WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

It was no use asking myself what I saw in this man. Where was the supreme charm, the transcendent worth to inthrall a woman educated as I had been! He was no hero, no dazzling Apollo, no god among his kind. Many women, I knew, found him dull, heavy and uninteresting, and men, as far as I could see, had no exalted opinion of his powers. I had once heard him spoken of as "that solemn muff, what's-his-name—Nesbitt, husband of that lovely little woman, you know." He had made no name, nor would he ever be likely to make one for himself in the world; he had not even the gift of inspiring affection where he truly loved. His wife and children had never really cared for him—never. His boy, with the cruel frankness of his age, would always fly from his arms to mine the moment I appeared; and Birdie, with the very gestures of weariness and impatience, with the little air of weary resignation I had so often noticed in her mother, bore his society during the prescribed half hour after dinner. The other woman in his early youth, had thrown him over easily, painlessly, at the appearance of a richer man. What was he after all, but a very reserved, kind hearted, commonplace gentleman, of average abilities and ordinary appearance? What did I—what could I see in him, to make him different from all men in the world to me—the center of every thought, dream, hope, wish of my life? Ah, what—what?

Why should I leave him, I argued desperately, if there was not the slightest fear of self-betrayal? Was not my plain, sober face as perfect a mask as nature could manufacture to hide even the most tumulous emotion of mind or heart? Would even the rush of warm blood to my poor sallow cheek when he sometimes—ah! so rarely now!—spoke kindly to me, or stooped to kiss the sickly child lying in my arms, ever be likely to attract his attention? Could I not turn, with my poor, foolish eyes blinded with tears, when he avoided me, and met unguarded the glances of a hundred spectators—meet even the jealous eyes of his mother-in-law and those of other women, mothers of the many eligible daughters of the county, who became so attractive to the bereaved baronet, who were always asking him to their homes, already on the alert to dispute with poor Mrs. Johnson the booty she had secured for her golden-haired, low born lass seven years before?

CHAPTER IX.

About a week before Christmas Mrs Johnson came into the schoolroom one morning, with an accession of color in her plump cheeks that at had nothing to do with.

"Miss Bernard, she panted, dropping heavily into an easy-chair by the fire, "have you heard the news?"

"No!" I answered, very much alarmed. "Tell me what has happened?"

"We are having visitors—visitors, Miss Bernard, to help us to celebrate the Christmas festival in this house of mourning; visitors to cheer up our spirits, to bring pleasure and festive lot on the anniversary—"

"Visitors! Who are they, Mrs. Johnson?"

"You can't guess, oh, how cool you, indeed? They arrived half an hour ago; their rooms are being made up in the new wing, and they are yes; I am going to tell you, they are Olivia Massey and her venerable mother, the Bath campaigner!"

"Oh!"

For a few moments I think I was just as angry and astonished as the old lady, though, when I came to weigh the matter calmly in my mind of course I had to agree that the visit was a very natural one, indeed, Mrs Massey and her mother being, after Captain Nesbitt, Sir Richard's nearest relations.

"He—he asked them, of course?" hazarded, after a few moments' silence.

"Asked them," retorted Mrs. Johnson, hotly—"asked them—my son Miss Bernard, you forget yourself ask visitors to his house at such time, such a season! Oh, no, no They came uninvited, with just one post's warning. He couldn't have put them off even if he had wanted to They just came upon him like a thunderbolt, and I did my best, urged him to assert himself, not to allow himself to be imposed on; but you know, Miss Bernard, poor Richard's weakness, how impossible it is for him to be discourteous to a woman."

I turned my head aside to hide the smile I could not repress, knowing how true the complaint was. I knew that he was most anxious to get rid of the poor woman herself, to establish her, at no matter what cost to his purse, under any other roof in England but that which sheltered his own head! Well, I did not blame him for the wish, even though she was his lost love's mother, for Mrs. Johnson was certainly not the style of a person a reserved, fastidious, high-bred man would care to have at the head of his ancestral establishment. She was not a gentlewoman, first of all—less than half an hour spent in her society would convince one of that fact; and, not only that, she was also a most tiresome, overpowering companion, without any sense of tact, who never could see when she was in the way, never knew when to hold her tongue, and who—who—well, why should I hesitate about it? I believe she had met with many hardships, troubles, disappointments in the course of her life, poor woman, and perhaps these had been the cause of her becoming rather fond of the brandy bottle.

