

He has it in his power, Tom, to bring everlasting ruin and disgrace upon me, and, through me, upon my child; but you are not frightened, Tom, to marry her now I have told you this?"

"You could not frighten me," Tom answered, gravely studying Mr. Barr's face. "She is as good and pure as the angels. Did you ever do anything wrong, Walter?" he went on.

"Never—never."

"I could not conceive such a thing possible, and yet how comes it that this man has such power over you?"

"I beseech you not to question me further. If you have any regard for my peace of mind let this horrible subject drop now and for ever. If you knew the agony you are causing me, Tom, you would not persist."

Walter's sufferings were so obvious that Tom could not pursue the subject.

"There's one thing you must agree to, Walter," he said. "You must let the marriage take place this week."

"Yes, yes; the sooner the better. I shall be very, very glad when Lily is away from here."

"One thing is certain," was Tom's reflection as he entered his bedroom that night, "Axon is a scoundrel, and poor old Walter is the victim of some delusion upon which the scoundrel fattens. I'll not rest till I've got to the end of the mystery. By Jove!" he added after deep thought, "I'll fish out that fellow we met in Axon's office; he might be able to give me some valuable information about Axon's past life. Let me see, what was his name? Dodder, of course. I can see his long, thin figure now as he stood shaking his slim umbrella at us. 'I am one of the original Dodders' the queer bird informed us. I'll have a search through the medical directory in the morning, and find out where the 'original Dodder lives.'"

In the morning Mr. Axon was apologetic but cheerful; more like the Gregory Axon of the old New Zealand days than any one in that breakfast room had yet seen him.

He excused himself so pleasantly, and talked so softly and so well, that had his listeners been less seriously interested in his escapade of the previous night, he would undoubtedly have re-established himself in their favor.

As it was, he succeeded in making Walter feel more at his ease; and Lily, for the first time, realized that he had once been a gentleman.

Tom rather resented his debonaire manner. It would have been more to Gregory's credit, the surgeon thought, had he been more abashed. In Tom's eyes the crime he had committed was a monstrous one; and, under the circumstances, the culprit was far too much at his ease.

It must be confessed that Mr. Westall had now formed such an intense dislike to Gregory Axon, that whatever this gentleman's conduct might have been, Tom would have taken exception to it; it is not easy to like a man after you have struck him on the face; he is far more likely to forgive you than you are to tolerate him.

"Lily," said Mr. Barr that evening, sitting alone with Gregory, "is to be married this week."

"They have hastened the marriage then?"

Gregory took his cigar from between his lips, and looked into Walter's face searchingly.

"A little—a little," was Walter's reply; and he strove to speak in the most indifferent tone possible.

"You see," he went on, observing that Gregory's large eyes were still upon his face, "it's just as well it comes off now."

"Much better," declared Gregory, replacing his cigar. "The sooner the better. Girls that age are little better than babies; they want a husband to bring them to their senses."

"I dare say you're right," Walter said, quietly. "But when she's married I shall have to economize a little."

"Economize? What do you mean?"

The cigar had lost its charm now, and was thrown into the fire.

"I thought you knew that my late wife left all her money to Lily," Barr replied with great calmness and at ease.

"Of course hitherto we have had one purse in common but when my daughter marries I will not touch one farthing of her money; why should I? I have nearly four hundred pounds a year of my own."

Perhaps no man's face ever changed so completely in so few seconds as did Greg-

ory's now. It assumed a light green hue, and his jaw dropped. Ultimately a loud and bitter oath escaped him, and he walked from the room.

Constant drinking had deprived him of the control he had at one time so well exercised over himself.

For two days no one in the house saw anything of him. On the third evening he returned to the house unmistakably drunk and roundly abusive.

The next day Tom and Lily were to be married. She was making the necessary preparations for the event. Walter was in his own little private room trying to read.

Gregory burst in upon him, and threw himself in a chair.

"Well?" said Gregory.

"Well?" repeated Walter, looking up from his book fearfully.

"I suppose," Gregory went on, stretching his legs, and speaking in a sneering insolent way peculiar to him when he was not sober, "you think yourself pretty safe?"

"No, Gregory; indeed I do not. I do not think myself safe at all. You know I am in your hands."

Walter answered meekly, but his very gentleness appeared to incense the other.

"And so you can't trust me, eh?" he sneered.

Then he bent over Walter and said, in a sinister, threatening voice:

"There is one way in which you could close my mouth for ever—make yourself absolutely safe, and be free from all anxiety for the rest of your life."

"How?" cried Walter, greedily, but with a vague fear at his heart.

Gregory's lips almost touched his victim's ears.

"Make me your son-in-law!" he hissed, "and then, for my own sake, I would never dare to speak."

"But," gasped Walter, trembling at the scoundrel's audacity, "what about Tom?"

"Tom Westall?" Gregory gave vent to a coarse, contemptuous laugh. "He would not be the first man that has been jilted, and that's all about Tom."

The two men remained conversing in low tones for some two hours; Gregory demanding and threatening; Walter suffering an agony of grief and terror.

When at length Mr. Axon allowed his unhappy victim to leave him, Walter did not seek his own chamber; he bent his faltering steps towards his daughter's bedroom.

In his trepidation he did not notice that her door was half open, notwithstanding that he stood by it for some few minutes waiting for her to answer his knock.

No reply came, and at length he stole softly in.

She had not drawn her blind down, and this he did observe and think strange. A broad band of mellow moonlight streamed through the window and fell athwart the floor in golden radiance. There on the window sill, were her tender plants; and on the toilette-table quite a crowd of dainty nicknacks.

He approached the bed on tiptoe, calling gently: "Lily—Lily."

