Danesbury House.

CHAPTER XX.

HOPES AND FEAR—AN UNEXPECTED EVENT.

It was autumn weather, and unusually cold; but the glow of a cheerful fire diffused its pleasant warmth over a commodious bedchamber, and the gale outside was not felt within. A lady, young and fair, as they had been for the last half hour, as she were in a reverie; and it would seem that it was not a pleasant one, for a contraction of pain flitted, ever and anon, over her brow. It was Anna Danesbury, William's wife.

In the adjoining room, the door opened between them, sat a woman before another fire, nursing, an infant. It was three weeks old; and very precious was the little life to its mother, for she had not before had a child to live. Suddenly a visitor's knock resounded through the house, and the nurse arose, laid down the little bundle of flannel, and entered her misstress's chamber.

"Of course, ma'am, you will not see visitors this afternoon," said she, in a half-remonstrating, half authoritative tone. "You are not strong enough for it."

Mrs. William Danesbury cleared her brow and looked up. "I suppose not, nurse. And yet it seems to me that they could not do me much harm."

But instead of visitors, it proved to be Mrs. Philip Danesbury, who was scarcely regarded in the light of one. She had been away for same weeks with her niece, Miss Heber.

"Why did Mary not come with you?" demanded the invalid, as her aunt embraced her.

"Because I feared there might be too much chatting," replied Mrs. Philip. "I heard you were not so well as you might be. Mary will come and see you to-morrow. What has been the matter with you, my dear? Baby three weeks old, and you lying here?"

Anna did not answer at first. "I have had so much fever," she slowly said. "Aunt, I have wanted you at home."

"My dear, I did hope and intend to be back before your illness, but—"

"Not for that," interrupted Anna. "I did very well without you. Aunt," she repeated, in a whisper of emotion, her trembling hands seizing those of Mr. Philip Danesbury, "my husband is going all wrong. It is that which makes me ill."

"Is he worse?"

"A great deal. Some one or other is always calling to induce him to go out in the evening. Sometimes it is Laughton, sometimes it is Lionel—when Lionel is in a fit state to call for any one—sometimes it's others. Not one night since baby was born has he been in until the public-houses were closed; and almost always in a state that he can not come to my rome to my room to say 'Good-night.' Here I lay listening for him, waiting for him, unable to get to sleep, and when I hear him, he is not well enough to come and speak to me."

"I am truly grieved to hear this," exclaimed Mrs. Philip Danesbury. "But do not talk of it now, Anna."

"I must talk of it," she vehemently answered, while a burning, hectic spot appeared on her cheek. "Aunt, I have not spoken of it, and the silence is preying upon me; to tell you will be a relief."

"I thought William's resolutions were so good!" lamented Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

"He does make good resolutions, and sometimes he will keep them for ever so long. And then again he breaks out, and for several days will not be sober. Did you hear about the loss at the works, aunt?" she added, dropping her voice.

"No."

"It was all through William. Something in the making of the machinery. I do not understand it; for Mrs. Danesbury, who told me, did not enter into details—perhaps she did not know them herself—and I was too much annoyed to inquired. But it seems they had a great deal of valuable work in processs, and William went in one day in an incapable state, gave wrong orders, and it was spoiled. The loss was some hundreds of pounds."

"Poor Mr. Danesbury! poor Mr. Danesbury!" uttered Mrs. Philip. "What sons! When will his cares end!"

"William came home almost like a madman. He was sobered then, and knew the mischief he had caused. I never saw him so cut up, so full of sorrow. I inquired what was amiss, but he would not tell me."

"And I suppose he drank more to drown it."

"No, indeed, aunt. He did not touch a drop of anything for days afterward. He is full of good hopes and resolves, if he had but strength to keep them."

"Do you know how the poor old gentleman is, Anna."

"Much the same, I believe. He was here on Sunday and I could scarcely keep my eyes from him, he looks so broken with care; every time I see him it strikes me more forcibly. Mrs. Danesbury is ill now. You are aware, perhaps, that the influenza has broken out at Eastborough?"

"It was the first news one of the servants received us with when we reached home today. She said it was raging badly and two or three had died. I told her she was a Job's comforter, to give us that for welcome."

