PROFIT, \$1,200.

"To sum it up, six long, years of bed-ridden sickness, coating \$200 per year; total \$1,200 —all of this expense was stopped by three Bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want every bedy to know it for their benefit."-N.E.

THE COMET OF A SEASON!

By JUSTIN McCARTHY, M. P.

CHAPTER XXXI.-CONTINUED

Right opposite Montana sat Frank Trescoe in front. He was waiting with stern, cruel patience until Montana should finish his speech, to rise and denounce him as an imstand by him. But he never got the chance to try his interruption—Starr had anticipated him. Trescos's eyes flashed as he saw How dares he to interfere? Shall I begin at

Clement whispered half a dozen words to Montana.

The moment was one of intense anxiety. Montana had not an instant to decide. "You are quite sure of this?" he said in a

quiet whisper, without even looking back.
"Quite sure," Clement wat to "Nothing can stop the fire. We can't get at it the old madman has taken good care of that."

"Go to your people," Montana said; a tell them to keep prefectly quiet, and to do whatever I say."

Not an instant passed in this breathless conversation. Montans then came forward to the front of the platform, and, speaking in tones as composed as if he were merely announcing the object of the next meeting in that hall, he said, "I have to request all of tibility. He would have request nothing of you to do exactly as I bid you. Let the making himself a victim to con the ruins woman all leave the hall first—all but one, of the Church of Free Source has a division of the Church o who will stay with me to the last. Let the men then go. Let this be done with perfect as Frank Trescoe had just the strike idm. quietness, those who are nearest to the door going first, and the rest after. Let there be no rushing and no alarm. All your lives depard upon it. The house is on fire, and the flames cannot be put out, But there is time enough vet-full ten minutes. I will stay to the last."

His terrible composure overmastered the crowd. Had he announced at once that the house was on fire, it would have been impossible to keep any order. But his slow, deliberate, ics-cold words, preparing them for some serious appouncement, wrought them into a mood of obedience and of self control. Even while Montana was yet speaking, some of the women were moving quietly to the door. Had the excitement of panic broken out in that hall, with its one mode of exit, it is questionable whether a dozen of the crowd would have escaped with life. Not the flames, but the panic, would have killed them-the panic which would have set them rushing and trampling over each other, and maddened strong men to crush down women and children in the selfish freney of terror. Now, under the sudden and strong influence of Montana's demeanor and his words, the crowd began to melt away in hushed and orderly submission. They seemed subdued and cowed, not by the wence of danger, but by the souse of dis-

Meanwhile the cracking of timbers and the ling of planks was already heard, and the oke began to pour in, and here and there little thing Melissa is!" he said in a lower saw through some cranny in the walls tone to Clement. "I should never have

light of a flame leaping up behind.
Come up here, Melissa," Montana said, LIAY with me."

Melissa gave a little cry of delight, ran from her place, and sprung up the platform stairs and stood beside him. He held out his hand to her, and the girl clasped it.

"I am so happy!" she said. Geraldine was the last woman to leave. It came to a contest of politeness between her and Lady Vanessa. Lady Vanessa had turned pale when Montana began to make his announcement, but her brave blood soon returned to her cheeks, and she stood firm as a graven image. As for Geraldine, whether from tension of nerves, or high spirits, or whatever it might have been, she felt no fear at ail. She was not discomposed in the least. She had expected something bad, and this did not seem the worst that might happen. Clement was approaching her to urge her to go. She instinctively drew her arm

place was with him. "Come, girl, you go along," said Marion, good-humoredly. "There's really no great danger; but still, the sooner you women get out of this, the sooner we'll all get out. Where's Meliesa?'

into Marion's, as if to remind herself that her

He had not seen that she was by Montana. He turned to look for her. Clement was left a moment close to Geraldine. He caught her hand. "Ge, go, Geraldine," he murmured to her; "my love, my love!" and then his heart sunk within him before the wild look or utter astonishment in her eyes.