"Well, Mrs. Johnson," I remarked after another pause, "I don't think as far as Mrs. Massey is concerned you need have much fear of her leading the household into dissipation, for when I saw her, less than a year ago, she was the most dismal, depressing, heartbroken—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Wait till you see her now, Miss Bernard—wait till you see her now! Oh, it's the indecency—the horible barefacedness of the thing—it's the pain, the distress it will cause my dearest son—that is troubling me! Oh, wait till you see your heart-broken widow to-day, Miss Bernard!"

I saw Mrs. Massey a couple of hours later, when she came into the schoolroom to pay me a visit, escorted by her mother and Sir Richard. She was very polite and kind, if a trifle patronizing, in her manner to me, and most playful and gushing in her greeting of the children, whom she had never noticed in Paris.

Mrs. Massey was not the Mrs. Massey I remembered; she was no longer the disconsolate widow of one short year ago, but a bright, cheerful young woman with quite a girlish bloom on her plump cheeks, and a coquettish and most becoming coif of white crape crowning her pretty chestnut hair—the only relic of her former ostentatious widowhood.

Before I had been five minutes in her society I knew she came to marry the man I loved; before she had been five hours in the house I saw—ah, me!—that she had already begun to dispel the nervous, brooding gloom which had enveloped my master's life, had already begun to shake off the haunting shadow which poor Jessie's mother had clumsily tried to deepen the depth of his loyal, heart-whole grief.

The same evening he drove past my window, the widow by his side, a jest on his lips, a glow of unusual interest, almost pleasure, in his eyes. The evening before, at that hour, I had met him at Jessie's grave, and we walked home together in the dark without exchanging a word, I think; but when he unfastened my cloak in the hall, I noticed that his hand, which accidentally brushed my cheek, was trembling, and that it was as hot as it might have been on a night in June.

They all said he was weak-minded, and I thought it must be true; but, all the same, I knew that he dearly loved his pretty, wayward little wife, and I felt sure that her light footfall haunted his home and his heart still. Mrs. Massey's mother, a hard-featured old woman, with the eye of a weasel, had of course come to guide her daughter with her experienced hand, and it was war to the knife between the two dowagers from the very first evening.

Mrs. Johnson began the attack by overwhelming her elder guest with patronizing attentions and by frequent sympathetic allusions to her son-in-law's late loss, a loss which time could not repair, nor any attempt pleasures compensate for, as she alas! could tell from experience, having mourned Mr. Montgomery Johnson fourteen dreary years. Fourteen years! and yet at times the wound was as fresh as on the first day her widowed heart had bled for him! And as for marrying again, though offers had poured in upon her from all sides during the first ten years of her bereavement, her very nature shrunk from such a desecrating thought. How could she face the love of her youth again if she put another in his place? Oh, no, no! Dear Mrs. Massey agreed with her there, did she not?

There was no replacing the dead, the beloved dead, in this life!

"No; the heart that has truly loved
never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god
when he sets,
The same look which she turned—
turned—as she goes.'

"What am I saying?

"'When he rose.'"

All this occurred the day after their arrival, at lunch, Sir Richard and the young widow facing us with flaming cheeks, trying to look as if they did not hear.

"Richard, Richard, you foolish boy," murmured Mrs. Seymour, following her host from the room when the meal was over—for your children's sake more than for your own, why did you let that woman into your house—why, why?"

"Are you aware that the lady you are speaking of is my late wife's mother, Mrs. Seymour?" he retorted, so sternly that she had to let the subject drop at once.

When Bijou was taking his afternoon nap, I went out for a solitary walk, and some impulse carried me toward the church, which I usually visited about once a week. Turning into the shrubbery, at the further end of the lake, to pick a bunch of early blooming laurustinus, I saw Sir Richard coming slowly down the narrow path with his cousin, and, perceiving they were too absorbed in each other to have noticed me, I slipped behind a holly bush and stood there until they had passed. Her hands were clasped on his arm, his head was bent over her upturned, smiling face, and by the few detached words that reached me, I learned they were talking of the old days when he loved her.

