The Ingersoll Chronicle,

AND CANADIAN DAIRYMAN.

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FOUNDED 1853.

THE INGERSOLL CHRONICLE,

AND CANADIAN DAIRYMAN.

G. F. GURNETT, Proprietor.

TERMS for THE CHRONICLE, by mail, or called for at the office of publication, or at the bookstores, $1.50 in advance; $2.50 if not so paid. Delivered at homes or business places of subscribers in town, $1.75 in advance, or $2.75 if not so paid.

The INGERSOLL CHRONICLE has more readers than all the remaining newspapers published in Ingersoll and the South Riding of Oxford combined. This important fact should be borne in mind by advertisers.

The CHRONICLE circulates largely among the dairymen throughout the Province, as well as County.

Printing by Steam Power in all its branches.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted in THE CHRONICLE at 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

For legal and official advertisements the charge is 10 cents per line for the first, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Condensed advertisements: Servants wanted—Articles Wanted—Lost or Found—Strayed—To Rent or For Sale—Board—Situations Wanted, or Vacant, etc., (one inch or under) will be published at the rate of 50 cts. for the first insertion, and 25 cts. for each subsequent insertion.

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TIME.	2 In.	¼ Col. 3 In.	½ Col. 6 In.	¾ Col. 12 In.	1 Col. 24 In.
1 week..	$1 50	$2 50	$4 00	$6 00	$10 00
2 weeks..	2 25	3 75	6 00	9 00	15 00
3 weeks..	2 70	4 50	7 20	10 50	18 00
4 weeks..	3 00	5 00	8 00	12 00	20 00
5 weeks..	3 30	5 50	8 80	13 20	22 00
6 weeks..	3 60	6 00	9 60	14 40	24 00
2 months.	4 50	7 50	12 00	18 00	30 00
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6 months.	9 00	15 00	24 00	40 00	60 00
12 months	15 00	22 00	40 00	60 00	100 00

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J. F. McDONALD, L.L. B.,

BRARISTER AND ATTORNEY-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, &c.

OFFICE—Thames street, Ingersoll

M. WALSH,

BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, Solicitor in the Supreme Court of Ontario, &c. Money to lend at lowest rates. Mortgages Bought and Sold.

OFFICE up Stairs, Walsh's Block, Thames Street, Ingersoll, Ont.

BROWN & WELLS,

BARRISTERS & ATTORNEYS-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c., Ingersoll, Ont. Office—opposite Imperial Bank, Thames Street, South.

F. J. BROWN. THOS. WELLS.

W. W. HOLCROFT,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.; $100,000 Private funds, to loan at 6 and 7 per cent. Mortgages, Debentures and Notes bought. Office formerly occupied by the late Mr. McCaughry, Thames street, Ingersoll.

J. C. HEGLER,

BARRISTER ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. Money to loan at eight per cent.

OFFICE:—Over Molsons Bank, King Street.

DR. McKAY,

L. R. C. P. & L. M., EDINBURGH. Coroner for the County of Oxford, Graduate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh.—Late Surgeon in the British Marine Service. Office, Thames Street, Ingersoll.

J. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, M. D.,

M. R. C. S. AND L. M., ENGLAND. L. R. C. P., London; Aurist and Oculist. Office with Dr. Hoyt, King Street, Ingersoll.

M. B. McCAUSLAND, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC. Formerly Surgeon in the U. S. Army and Navy. Coroner for the County of Oxford. Office—Thames street, opposite the Royal Hotel Buildings, Ingersoll.

CHARLES KENNEDY,

SURGEON DENTIST. LICENSED by the Royal College of Dental Surgery, Ont. teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, etc., if desired. Special attention paid to the preservation of natural teeth.

Office on King street, opposite the "Thompson house," Ingersoll. 884y

W. A. SUDWORTH,

SURGEON DENTIST, MEMBER of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Graduate of Ont. Dental College. Anæsthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth. Office opposite the Market, Ingersoll.

H. W. HILL,

PRODUCE and Commission Merchant, Agent for the Empire Loan Association. Money to loan at lowest rates on farm and town property. Market Square, Woodstock.

January 31st, 1884. 1586y

VIOLIN TUITION.

P. W. CAMPBELL, pupil of Prof. George Baker, First Violinist of Toronto, Philharmonic Society, is prepared to give instruction to a limited number of Pupils.