Geraldine was going, but drew back to allow Lady Vanessa Barnes to pass. "Standing on ceremony?" said Lady Vancessa. " All right; I will take precedence if you insist upon it. But let's get it through, and not keep these poor men waiting. I am sure they are awfully frightened." She passed round the platform and nedded good-humoredly to Montana. "You are a good sort," she said, after all; and that is a plucky little girl. But hadn't you better come with us, dear? It will be all right. The men will get out

safely."
"No," said Melissa, with compressed lips; "I will stav here."

"Well, we'll keep the carriage for you pray don't be too long."

Lady Vanessa smiled, nodded, gathered up her skirts, and made her way out as composedly as if she were leaving a drawing-room. Geraldine followed. As she left, she cast a look back on the platform and on the hall. The men remained obedient and disciplined as soldiers, although they were as motley and heterogeneous a set as could well be gath. ered together. Fiame was now shooting, broad and lurid, across the ceiling of the hall, and some of the ancient raiters and beams might scon-no one could tell how soon-begin to give way. The smoke was pouring in, but not as yet in great volume. Those parts of the building which had begun to burn were not composed of material to send forth a very stifling smoke at once. So the hall was comparatively clear, and Geraldine could see distinctily as she went. She caw Montana standing in an attitude of statuesque quietude. holding Mellissa's hand in his, looking composedly over the scene, while Melissa's face was turned to him with looks of rapture and

As Geraldine and Lady Vaneesa went out the pent-up, feelings, of some of the mencheer was taken up and repeated.

"What are there confounded fools cheering for ?" Trescoe asked of Marion...

"Because all the women are safe, don't you see; and because they behaved so pluckly." "And because they can save their own shins

now." Trescoe added, sullonly.
"Well, I days say that has something to do with it, too. Come along, Frank; let us save our skins." "I'll not stir a step until that confounded

imposter and play-actor on the platform comes down with that girl. Look at him and bis confounded bravado. It's all showing-off, every bit of it. He'd sacrifice that poor girl for the same of showing what a hero he is. Look at him."

Montana's mind was exalted into a very empyrean of happy sensation. Danger was always to him what wine is to other men, It roused into animation his cold, constrained nature, and gave it a freshness as of youth and joy. Just now he felt keenly the exclatation of the moment, the rush of the blood-He had brought men with him to to the veins, the inspiring excitement of his bim. But he never got the chance position. He had had disappointment of inte, and perplexity, and despondency, and now he felt for the moment free Clement step on to the platform. Had he of them all. "If it were now to die, twere come to warn Montans? "Confound him! now to be most happy," might have been him now to be most happy," might have been his thought, although in a very different sense from that of Othello. He was tired of life; he was beginning to be conscious of failure; and if his career might come to an end then and there, going out as if in a martyr's flame. it would be a closing scene worthy of his ambition. To picture himself in some heroic posture before the eyes of an admiring or adoring crowd was always Montana's desire and delight. For a moment the question rose up distinct in his mind-would it not be better to bring the whole thing to a close then and there? How could there be a finer and more picturesque conclusion? How drametic, how lofty, how ideal, would be this going out of a great career in crash and flame! That chord of Montain's Luture which sometimes thrilled with with, megular pulsation was now strained to three sea suscepdown together. But he was conquite so selfish He felt some consideration on the pole, panting girl who held has been hers, and who looked up to him with eyes of rapture and devotion. Not that Meliesa would have greatly cared even it he did carry his momentary thought iuto execution. She had no more love tor life than be; far less love for life, perhaps, of

> him. She would have spided with him, and seen the flames close around them. and heard the crashing rafters fall, and waited to the end with as much com. posure and courage as another Myrrha standing by another Sardanapalus. But Montana looked at her, and put the thought which had been forming itself in his mind abruptly and decidedly away. The hall was now nearly empty. Montana

the two: women in such a state of exaltation

and devotion as here do not care much whe-

ther life is to end just then or not. It was

been anxious to escape, but he did not want to lose too soon the heroism of the attitude of one who remains to the last. "Hadn't you better bring that girl out of that?" Trescoe cried to him, in a voice chok-

ing with passion and with smoke. "You've done the pore plastique business long enough! Do you want her to be stifled?" The smoke was thick now.

