

om."
choice left," said she.
More, has not used
it is not the first time
our hands like a sack of
d had nothing else to
pleasure. If you will
and well. If you will
and touched her hand
"David, I am afraid,"

ight to warn you," I be-
thought me that I was
the purse, and it would
to too childish. "Catri-
not misunderstand me.
to do my duty by you,
an going alone to this
be a solitary student
this chance arisen that
I with me a bit and be
You can surely under-
my dear, that I would
re I am," said she. "So
d a duty bound to have
I. I knew this was a
character, for which I
I did not pay more dear.
easier her delicacy had
a word of kissing her
er. Now that she de-
now was I to be more
the truth is, I could see
method to dispose of
say inclination pulled

The Hague she fell very
the rest of the distance
Twice she must rest
which she did with prett-
ing herself a shame to
nd the race she came of
a hindrance to myself.
e, she said, that she was
with walking shoes. I
her strip off her shoes
to go barefoot. But she
me that the women of
in the landward roads,
all shed.
disgracing my brother,"
e very very, with it all,
e told tales of her.
den in that city we were
below with clean sand,
overhead—some of them
pleached, and the whole
with alleys and arbors.
tions, and went forward
nd my correspondent.
my credit and asked to
to some decent, retired

not being yet arrived I
ed I should require his
people of the house, and
my sister being come for
house for me I should be
umbers. This was all
the trouble was that Mr.
ster of recommendation
d on a great deal of par-
ver a word of any sister
could see my Dutchman
suspicious, and viewing
of a great deal of spec-
a poor, frail body, and
an infirm rabbit—he be-
came of it.

ed her strip off her shoes
to go barefoot.
panic. Suppose he ac-
thinks I; suppose he ac-
his house, and that I
all have a fine raveled
and may end by dis-
the lassie and myself.
an hastily to expound to
character. She was of a
on, it appeared, and so
of all meeting strangers
at that moment sitting
alone. And then I be-
like all the rest of the
me circumstance and
that was any service,
gether needless partic-
alfour's ill health and
childhood, in the
awoke to a sense of my
turned to one bluish
man was not so much
he discovered a will-
of me, but he was, first
business, and knowing
was good enough, how-
with my conduct, he
ag as to send his son to
caution in the matter
is implied my present-
tion to Catriona. The
was much recovered
ed and behaved to per-
my arm and gave me
more easily than I
er, but there was an-
thing to help, she was
than otherwise that Miss
er suddenly outgrown
And there was another
one of our speech. I
try tongue and dwelled

She had a hill voice,
re delightful, and was
be called a deacon in
her and sister we made
pair. But the young
heavy dog, without so
belly as to remark her
which I scormed him. And
found a cover to our

heads he left us alone, which was the
greater service of the two.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FULL STORY OF A COYT OF HEINECCUS.
The place found was in the upper part
of a house backed on a canal. We had
two rooms, the second entering from the
first; each had a chimney built out into
the floor in the Dutch manner, and be-
ing alongside each had the same pros-
pect from the window of the top of a
tree below us in a little court, of a piece
of the canal and of houses in the Holland
architecture, and a church spire upon the
farther side. From a tavern hard
by we had good meals sent in.

The first thing in the morning I wrote
word to Sprott to have Catriona's mails
sent on, together with a line to Alan at
his chiefs, and the same dispatched and
her breakfast ready ere I waked her. I
wrote a little about me when she came forth
in her own habit and the mud of the way
upon her stockings. By what inquiries
I made it seemed a good few days
must pass before her mails could come
to hand in Leyden, and it was plainly
needful she must have a shift of things.

She was unwilling at first that I should
go to that expense, but I reminded her
that I must appear suitably in the party,
and we had not got to the second merchant's
before she was entirely charmed into the
spirit of the thing and was very willing.
It pleased me to see her so innocent and
thorough in this pleasure. What was
more extraordinary was the passion into
which I fell on it myself.

The Dutch chintzes I should say were
extraordinary cheap and fine, but I
would be ashamed to set down that I
paid for stockings to her. Altogether I
spent so great a sum that I was ashamed,
and by way of a setoff I left our cham-
bers pretty bare. If we had beds, if
Catriona was a little braw, and I had a
light to see her by, we were richly
enough lodged for me.

