## AN ORIGINAL GIRL. Hy Christine Faber

CHAPTER LXIV.

Russell and Gedding waited in the vicinity of Herrick's house to compare

"I think it was, as old Rhett said,-Herrick was fleeing." It was Russell who spoke.
"Why should he flee? asked Gedding;

there is no proof as yet to convict him."
"No: we did not intend to make a demand for proofs as you know, Will, till his party should have renominated him fools! we were waiting till they should fall into that trap, and then we were going to demand an investigation accounts-but shrewd trickster that he is, he seems to have foreseen mething of the sort, and to have taken by the forelock.

Yes; and he would have succeeded only for old Rhett."

"Only for a divine interposition by means of old Rhett—Providence Himself as determined that this villain should not escape, though we, you, I, and the us, do not deserve to have m caught, owing to our stupid neglect to put a watch upon him."

How shall we improve our stupidity then?" laughed Gedding, "now that we have him, but still cannot hold him,

Rhett will be the timely instrument Rhett and numerous other bondholders—immediate demands must be made upon Herrick — he cannot meet them, and he must give an accounting. One inspection of his books will show how he has cheated the town. In the meantime his movements must be watched. I shall remain in the vicinity of his house till morning."

"Let me keep you company," said

Gedding. no: I am accustomed to night vigils, and with this," drawing forth a small well-colored pipe from one pocket, and a tiny bag of tobacco from another, "I can defy both darkness and loneli-

"Then good-night," said Will, and hastening away, he almost stumbled up-

on Rhett.
"I was a-watching, Mr. Gedding,"
he said, "I was a-watching Mr. Herrick's house; I couldn't sleep easy,
knowing he was free to away again, and

he's got my money,"
"You needn't be afraid, Sam; Mr. Russell's going to watch Mr. Herrick's use to-night. So, go home and sleep, and come back early in the morning maybe then yon'll be needed to do some

"All right, Mr. Gedding; I'll do as you say; so long as Mr. Russell's a-watching I ain't got nothing to fear,"

and he shambled away.

Russell taking up a position where
the shadows lay deepest, but where he
could command an unmistakable view of Herrick's house, and anybody who might issue thence, lit his pipe and noked very contentedly till a sudden, smoked very contented years slight sound made him start. It was very slight—only like the suspicion of the creak of a door, and Russell put down his pipe, wedged himself in more shadows and fastened his 2mong the shadows and fastened his eyes in the direction whence the sound

had come. He was not mistaken; it was the creak of the door, which Herrick had softly closed behind him, and Herrick himself was slowly and noiselessly descending the steps. When he reached the sideseemed to proceed on tiptoe, but before he got as far as Russell, that gentleman came from his hiding-place

and approached him.
"Why, Mr. Herrick," he said in a surprised tone, are you got acting very imprudently, coming out instead of resting after the ill state of health

you seemed to be in, to-night?"
"I thought the air would do me good,"
faltered Herrick, "my head troubled

"Perhaps it will," said Russell; "any objection to my company? I would of-fer you a cigar, but I have nothing save a pipe. I remember, however, that

but it was no use — Russell stuck to him. Once, Herrick made up his mind to go to the depot anyhow, and to ard the last train, but something told him Russell would do the same. was doomed; fate had made him too s curely, and he might as well succumb.
"I think I'll go home now, Mr. Russell." he said, turning about, and Rus ed him while he ascended the steps and fumbled for a night key. was with only a faint hope of finding the key that he searched—a hope based on the remembrance that when he last worn the present trousers he had used his night key; he shrank with a kind of terror from having to ring the bell, and to present himself a second time before his wife—but fortunately he found the key, and ascending noise lessly to his room he threw himself, dressed as he was, upon the lounge, and

## remained there till morning. CHAPTER LXV.

Miss Burram was still unable to speak but otherwise improving; the paralysis of her body was slowly yielding to treatment, and her strength was returning. That she was conscious of everything said about her was unmistakable, and that her affection for Rachel was constant and intense, there could be as little doubt. It was only when Rachel was near her that she seemed at all restful and that the look of suffering in her eyes grew less. That look, amounting as it did to agony, daunted all who watched it long. It was as if the soul behind it were seeking some way out of an awful thrall of despair and humilia-She used to turn that look upon him when Rachel was not present, and not infrequently he was obliged to leave both that she never She also acters in the air.

cate something by writing, put a per cate something by writing, put a pen into her hand and sought to guide it along the surface of the paper, but nothing resulted save the most unin-telligible strokes. He had long since ated in her ear the only name with repeated in her ear the only hand with which Nother in answer to his request, could furnish him, "Herndon," but it produced no effect, and the doctor had to return to "Tom," and to rely upon Rachel, for his ultimate success.