"Come along, Montana," Marion gasped out; "every one is safe. Gad! what a plucky

thought it." "Oome, Melissa," Montana said, gravely, to ckoning to the girl—"come up here, and the girl. "They are all safe. We can go now." He was satisfied with his own here. ism and with her devotion.

He led her down the platform; but as she got on the floor she fainted. Montana lifted her in his arms and bore her to the door. the fresh air will revive her in a moment."

The wild cheer which broke from the crowd as they were seen to come out made Melissa open her eyes; and she knew with joy that she was borne in Montana's arms.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ONCE MORE ON TOWER HILL.

Most of us have observed with curious in. terest some of the old Italian pictures, with their apparently irreconcilable varieties of personages, incidents, scenes, and types of mid is visible from the plair. To her surcharacter crowded within the one frame. Phere is a feast or a wedding going on in one corner, a skirmish of high-plumed cavalry a little farther off, a palace in flames here, a water fall there, a garden party of courtly dames and lovers in the foreground, while Jupiter and Juno, Venus and Bacchus, float in the air or recline on substantial clouds over the heads of the earthly personages.

Common life is like this more often than we are apt to imagine. Take this scene on Tower Hill, for example—the night when the Church of Free Souls was burnt; while that church, in fact, was still burning. Here, if one had an opportunity of studying, he would have found that private love and hates were at work, and were represented by persons who appeared to be only spectators of the fire.
Private dislikes and class detestations, selfish personal interests and lofty public purposes, were illustrated unseen and unnoticed of all observers in the midst of that crowd and within the light of that conflagration. One might have imagined at first that those who stood and watched the are were talking and thinking only of the fire. But if we try to discover what one or two groups here and there were thinking and talking of, and find that there talk and thoughts had little or no reference to the fate of the Church of Free Houls, we may, perhaps, not unreasonably infer that other groups of whose conversation we know nothing were cometimes equally in. different as to what became of that temple, and were talking and thinking only of what concerned their immediate interest, as indifferent to the work of the flames as if it were but a family fireside, within whose comfort-

able glow they were scated. Clement Hope did not, it is greatly to be feared, care much just at this moment whether the Church of Free Souls was to be saved or destroyed. He know that all the people whose lives he valued were safe; he knew that the concregation generally were safe, his thoughts soon became purely personal, not to say selfish. The expression in Geraldine's face when he let out his love was terrible to him; it was such an expression of alarm, it was so evidently genuine. It seemed i like the death-sentence to his hopes, the their whole night in alarm. When people rushes together to see a London fire, and wreck of his life. He fought his way reck- get lost in a crowd it is better to stay where lessly through the crowd, meeting a face he they find themselves. Somebody will come concerned in the wreck, has no thought but in order that the girl might not see what knew here and a face he knew there, and pass- to them in the end. You see you have come of idle curfosity—the sort of crowd was going on, and what was yet to happen. ing on without a word of recognition. He to me already," she added, with a forced had an impression of having looked into smile that gladdened him little. Frank Treason's face, and seen it livid with found vent in a buist of cheering, and the spite and wrath, and he wondered for half a cold?" moment, and then let all thought of Trescoe

pass away. Frank Trescoe, too, was about this crowd, and with that fire blasing near white faces, and passionate looks among have consented to be rescued thus. But he this time little concerned for the fate of the us?" Church of Free Bouls.

established and separate to the following the second second second second second second second second second se

