

self on the point of saying more. Nearly half the length of the room divided them from each other. The words which she was longing to say were words that would never pass her lips, unless she could see some encouragement in his face. "No!" she cried out to him on a sudden, in her sore need, "don't leave me! Come back to me!"

He obeyed her in silence. In silence, on her side, she pointed to the chair near her. He took it. She looked at him, and checked herself again; resolute to make her terrible confession, yet still hesitating how to begin. Her woman's instinct whispered to her, "Find courage in his touch!" She said to him, simply and artlessly said to him, "Give me encouragement. Give me strength. Let me take your hand." He neither answered nor moved. His mind seemed to have become suddenly preoccupied; his eyes rested on her vacantly. He was on the brink of discovering her secret; in another instant he would have found his way to the truth. In that instant, innocently as his sister might have taken it, she took his hand. The soft clasp of her fingers, clinging round his, roused his senses, fired his passion for her, swept out of his mind the pure aspirations which had filled it but the moment before, paralysed his perception when it was just penetrating the mystery of her disturbed manner and her strange words. All the man in him trembled under the rapture of her touch. But the thought of Horace was still present to him; his hand lay passive in hers; his eyes looked uneasily away from her.

She innocently strengthened her clasp of his hand. She innocently said to him, "Don't look away from me. Your eyes give me courage."

His hand returned the pressure of hers. He tasted to the full the delicious joy of looking at her. She had broken down his last reserves of self-control. The thought of Horace, the sense of honour, became obscured in him. In a moment more he might have said the words which he would have deplored for the rest of his life, if she had not stopped him by speaking first. "I have more to say to you," she resumed abruptly; feeling the animating resolution to lay her heart bare before him at last; "more, far more, than I have said yet. Generous, merciful friend, let me say it here!"

She attempted to throw herself on her knees at his feet. He sprang from his seat and checked her, holding her with both his hands, raising her as he rose himself. In the words which had just escaped her, in the startling action which had accompanied them, the truth burst upon him. The guilty woman she had spoken of was herself!

While she was almost in his arms, while her bosom was just touching his, before a word more had passed his lips or hers, the library door opened.

Lady Janet Roy entered the room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SEARCH IN THE GROUNDS.

Grace Roseberry, still listening in the conservatory, saw the door open, and recognised the mistress of the house. She softly drew back and placed herself in safer hiding, beyond the range of view from the dining-room.

Lady Janet advanced no further than the threshold. She stood there and looked at her nephew and her adopted daughter in stern silence.

Mercy dropped into the chair at her side. Julian kept his place by her. His mind was still stunned by the discovery that had burst on it; his eyes still rested on her in a mute terror of inquiry. He was as completely absorbed in the one act of looking at her as if they had been still alone together in the room.

Lady Janet was the first of the three who spoke. She addressed herself to her nephew. "You are right, Mr. Julian Gray," she said, with her bitterest emphasis of tone and manner. "You ought to have found nobody in this room on your return but me. I detain you no longer. You are free to leave my house."

Julian looked round at his aunt. She was pointing to the door. In the excited state of his sensibilities at that moment, the action stung him to the quick. He answered without his customary consideration for his aunt's age and his aunt's position towards him:

"You apparently forgot, Lady Janet, that you are not speaking to one of your footmen," he said. "There are serious reasons (of which you know nothing) for my remaining in your house a little longer. You may rely upon my trespassing on your hospitality as short a time as possible."

He turned again to Mercy as he said those words, and surprised her timidly looking up at him. In the instant when their eyes met, the tumult of emotions struggling in him became suddenly stilled. Sorrow for her—compassionating sorrow—rose in the new calm and filled his heart. Now, and now only, he could read in the wasted and noble face how she had suffered. The pity which he had felt for the unnamed woman grew to a tenfold pity for her. The faith which he had professed—honestly professed—in the better nature of the unnamed woman strengthened into a tenfold faith in her. He addressed himself again to his aunt in a gentler tone. "This lady," he resumed, "has something to say to me in

private which she has not said yet. That is my reason and my apology for not immediately leaving the house."