With Rachel in the room every condition about Miss Burram seemed to undergo a change, and the physician wished from the depth of his soul that Rachel had an iron-cast constitution which would enable her to be uninter mittingly at the patient's bedside. As it was, in her endeavor to be there as much as possible, her health was being slowly but surely undermined, and the was seriously contemplating the criminality of sacrificing the life of this young, and, as she appeared to him, most charming girl, for the sake of sav-

ing even Miss Burram.
It seemed to him, also, little short of riminal, the existence which the child led—no young companions, no diver-sions of any kind to cheer her, and to that effect he pretty freely expressed himself when he wrote to Notner. Of course Miss Burram was in no

condition to be made acquainted with the ruthless demolition of a part of her grounds, nor to have read to her the letter from the Board of Supervisors informing her of the time of beginning the work, the assessment placed upon the same, and the amount awarded to her for the taking of her property-the atter hardly half covered the value of the former.

Rachel received her letter - Dr. Burney himself, having opened the mail bag, placed it in her hands; he gave it to her as she was leaving Miss Burram's room to descend to her din-With a hope and a half conviction

that it was from Miss Gedding, the only person in the world, she thought, now that "Tom" had gone, who would write to her, she went on to the library to read it, instead of turning into the dining-room, for in the dining-room was Sarah, and Rachel wanted to be quite alone when she read her letter. The penmanship on the envelope, now she looked at it closely, though fine and small as if it were a woman's hand, did not seem to her at all like the penmanship of Miss Gedding's last let-ter; but, without waiting to think much bout that she tore off the enevelope. MISS MINTURN:

Miss Minturn:

"I do not know that you are aware of the elationship of the man who died in Miss Burram's carriage-house on the night of the storm learly two years ago. I do not know that you are aware of the character of that man—I do not know that you are aware of his connection with Miss Burram—he was your father, her rother, and he was a gambler and a forger. His gambled in an Italian port, at Monaco, till his last stake was lost—that stake was his was trading vessel—an Englishman won it; his mane was Gusket; he was a relative of your tutor. After your father had gambled away his vessel he forged a check on a shipping firm in boston, and he only escaped arrest because a friend of Miss Burram succeeded in hiding him.

hiding him.

"I append a copy of the paragraph which appeared in the Boston daily papers at the

(ne):
"A warrant is out for the arrest of Captain lin urn, until recently owner of the bright Coralia." for forgery. He forged a check on the shipping firm of Bates and Culver; the orgery was instantly desected, and the police reon the alert for his capture." Thus far Rachel read like one in a

dream, hardly comprehending, hardly even conscious that the terrible things she was reading related to herself, but the paragraph about Captain Minturn horribly recalled her; she started from her seat, still holding the open letter, only half of which she had read, and turned she hardly knew whither; knowing nothing but that she was possessed of a blind impulse to go to some one who would tell her that letter was false. But to whom should she gono one unless Miss Burram, and she, being unable to speak, could tell her nothing. To Hardman — how even to him could she disclose her family history? She had not even told him of the message from "Tom," owing to a singular feeling that no one beside her-

self ought to hear that. ou do not smoke, Mr. Herriek."

Her temples began to throb with a sudden headache, and her heart to feel as if an iron hand clutched it; yet, she held the letter open before her, and her eyes turned involuntarily to the next

"The paper in which that paragraph appered is in my possession, and a fac simile of particle of the rection of the motion of the rection of the rection of the paper of the rection of the property none of nees facts should have become known:—had you whist Minturn, listened to me on the ay on which I called, and when I was oudely and savagely ejected, I would have commercial.

rudely and savagely ejected. I would have been merciful. "I called on that day for the purpose of informing Miss Burram that I was in possession of these facts—my proofs of the same are incontrovertable—but that I should suppress them if she would consent to sell her place. You will remember, Miss Minturn, how I was readed upon that occasion—the result of that treatment is now beginning to appear. In to morrow's Times, as I have already stated, there will be published a full account of the gamb ing and the foregry of your father, who was also Miss Burram's brother. I doubt whether she or you, will care longer to live where your criminal and disgraceful antecedents become public property. "Wishing you and Miss Burram as much pleasure as can be yours with with such a family history." I am yours for satisfaction.