the crowd down the narrow street where the Church of Free Souls stood, and was carried round the corner to the open space of Tower Hill. She tound that she was separated from her companions. She was not in the least alarmed. To be brought up in an inland American community makes a girl brave, as it makes her honest. Geraldine had not the least idea that any personal harm could come to her because she could no longer see Captain Maron or any of his friends. She knew she had only to wait quietly somewhere and they would ask for her. Tower Bill was densely crowded on the side of the Power itself, but, luckily for Geraldine, the crowd was not great on the side where she found herself. Those who had rushed to the sput on the alarm of fire found, of course, that they could see the flames much better from the Tower side of the bill than from the other side on which the narrow street opened and where, indeed, those who were compelled to take their stand saw nothing more of what was going on than an occasional burst of lurid light across the sky over their heads. Geraldine, therefore, found herself in comparative quietude. Not very many paces from the corner of the street in which the Church of Free Souls was burning, she saw a little enterance—a sort of court, with an iron gateway, which stood half open. There was a gas-lamp far down in the court, and she could see some nest-looking buildings of red brick, with brasses here and there that shone in the flickering light, the whole looking, as Geraldine thought even in that confused moment, temptingly like some Dutch interior in a picture. Nowhere could she be better off then standing back in this little court behind the closed half of the iron gateway, and waiting till some of her friends came up that way and found her. She had not been alarmed even while the crowd was yet within the church, and the flames were spreading over them. There was a curious sonse of unreality, a savor of the theatrical, in the whole affair, which prevented Geraldine from being awe-stricken or terrified. She had an odd, whimsical consciousness all the time of a suspicion that the whole scene was got up by Moniana for the dramatic business of his part. The idea, of course, was merely chimerical, but it so affected her mind as to prevent her from regarding the crisis with the seciousness which it certainly desired. Now that she was out in the open air, that she gaw the excited crowds all around, saw the red flames spreading broadly across Tower Hill, and heard the crash of the falling beams and rafters, the rattle of the deed.' fire-engines, the throb and splace of the boso, enough for Melissa that she was there with and the shorts and cheers and cries of the people, she became somewhat more impressed with a sense of what the reality war, and how terrible that reality might have been. Yet it must be owned that her thoughts were not for the moment fixed on the burning of the told Mr. Aquitaine to. Captain Marion Church of Free Souls. The few hasty words that Clement had spoken had frightened her more than all the flame and crash of the fire. What could he have meant? Had she been mistaken in him all the time? With keen might have easily have gone somer if he had pain there was borne in upon her a memory of other words he had said, of looks and tones which at the time she had not dwelt on, but which now seemed to correspond only too well with the meaning, if she understood the meaning rightly, of the wild words he had spoken a few momenta before. If that should prove to be go; if people had told her wrongly, or had been mistaken about his supposed love for Meliesa; if he really cared for her, and was and gave her into Captain Marion's charge. ever led to believe that she cared for him, Then Clement plunged deeply into the thickwhat a cruel misfortune for both of them! | est of the multitude, and let any living wave what ruin to two lives! How perplexed, how bear him whither it would. miserable her life would seem for the future!

ought to have known of it before. "The smoke was too much for her," he said the mob nester and nearer to her place of picturesque, and yet not picturesque in such a way as Geraldine would have expected. In all her confusion of distracting thoughts she could not help observing with wonder that when she looked toward the place where she knew the Tower to be she could see no Tower litting itself against the sky. She had not kept in her mind any clear idea as to heights and distances and proportions; and her impression was that the Tower of London so stood within its railings as to dominate the whole scene, and to be visible from all parts of Tower Hill, almost as a pyraprise now the Tower had gone out, as it were, behind its trees. The night was what sailors call a clear, dark night, but there was no moon. She could see the dark trees within the anclosure around the Tower: but for the Tower itself her eyes searched in valo, from

the ground to the sky. Suddenly she saw Clement Hope among the crowd. He was evidently looking for some of his friends. She started and drew back further into ber shelter; but the lamp that lit the little court shone too clearly sgainet the darkness of Tower Hill outside not to make her essily visible. There was no one in the court but herself. None of the crowd cared to get there, for nothing of the

fire could possibly be seen from it. Clement was looking everywhere as he went along. He could not fall to look down the court. He saw her; did not seem certain at first; then stopped, came to the gate and called to her: "Miss Rowsn " He did not

say " Geraldine." "I have got separated somehow from my people—from Captain Marion," Geraldine said. "I don't know how to get to them."

She was confused and embarrassed now, not because she was lost in the crowd, but because she had come upon Clement so unexpectedly.

"Shall I take you home?" be asked. "Oh no! I could not think of leaving this place until I found them." "They are sure to be all right. I saw Captain Marion a moment ago; but somehow

I have missed him. I saw Trescoe, too, but I have lost him in the crowd." "We had a carriage," said Garaldine; "if we could find that."

"I saw some carriages over at the other me get you out of the crowd at this end and done for the poor. see you safely home."

