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BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Head, Stomach, Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lameness and any kind of a Pain or Ache. It will most surely relieve Headache, Blood and Heat, its acting power is "WONDERFUL."

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—upon using it; there is no mistake about it; there is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

George Dodge, Sr., a well known citizen of Emporium, writes that one of his men (Sam Servie) whilst working in the woods, so severely sprained his ankle that he could scarcely get home, but after one or two applications of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil he was able to go to work next day.

THE HIERARCHY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Rome, May 15.—The Gerarchia Cattolica is a sort of directory of the Catholic Church. It is due from the publishers early in the year, but the appearance of the present issue has been delayed in order to include the important nominations and appointments that have been made recently. The Gerarchia contains a complete list of the dignitaries, both high and small, of the Church throughout the world.

This book was published first at the beginning of the last century, under the pontificate of Clement XI. The publication is commonly known and spoken of in Rome, not by its proper title, but as *Il Gracas*, a name derived from the fact that it had its origin in a newspaper printed as early as 1716 by one Giovanni Francesco Gracas.

The present number gives a list of the 263 Popes, ending as follows:

Joachim Pechi, born in Carpineto, March 2, 1810, elected Feb. 20, 1878, and crowned March 3, is now in his 73d year and the fifth year of his pontificate.

The Sacred College is now composed of 65 Cardinals. They are consequently five vacancies, of which only four remain to be filled, since the name of one new Cardinal is reserved in *pectore*—that is to say, has been determined upon, but not yet published.

The oldest member of the Sacred College is Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux; he is 87. The youngest is Cardinal Zigliara, only 49, a learned Dominican supposed to be the greatest Thomist living. The nationalities of the Sacred College are as follows:—

- Italians.....34
- Portuguese.....2
- French.....9
- Irish.....1
- German.....5
- Polish.....1
- Spanish.....4
- Belgian.....1
- English.....3
- Turkish.....1
- Hungarian.....3
- American.....1

The tallest Cardinal is Howard, the shortest Jacobini, Secretary of State. The tallest is Bartolini, the thinnest McCloskey. All agree that the most learned is Bilio, possibly the future Pope. The greatest orator is Allmonds, the greatest student Pitra, the greatest linguist Haynsald. Ten Cardinals have been selected out of religious communities, fifty-five from the secular clergy. The aggregate age of the members of the Sacred College is 3,390 years, which gives an average of a little over 52 years.

Of the 65 Cardinals, 6 are of the order of Bishops, 46 of the order of Priests, and 13 of the order of Deacons. Only one Cardinal is now living who was created as far back as Gregory XVI., Cardinal Schwarzenberg, Archbishop of Prague. He is fourteen years younger than Donnet, but has been a Cardinal ten years longer. There are 43 Cardinals of Pio Nono's creation, and 21 created by the present Pope. Since Leo XIII. was crowned, 20 Cardinals have died, averaging five yearly.

It seems only yesterday since Archbishop McCloskey was made a Cardinal; yet he stands already in the first quarter of the college in regard to age of creation.

Of the nine patriarchal sees of the Catholic Church, that of Constantinople is vacant, while the others are filled. The Latin rite has all over the world 149 archiepiscopal sees, and the Oriental rite has 27. There are 568 Bishops of the Latin rite; 47 of the Oriental.

Figures corrected to April 1st of the present year show that throughout the world the Catholic Church has a hierarchy composed of 1,289 prelates having jurisdiction. In this number are not included the Vicar-Generals of the dioceses nor the honorary Monsignors. During his pontificate, Leo XIII. has erected 5 archiepiscopal sees, 15 episcopal sees, 7 apostolic vicarates and 3 apostolic prefectures. The ordinary denomination of some sees in *partibus infidelium* has been dropped this year. For example, Archbishop Corrigan, Coadjutor of New York, who last year was known as Archbishop of Petra, in *partibus*, is mentioned this year as Archbishop of the titular see of Petra, the *in partibus* being dropped altogether. The Pope has taken this step because many of those ancient sees are no longer inhabited by infidels, but by Christians.

EFF'S COCA.—GRAPEFUL AND COMFORTING.