pleasure as can be yours family history, "I am yours for satisfaction, "BILBER HERRICK" Every word of that letter burned cruelly into the girl's soul—burned so cruelly that it was almost impossible for her to think, though everything came confusedly before her, from th moment of her first remembrance of "Tom" to his message given through first remembrance of John McElvain. That message was the only anchor her poor, wondering, agon-ized thoughts had in this sea of doubt and dread - that message which told said of her father, and never told an untruth. "Tom" whom the letter said was her father—could it be—"Tom," her "own dear and Dr. Burney, strong man by ?"—somehow her whole being protested utter belief in that statement.

To be sure she could not remambes the To be sure she could not remember that "Tom" had ever said anything about her father or her mother, but he him self had so well supplied the place of dreamed of asking

-she never thought even to wonder at times seemed to make frantic efforts about her parents until she came to speak, and there were other times live with Miss Burram. But the other when she appeared to be tracing char-statements in the letter that "Tom fancying that her mo-Dr. Burney, fancying that her motions indicated a desire to communi-

Gasket, her tutor, being connected with the man who won this Captain Minturn's ship—and Herrick, of all persons in the world to be possessed of this information—Rachel's head was going round with the mystery and the herror. It is proposed to be a superson of the content of th round with the mystery and the horror of it all. But the climax of the horror was still to come in the threatened publication-nay, it must have comenot to-day Tuesday; and Rachel with difficulty repressed a scream. She difficulty repressed a scream. She looked like a hunted deer which knows not where to run, and in her blind agony she almost fell into Dr. Burney's arms; he was coming into the library to look for her.

"What is the matter, Miss Min-turn?" he asked, "you look fright-

Ah! if he only knew how the name,
"Miss Minturn" burned into her
heart, for did not the letter say that she was the daughter of Captain Min-turn, the gambler and the forger? But then had not "Tom" said she was to believe no ill told of her father ? with that again, bracing herself thought, she said hurriedly

Excuse me, Doctor, but I must see Jim before I go to dinner.'

was to Jim Hardman she turned, in her present misery. She felt there was no one else in the wide world she could, or world, go to—her former reluctance to tell him the message vanished completely before the present necessity; but she went slowly, time to go to her room for a wrap; a kind of doubting shame kept her from hastening. Would not Hardman feel differently to her when he knew whom ready knew from the Times, and her steps became slower as she approached the carriage-house and scalding tears sprang to her eyes.
Dr. Burney was uncomfortably per-

plexed. He had seen the open letter in Rachel's hand and he could not help connecting it with her strange, frightened appearance. Then, what could she want with Jim in connection with that letter, as he felt confident visit to Hardman implied? He said to himself as he sat down to a solitary dinner

This is a house of mysteries.'

CHAPTER LXVI.

Hardman's lamp was already alight, nd he himself was preparing to read a newspaper in his cosy corner of the carriage-house, when his name was called and he came forth to see Rachel standing on the threshold.

It was not often she saw him now, owing to her attendance in the sick room, and he was a little startled both her coming at that hour and by her sad, anxious face.

"Has anything happened, Miss Rachel?" he asked quickly. She went forward to the room from which ne had me, the open letter still in her hand; she had not put it down once, holding it even while she fastened her wrap about her shoulders. "Yes, Jim; something has happened

to me." She was obliged to pause be-fore she uttered the last two words because of the great sob that came into her throat, but having said them she could restrain her grief no longer, and throwing the letter to him, she flung down on the floor beside the chair he had just left, and sobbed as if

her very soul would melt.

Hardman was aghast; in the most bitter grief of her childish days for he had never seen Miss Rachel the pitiful figure she was now, and he was too much disturbed for a moment even to pick up the paper lying at his eet. But when he did take it, and oringing it near to the lamplight read it, consuming much time in the reading because of his own scant education, but understanding it fully, indignation had o mastered him that he utterly forgot

The scoundrel!" he ejaculated, in such a tone of passion that Rachel looked up immediately.
"He is a liar, and he has dared to

write such lies to you, Miss Rachel, because his game in these parts is up. Perhaps you haven't heard that he was trying to run away last night when old Rhett nabbed him, and ever since they have a watch upon him and in a few have found that he's been using the ablic moneys for himself.' Rachel's tears had stopped.