"Mrs. Danesbury was attacked with it some days ago," returned Anna, "and I hear she is very ill."

"She has never got over the shock of Robert's death last spring," observed Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

Anna clasped her hands together, as if her emotions were too much for her. "Aunt, when I think of Robert's fate, of Lionel's certain death—"

"Lionel is no better, I fear!" interrupted Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

"Better!" ejaculated Anna. "He can not live long as he goes on now; or, if he does live, he will become insane. Mr. Pratt says his brain is softening rapidly. When I dwell upon Lionel's state, upon Robert's dreadful death, and remember that William may come to the same, my senses seem as though they would desert me."

"Now do you know what?" exclaimed Mrs. Philip, in a peremptory tone we use to an offending child; "if you say another word upon this topic, I shall be gone. You are doing yourself incalculable harm."

"I am always dwelling upon it," was Anna's answer, "How can I help it?"

"You must try and help it. You will never get strong if you don't," replied Mrs. Philip; "nothing retards recovery so much as brooding ever ills, real and imaginary."

She was resolute not to permit it, and Anna, perforce, was silent, and presently dropped into a doze. Mrs. Philip took the opportunity to leave, telling the nurse to look in again in the evening.

William Danesbury came home at tea-time, and ran up to his wife's room. He was quite himself. He edged himself on to the sofa, and Anna drew his hand between hers, and held it there.

"Have tea in my room, William," she whispered. "Nurse will make it and send it in for us."

"If you like," he cheerily answered. "When do you mean to get out of this room, Anna?"

"Soon. But I am not quite as strong as I might be. As I should be if—I—"

"If what?" he said, leaning over her.

She drew his face down, so that it rested on hers, and whispered: "If I were not so anxious about you."

He could not pretend to misunderstand her, but he strove to turn it off with some disjointed, careless words—that he was all right, and meant to keep so.

"Oh, that you would, William!" she murmured. "If not for my sake, for"—she pulled aside her shawl and disclosed a little red face nestled to her—"this child's."

"Do not fear, Anna. I know the responsibility that is upon me. Nay, you must not cry. My dear wife, I will be all you wish me."

Thus, when himself, he was ever ready to say. A kind, loving husband, an attractive man was William Danesbury, so long as he kept his brain and mind clear.

Tea was over; the nurse had the baby in the other room, and William Danesbury was alone with his wife. He began to show symptoms of weariness; looked at his watch, pulled aside the curtain to gaze out at the night, walked about the room, and stirred the fire. His wife understood it all. She called him to her.

"William, you said, before tea, that you would be all you ought to be. Begin now do not go out to-night."

He did not answer.

"Oh, William, for my sake, for your own sake! If you do not make the first effort, you will never carry out your resolve. Begin at once. Do not go out to-night."

"Anna, I am sure it is not right for you to excite yourself like this."

"No, it is not; it is very bad for me. But how can I help it? If you would but stay with me this one evening!"

"Well, I will, Anna."

"You will! you mean it?" she eagerly asked.

"I will. I promise you."

"Oh, William! how happy you might make me!" she said, the anxious expression fading from her eyes. "See, my trouble is gone, and I am all at rest."

Scarcely had she so spoken, when a servant came in, and addressed her master.

"Mr. Laughton is waiting for you, sir."

Anna turned her large, yearning eyes upon him. The anxious look had come back again.

"Tell him—" began William to the servant. "Stay I will go and speak to him."

"No; send the message. William, send the message," she broke forth in terror.

"I will not go out, Anna. Have I promised?" he answered.

He went down stairs. Soon Anna heard the front door close on Mr. Laughton, and her husband came back again. She took his hand and held it, by way of thanks.

"How dull you must be lying here all day!" he exclaimed.

"I read a good deal, and that passes the time. I wish I could see by candle light to do so, but my eyes are not strong yet."

"Shall I read you something, Anna?"

"I was thinking how much I should like to hear something read. But perhaps you will not like to read that."

"Yes, I will. What is it?"

"A chapter in the Bible," she said, in a low tone.

William smiled. "I suppose you think that is not much in my line. It is more in Arthur's. I do believe he reads the Bible night and morning."

"As you will sometime, William, I hope."

"Well, I will to-night," he said. "Where shall I find a Bible?"