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected coffee, E. F. F. has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame. —*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (1 lb. and 1 lb.) labelled — JAMES EFF & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England. — Also, makers of, *Eff's Oolong Tea*, *Eff's Coffee*, for afternoon use, *Eff's Cocoa*, *Eff's*

CARRIED BY STORM.

By the Author of "Guy Earlscourt's Wife," "The Secret of the Old Man," "A Mad Marriage," "Edmond O'Donnell," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

It is the tone, the look, the incoherent beyond measure addressed to his mother, that stings him. For Mrs. Abbott, she does not say a word. She looks once at the man before her and then back at her plate.

Ah! sit down, my lad—there is nothing for you to get your meikle up about. Only Miss Ford's Joanna won't come here. Leo says she'll be with a cub out of Giles Slesford's den!

There is in his forehead stand out purple—she brings his clenched fists down on the table, until the glass rings.

Geoffrey's face flushes crimson; he looks at his mother, prepared to resent his outrage. She is a shade paler than usual; a little curl of scorn and disgust dilates the delicate nostrils—otherwise she is perfectly calm.

Do not excite yourself, Mr. Abbott, she says in slow, level tones, there is really no need. Resume your dinner, Geoffrey. Of course it shall be quite as Mr. Abbott wishes.

And then silence falls—such silence! Mrs. Abbott seems slowly to petrify as she sits. Geoffrey's face is rigid with wrath. Mr. Abbott makes short work of his dinner, and departs without a word. Only little Leo, of the quartet, dines at all.

But one sentence, at rising, passes between the mother and son.

You will tell this poor child she cannot come, Mrs. Abbott says, and Geoffrey nods.

But an obstinate look comes about his mouth; he is not easily baffled; those resolute lips, that curved chin were not given him for nothing. Joanna may not come here, but he will go instead to Miss Rice and arrange with her to give the girl lessons at her own rooms. His pocket money is abundant; he will pay for her himself.

She shall be taught, that is as fixed as fate if he has to buy Slesford's consent with his last penny. Contradiction has the effect on young Lamar it has on all determined people—it only redoubles his determination.

It rains the next day, a steady, drizzling, persistent rain. But he cares very little for a wet jacket; sleeping on his resolution only makes him more resolute. He mounts his "dapper" and rides through the dripping woods to Slesford's. No mocking bird is perched among the branches to-day to way-lay him with his delusive melody. He reaches the house, puts his horse under cover, and enters. Only two of the family are at seen—Joanna scrubbing a floor that very much needs scrubbing, and Giles himself smoking, in a corner, a meditative pipe. He greets his visitor with a surprised nod, and watches him curiously. For Joanna—she is evidently one of her dark days, her small face looks cross and cantankerous, she curtsly returns his salutation, she scrubs the boards with ill-tempered vehemence. The rain beads against the panes, the house and everything about it looks dismal and forlorn.

Well, Joanna, Geoffrey says, in an undertone "I promised to come, and I am here. But my project has failed for the present. I intended you to come to Abbott Wood every day for lessons, but it seems it cannot be. We must hit on some other plan. You would not mind going up the village every afternoon, would you?"

Before Joanna can reply, Slesford takes his pipe from his mouth, and breaks in. He has caught the words, low as they are spoken.

What's that? he demands, gruffly.

I mean to tell you, Geoffrey courteously returns, and ask your consent. Of course all this is subject to your control. Your little girl is clever, I think, and has a fine voice. I intended to have her taught, and that voice cultivated—always with your permission. I thought at first of getting her to come every day to our house, but—

Well, but what?—

It cannot be, it seems. Still I can manage it. She can go to Brightbrook, and take her lessons there instead.

Stop a bit, says Giles Slesford, resuming his pipe; "why can't she go to Abbott Wood?"

Well, Geoffrey replies, with that frank regard for simple truth that is characteristic of him, "well the fact is, Mr. Abbott objects. Not that it matters at all—the other way will do just as well."

Stop a bit! repeats Mr. Slesford; "did you put it to your girl, 'I want to learn a little girl,' says you, 'that don't know nothin' but cousin and lowness and make a lady out of her?' Did you put it like that?"

Something like that—yes.

Namely no other names at first?

Exactly.

And what did he say then?

Well, he said yes, answered Geoffrey, a little embarrassed, but still adhering to truth.

