door, and, in answer to Mr. Farron's cry "come in," Mr. Boggs entered the room.

"Good evening, gents all," he said giving a sort of general bow, "hi 'opes hi sees you well."

"Wait a moment, Charlie," called Mr. Fowler, as Morton moved toward the door, "I'm going out, and I'll walk a little way with you."

"Make haste, then; I feel as if I was on fire."

Mr. Fowler did not make quite so much haste, however, as was expected of him, for the

simple reason that he could not find his hat, which had fallen off when he dragged Mr. Johnson into the room, and was quietly reposing at the foot of the stairs while Mr. Fowler was searching under the bed, and in every likely and unlikely place for it.

"Hi 'ave got what you wanted, Mr. Farron," said Mr. Boggs, advancing into the room, and speaking confidentially, "hand hi's ha beauty."

"All right," replied Farron, who had lost all interest in hip bones for the present. "Call to-morrow and I will settle with you; I am busy now."

"Hall right, yer 'onor," replied Mr. Boggs, backing towards the door. "You'll find it a beauty, sir. Poor lady, so pretty-looking, too, hand she just 'ad a baby. The baby's there, too, has I thought hi might as well bring hit along."

"Where did you get it, Boggs?" inquired Mr. Fowler, who, after an unsuccessful dive under the bed for what he thought was his hat but found to be a boot, had just reappeared, looking very hot and gusty.

"Hat Longueuil, gents both."

"Longueuil!"

The word fell like an echo from the lips of both students at once, and they looked into each other's faces with an expression half astonishment, half fear.

"When?" asked Farron.

"Last night, gents both. Hi took hit hup to the college this morning, nice hand tidy done, hup has a sack of potatoes, hand I should 'ave come round sooner but my hold woman was took with a sickness which haddened one to the male population, and hi 'opes it will make 'er 'appy."

"Come on, Gus, what are you so long about?" said Morton, turning from the window where he had been standing gazing with a vague, far off look into the street.

"Don't be in a hurry, Charlie," said Farron. "Sit down a minute; there may be something of more importance to attend to than seeing Mr. Howson a few minutes sooner or later. This man was engaged by me to procure a subject; he tells me he has got a mother and a little baby from Longueuil; perhaps—"

He said no more, for Morton's face told him he understood all that 'perhaps' might mean.

"I see it, Frank," he said, after a pause. "I can satisfy all my doubts at once. Let me once look on this corpse, and if it proves to be a stranger it will tend to allay my anxiety; if it should be Mamie—"

He said no more, but a hard, stern look stole over his face and he clenched his hands until the nails almost pierced the flesh.

"Let us go," he exclaimed presently, "I am all on fire until I know the truth," and he took Farron's arm and left the room.

"Yes, let us go," echoed Mr. Fowler who had a misty sort of idea that the greater number of people went the better, and he clapped Mr. Johnson's hat on that astonished gentleman's head, and hurried him out of the room as hastily as he had a short while before ushered him into it. Indeed so great was Mr. Fowler's haste that he quite forgot he had no hat on, and would most undoubtedly have gone bareheaded had he not, fortunately, stumbled over the one he had dropped at the foot of the stairs.

"But, here, hold on, look here, old fellow, where are you going to, you know," said Mr. Johnson who, of course had not understood the dialogue about the body which Mr. Boggs had exhumed, "You can't go to Niagara to-night, don't you see?"

"Niagara! Who wants to go to Niagara?"

"Then where are you going?"

"To the college."

"No, thank you. I went into the dissecting room once with Frank, you know, and the fellows played tricks on me, don't you see; put a piece of liver in my pocket, pelted his of 'meat,' as they called it, at me, and gave me nasty bones to smell, you know. No, I don't like a dissecting room."

But his protest was unavailing, for Mr. Fowler had hurried him along so rapidly that they were already at the college and the four young men ascended the steps together.

Mr. Boggs did not leave quite so hastily. As soon as he was satisfied that they were out of the house, he went to the closet in which he remembered having seen Mr. Fowler deposit the black bottle on a former occasion; and, having found it, took a pretty good drink. He sighed, helped himself again, then replaced the bottle and glass, wiped his lips with his coat sleeve and said as he left the room,

"Hi know they'd 'ave hasked me hif they 'ad remained, for they know hi 'ave ha 'appy 'art, I wonder," he continued as he went down the street, "what it was has made them bolt off so suddenly? Hi 'opes has 'ow 'aint nothing wrong about my subject, has hit might 'urt the hold woman hif hi was took up. Hit his ha best time to worrit a woman when there 'as been hi hincrase to the census. Hi s'most wish hi 'adn't been hin this job; but hit's so 'andy to 'ave ha few hextra dollars when one 'expects hi hincrase that hi couldn't withstand the temptation."

He returned contemplatively to the stand and resumed control of his horse and cab, which had been cared for during his absence by a brother Jehu.

(To be continued.)

THE FAVORITE is printed and published by GEORGE E. DESBARATS, 1 Place d'Armes Hill, and 230 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Dominion of Canada.