

Family Reading.

"Changed Lots; or, Nobody Cares."

CHAPTER XX.

(Continued.)

Now it was over, Miss Knox was inclined to laugh at her fright and make light of the adventure. "My dear Dorothy, don't look so terror-stricken," she said, "the man was drunk, I suppose, or he wanted to extort money, I don't know which; in a town there is never any reason to be frightened, there are so many people about, and at the worst one can ring a door-bell."

"What did he say?" questioned Lil, whose heart was beating so wildly she could hardly speak calmly. "Didn't he say something about my being his daughter?"

Miss Knox laughed heartily, but her laugh was not echoed by her pupil, and at this moment the front-door bell pealed loudly, and presently the parlour-maid arrived, both Miss Knox and Lil meanwhile waiting.

The latter had taken off her long grey waterproof, and stood, in her dark-green cashmere dress and wide felt hat, just under the gas-lamp in the little hall.

"It's a policeman," said the maid in great astonishment, only half closing the door as she spoke. "I have told him Mrs. Carey is out, but he says he wants to see the lady who has just come in, and that must be you, miss."

"Yes, let him come in," said Miss Knox, feeling not a little curious.

When the man came in his first glance was at Lil's tall, graceful, tastefully clad figure, and a smile of amusement passed over his face.

"That man who was following you, ma'am," he said, addressing Miss Knox, "says you have taken away his daughter; it seems he's lost one; shall I give him in charge for annoying you?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Knox, not a little horrified at the idea. "He did not do any harm, and we are going away to-morrow. We are only visitors here. If the poor man has really lost his daughter we must make excuses for him."

"Perhaps if he had a look at the young lady, it would make him happier and save him from getting into trouble, if you'd be so good as to allow it, ma'am," said the policeman apologetically. He was a good-hearted fellow, with girls of his own, and a long story had been poured out to him full of apparent distress at the loss of a child; also his sense of the ludicrous was roused by the oddity of the man's assertions.

"He sha'n't come further than the door," he added, "and if the young lady stands there he can see her well; he's a poor half-crazy fellow, no doubt, but he won't do no harm."

"Let him look in by all means," said Miss Knox cheerfully; anything would be better than having to give this lunatic in charge, and she felt not a little thankful to know that to-morrow would find them at Sunnydale.

At a word from the policeman, Joe Lovell, for it was he, stood in the doorway.

He gazed eagerly at Lil, who had not moved from under the lamp; from being pale a bright colour had rushed into her face, and she met his gaze with wondering terrified curiosity, but unflinchingly.

After a few seconds, which seemed long to those watching him, he turned away, muttering something they could not hear, and, with an apology from the policeman, a second later the door closed on both.

"Well, they's as like as two peas," was what Joe said, enforcing his words with a good deal of strong language, and the policeman chaffed him good-humouredly, at the same time warning him that he'd had "a close shave" of being run in; he had better "take care what he was after."

They had hardly left the house when Mrs. Carey returned home, and was instantly told the whole story, to which she listened with not a little amazement.

"Why, my dear Dorothy," she said suddenly, "that must be the gipsy girl's father whom I told you about; of course, it must be! I wish I had been at home; what a pity I wasn't here; had he a reddish beard? I have had a long talk with

the matron about that poor girl; it seems her name was Lily Lovell. I shall certainly go to the superintendent of police to-morrow and try to get hold of this man; it will be easy now to find him. I think this is really great news for you to take home with you."

"Lil, Lil!" said poor Lil, as she went upstairs, "that was the name they used to call me," and then she shuddered and turned cold. What if that dreadful man was really her father? Miss Knox did not feel at all sure that evening that Dorothy was really glad at the thought that there was now likely to be little further difficulty in finding the gipsy girl, and yet at one time she had seemed so fervently anxious about her.

She seemed now to wish to forget the subject, and was so nervous and absent that she began to fear she had been really frightened by the evening's adventure.

Miss Knox and her pupil returned to Sunnydale Park the next morning by an early train, and one of the topics of conversation at luncheon was their strange adventure of the evening before, only it was Miss Knox and not Dorothy who was excited over it; she remained strangely silent, and when Mrs. Chisholm said she wished her husband would go to Southampton to prosecute the search himself for the missing girl, she suddenly burst into tears and left the room.

"I'll take her for a walk," said Mr. Chisholm, "and we'll have a talk, and I'll find out what is troubling her, poor child. It will do her good to talk it out with me; she is so sensitive. I suppose she is making herself miserable over this gipsy girl. I'll write to Mrs. Carey to-night, and if you really wish it, Louise, I will certainly run down to Southampton next week. But she will have no difficulty in finding this man with the help of the police, and no doubt we shall hear from her to-morrow."