And when he found out it was he wouldn't. Give her a name, says he. 'Slesford's Joanna,' says you. 'I'm d-d if you do!' see he, 'none of that lot comes here!' That was it, wasn't it?

Well, more or less, Geoffrey returns, laughing in spite of himself. 'You must be a wizard, I think, Mr. Slesford. But it really does not matter, you know; the other way—'

Stop a bit! reiterates Giles Slesford. 'Was it your intention as how your girl should look after Joanna when she went up to the big house, an' kind of help to educate her and that?'

It was, but as I say—

Stop a bit! hold on—it ain't the same no way, sendin' her to the village to a teacher woman as she shan't go at all. Now you stop a bit, don't nothin' store to-morrow, and map-ba—I name no names, mind you!—and maybe she can be let to go your way.

With which Mr. Slesford relapses into ruminative silence, and slowly fills his pipe, which has gone out. There is a grim sort of grin on his forbidding face as he does so, and he swallows a chuckle or two as he watches the heir of Abbott Wood rise and go away.

So Red Jack won't, won't he? he says, half aloud, with one of those suppressed chuckles; "because she's a Slesford! Ah! well, we will see."

CHAPTER XII.—"NOBODY'S CHILD."

Mr. Abbott is sitting alone in the library at Abbott Wood. For the very great personage he is in some respects, his position is an undignified one. He has tilted back the carved and cushioned chair in which his bulky body reposes; elevated his boots on the low black marble mantel, and is rapidly filling the room with tobacco smoke. A trown still rests on his brow; he has not forgiven his wife—he is not disposed to forgive her; it is only one more added to the lengthy list of affronts she has put upon him.

And if ever I get a chance, he mutters, as

he smokes, 'I'll pay you back with interest, my leg and mighty lady.' Little Leo has just left him. She is his at any rate, he will have her with him when he chooses. In the very teeth of her scornful mother, the child is sufficiently fond of him; he is foolishly indulgent to her, after the manner of his kind; but now she too, has quitted him. Nine has struck, and nurse has come and borne her off. At present he is solacing himself with a pipe, the evening paper, and some crusty porridge, until it shall be time to go to bed.

A wet night, by jingo! he says, as in the pauses of rattling the paper he hears the dash of the rain against the glass, and the sough of the wind in the trees.

The room in which he sits is a grand one—hundred years old to look at, at least; everything in it, about it, is richly beaded, deeply tinted, warmly toned. There is an oval window, where sunset lights fall through on a dark-polished oaken floor in orange, and ruby, and amethyst dyes. A soft-rose-red carpet covers the centre of the floor; a tiger-skin rug is stretched in front of the shining grate. Mellow, brown panels are everywhere where looks are not.

Books are many; hundreds of volumes in costly—purple, crimson, white and gold—not a dummy, among them all. There are bronzes; and a few dark paintings of the literary lights of the world, painted old furniture, all carved with arabesques and giffins' heads, and upholstered in bright crimson cloth.

Here, too, as in nearly every room of the house, is burned in the panes the escutcheon of his Southern wife. It looks a very temple of culture and learning, and with the usual fine irony of fate, John Abbott is his high priest. Not one of all these hundreds of costly volumes does his stumpy brown fingers ever open; his literature is confined to the New York and Brightbrook daily papers, and all the sporting journals he can buy.

As he sits and puffs his clouds of smoke, and swallows his wine, there is a tap at the door, and a man-servant enters.

Well! inquires Mr. Abbott, what now?

There is a man in the hall, sir, to see you particular. He says his name is Slesford.

The servant looks at him with a covert cunning as he makes this announcement. In a place like Brightbrook there can be no such thing as a secret. The servants of Abbott Wood have heard of the Slesford, but this is the first time one of that celebrated family has presented himself at the manor.

Mr. Abbott drops his paper, and slowly rises from his chair, a gray pallor overspreading the pommy hue of his face.

Slesford, he repeats, blankly; "did you say Slesford?"

Slesford, sir—Giles Slesford. He is waiting in the vestibule. Told him I didn't know you were at home, sir, but would see. At you at home, sir?

Show him in your fool, and be quick!

The man retreats. Mr. Abbott resumes his chair, breathing quickly, that grayish shade still on his face, and tries to resume his usual bluff, blustering manner as well, but in vain. He is frightened—braggart, boaster that he is; his hand shakes—he is forced to fling aside his paper with an oath.