"No, I'll not go," Geraldine said; "we shall be sure to see them soon. They may be hunting about for me, and would think ness and of passion prevailed. It was not in something had happened me, and would spend

"Then let us stay here. Are you not

"Yes, yes," Clement said. "1 was not Geraldine mean while found herself borne by thinking of what I said. One doesn't always thick of what he is going to say." "No." Geraldine answered, gravely, suppose not" 44

He felt that it must all come out now. "I send something just now that seemed to suprise you. I hope I didn't off no you, Miss Rowan. I did not think "-he spoke very slowly, and got out the words with difficulty, each word following the other after a distinct pause___ I did not think, somehow, that it street. But there were some among the

"Thought I knew what?" Geraldine asked. His words made her angry; they seemed like an accusation.

"That you knew all I felt about you." "I knew nothing of the kind," returned Geraldine, warmly. "How could I have known is? But there is something you don't know about me, or you would never have of attention. Many of the younger men, as talked in such a way. Don't you knowdon't you really know—that I am going to be

Clement looked at her in utter astonish-

"No. I see you did not know that. I see from your face that you did not know that. "How could I have known it?" Clement was in utter consternation now. At first he could hardly believe that she was serious; and yet, as he looked into her face under the flickering light of the not distant flames, he | curiosity to see the end of the bosiness, and could see nothing in it which was not serious. There was a moment's blank, sad al-

"To whom?" be asked, at last. "To Captain Marion."

A half-articulate cound of grief, and anger and protest broke from him.

"You are going to be married to Captain Marion !" he said; "why, he maight be your father!" " I have thought of all that," Geraldine an-

swer-d, coldly, and I have made up my mind. Now let us not speak any more of this. I know you will not when I tell you."

"You have deceived me!" Clement said. bitterly. "Yes, it is quite true-you have? You let me go on day siter day talking to voo, and hoping, and making love to youyer, I did make love to you every day I saw you, and you must have known it, and you never told me a word or gave me a bint of this. No, and how could I suppose such a thing? How could I suppose you were going to marry Captain Marion or anybody when you talked to me as you did? I thought you cared about me, Miss Rowan; I did in-

"For abame," she answered, "to speak to me in this ruds and cruel way! For shame to say that I encouraged you! Why, I knew. and everybody else knew, that you were in love with Melissa Aquitaine. Every one said you were. You said yourself you were; you knew it-we all knew it. There; I don't want to hear any more of this. Pray go away and leave me. I am perfectly safe here. Oh, I see Captain Marion-yes, there he is that is he."

"That is Captain Merion." Clement said. "He is looking for you. I will bring him to you; we can easily make our way through Come with me

Captain Marion was squeezing his way through the crowd as well as he could, and standing on tiptoe, and straining his eyes, evidently on the quest for Geraldine. They were in a good-humored part of the crowd, and Clement essily made way for Geraldine,

As for Geraldice, she felt for the moment What was to be done now if this should prove only anger against Clement. It seemed to without earning their money in some way, acted a double part with him; that know-The crowd kept streaming on in front of ing of his love she had allowed it to grow, her, new-comers always forcing the lines of and had not said a word to discourage it. She felt so angry that at the time in upon him, at last forcing him close quietly to Clement as they went out together; refuge. The whole scene looked strangely she had little thought left for anything else, for her own future, or Clement's, or for Cap- the crowd, of those whom we may tain Marion. Fortunately for her, Captain call the unprofessional disturbers—the men Marion was not likely at such a moment to really acting on a bitter sense of supposed instudy her manner very closely. If she seemed disturbed and incoherent, he naturally would set that down to the alarm caused by the scenes from which she had just escaped. So she went home that night thinking little of They should fiercely at him; some of theu the danger she had passed through, and in shook their first in his face, some called him which so many others had been involvedthe fate of the Church of Free Souls-of the melancholy cloud that seemed gathering over her coming life. She could only think of the friendship she had felt for Clement Hope, and of the cruel way in which he had misunderstood her. It was like receiving a blow from the hand of some loved friend to to him, blunt of speech as usual, but very whom one looked only for tenderness and protection.

