

THE SHIP LABORERS' SOCIETY.

Labor on wages, do not murmur, though there be some who are against you and regret a vessel that...

GRATEFUL WOMEN.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful to shop such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

THE COMET OF A SEASON!

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P.

"No! Well, then, go back to America. Let me tell you that you'll find such a very easy thing to get rid of Mr. Montana if you stay here much longer. He's a man to have his name in most things. His one name is 'Montana'."

"Can't compel me to do what?" said Marion. "Well, I am sorry to put it so bluntly, said Marion. 'You cannot compel you to marry. It's on don't like Geraldine. That is quite true. I tell myself that again and again, and yet I am so troubled, somehow. But how did you manage to guess her name? It was so long ago that you don't think any one here had thought of it but myself.'"

It was getting out of a train at Easton Square. The train was crowded, and there was a great deal of bustle at the station. The fight was to get to the carriage as fast as possible, and there was a great deal of confusion and less confusion, less struggling for luggage, and hustling of porters, and clamor of voices, some of which were going to be going to you about a fugitive, and was in much alarm and distress."

"wondering very much why it was that no friend could be found to come with her and see her off. He took her, therefore, under his charge, at first much to her alarm. When the train was ready he found a carriage for her, and saw her safely into it. She pulled out her purse, and to his surprise, gave him a whole handful of silver, some of the shillings in her agitation falling on the platform. In a few minutes the train was gone, and Melissa's flight was safely made."

It was nearly seven o'clock when Montana got rid of the last of the visitors at his evening reception. He was weary, and full of ominous, uncomfortable feelings. His nerves, always highly strung, seemed now like musical instruments that vibrated to some unseen, strange influence. Suddenly he was told that a lady wished particularly to speak with him for a few moments. This was vexatious. He was not in a mood to care for the spiritual confidence of any perplexed soul, and he assumed it was on some such business the lady was coming."

It did not seem to her more strange that Melissa should be in that home than if she had met her in Captain Marion's house. Now, however, looking at Melissa's crushed and desponding attitude, something like the truth came in upon her. "When did you come to London?" she asked; "and why did you come here?"

"I don't know what to do with me; I am terribly in the way. But I don't mean to put you to any trouble, Mr. Montana; I am going at once." "My dear Miss Aquitaine, going where?" This time it was Melissa Aquitaine. "I have done all I wanted to do, Mr. Montana; fulfilled my mission, I dare say some of you would call it." There was a ring of her old petulance in her voice as she said these words. "I think there is some plotting against you going on, and I have come to tell you of it, to put you on your guard; and that's about the best mission I could have; and so, don't mind about me—I'm all right. Good-evening Mr. Montana." She got up and held out her hand.

CHAPTER XXV.

RECAPTURED, NOT RECOVERED.

The room was dim and dark, and Geraldine, with her short sight, had to look closely to see who was there. She did not recognize Melissa at first. Montana came forward. "Miss Aquitaine is here," he said, "and I am sure she would be glad to speak to you, Geraldine. That is why I sent for you so abruptly, and I knew you would come. I shall leave you two together for a few moments, and Miss Aquitaine will tell you why she came to town, and you will advise her."