Slesford! he thinks: "at this time of night—and such a night! Good G—! what is he after now?"

The door opens, and dripping like a huge water-dog, his hat on his head, his hands in his pockets, Giles Slesford stalks into the room.

Oh, you are at home! he says with a sneer; "the flunkey said as how he didn't know. It ain't the kind o' night heavy swells like John Abbott, Esquire, of Abbott Wood, would be like to go out promenade! It's as black as a wolf's mouth, and comin' down like blazes."

Sit down, Slesford, says Mr. Abbott, in a tone of marked civility. He sends one of the carved and cushioned chairs whirling on its castors toward him, and Slesford only glances at it with profound contempt. "It is as you say, the deuce and all of it might be out in. But now that you are here, if there is anything I can do for you—"

Ah! if there is! returns Mr. Slesford, still sarcastic; "as if there was anything a rich gent like Mr. Abbott couldn't do for a poor bloke like me. As if I would tramp it through mud and water a good three miles for the pleasure of lookin' at your jim-cracks and axin' arter your 'elth. Yes, there is something you can do for me, and what's more, you've got to do it, or I'll know the reason why."

The sneer changes to a menace. Mr. Abbott rises with precipitation, opens the door quickly, and looks down the long, lighted passage. There are no eavesdroppers. He closes the door, and looks it, and faces his man. The danger is here, and he does not lack pluck to meet it.

What do you want? he demands; it was part of our bargain that you were never to come here. Why are you here? I'm not a man to be trifled with—you ought to know that before to-night."

There ain't much about you, Jack Abbott, that I don't know, Slesford retorts, coolly. "Don't take on none of your richman airs with me. This is a snug crib—all this here poety furniture and books cost a few dollars, I reckon. You wouldn't like to swap 'em for a cell in Sing Sing, and a guvment striped suit? What am I here for? I'm here to find out why one of my kids ain't to come to your wife to get a education, if that there young sport, your step-son, says so."

The two men look each other straight in the eyes—fierce, deadly determination in Slesford's; malignant, baffled fury in Abbott's.

So! this is what you want, Black Giles?

This is what I want, Jack Abbott. And what'll I have, by the Eternal! Mind you, I don't care a cuss about education, nor whether the gal ever knows B from a cow's horn; but the young gent wants it, and you were willin' till you found out who she was, and then you wouldn't. Now, I'll stand none of that. My gal's comin' up here to be educated by your wife, says Mr. Slesford, beating out his proposition with the finger of one hand on the palm of the other, "which is a lady born and bred, and by your step-son, 'which he's what all the gold that ever panned out in the diggin's can't make you—a gentleman. You forbid it yesterday—you'll take that back to-morrow, and whenever the young swell says the word, Joanner's comin' up here for that there education."

All this Mr. Slesford says slowly and impressively—by no means in a passion. His hat is still on his head, politeness with Black Giles is not a matter of hat. And he fixes Mr. Abbott with his "glittering eye," while he thus did actually lay down the law. Mr. Abbott, too, has cooled. Indeed, for two Mr. Abbotts, cool is a word.

I wish you wouldn't insist on this, Giles, he says, in a troubled tone, at last. "I have a reason for it. Come! I'll buy you off. I'll give you—"

No, you won't. I ain't to be bought off. She's got to come. But I'm out of cash. I want three hundred dollars."

John Abbott's eyes flash, but still he holds himself aloof. "You are joking! Only last week I gave you—"

Never mind last week, that's gone with last year's mud. It's no good palaverin'—you know what I want. All your money wouldn't buy me off. She's got to come."

Again silence—again broken by Mr. Abbott. "How old is this confounded girl, he demands, and mentally consigns her to perdition. "Your girls ought to be all grown up Slesford."

Ought they? Well, they ain't. She's twelve just."

Twelve! What nonsense! Why, your wife's been dead these sixteen years."

Ah! says Giles Slesford. "It is a brief interjection, but the tone, the glare that goes with it brings back the blood in a purple glow to the other man's face."

We won't talk about that, says Slesford between his teeth, "nor what followed. Clearest, respectable, gent herabouts, and fly at your throat, and choke the black heart out of you. Gimme that money and let me git! The blackest night that ever blowed is better than a pallis with you in it."

