THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

"I DON'T WANT THAT STUFF," Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia, which had made her miserable for fourteen years. At the first attack thereafter it was administered to her with such good results, that she continued its use until cured, and made so enthusiastic in its praise, that she induced twenty-two of the best tamilies in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That "stuff" is Hop Bitters .- Standard.

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CARRIED BY STORM! By the Author of "Guy Earlscourt's Wife," "A Wonderful Woman," "A Mad Marriage," "Redmond O'Donnell," etc.

PART III.

CHAPTER V .--- CONTINUED.

Nothing more is said. He places her in the carriage beside Madame Ericson, and leans forward to talk until it starts. It has not been a very lover-like meeting or parting, and he notices that Joanna is very pale as she leans out with a smile to wave her hand in adien. Then they were out of sight, and he is thoughtfully stalking along to the depot to take the train to his penitential destinction. It is a long, hot, dusty, dissgreeable ride. Livingston eits in the smoking-car, and plays euchre, and gets through unlimited cigars and newspapers and the grimy hours as best he may

Twilight is falling, misty and blue, as be reaches his journey's end, and glad to stretch his legs a bit, he starts off briskly to walk to a hotel. The streets are crowded; the lamps are lit, and twinkle through the summery gloaming. Suddenly there is a commotion, a shouling, a scattering and screaming of the crowd. A pair of horses has taken fright at something, and started at a furious pace along the streets. There is a rushing and shrieking of women-the runaways dash across the sidewalk upsetting everything and everybody, and lashing out at all obstacles. "Stop them ! etop them !" shout a score of hoarse voices. They flash past Livington like a black whirlwind, and he leaps aside barely in time. A young beside him is less fortunate. The carriage-pole strikes her, and she is flung heavily to the ground, directly at his feet. The excited crowd dash by, heedless of the prostrate figure, and Livingston, stooping down, lifts her in his arme, and finds her insensible, and bleeding freely from a cut in the head.

This is a situation ! He glances about in consternation, and sees near the glowing globes of a druggist's. To hurry hither, to symmon assistance, to place her in a chair, and support her there while the man of druge examines her wounds, is but the work of a moment.

"A very nasty little cut," the druggist says, "and unpleasantly close to the temple. Still sho is not killed, and this wound will not amount to much if she has received no other hurt. Knocked down by the carriagepole, you say? Poor young lady! Hold up her head, sir, if you please; I will stop the bleeding, and bind up the cut with a strip of plaster.

Livingston obeys. He looks for the first time closely at the drooping face before him, and finds his interest and sympathy considerably heightened by the fact that it is an exceedingly pretty one, despite bloodstains and pallor. She is a very young crea-ture, not more than sixteen to look at, with a dusk sweet face and quantities of wavy dark hair. The long lashes rest on ivorypale checks. With gentle touch the druggist puts aside the loosened braids of hair, to bind up the wound. Two lines he has read somewhere occur to Frank's memory:

"Love, if thy tresses be dark, How dark those hidden eyes must be?"

37. Pine street, what he has feared comes to pass. She stoops forward, and faints dead away from sheer exhaustion and pain.

~3.19

Livingston will never forget that drive; it is always twilight, lit with yellow stars of laughs. light, and the slender figure lying inert and senseless in his arms.

They reach their destination at last-a cottage set in a pretty garden. A lady comes hurriedly out of the door as they draw up. There is still light enough to see her face plainly—a pale, handsome face—and Frank Livingston utters a cry.

"Good Heaven!" he exclaims, for the second time, "Mrs. Abbott, is it really you ?"

His cry is echoed, and it is her only reply, for she catches sight of the drooping figure in the carriage.

'My Leo! my Leo!' she cries out, 'oh, what is this? What has happened? Oh, great Heaven, is she dead ?

" My dear Mrs. Abbott, no, only hurt a little, and unconscious just at present from the shock. Do not alarm yourself-indeed there for a doctor at once. I am sure she is not seriously hurt. I will tell you all about it in throat. a moment'

He carries her into the parlour and lays her on a soia. In one moment Mrs. Abbott has recovered the self-repressed calm habitual to her. She gives a few hurried direcpale little daughter.

"I have sent for my son," she says." chance to know where he is. Frank Livingston, is this really you?" She holds out one slim, transparent hand, and looks wonderingly in his face. Tell me all about it, and how you came to be with my little Leo like this.

