CHAPTER XIII CONTINUED.

Why should one be afraid to speak the truth right out, when a word would often save so much of misunderstanding, doubt, and pain? Why should one shrink from being the first to say that word when there is no wrong in it, when in all one's heart there is not a feeling that one need by ashamed of aither being before any human being, or, I hope,

ing before any human being, or, I hope, before God?

I determined to speak out.

"Dr. Urquhart, why have you never been to see us since the wedding? It has grieved papa."

My cander must have surprised him. I felt him start. When he replied, it was in that peculiar nervous time I knew so well, which always seems to take away my nervousness, and makes medical that for the moment I am the stronger of the two.

"I am very sorry. I would not on any account grieve your papa." Will you come, then, some day this

"Thank you, but I cannot promise."
A possibility struck me.
"Papa is rather peculiar. He vexes people sometimes, when they are not thoroughly acquainted with him. Has he vexed you in any way ?"

After a little hesitation, determined to get at the truth, I asked :

Have I vexed you?" You! What an idea!" It did seem at this moment preposterous, almost absurd. I could have laughed at it. I believe I did laugh. Oh, when one has been angry or grieved with thiend, and all of a sudden the cloud. clears off—one hardly knows how or why, but it certainly is gone, perhaps never existed but in imagination—what an in-finite relief it is! How cheerful one feels, and yet humbled; ashamed, yet

nexpressibly content. So glad, so satisfied to have only one's self to blame.

I asked Dr. Urquhart what he had been doing all this while? that I understood he had been a good deal engaged; was it about the barrack business and his menoral?

'Have you been quite well since we

you had been ill. "Thank you, no; but I have had a write, yet whom, in all human probabiligreat deal of anxious business on hand."

More than that he did not say, nor Once, an officer in the Crimea, believ-More than that he did not say, nor had I right to ask. No right I What was I, to be wanting rights—to feel that in some sense I deserved them—that if I had them I should know how to use the control of the control of

I waited for an answer, but none was would have been the sharpest unkind-

Urquhart put me in the carriage himself, and as Colin was restoring the plaid, said, rather irritably:

asually express very little—rest in one's anind strangely. Why should he say ing day, but received from him a mesage and my plaid. She—the lady to I sent back his plaid by Colin next whom I had lent it—was "quite well" I dismounted ander the my bush

and yet his nothing. It is the below ing in them, the depending on hism as any of that they are true and good to the core, and therefore could not but begood and true toward everybody else, oursely yes included, sy, whether we deserve it or not. It is not our deserts which are in question; it is their goodness, which, once settled, the rest follows as a matter of course, they would be untrue to themselves if they were insincere or untrue to us. I have half a dozen friends, living within half a dozen miles, whom I feel farther off from than I should from by directory of the lived at the Antipodes.

Dr. Urquhart if he lived at the Antipodes.

He never uses words lightly. He mever would have said "God bless you!" if he had not especially wished God to bless me—poor me! a foolish, ignorant, shoughtless child.

Only a child—not a bit wiser than a child; full of all kinds of childish anughtiness, angers pstulances, doubts—ob, if I knew he was at this minute sitting in our packer, I could run down and at beside him, tell him all the hard things I have been thinking of him of late, and beg his pardon, asking him to be a faithful friend to me, and help me to grow into a better woman than I am over likely to become—what an unutter-

ever likely to become what an unatter-able comfort it would be A word on two more about my must close my deak and see that the study-fire is all right; papa likes a good

fire when he comes, home.

There they are! what a loud ring! it made me jump from my chair.

This must be finished to-morrow, when—

CHAPTER XIV.

I ended the last page with "I shall write no more here." It used to be my pride never to have broken a promise nor changed a resolution. Pride! What have I got to do with pride?

And resolutions, forsooth! What, are

have I got to do with prid?

Name of the had been a good deal engaged:
was it about the barrack business and
his memorial?

Perlaps I ought not to have referred
to it. And yet that is not a fair code of
friendship. When a friend tells you his
affairs, he makes them yours, and you
have a right to ask about them after
ward. I longed to sak—longed to know
all and everything; for by every carriage
lamp we passed I saw that his face was
not as it used to be—that there was on
it a settled shadow of pain, anxiety, almost anguish.