CHAPTE: XXXIII.

THE ESD OF THE CHURCH OF FREE SOULS, It was a strange scene, that now presented by the crowd on Tower Hill. The rescued congregation would of themselves have formed a sufficiently motiey mass. There were artisans and their wives and daughters, earnest young clerks of Dissenting views and principles, from Peckham and Camberwell, and there were fashionable pecple from the West End. Some of the ladies belonging to this latter class sat in their carwaited to see the last of the fire, as it were an exhibition. Men of the class and of the views of old Matthew Starr made their way through the carriages and audibly grumbled or cursed at the immates, denouncing them as aristocrats, and wanting to know whether they thought they were seeing a show. The ides had got possession of the minds of many of the regular attendants in the Church of Free Souls that the fire was done by design, and, according as their sympathies led them, some held it to be the malice of an aristocrat; some others makes a movement of attack, the believed it to be the act of an unthinking and brutal mob. The freer souls were convinced that an ignorant and bigoted population of building on fire, out of pure detestation for all free thought. The men of the class of Matthew Starr were convinced that some devotes of the bloated aristocracy had done the deed. Not a few believed it to be an act of inflicted upon one defenceless man by a just vengeance against Montana for his deceit, and others were equally convinced that side," said Clement. "Perhaps we could it was the work of some malevolent creature, make our way to them; but it is not easy some sycophant of the higher class, who hated with this crowd. I think you had better let | Montana because of the great things he had All these conflicting emotions made the

crowd who watched the fire from Tower Hill one in which an unusual element of bitterthe least like the crowd which ordinarily which, save for those who are immediately one of idle curiosity—the sort of crowd that cheers for mere lightness of heart, and a sense of amusement and excitement; when another raiter falls in or an-

the spectators who were massed together tecome pressed against another without flame or explosion. It was believed now ing. At least it was certain that all who long ago, and was sulking somewhere to make their way into the safety of the open would have surprised you. I thought you crowd who wondered what had become of old Matthew Starr. There were some of his fellows to whom he had more than once drop ped his grim hints of revenge, and who could not belo thinking that his hand must have been in this deed. They looked about for him everywhere, but could not see him.

Lady Vanessa Barnes, seated composedly in her carriage, attracted a considerable share they were forced against the carriage by the swaying of the crowd, looked up in undisguised and simple admiration at her stately presence, her beauty, and her rich dress. But some others of different mood scowled at her, and clinched their fists, and mattered bitter words under their breath. Lady Vanesse could see the expression of each kind of emotion, and was highly amused by both in turn. She had lost sight of those whom she knew in the church, and she waited now partly out of partly to be certain that Montana had got off

Soon the saw, to her great relief and delight, Montana pressing his way through the crowd and carrying Meissa in his arms. She could see his face with its white hue and steady expression above the throng almost everywhere ; know." the average height of that throng, many of them poor. East End artisans or Borough clerks, was not great. Montana was evidently astray in the crowd and trying to find some way out. Lady Vanersa stood up in the carriage and called to him.

Mont-na saw her, and maje for the carriage. Lady Vanesea could not help admiring the mere physical strength with which pushing his way through the crowd, he carried Melissa, her head reclining on his shoulder, as easily if she had been a little child. But Lady Vanessa's quick eyes soon told her that the nesrer Montana approached to the carriage the greater was the difficulty which he had in making his way. She began to think that perhaps the reason was because of the personal dislike which some of those around her seemed to have for her herself as a bloated aristocrat, and she began to wish that she had not called to him at all. But as Montana still came nearer, and she could hear what was said to him and of him, both by those around her and by those a little firther off, she became satisfied that there was a strong personal hostility to Montana himself, in that quarter at least, and that most of those around had entirely forgotten ber in their anger against him. The truth was that most of those who felt any strong hostility toward Montana had naturally made toward that part of Tower Hill where they saw Lady Vanessa and her carriage. Much of the feeling against Montana had begun because of his open and estentatious acquaintance with this fine lady—this daughter of a duchess. It so happened, too, that Trescoe's little band of followers had taken up their position near the carriage, out of a sort of vague design of their own.