For about five minutes after they had moved on I remained behind the bush, idly smoothing the burnished leaves that I was going to lay upon the white stone, when Sir Richard's voice startled me.

"Miss Bernard, you have stood quite long enough on that wet grass; there is plenty of room now to pass me on the path."

I stepped forward, looking very sheepish.

"Then you saw me when you were coming up? I—I thought you didn't, either of you."

"Yes; I saw you." Then, after a few minutes' silence, as we stood side by side looking into the cold, sluggish water, "Not a very cheerful promenade to-day, is it? But Mrs. Massey, who has not seen the place since she was a child, asked me to escort her round."

(To be continued.)

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Ahearn, Mrs. Jane, Water Street
Aspell, Carrie, retd.
Atkins, Thomas, late Bay of Islands
Alydilotte, Ernest, slip, care G. P. O.
Alcock, Mrs. Patrick, Barter's Hill
Armstrong, James
Aylward, Mary, retd.
B
Baird, Wm.
Bransfield, Felix, card
Blackmore, Robert, card, Water Street
Barrett, Miss L., retd., Prescott St.
Brazill, Timothy
Bradley, Mrs. Sarah, retd.
Brake, Wm.
Best, Miss Ellen, Golf Avenue
Bennett, Kittie, retd.
Brenton, Miss Elsie, Pleasant Street
Bell, Wm., Mount Scio
Butler, J. C.
Bigalow, Martha
Brinton, Mrs. Mary Ann
Billes, Mrs. George, Brazil's Square
Butler, Miss A., care Mrs. Williams, Water Street
Butler, Wm., card, care Gen'l Delivery
Butler, Wm. J., card Buchanan Street
Butler, Edwin, Nagle's Hill
Butler, T. J. (F.O.B.)
Burton, Major Jackson
Butler, E. J., Mt. Scio
Butler, Anastatia, Gower St.
Burton, Norman
Bennett, Edward, Water St. West
C
Casey, Patrick J., Colonial Street
Champman, George, retd.
Clarke, P. A.
Campbell, Miss E. V., card
Crews, Miss Clara, late Gen'l Hospital
Chipman, George E., care Mrs. P. Leonard
Christopher, Mr., Blackhead
Chibbs, Wm.
Cooper, Francis, Gilbert St.
Compton, Mrs. J., Alexander Street
Cook, A. B.
Cooper, Mrs. Rose
Connell, Miss Rose, Water St
Coady, May, Gilbert Street
Cousins, Bernard, Alexander Street
Connors, Miss Alice, Rennie Mill Road
Crole, Miss Mary Ann, care C. L. March Co.
Cox, Miss Margaret
Connors, Michael
Curtis, Mrs. Jane
Crummey, Richard, Alexander Street
D
Day, Miss Annie, card,
Dahl, Chas., slip
Devereaux, Wm., 39 —— Street
Devereaux, Wm., Leslie St.
Dwyer, Henry
Delaney, Miss L.
Dinham, Mrs. C. B., card
Downer, Thomas, late Port Rexton
Donnelly, Lizzie, retd.
Doody, John, late Bonavista
Dawe, H., Duckworth St.
E
Earle, Mrs. Amelia
Eddy, Samuel, Murray St.
Eustace, G., Simms' St.
Evans, Mrs. P., Cabbott St.
Emberley, Margaret
Emerson, S. W., care Post Office
English, Mrs. Wm., Hamilton Avenue
Eguriet, James, retd.
F
Fitzpatrick, Miss Agnes, c'rd
Farland, Miss, Mullock St.
Flannigan, Mrs. Wm., King's Road
Fennessey, Miss Bridget,
Foley, Mrs. E., card
Fitzpatrick, T., late s.s. Home
Flight, Rachael, retd.
Field, Miss Rose, Forest Road
Fitzpatrick, Miss Mary
Flick, George, care Gen'l Delivery
Foote, Miss Florence, Quidi Vidi Road
Forsey, Bernard, card
G
Gamon, Bert, care Gen'l Delivery
Grady, John
Greeley, Miss Rebecca J., Parade Street
Goodman, H. E.
Goss, Maggie, retd.
Gardner, Alfred, Casey's St.
H
Hackett, William
Hackett, Mary, card, Prescott Street
Hayes, Thos., card
Hanlon, Miss Bessie
Herond, Richard
Hedderson, Miss Bessie, retd
Hewett, S., Allandale Rd.
Hill, Hannah, Water St.
Hill, Professor, card
Hogan, Miss L.
Holland, Wm., Cabot Street
Hallett, Gabriel
Hogan, Wm. Jos., Henry St.
Hunt, Bridget, Allandale Road
Hamilton, W. E.
Hollos, Everett, New Gower Street
Howlett, John, care Union House
I
Innis, Minnie, card, Water Street
Ivany James
J
Janes, Thomas, jr., care Thos. Janes, 60 ——
Jackman, J., late Montreal
Jacobs, Joseph, Flower Hill
Jackson, or Denison, Mr., care Post Office
Janes, A. T., Prescott St.
James, Stanley H., late Westville, N. S.
Jillett, Horatio, late Carbonear
K
Keating, Joseph H.
King, Miss Marion, LeMerchant Rd