I have only known Dr. Urquhart three
months, yet in those three months I have
seen him every week, often twice and
thrice a week, and, owing to the preoccupation of the rest of the family, almost all his society has devolved on
me. He and I have often and often
down the garden together for hours at
talking, or, in "playing decorum," to
Any down the garden together for hours at
talking, or, in "playing decorum," to
Any gustus and Lisabel, walked up and
down the garden together for hours at
talking, or, in "playing decorum," to
Any gustus and Lisabel, walked up and
down the garden together for hours at
talking, or, in "playing decorum," to
Any gustus and Lisabel, walked to an
down the garden together for hours at
talking, or, in "playing decorum," to
Any gustus and Lisabel, walked up and
down the garden together for hours at
talking, or, in "playing decorum," to
Any gustus and the search of the searce of the family almost all his society has devolved on
the subject, I have heard about Dr. Urquhart nearly everything that could be
told.

All this will account for my feeling to
ward him after so short on intimacy, as
people usually feel, I suppose, after a
friendship of years.

As I have said, something must have
happened to make such a change in him.

The sole thing in which I may be said
to do do the searce of circumstaces, that there seems only one course
of conduct; doing only from day to day
what is expected of me, and leaving all
the rest to—is it? it must be—to God.

The sole t

friendship of years.

As I have said, something must have happened to make such a change in him. to exercise any absolute volition is in writing down what I mean to write here; writing down what will exist of the The sole thing in which I may be said I have done. It touched me to the quick. Why not at least ask the question, which I should the only record that will exist of the veritable me—Max Urquhart—as he veritable me—Max Urquhart—as he might have been known, not to poeple in spoken since. This indicated at once on gen-eral, but to—any one who looked what a thread of chance the case hung.

fectly aware to whom and for who

them; for it is next to impossible to be so sorry about one's friends without having also some little power to do them good, if they would only give you leave.

All this while Colin and his mother were running hither and thither insearch of the carriage, which had disappeared again. As we stood a blast of moorland in the moorland of the carriage, which had disappeared him, made it unnecessary, nay, impossible:

| fortune he had, to whom he occasionally might want; then, with a glance around my room, and an involuntary wondering as to how and when I might return to it, I mounted Jack's horse and rode off to Rockmount. The whole had not occupied fifteen minutes, for I remember looking at my watch, which stood at a quarter past eleven.

Hard riding makes thinking impossible: Urquhart turned and wrapped me up bade me burn them—at once—in case he closer.

bade me burn them—at once—in case he died. In doing so there started out of ness. A deur of a mile or two, one lost

It was not my intention to attend our point" which has been lately discovered, was no additional cause of alarm, rather camp concert, but I was in a manner showing that in a spot the size of a pin's the contrary; that her father might lie head resides the principle of mortality—in his present state for hours—days.

"And can you do nothing for him?" which perishes or vanishes so mysterious—if I could—at any cost which mortal given. No excuse, or apology, or even his colonel sent me break it to him. I which perishes or vanishes so mysterious-polite acknowledgment. Politeness! that then had to wait about, in order to see ly from the dead friends we bury, the olite acknowledgment. Politeness! that ould have been the sharpest unkindess of all.

Their they overtook us, and the chance as over.

Colin advanced to my side, but Dr.

The same out of the corpse we anatomize, seems to me the corps we are corps when the corps we anatomize, seems to me the corps we anatomize, seems to me the corps we are corps when the corps we anatomize, seems to me the corps when the corps we are corps when the

was over.

Colin advanced to my side, but Dr. ral minutes.

The reason of this delay in their comfest in flesh, this very flesh of ours.

And it seemed, on that strange, nd as Colin was restoring the plaid, pany may be told. It was a sudden agony about the uncertainty of life—young life, fresh and hopeful as pretty as I remember, years and years ago—laura Ansdell's, whom I had chanced as if this distinction between the life and the soul grew clearer to me than ever best means and prove the was fore; as if pardoning all that had been us, except that, as I remembered after not two weeks ago and now she was fore; as if, pardoning all that had hap-

bound I suppose to the construction of the con about the mouth! She must be a very happy-minded creature. I hardly ever saw her, or was with her any length of time, that she did not look the picture of content and repose. She always puts me in mind of Dallas's pet song when we were boys—"Jessie, the Flower o' Dun-libre".

nie, And guileless simplicity marks her its aim, And far he the villais, divested o' feelin', Wha'd blight in its bud the sweet Flower of Dunblane."