But. Jim. all that doesn't say is in his letter may not be true." She lifted herself to her knees and rested her hands on the arm of the chair.

To my mind it does, Miss Rachel;" and to his mind it did, so far as con cerned the criminal charges preferred in the letter; for Hardman loyal to Miss Rachel to let himself think for an instant such statements could be true of anybody related to her, and especially when the made by a villain like Herric "Tom" might have been when they were like Herrick father, and Miss Burram's brother, he was not quite so skeptical about.

"But all the things the letter says are published in to-day's Times," said

"No, they're not;" replied Hardman, "for I read the Times this morn-ing, and there is not a word about you or Miss Burram in it."

Rachel jumped to her feet. 'Oh. Jim are you sure?'

"Sure as that I'm alive; and what is more there won't be any more issues of the Rentonville Times! It was Herrick's paper and with his downfall the paper went down, too. Oh, there's lots of excitement about Herrick now. Why, they've stopped the work on the road out here, and Herrick's own party is to call a special meeting for the pur pose of getting rid of the disgrace of him. So, what in the world, Miss Ra chel, will you be fretting yourself for anything such a man as that would say Aren't there more people than one of And like as not this rascal of a Herrick hitting on this thing in some old news-paper, thought he'd worry you with it just as he says for satisfaction. Don't let yourself think another thing about

To Rachel, Hardman appeared at that moment as if he must be the best and noblest man that ever lived, ex-

it seemed too dear and sacred to be ever mentioned; but you are so true, and you understand so well, and you will keep to yourself everything that I tell you, and you will comfort and help me as you did just now—and I don't know what I shall do without you, Jim, because I am so alone—everybody's kind to me, but no one knows, no one feels for me as you do—and, somehow, when I read that letter and was bringing it to you, and feeling that perhaps it was all true, and that you couldn't help but think the same, I felt, Jim, that you wouldn't let it make a difference in your feelings for me. At the house, and in town perhaps, I would be the daughter of a gambler and a for-ger, but to you, Jim, I would be just the little girl you had known from the

Not a tear accompanied her speech, but the pathos of it unmanned Hard man-tears, as if he were a woman, were streaming down his cheek That was the way I felt, Jim, and

the squeezing in my heart wasn't quite so bad because I did feel that way about you. So sit down, Jim, while tell you 'Tom's' last message to me.' Hardman was obliged to obey, though he did it in a kind of groping m for his tears made a kind of blur manner his eyes, while Rachel, standing before him, told all that John McElvain had

said to her. By that time Hardman had conquered himself; nor could he longer main seated. He said, as he rose, with such an air of decision that it carried conviction straightway to his listener

"That settles it, Miss Rachel; the very fact of Mr. Tom having left those words for you shows that there was something a villian like Herrick might get hold of and turn to bad use-not that the something would be true, mind you—I mean a mistaken something or another, for Mr. Tom wouldn't have said, in the face of death, there was no ill to be believed of your father, if it wasn't true."

Rachel nodded her head; she could hardly trust herself to speak again for a few moments; but, oh, the comfort of knowing that "Tom's" message carried no less conviction to Hardman than it did to her!

In the supreme consolation of that she almost lost thought of the other possibilities in the letter till Hardman called them to her by saying:

"If I was you, Miss Rachel, I'd put this letter out of my mind entirely; and as you're sure of one thing, that there ain't no ill can be said of father, you can put it out of your mind all the better. As for the other things that villain says, they ain't worth thinking about.

"Very well, then, Jim," she said with almost a smile, "I shall forget it; shall not even touch his letter again-

ou can tear it up. But Jim himself could not follow his own advice; he could not forget the letter, and long after Rachel's gentle Good night," and, "Thank you. Jim." had been said, and he had watched her flit up the carriage road, he sat think ing it over and over.

