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CHAPTER VII.

When Sir George Ormsby arrived at Mr. Goldring's house to claim the refractory daughter-in-law whose existence he would have been very glad to forget, he found the usurer foaming with passion, and the deaf charwoman cowering in a corner, unable to understand the cause of the wrath she had aroused by her assurance that Liz was not in her chamber.

"This is your doing," her master furiously asserted, turning upon the baronet, as soon as he beheld him. "You must have incited her to spend the night here—bah! what a fool I was to be taken in by her downcast looks, and to fancy she was shy of her new relatives!—you incited her to stay here that she might prattle about the house while I slept, and ransack my closets and chests, and rob me!"

"You bring strange and scandalous charges against me," Sir George exclaimed, with equal heat. "Please to explain yourself; or, stay; my business is not with you. My son especially requested me neither to hold any intercourse myself nor permit—ah! Mrs. Ormsby to do so, with a person who has acted so heartlessly toward us. I will learn from her lies why I am thus insulted!"

With a snarl, the miser snapped his lean fingers in the face of the aristocratic speaker.

"To the winds with your fine speeches! Who wants you here? Not I. The girl—the girl Liz—it is she I want! She is not in the house! What has become of her?"

"How can I answer that question? Have you, in your wickedness, driven her to commit some rash deed which you are now trying to cover by professing to be uneasy about her absence?"

"Oh! I am not uneasy about her, but the trinkets—the pearls! There



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was one necklet of rubies and diamonds worth—ah! who shall say what they were not worth!—and she has them—she has taken them all! If she had left me part, I would not have cared so much; but to lose all is too—too much!"

"Are you deliberately accusing your niece of having robbed you?" was the baronet's incredulous query.

"Look for yourself!" And the angry old man, who was as much grieved over the loss of the ornaments as if they had been really his own, tottered to an iron safe, and, throwing it open, pointed to where the box of sandalwood containing them had stood on the previous night when he retired to rest.

"She may have imagined that she had some right to them, may she not?" he was asked. "This was a question, however, which Lucas Goldring did not choose to hear, but mentally anatomized the retentive memory that enabled Liz to remember to whom the jewels had once pertained. "Or is it not quite possible," Sir George went on, "that you have yourself removed them—placed them in yonder desk, for instance?"

"No, no—there is nothing there," was the impatient reply. "Nothing but the deed that was signed yesterday, authorizing me to sell out my share of the dowry."

But though he said this so positively, he fumbled for his heavy bunch of keys, and inserting one in the lock, flung back the lid. The act was followed by a yell of rage; for the deed was gone! The same hand that abstracted the box of jewels had also taken the paper without which the baffled miser could not touch the thirty thousand pounds he reckoned upon as so surely his. So terrible a sight was this wicked old man's fury, of wrath and disappointment, that Sir George retreated to the hall to avoid witnessing it; and coaxing the frightened woman out of the corner where she stood weeping and shivering, he questioned her concerning the missing girl.

But she had very little to tell. When Liz made her hasty retreat from the parlor in the morning, as no one troubled themselves to follow her, she had remained in her own room till midnight, when she stole into the kitchen to ask for some tea; and after crouching beside the hearth a while with her head supported in her hands, had begged a light and gone upstairs again, merely pausing at her uncle's door to say her customary good-night.

More than this the woman knew not, for the wary miser did not permit her to sleep in the house, and to avoid wasting fire or candles, dismissed her to her own home at an early hour; but it Mr. Goldring's tale of his losses was a true one—and his ire certainly seemed to attest his sincerity—Liz had made her plans and acted upon them with more intelligence than any one had imagined her capable of. On searching her chamber, it was discovered that she had carried away a change of clothes, but of the white satin bridal robe nothing remained save a few ashes on the hearth, where it had been tossed and burned. She must have obtained in some way duplicate keys of Lucas Goldring's desk and closet—for no one could have entered his bedroom while he slept, so carefully did he bolt and bar his door—and with the aid of these, possessed herself of the valuables that had disappeared with her.