Kinch, G., late Twillingate
Kinner, Francis
L
Lambert, Augustus, care G. P. O
Lewis, Gertrude, care Mrs. Peters, Allandale Road
Ledingham, Miss Annie, care Post Office
Ledrew, Walter
Lepine, R. T.
Leonard, Mr., Water St. W
LeGrow, Michael
Lyder, C. H.
Lynch, Miss C., Gower St.
Lineham, Miss M. J., Patrick Street
Long, iolet, Flower Hill
Lundrigan, B., Duckworth St
Lineham, Miss Mary, Patrick Street
Lineham, Francis, Patrick Street
M
Matthews, Miss Clarence, Prospect Street
March, Patrick, Pleasant Street
Martin, O., retd.
Martin, Isabella, Power St.
Martin, F. R.
Mason, R. J.
Martin, Sandie, card
Mary, Annie, care Gen'l Delivery
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Mercer, Miss Z., lead Head Hr.
Milley, Miss K., Vey's Lane
Miller, L., Nfld. Art Co.
Miron, J. care Gen'l Delivery
Miller, George
Mintums, Joseph
Morris, Mrs. Wm.
Morris, Miss A., late Dildo
Morris, Miss Ella, Patrick Street
Moore, Theo., Allan's Square
Morgan, Mrs., card, Long's Hill
Moulton, Miss B., Pope's St.
Murphy, Mrs. Patrick, Pleasant Street
Mugford, Julia, Gilbert St.
Murphy, Joseph, Mundy Pond
Murrin, Elizabeth, retd.
Murphy, Mrs. J. M., card, Gower Street
Marsh, Walter J.
Marshall, Esther, Cuddihy St.
Mc
McLean, Jardine
McCurdie, Wm.
McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Geo.
McCormack, retd.
McGinnis, Francis, care Gen'l Delivery
McGrath, Wm.
McKenzie
N
Noah, Mrs., Colonial St.
Noseworthy, Mrs. Levi
Nurse, Miss Annie, retd.
Nugent, J. R.
O
O'Dea, Michael, Freshwater Road
O'Neill, John
O'Brien, J.
O'Rourke, James
P
Parsons, Julia, retd
Penney, Cecilia, late Witless Bay
Perkins, J. F. & Co.
Penney, J. C.
Pelley, Jennie, Water St.
Penney, Miss T. V.
Pilgrim, Miss Florence
Price, Mrs., Newtown
Power, Miss L., Walsh's Lane
Potter, H. H.
Power, Mrs. R., Young St.
Power, Mike, care Thos. Wall, Water Street
Potter, Mrs. Jas.
Pomeroy, Lizzie, retd.
Powers, Mrs. Ned, Nagle's Hill
Power, Harry, Carter's Hill
Power, Mr. M., Barter's Hill
Power, Miss Lilian, George's Street
Powley, Ed., care Gen'l P. Office
Penny, Miss T., card
Q
Quinton, Miss E., Knight Street
Quinton, Miss
R
Ryan, Miss L., Water St.
Ryan, Michael, 67 —— St.
Reid, Wm. J., Carew St.
Raines, A. L., retd.
Ring, Wm., Bond St.
Ridout, Miss M., Pleasant Street
Rogers, Miss A., care G.P.O.
Roach, Dick, 40 —— St.
Rogers, J. R.
Rolls, Miss Margaret, Church Hill
Rogers, Miss Bride, care Gen'l P. Office
Roost, Wm., retd.
Ross, Miss, slip
Robertson, Jas., retd.
S
Sawers, Frank
Shannahan, Miss, Duckworth St.
Snelgrove, Arthur, care Gen'l Delivery
Stevens, Mrs. Jos.
Sheehan, Miss Bride, retd.
Slessor, Mrs. Katie, retd.
Sweeney, M.
Snelgrove, Thomas, Goodview Street
Simpson, Miss A., Riverview Road
Smith, Willie, Gower St.
Spurrell, Miss G.
Simpson, W. R.
Simmonds, Mrs. Levi, card, Pleasant Street
Smith, C. C., Hotel Royal
Smith, Charles, Riverside Farm
Simmonds, George, Hamilton Avenue
Sixon, Frank, card
Shortall, Edward F.
Snow, Bennett
Snow, Isaac, Allandale Rd.
Strowbridge, M., card
Snow, Abraham, Long P. Road
Sullivan, Miss Bride, card, Military Road
Stewart, Irene, care Gen'l Delivery
Spurdle, Mrs. Thos., card, Springdale St.
Sullivan, R., card
Sutton, Miss Sue M., care Gen'l Delivery
Sinyard, Miss Florence, Newtown Road
Smyth, H. V.
T
Tarrington, Mrs.
Tippett, Wm., Deady Lane
Thomas, Mrs., care Dr. Thomas
Turner, Capt. Robt.
Turpin, Mr.
W
Walsh, Mrs. David
Walsh, Miss G.
Walsh, Miss Kittie, retd.
Wallace, Mrs. C. L., card
Walsh, Miss Maggie, card, Osborne House
Webber, A.
Wilson, Leo., care Novelty Art Co.
Weir, E., Sand Pitts
White, L. J., card, LeMerchant Rd.
Willon, Miss Elsie, care J. Gillard
Williams, Mrs. Stephen
White, Matthew A., Tremont Hotel
White, Wm., care Parker & Monroe
White, Mrs. P., LeMerchant Rd.
Williams, Mrs. Stephen, Blackmarsh Rd.
William, F.
Wright, Edward W.
Winsor, Arthur
Winsor, Janet, retd.
William, Charles, Allandale Road
Whitten, John
Whitton, W. J.
Wiseman, Lizzie, Rossitor's Lane