She pointed to her own on the dressing table, and he brought it forward. "Which chapter?" he asked.

She opened the book at the third chapter of Revelation. William Danesbury read it reverently. To him it was especially applicable; he felt it to be so, and knew why his wife had chosen it.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels.

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God, and I will write upon him my new name.

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit down with me in my throne; even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne."

Those three verses were especially applicable. Would he overcome?

"William," she murmured, "we all have something to overcome ere we can inherit; all, all. Christ himself asks, 'Even as I also overcame.' 'Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth.' William, those promises were not made for nothing."

William Danesbury was closing the book again, when the same servant appeared and called him out. He went downstairs. Anna wondered, for she had not heard any one come to the house; but her attention had been occupied with other things. Immediately she caught the sound as of more than one going out, and the front door closed, and her husband did not return. She rang the bell, and her maid came up.

"Is Mr. Danesbury gone out?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Gone out!" she could not help repeating.

"With Mr. Lionel," added the servant. "Master said I was to tell you, if you inquired, that he should not be long."

Her heart sickened within her. What! in the very face of his promise to the contrary; in the very echo of that warning chapter! Could he not "overcome for that one night! She buried her aching head on the sofa pillow, and moaned aloud in her fullness of despair.

When Mrs. Philip Danesbury entered, which she did soon afterward, she found her flushed, harassed, and excited. "Not to stop in for this one night!" she reiterated. "After promising me! It is of no use hoping, aunt; he is a lost man."

Two hours passed away, and William did not come in. Mrs. Philip was unwilling to leave her, she was so restless. Too ill to sit up, she yet would not go to bed. The nurse came in and exerted her eloquence, and went away again in a temper, when she found it of no effect. Suddenly, they heard the church-bell toll out.

"There's the passing-bell!" exclaimed Anna. "I wonder who is gone. Somebody is released from a world of care and suffering." And she sighed so painfully, that it almost seemed to intimate a regret that she was not released.

"It's somebody of consequence, whoever it is," cried the nurse, having returned to make her comments, "or they would not trouble themselves to ring it out so late as this."

Another half hour, and then William Danesbury entered. They heard him come in and go into the parlor.

"There!" exclaimed Anna to her aunt, "you hear? He does not come upstairs; that will tell you how he is."

"I will go down and see," said Mrs. Philip.

William was leaning over the fire when she entered, his elbow resting on the mantelpiece. His face looked pale and sad; not, Mrs. Philip thought, as does that of a man in drink.

"Aunt, how do you do? I heard you were back. I am glad you came in; Anna is lonely alone."

Neither was his tone, neither was the expression of his eyes like that of a man in drink. Mrs. Philip looked keenly, and felt convinced that he was sober.

"Anna has been worrying herself much at your staying out," she said to him. "She is in so excited a state, thinking you have now come in from the—the public-houses."

"No," he sighed, "I have come from a very different scene. Of course you have not heard the tidings!"

"What tidings? We have heard nothing."

"Mrs. Danesbury is dead."

Mrs. Philip was shocked and startled. "Mrs. Danesbury dead!" she uttered, after a pause.

"Lionel came here, and said his mother was dying, and begged me to go to her without a moment's delay, for she had asked for me," resumed William. "I thought I should soon be home again, and I did not like to tell Anna the cause of my going out, lest it should alarm her."

"Then the passing-bell was for Mrs. Danesbury! What can have caused her sudden death?"

"She has died from this influenza that is going about," was William's answer. "She has been evidently sinking ever since Robert's death, and when this disease attacked her she had no stamina wherewith to struggle against it. A physician was telegraphed for from town this morning at five o'clock, and was here by ten, but he could do her no good. Poor thing! she was sensible, and took leave of us all. Aunt," he added, lowering his voice, "she asked me to pardon her for having forced me to drink wine and beer in my childhood."

"William! Did she? She is another gone to her grave wishing that her life could be lived over again; that she might reject the evil and choose the good."

"She held my hand and Arthur's, and begged us to forgive past unkindness. But the parting with Lionel—it was grievous to see."

"Robert and Lionel have sent her to her grave between them," impressively resumed Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

"Lionel is saying so. I took him home and left him there in a state of excitement that you can scarcely imagine. Crying one minute, talking the next; and, should he fly to drink in the midst of it, he will evidently bring on another of those dangerous attacks."

