

A Lover's GERALDINE: Romance.

"Well, well, so much the better for you! Then he takes the deepest interest in your family; only this evening he asked in the most solicitous manner if we had had any tidings of poor James."

She stopped, appalled. Geraldine's face had suddenly become convulsed with terror, as she seized the elder lady's hands, trying to speak, but failing at first through the dryness of her mouth. Between them they dropped the candle, and, as the younger picked it up, Captain Morrison appeared from behind the partition.

"What are you hissing and whispering about, Geraldine?" he asked irritably. "You can come into the room if you have anything to say; can't you, instead of keeping Miss Elizabeth in the draught?"

It was the first complaining speech he had made to his wife that evening; but then, too, it was the first time he had addressed her. She answered with meekness, which always marked her bearing toward him, but which did not seem to please him.

"I have nothing more to say, Philip. I was only talking about the room upstairs."

He shot at her a furtive glance of suspicion, and remained with her at the door while Elizabeth, with another good-night kiss, followed her sister upstairs.

Miss Elizabeth Orway was by no means a nervous woman, nor one prone to make a mountain of dread of a mole-hill of doubt; nevertheless, the results of her observation of the newly-married pair that evening, and of that short colloquy with the young wife, were not only to cause her to look forward with some anxiety to the future, but also to send her to her room with an uncomfortable feeling that some sort of immediate danger hung over the present.

There was a sharp turn in the corridor between her room and that which had been prepared for the young couple. She heard, in a few minutes the soft shutting of the door, and guessed that Geraldine had come upstairs; and soon after she heard footsteps and the door opened, and she saw and it was plain that Captain Morrison had come up, too; and presently she fancied she heard the sound of voices; and, though her ears were very keen, it was plain that either her imagination led her astray, or they must be talking very excitedly to be heard at all this distance. She sat down as usual to read her book, and the evening lessons; and, while so engaged, she raised her head sharply, convinced at last that the faintest sound of a woman's scream or some passionately spoken word in an outburst of a woman's fierce excitement, she heard in the room quickly, look in hand, and listened.

In a few moments she heard murmurs, now soft, now loud, unrelenting; and then the man's voice rising higher, some sound louder still, which made Elizabeth start forward with clenched hand; then the door-handle rattled, and as the door was flung open, she clearly heard Captain Morrison's voice saying, not loudly, but in sharp, distinct tones:

"For heaven's sake, come here! I won't hurt you; I won't frighten you. Don't go and alarm the house!"

"Let me see your face," hissed Geraldine, and the next moment a flying figure appeared at the turn of the corridor, and Elizabeth, coming out of her room and whispering, "What is it?" received the panting woman in her arms.

"Sh—don't cry out; come in here!" she said, and drew Geraldine into her own room and locked the door.

She would not let her speak at once; but, placing her in the armchair from which she herself had just risen, she bathed her face with cold water, and eau-de-Cologne; for Geraldine seemed on the point of fainting.

"Did he strike you?" asked Elizabeth, in a whisper, when, at last, Geraldine said, mechanically, "Thank you," and raised her head from the back of the chair.

"Oh, no—worse, worse—much worse!" "My dear Geraldine, what did he do?" "Tell me, quickly, for heaven's sake!" And her fancy flew to Desdemona and tales of midnight murder.

She shook her head and sat up, while Elizabeth was reassured, but still more puzzled by noticing that her pale pink cashmere dressing gown, with its frills and folds of lace, showed no traces of rough handling, and her chestnut hair, hanging down in two glossy plaits, little signs of disorder. Geraldine began to laugh hysterically as she suffered this inspection.

"Oh, I am not hurt—at least, I have not bruises or broken bones!" Then, as Elizabeth drew herself up stiffly, as if feeling that she had been tricked, she added, "I have only found out what I have suspected for the last ten days—that the man is that I have married."

"What he is?" "Yes, I have found out why the little show of affection he made me before marriage has disappeared so quickly, why he evidently has but one object in my society, why our honeymoon was spent in erratic rushes from one place to another, and backward and forward between them."

She looked up at Miss Elizabeth, and paused. Those two had never really forget the cruelty with which she had been received on her first visit to War-

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Ingham Hall; the elder still treasured up the memory of the wrong which Sir Charles' caprice had done to herself and her sister. A moment of terror had made the elder lady, the other confiding; but already sympathy had given place in the face of the elder lady to hard, eager curiosity, already a spirit of caution led the younger to measure her words. "He is mad!" she ended briefly.

At that moment there was a knock at the door and Captain Morrison's voice called softly: "Geraldine!"

She started, but did not answer. "I will speak to him—I'm not afraid," said Elizabeth, and, much to her surprise, the biggest book of devotions which lay on the chest of drawers, she unlocked and cautiously opened the door.

