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**** A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

streaming tears, and only knew then, with his words, that I was crying. How good it was to see him again, and to think that he was safe—that I had been in time! There he stood, gazing down at me, with a wonderful light in his dark eyes; and I told myself that I ought to be very happy to have atoned for the past by winning his gratitude, even though another woman owned the treasure of his love. "I didn't know that I was crying," I

in time." "I'm glad that it isn't quite a matter of indifference to you whether I live or die. I rather thought it was. But I don't at all understand either the attack, its cause, or what brought you

said, weakly. "But-but I can't help

it. Ah-oh! I thank Heaven that I was

here in the nick of time." "I knew what Roger Cope would try to do to you." I stammered. "I'd been warned. As soon as I heard that hateful man's name, I seemed to see everything, just as if it were printed in big letters in the pages of a book. I knew that Roger had kept friendly with the people in Easel street, and that he'd made up some story to set Welcome against you."

"But I'm more in a fog than ever," said Mr. Bourke. "The man Welcome had screwed his courage to the sticking place with much drink. He was half mad with it. But what I had done to displease him, or where Sir Roger comes in, is a mystery. Had Welcome made himself offensive to you with his attentions when you lived in his neighborhood ?"

"Yes," I said, shamefacedly, beginning to be conscious of great mortification because it had been a mad, mistaken jealousy which had urged the sordid wretch to attempt a crime. "But as for Roger," I hurried on, rushing away from the painful subject, 'you see his only chance, as he was too cautious and too cowardly to act for etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public himself, was to have you put out of the way by some means before the truth could possibly be known. And it was all my fault, really, because he found out through what I had told."
"The truth? What truth?" John

Bourke asked, desperately. "We are naving a strange enough game of cross purposes. I shall have to go to the police-station in a moment. I only stopped because I could not leave you as you were. But don't send me away with a bandage over my eyes." "Oh, I forgot!" I cried. "I'm in a fog, too, and you will not wonder when you

know everything. It's a story about rourself I have to tell you. Yourself and—and the heart-shaped scar on your arm. It means that your name is Cope-that Roger's title, and Roger's money, and Roger's estates are all. all yours. And you don't know what it is o me to be the one-after your goodness-to come with the news." Then I told him everything; every-

thing, that is, that concerned himself: onfusedly, brokenly; but I made him inderstand. And he looked very pale and grave, almost sad, not at all like a man who has just heard that he has fallen heir to a title and a fortune. And he walked up and down the room, with his hands behind his back, in the way knew so well, while my heart ached with love for him-love that could never be satisfied in this world.

"It all fits together like a puzzle," he said, thoughtfully. "All my earliest ecollections. I was adopted by a good old fellow-a crossing-sweeper in Whitechapel. He used to beat me someimes, but not when he was sober. And I sold papers when I was old enough o call out the names. Afterwards we moved up to the north of London, It's easy enough to see how the traces of such an insignificant little waif might be lost in a few years."

> CHAPTER XXVII. All Mystery Ended.

"And it's you-you who have given me back a name, a real right to existence, such as I never felt I had before. No wonder that her face held my eyes and gave me a strange feeling, as if memory were struggling to tell me something and could not. beautiful she was! My mother-my own mother-who loved and sorrowed for me! If it had not been for youne checked himself, biting his lip, and I saw a slow flush mount to the square orehead, where the dark hair grew in a way that seemed marvelously atractive to me.

"Please tell me what you were going to say," I pleaded, almost humbly "I can't-and yet, after all, I don't know why not. I will tell you! I was going to say that, if it had not been for you that night at the theater, I should carry with me now a more vivid She was looking down out of the box, and I thought that never had I seen a thrilled me. But then you came forward from the back of the box like a white vision against the dark back- man in the world. ground-and the footlights on the stage thone up into your eyes, turning them into jewels, your hair to a halo of gold. After that I looked no more at her. I wish to Heaven that I had!