"And it is Leo-little Leo?" he says, gaz-Leo, and I did not know her. What a stupid dolt I grow. She recognized me at once. Accident has been good to me to-day, since it do-will it?" has thrown me in the way of the friends I have been longing for the past five years to "I saw his incredulity in his face; he is meet.'

He tells her what has happened in rapid words, and as he ends, a latch-key opens the | shall be most exceeding glad to see him." hall door, and a young man hurriedly entors. "An accident?" he says, in alarm. "Leo

hurt? Mother, what is this?" wrist.

"Geoffrey, look here," his mother says, "do not vou recognize your friend ?"

" Frank !" He springs to his teet and holds out both

hands. "Dear old Gooff !"

And then there is a long, strong, silent

claep-a long, glad, affectionate gaze. Then Geoffrey returns to Leo.

"What is this?" he asks again. "What has happened to Leo ?

Livingston repeats his story, and in a moment Dr. Lamar is in action. He carries his sister up to her rcom, followed by his mother, while Frank sits below and anxiously waits. He looks out across the darkening flowerbeds to the starry sky, and thinks how strangely, after all these years, he has found his friends. Half an hour passes before Geoffrey returns.

"Well?" Frank anxiously says.

"It is not particularly well, still it might have been worse. The shock is more to be apprehended than the hurts-she is a tender little blossom, our poor Leo. She has injured her ankle, in addition to the cut in her head. How fortunate you chanced to be on the spot. Thank you, Frank, for helping my little sister."

He holds out his band, all the love his heart holds for that little sister shining in his eyes. Livingston takes it, and gazes at him. What a distinguished-looking fellow he is, he thinks; how gallant a gentleman he looking young man. He was out there not has been reserved for him to tell her. half an hour sgo." The professor stares a moment, then

"Mein Gott! She wants to see the hand-

calist, or-

"Look! look! There he is," Miss Wild exclaims, unheeding, "standing on the platform. No, do not speak to him until Madame and L are in the carriage; then give him my card and tell him to appoint an hour, and I will be at home to receive him. Say no more than that; he will not refuse, I am sure; he will be too curious. It is the most fortunate thing in the world; he is a person I have been wishing to see for years and years."

They rise and leave the train, find a hack, and take their seats, always with an eye on the tall dark young brakeman. He is a handsome fellow, as he leans in an attitude of careless strength against the car, his straw is no need. Let me carry her in and send | hat pushed back off his sunhurnt gipsy face, a red handkerchief knotted loosely about his

'He might stand as a model for a Roman bandit at this moment,' Joanna thicks, with a smile; the dark and dashing brigand of romance. There ! the professor has accosted him, and now-see the profound astonishtions to the driver, and then bends over her ment depicted on his face !' She laughs, softly, as she watches the puzzled smaze of the young man and that laugh clears away the last of the vapours. After all, Frank Livingston has not hurt her very badly, judg-

ing by that clear laugh. 'He will come,' says the professor, returning, and wiping his warm face, 'but he is a greatly bewildered young man. He denies knowing any Miss Jenny Wilding down at the still white face, "dear little thinks she must be mistaken in supposing she knows him, but will be at her service, if she likes, in an hour. I told him that would

"Admirably," Joanna says, still laughing. watching us distrustfully at this moment. An hour is short notice ; but short or long I Promptly at the hour's ead, the young brakeman, in much the same costume as on the car, with the addition of a linen coat, pre-It is Geoffrey Lamar. He kneels beside sents bimself at the cottage and inquires for his still insensible sister, without a glance at Miss Jenny Wild. He is ushered into a the stranger, pale with alarm, and takes her pretty parlor, and in the subdued light, sees advancing a tall and elegant-looking young lady in navy-blus silk, with a creamwhite ross in her hair, a smile of welcome on her lips, and one hand extended. She stands without a word before him. The young man stands in turn, and gazes, more puzzled perhaps than he has ever been before in his life. She is the first to speak.

"Well," she says, laughing outright, " will you not shake hands?"

"I don't mind," the young fellow answers, and takes in his great brown paw, the slim, cool member she extends, " but I'll be blessed if I know you! And yet it does seem to me l've seen you before, too."

"I should think so-seen ame, felt me boxed my ears many a time and oft !" "What !"

"Ah, you would not do it now, I dare say. You are much too gallant, no doubt, but such is the fact. Look very hard, Judson.