For particulars apply at CAMPBELL'S Book Store. Ingersoll, Jan. 17th, 1884. 1584c-m

JAMES BRADY,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER

INGERSOLL, ONT.,

Is prepared to attend all sales in town or country. Ingersoll, April 29th, 1883. 1493

S. G. BURGESS,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

WOODSTOCK.

For the convenience of those who may wish to secure his services, and being frequently from home, Mr. Burgess has made arrangements to have a list of his sales at THE CHRONICLE Office, Ingersoll, where dates can be secured, terms obtained, and full arrangements can be made.

Woodstock, Feb. 16, 1883 1484

EDWARD C. RYOTT,

"THAT POPULAR AUCTIONEER,

Having returned permanently to Woodstock, is prepared to attend all sales in his usual style and good humour. Residence and Office, Gray's Block, Dundas street, Woodstock.

Sales can be arranged for at this office at a moment's notice.

Woodstock, Nov. 15, 1883. 1575

THE MOLSONS BANK

INGERSOLL BRANCH.

BUYS AND SELLS EXCHANGE on England and the United States. Issues Drafts on all parts of Canada. Deals liberally with others.

Allows Interest on Deposits, Which canbe withdrawn at any time.

C. W. CLINCH, Manager.

MERCHANT'S BANK OF CANADA.

CAPITAL - -	$5,698,696
RESERVE - -	$1,150,000

INGERSOLL BRANCH.

THIS BANK TRANSACTS A General Banking Business, Buys and Sells Exchange on England and the United States, and issues Drafts on New York and all parts of Canada.

Particular attention paid to collections for Customers and Banks.

W. M. SMITH. Manager.

ImperialBankofCanada

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.

Capital Paid Up, $1,500,000.

Rest, - - 650,000.

Purchases Municipal Debentures, Issues Drafts on its branches and agencies in the North-West. Transfers Moneys by Telegrams to Winnipeg and Brandon. Dealers in Sterling Exchange. Savings Department—Deposits received and interest allowed. Agents in London, Messrs. Bosanquet, Salt & Co., 73 Lombard street, with whom moneys for transmission from Great Britain to Ontario and the North-West may be deposited.

D. R. WILKIE, Cashier.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of $1 and upward received and Interest allowed thereon at current rates.

INGERSOLL BRANCH,

J. A. RICHARDSON, Manager.

Electro Plate GOODS

—AT—

R. W. WOODROOFE'S

JEWELLERY STORE,

Thames Street, - Ingersoll.

LONDON AND LANCASHIRE

Life Assurance Com'y

OF ENGLAND.

Head Office for Canada,

217 St. James St., Montreal.

☞ Policies unconditional and rate as low as absolute security will admit.

☞ Reserves deposited annually with Government, thus rendering the policies unquestionable as to security.

Funds invested in Canada over $300,000 and increasing yearly.

Every desirable Form of Policy Issued

H. O'CONNOR, JR., GENERAL AGENT.

Office: Opposite Merchants and Imperial Banks, Thames Street.

Ingersoll, July 26, 1883. 1559v-y

THE CREDIT VALLEY! AND MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY LINES.

The Great Direct Through Line to all points in Western and Northwestern America.

TRAINS LEAVE INGERSOLL STATION AS FOLLOWS, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE:

GOING WEST.

ST. LOUIS EXPRESS.

10:40 a. m.—From all stations on main line and branches and for Detroit, Toledo, St. Louis, Kansas City, and all Western and Northwestern points, and points in Northern Michigan.

PACIFIC EXPRESS.

4:13 p. m.—Stopping only at principal stations on main line, and for St. Thomas, Detroit, Toledo, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Winnipeg, and points west and northwest.

LOCAL EXPRESS.

8:40 p. m.—Stopping at all stations on main line to St. Thomas.

GOING EAST.

ATLANTIC EXPRESS.

12.26, noon.—From Chicago and all Western and Northwestern points, stopping at all principal stations on Credit Valley Railway.

MONTREAL EXPRESS.

3:03 p. m.—From Chicago and all Western and Northwestern points, stopping at all stations on Credit Valley Railway, and for all points on Grand Trunk east of Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, St. John's, Portland, &c.

ST. LOUIS EXPRESS.

6:23 p.m.—From St. Louis, Cincinnati, and all points West and Southwest, stopping at all stations on the Credit Valley Railway

This is the direct line to Toronto without change. Ask for all information and purchase your tickets from

F. SYMONS, Station agent. JAS. GORDON, Agent C.V. & M.C. Ry Lines, Thames St., Ingersoll.

Ingersoll Dec. 6th, 1883. 1578

TOWN WOOD YARD.