"For the last forty hours I would have given much if I had never seen you at all," he went on. "That letter you left for me was a blow, and I--But I feel differently now. True, something has gone out of my life that can never come back. But you have given me the memory of a dear mother, and of course the hope of great worldly advantages besides. It was more than kind of you to be in such haste to bring me good news, and to wish to warn me of danger. You have not told me yet, though, why you went to that house in the country where you heard this strange story. I only know that you were tired of being my secretary; that something pleasanter was offered you, as you told me in the letter which made such agreeable reading; that you met a woman who took you down to the country. Am I to know nothing

more of your movements since I saw "Now that you understand about Roger," I said, "I will tell you of the woman who took me into the country, and why I went." So he had the tale of the meeting at the Marble Arch, and my strange journey with Walter

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CURF SICK HEADACHE.

"You said nothing to me of having seen such an advertisement in the paper!" he exclaimed.

"Because I did not see it till after you had left me. It was Lady Feo Ringwood who brought the paper, and Roger Cope who told her to do it!" As impulsively gave him this piece of information, I remembered all that it incheeks as if they had been struck. "Roger Cope told her to do it? What had he to do with her coming here that day?"

ny wits for reasonable answer. "Is this another mystery?" "Oh, no; not a mystery at all. But you see-Roger is so secret in his ways. as you know well now. He wanted to get me away, and—oh! that is not what I meant to say, but—but—"

I hung my head, and tried to collect

John Bourke suddenly caught both my hands, looking very determined, very much more excited and eager than he had when he was hearing of his own good fortune. "Had Lady Feo Ringwood anything

to do with that cruel letter you wrote? You shall tell me, Sheila!" "I-wrote it of my own free will." "Did she say to you that you ought to leave this house? For Heaven's sake answer-and answer truly."

"She-thought for your sake-"Confound the woman!" cried John Bourke, dropping my hands. Never had I heard his voice in anger. He took a turn away from me, then came hastily back. "Sheila, tell me that 'ou didn't mean what you said in that let-

"I-it was for your own good," I stammered. "But it almost broke my heart." "It utterly broke mine. It broke my future. All the dream of happiness I'd

dared to raise. You knew I loved you, didn't you, Sheila?" "Loved me! Oh, no, no; I believed it was Lady Feo." 'Impossible! I had never a thought

of her. There never was a woman in the world for me but you. Since the night of 'The Bells,' though I've not always been happy, I've known the great secret of life. And when I found you on Waterloo Bridge I hoped that Heaven meant you for me. I dared to hope that-till your letter camethough I hadn't meant to tell you while you were in this house, with any mistaken feeling of obligation-of 'gratitude,' as you would call it-in your heart. Gratitude from you to me! When my life is yours, when there's no world for me without you!'

A knock at the door, and Mrs. Jennett: "If you please, Mr. Bourke, the proceedings can't go on at the policestation without you."

The claim of Sir John Cope to his birthright, his title and his fortune was easily established-all the more easily, perhaps, because Roger Cope had disappeared before the law could be set in motion to find him. Waiter Leigh told his story, and it was enough -though Sintra, his sister, chose sullenness and reticence for her part in this last act of the drama. John saw the man who had sinned against him, received complete identification, and gave forgiveness.

Walter Leigh did not die until after John and I were married. As for Sintra-the "woman in black"- the rest of her life will be lived away from ollection of her. I saw her first. | England; and if the knowledge that her malice is forgiven can bring her happiness, we are glad that she should beautiful woman. Her face have it. For it is easy to forgive when one is happy, and sometimes I think that I must be the happiest wo-

(The end.)

On His Own.

"While I was engaged to her she made me give up drinking, smoking and golf. Last of all, I gave up something on my own account. that?" "The girl."-"Judge."

Mrs. O'Rourke (to charitable old Mr. Hartwell, who is giving away poultry to the needy)-Long life to yer honor sure, I'll niver see a goose agin, but I'll think of yez!—Harlem "Life."

Mrs. Malaprop - That's young Mr. Jenkins. He's engaged to be married you know. Mrs. Gabble-Indeed? And is that the young woman with him now? "Yes, that's his flasco,"-Philadelphia "Presa"

Family trees are supposed to have an aristocratic bearing.