And now that his hasty judgment had passed, and he could bring very sober reflection to bear, he was no quite so sanguine of the total untruth of the statements in the letter as he had made Miss Rachel believe. least as regarded the relationship of the dead man to Miss Burram and her Charge—there were incidents connected with the three which such a relationship might seem to explain. Regarding the charges of gambling and forgery, were they true, and a es more criminal, all would have made no difference in his regard for

Miss Rachel.
So deeply absorbed was he in his perplexing doubts and conjectures that he forgot to go to his dinner, till Sarah's step without, and accompanying it her voice calling him, made him start. The open letter was still in his hand; he crushed it into his pocket in an instant. Sarah was in an irritable

Whatever is the matter with all of Miss Rachel didn't come down von ? o her dinner for a whole hour after the time, and then she didn't take a thing but a little piece of bread and a half a oup of coffee, and here are you that I have been waiting for for more than a

'I'm sorry, Sarah,'' began Hardman, humbly, "but when a man gets thinking about such a villain as Herrick, he's liable to forget his dinner.

"I suppose so," said Sarah, some-what mollified, since Hardman was disposed to talk-of late he had been even more reticent.
"They say," she began, as he pre-

pared to accompany her back to the house, "that Herrick's a real thief; that he has hundreds and hundreds of dollars of other people's money."
"So they say," replied Jim, glad to

keep her conversation upon that tack, and thankful that she did not know of Miss Rachel's visit to him-not that it ould have made much difference to him, but its purport had been so like that of any other visit that he somehow dreaded to have Sarah even know about it. TO BE CONTINUED.

## Be in Earnest.

Be never weary in being in earnest about loving Him, and never allow yourself to be frightened. "It is I, fear not," are His own blessed words. Love the poor, labor for them, give yourself up to them, and the spirit of joy will come to you and abide with you; it will make labor and privation light and every suffering easy to you. As to temptations, they cannot hold out against the gaiety of heart that comes to us from affectionate inter course with the poor .- Bishop Grant.

Here's a Little Nut to Crack. Just a grain of corn! The principle upon which Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor acts is entirely new. It removes the corn layer by layer, without any pain whatever. It never fails either. Try it.

It was Sunday afternoon and service was proceeding in Westminster Abbey. The season was in full swing and the stately pile was thronged with fashionably dressed people, who leisurely fanned themselves while they whispered aloud to their neighbors comments

only two people seemed impressed with the sanctity of the place, and apparently they had no connection with each other. The one was a fair-haired youth, with breeding written on every line of his open debonnair countenance; his well-shaped hands were devoutly clasped; his blue eyes, eager and almost pleading, were fixed on the almost pleading, were fixed on the preacher, as if he would draw some hope or special message from all the glowing words pronounced with such unction. He joined in the hymns and his voice was fresh and clear as a bird's; yet it faltered at times and the lips almost quivered as if the meaning of the verses pierced his soul.

The other was a lady—pale and statuesque—who had rustled in about the middle of the service and glided into a seat near the pulpit. She was foreign in her dark beauty, foreign in the grace with which she wore her simple, cling-ing black, foreign in her attitude as she sat with head bowed down, and resting on a white hand richly bejeweled.

And who was to know that the one was saying farewell to all that is mortal, other was gloating over scene of death which would bring riches and power to the dreamer?

The congregation filed out into the sunshine, all but a scattered few who lingered looking at the tablets and monuments, too engrossed to notice the foreign lady who swept noiselessly from her seat, and, passing the still-kneeling man, made towards the Poets' Corner spent a few moments in obvious sight eeing, and then reverently stole away

to be lost in a London crowd.

The young man shuddered as her trailing skirts made a soft swish in passing him. She had sounded his death-knell, and already the sunshine was blotted from his heart. It seemed so impossible to believe it. He, Ernest Lascelles, only twenty.four, healthy, endowed with every w blessing, was spending his last Sunday on this earth. By this time next week he would have ceased to be; a happy, eless, but not a wicked life would be careless, but not a wicked life would be cut off sharply, suddenly—for a cause. The young man's heart was brave, but he may be pardoned if when pulled up thus in the full career of his youth, he asked himself was it worth it? He had begun in a mere spirit of adventure; idea of being a conspirator en thralled him; to take an oath of secrecy made him feel important, and the wo demanded till now had been so pleasant. He had been the bearer of mysterious dispatches to every continental capital he had taken verbal messages to great politicians, he had been feted, honored, ressed. It had been fun to avoid dis losure; he had felt a born diplomatist as he warded off the suspicion of states en grey with years of work, and so he had gone on heedlessly, recklessly the coils had been dexterously round him till he found himself a full-blown anarchist before he knew where he was. His consternation was great when he was commissioned to fire bomb which was to blow up a certain theatre the night royalty was expected to attend. He knew resistance was iseless : he had let himself be branded hood and the poisoned dagger would be his fate sooner or later. It was almost a comfort to know that his life would oav the forfeit of his act, for it was not hand so inexperienced likely that a hand so inexperienced would be skillfut enough to avoid personal danger. How he cursed his rashness when he realized the tool he had been from the beginning! His fairness, his youth, his bonhommie were all against people's preconceived ideas of an anarchist: he had moved among them unsuspected, with just a feeling of compassion for those foreign begwho wanted their freedom, and But that the conspiracy would absolutely touch England had never entered his head. A wild plan of warning the authorities came, only to be instantly dismissed. He knew his every action was watched and that he was spied on every side. He knew not who were friends and who were foes, and longed at that moment to be a Catholic so that under the seal of Confession, at least, he could have unburdened himself in safety.