I say amen to that.

It was—to return for the third time to the narrative—somewhere about eleven o'clock when a man on horseback stop-ped at my hut door. I thought it might be a summons to the Ansdell's, but it was not. It was the groom from Rock-

mount bringing me a letter.

Her letter—her little letter! I ought to burn it, but, as yet, I cannot, and where it is kept it will be quite safe.

For reasons I shall copy it here.

"DEAR SIR.—My father has met with

a severe accident. Dr. Black is from home, and there is no other doctor in the neighborhood upon whom we can depend. Will you pardon the liberty I am taking and come to us at once?

Yours truly, THEODORA JOHNSTON There it lies, brief and plain; a firm heart guided the shaking hand wew than her handwriting; this, when steady, must be remarkably neat, delicate, and clear. I did well to put it by; I may

never get another line.

In speaking to Jack, I learned that his master and one of the young ladies had been out to dinner; that master had insisted on driving home himself, probably from Jack's incompetence, but he was sober enough now, poor lad! that, coming through the fir wood, one of the wheels got fixed in a deep rut, and the

On questioning Jack more closely, I found that Mr. Johnston had fallen, they believed, on a stone; that he had been ptcked up senseless, and had never saw you?"

"Yes—— No, sot exactly. Why do you ask?"

"Because I thought you looked as if I thenceforward throw aside. I am per this, then, must be regarded merely as I have saved lives, by God's blessing— this, then, must be regarded merely as

one other life to be saved, if, through His mercy, it were granted me to do it. I unlocked my desk and put her letter

again. As we stood a blast of moorland wind almost took my breath away. Dr. ble for them to be delivered at all. He and, indeed, my whole mind was bent

Urquhart turned and wrapped me up closer.

"What must be done? You will get your death of cold, and I cannot shelter you. Oh, if I could!"

Then I took courage. There was only a minute more, perhaps, and the news of threatened war darted through my memory lik an arrow—perhaps the last minute we might ever be together in all our lives. My life—I did not recollect it just then; but his, busy indeed, yet so wandering, solitary, and homeless—he once told me that ours was the only family hearth he had been familiar at for twenty years. No, I am sure it was not wrong either to think what I thought or to say it.

"Dr. Urquhart, I wish you would come to Rockmount. It would do you good, and appa good, and all of us; for we are rather dull, now Lisabel is gone." Do come."

I took out a the bade me burn them—at once—in case he died. In doing so there started out of the three started out of the embers, clear and plain, the name. I took he be the embers, clear and plain, the name had been two and plain, the name last. He bade me burn them—at once—in case he died. In doing so there started out of the three started out of the three started out of the embers, clear and plain, the name. He had been in the dark—news. A deur of a mile or two, one lost the embers, clear and plain, the name. But the fire and I told not tales; I took the poker and buried it. Poor fellow have cost the old man's life; for in similar cases it is generally a question of time. The did not recollect the ment in the meantime, there shall have never referred to those burned letters.

These letters of mine I also may one day burn. In the meantime, there shall have never was brought close to be no name or superscription on them, no beginning nor ending, nor, if I can avoid it, anything which could particular and particular and the point the content of the ment in tall was not an anamy one of all others, most inclines a man to materialism. I never found it so. The first time I ever was brought close to death—but that train of thought was level.

To begin I was

ward just before they came up, he had said "Good-by," hastily adding to it, God bless you. "

Some people's words—people who before. It put me out of myself for a posed often to visit me, followed by chost have before. It put me out of myself for a posed often to visit me, followed by chost have less than the said "God bless you."

as I have often done after half an

as I have often done after half an hoursest, with the soft morning breeze blowing on me, in the outside gallery of Scutari Hospital, start up, take my lamp, and go round my wards.

But minutes were precious. I rang the hell, and almost immediately a figure alld flown the staircase and opened the door. I might not have thought it flesh and blood, but for the touch of its little cold hand.

"Abl it's you at last. I was sure you."

