

THE LADY PASSENGER.

"Markham," said our chief, one morning, "here is a chance for you at last." I looked up inquiringly from my desk in the Bureau of Public Safety at the Government offices in Paris, where I had for some days past been busy with papers concerning the latest Anarchist scare.

"That is right. I was not sure, whether you want of experience, you would care to undertake such a task—for the risk, as I have said, is by no means a slight one. Still, there are points in your favor that have influenced our choice: you are young, are fairly promising in appearance, and, thanks to your English language and French bringing up, you can pass for a native of either country at discretion."

"But I have had no detective experience," I ven used to suggest. "That does not matter. You are to make your way to London at once, join one or more of the Anarchist clubs, and report to me fully every second day. That is all; your familiarity with the desk work of our bureau will give you some idea of what is expected of you."

profession, when I felt a light touch on my arm. I am nothing if not gallant, so when I tell my readers that it was a lady who was invoking my assistance, they will understand that for the moment I forgot all about the Anarchists and their wretched plots and conspiracies. And, the more so as my fair unknown was young, eighteen or nineteen summers at most, and very beautiful. She was pale, and her large, dark eyes showed signs of recent tears.

"Monsieur is going to Paris!" she asked me, in perfect French. "Yes, mademoiselle. Can I be to any service to you?" She looked so grateful at me before replying, that her lustrous eyes made my heart throb, and I felt myself as if falling in love, and at first sight. Well, there was no reason why I shouldn't try for my future already assured!

"I am in such trouble," she went on; "my brother was to come from Brighton to meet me here, and the train has just come in without him. "Perhaps he will come by the next."

"But it will be too late. We were going to Paris together, mademoiselle, to fill your brother's place, if you will allow me so much happiness." "You are very good, monsieur. I am sure; but I should only be sent back from Dieppe—arrested, perhaps, who knows?—for my brother has the passports for us both. And I must be in Paris to-night—my mother is dying. How stupid of Adolphe to miss his train; and all this trouble upon you. Oh, dear! Whatever shall I do?"

father arrests. My own presence was urgently required at the preliminary, or extra-judicial, examination of the prisoners, for one of them, had been traced as coming from London, and it was thought I might be able to give important evidence as to their identity.

And so, on the first day the doctors judged it safe for me to leave my room. I was taken to the house of the magistrate entrusted with the investigation. In an ante-chamber I found Chollet sitting; but he did not recognize me at all when I nodded to him as I passed. My head was partly enveloped in a bandage, and no doubt my appearance was otherwise very greatly altered. But that was not the reason of the blank stare he favored me with. I was unable to identify either of the first two prisoners brought forward, as, in fact I had never set my eyes on them before. They were removed, and then the third was brought in, a young woman, followed by Chollet, who carried in his hand a black bag, which I had some dim recollection of having seen before.

"Remove your veil," said the magistrate to the prisoner. "Do you know this woman?" he then asked, addressing me. "Speak out, Albert; tell the truth," said the lady, briskly. "And then I wished the explosion had in deed killed me; it was Mademoiselle Guerin whom I was confronting."

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husband. Come, let us go on deck." His eyes were bright with happiness, and her cheeks were pink, and her hands trembled on his arm. He led her away to the most quiet spot he could find, and first of all they talked over that old misunderstanding and decided that it was all the fault of a spiteful woman who wished to part them. Then they forgave her—because she was dead, poor thing.

Then Jack told Lucy about his travels and the fortune he was making, and Lucy told Jack rather a melancholy family history—parents dead, and papa had married before he left this world; sisters married and gone far away; brothers married, too—and such unpleasant women, of course. "I'm quite alone in the world," sighed poor Lucy, wiping away a tear.

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a few days afterwards, went in haste to the vicar, imploring him to alter the register, or to name the child again. But the reverend gentleman refused, alleging the impropriety of transgressing the rubrical injunction.

BORN.

- St. John, July 6, to the wife of J. B. Jones, a son.
Aberystwyth, July 3, to the wife of A. D. Ross, a son.
Yarborough, June 18, to the wife of John Hill, a son.

DIED.

- Hartford, July 1, Harry W. Weeks.
Peny, June 29, John Rodenheiser, 82.
Black River, June 27, John Elliot, 83.

MARRIED.

- Kentville, June 25, by Rev. Canon Brock, Fenwick Ellis to M. Isner.
Chatham, July 3, by Rev. N. McKay, Alva Hall to Agnes McGrath.

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