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WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

## "ECHOES of the Past;

### The Recompense of Love!"

OR,

CHAPTER IV.

"Oh, I am glad some one is trying," she said simply. "Tibby will be glad to hear that, too. She will be home presently; it is past one, isn't it?"

As Clive was looking at his watch, a voice—he recognized Tibby's—was heard on the staircase shrilly exclaiming:

"You jest take your hoop off the stairs, Jimmy Ryan. You left it there last night, and I fell over it and landed on my head on the mat. You be orf 'ome with it; these stairs ain't the proper place for you to play hoop on. And while you are about it, you might ask yer mother if she could spare a few minutes from the Goat and Compasses to wash yer face. You'd better tell her from me that soap's cheap, almost as cheap as dirt; it'll be a bit of information for her. I s'pose she doesn't wash yer because she might lose yer, and she wouldn't know yer again with a clean face."

There was a baby's shrill retort, a sound of scuffling on the stairs, the patter of flying bare feet, and a moment afterward the door was flung open and Tibby bounced in, flushed but triumphant.

"I don't know wot boys are coming to," she began as she opened the door; then she stopped suddenly at sight of Clive, and, with her arms akimbo and her whole attitude and expression an epitome of resentment and indignation, she demanded:

"Well, who are you, and what do you want?"

Mina went to her and laid a soothing hand on her arm.

"It is the gentleman who—who was so kind to me last night, Tibby," she said in a low voice.

"Oh, is it?" retorted Tibby. "And wot does he want? Wotever he wants we don't want no gentleman here; and so I tell him—strite."

Mina's face flushed, and she looked from one to the other appealingly.

"I am sorry you regard my visit as an intrusion, Miss Tibby," said Clive; "but don't you think you would have considered me rather impolite, not to say hard-hearted and unfeeling, if I had not come to inquire after your—sister, who was very cruelly hurt last night?"

The word sister somewhat mollified Tibby.

"Oh, that's why you've come, is it?" she said, still irately and resentfully. "An' now, as I suppose she's told you, you'd better go. We're very much obliged to you; but we don't want no

swells here; swells is all very well in their way, I dare say, though I never could see wot God made 'em for; any rate, we've got no use for 'em. We're 'ard working people, and wot you'd call poor; but we're 'onest, an' we've got proper pride—some of us. 'Ow would you like Mina or me or 'Lisha to bounce into your swagger room just because we'd been mixed up in a row with you the night before?"

As she spoke she dashed at the cupboard and produced a cloth which she proceeded to lay on the table with an emphasis which was significant of her desire for his departure.

"I assure you that I should be very grateful, Miss Tibby," said Clive, "and I should think it very bad manners of you if you did not call."

"Ah, we don't sell manners at this shop," remarked Tibby; "they're too expensive, and take up too much time. And, speaking of time, we're goin' to hev our lunch; cold 'adock and bread and cheese. I s'pose you 'aven't 'ad yours?"

"No," said Clive, wondering whether it would be well for him to accept the coming invitation.

"Then I should advise you to go and get it," said Tibby emphatically. Clive could not refrain from laughing at this unexpected rebuff.

"I thought you were going to ask me to stay," he said good-temperedly. "Ah, that's about the most foolish thought you've ever had," she retorted. "I'm not naturally an ill-mannered girl, but you'll excuse me saying that there's some people whose room is more welkin than their company."

"I certainly must not stay any longer after that broad hint," said Clive. "Good-by, Miss Mina; good-by, Miss Tibby."

Mina took his hand and held it in her warm little one for a second or two, but Tibby, scorning to affect ignorance of his extended hand, nodded abruptly to him over her shoulder as she went to the cupboard for the cheese.

With a smile and a nod to Mina, as if to assure her that he was not wounded by Tibby's cavalier treatment, Clive left them. On his way down the stairs he met the little hunchback, who was just entering the house, with his violin in its cover under his arm. He started and peered up at Clive, and greeted him with nervous shyness.

"I have just been to inquire after your daughter," said Clive. "I am glad to find that she is not so badly hurt as I feared."

"Thank you, sir; it is very kind of you," said Elisha. "It was a cruel blow. Mina's not like some girls; she's delicate-like and timid; not delicate in the way of health, I don't mean; she hasn't had a day's illness since she was born—I mean," he corrected himself hastily, "since she was a baby."

Clive nodded. "She has been telling me how good you have been to her," he said gravely.

The dwarf reddened. "Not more than she deserves, sir," he said. "Mina's the best and loveliest girl that ever breathed. Not more than she deserves. No; she ain't my child, more's the pity; but I'm as fond of her as if she was; and I'm grateful from my 'eart for the kindness you showed us last night, sir. It isn't every gentleman that would have stopped to mix himself up in a street row, and stand up for poor common people like us in the way you did; and I'm sure it's very kind of you to call to ask after her."

"That's a mistaken idea of yours, I assure you," said Clive. "Every gentleman," he laid a slight stress on the word, "would have acted last night as



THE COUNTRY BUT THIS IS HOW HE DID IT



I did; and would have done so much less clumsily, I hope. I was very glad I happened to be on the spot to be of some use. Miss Mina tells me you are training her for the musical profession. She has a beautiful voice, a sweet and natural one, and I'm sure she is an apt pupil.