There was no response, and a sudden fear seizing him, he ran forward and placed his hands upon the counterpane.

The bed was empty: it had never been slept in. Hastily he summoned the servant, only to hear that his daughter was nowhere in the house; Lily had disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Good Mother.

"One good mother," says George Herbert, "is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is loadstone to all hearts, and load star to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a "globe of precepts." It is instruction; it is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of a good example, the best precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy.

To impart liberally of what we have, of what we do, and of what we are is necessary to the healthy growth of affection. Although a perfect love would, of itself, prompt and encourage this, the love that is not perfect may be exalted and sustained thereby.

THE SPHINX.

"Riddle me this and guess him if you can."—Dryden.

Address all communications for this department to E. R. Chadbourne, Lewiston, Maine, U. S.

NO. 161.—A USEFUL BAND.

We are banded together by fate and by birth,
By testing our skill you may judge of our worth;
We are firmly united to help in our work—
Not one of our number is ever a shirk.

All eager for service, we stretch out our hands,
In our own native homes, or in far-away lands;
We vary in figure—some shorter, some taller,
Some awkward, some graceful, some larger, some smaller.

The stoutest moves foremost, as the strongest eat one ought,
One, wise as a guide-board, points out what is sought;
The next on duty wears a hat that is tall—
In work and in stature outranking us all.

And there are two others who do as they choose,
Too small and too weak to be of much use;
We deck them with jewels, we leave them to play,
But, hiding and clinging, they help in their way.

Please give us employment, we work with a will,
Even Satan, the fallen, would scorn to keep still;
But he by our labor is often defeated,
And much that is worthy is grandly completed.

S.

NO. 162.—A FEW TREES.

Say which is the handsomest of all the trees
That ever braved the cruel wintry breeze;
Which ever lovely to our eyes appears,
And knows no change through all the rolling years?

When this tree's name you shall have fairly guessed,
Say which appears to you the ugliest;
And this, I think, you'll easily explain,
Because the answer is so very plain.

When these are known, I pray you name the one
Of all the autumn trees most meddlesome;
Which sets all classes blindly by the ears,
However friendly to them it appears.
Next tell me which defies old ocean's flood,
And by whose might its leaves are best withstood?
Inform me next which tree will bid you rove?
Which live? and which all modern maidens love?

MRS. L.

NO. 163.—A MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

When first the marriage knot was tied
Betwixt my love and me,
My age did then her age exceed
As three times three doth three.

But when just ten and half ten years
We man and wife had been,
Her age came up as near to mine
As eight is to sixteen.

L. A. HOGAN.

NO. 164.—A WINTER'S TALE.

Oh, many the woes the urchin knows
When wintry winds are whirling!
The frequent task his elders ask
While snowballs wait for hurling!
Unstudied books and wandering looks
Are ruins of last night's skating;
Temptations are beset his way,
And earn him much berating.
In remorse he turns his course,
To finish his lessons strives,
Some playmate then will next again,
With tales he weaves contrives
Of "jolly umps" and "sport that's prime,"
Till lessons seem a bore.
The sport he gains, nor much complains,
Though shamed by teacher's all—and more.

SYLVIA.

NO. 165.—COVERED PALINDROMES.

I.

Old farmer Gray is wont to say,
As he shakes a doleful head,
That warning truths to growing youths
Are worth as much unsaid;
But this one rule he must impress—
"Roast not upon the dress."

II.

Then with its brother comes another,
Which, heeded, oft has saved a duel;
"Though falsehood's tongue your heart has wrung,
Unless you fast would add new fuel,
And force the fire to flame the higher,
'Rare never at a fullfire!'"

SYLVIA.

NO. 166.—A CHARADE.

The firsts the water lilies hold;
The cowslip flowers have firsts of gold;
So have the kings to hold their wine,
And elves have pearl firsts when they dine.

The second is a Latin word,
Which every one has often heard,
At least in such a phrase as this—
The one that signifies "that is."

Oh, little all, how I adore him!
And half the world doth bow before him;
His hand a golden shaft discloses,
His eyes are blinded o'er with roses.

JOE AMORY.

NO. 167.—A STRANGE CREATION.

When first my maker formed me to his mind,
He gave me eyes, but left me dark and blind;
He formed a nose, but left me without smell;
A mouth, but neither voice nor tongue to tell
The world my use; yet left the fair through me—
Although I hide my face—do plainly see.

J. F. MALLOY.

REWARDS FOR CONTRIBUTORS.

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be awarded for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.
2. A prize of two dollars will be presented for the best variety of original contributions furnished during the same time. This prize will not be awarded the winner of prize No. 1.

FOR SOME JUNE SOLVER.

To the reader forwarding the best lot of answers to the Sphinx of June will be awarded Chambers' Dictionary.

Each week's solutions should be mailed within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

ANSWERS.

147.—Desire.
148.—Sequipedalian.
149.—Primordial.
150.—Part-ridge.
151.—Palm (palm tree, palm of hand.)
152.—Her son.
153.—Fire.
154.—They are people of re-lie- (ability).

Three Principles of Life.

There are three great principles of life which weave its warp and woof, apparently incompatible with each other, yet they harmonize, and in their blinding create this strange life of ours. The first is, our fate is in our own hands, and our blessedness and misery the exact result of our own acts. The second is, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough how they seem how we will." The third is, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," but time and chance happen to them all. Accident, human will, the shaping will of Diety—these things make up life.

Keep your eyes turned inward upon yourself, and beware of judging others. In judging others a man labors to no purpose, commonly errs, and easily sins; but in examining and judging himself he is always wisely and usefully employed.