With a cowed look, Mr. Abbott goes to a desk, counts over a roll of bills, and hands it to his tenant.

Slesford, he says, almost in a supplicating tone, "I wish you would go away from here. People are talking. The Red Farm is going to the dogs. It's not that I care for that. I don't care for that—but I don't want people to talk. I've been a good friend to you, Giles."

The wild beast glare that looks at him out of Giles Slesford's eyes makes him pause.

About money, I mean, he resumes hurriedly. "I'm not stingy, no man ever called me that. Name your price and go. Back to San Francisco; you can have a good time there; and let by-gones be by-gones. I'll come down handsome, by Jove I will."

Giles Slesford pockets the money, and looks at him with wolfish eyes.

I'm a poor devil, he says, but if I was poorer, if I was a dog in a ditch, I wouldn't take half your millions and leave you. I had work enough to find you, Lord knows. But I have found you, and while you and me's above ground we'll never part."

He turns with the words and leaves the library. No more is said, no good-night is exchanged. Mr. Abbott in person sees his visitor to the door, and lets him out. The darkness is profound, a great gust of wind and rain beats in their faces, but Giles Slesford plunges into the black gulf and tramps doggedly out of sight.

Next day, as Geoffrey Lamar is leaving the house after breakfast, on purpose to ride to the village and see Miss Rice, the teacher, his step-father approaches, in a snuffing way, and lays his hand on his shoulder.

I'll say anything to-day at dinner, he says, gruffly, but apologetically. "I want you to overlook it, dear boy. I was put out, and I showed it. Let that little girl come whenever you like."

Geoffrey glances at him, rather haughtily. It is one of his failings that he is slow to forgive.

It is a matter of no consequence whether she ever comes here or not. I am perfectly satisfied to let it drop."

No, you ain't, dear boy—you know you ain't. You want her to come, and so does your mother. I'm sorry—I can't say no more. Fetch her here and forget my words."

Very well, sir, Geoffrey returns in his grand manner—his head thrown back, his mouth somewhat tart. It is a very natural manner, with the lad, and is exceedingly effective with most people. So it is to Slesford's ride, instead of to the village, and the result is, that dressed in her holiday best, Slesford's Joanna presents herself on Monday afternoon at Abbott Wood to begin her education.

Mrs. Abbott looks at the wild creature in wonder and pity. Out in the woods, there is a certain fire, like grace about the girl—in this grand room, before this grand lady, she stands shifting from one foot to the other, downcast of face, awkward of manner, shy, silent, uncaught. Even the attempt at civilization, the shoes and stockings, the smoothed hair, the washed and shining face, embarrass her by their painful novelty. Miss Rice is there, a little brisk old body, with round bird-like eyes, and the general air of a lively rooster in her brown stuff dress.

My son tells me you can sing, Mrs. Abbott says in her slow, sweet way. "Will you sing something for us that we may judge?"

As well ask her to fly! Joanna stands mute, a desperate feeling creeping over her to make a dash for the door, and fly for ever to Black's Dam.

You cannot? with a smile. "Ah! well, it is natural. Miss Rice will play something for you instead, and I will leave you to get acquainted."

So Mrs. Abbott with fine tact goes and Joanna draws a free breath for the first time. So much beauty, and condescension, and silk dress have overwhelmed her. Miss Rice is insignificant—she never overwhelmed anyone in her life. She goes to the piano, and plays what she thinks Joanna will like, a sparkling waltz and a gay polka.

Joanna does like it, and listens with rapture.

Now tell me some of your songs, and I will play the accompaniment, says Miss Rice.

Joanna goes over half a dozen—Old Dog Tray? "Wait for the Waggon?" "Sally, Come Up?" Miss Rice knows none of them.

Here is "Nobody's Child." Can you sing that? she asks.

As it chances, Joanna can, and does. All her embarrassment is gone with Mrs. Abbott. Her strong young voice takes up the air, as Miss Rice softly strikes the chords, and peals out full and clear. There is a mournful appropriateness in every word:

Out in the dreary and pitiless street,
With my trown old shoes and my bare cold feet,
All day I have wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering, nowhere to go.
The night's coming down in darkness and dread,
And the cold sleet is beating upon my poor head,
Ah! why does the wind rush about me so wild!
Is it because I am Nobody's Child?"