"William," spoke up Mrs. Philip, "all this ought to tell upon you as a warning. Will you not accept it?"

"Yes, I will."

"How does your father bear this loss?"

"Calmly. He has experienced too much sorrow for anything to affect him greatly now. My father will not be long after her," he added, with a sigh.

"Drink! drink! the evils of indulging in strong drink!" aspirated Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

William passed by the remark without observation. "May we tell Anna?" he asked. "Or will it excite her injuriously?"

"Tell her—oh, yes. Her fears and excitement all tend to one point, William."

He knew what that was.

Reader! how the close approach of death changes us! Mrs. Philip Danesbury did not suspect how literally near the truth she was, when she said that Mrs Danesbury had gone to her grave wishing that her life could be lived out again, that she might reject the evil and choose the good. It was a strangely impressive scene that William had come from, one which might suffice for a whole life's lesson; Mrs. Danesbury lay on her bed, a dying woman; Lionel close to her, the others dispersed round her, husband, Arthur and William, and Mr. Pratt; the physician had returned to town again from his fruitless mission. Mrs. Danesbury had repented; her days had been one scene of bitter repentance ever since the death of Robert; but remorse she never could put away from her; she could not recall the evil done. If she had made her peace with God, so far as she herself went, she could not make it for the lost Robert; she could not make it for Lionel. She took William's hand in hers: "Forgive me, as I have asked God to forgive me, for having forced you to drink wine and beer in your childhood," she gasped. "William, be you warned while there is yet time; and put them from you. Do not let me have another lost soul upon my hands! It seems I would give my own soul if God would but grant me my existence over again, that I might bring up my children to strive for life everlasting. I brought them up for this world, not for the next; and I ruined them for both. Oh, Lionel, if I could but take your sins upon me, and bear them now before my Maker!

She spoke truth. She had ruined her sons, and they, in their turn had sent her to her grave.

There was a deplorable scene enacted when she was being placed in it. Lionel was in a wretchedly nervous condition, and obliged to take brandy ere he could venture to the funeral. As the mourners stood around the grave, Mr. Danesbury at their head, and the coffin was being lowered into it. Lionel seized one of the cords, and broke into a burst of sobbing and wailing. The coffin fell into the vault, and but for Arthur's firm grasp, who stood next him, he would have flung himself upon it. Lionel had to be surrounded and taken away ere the service could be concluded; and that night, for the first time in his life he was secured in a strait-waistcoat.

All this acted as a warning to William Danesbury, and he strove to master his baneful passion. For some time he kept sober. He stayed in-doors in the evening, refused to join any loose friends, meaning those who were lovers of excess, and took only ale with his meals. He seemed quite resolved to put temptation from him. But one Sunday—Anna had been down-stairs some time then—the wine was on the table after dinner, and he finished nearly a bottle of port. He rose from his seat, and was about to decant another, when his wife glided up to him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"William, do not."

He looked at her, looked at the wine; and then, with an irresolute, unwilling gesture, he put the bottle back again upon the sideboard. There it remained; but ever and anon his eyes turned restlessly to it, as if they were fascinated.

Later in the evening, when Anna retired for the night, the struggle came to an end. He drew the cork, drank the whole of the wine, and then drew the cork of a bottle of brandy. At one o'clock in the morning he stumbled up to bed, as—as I hope you and I shall never stumble up.

CHAPTER XXI.

ANOTHER DEATH-BED.

One evening in November, about two months after Mrs. Danesbury's death, William was on his way to Danesbury House. His road lay through the town. Eastborough had much increased of late years, especially in the matter of public-houses and beer-shops. For one that used to be in the place, three might be counted now. The chief object of attraction, however, lay in a shadowy gin palace. A gin palace in the very heart of the long street, with a new stuccoed front, and illuminated lamps; and mirrors, and gas, and gilding inside, the very model of those which the reader has had the pleasure of visiting in London. The other shops, and there was no lack of them, had not yet got into the fashion of glare and glitter; but some adventurous spirits had hit upon the scheme of opening one on the meretricious principle, and so attractive was the novelty found, that it was crowded night and day.