"Surely five years cannot have changed me so very much.' "By Jupiter I" Judson Sleaford shouts "it is—it is—our Joanna !" "Your Joanna-Sleaford's Joanna-Wild Joanna! Yes-Miss Jenny Wild now, though, to all the rest of the world. Dear old Jud! how glad I am to see you at last!" He holds her hands and stands glaring at

her, eyes and mouth wide with wonder. "Joanna! our Joanna! got up like this-"Joanna! our Joanna! got up like this-a sivell-a high-toned young lady-dressed in silks and roses! Well, by Georga! And Fortunes like that don't go begging every large as life, as rich as Rothschild, with a here I've been looking for you high and low day, and you're the rightful heiress of every new wife, a new daughter, a new name, and at once, at once at once i'

She draws forward a puffy chair of satin

Joanna's face : he caunot believe them. He

"I can't believe it," he cries out. "It is

"Have red hair still-not so rosy though

"Why?" bluntly-who should you wish

"Do you?" she says, a tipge of bitterness

place her. Long, however, before they reach hunt him up for me and tell him so. Per- feels at finding her ignorant of who she is. haps you have seen him-a tall, dark, good- Mingled, with the amaze is delight that it Then by thunder, this is the luckiest

day's work, Joanna, you have done in a long time! Just let me catch my breath, will you, and don't hurry me. I'll tell you everysome young brakeman! Shall I tell him to thing directly, everything you've been want-call on Miss Jenny Wild, the celebrated vo- ing to know all your life. First of all let me ask you some questions. You know rich John Abbott shot himself?

"Yes, I know that. Poor Mrs. Abbott." "Ah! poor Mr. Abbott, I should say. You don't happen to know why he did it?"

"Certainly not. I only saw it in the papers, and the reason assigned was temporary aberration of intellect." "Yes, jest so. Temporary fiddlestick! He knew what he was about-he was going

to be found out, and was afraid of the law and his high and mighty missis. So he put a bullet through his brain, and got out of it that way. Then-do you know what Mrs. Abbott and young Lamar did then ?"

"Shut up Abbott Wood and left the place. Yer, but even that I only discovered a few weeks ago. One can hardly wonder-so sensitive as Mrs. Abbott was, and after so shocking a tragedy. I am not surprised she has never returned. But where are they, Judson?"

"You would like to see them?" he asks, looking at her curiously. "You are as fond of them as ever?"

"Can you ask? They were my friends when I had not a friend in the world. They did all they could to lift me out of the misery and degradation they found me in. As fond of them as ever! I tell you, Judson Sleaford, I would lay down my life for Mrs.

Abbott." "Ah !" Jud says, in a peculiar tone, "and for Geoffrey Lamar?"

"And for Geoffrey Lamar. What I am today 1 owe to them. All I have or ever may have, I owe to them. Why do you look like that, and speak like that? What do you know of them? Tell me where they are, if you know that ?"

"I don't know that. And you need not be in a rush to find them, as far as they are concerned. I dare say, if the truth was known, you're about the last person in this world they want to see. "Why, I heard Geoffrey Lamar as good as swear to find you, if you were above ground, and restore you to your rights, and this is the way he keeps his word !'

'Heard him swear! Swear to whom ?' 'To dad-poor old chap-the night he died.'

'And restore me to my rights? What are

you talking of, Jud?' she asks, in a maze of wonder. 'I'm talking of what I heard with my own cars, though nobody knows to this day I heard it. I'm talking of what I heard dad tell young Lamar on his death-bed, and young Lamar swore to tell you. He hasn't done it, it seems. Dad sent for him to do justice to you at last, and tell him what hold he had over his step-father, who you l too busy making money, but he sent the were, and let him right you, seeing he was needful to dad, and dad obeyed so far as to

your friend." "Who you were !" She hears those words and starts to her feet. She stands before him, her bands clasped, her eyes wild and wide, her lips breathless and apart.

"Who I am ! Judson-at last !"