By the end of this I was glad to go for
a long walk alone in which to read my-
self a lecture. Here had I taken under
my roof a young lass extremely beauti-
ful, and whose innocence was her peril.
And now, after the strong admiration I
had just experienced and the immode-
racy with which I had continued my
vain purchases, I began to think of it
as very hazardous. I thought me if I
had a sister, indeed, whether I would
so expose her; whether I would give
Catriona in the hands of any other lad

God had made the answer to which
made my face to burn. The more cause
since I had been entrapped, and had en-
trapped the girl into an undue situation,
that I should behave in it with scrupu-
lous nicety.

She depended on me wholly for her
bread and shelter. In case I should
alarm her delicacy she had no retreat.
Besides I was her host and her protect-
or, and she had no other support. In
these positions the more I thought of
me if I should profit by the same for
ward even the most honest suit, for with
the opportunities that I enjoyed, and
which no wise parent would have suf-
fered for a moment, even the most hon-
est suit would be unfair. I saw I must
be extremely bold in my relations,
and yet not too much so, for I had
had no right to appear at all in the
character of a suitor I must yet appear
continually and if possible agreeably in
that of host.

It was plain there was no way out of
that position save by behaving right
while I was in it. I made a set of rules
for my guidance, prayed for strength
to be enabled to observe them, and as a
more human aid to the same end pur-
chased a study book in law. This being
all that I could think of, I relaxed from
these grave considerations, whenever my
mind bubbled at once into an efflu-
vescence of pleasing spirits, and it was
like one treading on air that I turned
homeward. As I thought that name of
home and recalled the image of that fig-
ure awaiting me between four walls my
heart beat upon my bosom.

"Are we not to have our walk today?"
said she.
"I was looking at her in a maze.
"Where is your brooch?" says I.
She carried her hand to her bosom and
colored high. "I will have forgotten it,"
said she. "I will run up stairs for it
quick, and then surely we'll can have
our walk."

There was a note of pleading in that
last that staggered me. I had neither
words nor voice to utter them. I could
do no more than nod by way of answer,
and the moment she left me climbed in-
to the tree and recovered my flower,
which on her return I offered her.

"I thought it for you, Catriona," said I.
She held it in the midst of her bosom
with the brooch, I could have thought,
tenderly.

"It is none the better of my handling,"
said I again and blushed.
"I will be liking it none the worse, you
may be sure of that," said she.
We did not speak so much that day,
she seemed a thought on the reserve,
though not unkindly. As for me, all the
time of our walking and after we came
home and I had seen her put my flower
into a pot of water, I was thinking to
myself what puzzles women were. I was
thinking the one moment it was the most
stupid thing on earth she should not have
perceived my love, and the next that she
had certainly perceived it long ago, and
being a wise girl with the fine female in-
stinct of propriety concealed her know-
ledge.

We had our walk daily. Out in the
streets I felt more safe. I relaxed a lit-
tle in my guardiveness, and for one thing
there was no Heineccus. This made
these periods not only a relief to myself,
but a particular pleasure to my poor
child. When I came back about the
hour appointed, I would generally find
her ready dressed and glowing with an-
ticipation. She would prolong their dur-
ation to the extreme, seeming to dread (as
I even did myself) the hour of the re-
turn, and there is scarce a field or wa-
ter-side near Leyden, scarce a street or
lane there, where we have not lingered.
Outside of this I bade her confine her-
self entirely to our lodgings—this in her
frail, innocent ways in my hand like any
frail, innocent thing to make or mar.

of a reader and had never a book. But
what was I to do?
So the rest of the evening flowed by
almost without speech.

I could have had light for blink of an eye
if I had but had a book. But what was I to do?
So the rest of the evening flowed by
almost without speech.

The best of my trouble was Catriona's
extraordinary innocence, at which I was
not so much surprised as filled with pity
and admiration. She seemed to have no
thought of our position, no sense of my
struggles, welcomed any mark of my
weakness with responsive joy, and when
I was drove again to my retractions
did not always dissemble her chagrin.

There were times when I have thought
myself, "if she looked at me and set her
cap to catch me, she would scarce
behave much otherwise," and when I
would fall again into wonder at the
simplicity of woman, from whom I
felt (in these moments) that I was not
worthy to be descended.