William Danesbury passed, with an effort, these various houses of entertainment; really with an effort, for sounds of revelry, mingled with the jingling of glasses, came from them pleasantly on his ear, and in one room, where the blind was still undrawn, his eye caught sight of a goodly company. The temptation to enter, and m[illegible] one was very strong on William Danesbury then, but he resisted it and strode rapidly on. How strong it was, how the temptation, backed by the evil one, was pulling at his heart-strings, he alone could tell; but he did not tell how he resisted it. In passing Lionel's cottage he saw an old lady standing at the door. He stopped.

"If you want Mrs. Danesbury," she cried out before he could speak, "she gone out for the doctor. And I am keeping the door for her, and am afraid for my very life."

"Is Lionel ill?" inquired William, guessing who she was.

"He's in the strangest way I ever saw," continued the old lady, "but, thank goodness, I have never been with such as him; he's fancying he sees cats, and dogs, and devils. He has not been sober, I hear, since his mother died, two months ago; not to say sober for a day. The night before last he was dragged home by two men, his head hanging down, and his face purple and crimson. They threw him on the bed and there he lay, like a clod, for seventeen hours! Beast!"

At that moment Lionel's wife hastened up. And then the old lady, her grandmother, who had come from her farm to stop a few days in Eastborough, found that the gentleman was Mr. William Danesbury, and she had been calling his brother "beast" to his face.

"Well, he is one," was her mental comment.

"I have been for Mr. Pratt, sir," Katherine said to William. "He is out; but they will send him when he returns."

She looked ill, thin, haggard. And no wonder; for beside the anxiety, the harrassing life she led with her husband, besides the sleepless nights, and she was often up all night long, she suffered from positive want of food. Lionel's habits raway [illegible] with the weekly pound, and for s[illegible] together she had only dry bread to [illegible] mixed feeling of shame, pride, and [illegible] for Lionel prevented her telling of this; otherwise her mother would not have suffered her to want. Mr. Danesbury partly suspected it, though not to its extent [illegible] many an extra half crown, beyond [illegible] weekly allowance, did he slip into her hand, unsuspected by Lionel. Ah! there was not many like good Mr. Danesbury. Ah, bad bargain had Katherine Bing in marrying his son.

It was thought, at the time of the inquest, that Lionel Danesbury would take read a lesson from his brother's awful death, and cast away the vice which had led Robert on to it. He did not. And yet, poor infatuated man! the sight of that ghastly corpse, with its crimson gash, was never absent from his mind's eye. In the sunlight of day and in the gloom of midnight it was ever before him; and he knew that he must take warning by it, if he would avoid sinful death. And yet he did not. And since his mother's loss he had been even worse than before.

"Lionel is ill again!" observed William.

"Very ill," answered Katherine. "Will you come up, sir, and see him?"

He followed her upstairs. Lionel was in the bedroom, in his night-shirt and boots, striding about and looking wild and haggard. William saw what dreadful disorder was upon him again.

"I want my clothes," said Lionel. "She has got them." She had hidden the boots.

"I did not dare to leave them in his way," whispered Katherine to William. "He would have been out, and over the town. Last night, at 11 o'clock, he stole out, and I was till 3 in the morning looking for him in all the rain. I found him at last on the bridge wet through. I told grandmother to be sure and keep his boots from him, but I suppose she got afraid."

Lionel had fixed his gaze on the wall of the room, the pupils of his eyes dilating, and horror struggling into his countenance. He slowly backed from it as far as possible, and cowered against the opposite wall.

"Look there!" he shivered to William.

"What?"

"See how black she is! That cat has been there twice before. Drive her away. Oh, William, drive her away."

His voice had risen to a piteous scream. William went to the spot that appeared to excite his terror. "There is nothing here, Lionel; see"—kicking his feet against the wainscotting—"nothing at all. I will remove the chair. There. You see there's nothing."

Lionel's excited eyes were wandering round the room, under the bed, on the bed, along the walls, on the ceiling, just as if they were following the progress of some object.

"Lionel, you would be better in bed," cried his brother. "Come, get in; and I will go again and see after Pratt."

William laid hold on him. A peculiar tremor was running through all his limbs, the precursor of what was coming.