"She must have had confederates," the usurer declared.

And when asked why he thought this, he averred that in all probability the artful, hypocritical Hannah had both planned and assisted her in her flight. In his frenzy he would have called on the police to arrest the suspected woman; but Sir George, who had a horror of giving any publicity to the affair, by reminding him that this course might be attended with expense, prevailing upon him to relinquish it, and Hannah was quietly visited at her present abode by the baronet himself.

She was busy in the kitchen of the tradesman who had hired her, and her ignorance was so evident and manifest that it would have convinced her querist she knew nothing of the affair, even if her employers had not thanked her for having been engaged during the greater part of the night watching beside one of their own children, who was ill.

Sir George was obliged to return to Lucas Goldring without having obtained any clue to the whereabouts of his niece, and as Goldring himself had been equally unsuccessful, his

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mortification did not diminish, but rather gathered strength with every fresh disappointment.

He had been robbed, cheated, was the gist of his ravings. The artful girl, who might have been his heiress had she behaved differently, had turned upon him and stung the hand that fed her; an observation the baronet heard with such contemptuous smiles, that once again the torrent of the old man's wrath fell upon his head. But Sir George Ormsby was not in the humor to endure more. In accordance with his son's wish, he had been anxious to remove Liz from her kinsman's roof without delay, and, if he found her still averse to the removal, he had intended to gently but firmly insist on her obedience to the spouse, who, by the way, never intended to look upon the uncopely face again. But as there could be no doubt that the young girl had taken the matter into her own hands, he cut short Mr. Goldring's angry invectives, and departed.

"The old wretch has murdered her," was Charles Ormsby's remark when he heard his father's account of her disappearance. For the first time he was testifying a little interest in his ugly bride. "I did wrong to leave her in his power. After solemnly binding myself to take care of the little creature, I ought to have kept my eye for her. Where can she be? Perhaps there was a scene of violence after we left, and she fled to escape further ill-treatment."

But Sir George could not be brought to this way of thinking. There was too much reality in Lucas Goldring's rage when he discovered that the deed was no longer in his possession, to induce a suspicion on the part of one who had seen it, that he was dissimulating. But for his utter unworthiness, the genial baronet would have felt inclined to pity the lonely old man, whose heart was rent by the twofold losses of the morning.

"Where can she be?" repeated Charles, uneasily. "Will she turn up here to disgrace and annoy us? If my mother should see her!" and he groaned audibly at the idea. Nor could Sir George divert himself of a dread that the girl, who had proved keen enough to deprive Lucas Goldring of the power to grasp her wealth, might come to bid them share her triumph; and for many days he listened nervously to every knock at the door, and went with visible reluctance to receive any caller, with whose name and errand he was not acquainted.

But the time passed on, and still no tidings were gained of the lost bride, although her venal uncle spared no pains, and even spent money freely, to track her. Charles, who had sunk into a lethargic condition, from which one of his medical men pressed speedy dissolution, and the other gleaned a hope that nature was resting in order to revive, invigorated, ceased to inquire if any news had reached his father; and Sir George often found himself forgetting that to save his honor his son had made this marriage, so strange not only in itself, but also in its results.

(To be continued.)

MINARD'S LINIMENT HEALS CUTS.

The Craze for Titles

The clean-up of fake doctors and dentists as a result of the discovery of a "diploma mill" has been too long delayed. It should have been done years ago and steps taken to prevent the establishment and flourishing of these "diploma mills" where they can buy a parchment certificate at so much per.

It used to be the custom of persons desirous of placing a title before their names to hop over to Europe, preferably Germany, and buy themselves some kind of degree. Others went there to secure titles of nobility, either through marriage or through purchase. Every student in Germany is called by his barber, landlady and waiter "Herr Doktor."