"Ah! don't be in a hurry, Joanna. son't know whether you will like it or not when you know-so fond as you are of Mrs. Abbott, too. I tell you if knocked Lamar over like a bullet. If ever you saw a corpse take a walk-I don't suppose you did-be looked like that when he left the house. But he believed what he was told, and dad gave him the paper that proved your father and mother's marriage, and your baptism, out in San Francisco. He needn't deny it,

strength to the very last. His voice sounded much as over, a little weaker, but to hear him you would never know he was so near his end. And he had worked himself up into a fever, waiting for Lamar. He could not die, he said, until he had seen him. I brought the young fellow in, and offered to fetch a light, but dad wouldn't have none. He ordered me out of the room, and I went, but only as far as the closet where we hang ciothes. You remember how thin the partitions were, and the holes in the lath and plastering? I was curious to know what he had to say so particular. I was sure it was some revenge he was going to take on John Abbott. I sat there and listened, Joanna, and I heard the whole story, and found out all about it and you at last." There is a brief, breathless pause. Jud

draws a long breath. Joanna hardly seems to breathe or stir. "Ob, go on !" she says, in a whisper, and

young Sleaford resumes. 'l'll'tell it it in my own way-not in dad's

-he cursed a good deal, you know, and abused Abbott. You won't care for that. It seems that long before, when Abbott was quite a young man, and just beginning to Then Abbott fled. At first dad did not re-get on in California, dad came there a alize how badly he was hurt, and had widower, with all of us, from Liverpool, and a sister of his with him, who took care of us. This sister, it appears, was a good looking young woman, and John Bennett-that was come. He tried to crawl from the room, Abbott's name then, and his right nametook a fancy to her, and her to him, and he There he lay, wounded and bleeding, until made her his wife. His wife, mind you, all right, and tight, and logal. Well-he he could have lived, not a doubt about it. lived with her for awhile, and was good enough to her and that, and gave dad a help.

ing hand as well, and then all of a sudden he started off somewhere up country back all fair and square when his business

was settled, and not meaning desortion, or anything like that. But that's what it proved to be-he did not come,back-ded never set eyes on him again till he set eyes on him as the rich John Abbott, of Bright brook, and his wife never saw him in this world more. Whether they have met in the next is more than I know; she was alive and

well on the night dad told the story. Well, Bennett-or Abbott, whichever you like-had struck a voin of luck up there in the bill country among the mines, and wasn't coming back. It was a wild region, no women there, and he didn't want to fetch his wife. So he wrote; all honest and square, you see, at first, and cont money. Then the wife had a baby-you-and got a faver of some sort after, and went straight stark out of her mind. At first her husband was anxious about her, got nurses and so on, but after a time, as that seemed to do no good, he sent word to dad to put her in an insane asylum, and he would pay the damage. The young one-you again-was to be put out to nurse, and be took proper care

of. It-you again-was christened Joan, after its mother, Joan Bannett. Bennett didn't come himself, you understand-was put his sister in the asylum, and pocket the money sent for you. Things went on like that for a couple of years, then all at once Bennett disappears, and from that day not a trace of him was to be found. After that dad went to the bad. While Bennett sent money it was well enough, but dad always hated money, and shirked it ; so poverty came, and he dodged about with us 'uns from pillar to post, until at last, after some nine years of it, he settled us in a wild part of Pennsylvania to shift for ourselves, and started off himself on the tramp. There's a fate in these things, maybe. He tramped along until he came to Brightbrook, and there, of course, one of the first people pointed out to him was the rich man of the