Dry and Green Wood.

STOVE AND CORD

Delivered to all Parts of the Town.

Orders may be left at

WOOLSON & MURDOCH'S,

—OR AT—

JOHN A. McINNES & CO.

Wood Yard near the Mills.

Dec. 27, 1883. 1581c-m

D. SECORD

DRUGGIST, - INGERSOLL,

—SELLS—

Burdock Blood Bitters,

Warner's Safe Cure,

Shiloh's Consumption Cure,

Golden Fruit Bitters,

All the Popular Patent Medicines.

Physicians' perscriptions and family receipts carefully compounded.

Jan. 9th, 1884. 1583

VANCE'S BAKERY

continues to be the place where the public can get a full assortment of

CAKES AND CONFECTIONERY.

Soda Biscuits and Oyster Crackers, Manufactured on the premises, and consequently always fresh.

Tea Parties Supplied. Bride Cakes Made and Neatly Ornamented at Reasonable Rates.

A large assortment of Ornamental Cake Tops an Flowers always on hand.

Fresh Bread and Buns Every Day.

R. VANCE, Thames Street.

☞ Bread delivered in town daily.

CAIN

Health and Happiness.

How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?

"Kidney Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?

"Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. B. Goodwin, *Ed. Christian Monitor* Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?

"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood."

Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief."

Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?

"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Diseases after I prayed to die."

Henry Ward, late Col. 6th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?

"Kidney-Wort (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed."

C. M. Tallmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?

"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $10 a box."—Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?

"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 15 years use of other medicines."

Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?

"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice."

Dr. R. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?

"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken."

Mrs. J. L. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?

"Kidney-Wort *permanently cured* me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. G. Kline recommended it to me."

Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?

"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years."

Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?

"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it." Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take

KIDNEY-WORT

THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

LEAP YEAR.

Nice room,
Easy chair,
Old bach
Sitting there.

Old bach
Begins to snore,
Gentle rap
At the door.

Enter maid
Rather old,
With a look of
Love untold.

Converse awhile
This and that,
Close by him
Old maid sat.

Soon she talked
Sentimental,
He didn't care
Continental.

She got mad,
Began to cry,
Other tactics
Thought she'd try.

Years you've called
Every night,
As if you had
Perfect right.

Why you came
Lord only knows,
Never once
Did you propose.

Now 'tis Leap Year,
By heaven above,
I shall tell you
Of my love.

Then there was
An awful crash,
He had leaped
Through the sash

Funeral next day
At eleven,
Old bach
Safe in heaven.

GOWDEN HAIR.

Tell me the flow'rs ye think bonny,
Lass wi' the gowden hair,
Syne I'll lo'e them, mair than ony—
Certies they maun, be fair.
I'll put them a'
An' busk ye braw—
Lass wi' the gowden hair.

Oh, tell me the sangs that cheer ye,
Lass wi' the gowden hair,
I'll sing them a', and ye shall hear me
While I ha'e breath tae spare,
Sweet they maun be
When lo'ed by thee—
Lass wi' the gowden hair.

Ye are my saug, ilka mornin',
Lass wi' the gowden hair,
Ye are my flow'r aye adornin'
This wart' an' something mair—
May flow'r and sang,
Ne'er leave me lang—
Lass wi' the gowden hair.

Sweet simmer will aye be 'roon me,
Lass wi' the gowden hair,
Yer love be a wreath tae croon me—
Yer voice a tune sae rare.
Wi' love's ain art
I'll keep yer heart—
Lass wi' the gowden hair.

An Ambitious Woman.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

She expected at every new step to be re-accosted by Slocumb. A boat had landed, and was soon to disembark again. From the opposite dimness came an ominous clank of chains, made by the men at either of the two wheels and a sudden "All aboard!" flung out in gruff tones as a stimulating monitor. The other passengers all hastened forward. Claire was among them, though in the rear of the hurry. The foremost had gained the boat, when she felt a strong clutch upon her arm. Compelled by sheer force to pause, now, she turned, meeting Slocumb's face quite near her own. He at once spoke, and in the same sort of intimate whisper that she had before found so distressing.

"Say! 'Tain't right t' shake me like this. I ain't goin' t' stand it, either. Come, change your mind. Treat me square. Will ye?"

Claire, driven to bay, did what her sex is sometimes held by a few renowned cynics as having a special talent for doing; she employed stratagem.

Her voice shook as she said: "Very well. What is it you wish me to do?"