The reality of persons was tickled when they were dubbed "Court Counsellor," or some other title which really meant nothing at all. Such a handle is similar to the title "Sir" now bestowed on all and sundry by the King of England upon the advice of his ministers.

The craving for a title is like a mania. Down South everybody is a "Colonel" and Governors of States like to appoint faithful henchmen to positions by which they can prefix the mystic but really meaningless word, "Honorable." Every lawyer wants to be a judge. Let an attorney get himself appointed magistrate for thirty days and then for the rest of his life he is "Judge."

Once upon a time titles meant a great deal. The doctor and the lawyer in the community were men of education, of fine culture. They were gentlemen, but nowadays it is a trade, a business. A title may mean more money or some social eminence of doubtful value. This is why "diploma mills" flourish. This is why people will gladly part with money to secure a piece of parchment.

Fakers and charlatans find easy dupes. A gilt tongue, a pleasing exterior, sometimes a little beard, often a loud voice—knowledge is not so necessary. We know a man who obtained a very lucrative position over the heads of much more qualified men by pointing to his sister's nurses diplomas. If we mistake not he became a rabbi. The committee which was appointed to investigate that fellow's qualifications reported that they had seen his certificate.

The entire situation must jump itself up into this: It is far too easy to enter the profession. Physicians, dentists, lawyers, and professional men having contact with human beings and responsible for the well-being of their fellow-men should be well trained and of such character that they will not endanger the welfare of others.

It will be argued that if the requirements for entering any profession are made so stringent that the poor man will be at a disadvantage. It is not a question of money at all. It is a matter of aptitude and character. There are many doctors who would have made excellent shoemakers and many lawyers who would have been excellent pants-makers. They are simply misfits. The standard of the professions has to be raised.

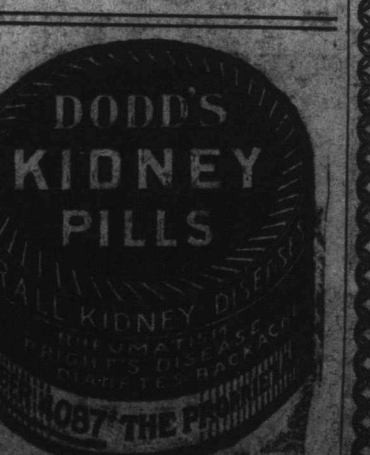
The proposal to register physicians is an excellent one. Why should anyone having power over lives be permitted to hang out his shingle? True, the doctor passes a state examination. But this is by no means sufficient. There are lots of people who are able to carry off any test. It is a matter of cramming knowledge in a certain given time. The examination passed and the subjects are often soon forgotten.

It is to the interest of reputable doctors to see to it that the incompetent and the chafflans and the quacks are weeded out from the profession. As things are the good suffer because of the bad.

The credentials of any doctor should be subjected to the most searching inquiries, especially since so many have gotten the habit to call themselves "professor." All that a doctor has to do is to close his office for a couple of months and announce that he is going to Europe and the next step is that he returns a "professor." And there are fools enough in the world to believe him.

As we have said, this trouble underlying it all is the craze for titles. "My son the doctor," "My son the lawyer," "My son the dentist." It sounds very nice and may be a marriage-market proposition. But human lives are at stake and these must be safeguarded.—*Jewish Daily News.*

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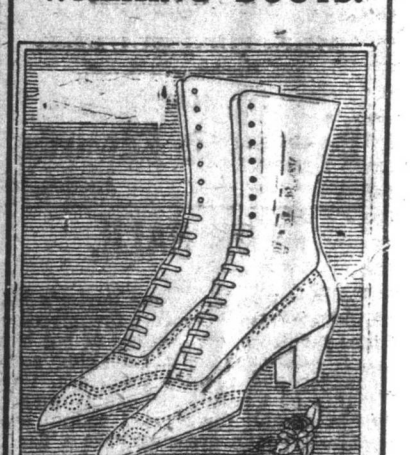
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