Still under the impression of what she had seen on entering the room, Lady Janet looked at him in angry amazement. Was Julian actually ignoring Horace Holmcroft's claims, in the presence of Horace Holmcroft's betrothed wife? She appealed to her adopted daughter. "Grace!" she exclaimed, "have you heard him? Have you nothing to say? Must I remind you?"

She stopped. For the first time in Lady Janet's experience of her young companion, she found herself speaking to ears that were deaf to her. Mercy was incapable of listening. Julian's eyes had told her that Julian understood her at last!

Lady Janet turned to her nephew once more, and addressed him in the hardest words that she had ever spoken to her sister's son: "If you have any sense of decency," she said—"I say nothing of a sense of honour—you will leave this house, and your acquaintance with that lady will end here. Spare me your protests and excuses; I can place but one interpretation on what I saw when I opened that door."

"You entirely misunderstood what you saw when you opened that door," Julian answered quietly.

"Perhaps I misunderstand the confession which you made to me not an hour ago?" retorted Lady Janet.

Julian cast a look of alarm at Mercy. "Don't speak of it!" he said in a whisper. "She might hear you."

"Do you mean to say she doesn't know you are in love with her?"

"Thank God, she has not the faintest suspicion of it!"

There was no mistaking the earnestness with which he made that reply. It proved his innocence as nothing else could have proved it. Lady Janet drew back a step—utterly bewildered; completely at a loss what to say or what to do next.

The silence that followed was broken by a knock at the library door. The man-servant—with news, and bad news, legally written in his disturbed face and manner—entered the room.

In the nervous irritability of the moment, Lady Janet resented the servant's appearance as a positive offence on the part of the harmless man. "Who sent for you?" she asked sharply. "What do you mean by interrupting us?"

The servant made his excuse in an oddly bewildered manner.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon. I wished to take the liberty—I wanted to speak to Mr. Julian Gray."

"What is it?" asked Julian.

The man looked uneasily at Lady Janet, hesitated, and glanced at the door, as if he wished himself well out of the room again.

"I hardly know if I can tell you, sir, before her ladyship," he answered.

Lady Janet instantly penetrated the secret of her servant's hesitation.

"I know what has happened," she said; "that abominable woman has found her way here again. Am I right?"

The man's eyes helplessly consulted Julian.

"Yes? or no?" cried Lady Janet, imperatively.

"Yes, my lady."

Julian at once assumed the duty of asking the necessary questions.

"Where is she?" he began.

"Somewhere in the grounds, as we suppose, sir."

"Did you see her?"

"No, sir."

"Who saw her?"

"The lodge-keeper's wife."

This looked serious. The lodge-keeper's wife had been present while Julian had given his instructions to her husband. She was not likely to have mistaken the identity of the person whom she had discovered.

"How long since?" Julian asked next.

"Not very long, sir."

"Be more particular. How long?"

"I didn't hear, sir."

"Did the lodge-keeper's wife speak to the person when she saw her?"

"No, sir; she didn't get the chance, as I understand it. She is a stout woman, if you remember. The other was too quick for her—discovered her, sir; and (as the saying is) gave her the slip."

"In what part of the grounds did this happen?"

The servant pointed in the direction of the side-hall. "In that part, sir. Either in the Dutch garden or the shrubbery. I am not sure which."

It was plain, by this time, that the man's information was too imperfect to be practically of any use. Julian asked if the lodge-keeper's wife was in the house.

"No, sir. Her husband has gone out to search the grounds in her place, and she is minding the gate. They sent their boy with the message. From what I can make out from the lad, they would be thankful if they could get a word more of advice from you, sir."

Julian reflected for a moment.

(To be continued.)

Varieties.

A Wheeling man is doing business at the sign of "Homeny, beens, canned corn, canned tomatoes, buckwheat flour, rasons,

For gushing young maidens of twenty-five or forty, a cunning fringe of hair on the forehead, in poodle-dog style, is the proper thing.

An East Indian journalist says it must be a happy thought that his blood and that of his sweetheart mingle in the same—mosquito.

A reporter describing the dresses at a fashionable assembly in Boston, remarks: "The largest part of the dresses were literally on the floor."

Upon the marriage of Miss Wheat, of Virginia, an editor hoped that her path might be flowery, and that she might never be thrashed by her husband.