There was one point in particular on
which our warfare turned, and of all
things this was the question of her
clothes. My baggage had soon followed
me from Rotterdam, and hers from Hel-
voet. She had now, as it were, two ward-
robes, and it grew to be understood be-
tween us (I never could tell how) that
when she was friendly she would wear
my clothes, and when otherwise her own.

I have seen her go out of the room in a
petulance when I would be at Heineccus
and return with a whole change of
dresses, even the clocked stockings dis-
carded, and for aught I know she would
have shifted to the skin. It was meant
for a buffet, and (as it were) the renun-
ciation of her gratitude, and I felt it so
in my bosom, but was generally more
wise than to appear to have observed the
circumstance.

It was indeed, I was betrayed into a
childishness greater than her own. It
fell in this way. On my return from
classes, thinking upon my debt, and with
a great deal of love and a great deal of
annoyance in the bargain, the annoyance be-
gan to fade away out of my mind, and spy-
ing in a window one of those forced flow-
ers, of which the Hollanders are so skilled
in the artifice, I gave way to an impulse
and bought it for Catriona. I do not
know the name of that flower, but it was
of the pink color, and I thought she
would admire the same and carried it
home to her with a wonderful soft heart.

I had left her in my clothes, and when I
returned to find her all changed and a
toe to match I cast but the one look at
her from head to foot, ground my teeth
together, flung the window open and my
flower into the court, and then, between
rage and prudence—betook myself out of
that room again, of which I slammed the
door as I went out.

On the steep stair I came near falling,
and this brought me to myself, so that I
began at once to see the folly of my con-
duct, even the clocked stockings, which
I purposed, but to the house court, which
was always a solitary place, and where I
saw my flower (that had cost me vastly
more than it was worth) hanging in the
leafless tree. I stood by the side of the
canal and looked upon the ice. Country
people went by on their skates, and I
envied them. I could see no way out of
the pickle I was in; no way to which
to return to the room I had just left. No
doubt was in my mind but I had now
betrayed the secret of my feelings, and
to make things worse I had shown at
the same time (and that with wretched
boyishness) inability to my helpless
guest.

I suppose she must have seen me from
the open window. It did not seem to me
that I had stood there very long before I
heard the crunching of footsteps on the
frozen snow, and turning somewhat an-
grily (for I was in no spirit to be inter-
rupted) saw Catriona drawing near. She
was all changed again, to the clocked
stockings.

"Are we not to have our walk today?"
said she.
"I was looking at her in a maze.
"Where is your brooch?" says I.
She carried her hand to her bosom and
colored high. "I will have forgotten it,"
said she. "I will run up stairs for it
quick, and then surely we'll can have
our walk."

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last that staggered me. I had neither
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though not unkindly. As for me, all the
time of our walking and after we came
home and I had seen her put my flower
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myself what puzzles women were. I was
thinking the one moment it was the most
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perceived my love, and the next that she
had certainly perceived it long ago, and
being a wise girl with the fine female in-
stinct of propriety concealed her know-
ledge.

We had our walk daily. Out in the
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these periods not only a relief to myself,
but a particular pleasure to my poor
child. When I came back about the
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ation to the extreme, seeming to dread (as
I even did myself) the hour of the re-
turn, and there is scarce a field or wa-
ter-side near Leyden, scarce a street or
lane there, where we have not lingered.
Outside of this I bade her confine her-
self entirely to our lodgings—this in her
frail, innocent ways in my hand like any
frail, innocent thing to make or mar.

ance, which would have rendered our
position very difficult.

From the same apprehension I would
never suffer her to attend church, nor
even go myself, but made some kind of
shift to hold worship privately in our
own chamber—I hope with an honest,
but I am quite sure with a very much
divided mind. Indeed there was scarce
anything that more affected me than
thus to kneel down alone with her before
God like man and wife.

One day it was snowing downright
hard. I had thought it not possible that
we should venture forth and was sur-
prised to find her waiting for me ready
dressed.

"I will not be doing without my walk,"
she cried. "You are never a good boy,
Davie, in the house. I will never be call-
ing for you only in the open air. I think
we two will better turn Egyptian and
dwell by the roadside."

