

## TRUE TO HIS WORD.

A NOVEL.

"Stop, sir, stop!" cried the old gentleman. "I have a wish to possess that picture—for a reason that you cannot understand;" and here his voice sank low. "It is not a matter of money's worth to me."

"I thought everything resolved itself into those two pregnant words, How Much?" answered Walter scornfully.

"I am an old man, sir, and you are a young one," returned the other; "perhaps I presumed too much upon that; in my time it made a difference. Don't let us quarrel. Your picture may be perfection, for what I know, and you shall have your price for it—that is, in reason. My cheque book lies in that desk; I will pay you upon the nail—this instant. Come, shall I make it two hundred pounds?"

"No, sir. You say that you wish to buy the picture for a reason that I could not understand. Well, I wish to keep it for a reason that would at least be equally unintelligible to you."

"I will give you three hundred golden sovereigns for that little picture. It cannot be worth more than three hundred pounds."

"It is not worth so much, sir," answered Walter coldly, "and yet I will not sell it you."

"You will not sell it to me!" cried the old man angrily. "Then why did you come here? To insult me, to disappoint me, to— Here he stopped, then added plaintively: "Young man, you are very cruel." He had a haggard and weary look, which moved the other in spite of his wrath.

"I ought not to have come here, sir, I own," answered he slowly, "since I did not mean to sell my picture. If you had behaved otherwise, or given me your reason for desiring to possess it—no, forgive me—for across the old man's face here flitted a look of intense pain—"that is an impertinence; I mean, if you had convinced me that the possession of it would have been dear to you, from whatever cause, as it is to me, perhaps I would have parted with it. This surprises you; and yet one gives one's horse or one's dog away, where they are cared for and appreciated, and not otherwise. However, as matters stand, I feel I owe you an apology, an explanation. There is an association—to me—in connection with that painting which forbids me to part with it for its fair price; and to take advantage of your fancy for it to extort more seems to me shameful."

"But if I don't mind it—if money is nothing to me!" exclaimed the old man eagerly. "I don't say it is nothing; three hundred pounds are three hundred pounds to everybody."

"I know it, sir. To me, indeed, it is a very large sum," remarked Walter quietly.

"Well, to be frank, young man, it is to me but a mere drop in the ocean."

"Very likely. Still, to take it from you—since a rich man's whim is his master—would be to trade upon your necessity."

"Nonsense! Wheel that desk here, and let me write out the cheque."

"I would not take it if it was for three thousand. Good morning, sir."

Walter opened the door, but as he did so he felt it pushed toward him, and there entered—Lotty!

"Mr. Litton, I believe?" said she, with a pleasant smile. "Good morning."

## CHAPTER XIII.

LILY.

Walter could scarcely believe his senses when he beheld thus standing before him the girl of whom for the last six months the image had been more or less present to his mental vision, but whom, with his physical eyes, he had never thought to see again. To meet her at such a time and place was most unlooked-for and extraordinary; but still more surprising was it to see her so unchanged so beautiful, on bright and radiant, indeed—for that, even on her marriage morning, she had not been; in the very flush of bridehood her heart had not ceased to be agitated by thoughts of home—but still in good health, her eyes undimmed with tears, her face unlined with cares, her voice as musical and cheery as when he had first heard its well-remembered tones. All this was like enchantment; but what beyond all astounded him, and stilled his tongue, and seemed to paralyze his very limbs, was the fact that she had not recognized him; that she had said "Mr. Litton, I believe?" and then, in the most unconcerned, though courteous manner, had added "Good morning," as though he were no more than an utter stranger.

He stood dumb and motionless for a few seconds, staring at her, in her pretty garden costume and summer hat, until the little blush he knew so well crept from her cheek to her white brow.

"He sees the likeness," muttered the old man plaintively.

"To the picture," replied Lotty quickly. "Yes, it is very curious. I hope that you have come to terms, papa, with this gentleman."