The goat teams of Chicago are a success, and as they eat newspapers it doesn't cost much to feed them. A single copy of the Chicago Times satisfies an average William goat for twenty-four hours.—*Utica Observer*.

The Titusville Press says: "An intoxicated printer in East St. Louis wandered into a shoe shop in a fit of mental aberration and set up several sticks of shoepegs, and took a proof of his matter in the boot press before he realized his awful condition."

The man in Danbury who enjoys the most sympathy is he who chased a runaway team for half a mile, and finally succeeded in heading it off, only to discover the driver in the carriage looking very much astonished at the hallooing and panting rescuer.—*Danbury News*.

A man advertised for a wife, and requested each candidate to inclose her *carte de visite*. A spirited young lady wrote to the advertiser in the following terms:—"Sir, I do not inclose my *carte*, for though there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

Josh Billings says: "Mackerel inhabit the sea, generally; but those which inhabit the grocery always taste to me as though they had been fattened on salt. They want a deal of freshening before they're eaten, and also afterward. If I kin have plenty of mackerel for breakfast, I can generally make the other two meals out of water."

A San Francisco reporter recently interviewed Matilda Heron, and he says that there was a bottle on the table labelled "citrate of magnesia," and when she saw him eyeing it, she took the bottle in her left hand, put her right arm around his neck, and in spite of his struggles compelled him to taste the stuff, lest he should go off and write that she kept whiskey in her room.

The death of Lady Beaconsfield, says the *Court Journal*, revives many reminiscences, which one hears on every side. One happened only some four years ago, and the two actors in it are now both dead. One evening during the political crisis which preceded the resignation of Mr. Disraeli's administration, Lord Mayo called at Grosvenor-gate to see the Premier. Mr. Disraeli was not in, and so the Viceroy-designate went in and waited for him. While waiting he fell asleep, and he was awakened by some one coming behind his chair and kissing his forehead. It was Lady Beaconsfield, who had thought that the sleeper was her husband.

A FUNNY MISTAKE.—Old negro slumbering with his feet pointing to a glimmering fire. Opens one eye and gets a glimpse of them, as they stand up in the obscurity. Mistakes them for two little negroes, and cries: "Gif fum 'fore me," and relapses into sleep. After awhile opens the other eye, and still seeing the intruders, says: "Gif fum 'fore me, I say; I klick you in de fire if you don't; I will shu!" and again he snores. His dreams not being pleasant he soon opens both eyes, and still seeing the little pests, he draws up his foot for the threatened klick, but is alarmed to see the enemy advance upon him, and exclaims: "Wha! where you comin' to, now? Humph! my own foot, by golly!"

This is the present style of American puffs, as seen in the *San Francisco News Letter*:—"A curious bet was made in this city on the late election. It was that if Grant was elected the man won the lady, and if Greeley was elected the lady had to accept the man. It can be well understood how the awful interests at stake occasioned the most frenzied excitement throughout the neighbourhood in which they resided. They might have been seen a few days since perambulating N. P. Cole & Co's spacious warehouses in affectionate proximity. They selected some handsome furniture and a duck of a sideboard. When they came to the bedrooms the lady blushed, and requested Alfred to choose one. They then disappeared behind a pile of chairs and uncorked a champagne bottle several times.

OTTAWA, ONT., Nov. 25, 1871.

My Dear Sir: We have much pleasure in informing you of a large demand for your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and we hear excellent accounts from those who use it. Some of our physicians who are acquainted with its valuable properties consider it a most reliable medicine; so it is fast becoming as popular in this part of the Dominion as with your own people.

Wishing you every success, we are yours, very respectfully,

A. CHRISTIE & Co., Chemists.

To MR. JAMES J. FELLOWS, St. John, N. B.

Dr. Colby's Pills remove Pimples by Purifying the Blood.

Chess.

Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

A couple of off-hand games played by two members of the Montreal Chess Club.