She could feel the tense grasp upon her arm relax a little. This was just the kind of result she had aimed for.

"I want ye t' stay this side the river a spell yet, an' we'll eat somepn somewhere. Hey?"

The fingers about her arm had acquired a fondling laxity that half sickened her. But she waited a little. They were a good ten yards from the boat. It was possible that both their figures were too shadowed for the men at the chains to see them. Perhaps, on the other hand, these wardens did not care to shout a final notice that the boat was now unmoored.

Claire still chose to temporize. Her heart beat so that it seemed about to burst through her side; but she nevertheless kept her brain clear enough to maintain a subtlety of intent in strange contrast to her deep fear.

She had determined to get free if she could, and find refuge among the passengers on the boat. Here, in the lonely dusk on the dock, she was at a sad disadvantage; but once within the lighted cabin of the boat, she could find the same silent protection of mere surrounding that the car had afforded. She had a latent resolve, also, of future appeal to some of those whom she knew had preceded her, though this formed no real part of her present quick-formed scheme.

"Suppose that I do go with you," she said. "At what time would I be able to get home?"

Slocumb's grasp materially loosened. "Why, any time at all!" he exclaimed. "The boats run till 'bout two o'clock or so, an'"—

His sentence was cut short in its valuable explanation by a sudden disengaging spring on the part of Claire. She ran with her best speed toward the boat. She now perceived that it was just leaving the pier. By the time that she had gained almost the extreme edge of the latter, a voice from the receding boat itself cried out to her, "Don't jump!"

She saw, then, that a long, curved crevice was widening in a very rapid way at a slight space beyond the spot where she had abruptly halted. A few more seconds would make the leap a mere madness; now it needed nerve, agility, and was indeed a venture. But Slocumb stood behind her. The risk was worth the prize. Claire waited perhaps ten seconds; the crevice had grown a fissure; she saw the murky water give a dull flash or two, far below it. Then she jumped.

The space had not been more than three feet. But what she had cleared sent a sharp terror through her the instant after both feet had touched the firm bourne of the deck. For a little while she stood quite still, shivering, with her back to the dock thus boldly quitted. Her mind was wholly in a whirl. She did not hear the half-growled words of one of the men who had lately unloosed the boat, chiding her upon her folly, in gruff contempt of syntax.

But very soon this access of intense alarm lessened. She partly ceased to fix her thought upon what she had done, recalling instead, why she had done it. She turned, giving two flurried looks to right and left, doubtless from a sense that the abhorred one might have breasted the same peril as herself—in his case far lighter, of course.

Her gaze swept the opposite pier. It gleamed drowsy and obscure, with the effect of some grave marine monster just risen from the muddy tides below it. Strangely, also, the lights at either side gave it the semblance of two malign blazing eyes. And in the glimmer thus made Claire saw Slocumb.

He had not taken the leap. At first amazement had wrought in him its brief yet telling effect. Then he dashed to the end of the pier, momentarily furious at thus being balked. But in a second his fury had cooled. And something had cooled it, very new to him, though very forcible. This was pity. He might easily have cleared the interspace. But he forbore to do so. He thrust both hands into his pockets, and with lowered head moved away. In an instant more it was too late for him to have changed his novel resolve, even had he so wished.

By the time that Claire's look lighted upon the pier he was nowhere visible. He had disappeared from her sight forever, as also from her life. He had been a dread through brief experience—a glimpse given her into the melancholy darkness of human wrong. The shadows had seemed to take him back among themselves, where he rightly belonged. Perhaps the episode of his insolence wrought some sort of effect upon her future acts; it is certain that she never quite forgot the miserable dismay he had roused; and when the struggle for worldly success afterwards spurred her with so keen a goad, some vague remembrance of to-night may have quickened her aspiring impulses and made what we call the socially best gain fresh worth in her eyes by contrast with such foul deeps as lie below it.

Once confident that Slocumb had not followed her, she managed, with unsteady pace, to reach the outside rail of the deck and lean against it while the boat traversed the river. She was trembling a good deal, and felt an extreme weakness as well. But a glow of triumph upbore her. She had escaped at last!

The ugly boat, as it sped along, seemed a sentient accomplice of her final good fortune. She had a fancy that its thick wooden rail dimbly throbbed beneath her grasp. Her posture was a half-cowering one; the spell of her poignant fears had not passed. Her head leaned itself peeringly from stooped shoulders in such a way that its slim neck took the sort of curve we see in a frightened deer's.