a step-son. The other wife, the lawful wife, "And the fortune?" says Judson, looking was alive and well out in San Francisco, as at her curiously. dad knew; and here he was, a blooming big-"The fortune! Ab, dear Heaven, what is amist, with the proudest, piousest lady in the fortune, a thousand fortunes to that? To land for number two. find my mother ! my poor, lonely, imprisoned "Well, dad was tickled, you may believe. mother! And I must find Mrs. Abbott and All this time he had kept you, not because Geoffroy Lamar. What they must have sufhe wanted you, or cared about you, but befered! Ah, what they muct have suffered !" cause he didn't know what to do with you. "And what they have kept-don't forget You were a trump card in his hand now. that. They have the fortune all this time. And they never looked for you." 'He took a night, and thought it all over, before he showed himself. Abbott was in his "They have-they must; I will not be-power, he knew, but he did not dislike lieve it. "Oh! if they were not good, not 'You see it was the night dad died,' says Abbott, and he made up his mind not to be noble, not unselfish, then there is no good-Jud Sleaford. 'You know about that, don't too hard on him, to get a good living out of ness, no nobility, no unselfishness on earth. you? It all began about you. You had him, and let him off at that. He didn't run away with Blake while dad was away bear no malice, he didn't want to show Ab-I will not believe it. Mrs. Abbott never knew. I would stake my life on that. Geoffrey has looked for me-I believe it as I bott up, there was nothing to be gained by and heard of it-it was the very dickens of a | holding his torgue. Dad didn't want to be believe in Heaven. To doubt them would be day, I remember, in the way ot wind and a gentleman, and rob Abbott outright, he for me ruin. 1 could no more have faith in rain-he just mounted and rode straight as a | only wanted to be flush in his own way. As honesty or truth on earth. Oh! I shall find die for Abbott Wood. I reckon he thought to deserting his crazy wife, and taking up them; I shall know no rest until I have found Mr. Abbott had made off with you, or had with this handsome lady, dad didn't blame and comforted then, as much as I can comsome hand in it. He was stone white with him for that either-it was only what he fort-until in ever so little I have returned rage. What would have happened there and would have done himself. As to you, he to them what they so freely, so generously then, if Abbott had been at home, the Lord | made up his mind to say that you were dead. gave to me. The bread they cast upon He didn't quite know why, but he thought the waters shall return to them; the wait back in one of his black rages. But it seems that if Abbott guessed who you were he they tried to rescue shall prove her grati-he would have left word for Abbott to fol- might try to epirit you away. Then, when tude and love. And Leo is my fisterlow. And Abbott did follow that very same he had thought it well out, and settled his dear, dear, dearest little Leo! Ob, my God! what a grateful heart I ought to have this plans, he waylaid Abbott, in company with Colonel Ventnor, and I heard him laugh as day-what a happy girl I ought to be! And i be told Lamar that night—ay, dying as be an. I will find them—I will comfort them. was, he laughed, when he thought how I will find my mother—I will devote my life to her. Help me, Jud-help me in this, and struck of a heap John Abbott was when he first saw his face. After that 1 needn't tell thank you, thank you a hundred times for you what followed. He got the Red Farm what you have told mate-day !" Her face is transfigured ; it is, young Sleagive to him, sent for us'uns, and settled us all there. You know the life we led, jolly for ford thinks in wonder and awe, like the face of an angel-lit with love, wet with tears, more than beautiful-with the beauty of a us, but deuced hard for you, 1 must say. Dad owned he fairly hated you after that-why, he didn't know, but he did. All the hate he noble, a true, a grand, unselfish soul. might have bestowed on your father, he gave "I will do all 1 can," he says, rising. "I didn't think you would take it like this. 1 to you; so you were ill-treated morning, noon and night. And, I'm ashamed to say, will hunt the world over if you say so. by me as well as the rest. I ask your pardon Joanna, you're a trump, and no mistake!' 'Come this evening,' she says; 'give me now, Joanna.' The young fellow says it with real feeling; until then to think. he is honestly sorry, and ane sees it. She She sinks down and once more covers her gives him her hand, and she starts to find face. And so Judson leaves her with bated breath and hushed footfall, and solemunow cold it is. . You need not,' she says. 'You alone feeling a sensation upon him as though he never were cinel to me, Judson. Bat, ob, were going out of church. my childhood! what a youth has been Bat in the garial sunshine, in the bustling, busy outer world, his old self isturns as "Ah!' Jud says, with a hard breath of be sets his hat rakishly on his mop of bluesynipathy. Well, then, the next was the black hair. coming of Gsoffrey Lamar, and the sudden 'I'm bleesed if i ever sie any one so changed," he thinks, in wonder; "she's no interest he took in you. Perhaps John Abbott suspected-nobody knows-he refused more like that Joanna than-than I'm like an archbishop. We did our best to spoil her, and a little more might a' done it, only there's some sort can't be out-and-out spoiled, you so? Dad took the matter in hand, do what you will, and she is one. She's a through pure contrariness and cussedness, as he owned; he went to the big house, and stunner-she's a brick-she's fit to be an angel, and with the angels stand. But for he made Abbott let you come. His wife all that, Lamar and his mother will wish her daughter should be your companion; his at the dickens the day she hunts 'em up. It's bigh-toned step-son your friend. And he nature-I would myseli, in their place.

July 26, 1882.

him. I tell you he looked like a corpse. And no wonder. There it was! his mother was not that man's wife-a fellow like that. that at his best was like the dirt under he feet; his little sister was a-illegilimate; and they were prouder than Lucifer | You can guess how Geoffrey Lamar felt as he sat and listened to the story of his mother's disgrace, told by the lips of a dying man.