Trescoe had deserted his little band of bravors when the burning of the church deprived him of his chance of interrupting and deposing Montans. But they kept together, and they were in a mood to do mischief. He bad brought them there to make a disturbance, and they were not content to disperse with those of the men who were hooting and yelling at Montana. They pressed boisterously nearer and nearer, driving the others against Lady Vanessa's carriage. Some of jury-were under the impression at first that the girl Montana carried in his arms was dead that she was one of the victims of the fire, nd that he was to blame for the whole calamity. shook their fiets in his face; some called him liar and traitor, and even murderer. He was in great personal danger He could not see any of his friends near him and he seemed to be surrounded by personal enemies, whose temper was made the more dangerous with every second of time.

"Chuck her up here! Lady Vacessa cried good natured and conrageous. "All night; I've got her. Now, dear child, sit down here with me, and don't be frightened. Jump in, Montans, and we will get away."
"Where is your husband?" Montans asked.

"Never mind about him; he'h be all right," Lady Vanessa cherilly said. "Notody has anything to say against him, you know. You get in. Get in at once, man never mind those fellows."

Montana turned and faced the crowd. "Not I," he said. "I will never turn my hack upon men like that. I have given my life to serve them and their class, and it they riages, wrapped in cloaks and shawls, and choose to assault me or to murc'er me they may. I was never afraid to defend them. I

sha'n't defend myself against them.' Yet Montana's heart turned sick at the thought of what seemed certainly before him. He knew the ways of crowds well enough. He knew that the most excited and reckless mob will fall back for a moment before the quiet, steady, ppresisting defiance of one man. But he knew also that the moment the feeling of surprise passes away, the moment any one more recklose than the crowd will rush blindly to their revenge. Mere personal fear Montana never felt; but there was in his mind a sickening repugnance the lowest class around the hall had set the to the thought of being dragged about by a crowd of ruffisns, of being struck and beaten, and thrown down and trampled on; of trying to rice and being knocked down again; of all the unspeakable degradation which can be wild crowd in an instant of injuriate and savage passion. For a moment he felt a keen regret that he had not sacrificed himself resolutely in the Church of Free Souls. Was it possible that his career was to end here and thus—in a vulgar, ignoble scuille in the mud of Tower Hill? He could not believe it.

In his soul he appealed to his destiny to protect him against this, and for a moment he felt exalted into new spirit by his own appeal. Yet in one other moment the worse might have come. Lady Vanessa stood up in the carriage between Melissa and Montans, was going on, and what was yet to happen. She called to Montana again and again to get into the carriage, and said she would drive through the lot of them, and drive over other great burst of flame streams to the them and bring him safe; and she certainly "Cold! and on a night like this, and in sky. There were compressed lips, and would have attempted it if Montana would

stood firm to his purpose not to turn his back on Tower Hill, and, hardly any group could upon the crowd, and not to resist them. Had Trescoe been with the crowd, he would have showing some feeling of antsgonism, just as held back his little band at least from joincertain substances brought together start ing in a cowardly and brutal assault oc one man. Trescoe had brought his roughs only that almost every one, if not actually every to defend himself in case of need. But one, had been saved from the beening build- Trescoe and got separated from his party were assembled in the great helt when the the outskirts of the growd, trying to find fi-mes broke out might have been easily able Marton or any one whom he knew, and anxious now to get out of the whole affair as soon as possible. There really seemed no chance for Montana Suddenly Lady Vanesea, standing up as she was, saw a movement through the crowd near to her, but on the other side of Tower Hill. She saw that a rush was evidently peing made, a powerful and resolute rush, by a number of men, apparently coming to Montana's rescue. They began to shout as they came near, and Lady Vanessa saw, as the light of a flame high in air passed over his upturned lace, that Clement Hope was among them. "Bhe called to him, waved her parasol, and pointed and gesticulated. Clement was indeed coming to Montana's help, Soon after be had lefe Geraldine, and was rushing wildly through the outer fringe of the crowd, some men whom he did not know at first ran up against him, and one of them put his hand on Olement's chest.

" Look here," he said, " Mr. 'Ope, they're going to kill Mr. Montana over youder-you ain't going to stand that?"