Mr. Chisholm followed his little daughter upstairs, and told her to get ready for a long walk with him. He spoke in his most every-day tone, and made no allusion to her sudden tears. He knew that she counted few things a greater treat than such a walk, and was surprised when she joined him in the hall with her hat on, that she did not look quite happy.

"We'll go through the shrubbery and out on the common," he said presently; "I have the key of that little gate in my pocket; are you prepared for a good long walk—thick shoes on, eh?"

But Dorothy only answered, "Yes, papa," very gravely.

After they had walked a little way in silence, he said, "Now I want you to tell me what you are troubling yourself about, my dear child." And as he spoke he drew her hand affectionately through his arm. "Now, come tell me everything," he added, "and I will listen, and I will not even smile, I promise you."

"I want to tell you everything, very much, papa," began poor Lil in broken accents; "I ought to have told you long ago, but I have been horrid, and mean, and deceitful . . . and . . ." but here came a burst of tears which quite choked her voice; then calming herself with a great effort, she poured out the strange story of her childish recollections, which had so often been explained away to her, as the delusion left by her illness.

But she repeated again and again, how could they be fancies when they were so distinct, and when there was this gipsy girl, who was really so exactly like her, that they might be mistaken for each other; and if what she remembered was, after all, true, then she was an imposter, and she was not Dorothy Chisholm, she was not his real child!

Mr. Chisholm was very shocked at this outburst, which showed him how fanciful, and as he feared hysterical, his little daughter must be, and he began a number of calm, clear arguments to prove to her how foolish and unfounded these most painful fancies were, but his child shook her head. "When you see this girl, papa, you'll see she is your child. She will remember all about it, too," she said sorrowfully; "and then I sha'n't be your child any longer, and you and mamma will leave off loving me, I shall have no right to your love . . ." Sobs here choked her voice.

Really distressed, Mr. Chisholm thought it bet-

ter to humour her, and with many fond kisses, assured her that if even she were a "beggar-maid," he would love her just as much.

"I Am so Tired"

Is a common exclamation at this season. There is a certain bracing effect in cold air which is lost when the weather grows warmer; and when Nature is renewing her youth, her admirers feel dull, sluggish and tired. This condition is owing mainly to the impure condition of the blood, and its failure to supply healthy tissue to the various organs of the body. It is remarkable how susceptible the system is to the help to be derived from a good medicine at this season. Possessing just those purifying, building-up qualities which the body craves, Hood's Sarsaparilla soon overcomes that tired feeling, restores the appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, imparts vigorous health. Its thousands of friends as with one voice declare "It Makes the Weak Strong."

Hints to Housekeepers

OATMEAL CAKES.—One cup of cream, two cups of sour milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one large teaspoonful of soda, oatmeal sufficient to make a thick batter.

PLAIN DARK CAKE.—One and one half cups of sugar, two spoonfuls of molasses, one cup butter, one-half cup sour milk, one spoonful of soda, two eggs, two and one-half cups of flour, a little of all kinds of spice, currants, and raisins.

GOOD COOKING.—Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

MAPLE SUGAR CANDY.—Boil one pound of pure maple sugar, and half a pound of granulated sugar with two teacups of water, add half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, dissolved. Let boil until it hardens, then pour in a buttered dish. When nearly cool, pull until it is light colored. Make in little cakes, stick a whole walnut meat in the centre.

SAMPLE CHOCOLATE FREE.—A postal card addressed to C. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal, will secure you samples of Menier's delicious imported Chocolate, with directions for using.

—Bags can be made from all sorts of odds and ends for work, scraps, combings, shopping, etc. A laundry bag is of brown linen and has on it the word "Laundry" out-lined in gold silk. Yellow ribbons are used to draw it up by. Drawn work is a pretty decoration for these bags.

CURE FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—Dear Sirs,—I think it is a privilege to recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil as a sure cure for chapped hands, swellings, sore throat, etc. I recommend it to all.

MRS. GEO. WARD, Josephine, Ont.

—A travelling case of brown linen bound with ribbon, which has pockets or places for comb, brush, pins and other necessary toilet articles, can be made very pretty with little trouble. The pockets to slip the different articles in are all feather-stitched with silk.

—"Having used Burdock Blood Bitters for general debility, weakness and lack of appetite, I found it a safe cure."

HENRY HOWARD, Brownsville, Ont.

A VOICE FROM SCOTLAND.—Dear Sirs.—I can highly recommend Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It cured my daughter of a cough she had been troubled with since childhood. She is now twelve years old.

MRS. M. FAIRCHILD, Scotland, Ont.

—Sweeping heavy velvet carpets with salt, cleans and keeps them from moth, as particles of the salt remain in the carpet and corners. Salt is not hurtful, and has no disagreeable odor.