The night chosen was the following

Tuesday, and his final instructions were to be contained in a sealed enve-lope which a lady was to place for him at a given spot in the abbey. From where he knelt he could see the fatal missive, gray as the stone on which it lay, and yet he knelt on, delaying the dreaded moment when the last faint spark of hope would be extinguished. All the bitterness of death was in his heart as he bowed his head on his clasped hands and prayed humbly for the miracle of deliverance. A dry sob escapades, and the gentle, innocent Mildred who might have been his

With an effort he pulled himself together, almost staggered to his feet, and rubbing his eyes in a dazed manwalked up the aisle for the letter. It had gone!

11. A cold sweat broke ever him.

At headquarters bungling paid the me penalty as treason, and though the

same penalty as letter was sure to be cypher, its most ery might compromise many.

The shock, however, braced his nerves, and casting one despairing glance around he espied a person of the servant-girl class stuffing something servant-girl class stuffing something in his face had frightened her, but he spoke gently, too gently.

know so much, perhaps you can tell me how it is addressed, young man." He was nonplussed for the moment as

he, like others in the Brotherhood went by symbols not by name.
"It is addressed to me," he stam-mered, vaguely, feeling her sharp black

eves read him through and through "Then Me is a Nobedy," she retorted, triumphantly, just pulling the letter far enough out to show the envelope had no words written on the outside. 'Now a plain envelope is anybody property, I guess, and you will find it difficult to prove you have more right

to it than me." He made a gesture to seize it, but she was too quick for him.

"No, you don't, my fine fellow," she laughed, as she darted to one side, "I will have the policeman on to you if you attempt force, sure as my name is Polly Jones."
"And suppose I inform against you," he retorted, losing his temper, for with

much at stake it was hard to be baulked by a saucy piece of goods like this, "to keep another person's letter is actionable, do you know that, Miss 'I know that it is only your word against mine," she said, defiantly, "and it will teach you a lesson not to be so

doux. A nice fuss she would make if she got to know of your behavior "But it is not from a lady, I assure fair entirely."

careless about your sweetheart's billet-

She gave a little sniff in the air. "A business affair would not make you go pink and white by turns. I don't swallow that, and I tell you plain

He pulled out a sovereign, but she was in the mood for teasing.
"Don't try to bribe me," she said, janntily; 'lost property goes to Scot-land Yard by rights, I heard, and that will be the destination of this parcel if

you go on bothering, so I warn you. He started aghast. This alarming young person was quite capable of keep ing her word, and the "fat would indeed be in the fire" if the letter got there, for they have a key to almost every

code. He coaxed, he threatened, he bribed, but Miss Polly Polly Jonas was not a all averse to be seen walking up Victor ia street with such a handsome gentle man talking so earnessly by her side. So she kept him on the tenter-hooks of suspense, and only parted from him at the area door of a house in Pimlico, with the understanding that if he would take her to the theatre on Monday (her night out) she would hand the letter over to

him " just as she found it."

With her promise he had to be con tent, though he had a quaking fear that she would spend the interveni in showing it to all and sundry.

As he was returning to his rooms in Mayfair in a very dejected frame of mfnd, he met an old man who was one of the most trusted members of council. To him he confided the loss of the precious document, though he kept silent about Miss Polly Jones, knowing that they would think little of murdering her if it was known what she

Charles Magnus looked very grave a the communication and the eves had a pitving expression as he said with his foreign accent, "I can hold out little hope, my boy. The rules are very strict. I have seen them give a mem ber the poisoned cup for an error fraught with less evil consequences than yours. You say you have a clue?