That was the best walk yet of all of
them. She clung near to me in the fall-
ing snow; it beat about and melted on
us, and the drops stood upon her bright
cheeks like tears and ran into her smil-
ing mouth. Strength seemed to come
upon me with the sight like a giant's. I
thought I could have caught her up and
run with her into the uttermost places

in the earth, and we spoke together all
that time beyond belief for freedom and
sweetness.
It was the dark night when we came
to the house door. She pressed my arm
upon her bosom. "Thank you kindly
for these good hours," said she as she
went to a deep note of her voice.

The concern in which I fell instantly
on this address put me with the same
swiftness on my guard, and we were no
sooner in the chamber and the light
made than she beheld the old, dark,
stagnant countenance of the student of
Heineccus. Doubtless she was more
than usually hurt, and I knew for my-
self I found it more than usually diffi-
cult to maintain my strangeness. Even
at the meal I durst scarce unbuckle and
scarce lift my eye to her. And it was
no sooner over than I fell again to my
civilian with more seeming abstraction
and less understanding than before.

Methought as I read I could hear my
heart's stroke like a 9-day clock. Hard
it was to be so, and I was still
some of my eyesight that spilled beyond
the book upon Catriona. She sat on the
floor by the side of my great mail, and
the chimney lighted her up and shone
and blinked upon her and made her
glow and darken through a wonder of
his lines. Now she would be gazing in
the fire and then again at me, and at
that I would be plunged in a terror of
myself and turn the pages of Heineccus
like a man looking for the next in church.

Suddenly she called out aloud, "Oh,
why does not my father come?" she cried
and fell at once into a storm of tears.
I leaped up, flung Heineccus fairly in
the fire, ran to her side and cast an arm
around her sobbing body.

"She put me from her sharply. "You
do not love your friend," says she. "I
could be so happy, too, if you would let
me." And then, "Oh, what will I have
done that you should hate me so?"

I ran to her side and cast an arm around
her sobbing body.
"Hate you?" cries I and held her firm.
"You blind lass, can you not see a little
in my wretched heart? Do you think,
then, I set this reading in that fool book
that I have just burned, and be damned
to it, I take ever the least thought of any
strife with this but just yourself? Night
after night I could have grat to see you
sitting there your lone. And what was
I to do? You are here under my honor.
Would you punish me for that? Is it for
that that you would spurn a loving
servant?"

At the word, with a small, sudden
motion, she clung near to me. I raised
her face to mine, I kissed it, and she
bowed her brow upon my bosom, clasping
me tight. I sat in a mere whirl, like
a man drunken; then I heard her voice
sound very small and muffled in my
clothes.

"Did you kiss her truly?" she asked.
There went through me so great a
beam of surprise that I was all shook
with it.
"Miss Grant?" I cried, all in a disorder.
"Yes, I asked her to kiss me goodby, the
which she did."

"Ah, well," said she, "you have kissed
me, too, at all events."

At the strangeness and sweetness of
the word I saw where we had fallen,
rose and set her on her feet.

And what weapon of defense was left
me? It seemed like a symbol that Heineccus,
my old professor, was now
burned. I repented, yet could not find
it in my heart to blame myself for that
great failure. It seemed not possible to
have resisted the boldness of her inno-
cence or that last temptation of her
weeping. And all that I had to excuse
me—was upon a nature so defenseless
and with such advantages of the pos-
ition that I seemed to have practiced.

What was to become of us now? It
seemed we could no longer dwell in the
one place. But where was I to go, or
where she? Without either choice or
fall of our life had conspired to wall
us together in that narrow place. I had
a wild thought of marrying out of hand,
and the next moment put it from me
with revolt. She was a child; she could
not tell her own heart; I had surprised
her weakness; I must never go on to
build on that surprise; I must keep her
not only clear of reproach, but free as
she had come to me.

Down I sat before the fire and reflect-
ed and repented and beat my brains in
vain for any means of escape. About 2
of the morning there were three red em-
bers left, the house and all the city was
asleep, when I was aware of a small
pound of weeping in the next room. She
thought that I slept, the poor soul. She
regretted her weakness and what per-
haps—God help her—she called her for-
wardness, and in the dead of the night
sald herself with tears. Tender and
bitter feelings, love and penitence and
pity struggled in my soul. It seemed I
was under bond to heat that weeping.