"Yes—yes"—speaking in a wandering, abstracted tone—"yes, I'll get into bed; and you get Pratt here." But instead of approaching the bed, he drew further from it. William gently pulled him forward. Lionel suddenly stopped dead.

"There she is!" he whispered. "On the bed. Look! She has got spots on her coat now."

"Nonsense," said William, "there's nothing; you know it, Lionel. If you—"

With a spring Lionel eluded William's grasp, and rushed to the foot of the stairs. The old lady, who had stood on them, afraid to venture further, set up a shrill scream, and dropped down them as if she had been shot. This arrested Lionel. But for that circumstance he would probably have been in the street just as he was, before they could catch him. William drew him back toward the bed

"I can't," he piteously said. "She's got inside, and some more with her. See how thick their tails are. There's one hanging out now. They are the imps, and the devils will be here presently."

"Come along," said William, cheerily; "I'll drive them all away for you."

Katharine turned the bed-clothes down to the very bottom of the bed, and patted it with her hands. "You see," she said to her husband, "it is all your fancy."

He touched the bed himself, and looked wildly about the room again. And just then the surgeon came in.

"What is the matter here?" asked Mr. Pratt. "I have just met old Grandmother Ducksworth flying down the street, as if she were flying for her life, afraid of stopping here, she said. "Ill again!"

"More cats sir, and other things," interposed Lionel's wife. "He is afraid now they are in the bed."

"Keep them away from me, Pratt, will you?" gasped Lionel.

"To be sure. Get into bed, and I'll see about it. Hello! boots in bed! That will never do. Let me have those; we will send them after the cats."

Quiet as a lamb under Mr. Pratt's experienced eye, Lionel suffered his boots to be taken from him, and lay down in bed. The doctor administered some medicine to him, then tucked him up, and told him to be quiet and to sleep. As they were leaving the room, William looked back. There sat Lionel upright in bed, ready to spring out.

"I can't stop here," he shivered. "They are coming again. Don't leave me."

"No," he answered, "I am going to stay with you. Lie down, and I will sit here upon the bed. The cats will not come where I am."

Mr. Pratt and William Danesbury went down stairs, the former carrying the boots. "I have told his wife never to let him have his boots in these attacks," he observed. "She knows they must be kept from him."

"Lionel found them, I believe while she was gone for you."

"Not one [illegible]ten of these poor madmen will start out without their boots," remarked Mr. Pratt; "but let them put on their boots, and they'll watch an opportunity to be off, even if they be stark naked. Poor woman! she has a dreadful life with him. And this is going to be a bad attack."

"Do you fear so?" asked William.

"Ay. He has been drinking awfully lately. It will be worse than any he has had. His wife must have some men in the house, for before morning he will be outrageous. Mr. William, I will not answer for it that he shall get over this. I did not think he would the last time, when his mother died, you know. I'll look in at George Groats," added Mr. Pratt, "and send up the men that were here before, if they are to be had."

"I will stay until some one comes," said William.

"Do so. It is not right that his wife should be left alone."

Quiet did Lionel lie while Mr. Pratt was in the house, but the moment he heard the door close on him, he was troublesome again. Who are more cunning than they? Katharine called out, and William ran up.

"I want my boots, William."

"Presently. What for?"

"Oh, they are round me, and I can't stop here. I must go out."

"Where to?"

"I—I want to see my father. Get my boots."

"Very well. Presently," and down sat William.

Later, when the requisite help arrived, three men, William took his departure. These repeated attacks were a heavy expense, which of course fell upon Mr. Danesbury. When William entered Danesbury House, Arthur was sitting alone.

"Where is my father?" he asked.

"He is gone to bed ill," was Arthur's reply. "I do not think he will be here many weeks, William. If he is no better in the morning, I shall call Pratt in. He would not have him to-night.

"I have just been with Pratt at Lionel's," returned William, "He has got another attack. The old gentleman has sent three men in, so he anticipates mischief."

"Ah. I heard of his being carried home, unable to walk, the night before last."

"And last night he stole out, and his wife was for four hours looking for him, in the rain, and found him at last on the bridge. What a life for her!" uttered Arthur. "Pratt says he may not get over it. It will be the death of his mother," exclaimed Arthur.