"With this gentleman!" repeated Walter to himself, like one in a dream. It was impossible that she did not recognize him; there must, then, be some reason for her ignoring their acquaintance. Was it possible that that terrible Mrs. Sheldon had breathed to her that shameful imputation of his being at heart a rival in the affections of her husband, and that hence she had resolved to know him no more!

She kept her eyes studiously averted from him, and fixed upon her father.

"No," sighed the old man; "we have not come to terms. Perhaps I have mismanaged the affair. Mr. What's-his-name—"

"Litton," suggested Lotty softly.

"Mr. Litton has refused to part with his

picture at any price. 'Not,' he said, 'for three thousand pounds.'

"Excuse me, sir," said Walter; "do not let this young lady imagine me to be extortionate—or mad. Such a sum was never seriously mentioned. On the contrary, I said that the three hundred which you offered was far beyond its worth."

"Then why not take it, sir?" inquired Lotty, looking at him face to face, and speaking in gentle but firm tones. "I wrote to you, at my father's request, to intimate that it was not for the mere merits of the picture—great as they undoubtedly are—that he was desirous of possessing it."

"The note, then, was from you?" said Walter, hardly conscious of what he said.

"Yes; I thought I said that my father was incapacitated from addressing you himself; at all events, it was so; I was his amanuensis. I said, if you had not resolutely made up your mind to keep the picture, we hoped that you would call in person. Since you have done so, it seems unreasonable that you will not accept my father's offer."

"That is right," said the old man approvingly. "You put it better than I did. Listen to her, Mr. Litton."

"My father has an especial wish to possess the painting," continued Lotty decisively, "and it seems to me that, under such circumstances, it is cruel to withhold it. I put it to your sense of honor."

"That is quite unnecessary," answered Walter frigidly. "Your daughter's arguments have convinced me, sir," said he, turning to the old man. "The picture is yours." He had no longer any desire to retain it, since she, who, if not its original, had been the inspirer of whatever in it had made it dear to him, could treat him with such neglect.

"You are a good fellow!" cried his host triumphantly—"you are an excellent young fellow! Wheel up my desk, my dear, and I will give him the three hundred. And I tell you what, sir, I'll make it guineas."

"Excuse me, sir; my price is one hundred pounds," observed Walter coldly. "I shall not take a penny more."

"Not a penny more!" cried the old man, holding his pen in the air. "Why, you must be what you called yourself just now—mad; stark, staring mad."

"That is the just price—the price at which it was assessed by a friend of mine, who is a good judge of such things, when it went to the Academy; and I shall take no more. Please to write out one hundred pounds."

"I am afraid, papa," said Lotty softly, "that we have offended this gentleman; and that, therefore, he will not be beholden to us."

"I did not mean any offence, young man," said Mr. Brown. "It seems to me that folks are very sensitive nowadays; there is no knowing where to have them. I wished to make a fair bargain with you, Mr. Litton; that is my notion of doing business, and it has served me for the last fifty years; but I certainly had no intention of ruffling your feathers. Well, there is your hundred pounds."

"O papa!" said Lotty.

"My dear, I have only done as the young gentleman has directed me; I conclude he knows his own mind."

"You are very right, sir," answered Walter. "The picture shall be sent to you directly the Exhibition is over."

"Very good. I won't offer to shake hands with you, young man, because I can't; but I am truly obliged to you" (this he pronounced "obleged," but in a friendly and even grateful tone). "If the obligation were on your side instead of mine, I should venture to ask a favor of you."

"Pray, ask it, sir," said Walter, "all the same."

"Well, then, stay and dine with us. We are none of your fashionable, who wear white ties and that; and there are only our two selves." A sort of pathos mingled with his speech that touched the young fellow. "We dine early—that is, what I darsay you will call early, though I call it late; the time I used to sup at. My daughter here will show you about the place in the meantime."