A somewhat late moon had recently risen, whose advent had altered the whole face of the heavens, flooding it with a spectral, yellowish light. But borne across the moon's blurred disk, on some high, fleet rush of air, scudded volumes of rolling and mutable vapor. They constantly soared above the great dusky city, at first in intense black masses, then thinning and lengthening as they came midway between zenith and horizon.

While Claire watched these strange and volatile clouds, so incessant in their motion, and so swift in their continual upward stream, they took, for her confused fancy, the semblance of pursuant phantom shapes. They formed themselves into visages and bodies; they stretched forth uncouth yet life-like arms; they clenched hands of misty gloom, and shook them far above her, with ghostly, imminent defiance. Her former terror across the river had been fraught with sweet, poetic mystery; her present voyage was one touched with a kind of allegoric terror.

But the boat soon found its second wharfage. Claire sped out through the two cabins in time to join the crowd of disembarking passengers. Once more back in Greenpoint, she hurried along certain familiar streets until she arrived at her own dwelling. It was now a little after ten o'clock. She had an instinct that it was about this time. Above the high piazza, both parlor windows were dark, but below it the windows of the basement portion were brightly lit. She passed into the scant space of the garden and sought the lower door; she pulled the bell, set in the woodwork at her right, and waited.

No answer came, and she rang again. One of the lights gave her a good view into the hall beyond. She presently saw her mother appear. Mrs. Twining opened the door. It was not till she and her daughter stood face to face that the latter made a certain sharp, abrupt discovery.

"Mother!" she said, "you're pale—you look very strange. Is it because I staid away so long?"

"No," replied Mrs. Twining.

Claire grasped her mother's arm with both hands. "Then what is it?" she questioned. "You don't mean that—Father's sick? Do you?"

Mrs. Twining was white as death, and had dark rings round her fine black eyes. She laughed with great bitterness as she closed the door.

"Oh, no," she said. "Your father ain't sick, Claire."

These few words teemed, somehow, with a frightful irony. Claire knew her mother's moods so well that she now staggered backward a little as the two faced each other in this narrow hallway.

"Mother," she said, with a gasp, "what do you mean? Has anything happened to father?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Twining with a cruelty that Claire never forgot and never forgave. "Your father's dead. He died at nine o'clock. The doctor's here now. He says it's heart-disease. You're a nice gadabout, to be off for hours, nobody knows where, and come home to find" . . .

Mrs. Twining ended her sentence at just this point, for Claire had dropped in a swoon before the new word could be spoken, upon the oil-cloth of the little hall which her own hands had so often swept.

CHAPTER VII.

That night was one of anguish and horror. As soon as enough strength had come to her with the return of consciousness, Claire insisted upon being taken to where her father lay. Not a tear left her eye as she knelt beside his body. She was very white, and seemed perfectly calm. She kissed the dead man now and then on forehead, and cheek. Once she rose, went to the window, and set both arms lengthwise upon its sash, propping her chin against her clasped hands.

In this attitude she stared forth at the heaven, still full of moony light and still alive with its pageantry of hurrying clouds. But their motion was more quick now; the wind had grown stronger and colder; all touch of mildness was now vanishing from the cool atmosphere. Claire felt the panes shake, and heard them rattle, as she leaned thus. There seemed an awful sympathy between this wild phase of nature and her own tumultuous, distraught sensations.

Grief and alarm clashed within her soul. She could not simply and passionately regret her father's loss, for the thought of her own friendless and penurious state would thrust itself into her conscious being. Her feelings of pure bereavement, of standing face to face with a vast and stern solitude, of having had something torn from her heart by the roots, were terrible enough. But none the less, on this account, could she fail to think with inward thrills of fright on the subject of her merely material future. In an hour or two something solidly defensive had been shattered and swept away. Her father's protection had kept aloof, so to speak, the huge, merciless forces of society. Now these forces were rushing upon her like yonder stream of antic-shaped clouds.

"What is to become of me?" she murmured aloud, not knowing that she spoke at all. "Who will help? Where shall I turn? I am so alone—so fearfully alone!"

Mrs. Twining had come into the room, as it chanced, a moment before the utterance of Claire's first words. It was now a little before midnight; she had entered this chamber of death twice before, and had looked at her daughter's kneeling figure, there beside the corpse, but had retired again in silence. Now she spoke, as Claire finished speaking. The girl turned instantly as she began.