Joanna has covered her face with her hands. Oh! she can guess it-the shame, the horror, the appalling force of that most horrible blow i Oh, Geoffrey ! truest friena ! noblest heart that ever beat! and this was his reward for saving me?"

"When you ran away with Blake," goes on Jud, "dad suspected foul play on the part of Abbott, thought he had a hand in the business, and went there at once. That night they had it out. Dad had the certificates of your mother's marriage and your baptism, and swore to expose Abbott. There was a struggle. Abbott strove to master dad, and get them. Dad pulled out a knife, and would have stabled Abboit without doubt, but that he slipped forward, fell on his own weapon, and stabbed himself. strength enough left to replace the papers in their hiding-place before he called for help. But the girl was frightened and wouldn't but fainted it seems from loss of blood. And that was the story he had to tell Geoffeey Lamar. He gave him the papers, told him where to find your mother, and so sent him sway. I saw young Lamar as he left to the miner, on a spec, intending to come the house -1 never want to see a face like that again.

"That night dad died, but first of all he cleared John Abbott of any share in his death. I suppose he thought he had revenge enough. And so he had.

"Well, we buried poor old dad. I never said a word to anybody-it was no good. I had no proofs, Lamar had them, and you were gone. Abbott carried things with a high hand with Dan, turned us out as fast as we could bundle. And I don't wonder. For my part I was ready to go. I was tired of life on the farm. Lora married, Liz came to town. Dan went to sea, and I drifted up to the city. Then, one morning, about six weeks after, I picked up a paper, and the first thing I saw was the suicide of the rich man of Brightbrook-nobody knew why. But I knew. I wrote to Lora, and heard how Mrs. Abbott and her son and daughter had left the place, and that Abbott Wood was shut up. It has been shut up ever since. It stands there to-day, and you are its mistress. and heirers by right of every penny John Abbott-or Bennett-has left '

"As for Lamar, it is strange," Jud cantinnes, slowly, "and yet, perhaps, it is not strange either. He promised dad, on his word of honor, he would hunt you up, and see you restored to your rights, and he has not done it. You see, to do it, all the world would have known of his disgrace, and his mother's and Lec's, and they are all so in-fernally proud. Still Lamar seemed the sort of fellow to do right at any price, and not stop to count the cost. He hasn't this time. it seems. It must have been a tremendous blow to Mrs. Abbott. I wonder where they are? In Europe, somewhere, I suppose, flourishing on your money. It ain't fair, by Jove, and I'd hunt them up if I was you, and have my rights. Your mother's living, or wes then-you can find and bring her forward, and I'll swear to all I've told you. Possession is nine points of the law, they say, and they have that and the mon-y : still"-"I must find them!" Joanna cries; "but oh! not for that-not for that! I must find my mother-my mother! mine! that I-1, Sleaford's Joanna, should have a mother! Ob, Judson, help me-I must find my mother

" A pretty little soul," he thinks. " I wonder who she is, and what we are to do with her hext ?"

Even as he thinks it, there is a flutter of the drooping lids, a quiver through all the slight frame, and then, slowly, two dark, deep eyes unclose and look up in bowilder. ment into the strange faces bending over her

-the faces of men. "Oh! what is it?" she says, shrinkingly. "Where am I? What has happened? My ened sort of way, and her lips begin to quiver like a child's. "Oh! what is it ?" she says again.

"You were knocked down by a runaway horse-do you not remember?" Livingston says, gently. "Your head is hurt a little, but not much, I hope. Do you feel hurt anywhere else ?"

She looks at him-dark, solemn, childish eyes they are-and her lips quiver still.

"I-I don't know. Oh! let me go home, please! I must go home!' She essays to rise, then falls back with a little sob of pain. "My foot hurts me," she says, sobbing outright; "but, oh, please, I want to go home !"

She is, indeed, like a child. Livingston takes her hand in both his, and tries to soothe her as he might a child.

"You shall go home; do not be distressed. do not be afraid. I am sure you are not much hurt. I will take you home. Stay here, while 1 go and get a carriage. I will not be a moment."

She looks up at him sgain, and to his utter amaze says this :

"I know you. You are Frank Livingston !"