This invitation, which an hour ago would have been a temptation against which he would have struggled in vain, had now no charms for him. And yet he had a mind to accept it, if it were only that it would give him the opportunity of reproaching Lotty for her repudiation of him—for what he no longer hesitated to term her ungrateful behavior towards him. There was some reason for it, of course; but if it was in consequence of anything that Mrs. Sheldon had said to her, she ought not to have listened to it; and if it was for any cause connected with her father, she surely might have acknowledged his identity to himself without betraying the recognition to his host.

"I shall be very glad to show Mr. Litton the garden," said she, in cold but courteous tones: "it is not very extensive, but still, for London—"

"I will stay and dine, with pleasure," interrupted Walter. "A decision. This woman's hypocrisy was beyond all bearing, and he longed to tell her what he thought about it; that cool 'still, for London,' of hers, when she was in all probability at that very moment contrasting the place in her own mind with the wild luxuriance of the garden at Penaddon, in which he had walked in her company ten, and not six months ago, was too

for his patience.

"Well, come, that's settled," said the old man, not without some irritation, for it was plain that his invitation had "hung" in the young painter's mind, and Mr. Christopher Brown, of Willowbank, was not accustomed to give invitations that were accepted only with reluctance. "There, take him out, Lily, and show him the ducks."

Lily! The quiet utterance of that simple name staggered Walter like a thunderbolt, for it was accompanied by a flash of intelligence that altered all things to his mental vision. This, then, was not Lotty, but Lotty's sister; a twin sister, without doubt (though she had never mentioned that she was a twin), since even to his eyes there had seemed absolutely

no difference between them. The same bright, trustful face that had haunted his dreams as though an angel had hovered over him; the same delicate features; the same abundance of rich brown hair; the same sweet, gentle voice that he had thought was without its peer in woman, belonged to both—only tender gratitude had been lacking, as was natural enough; it was not to be expected that Lotty's sister should feel towards him like Lotty. Still, it was incomprehensible that even Lily should not have recognized his name.

She led the way out of doors, and he followed her, tongue-tied, stunned by this inexplicable fact. Surely, surely she would now tell him, now that they were alone, that she knew him well by her sister's report, though it had not been advisable to say so before her father, on account of the hand he had had in Lotty's elopement.

"This view from the lawn, Mr. Litton, we think is very pretty," were her first words, spoken in pleasant conversational tones, such as befitted a niece who was also his hostess. "Some people object to its looking out upon the Park with its nurserymaids and children, but I am not so exclusive."

"There can be nothing objectionable in seeing people enjoy themselves, I should think," said Walter; his voice was cold and rather "huffy," but she did not seem to notice that.

"No, indeed," she replied; "that is quite my opinion: I like to see them, and I flatter myself that we give as well as take, for our garden looks very pretty from that side of the water, though I can't say as much for the house. If you wanted to paint a picturesque residence, you would not choose Willowbank for your model, I am afraid. It is scarcely one's ideal of a dwelling place."

"It has some good points," said Walter. "I should take them and reject others; that is how the 'ideal' is represented, I fancy, by most artists."

"Is that how you painted 'Supplication'?" said Lily, stopping suddenly, and looking up at him.

They were now on the winding path that fringed the water, and shut out from the view of the house by trees and shrubs.

"Yes," said he, after a moment's hesitation; "I drew it, that is, partly from memory and partly from imagination."

"Then there really was an original, was there?"

"I can scarcely say that; the person that sat for it was not the person I had in my mind. I think, to judge from what your father said about it when you entered yonder room, that he at least recognized the original."

"He hinted that it was like myself," said Lily quietly, "though I think that was an outrageous compliment."

"I do not say that," said Walter brusquely; "but it is certainly not so like you as it is like your sister."

"Ah, it was taken from life, then!" exclaimed she. "I always thought that a likeness such as that could not have been a mere coincidence. It is not so much in form or feature as in expression that it so much reminds me of dear Lotty. You have known her, then?"—and here she heaved an involuntary sigh—"since her marriage?"

"No, not since, but before it. She must surely have told you how I chanced to be in the train with Selwyn when he went down to Cornwall, and how it all happened?"

"She told me that he had a friend with him, but did not mention his name."