"Oh, try to forgive me!" I cried out;
"try, try to forgive me! Let us forget
it all! Let us try if we'll can no forget
it!"

There came no answer, but the sobbing
ceased. I stood a long while with my
hands still clasped as I had spoken; then
the cold of the night laid hold upon me
with a shudder, and I think my reason
awakened.

"You can make no head of this, Davie,"
thinks I. "To be with you like a wise
lad and try if you can sleep. Tomorrow
you may see your way."

CHAPTER XXIV.
THE RETURN OF JAMES MORE.
I believe I took a leaping step backward.

"I was called on the morrow out of a
late and troubled slumber by a knock-
ing on my door. I rose to open it, and
had almost swooned with the contrary of
my feelings, mostly painful, for on the
threshold, in a rough wraparound and
an extraordinary big laced hat, there stood
James More.

I ought to have been glad perhaps
without admixture, for there was a sense
in which the man came like an answer
to prayer. I had been saying all my
head was weary that Catriona and I
must separate and looking till my head
ached for any possible means of separa-
tion. Here were the means come to me
upon two legs, and joy was the kind-
most of my thoughts. It is to be con-
sidered, however, that even if the weight
of what she said to me, and the sight of
man's arrival the present heaved up the
more black and menacing, so that as I
first stood before him in my shirt and
breaches I believe I took a leaping step
backward like a person shot.

"Ah," said he, "I have found you, Mr.
Balfour. And he offered me his large,
fine hand, which (recovering at the same
time) I had been saying all my head
some thought of resistance) took down
fully. "It is a remarkable circumstance,
how our affairs appear to intermingling,"
he continued. "I am owing you an
apology for an unfortunate intrusion
upon yours, which I suffered myself to
be entrapped into by my confidence in
that false face, Prestongrange. I think
it is a shame to me, and to you, and
ever trusting to a lawyer." He shrugged
his shoulders with a very-French smile.

"But indeed the man is very plausible,"
says he. "And now it seems that you
have bused yourself handsomely in the
matter of my daughter, for whose direc-
tion I was reminded to yourself."

"Did you kiss her truly?" she asked.
There went through me so great a
beam of surprise that I was all shook
with it.
"Miss Grant?" I cried, all in a disorder.
"Yes, I asked her to kiss me goodby, the
which she did."

"Ah, well," said she, "you have kissed
me, too, at all events."

At the strangeness and sweetness of
the word I saw where we had fallen,
rose and set her on her feet.

And prodigality bore an ill appearance.
He looked all about the chamber for a
seat, and finding nothing else to his pur-
pose except my bed took a place on the
side of it, where, after I had closed the
door, I could not very well avoid joining
him. For however this extraordinary
interview might end, it must pass, if
possible, without waking Catriona, and
the one thing needful was that we
should sit close and talk low. But I can
scarcely picture what a pair we made: he
in his great coat, which fit him like a
my chamber made extremely out of hand,
alshivering in my shirt and breaks; and
with very much the air of a judge, and I
(whatever I looked) with very much the
feelings of a man who has heard the last
trumpet.

"Well," says he,
And "well," I began, but found my-
self unable to go further.
"Tell me she is here?" he said,
again, but now with a spice of impa-
tience that seemed to brace me up.

"She is in this house," said I, "and I
knew the circumstance would be called
unusual. But you are to consider how
very unusual the whole business was
from the beginning. Here is a young
lady landing on the coast of Europe with
a shilling and penny half-penny. She is
directed to your man Sprott in Helvoet.
I hear you call him your agent. All I
can say is he could do nothing but damn
and swear at the mere mention of your
name, and I must fee him out of my own
pocket even to receive the custody of
her effects. You speak of unusual cir-
cumstances, Mr. Drummond, if that be
the name you prefer. Here was a cir-
cumstance, if you like, to which it was
barbarity to have exposed her."

"But this is what I cannot understand
the least," said James. "My daughter
was placed into the charge of some re-
sponsible persons, whose names I have
forgotten."

"Gebbie was the name," said I, "and
I have no doubt that Mr. Gray should
have gone ashore with her at Helvoet.
But he did not, Mr. Drummond, and I
think you might praise God that I was
there to offer in his place."

