

kept very quiet. I never went out, and when Tillie went she always disguised herself and wore my veil. We were there two weeks. One day when Tillie was out she saw my guardian and a private detective whom she knew, driving together in a buggy. We did not know what to do, but finally decided to leave. Tillie suggested that every train would be watched, and our better way would be to leave on foot and go across the country to the next station outside of the city and take the train from there. That afternoon we started and walked several miles to a station, arriving there after dark. We went straight to the depot and waited for the night train, which we took to Rochester. Here we boarded as before and were all the time on the alert. One evening, Tillie, whose ears were always open, heard some stranger at the door saying that detectives were looking for two girls from New York, and he believed there was a big reward offered for their apprehension. He was only gone a few minutes when the lady of the house came to our room and enquired if we were from New York, but Tillie spoke up quickly and said we came from Albany. The landlady had no sooner turned away than Tillie said we must leave at once, and she would fix it. She went down stairs singing and asked the landlady what play was on that night at the opera house, as we thought of going if it was a good one. The landlady could not tell her, so Tillie remarked that we would go, and if we did not like it we would return. She slipped everything into the small satchels and laid them on the table, and her parasol beside them, then I took my jewel casket in my reticule and we went out. Tillie no sooner reached the door than she called out, "Oh, it looks like rain, I will take my parasol," and ran back upstairs to get it. She had no sooner reached the room than she stepped to the open window and quietly dropped the satchels out. I picked them up, walked rapidly on, Tillie overtaking me in a few minutes. Then we walked as fast as possible and again made for the country. We travelled very slowly all night and reached Charlotte just before daylight. From there we took train eastward and continued until we reached this city, and have been here in hiding since. To-day, Tillie saw the detective passing in front of the house where we boarded. We waited for the first opportunity to get out by the back way; but we found we were forced to pass through the main thoroughfare. We did not know where we were going, and Tillie had just remarked that she did not know what to do next, when we met you. The money we brought from New York is almost gone, and we have been so harrassed we have not been able to sell any of my jewelry. We had no idea that you were here and had no expectation of meeting you; but I hope it is providential."

While I listened to this long story, all my fears had departed. There was no deception there. I said, "Come with me." It was only a few blocks to my rooms. We entered, and I called my landlady, and asked her if she could keep these two ladies until I could do something for them. She consented to do her best for a time. I then took my landlady, in whom I had confidence, partly into my secret, and asked her to help me to find them a place where they would be safe until something could be done.

The landlady said her sister, living in the city, had rooms and she thought she would assist us. I procured a hack and my landlady accompanied me to her sister's where we arranged for their comfort. That evening they were taken to their quarters and told to rest contentedly and both stay within doors. The young lady was not at all well when I left her. The continued strain had been too great on her system, and I felt somewhat anxious about her condition.

The next morning I went to see her early and found her in a raging fever. I at once brought the best physician I could find in the city, and later on two more, with experienced nurses to wait on her. Her trouble developed into brain fever, and for three weeks her life was in the balance. Gradually she began to grow better. I gave her every attention and went every day to see her. At length she was able to sit up a little while each day. Then I asked her if I should read to her, and she was glad to have me do so. The nurse, or Tillie, had told her how attentive I had been and she felt and showed her gratitude. Up to this time I had never been for a moment alone with her. One day as I was reading to her, she stopped me and asked the nurse and Tillie to withdraw while she talked with me alone. As soon as we were alone, she asked me to draw my chair near so that she could speak low. When I had done so, she said, "You have been very good to me, and I feel that I must tell you something. I don't know why I am so impressed, for I thought I would never tell it to any one in this world. It is something my father told me when he knew he had not long to live. You will never tell it, I know, you are so good!"

I replied, "Your interests are safe with me. I shall do nothing to injure you."

She leaned over a little towards me and said in a low voice, "My grandfather was a murderer and was hanged." I came very near falling off my chair. A vague thought ran through my head: "This is the bond of sympathy between us, we are both under the same cloud." I said nothing. Seeing my expression and misinterpreting it, she said, "I startled you. I feared I would. I ought not to have told you." Then after a pause, she said, "M—— is not my real name; my right name is the same as yours. I have thought about it several times since I first met you, as it is an odd name."

Something was making my head swim around, I tried to keep calm, and then said, "Tell me all about it."

She continued, "All I know is what papa told me. His name was the same as yours, and he was born in ———. His father was a cruel drunkard and killed his mother and was hanged for it. His aunt Mary adopted him and gave him her name so as to save him from reproach. His uncle Archie sold out and went to England, and afterwards returned to New York, where both he and papa died. Papa's uncle made a great deal of money, and when he died he left it all to papa. That is how he came to be so rich."

I could endure it no longer. I seized her thin hands in mine and kissed them, the tears coursing down my cheeks; I could not speak for emotion. At last, I controlled myself by a powerful effort and said, "You are my own niece. My own brother's child. Thank God for having brought us together even though through pain." She was as much affected as I was, and for a time neither of us could speak."

When we became calm again, she went on to say. "Yes, I remember papa telling me he had an elder brother; but he did not know whether he was alive or dead. I did not think he could be as old as you are, and so never mistrusted it could be you. I was, however, going to ask you if you had ever heard of him; because of his being of the same name."

The nurse, Tillie, and the landlady were called, and were told of the discovery we had made, and all rejoiced exceedingly.

Every day I went to see my niece, and as soon as she was able to go out, I drove her around regularly; but it was two months before she was herself again.

I had found a residence to suit me and had bought it, and had it renovated and furnished in first-class style. One day I