"Ah! it's you at last; I was sure you

would come.
"Certainly."
Perhaps she thought me cold, "professional," se if she had looked for a friend and found only the doctor. Perhaps—nay it must be so—she never thought of

nay it must be so—she never thought of me at all except as "the doctor."
"Where is your father?"
"Up stairs; we carried him at once to his room. Will you come?"
So I followed—I seemed to have nothing to do but to follow that light figure, with the voice so low, the manner so quite—quiter/than I ever expected to see hers, or any woman's under such an emergency. I? what did I ever know of women, except that a woman bore me? women, except that a woman bore me? It is an odd fancy, but I have never thought so much about my mother as within the last few months. And sometimes, turning over the sole relics, I have of hers, a ribbon two and a curl of heir and culling the contraction.

young girl.
She entered the bedroom first. "You may come in now. You will not startle him; I think he knows nobody." I sat down becade my patient. He lay just as he had been brought in from the road, with a blanket and counterpane thrown over him, breathing heavily, but

quite unconscious.

"The light, please. Can you hold it for me! Is your hand steady?" And I held it a moment to judge. That weakness cost me too much; I took care not to risk it again.
When I finished my examination and looked up, Miss Theodora was still stand-

ing by me. Her eyes only asked the question—which, thank God, I could answer as I did.
"Yes—it is a more hopeful case than I

At this shadow of hope—for it was only a shadow—the deadly quiet in which she had kept herself was stirred. She began to tremble exceeingly. I took the candle from her, and gave her a

"Never mind me. It is only for a minute," she said. One or two deep, hard sighs came, and then she recovered herself. "Now, what is to be done?"

Not very likely. If he and I could have changed places—he assuming my strength and life, I lying on the bed, with death before me, under such a look as his child left him with—1 think I

should at that moment have done it.

When I had laid the old man comfort ably in his bed. I sat with his wrist under my fingers, counting, beat by beat, the slow pulse, which was one of my slender hopes for his recovery. As the hand dropped over my knee, powerless, almost, as a dead hand, it recalled, I know not how or why, the helpless drop of that, the first dead hand I ever saw. Happily the fancy lasted only a moment; in seasons like this, when I am deeply occupied in the practice of my profess all such phantasms are laid. And

present case was urgent enough to con-centrate all my thoughts and faculties. I had just made up my mind concern-ing it when a gentle knock came to the deor, and on my answering, she walked in; glided rather, for she had taken off her silk gown, and put on something soft and dark, which did not rustle. In her face, white as it was, there was a quiet preparedness, more touching than any wildness of grief—a quality which few women possess, but which heaven never seems to give except to women, compelling us men, as it were, to our knees, in recognition of something diviner than that I must have quiet. A loud voice anything we have or are, or were ever meant to be. I mention this, lest it across the floor, and I would not answer

She asked me no questions, but stood silently beside me, with her eyes fixed on her father. His just opened, as they had done several times before, wandered vacantly over the bed-curtains, and closed again with a moan.

She looked at me, frightened-the poor child.

I explained to her that this moaning

man could pay!
Motioning her to the farthest corner of the room, I there, as is my habit, when the friends of the patient seemed capable of listening and comprehending, gave her my opinion about the course of treatment I intended to adopt, and my reasons for the same. In this case, of all others, I wished not to leave the relative to the course of the same. In this case, of all others, I wished not to leave the rereasons for the same. In this case, or all others, I wished not to leave the relatives in the dark, lest they might afterward blame me for doing nothing; when, in truth, to do nothing was the only chance. I told her my belief that it would be safest to maintain perfect silence and repose, and leave benignant Nature to work in her own mysterious way—Nature, whom the longer one

"Therefore," I said, "will you understand that, however little I do, I am acting as I believe to be best? Will you

Sickness.—Wheoping cough prevails to a somewhat abreing extent it School section No. 3.

Took her "No; that I did not intend to return till morning."

"Ah, that is well. Shall I order a room to be prepared for you?"

"Thank you, but I prefer sitting up."

"You are very kind. You will be a great comfort."

"I, "a great comfort!" I—"kind!"

My thoughts must needs return into their right channel. I believe the next thing she said was something about my

thing she said was something about my going to see "Penelope:" at least I found myself with my hand on the door, all

room, and submitted to my orders con cerning herself, until she learned that at least a week's confinement, to rest ho foot, would be necessary.

of hers, a ribbon I two and a curl of hers, a ribbon I two and a curl of hers, a ribbon I two and a curl of hers, a ribbon I two and a curl belled.