"Yes," she said in her most hard and curt way. "I s'pose you are alone, now he's gone! you ain't got any mother, of course not! She's a cipher; she always was. You're going to quit her, I dare say; you're going to leave her in the lurch. P'raps you'll find some of those you was with to-night that 'll see you don't come to grief. Well, 't ain't for me to complain at this late day. I've had chance enough to take your measure Miss, long ago!"

There was a look of dreary fatigue on Claire's face as she slowly answered: "Mother, I will not leave you. I don't wish to leave you."

"Oh, you don't, eh? Then why did you say you was alone?"

"Did I say it?" returned Claire. She put one hand to her forehead. "I—I must have spoken aloud without knowing it." . . . Immediately afterward she crossed the room, going very close to her mother's side, and looking with eager meaning into the cold, austere, aquiline face.

"Don't be unkind to-night," she went on. "Remember this dreadful thing that has happened. It—it ought to—soften you, Mother. It has nearly crazed *me* I cannot reason; I can scarcely think. I—I can only suffer!"

Mrs. Twining curled her mouth in bitter dissent. "Oh, you didn't know the poor man was sick when you ran off and staid for hours. No, indeed! If you had, you would n't 'a' worried him as you did when he come home to tea and found you gone. He fell like a log, just as he got up from the table. But he hadn't eaten hardly a thing, and I guess you know why he did n't."

Claire uttered a quick, flurried cry. She grasped her mother's arm. "You—you don't mean," she exclaimed, in a piteously fierce way, "that I killed Father—or—or hastened his death by—by not being home? Oh, say, Mother, that you don't mean this! It would drive me mad if I believed so! Please say it is n't true!"

Claire's aspect breathed such desperation that it wrought havoc even with so stolid a perversity as that of the harsh, unpropitiable being whom she confronted.

"Well, no, I don't say *that*," murmured Mrs. Twining, with sullen alteration of mien and tone. "But I *do* say, Claire, that you was off somewhere, and *he* was fretted and pestered because you was, and" . . . Here the peculiar nature of this most tormenting woman suddenly revealed a change. Her grim mouth twitched; her cold nostrils produced a kind of catarrhal sniff; her cold black eyes winked, as if tears were lurking to assail them. The next words that she spoke were in a high, querulous key.

"Oh! so you're the only one that's fit to mourn for that poor dead one, hey? I, his lawful wedded wife, and your own mother, ain't got any right to grieve! Oh, very well! I'm nobody at all, here. I'd better get away. You're chief mourner. There's nobody but you. I s'pose you'll pay all the expenses of the funeral, seein' you're so dreadful stuck-up about it!"

Claire shook her head, in a pathetic, conciliating way. She lifted one finger, at the same time. Her face was still white, and her dark-blue eyes were burning feverishly.

"No, no, Mother!" she said. "This is all wrong. You must n't speak like that, here. If you did n't love him, I did. There's a little money yet. It's yours, but you 'll give it; you've told me of it; it will be enough to bury Father decently. I promise you that if you *do* give it I will try very hard to get some work that will support us both."

Mrs. Twining put a hand on either hip. She stared at Claire for a moment. Then she answered her.

"No," she said, "I won't give a cent of it. It's only about a hundred dollars. He ain't led me such a nice life that I should be so awful grateful to him, now he's gone. There's ways of burying that don't cost money. Yes, there's ways. . . . Let 'em come and take him. I ain't going to beggar myself because he wants a rosewood coffin, and"—

"Mother!" cried Claire, pointing toward the dead, "he is *here!*"

"Oh, well!" said Mrs. Twining. She spoke the two brief words in a sort of abrupt whimper, taking a step or two toward the sheeted form of her dead husband. "S'pose he *is* here. I can't use that money, and I won't!"

Claire felt the hideous taste of those words. They who have thus far read this chronicle must have read it ill if they are not sure that no love for a mother so ceaselessly froward and hostile could now survive in her daughter's heart. But though she knew her mother capable of dread acts if occasion favored, Claire was thunderstruck by this last announcement.

It appeared to her monstrous and barbarous, as it indeed was. She clenched both hands, for an instant, and her eyes flashed.

"Say what you mean!" she retorted, not raising her voice, because of that piteous reverence which the still, prone shape inspired. "*Can* you mean that you will let charity bury our dead for us? *Can* you mean that?"

Mrs. Twining gave a quick, grim nod. "Yes, I do mean it," she returned. "And if you was n't a fool you'd see why."