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A
Hollett, Richard, schr. Arnold
Munte, Frank, s.s. Albenga
Lorenzen, Capt. Chr., s.s. Albenga
B
Moores, Joseph, schr. Blue Jacket
Murphy, Capt. Ed., schr. Bertha May
C
Gunnery, Capt. Thomas, schr. Celia
Doyle, M. L., s.s. Clyde, care Gen'l Delivery
D
Tulk, Wm., schr. David Sherman
E
Morrell, Capt. Alfred, brigt. Ethel Clarke
Budgle, Lewis, schr. E. P. Morris
Larsen, Martin, s.s. Ella
F
Richards, Dannie, schr. Fleetling
Creaser, Capt. Stannage, schr. Fleetling
Wagner, Watson, schr. Frank H. Adams
G
Street, Capt. George, schr. Gladys
Norman, Lieut. A. C.
H
Haynes, Robert G., schr. Hellen Stewart
Weathers, Nicholas, schr. Hearo
Gerhardt, Capt. Eber, schr. H. R. Silver
L
Snow, Capt. Wm., schr. Luetta
Spencer, Capt. A., card, Lena
Norris, Dave, schr. Loyalty
Stickland, Wm., schr. Little Mystery
M
Weir, Francis, schr. Monroe
Jones, W. C., schr. Mary Lloyd
N
Moisner, Allen, schr. Nicola
May, James, schr. Northern Light
O
Bennett, Walter, schr. Oressa Belle
P
Philpot, John, schr. Packet
Q
Vivian, Harold, card, s.s. Querida
S
Stein, Hugh, s.s. Salacia
T
Savory, William; schr. Tamania
Petite, Henry, schr. Tobiatic
W
Soper, John, s.s. Wobun

General Post Office, Feb. 23, 1912.

H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.

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No tugging, tearing or straining wit cause they can be hooked on in a twinklin in position will stay there until remove

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