He looked as sane as a man could, more composed than he had been all the evening; the most imaginative person could have discovered no sign of frenzy in face, voice or manner. If he had been mad, the paroxysm was over. He looked naturally somewhat annoyed at the errand which brought him; but even his annoyance was well under control.

"I am very sorry to disturb you at this time of night, Miss Elizabeth, but I think I have a right to see you."

"Yes, she is in here."

"Will you ask her to come out and speak to me? I don't want to disturb her, as she seems to imagine, and that I hope to goodness she doesn't want to make another scene. If the servants should get wind of this midnight amusement of courting through the passage and playing hide-and-seek in other people's rooms, we shall never hear the end of it."

This he said in a low, distinct voice, all for the benefit of his wife, whom he could not see. Elizabeth, who was no coward, ashamed of her weapon, let her hands, because they were so close, and of divisions slide down upon the floor.

"She seems to be afraid of you," she observed, dryly, annoyed with the young wife for this escape.

"Yes—I haven't the least notion why. I believe Sir Charles' room made her nervous. She had better sleep with you tonight, I think, if you will let her. But I must speak to her first. Here, you may see my hands together, if she is afraid of me," he added, with a look up at Miss Elizabeth, and a backward nod of the head, as much as to say: "Did you ever hear such nonsense?"

which had the desired effect of enlisting the sympathy of the young wife, in disgust at the young wife's fanciful terrors.

"Geraldine," she called in a cold voice, turning to the chair in which the frightened woman sat, listening intently with wide eyes and parted lips. "Philip is here. He wishes to speak to you."

She rose obediently and came slowly to the door.

"Come out here, I must speak to you. I won't touch you."

For one moment she hesitated, her bosom heaving, her face eloquent—not with fear, but disgust; then, glancing at Elizabeth's hard, unsympathetic face, she saw there was no help for it, and then went out into the corridor.

"What has he told her?"

"Nothing—at least not all."

"What are you going to tell her?"

"Nothing more."

"That's a sensible woman!"—in a tone of great relief.

"But it shall be told! Everyone shall know! I will get freed from you; she hissed out in the whisper she was bound to maintain, but boldly and firmly.

"That's right! Nothing could serve me better! It is the first time you have shown me any spirit," said she coolly.

For one moment she hesitated, her bosom heaving, her face eloquent—not with fear, but disgust; then, glancing at Elizabeth's hard, unsympathetic face, she saw there was no help for it, and then went out into the corridor.

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Child Victims.

Heartrending Stories of the
Great Famine.

A Missionary Well Known Here
Writes to the Advertiser.

The Awful Fate of Neglected Young
Girls.

Thousands of Homes Broken Up, and
the Children Degraded.

Rev. A. W. Prautch, Methodist Episcopal missionary at Baroda, India, is a gentleman well known to many persons in this part of Canada as an earnest Christian worker. His wife, Mrs. Eliza A. Letch Prautch, who is also a missionary at Baroda, has a number of warm friends in this city.

She is a sister to Mrs. Anthony Adair, 214 Thames street, London, and was formerly a pupil in Alma College, St. Thomas. Among the warmest friends of these missionaries is Ald. Farwell, of South London.

Mr. Prautch writes to the Advertiser, appealing for Canadian aid for the famine-stricken. He says: "The famine is terrible. Scenes too awful and sensational to describe come to the notice of missionaries. On a country road, far from habitation, a missionary saw a young woman sitting by the roadside. Near her was the body of another woman, on whose corpse three jackals were feeding. This young woman was listlessly looking on, wondering, almost, how soon her turn would come, and perfectly indifferent. Some girls are deserted by their parents, because they are as much as to say: 'I don't want to be married, and they are added to wealthy Mohammedan harems, or are dashed into dens of vice, where they meet with a fate worse than death.'

"One phase of the awful famine is the acute suffering patiently endured by the children. A writer to a Bombay daily paper says: 'The case of the children excites my sympathy more than I see of them. They are everywhere the pictures of hopelessness and the innocent victims of neglect, of selfishness or cruelty. They do nothing but look wistful by the hour, and die without complaining. There are numbers of children who were orphaned before the famine, and have been taken care of by relatives. These now are told that times are too hard and that they may no longer share the food of the children of the house. Thousands of homeless children are thus left to starve, and the mother, in her search for food, in many cases never to meet again; the children were left in the deserted huts. Some mothers are kind to their children, and when they have nothing left to share with them, or give up for them, they use their remaining strength in looking for someone who will take them and promise to be kind to them. Alas! the thousands of innocent girls who fall into the hands of human brutes.'

"Missionaries of all denominations have taken up these little sufferers and care for them with a generosity beyond their means, making each one a special case, and treating them as such."