Claire folded her arms. Her next words came with grave, measured composure from white, set lips. "I may be a fool," she said, "but thank God I haven't your kind of wisdom! Keep your money, Mother. Do as you threaten. But when Potter's Field takes poor Father's body, that will be the end of everything between you and me. Remember that I said this. I will never speak to you, never notice you again, if you do so shameful a thing. If you spend that money as duty and decency both prompt, I will work for you, cling to you always. But if not, we are no longer mother and daughter. You see, I don't speak with heat or haste. I am perfectly calm. Now choose which course you will take. But never say that I did not fully warn you, when it will be too late for retraction!"

There was a splendidly quiet impressiveness in this speech of Claire's. She went and knelt once more beside her father's body after she had finished it. She had resolved upon no further entreaty or argument. The very atrocity of her mother's proposed design seemed to place continued discussion of it beyond the pale of all womanly dignity.

Mrs. Twining was too coarse a soul to see the matter as Claire saw it. She preferred to take the chances that her daughter would relent when the ignoble interment was over.

To-morrow came, and she gave no sign of altering her purpose. Claire scarcely addressed a word to her during this day. A few of the Greenpoint folk called at the house. Among these was Josie Morley, distressed at the tidings of death, and prepared to utter voluble regrets for having lost Claire in the crowd during the previous night.

But Claire would see no one. She remained with her father's body in the little room upstairs, locking its door when she thought there was any chance of a visitor being brought thither.

Now and then she wondered, with a dumb misery, whether her mother had made any attempt to bring about the loathed burial. She herself had a few dollars in her possession. This sum she meant to use in seeking employment after the earth had closed over her father's corpse.

Once or twice a passionate impulse had seized her to go and seek help from those under whom her father had lately served in his drudging clerkship. But she repressed this feeling—or rather shame at the thought of possible refusal, mixed with a natural proud reluctance to own the sad need in which she stood, repressed it for her.

The next day she learned the full, torturing truth. Mrs. Twining had carried out her threat. Two shabby men came with a pine box. They placed the corpse herein. Claire had already paid it all the final reverential rites which her sex and grief would allow. It was dressed in the same rusty outward garments it had worn when death came. The men held a little discussion below stairs with Mrs. Twining. They afterward departed and remained away two good hours.

When they returned they brought a dark waggon with an arched top. In the interval Claire still watched. She was quite silent. Perhaps if she had deigned now to plead with her mother, the latter, already a little frightened at the girl's stony, unvaried calmness, might have relented and agreed to more seemly obsequies. But except one glance of immeasurable reproach, during a brief visit which Mrs. Twining paid to the chamber, Claire gave no further sign of revolt.

When the men returned, she chanced to be looking from the window. She saw the waggon. She shuddered, and went back to her father. No one saw her bid him the last farewells. She showed no trace of tears when the men presently re-entered the room, but her dark-blue eyes shone from her hueless face with a dry, glassy glitter. Her mother now appeared. She looked at Claire in a covert, uneasy way, though there was much obstinacy about the lines of her mouth. A moment later she spoke to the men. It seemed to Claire like the refinement of hypocrisy that she should set her mind in a mournful key.

"I s'pose you want to get it through right away," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," replied one of the men.

"Those is always the orders."

Claire went to the window again. It was a raw, misty, drizzling day. She stared out into the dreary street. She did not want to see that pitiful box closed and sealed. She presently heard a grating sound which told her just what the men were doing.

And then she heard another sound that was quite as harsh. It was her mother's voice, lowered, and with a sort of a whine in it.

"It's true enough that the dead ought to be buried properly, Claire, but that ain't any reason why the living shouldn't live—the best way they can. You take it hard now, but after a while you'll see you ain't got any real right to blame me. You'll see."

"Don't touch me, please," interrupted Claire. Her mother had laid a hand on her arm, and she had receded instantly. Then she said, while steadying her voice, though not caring whether the men heard or no: "Did you intend going to—to the grave with him?"

Mrs. Twining gave a great elegiac sigh. "Oh, no, I couldn't stand it. I should break right down long before I got there."

"Very well," said Claire, "I'm going."

One of the men looked up at her. He had a small, round face, an odd blond tuft of beard, and a pair of mild blue eyes. He held a screw-driver thrust into a screw while he spoke. His voice was very respectful. He had noticed Claire's look and mien before; he had a wife and children at home. Scarcely ever, in his experience, had he known a burial of this sort to take place from a dwelling as apparently thrifty as the present one.

"Excuse me, Miss," the man said, "but you couldn't ride in the waggon. There's just room for him and me." He indicated his companion by a little motion of his head. "And there's three other bodies. We're talkin' 'em to the almshouse."