"I shall have a word to say to Mr.
Gebbie before done," said he. "As for
yourself, I think it might have occurred
that you were somewhat young for such
a post."

"But the choice was not between me
and somebody else. It was between me
and nobody," I cried. "Nobody offered
in my place, and I must say I think you
show a very small degree of gratitude to
me that did."

"I shall wait until I understand my
obligation a little more in the particu-
lar," says he.
"Indeed, and I think it stares you in
the face, then," said I. "Your child was
deserted. She was clean flung away in
the midst of Europe with less than 2
shillings and about two words of any
language spoken there. I must say, a
bonny business! I brought her to this
place. I gave her the name and the ten-
derness due to a sister, and she has not
gone without expense, but that I scarce
need to hint at. They were services due
to the young lady's character which I re-
spect, and I think it would be a bonny
business, too, if I was to be singing her
praises to her father."

"You are a young man," he began.
"So I hear you tell me," said I, with a
good deal of heat.
"You are a very young man," he re-
peated, "or you would have understood
the significance of the step."

"I think you speak very much at your
ease," cried I. "What else was I to do
in that case, I might have hired some de-
cent poor woman to be a third to us,
and I declare I never thought of it until
this moment. But where was I to find
her, that am a foreigner myself? And
let me point out to your observa-
tion, Mr. Drummond, that it would have
cost me money out of my pocket. For
here is just what it comes to, that I had
to pay through the nose for your neg-
lect, and there is only the one story to
it—just that you were so unloving and
so careless as to have lost your daughter."

"He that lives in a glass house should
not be casting stones," says he, "and we
will finish inquiring into the behavior
of Miss Drummond before we go on to
sit in judgment on her father."

"I had been entrapped into no such
thing," said I. "The character of
Miss Drummond is far above inquiry, as
her father ought to know. So is mine,
and I am telling you that. There are
but the two ways of it open. The one is
to express your thanks to me as one gen-
tleman to another, and to say no more.
The other (if you are so difficult as to
still dissatisfied) is to pay me that which
I have expended on her, to wit, a sum of
money."

He seemed to soothe me with a hand
in the air. "There, there," said he.
"You go too fast, you go too fast, Mr.
Balfour. It is a good thing that I have
learned to be a good patient. And I be-
lieve that you forget that I have yet to
see my daughter."

"I began to be a little relieved upon his
speech and a change in the man's manner
that I spied in him as soon as the name
of money fell between us.
"I was thinking it would be more fit-
ting if you will excuse the plainness of my
dressing in your presence—that I should
go forth and leave you to encounter her
alone," said I.
"Whatever I would have looked for
your hands!" says he, and there was no
mistake but what he said it civilly.
I thought this better and better still,
and as I began to pull on my hose, re-
calling the man's impudent mendacity
at Prestongrange's, I determined to pur-
sue what seemed to be my victory.

cate with your friends," said I, "perhaps
it might be convenient for you (as of
course it would be honorable to myself)
if you were to regard yourself in the
light of my guest."

"Sir," said he, "when an offer is frank-
ly made, I think I honor myself most to
imitate that frankness. Your hand, Mr.
David. You have the character that I
respect the most. You are one of those
from whom a gentleman can take a
favor and no more words about it. I am
an old soldier," he went on, looking
rather disgruntled-like among my cham-
bers, "and you need not fear I shall prove
burdensome. I have ate too often at a
dike-side, drank of the ditch and had
no roof but the rain."

"I should be telling you," said I,
"that our breakfasts are sent in custom-
arily about this time of morning. I
process I should go now to the tavern
and bid them add a cover for yourself
and delay the meal the matter of an
hour, which will give you an interval to
meet your daughter in."

Methought his nostrils wagged at this.
"O, an hour?" says he. "That is per-
haps superfluous. Half an hour, Mr.
David, or say 20 minutes. I shall do
very well in that. And by the way," he
says, detaining me by the coat, "what
is it you drink in the morning—whether ale
or wine?"

"To be frank with you, sir," says I, "I
drink nothing else but spare, cold wa-
ter."

"Tut, tut," says he; "that is fair de-
struction to the stomach, take an old
campaigner's word for it. Our country
air is not wholesome, but as that is not
come-at-able, Rheinish or a white wine
of Burgundy will be next best."