"Why, it was I who gave her away!" said Walter bitterly.

His disappointment and humiliation were so excessive that they could not be concealed. "You must forgive her," said Lillian gently, "in consideration of her position. Love is a great monopolizer, and leaves little room in us save for the beloved object. Besides, she had a good reason for not mentioning your name; it would have set us, she knew, against you. You would not have been made welcome, for example, in this house had my father known that it was you who helped to— Her voice quivered; the tears began to fall. "O Mr. Litton," sighed she, "it was an evil day that took dear Lotty from us!"

"I am grieved, indeed, to hear it," answered Walter gravely. "It was no fault of mine, I do assure you. I may seem to you a culprit, but I am wholly innocent in the matter; indeed, what little I did do was to dissuade Selwyn. If she told you all, she must have told you that."

"It is done now, Mr. Litton, and cannot be undone," answered Lillian. "But it is better that you should not speak of this to my father. Your picture has touched his heart, and made it more tender towards her who was once his darling, and I am grateful to you on that account; but do not let him know what you have just told me. He might think, perhaps, that you had been set on to do it by—by Reginald."

They walked on together slowly, and in silence; then Lily spoke again: "You have not seen her since her marriage, you say; how did you know, then, that she was so changed?"

This was a question that was not easy for him to answer. He could not tell her that Lotty's supposed misery was constantly presenting itself to him; that his imagination had been colored with sadness because of her, and had pictured her to him accordingly.

"I have seen her husband," said he evasively.

"And he told you, did he?" answered she with a pleased air. "No doubt, he is less indifferent than he seems—not that he is unkind," added she hastily. "Do not suppose that I wish to be hard upon your friend; only it seemed to me that he did not notice her changed looks."

"Is she much changed?" asked Walter softly.

"Yes; greatly changed from what you must remember her before her marriage. She has been—nay, she still is—in sad trouble, banished from her home. Perhaps I ought not to speak of such things," said Lily plaintively, "but my tongue has kept involuntary silence so long, and it is so hard to brood and brood over a sorrow and have none to whom to tell it."

"It is very hard, as I know myself," answered Walter gravely; "if it is any comfort to you, pray speak to me as to one who has your sister's happiness at heart. I may say so much, I hope, without impertinence; since, though I was acquainted with her for so short a time, and there has been so great an interval since, it was under such circumstances as make

acquaintance friendship. It was I who telegraphed to you at the drawing school from the Reading Station."

"Then you eat me the severest pang, Mr. Litton, that my heart has known," said Lillian, with a shudder. "The sudden shock of it, the terror of the thought that I had to tell papa of it, and the dreadful, dreadful hour in which I did tell him!" and she hid her face, as though to shut out the recollection of another's.

Walter pictured to himself Mr. Christopher Brown, the possessor of an income that could perhaps be counted by tens of thousands, when he first heard that his daughter had run away with a penniless soldier, and pitied her from the bottom of his soul. "You see, Lotty was his favorite," continued she, doubtless in unconscious apology for some outbreak of paternal wrath; "and her leaving us stabbed him to the heart. It seemed to him ingratitude as well as rebellion. Dear Lotty herself understands that, as she told me before I was forbidden to see her. Papa's life was wrapped up in us two—in her especially—and when he found she had left him for a stranger—O indeed, he has suffered too!"

"I have no doubt of that. But is there no chance of a reconciliation between them?"

"Two days ago, Mr. Litton, I should have said: None whatever. He was very resolute against her; very angry that I had been to see her; and forbade me ever to write to her, or to mention her name within his hearing. But yesterday morning, at the Academy, he saw your picture, and I could see he recognized it, though her face was not as he had known it. I had told him how weary and worn she looked, but had not moved him; but when he saw her on your canvas—"

"Take time, take time," said Walter kindly, for the girl was sobbing bitterly; "I would not pain you to recount all this, but that it may be better for your sister's sake that I should hear it; that I should know how to answer your father when he comes to question me, as perhaps he will."