"Where is the almshouse?" asked Claire. She could not help giving her mother one shocked side-long glance while this question left her lips.

"It's over in Flatbush," the man said.

Claire went close up to his side. If he had not seen the white distress in her face before, he must plainly have seen it now. "I know where that is," she said. "I could go there. The cars would take me." She put her hand on the rough wood of the box. The touch was so light that it resembled a caress. "Would they let me go to—to the almshouse and wait . . . near him . . . till he is buried?"

Mrs. Twining at once began to weep. Or rather, she spoke in a wailing tone that indicated tears, even if no tears really either gathered or fell.

"Claire, you mustn't think of going! No, you mustn't! Things are bad enough, as it is. Now, promise me that you won't take any such notion! Do promise!"

Claire paid no heed to this outburst. She was looking with eager fixity at the man. She had already aroused his sympathy; she felt certain of it; his big, mild eye seemed to tell her so. "They won't all be buried till about two o'clock," he said. "There'll be five or six bodies to-day, I guess. If you start from here in about an hour, Miss, you can get to the burying-ground by just the right time. I'll see to it you do."

The speaker here turned and winked one mild eye at his companion. The latter was staring rather lifelessly at Claire. He had a long, pale, tired-looking face.

"All right," he muttered, apathetically, as if he had not at all comprehended, but was willing to take matters on trust.

"I'll see to it that he ain't got in till you come," pursued Claire's new friend. "The Potter's Field ain't far from the County Buildings, as they call 'em. I s'pose you know how to get to Flatbush?" He scratched his sandy shock of hair for an instant, and told her just what cars to take.

Claire put faith in him. Something made her do so. When the pine box had been carried down stairs, placed inside the dark waggon, and driven away, she went to her own room and made a small, neat, brown-paper parcel. Her clothes were few enough, and she left all of these except what seemed to her of vital necessity. "I don't want to look like a tramp," she told herself, with a darksome pleasantry. "I shall not, either. I shall only be a poor, shabby girl with a bundle."

When she emerged from her room her mother met her in the hall. Claire wore her bonnet. Mrs. Twining gave a frightened whimper as she saw this and the parcel.

"Oh, Claire," she said, "you ain't really going to the—the grave?"

"Yes, I am," she said. Her tones were so melancholy that they caused a palpable start in her who heard them.

"Oh Claire," moaned her mother, "if you go I can't! I can't see him buried in that way! Of course you can, if you want!"

"I do want," said Claire.

"But you'll come back! you'll come home again!"

As she was passing her mother, there in the hall, Claire turned and faced her. "I shall never come home again," she said, scarcely raising her voice above a whisper. "You remember what I told you."

Mrs. Twining was no longer frightened; she was terrified. "Claire!" she burst forth, "I ain't done right, perhaps. But don't be headstrong—now, don't! if you'd spoke to me this morning, I might, . . . well, I might after all, have given the money. But it's too late now, and" . . .

"Yes, it is too late now," Claire interrupted, and somehow with the effect of a shaft shot noiselessly and tellingly aimed.

After that she hurried straight down stairs, passed along the lower hall, and made rapid exit from the house.

A number of heads had been thrust from neighboring windows while the body was being borne away. Claire, who endured what was thus far the supreme humiliation of her life, wondered whether any one was watching now, but she kept her eyes drooped toward the pavement as she moved along, and never once looked to left or right. She despised these possible watchers, and yet she remembered what her dead had been—how kindly, how pure, how noble; and it was to her sense an infamy that his ignominious burial should be made a theme of vulgar gossip.

"He is to be put in Potter's Field," she told her own aching, bursting heart, while she hurried along. "Yes, he! And he was so good, so fine, so much a gentleman! He is to be put in Potter's Field! . . . But I will see the last sod placed over him . . . That man will keep his word . . . I shall stand by my father, his only mourner. He will be glad if he knows. What a slight thing it is to do for him, after all the love he gave me! But it is all I can do. All, and yet so little!"

A dreary ride in the cars at last brought her to Flatbush. After alighting she had quite a long walk through the gray, foggy atmosphere of a region which the sweetest mood of spring or summer finds no spell to beautify. It was now as hideous and loathsome as that hateful tract beyond Greenpoint. The immense gloomy structures of the almshouses loomed beside the path she took. The conductor on the car had just told her how to reach the pauper graveyard. It lay at some distance from the grim buildings that she was