Where the Government has millions of starving men, women and children to provide for, it can be said without implying any censure that they must be fed in crowds, and the strong, who can crowd forward, to the relief, get the food, while the sick and children suffer. One eyewitness describes a group of small, motherless children, wandering about with some food and salt, given to them at the relief depot; they were unable to cook it, and therefore had to depend on half-starved strangers who probably would rob them even of that little food so unsuited to their diseased stomachs. It is out of the question for the Government to make

each one of the millions of starving applicants a special case, but missionaries who take from 20 to 300 children, nurse them with milk and medicine. One lady who took in over 100 starving girls writes: 'We shudder to read of people dying from lack of food, but we have no conception of its real meaning until we are brought face to face with it. If it meant death only, children would be little dread to us, but the suffering before death comes. When reading of famine we have mental pictures of emaciated bodies, gaunt and hungry looks, etc., but we do not hear the continuous cries of pain caused by sore mouths, heads, eyes, ears and bodies, and smell the dreadful odors caused by diseases which starvation brings. It is now four months since these poor unfortunates came to us; we have done all that food, medicine and care could do, and yet a number of them are still ill.'

Rev. A. W. Prautch, the missionaries named above, have decided to take in 100 of these starving children from fifteen dollars to twenty, the needs of each child for a year. Are there not readers of this who, without sacrificing even one luxury, can save a child from starvation?

DEANERY OF MIDDLESEX.
Meetings Held Tuesday—Papers Read
and Business Transacted—Interesting Session.

A union meeting of the rural-deanery chapter, Sunday school and lay workers' associations of Middlesex Deanery was held on Tuesday afternoon and evening in Emmanuel Church, London township. Rev. Canon Smith, rural dean, presided, having associated with him, Prof. Harrison, president of the lay workers, and C. H. Armitage, vice-president of the Sunday School Association, and Rev. George B. Sage, secretary, recorded the proceedings, there was a large and representative gathering of clergymen and laymen and ladies, representing the deanery.

After devotional exercises, conducted by Mr. Armitage, the minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. The rural dean's address dealt chiefly with statistics, showing the numerical and financial status of the deanery. Deanery business matters occupied some time. A report from Rev. A. H. Rhodes, regarding services in Lobo, was referred back to Mr. Rhodes and Rev. George B. Sage, with power. Rev. T. H. Brown, of Delaware, reported regarding services at Christmas, and after discussion it was agreed to recommend that Christmas and parish aid be recorded in separate mission, and placed in charge of a student, under the supervision of Rev. T. H. Brown.

Matters connected with the salary of the missionary to the Thames River Indians and the position of the secretary in regard thereto were considered, and a resolution passed strongly recommending action by the executive committee to insure continuance of services.

The resolution of the Church of England Association, of London, regarding the establishment of a the-ater at Springfield, was heartily endorsed, and a deputation appointed to draw upon the water commissioners in reference thereto.

The convention programme was then taken up.

Prof. Harrison contributed the first paper, taking as his theme "Luke 14:13-14," giving many examples from Scripture and from history to illustrate his subject. The paper was deeply impressive and very helpful, receiving the closest attention throughout.

Rev. T. H. Brown led the discussion in well-considered remarks along the same line. Rev. F. G. Newton and Mr. S. Grigg spoke earnestly on the subject, showing the evils of lukewarmness in God's service.

The questioner was then opened. The answers being given by Mr. Armitage with his usual clearness.

The meeting adjourned at 6 o'clock for recess.

An excellent table was laid in the grounds, and an abundant supply of good things provided by the ladies of Emmanuel Church was heartily enjoyed.

The evening session was opened with devotional exercises, led by Archde-

con Davis, after which Vice-President W. Crawford gave an earnest address in behalf of the lay workers, showing the nature and extent of their work, especially in London.

Rev. W. T. Cluff, of Thorndale, read a paper on "Lay Help," dwelling upon the duties of the laity to the church and to the clergyman, and pointing out many avenues of usefulness. The paper was thoroughly practical and much appreciated. Mr. Walter Crawford opened discussion with a timely address on the true method of adding to the membership of the church. Mr. R. S. Hannah gave a paper on "Class and School Management," dealing with difficult problems in a masterly way and affording excellent advice in regard to the management of schools.

Rev. J. H. Moorhouse followed, pointing out some difficulties and suggesting useful hints. The questioner again proved an interesting feature. Mr. Armitage having criticisms on his answers.

On motion of Mr. R. Kirkpatrick and the secretary, the thanks of the visiting members were cordially extended to the ladies who provided so excellent a repast. Thanks were also accorded those who contributed papers, and an interesting session was closed with the National Anthem and the benediction.

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