"That is impossible. I must be up and a curl of things but me."

There is nobody to do anything but me."

"Your girl."

"Lisabel is married. Oh, you meant the bedroom first."

"Lisabel is married. Oh, you meant

Dora. We never expect any useful thing from Dora."

This speech did not surprise me. It

merely confirmed a good deal which had already noticed in this family Also, it might in degree be true. think, so far from being blind to them,

see clearer than most people knew every fault she has.

Neither contradicting nor arguing, I repeated to Miss Johnston the imperarepeated to Miss Johnston the impera-tive necessity for attending to my orders; adding that I had known more than one case of a person being made a cripple for life by neglecting such an injury as hers. "A cripple for life!" She started— her color came and went—her eye wandered to the chair beside her, on which was her little writing case; I con-clude that in the intervals of her pain

she had been trying to send these news, or to apply to some one.
"You will be lame for life," I repeated, "unless you take care." "Shall I, now?"

"No; with reasonable caution, I trust you will do well.' "That is enough. "Do not trouble yourself any more about me. Pray go

things I mentioned.

"Oan I help you? There is no one else. Penelope has hurt her foot, and cannot move, and the servants are mere girls. Shall I stay? If there is any operation, I am not afraid."

For I had unguardedly taken out of my pocket the case of instruments which after all, would not.

my pocket the case of instruments which, after all, would not be needed. I told her so, adding that I had rather she left me alone with my patient.

"Yery well. You will take care of himself the strength of the strength of

You are sure there is no change? "None." "Lisa-ought she not to know! I

never sent a telegraph message: will you tell me how to do it!' Her quiet assumption of duty-her thoughtful, methodical arrangements; surely the sister was wrong-that is, as l knew well, any great necessity would soon prove her to be wrong—about Miss

I said there was no need to telegraph DINING-ROOM CARPETS until morning, when, as I rode back to the camp, I would do it myself.

'Thank' you.' No objection or apology—only that soft "thank you"—taking all things calmly and naturally, as a man would like to see a woman take the gift of his life, if necessary. No, not life: that is owed—but any or all of its few pleasures would be cheerfully laid down for such

another "thank you."
While I was considering what should be done for the night, there came a rustling and chattering outside in the passage, Miss Johnston had sent a servant to sit up with her father. She came—knocking at the doorhandle, rattling the candlestick, and tramping across the floor like a regiment of soldiers—so that my patient moaned, and put up his hand to his head.

might be thought of me, as is often thought of doctors, that I did not feel. the nurse.

There was a brief conference outside; then Miss Theodora re-entered alone bolted the door, and was again at my

side. "Will that do !"

The clock struck two while we were standing there. I stole a glance at her white composed face. "Can you sit up do you think?"

"Certainly."
Without more ado—for I was just then too much occupied with a passing change in my patient—the matter was decided. When I next looked for her she had

way Nature, whom the longer one course of nature I shall do, long before younger persons, it may be seen that it is not youth alone which can receive im-

TO BE ONTINUED.

investif with my hand on the door, all but touching hers, as she was showing me how to open it.

"There; the second room to the left. Shall I go with you? No! I will stay here, then, till you return."

So, after she had closed the door, I respectively the stay here, then, till you return."

So, after she had closed the door, I respectively the stay of the dim passage for a few moments. It was well. No man can be his own master at all times.

Miss Johnston was a good deal more hurt than she had confessed. As she had confessed. As she had confessed. As she was served up in a manner that clearly showed the ability of the fair sex of Porter's Hill. After supper Mr. Davidson was surrounded by his pupils and presented with a very handsome Bible, likes me, I know; but anxiety about her father, and her own suffering, kept her aversion within bounds. She listened to my medical report from the next room, and submitted to my orders concerning herself until she learned that at OYSTER SUPPER AND PRESENTATION.

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Campbell was the act of felling on the head,

SAW MILL BY vies, near Ethe tirely destroyed 4th inst., at abo \$2.500; insuran fire unknown, mill has been three years, but rebuilding agai has a large qu which must be

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MUNICIPAL of the Towns! of the Townslest, Mr. Good Clerk; John Higgins, Coll sor; Andrew
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be paid: Cl fees, postage sessor, \$70; \$75; Caretak

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