Miss Rice listens surprised and delighted. And Mrs. Abbott, just outside the open window listens too, and mentally decides that Geoffrey was right. This girl is worth saving if only for the sake of that charming voice. She sings with expression, the pathos of the words find an echo in her untaught heart. She, too, is Nobody's Child!

Oh, you have a lovely voice indeed! cries little Miss Rice, enthusiastically, "and after a few months' training—ah, well, only wait! That will do now; we will see what else you know and get out a few books."

The "what else" turned out to be nothing at all. She can read with tolerable correctness, and she can write a little. She cannot sew, knit, crochet—know nothing, in fact, of the "virgin's skill," says Miss Rice, briskly, "to her patronage." "Plenty of needle, and no cultivation. Well, we must pluck up the weed, and plant the seeds of knowledge. Good-day, my dear lady."

Miss Rice trips away, and Joanna more slowly follows. She passes the Gothic lodge, and is well out of sight of that nest little structure where the master of Abbott Wood comes suddenly upon her, and stretching out his brawny right hand, catches her by the wrist. He has been lying in wait.

Are you Joanna Slesford?

Yes, your grace, says Joanna, with the atmosphere of her life, and imply Joanna is Joanna at once.

Who are you, then? Don't tell me lies! "Don't you tell them that I am Slesford's Joanna?"

What d'ye mean? It's the same thing."

Oh, no, 'tain't. My name ain't Slesford, mister."

All Joanna's usual pertness is in her elfish tone and face.

What is it, then?

Don't know, and don't care. Slesford's Joanna does as good as anything else."

She begins to whistle—then breaks off to laugh shrilly.

You'll know me next time for certain, What are you starin' at? It ain't good manners, old gentleman."

To tell the truth, he is staring as Joanna has never been stared at before in her life, a blank expression of new-born consternation in his face.

Little girl, he says, "I am Mr. Abbott, and I want you to answer me a few questions. Who are you, if you are not Slesford's daughter?"

Told you before I didn't know. I don't tell lies. You mightn't think so, but I don't. It's sneaky. Picked me up in a gutter, he says. Whis' he left me there. Gutter's better than his house any day."

How old are you?"

Just twelve."

Do you remember nothing of the time before you lived with Slesford? Nothing of your father or mother?"

Never. Had none maybe. Grew in the gutter, I guess. Saw Mister, it's getting late. I want to go home."

Go then, he says, mechanically.

He draws back, and she darts off feet as a squirrel. He stands and watches her out of sight, that blank expression still on his face.

Of all that could happen I never thought of that, he mutters. "I never thought Black Giles was so deep. No, I thought of everything, but I'm blessed if I ever thought of that."

She has disappeared and the dinner bell is summoning the master of the house. He turns up the avenue, but all that day, and for many days after, John Abbott muses and muses, and is strangely silent and still.

And so it comes to pass, that from that day a new life begins for Slesford's Joanna.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT FIVE YEARS MAKE OF JOANNA.

It is a December afternoon, and brightly and crisply clear. The last yellow light of the wintry sunset, shining in between parted curtains of lace, and heavy crimson drapery, falls upon a young girl seated at a grand piano, touching the keys with flexible, strong fingers, and singing in a full, rich contralto that makes everything in the room vibrate.

It is the winter drawing-room of Abbott Wood, a spacious and splendid apartment, vast and lofty, but the trained powerful voice fills it easily. She is singing exercises and songs; she has been so practising for the past hour, running up in a shower of silvery high notes, holding the highest sometimes so long, and so steadily that you gasped from sympathy, and then running down the scale until the last low sweet tone molts into the chords her fingers struck.

The girl is young—seventeen—tall, slight, a little angular at present, but promising well for the future. She is dressed in a black alpaca that has been seen service, and which is neither particularly neat nor well fitting—a rusty garment, that looks distinctly out of place in that glowing room. Her hair, of which she has a profusion, and which is red-brown in hue, but more red than brown, is knotted in a loose and careless knot, without the slightest attempt at the becoming. Her face is pale and thin, the features good, but the expression set and severe for seventeen.