

IN THE FACE OF HER ANCESTORS.

By ELEANOR H. PORTER.

(Continued.)

March upstairs and dictate to an unknown violinist what he should play? "After all, this Mr. Thomas was an old man, and doubtless somewhat childish. He meant it for a compliment—if he thought of it at all. In his last was doubtful! Very slowly Miss Priscilla walked back to her chair and sat down.

It came to be a regular thing after that for Miss Priscilla's piano selections of the late afternoon to be repeated on the violin in the early evening. At first it troubled the little lady very much, but gradually she dismissed it as an old man's whim—a way of telling her that he had appreciated her. Before long she found herself using much care and discrimination in her selections, and awaiting with some impatience the reaction of the young man, when she purposely selected a little-known melody, and found herself gleefully wondering what he would do now, that she suddenly realized where she stood.

Miss Priscilla was inexpressibly shocked. She—a Hunter? Yet how easily she had fallen into this thing! He could see—it would be some time before he heard that piano again.

"Ustains a lonely man waiting in vain for his 'theme,' as he called the 'Auld Lang Syne's' that floated up to him from the floor below. He had come to watch with delight for these themes. It gratified him to think that he was pleasing the old ears below with the favorite melodies of a bygone youth. After the sixth silent twilight hour he bestirred himself.

"The poor old soul must be sick," he soliloquized; and forthwith went out and bought a basket of grapes and a dozen red roses.

To Betty he said: "They're for the old lady, Betty, with my compliments."

"The old lady?" Betty's forehead was puzzled frown.

"To be sure! The one who so kindly sent me my tea, you know. She's sick, I'm afraid. She hasn't played a note for a week. . . . Well! This is response to the look which had come to Betty's face.

"Nothing, sir," said Betty, as she led down the stairs, the basket bumping against the balusters, and the roses nodding over her shoulder to the puzzled man behind her. In the third-floor front a minute later she faced dismay, consternation, and a pair of cheeks that vied with the roses themselves.

"But, Betty, I can't take these!" cried Miss Priscilla.

"No, ma'am," said Betty.

"You must carry them back."

"Yes, ma'am," Betty did not stir. There was a long pause. Miss Priscilla's eyes were on the roses. She touched the great velvet petals, first with her fingers, then with her hot cheeks. Twice she held them out—and twice she drew them back for one more sniff of sweetness.

Betty gave a gentle sniff.

"He'll feel bad, ma'am," she began tentatively. "He said as how you'd made him tea when he was sick."

to trust her own daughter to his care. She reiterated it again and again—there was no impropriety whatever in Miss Priscilla accepting his protection to and from the hall. After all, it was not as she if he were invited by him, and expecting to sit with him. And it was such a fine concert—such a pity to lose it!

When Mrs. Saunders had gone Miss Priscilla dared not raise her eyes once to portraits. In Mr. Saunders' presence to say this "yes." Out of her presence it seemed a very simple, proper thing. It was a fearsome thing indeed. Yet Miss Priscilla's word was given, and Hunters did not break their word.

Miss Priscilla was ready for the concert just sixty-eight minutes before the time, yet she spent all of those sixty-eight minutes in a state of going over what she had done by way of preparation. In the end her knees shook so that she could scarcely make her way down the two flights of stairs to the parlor, the appointed place of meeting. As she entered the room she was conscious that Mrs. Saunders distinctly murmured two names, and then hurried away with a hasty word about "bread to sponge."

It was Miss Priscilla, who first came back to conventionalities.

"I beg your pardon," she said stiffly; "but I was surprised. She hesitated, then made a clean breast of it. "I had supposed that my escort was to be an old gentleman."

"The man, too, was nonplussed. The greeting in itself was a disconcerting enough, to say nothing of his own stupefaction. Where was his old lady. The gray hair was there, to be sure, but the winsome little face and figure might almost be that of a woman of twenty-five!