William sat a little while, and then his brother accompanied him to the door; and stood looking after him in the night. "William," he said, laying his hand upon his shoulder with impressive nature, "Go straight home."

"I will. I intend to." And instead of passing by the public-houses, as he had done in coming, Danesbury had latterly done, he hurried home to himself and to all and everything. The news came. The news came in the morning next day that Lionel was dangerously ill. His aunt, Mrs. Philip Danesbury, went to see him, and returned to her comfortless chamber.

The news he had been raked out of his bed for the patient could not bear the [illegible], tossed off the bed, was [illegible]. Two men sat in the room, [illegible] that when they should be [illegible] third was outside. More [illegible] had he had, more than one [illegible] disease, and now it was [illegible] for the last time. He lay [illegible] eyes rolling wildly; cloths [illegible] were covering his head; [illegible] fever of delirium was raging.

[illegible] you be told the name of the [illegible] sticken down with? Asked [illegible] hospitals, to the debtors' [illegible] prisons, what diseases [illegible] most frequently to grap[illegible] the miserable class who [illegible] her care; and they will tell [illegible] rarely appears, save in [illegible] ing themselves to death—[illegible]!

[illegible] one of his quiet intervals [illegible] his whole frame, his legs, [illegible] his hands, shook to such [illegible] very floor of the room was [illegible] certains, heaped up atop [illegible] might not obstruct [illegible] like the leaves of trees.' [illegible] disease; may we never [illegible] who are near and dear to [illegible] Philip Danesbury was awe[illegible] membered his once healthy [illegible] ual qualities, and she [illegible] was—the dying sinner. [illegible] and took his hand, but an [illegible] or came over her at the [illegible] natural motion, which no [illegible] or mitigate, and she drop[illegible]

[illegible] know me, Lionel. It is, [illegible]

[illegible] have been coming round to [illegible] red, in a loud, important [illegible] poor head turned incessantly [illegible] de, "millions of them, [illegible] you know; ugly grinning devils; [illegible] green, and purple. Tap! [illegible] the knocking! There's one; [illegible] he is; and there's— Be off!" he [illegible] staring wildly at the foot of the [illegible]

[illegible]tt, who was present, took hold of [illegible] and presently wrung [illegible] vinegar basin, and exclaimed [illegible] his head. Lionel was [illegible] he raised his hand and [illegible] his forehead. "Ah! so [illegible] said, and when he turned [illegible] Danesbury, looking [illegible] speaking in a tone [illegible]

[illegible] know that William [illegible] great loss at the works. [illegible] to a street row, and they [illegible] here, covered with wounds [illegible] an awful sight. A great [illegible] However, he is dead."

"Pon [illegible] how! what was his brain [illegible]

"Yes [illegible] ever heard such a row," [illegible] all so collectedly and ra[illegible] Philip Danesbury was [illegible] led, and a stranger wo[illegible] he was relating something [illegible] witnessed. "The sounds [illegible] did not sleep for them. [illegible] dread whisper, "he lo[illegible] did. There! there again, [illegible] the devils," he cried, [illegible] at little one is the wor[illegible] See he grins! Hark! kdock [illegible] they have been at it a[illegible] There's in red; he's a fresh [illegible] are all wding here, one upon th[illegible] One, two—three—ten, twenty—fifty [illegible] a knock! there's thousands! [illegible]

He s[illegible] ed for the space of a mi[illegible] perfect[illegible] till, and then stealth[illegible] down bed; and, with a s[illegible] sudden[illegible] the attendants were [illegible] pared [illegible] bolt upright on it, t[illegible] madma[illegible]

Quit[illegible] thought they were upon [illegible] three [illegible] nd Dr. Pratt, but the [illegible] of the [illegible] iacs is almost supernatu[illegible] was a f[illegible] l struggle, a fearful sig[illegible] unhapp[illegible] reature raving, struggling [illegible] fighting [illegible] h his opponents, his [illegible] night [illegible] disordered, and the [illegible] cloths f[illegible] ng about his head and [illegible] he sho[illegible] master! — and there [illegible] seemed [illegible] doubt of it. All d[illegible] weapon[illegible] ors, knives, even the f[illegible] had bee[illegible] moved, and the wind[illegible] been fa[illegible] d down.