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

White.	Black.
Mr. W. Atkinson.	Mr. J. W.
1. P. to K. 4th	P. to K. 4th
2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd	K. Kt. to B. 3rd
3. B. to B. 4th	K. Kt. to B. 3rd
4. Kt. to Kt. 5th	P. to Q. 4th
5. P. takes P.	Q. Kt. to R. 4th
6. P. to Q. 3rd	P. to K. R. 3rd
7. K. Kt. to B. 3rd	B. to Q. 3rd
8. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd	Castles
9. P. to Q. K. 3rd (a)	P. to K. 5th
10. K. Kt. to Q. 4th	P. takes P.
11. B. takes P.	K. ch.
12. K. Kt. to K. 2nd	K. Kt. to Kt. 5th
13. P. to Q. Kt. 4th	Q. to K. B. 3rd
14. Q. Kt. to K. 4th	R. takes Kt.
15. B. to Q. Kt. 2nd	Q. takes B. P., ch.
16. K. to Q. 2nd	R. takes Kt., ch. (b)
17. Q. takes R.	B. to B. 5th, ch.
18. K. to Q.	Kt. to K. 6th, ch.
19. K. to Q. B.	Q. takes Q.
20. B. takes Q.	Q. Kt. to Q. B. 5th
21. K. R. to K.	Kt. takes P. dis. ch. (c)

The game was continued for several moves, finally won by Black.

(a) Castling here is the correct play.

(b) Q. Kt. to B. 5th, ch., or Kt. to K. 6th might have been better.

(c) Kt. takes B. seems preferable.

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

White.	Black.
Mr. W. Atkinson.	Mr. J. W.
1. P. to K. 4th	P. to K. 4th
2. B. to B. 4th	K. Kt. to B. 3rd
3. K. Kt. to B. 3rd	Q. Kt. to B. 3rd
4. Kt. to Kt. 5th	P. to Q. 4th
5. P. takes P.	Kt. to Q. R. 4th
6. B. ch.	P. in.
7. P. takes P.	P. takes P.
8. Q. to K. B. 3rd	Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd
9. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd (a)	B. to K. B. 4th (b)
10. B. to Q. K. 4th	B. to K. Kt. 3rd
11. Q. to K. Kt. 3rd	Castles (K. R.)
12. P. to Q. K. 3rd	Q. Kt. to Q. B. 5th
13. P. to Q. Kt. 4th	B. to Q. 5th
14. Castles.	Q. Kt. to Q. 3rd
15. Q. R. to Kt.	B. to K. R. 4th (c)
16. P. to K. R. 3rd	P. to K. R. 3rd
17. Kt. to K. B. 3rd	Q. Kt. to K. B. 4th
18. Q. to R. 2nd	B. takes K. Kt.
19. P. takes B.	R. takes Kt.
20. P. takes B.	K. R. to K.
21. K. to R.	K. Kt. to R. 4th
22. Q. to Kt. 2nd	Q. to Q. B. 2nd
23. Q. to Kt. 4th	P. to Kt. 3rd
24. B. to Kt. 3rd	K. to K. 2nd
25. B. to B. 4th	Kt. to K. 2nd (d)
26. B. takes K. B. P.	R. to B.
27. B. takes P., ch.	Kt. takes B.
28. Q. takes Kt., and wins.	

(a) The bishop should have retired.

(b) Black might have won a piece by B. to K. Kt. 5th.

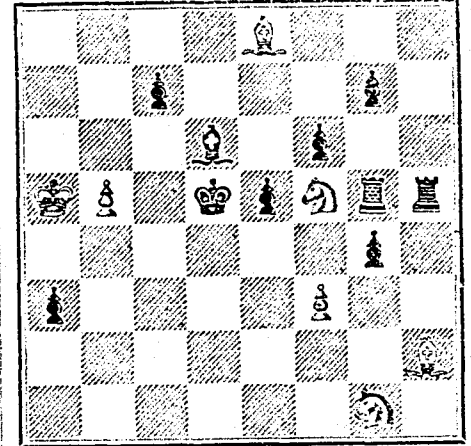
(c) Lost time: Black fails throughout to make the most of his fine position. P. to K. R. 3rd, or Kt. to B. 5th should have been played here.

(d) This slip loses the game off-hand: instead of it Black might have continued the attack by P. to K. 5th.

PROBLEM No. 79.

By J. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

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