"You're right, sir, you're right," assented the dwarf, with tremulous eagerness and enthusiasm. "It's a wonderful voice, or, rather, it will be when it's properly trained. I do my best; but I—well, I'm only what you see, sir; and she ought to have a good master, one of the big men I've heard of."

"I don't agree with you," said Clive. "I've known many a sweet and promising voice ruined by some of the big men you speak of."

"That's true enough, sir," said Elisha; "at least, it's often the case; but whether it is or not, any other master is out of the question; we must go on as we are. I'm 'oping some day to give her a show, as we call it, at some concert or other. I'm sure she would be a success, because she can sing; yes, she can sing even now; and in a hall not too large for her young voice she'd make her mark."

"Yes, I think she would," said Clive; "but, if I may venture to offer any advice to so good a musician—"

"Meaning me, sir?" said the dwarf, with a meek surprise that touched Clive.

"Yes," he said, "I meant you. I should say, don't hurry her; wait until she has grown stronger, less timid—"

"Mina's stronger than she looks, sir, and she's not timid; that is, she's not when she's singing; she forgets everything then but the music. She's a born musician. But your advice is good and kindly meant, sir; and I'll think on it."

"Do," said Clive. He held out his hand, and the dwarf took it shyly and gratefully.

"Oh, by the way," said Clive over his shoulder, and as he was leaving the house, "I should like to send you a little souvenir, a little reminder of our unpleasant experience last night, or, shall I say, a little thanksgiving for our escape from more serious consequences. You won't be offended?"

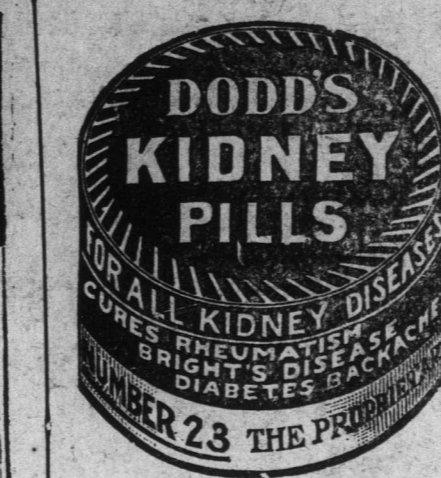
The hunchback, with his hand gripping the stair-rail, colored and shuffled his feet nervously.

"We're poor enough, sir," he said; "but we've never—I mean to say, we've never took money from any one, excepting what we've earned."

Clive went back and laid his hand on the dwarf's shoulder, his own face as red as Elisha's.

"My dear fellow, I should no more think of offering you money than I should think of—offering you a blow. My little tribute will be laid at the shrine of music—you understand?—which both you and I reverence and love; and I shall expect you to accept it in that sense. Good-by, and good luck to you!"

On his way to his room he called at the warehouse of a famous pianoforte-maker, and spent nearly an hour



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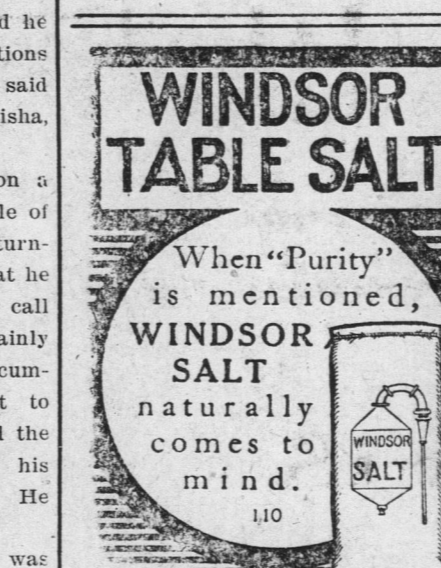
NUMBER 23 THE PRINCIPAL

he changed his lounge-suit for the regulation one which included a long frock coat and silk hat, and set out for Eaton Square. He found a line of carriages drawn up outside the great house, which is one of the landmarks of the fashionable world, and, ushered by a footman in rich livery, ascended the stairs to the famous drawing-room in which for generations grand ladies and famous statesmen had been wont to meet for social and party functions as famous as the persons who moved in them. The magnificent room was crowded; and Lady Edith was surrounded by a group of men and women whose names were as familiar as household words, as Clive made his way slowly toward her. She was holding her own with the best of them, her proud lips drooping, her beautiful face looking just a trifle weary; but suddenly she saw him, and, as suddenly, the expression of her face changed; a smile flashed to her eyes and curved and softened the haughty line of her lips.

"You are late, Mr. Harvey," she said. "I thought you had forgotten."

As Clive took her hand and bent over it, the contrast presented by the magnificent room, this proud, dainty aristocrat's daughter, to the shabby "second floor back" and the pale face and slight form of the poor little street-singer, smote him with the sharpness of a sudden blow.

(To be Continued.)



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THIS MEANS YOU.

The managing editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered.

"Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from the outsiders to the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out; and the office boy, gathering them all into a large waste-basket, did so.—Washington 'Life'."

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