"Who are going to kill him?" Clement asked in wonder. "Don't know," the man breathlessly answered; "but I'm told they're some pals of old Mat Starr's, or they're bruisers from the

"Where is Montana?" "I don't know, but I'm told he's gone to a

West End-hired follows, I'm told, but I don't

carriage somewhere "

"Come slong," said Clement; "get all the fellows you can. Let's force our way through; call to everybody as you pass.

He had a goodly number with him to begin with, and as they drove their way through the crowd they shouted to every one that Montana was attacked, that Montana was in danger, and that they must go to his rescue. Montana was still by far the strongest in popularity there, and a large proportion of the crowd through whom they presed only needed the word that he was in peril to make them wild to get at his supposed assailants. Clement had only too many tollowers; sometimes the whole buik of the crowd at a particular point seemed to be with him, and they often made their progress more slow than it might have been. Clement was wondering whether they could ever get to Montana, whether they could make their way through the dense crowd, whether they could discover where he was in time to be of any use, when he heard the voice of Lady Vanessa. He saw her, and her carriage, and he knew by her gestures that Montana was near. One solu idea of tactical policy occurred to Clement. It was the only plan he could think of at the moment, all hewildered and ignorant as he was as to what was going on. "There can't be any harm done," he thought, "if we try to clear a space round Lady Vanersa's carriage." He shouted to those behind him, "Come on, men, clear the way before the carriage. Clear every one away between the carriage and the railings. But look out for Mr. Montana." He knew that even in their wildest confusion Montana's friends would recognize his form, and he assumed that Montana would be some where near the carrisge. With the impetus of their rush and the force of the crowd behind them, hundreds of whom followed from mere curiosity. they literally went over the comparatively small band of Montana's assailants. Some were rolled under the carriage, some flung to the railings o' the Tower on the other side, to be true? If it should prove true! Already her an insult that he should accuse her, or and making what they would have called a some driven back, jammed against the crewd it seemed to be revealed to her conscience as even suspect her, of having encouraged him. "row" of some kind. Therefore they in- behind them, far in the direction of the Min- if by light that it was true, and that she His language seemed to say that she had stanily and instinctively joined their forces ories. In a few seconds Montain was sucrounded by his friends.

It was only at that moment that Montana recognized Clement. "Thank you, Hope," be said, quietly-" thank you very much. I shan't forget this."

Melissa leaned forward with eyes of excitement, terror, and juy. She saw, not without surprise, that Clement seemed to be regarded as the hero of the hour.

"Now jamp iv," said Lady Vanessa, "and we'll get out of this st once. Mr. Hope, you seem in a sort of a command here; perhaps you will kindly help to get the horses' heads round. We don't want to trample any decent people if we can help it."

Clement and his friends exerted themselves.

A score of men on either side of the carriage, and a vigorous group in front, made way as well as it could be done. And now the police began to arrive in formidable numbers, and the chances of a rot were over. Olement, to his great satisfaction, heard the carriage at last rattling away along Thames street, and he turned once again from the scone of the alght's adventures, the excitement of the moment wholly gone, and his heart again sinking with disppointment and bleeding with wounded love. He hardly knew where he went, or how he passed some of the later hours of that night. Certainly, he never could tell by what way he got from the Tower to some point at least two miles faither eastward. But suddenly justling against some late wanderers he awakened from a kind of walking dream, and found that he was lost in a maze of equalid streets somewhere in the Wapping region, and that the gray dawn was coming up in mist and thin droppings of dismal rain. It must have been raining some time, for his coat was wet. He wandered dreatly back again and crossed Tower Hill once more. Passing the street where the Church of Free Souls had stood, he stopped and looked up at the ruins. He followed the humor which we are all apt to pursue in our egotistic hours of suffering, and seemed to nesociate the fate of that forlorn building with the wreck of his own life. Every hope seemed to be as completely extinguished within his heart as the flames of

squalld streets, and cared not whither he was going or what he did. (To be Continued.)

that church were extinguished by the water

that had gushed from the fire engines. Not

those ruins themselves seemed bleaker and

blacker and more hopeless than was Clement's

heart as he went on westward among the

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