"No, no; he will never speak of it to you or anybody," answered she despondingly; "but when he comes to possess the picture, when he looks upon it daily, as I shall take care he does, I shall have hopes. That he should have mentioned the likeness in your presence was an unlooked-for tenderness. He loves her still, I know, but he is ashamed to own it. It will be very, very long, I fear, if ever, before he forgives her. O sir, do tell me truly"—she looked up at him with clasped hands and streaming eyes—"is Captain Selwyn a good man?"

"A good man! Well, men are not good, Miss Lillian, as young ladies are"—he should not have called her by her Christian name, but she looked so pitiful and childlike in her sorrow that he was moved to do so—"but he is a brave soldier and a gentleman, and such are always kind to women, even when they are not their wives, and how much more when they have given up home and friends and fortune to become their brides! I was at school and college with him, where he was most popular with all of us, and I was his dearest friend."

"Why do you say 'was,' Mr. Litton? A friend is a friend forever, is he not?"

"But Selwyn is proud; and being poor, as I am afraid he is, he has withdrawn himself from me of late, though I myself am poor enough, Heaven knows. If he were rich, this marriage would have taken place as a matter of course; he would have been a welcome son-in-law; and you, the sister of his wife, would never have had these doubts about him."

"That is true, Mr. Litton, and you give me much comfort," answered Lillian gratefully. "I have not felt so hopeful since—since Lotty left us. How dreadful it is that money—or the want of it—should work such ruin!"

"Money is much, Miss Lillian," answered Walter; "and if not a blessing to those who have it, a sad lack to those who have it not."

"Yet you do not care for money, Mr. Litton, or you would not have returned my father's cheque."

"O yes, I do!" replied he, smiling; "only other things are as dear to me, or dearer. Besides, though I have but little, I do not need it as poor Selwyn does."

"Yes, indeed," sighed she; "they are very poor. She told me that if it had not been for some small sum advanced them by a friend of Captain Selwyn's—I think it was but fifty pounds—they would have been in absolute want. Oh, it is not terrible to think of that, while I am living here in comfort—splendor! Don't think harshly of me for it; I have done what I could."

"I am sure of that," interrupted Walter earnestly; indeed, Selwyn told me so himself."

"Did he?" answered she eagerly. "I am glad of that. I mean to say I was afraid he thought I had not done my best; that I might have parted with—things my father gave me. He does not understand papa, or that such a course would have injured Lotty in the end. As it is, there is some hope—thanks to you for the first gleam of it—that nature is asserting herself within him. He is jealous of my suspecting such a change, but it is at work. This desire to have your picture is evidence of it; and especially the pains he took to conceal his own part in the matter. It was at his request that I wrote to you in the name of Mr. Burroughes—his solicitor—so that you should not discover, in case you were really acquainted with Lotty, that the application came from her father."

"I see," said Walter thoughtfully, "and I agree with you that it augurs well. Should all come right by the help of my poor picture, I shall be glad indeed."

"I am sure you will; and you may be proud as well as glad, for never can Art have achieved a nobler end than to restore a daughter to her father."

"If it had but been designed," sighed Walter.

"Nay, but no less the skill," answered Lillian promptly. "It was not only that you remembered Lotty's face, and drew it, but that you portrayed the story of her sorrow, and touched my father's heart with its relation. We are your debtors for that, at all events, and I for one shall not easily forget it."

Where was it, and on what occasion, that Walter had once before—and only once—experienced the sensations he felt now; that bliss of grateful acknowledgment; the thrill of a tone more exquisite than any music; the sunshine of a smile more beautiful than Murillo ever painted! At Penaddon, when Lotty had thanked him for his escort and as-

sistance. But with his happiness had mingled then a pain, and now there was no pain; but only happiness. Lotty stood once more before him, or so it seemed, but there was a Reginald to come between them.

(To be Continued.)

FULL OF PERIL.

A Terrible Adventure in the Empire Shaft Gold Mine.

