

"I will pray to God for both of us, then," she said. "But, oh! William, if you should ever marry again—"

"That's it—that's her way," cried Harding. "I had need be patient. Fine consolation she gives me! Such a help-mate as I have got."

Strange contradiction! He had left his father because he had made widows destitute, and had eaten orphans' bread; and now he could treat a young wife, a young mother almost, in a manner so brutally selfish.

He started up presently, and vowing that he would get money somehow and somewhere, left the room without further explanation of his intentions.

Through the streets, threading the crowd, tearing along as if for a wager. It came on to snow. Children gazing through windows in snug apartments clapped their little hands at the pretty white feathers that the heavens were shedding on the earth. People well wrapped in coats and shawls only hurried home the faster, anticipating warm fire and tea and toast at nightfall. But the poor gnashed their teeth, and the rheumatism gnawed their limbs.

So thick and fast, that the light of day being intercepted by the falling flakes, tradesmen lighted the gas in their shops, and muttered that profits had need be great. So thick and fast, that drivers of vehicles moderated their speed lest they should run down adventurous individuals, who were bent upon crossing the street at all hazards. So thick and fast that churches and large edifices loomed through the mist in half-cahotic shape, or seemed about to fade away altogether in a dissolving view.

Whither bent? He knew not. Only to get money somehow and somewhere. A strange notion that he might find a purse upon the pavement took possession of him, and he walked and walked till every thread in his garments was soaked by the wet, cold, penetrating snow.

(To be Continued.)

Eve Guion's Love.

"JOHN Wallace!" called the mine superintendent through the speaking pipe, "some visitors are coming down in the cage. You will be kind enough to show them through the tunnels."

"Visitors!" I repeated to myself. "I must be flackey, too, as well as drudge! Well, so be it. It is only another stick to the load I am carrying. If it breaks my back so much the better. I shall be done with it."

When, at my Father's death, finding his estate heavily incumbered, I had deemed it my duty to place it at the disposal of his creditors, I found myself socially speaking in ice water. Those who had known me in my happier days knew me no longer, and houses where I had once been a welcome guest were now as impenetrable as their owners' ignorance of my existence. I could have borne all this well enough had only one home remained open to me—the home of Eve Guion.

She was a beautiful girl, young and, as I had believed, sympathetic. I had believed, too, that I had seen glimpses of something in her face that proved my hopes not to be so wild as they seemed.

But that, too, was over. A polite note from her father informed me his daughter could henceforth dispense with my attentions, and as I received no intimation of the contrary from Eve herself I concluded she, too, had declared my ostracism. After this, I lost hope and made no attempt to better my worldly condition.

I left the village and after two years of wandering, often in destitution, I stranded myself on the Maberly coal mine as gang master in the pits.

Our mine had a doubtful reputation, having been the scene of several distressing accidents. Consequently, we were rarely troubled by visitors from the upper earth.

This was a godsend to me. I could manage to endure the life I was living only on condition of not being too frequently reminded of the life from which I had been exiled. The idea of encountering persons whom I had known in better times was a constant terror to me.

It may be imagined, therefore, with what feelings I awaited the descent of the visitors who had been signalled from above.

As the cage stopped upon the level where I stood with my lamp in my hand and the passengers alighted, I recognized them with feelings of downright misery. I saw before me the two persons whom of all humanity I had least wished to meet—Eve Guion and her father.

Had they heard of my whereabouts and come to witness my degradation? No. Who could identify the name of gang-master John Wallace with Wallace Grover? Besides, I remembered that Mr. Guion was a shareholder in the Maberly Mine. It was merely a simple sight-seeing tour after all. Two years of hardship and the growth of a heavy beard had changed my appearance so that I was sure neither father nor daughter could possibly recognize me.

I stepped confidently forward, therefore, and introduced myself as the guide, John Wallace. Eve looked at me closely, but, I thought, only with an expression of curiosity as to the looks of a man whose life was spent underground.

My head swam and my heart beat quick and loud, as I stood before her—more beautiful, because more serious and womanly, than when we had been intimate, two years before.

I noticed that her face was a little paler, and that there was a look of sadness in it that was new to me. The season I had spent in wretchedness, then, had not been wholly free from sorrow for her. Not, of course, on my account; such an idea never entered my head.

"Have you been here many years?" she asked, as we prepared to descend into the galleries.

"Years enough, madam, to know the mine thoroughly," I answered evasively.

"My father will have more than enough to do to guide his own steps," said Eve coming to my side and quietly placing her hand on my arm. "I must trust to your gallantry Mr. Wallace."

I made no reply, but wondered if, woman as she was, she had no far-away hint of the cause of that sledge-hammer beating of my heart under her round arm.

We remained in the galleries two hours—more than twice as long as was necessary, to their thorough inspection. The old man was growing impatient, but the gloomy pits and chambers seemed to have an unaccountable fascination for Eve Guion.

She loitered on one pretext or another until I began to fear that I must have betrayed my identity to her quick eye.

Her face had grown strangely sad and anxious. I saw, too, that when she thought herself unobserved she watched my face intently. Had she detected me and was she seeking an opportunity of making her discovery known without betraying me to her father?

I determined that she should not accomplish her design. I knew very well that I should lose my self-control and all of my love, bitterness and despair would burst out in a torrent. I therefore was careful to avoid being alone with her for a moment. And I soon saw that I had guessed aright. She was endeavoring to separate me from her father that she might speak to me.

But I foiled her quickly but skillfully and, after the galleries had been explored twice over and there was no longer the shadow of a pretext for remaining, she finally prepared to depart.

As we entered the upper level we passed the dark opening of a disused chamber, which I had deemed unsafe to be visited.

Eve's eye caught sight of it.

"Here's a chamber we have not seen," she said.

"No, madam," I interposed, "it is no longer worked. The water has broken into it twice and it is considered dangerous."

"I mean to see it at all events," she replied. "Father, wait for us here. Mr. Wallace will not refuse to guide me, I am sure."

She cast a strange, significant look at me, which said almost as plainly as words:

"I know you, Wallace Grover, and I mean to speak to you in spite of your caution."

Then she entered the chamber.

But she had miscalculated my tact. I turned to her father and requested him to enter with me in order to dissuade her from her rash adventure, and we followed her together. She gave me a reproachful look as we entered, and I heard her sigh.