"I shall make it my business to see you
are supplied," said I.
"Very good," said he, "and we shall
make a man of you yet, Mr. David."

By this time I can hardly say that
I was minding him at all, beyond an odd
thought of the kind of father-in-law that
he was like to prove, and all my cares
centered about the lass, his daughter, to
whom I determined to convey some
warning of her visitor. I stepped to the
door accordingly and cried through the
panels, knocking thereon at the same
time, "Miss Drummond, here is your
father come at last."

With that I went forth upon my err-
rand, having (in two words) extraordi-
narily damaged my affairs.
[To be Continued.]

U.P.R. ENTERPRISE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.—By advices re-
ceived to-day from the United Press cor-
respondent at Honolulu, the following impor-
tant information regarding the latest moves
of the Canadian Pacific Railway has been
received. The Canadian Pacific Steamship
line recently established between Vancouver
and Australia, with Honolulu as a stopping
point, is being run at a loss. The business
is in a manner that will probably be interest-
ing to San Francisco. Early in July the
Warrimoo will arrive from Australia. On
her will be made a shipment of 10,000 bags
of rice billed through to Portland, Oregon.
The shipment will be made by M. Green-
baum & Co., who handle about two-thirds
of the Hawaiian rice crop. In an interview,
Mr. Greenbaum said: "This shipment is
merely opening the wedge of an effort to
take from San Francisco a large part of her
commerce. The Canadian Pacific railway
must build up business for its line, and its
steamship company has made concessions to
many firms that are far beyond any con-
sideration to be obtained from an American Transpor-
tation company. My firm ships yearly to San
Francisco 125,000 bags of rice, and it has
been distributed to other firms. The
Canadian Pacific has offered me through
bills of lading to any point which I may
desire to ship at rates that are much lower
than are granted by the Southern Pacific
company. We shall ship 4,000 to 5,000
bags of rice a month on the Canadian steam-
ships. The new company does not stop
here," continued Mr. Greenbaum. "If
the rice market over there is firm here, and
will ship to them goods which are direct
to the manufacturers, which have heretofore
been purchased in San Francisco."

FIVE PERSONS BURNED.
GREENSBORO, Mich., July 5.—E. M. Bab-
cock, wife and child, of Postoria, Mich.,
came here on the 4th of July to visit Mr.
Babcock's father, Allen Roberts, who lives
in Grant township four and a quarter miles
northwest of this place. The family con-
sisted of father, mother, and seven children,
and they all went down to Cass City to take
in the celebration, returning at about 1
o'clock this morning. About 3 o'clock
Mr. Roberts' son was awakened by the
smell of smoke and found his bed clothes on
fire. Hearoused his brother and his guest,
Mr. George Frost, of Silverwood, Mich., who
was also visiting the family. Young
Roberts' quarters were on the second floor
on the second floor and rushed to his cham-
ber window on the first floor. He suc-
ceeded in rescuing his father, mother, and
little sister. His older brother and
sister also made their escape. Mr. Bab-
cock, his wife and child, and Mr. George
Frost perished in the flames, as did also
the seven-year old son of Mr. Roberts.
The five persons were burned, nothing re-
maining but their charred trunks. The
heads and limbs were all burned off, with
the exception of Mr. Frost. There is only
one theory as to the cause of this terrible
accident. It is that during the rain and
thunder storm, which was prevailing on
this morning, the lightning struck the
house and set it on fire. The inmates, re-
turning late, worn out by the day's tramp,
were probably never wakened, and they
focused long before the flames reached them.

EAST INDIA PIRATES.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.—The steamer
Belgie arrived from Hongkong and Yoko-
hama to-day bringing the following advices:
A fish laden junk on a voyage from Ningpo
to Foo Chow was recently attacked by a
pirate junk. The crew made a desperate
resistance, but were finally overpowered,
losing two men, who were shot dead, five
being badly wounded, and an American.
None of the cargo was touched, but the
pirates took away over \$300 in silver, and
all the clothes of the passengers and crew.

STRAFFORD, July 5.—The machine, wood
working and tin shops, comprising the
principal buildings of the North American
Mill Building company's workshop were de-
stroyed by fire; loss \$30,000.

STOCKS IN NEW YORK.
New York, July