Bad habits grow with much less culivation than good ones. Dog days are better than cat nights with mosquitoes thrown in.

WHAT THE BABY SAID.

You's the bestest mamma Ever in the world. But when I'ze your manma I won't make you couled. won't wash your hanny pans, Dirty as a pig. When you grow down little

And I grow up big.

That's the way with mammas-Turn about-for when Their young children grow up to folks They grow down again. Then they are their baby's child, Then I dance a jig. You will grow down little While I grow up big.

Then I'll give you candy, Take you to the And I'll 'pank you if you're bad, I won't hurt you, though. won't give you castor oil Nor call you little pig When you grow down little

And I grow up big.

When I am the mamma Then we'll play and play, And I'll tell you stories All day, every day. When we're tired, we'll find some dire And we'll dig and dig, When you grow down little And I grow up oig.

Dividing a Long Sermon. Dr. Samuel Buell of the last half of the eighteenth century, who used to preach two or three hours, like Isaac Barrows, was ingenious in detaining his congregation. On one oc casion after preaching nearly two hours—as long as he could feel secure in the presence of all his hearers-he remarked that he was done preaching to sinners and that they were at lib erty to go. The rest of his discourse would be addressed to good people. A gentleman who once went to hear him stated that when the hour glass was nearly ready to be turned a second time from the commence ment of his sermon, he said, much to the relief of the person who related it, "Once more." After going on some eight or ten minutes longer he said, "To conclude," and after another about equal interval he said, 'Lastly."

The gentleman added that he expected every moment to hear him say, "Everlastingly."

There are some cases in which correct musical ear causes its successor a good deal of discomfort. "I suppose you heaird Squire Sampson's daughter's voice pretty loud in the hymns, my dear?" said parson Fawcett, inquiringly, to his little wife, at the close of the morn-

ng service. I used to think when she lived here before her marriage that her voice was very strong, but not-ernot exactly reliable, perhaps, as to pitch

"Mr. Fawcett," replied the minis-"I suppose she that was Arabella Sampson thinks she is praising the Lord when she sings; and far be it from me to say that she doesn't; but I must say it is all I can do to praise Him at the same

The (at Column.

One of the features in which Engish periodicals for women differ from American magazines of the same class is in the "cat column." There s a section devoted to cat gossip in many of them, in which well known catteries are described, the good points of their inmates and the methods of their owners set forth and the troubles of correspondents discussed, all with an unconscious gravity and a dignity of style which approach the humorous in our eyes. The illness and consequent absence from a show of a famous cat are thus gravely chronicled in a recent publication 'She was prevented from appearing at Edinburgh by an unfortunate acident, having got a fish bone firmly fixed in her nose while eating her supper. She has got well over the effects, barring a slight weakness of the eyes, which will no doubt pass off in a day or two."

More Important.

A story is told of a physician in China who had mismanaged a case, whereupon the indignant family seized him and tied him up, but in the night he managed to free himself, and escaping by swimming a river, which cut off his pursuit.

When he reached home he found his son, who had just begun to study medicine, pouring over his books. He wrung out his wet clofhes, and, turning to the student, said gravely:
"My son, don't be in a hurry with your books. The first and most important thing is to learn to swim.

Kipling a Total Abstainer.

Here are Kipling's views on tem-perance: "I used to take a glass reglarly," he says, "until one day, going along the streets of Manchester, I saw two 15-year-old girls reel out of a public house, stagger across the payement, and fall in the gutter. From that time I have been a total abstainer. So are all my household."

A Rehearsal. Robby-Sister will be down in a few minutes, Mr. Softly; she's upstairs rehearsing. Mr. Softly (who has come prepar d)-W-what is she r-rehearsing.

hobby? Bobby-I don't knew; but she's standing in front of the mirror, and olushing and saying. "Oh, Mr. Softly-er-this is so sudden."

Unselfish Sentiment

To know Christ and Christianity is to have the vision extended and the insight deepened and to have selfishness extracted from the work of Unselfish service is the Masexample.-Rev. Dr. Moore.

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