"A slight one."
"Follow it up for all it is worth and come to our meeting to morrow night at 8. If you have success all is well; if not, I know you will meet death like

a brave man."
"Do you know what the letter con asked Ernest, looking stead tained?

taning? asked Ernest, looking stead-fastly at his friend.

The old man shook his head.

"If I did, believe me, you should know, too. It is one thing to get rid of kill in cold blood our brothers in the

He paused as if something choked Then wringing the boy's hand, said passively:

"It was my own son I saw them poison. You see the rules are very strict," and without waiting for an

Ernest spent the greater part of Sunlay in hovering about the residence of Polly Jones, much to the delight of that young damsel, who pointed him out to

that's gone on her, he worshipped 'e

very shadow. Never had Polly been so obliging on the score of running errands. whisked in and out half a dozen times, just stopping as she passed Ernest say: "I am so sorry, your letter dropped into the fire just now," or, "I have lost it. I have, on my oath.

Earnest was fairly distracted. He was to meet her on the Embankment at 7 p. m., but long before that hour he was pacing distractedly up and down, listening to every quarter chimed

by Big Ben.
Would 7 o'clock never come? Yes, escaped him as he thought of his mother, whose idol he was, the kind father who had ever been tolerant of his sign of that gaudily dressed, befringed young person. Ernest felt the ground giving way beneath his feet. He had eaten nothing for two days and he sank on a bench in a half stupor, closing his eyes. A hand on his shoulder roused He looked up and saw Polly; but not the smart, coquettish Polly who had tormented him at her own sweet will. This was a downcast, humble Polly who said meekly as she twisted the flashy

rings round her finger:
"Oh, sir, will you ever forgive me?
I have looked high and low, but that
blessed letter has disappeared. And I

servant-girl class stuffing something splashing on to her ribbons. Some-hurriedly into her pocket as she went through the door. He hastened after her.

"I dropped a letter," he said, raising it. No, I am afraid I can't take you out

to-night. I have somet He rose and moved as if walking in his slee quickened the girl's in caught hold of his arm "Sir, don't take on so you any more. Don't

goodness sake, you look going to die." In about an hour, dead," he said with a then—because all you for sympathy, and he sa face before him—he twords of the awful d had placed him. The was spreading over him power of resistance, r hemmed in in ever

Not so, Polly. The could happen in civil r, but dange her energies.
"There is no time she cried, giving him is only cook who has out of jealousy. But her yet. Oh, sir, if y the truth before, wh the precious time foot to me, sir, and do as I brain is dazed. money and I'll take a

the letter if I have to

it, and I'll come on house. If you wait h

nap you, the wicked v

the pass-word and I'l

brass and dare them e if I don't. Her eyes sparkled flushed, for Polly wa natured girl, and this after her own heart. She put him into promising caution an

As he entered t

Ernest felt the somb meeting. Every fact looked on him with s he was doomed. The brief. Charles Mag them of his careless sked for his defense the letter had been pected a messenger course of an hour of sulted apart, and the dressed him: "On youth and former se Therefore, we have poisoned cup by you ger has arrived, d fate as it has been o endangered the causever. Further, in t ter arriving intact your services for you will keep your you understand that sif you act the tra by this decision?' "I do abide," said

voice, as he allowed daged and himself t seat in the centre of The silence was ticking of the clos minutes passed aw Ernest lost count a had come. He hear own heart, and in roar and hum of the in the busy streets life outside-pulsi

and here his you ebbing away in the The tension wa under the strain; ench his hand, wo kindly fellow-reeling Ah! a voice s

" My brethren, The chairs were they were surroun was pushed into I cup? well it would it was a letter—th was saying:
"The messenge waiting outside: The bandage fell

door and somehov one saving a word ship or congratula Polly rushed at half crying: "I h quite safe now." But perhaps his only came when, him translate the held in his hand. poned; Royalty

substitutes; Con next year."—Cat Priests and

Father Sheeha

New Curate," a works, finds his barrassing on acc correspondence for which his pa eraile leave him s But he comforts the belief that a way be a very go from an intervie to a representa periodical iss College, Dublin, evidence to thi letters have rea men of various land and Amer "My New Cur gave them an en Catholic prie seem hardly to Sheehan, "that of flesh and blo ' My New Cura on the Contine has written to that the Gern

book has crea owing to the fre olic truth is pr because of the of the power po priest in Irel Father Sheeha with the uses t be put that l