"That was a wonderful evening. In all Miss Priscilla's starved two-score years of life there had never been another such. And the wonderful evening was but the forerunner of yet more wonderful days—an acquaintance that begins with a laugh is of more rapid growth than is the ordinary kind.

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Miss Priscilla's fingers contracted spasmodically, then slowly relaxed. Her chin lifted.

"Yes, I knew Tom Henry," she said. "That explains it. I think you do resemble him somewhat." And the man who heard knew that Miss Priscilla was still a Hunter.

For a time there was some constraint on the part of Miss Priscilla. This ghost from the past was disconcerting. But little by little this feeling wore off, and the two were greater friends than ever. Miss Priscilla told herself that it was even better than before. She knew now who this Mr. Thomas was—he did not seem so much of a stranger. While, as for Tom Henry—surely an old woman of forty had done with romance!

H. H. FAIRWEATHER DIED LAST EVENING

Was Vice-President of Hall & Fairweather, Ltd.—Had Been in Poor Health for a Long Time

There will be general regret felt at the death of Harry H. Fairweather of Hall & Fairweather, Ltd., which occurred last evening at 10 o'clock at his residence, 248 King street east. Mr. Fairweather was the eldest son of the late C. H. Fairweather, one of the founders of the well known firm of Hall & Fairweather, and was thirty-eight years of age. He had been connected with the firm of Hall & Fairweather for twenty-one years. For over ten years he represented the firm on the road, traveling in both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Since the organization of the firm into a joint stock company the deceased had held the position of vice-president.

A few years ago he contracted tuberculosis, and has been in failing health since that time. For the past year and a half he has visited various health resorts, but the benefit received was not permanent. Last winter he spent in the West Indies, and during the past

gave me long ago, and which has clung to me ever since.

"And now could you—would you write to me? And remember, there is not one moment's rest for me until your answer comes."

Miss Priscilla raised luminous eyes and encountered the direct gaze of Miss Prudence Hunter, the aunt who, in the long ago, had been the most strongly opposed to Tom Henry.

Miss Prudence shivered and put the letter down. She turned her back on Miss Prudence—which brought her face to face with Colonel George.

With a second shiver Miss Priscilla caught up her hat and coat and went out into the free, open air.

Could she—would she write? And if she did—

The letter went that night, though before writing it Miss Priscilla turned seven Hunter portraits face to the wall. "I couldn't write—that way when they were looking," she had said.

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The following pencilled statement was found on Mr. Whiteley's assailant.

To all whom it may concern: William Whiteley is my father. This twofold tragedy is due to his refusal of a request which is perfectly reasonable. —R. I. P.

There was only a small sum of money in the man's pockets and other indications that he had come to the end of his resources. This suggests that the crime may have been the outcome of the man's poverty.

FRIENDLESS DOG COMMITTS SUICIDE

Places Its Neck Upon Rail Before Moving Train, and Head is Severed.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—A story of the suicide of a dog at Crofton Park Station on Thursday afternoon is vouched for by an eyewitness, H. H. Howe, of 17 Dalrymple Road, Crofton Park.

At Crofton Park Station there is a slope which leads down to the side of the railway line, and Mr. Howe, who was waiting to catch the 1.53 p. m. train to Victoria, noticed the dog walking about this slope in a lost kind of way, and apparently having no owner near at hand. Several times it started to go on to the line, but each time seemed to change its mind, and ran back up the slope. The train, which leaves St. Paul's Station at 1.23 p. m. and arrives at Crofton Park at 1.53 p. m., then ran into the station, while the dog stood quietly looking at the engine, which was a yard or two from the bottom of the slope.

As soon as the train had reached the slope the dog, with almost human instinct, ran forward and placed its head on the line, apparently with the idea of courting death, and in a few minutes its wish was gratified, as the train passed over it, severing the head completely from the body.

Cases of suicide in the canine world are not unknown, as there is a record of instance of such a thing a few years ago in the Regent's Canal, and another in the White Stone Point, at Hampstead. It is not known if the present case is the outcome of unrequited love.

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