"Good fleavens !" the young man exclaims, stunned by this unexpected speech ; "and who are you ?"

instead of answering, she droops back in her chair, so white, so death-like, that the druggist rings over the counter for a restorative.

"Never mind asking her questions now," he says. "Do you not see she is fainting? Go for the carriage, and get her home as quickly as you can. She ought to be put to in time to get tickets, checks and seats, and bed and attended to at once. She has had a then are off through the jubilant sunshine of severe shock."

of the store-almost in another he is back with a German novel; the professor goes with a cab.

"She is better again," the shopman says. Take her home at once. It is at 37 Pine and muse over lovers who propose in haste streat, the says-a mile off or more. Tell the man to drive very slowly and as easy as

This is neither difficult nor unpleasant. He lifts the light, youthful figure in his arms and carries her with infinite gentleness and care, and deposits her on the back seat. Then he gets in opposite her, gives the cabman the address, and they are driven slowly through the lamp-lit city streets. He looks | are familiar. He turns for a moment, sendhim, her head drooping against the back, her eyes closed, her face drawn into an expression | a gasp. of silent pain. He can ask her nothing now. She looks almost ready to faint; away for a and he stands before her now, when no one Poor little soul !! heitbinks' (exceedingly

sorry for her-poor little pretty child. I wonder who (she is, and, how/she comes to "mow me?"

looks, how thoroughbred, how like his mother | for the past five years ! Upon my soul, Jo, 1 in that erect and stately poise of the headthat clear, steady glance of the eye.

'You have not changed in the least, you are-Frank,' Geofficy says. I would have known ycu arywhere.' for a long, long chat with you. Desr old

' You have changed, old fellow,' Frank refellow, how nice, and brown, and well you turns, but not for the worse. And so you are looking !" have been here all the time, our next door neighbor almost, while I have been looking and springs, and Judson Sleaford sinks down for you high and low. What paper walls hold us asunder? What are you about? Practising your profession?" on it. But his blue eyes are still riveted on is trying to recall the barefooted, red-huired,

"As you see, and after an up-hill struggle fiercely-scowling child he remembers so well, enough, conquering fate at last, I am happy and place her side by side with this smiling, to say. And now that you have found us, charming, 'high-toned' lady, so good to look we mean to keep you for a while," Dr. Lamar at, and make one of the two. And he cannot. EAYS, gaily. "So make up your mind to stay No man could. Every trace of that Joanna until further notice. Our mansion is not particularly commodious, as you may see, but is gone! we always manage to have a spare room for a all a fraud! It isn't Joanna at all. You friend. And of all the friends of the old can't be. Why she had red hair, and you-" time, my dear fellow, you know not one can be more heartily welcome than yourself."

as in those days. Don't stare so, Jud. Your There is little pressing need. Frank does eyes will drop on the carpet! It is I, myself object, but these objections are easily over--I, Joanna-no other. I wish it were.' ruled. It puts off the evil hour of maternal tears and reproaches, and that is something. it? 1 think you are one of the luckiest girls So he stays, and his secret will be his secret that ever was born." for a few days longer at least.

CHAPTER VI. "JOAN BENNETT."

Joanna sits in almost total silence during but as for being the luckiest girl ever born-" the short drive to the depot. The look in Livingston's eyes haunt her-the forced gaiety of his tone has struck on her heart like a blow. She has known it will be there sometime, but not so scon, not the very morning after his impulsive declaration.

"Carried by storm." Ah, but not held long. More than he has yet felt himself, she | you mean? I have had no fortune left me. has read in his face-pain, regret, the resolution to make the best at all cost of the most

fatal words of his life. Professor Ericson chatters like a German magple; luckily, like the magpie, he waits for no answer. They reach the station barely the brilliant summer morning. Madame Livingston obeys. In a moment he is out Ericson composes herself by a shady window

off to the smoking-car, and Joanna is left undisturbed to gaze at the flying landscape,

and repent just as hastily. As it chances-if things over chance-her seat is near and fache can. Her ankle is hurt I think. You ing the car door. As it opens to admit the will have to carry her to the carriage." for a second on the figure of a brakeman

standing on the platform. She leans forward, with a sudden esger interest that drives even her lover from her mind, to look again. Surely that strong tall figure, and all that blue-black curly bair, at her in intense curiosity, as she sits before | ing a careleos glance backward to where she sits, and Joanna sinks back in her seat with

For years she has been seeking him vaioly. could be farther from her thoughts.