Mrs. [illegible] ip Danesbury hastened [illegible] scend th[illegible] irs. Katharine, ill and [illegible] rial, placed a[illegible] r for her.

"Wha[illegible] he mean when he spoke of his brother'[illegible] ving been killed?" she asked, "Has an[illegible] ng happened to him?"

"Oh, n[illegible] a'am. William was h[illegible] this morning. [illegible] y poor husband has be[illegible] going on like th[illegible] ll night, his mind wa[illegible] ering from one [illegible] ct to another. It alwa[illegible] does in these a[illegible] ks."

Mrs. P[illegible] wished Katherine good-day, and left t[illegible] house, a conviction resting on her mind [illegible] t she had seen Lionel or the last time.

That d[illegible] passed, and the night, and in the course [illegible] he next day they had to strap him down [illegible] his bed. Now would [illegible] an interval of [illegible] ness, not rest; and now, one of outrage[illegible] madness. The phantoms and shapes, a[illegible] haracteristics of the malady, haunted [illegible] brain incessantly, and his words were [illegible] inful to the watchers around him. This [illegible] ease had hovered over him a long time, [illegible] t usually does over those it finally ma[illegible] its victims, breaking out, every now [illegible] then, into fierce attacks, like the pre[illegible] t. And in the long nights, the terrib[illegible] mornings, these "devils," as they appear[illegible] to be to his disordered mind, had seemed [illegible] glide into his chamber in countless n[illegible] bers, knocking at the furniture, the wa[illegible] the floor, the bedstead, all mocking an[illegible] ibing at him; now darting about the roo[illegible] now becoming invisible, and now reappea[illegible] g in every kind of horrible kind of shap[illegible] nd form, and as we, who have lived a [illegible] e of sanity and peace, can form no conce[illegible] ion of.

Most men [illegible] ho have given themselves recklessly up[illegible] to intemperance know that this disease w[illegible] creep, or is creeping upon them, that it [illegible] ill probably be their end; and yet they [illegible] nnot bring themselves to abandon the c[illegible] ses which are inducing its approach. Lio[illegible] l knew it. Faint hopes, half formed re[illegible] ves arose, that in time he would thrust fr[illegible] m him this insidious vice, and embrace [illegible] rightness and peace. In time, take you[illegible] otice; not at the present moment; at so[illegible] future one. Many a day had he awoke t[illegible] ntense suffering of body, to physical de[illegible] ession almost unbearable; but those pains [illegible] ers as nothing compared with his mind's [illegible] anguish; for he had not been brought up [illegible] heathen, and the dread consciousness of [illegible] world to come shone out in strong, fiery, s[illegible] arlet colors. Marvel not that the illusion [illegible] devils, and other frightful phantoms, at[illegible] cked Lionel Dane[illegible] y.

(To be Continued.)

How to Cure All Skin Diseases.

Simply apply "SWAINE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. [illegible] tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions [illegible] face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the [illegible] clear, white and healthy. Its great [illegible] ing and curative powers are possessed [illegible] to other remedy. Ask your druggist [illegible] SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. Lyman, Sons & [illegible] Montreal, wholesale agents.

"German Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

You don't wait till Burglars come before buying a revolver—Then don't Wait till Sickness comes before buying a bottle of PERRY DAVIS'

PAIN KILLER

you may need it in the night for Diphtheria—Cold—Tooth-ache—Neuralgia or ACCIDENTS.

Buy a bottle NOW 25¢

CAUTION!

EACH FLU[illegible] OF THE MYRTLE [illegible] NAVY

BE MARK[illegible]

T. & [illegible] B.

IN BRONZE L[illegible] LETTERS.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

SURE CURE PERRIN'S COUGHS and Colds SOLD BY ALL

[illegible] DRUGGISTS TRY THEM

MONEY LO[illegible]

On real estate and notes; also [illegible] furniture, pianos, horses [illegible] kinds of chattels.

J. & J. R. M[illegible]

DUNDAS STREET, LONDON. [illegible] insurance agen[illegible]

W. Ch[illegible]

BUT[illegible]

Fresh and Salt Meats, [illegible] Goods delivered it[illegible]

269 DUND[illegible]

[illegible] Chapman, [illegible] R. S[illegible]

[illegible]AS STREET.