About as tight a place as I ever got into, said a Comstock miner, was some years ago at the old Empire Shaft, Gold Hill. Myself and another man were down in the shaft for the purpose of trimming it up, as the swelling ground was squeezing in the sides and it was a good deal out of shape.

We were not on a cage, but simply a platform of planks, with ropes going up from the corners to the main cable, which was o' hemp. When we reached a tight place in the shaft we stopped and trimmed out the guides, then went on till another such place was reached.

At one point, having given the signal to lower, we went down some distance, when we finally stuck. We reached for the bell-rope in order to give the signal to stop, but we found that it had wound round a nail some distance above, and we could not use it. The engineer knew nothing of our trouble, and continued to lower away. There was no station near, and on all sides rose the smooth walls of the shaft, leaving us suspended over the horrible chasm.

Down upon us came the heavy cable. We feared every moment that the platform would turn over, or would be pressed through the tight place and drop from under us.

All we could do was to get hold of the cable and keep the coils of it under our feet as we came down. Should the platform turn over or drop from under us, we might be able to save our lives by hanging on to the cable.

We shouted up the shaft till we were hoarse, but no one heard our cries, and steadily down came the cable, causing us great trouble to keep on top of its coils.

We felt that the great weight must soon start the platform, when both would most likely be hurled to the bottom of the shaft.

Finally, to our great relief, the cable ceased to descend. For a long time we waited in suspense, not knowing what would be the move of those above. At last, however, we heard the voice of a man shouting down from the nearest station above.

We explained our perilous position in a few words, and at length the great cable began to crawl slowly up the shaft again. Still being afraid the platform would give way, we were obliged to keep hold of the rope and dangle about on the coils as they unwound.

It was a tedious business, and was all time a matter of the toss of a cent whether got out alive or went to the bottom; but last the platform tightened up under us, and we began to ascend. Our work was over then and we felt safe.

On arriving at the surface we found that engineer had concluded that we were going far, and halting, or stopping his engine, sent a man down to the station to find out anything had gone wrong.

I may have been in more dangerous places in the mines, but was never in a place where the danger lasted so long, and all the time to fever heat. It was too long a time for man's hair to stand on end.

Clean the Back Lanes and Alleys.

At this season of the year the public health should be as carefully looked after as at other time.

Many of our Aldermen and Councilors in Canada believe that because the hot weather is over, they are therefore at liberty to their efforts in the health department rest quietly until next summer.

This is criminal negligence, and accounts a large measure for the great amount of disease that now exists. The cool autumn should be the healthiest season of the year in all large towns and cities of Canada.

One great source of trouble and disease is the large amount of decayed animal and vegetable matter that is allowed to accumulate in back lanes and alleys.

The hot weather has dried up this dangerous matter, and the strong winds carry it over and down in all directions, when it is inhaled and swallowed by our citizens in their walks; it even enters our stores and dwellings.

The result is that hundreds who are constitutionally strong are poisoned and up by Typhoid Fever and Diphtheria and other malignant diseases.

To guard against danger of this kind, sound a note of warning to every man, woman in Canada who does not enjoy good health and strength. Those who are nervous, irritable and sleepless, as well as those who are ailing from Dyspepsia and Indigestion, are always the first to be attacked, and women who have sluggish circulation, impure blood stand on dangerous ground require immediate attention.

The great armor of defence, and the strongest rock of safety, is that infallible dy, Paine's Celery Compound. It is the preparation known to science which thoroughly builds up the nerve and brain as well as strengthens the body, by controlling the liver, kidneys and bowels healthy state. Paine's Celery Compound an autumn cleanser for the system is found in all the drug stores of the world.

It is quick and gentle in its action, safe and sure, and can be used by every perfect confidence. At this season every household should have a bottle near them occasionally, and thus ward off dangerous diseases.

The largest book ever made by the Government Printing Office, in Washington, has just been finished. It is a sheepskin and Russia leather, it is 12 and four inches in breadth, contains 1000 pages, and weighs 140 pounds.

All the newest dress material is now down for the special sale of dress goods at S. Carsley's.