They are, near, New York before Eriscon retuins Joanna seizes upon him at once.

t, and stone, and Fight it out Nennv Joanna, and I'll stand to you through thick can hardly believe my eyes? Is it you? and thin." Why, you used to be ugly, and now I swear

"But who-who-who sm I?" Joanna cries out, "Tell me that-never mind the rest. 'Ugly still, Jud-fine feathers make fine birds, that is all. But sit down. I am dying Who am I?'

"Oh, I forgot," Jud says, coolly and slow-ly. "Your name is Joan Bennett, and you're the eldest daughter and sole heiress of the late John Abbott, Esq., millionaire."

> CHAPTER VII. THE STORY.

attending a prize fight. When he came home

only knows. He was not, and dad came night.'

Jud is rapidly telling his story, and a very in her tone. "Because I wear silk dresses vivid narrator he is. The first overwhelming shock of surprise is over, and Jeanna site listening, pale, breathless, absorbed.

We were all off to dance. I remember. goes on Judson, only the girl was at home. Early in the morning, as we were driving back, we were met by old Hunt-you know, next place to ours-with the word that there had been a row at our house, and that dad was done for. We hurried on, and there we found him, poor fellow, "weltering in his gore," as the stories put it, and almost at the last gasp. Almost, but not quite. Dad was so uncommon strong, that he gave death a tough tussel for it before he would go. We

got him to bed, sent for the doctor, and from first to last I was his nurse. The girls were afraid of him; he was as savage sick as well. poor old dad; and Dan-but you know what Dan was-he wouldn't be paid to enter the room

'Well-I took care of dad. I gave him his mediclass and his drinks, and that, and | mine ! did the best I knew for him. By-and-bye he got back his voice, and the first thing he

says was : " Send for the young swell-young Lamar." "Abbott's step-son ?" I says, for, of course, we all knew from the girl that Abbott had

been there, and that it was in a fracas with him he had got his death-blow. "And dad's eyes shot out sparks of fire

after their old fashion. "Can't you hear, you fool?" he says, in a

tierce whisper. "Abbott's step-son, young Lamar. Go for him, bring him here at once. I have something he ought to know to tell him. He must come."

Of course I went. It was enother pelting storm, and when I got to the house I saw the missis. 1 gave her the message. Young Lamar was in New York, but she telegraphed for him at once, and that same afternoon. just before dark, he came, and I took him

to let you come to Abbott Wood. You remember the evening Lamar came and told should look after you, and nobody else; his had his way. And now, whether Mrs. Abbott suspected or not, I don't know-that's what I've puzzled over many a time since. Did she suspect, and did she do all that kindness to you to quiet her conscience, knowing she was wronging you all the time? I can't make it out. Them fine ladies will

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW JOANNA CAME BACK. "Geoff," Leo says, with some hesitation,

" what is the matter with Frank ?" "Matter with Frank ?", repeats Geoffcey looking up from the evening paper, abstract-ediy, there is nothing the matter with Frank.

and live in a Newport cottage? Well, it is better, certainly, than life at the Red Farm, "What do you call it then ?" he demands --- " having the fortune of a princess left you in this way? By Jove! I call it the greatest stroke of luck that ever was heard of, out of

the Arabian Nights."

Joanna stares in turn. "The fortune of a princess? What do I sing for my living, and make a very good one, but as for fortune---- Well, I pay for my dresses, and so on, and have some pocket money left, if you call that the fortune

of a princess.' It has seemed that by no possibility can

Judson Sleaford stare harder than he has been doing, but at these words he absolutely gasD8.

"Do-do you mean to say," he demands, as soon as he can speak, "that you don't know ?"

"Tion't know what?"

"Good Lord above! Do you mean to tell me, Geoffrey Lamar never hunted you up, after all?"

"Geoffrey Lamar! I have not seen nor heard of Geoffrey Lamar since I left Brightbrook nearly six years ago.'

Judson Sleaford falls back in his chair, and looks helplessly at her.

"And all this-this cottage and farniture, and that dress, and -and everything-do you mean to say you work for and earn all that?"

"I work for and earn all that. I have never had a penny that I did not work for and earn. I do not know what you are talking I wish you would cease staring about. and explain," ories Joanna, almost losing

patience. Jud takes out his red bandkerchief and wipes his heated face. His amazement at