CHAPTER XIV.

THE AXMINSTER PEERAGE. At Genoa, as luck would have it, Arnold Willoughby found a place on a homeward bound brigantine direct for London. That was all he wanted. He craved for action. He was a sailor once more and had cast art behind him. No more dalliance with the luxurious muse of painting. In the daily drudgery of the sea, in the teeth of the wind, he would try to forget his bitter disappointment. Hard work and dog watches might suffice to cauterize the raw surface of the wound Kathleen Hesslegrave had unwillingly and unwittingly inflicted.

He did wrong to fly from her, of course, without giving her at least the chance of an explanation, but then that was exactly Arnold Willoughby's nature. He would have been other than himself if he had not so acted. Extreme modifiability was the keynote of his character. The self same impulse which had made him in the first instance sink name and individuality at a moment's notice in order to become a new man and a common sailor made him also in the second instance rush at once to the conclusion that he had been basely deceived and drove him to remodel without a second's delay his whole scheme of life and activity for the future. Half gentleman, half gypsy, he was a man of principle and yet a creature of impulse. The instant he found his plans going hopelessly wrong he was ready to alter them offhand with drastic severity.

And yet, he said to himself, it was never his own individuality he got rid of at all that alone persisted. All these changes and disguises were forced upon him. in deed, by the difficulty of realizing his own inner personality in a world which insisted on accepting him as an earl instead of reckoning him up as he wished at his intrinsic value as a human being. That instrinsic value Arnold Willoughby was determined to discover and appraise, no matter at what cost of trouble and disillusion His naked worth as a man among men was the only kind of worth he cared one jot or tittle to realize.

When he reached London, therefore, he decided to see what steps were being taken in the vexed question of the Axminster peerage before he engaged for a longer best to sail in bracing summer weather. So on the very afternoon of his discharge for the single voyage only, he walked into a coffee house on the river bank and invested a ha'penny in an evening paper.

He was not long in coming upon the item he wanted, "Axminster Peerage This afternoon the house of lords will deliver judgment upon the claim of Algernon Loftus Redburn, eldest son of the late Honorable Algernon Redburn of Musbury, Devonshire, to the earldom of Axminster. The case is a romantic one. It will be remembered that the seventh earl, who was a person of most eccentric habits and ideas closely bordering upon insanity, disappeared without warning from London society"—and so forth, and so forth. Arnold set down the paper with a deeper curl than usual at the cor ner of his genial mouth. It "bordered on insanity," of course, for a born gentleman who might have spent his time in dining, calling, shooting grouse and running race horses to deterimne upon doing some use ful work in the world! So very undigni fied! Arnold was quite familiar by this time with that curious point of view. It is the point of view of nine-tenths of the world in this United Kingdom, but none the less every time he saw it solemnly committed to print it amused him afresh by day and allowed himself to be solemnly its utter incongruity. The contrast between the reality and the grasp of life he allow himself to be resurrected. He should allow himself to be resurrected. He should be allowed nimself to be solening. with the shadowy superficiality of the existence he had led in the days when he was still Lord Axminster made such criticism seem to him rather childish and unkindly.

He made up his mind at once. He would go down to the house and see them play this little farce out. He would be present to hear whether, on the authority of the highest court in the realm, he was dead or living. He would watch the last irrevocable nail being knocked into his coffin as Earl of Axminster and would emerge with the certainty that some other man now bore the title which once was his, and that he was legally defunct by | tie to his old life which laid him open to decision of parliament.

Go down to the house! Then a little laugh seized him. He was thinking of it to himself as he used to think in the days when he had but to order his carriage and drive down from Eaton place to the precincts of Westminster. What chance would there be for a sailor in his seaman's dress to get into the house by mere asking for a place? Not much, he confessed to himself. However, he would try. There was some thing that pleased him in the idea of the bare chance that he might be turned back from the doors of the chamber to which he hereditarily belonged on the day when he was to be declared no longer living. It would be funny if the lords refused to let him hear them pronounce their decision of his own death-funnier still if they solemnly declared him dead in his living

So he walked by St. Paul's and the Embankment to Westminster and presented himself at that well known door where once-nay, where still-he had by law and

descent the right of entry.

It was a private business day, he knew, and their lordships would only be sitting as a committee of privilege. In other words, half a dozen law lords would have come down sleepily as a matter of duty to decide the vexed question of the peerage before them. On such occasions the strangers' gallery is never at all full, and Arnold hoped he might be lucky enough to corrupt by his eloquence the virtue of the doorkeeper. The doorkeeper, however, was absolutely incorruptible, except of course by gold, which was too rare an object now for Arnold to bestow upon him

"I don't know all the peers by sight," the official said, with some contempt, surveying the newcomer from head to foot. "There's peers from the country that turn up now and again when there's important bills on that you wouldn't know from farmers. Times like that we let any gentleman in who's dressed as such and who says he's a markis. But you ain't a peer anyhow-you ain't got the cut of it. you don't much look like a distinguished stranger." And the doorkeeper laughed

heartily at his own humor. Arnold laughed in turn and walked away disconsolate. He was just on the point of giving up the attempt in despair when he saw an old law earl enter whom he knew well by sight as a judge of appeal and who had the reputation of being a good humored and accessible person. Arnold boarded him at once with a polite re- ance, for the canon had known him so in-

quest for a pass to the gallery. peer looked at him in surprise. "Are you interested in the case?" he asked, seeing the sailor's garb and the

weather beaten features. Arnold answered with truth, "Well, I knew something of the man they called Douglas Overton Lord Helvellyn-for it was he-scanned

the bronzed face again with some show of interest. "You were a shipfellow?" he asked.

And Arnold, without remembering how much the admission implied, made answer with truth once more, "Yes—at least -that is to say-I sailed in the Saucy Sal-

The old peer smiled acquiescence and waved him to follow to the door of the waiting room. Arnold did so, somewhat amused at the condescending air of the newmade peer to his hereditary companion. In the house of lords he couldn't somehow altogether forget his traditions.

"Pass this man to the gallery," the old law lord said, with a nod of command to the doorkeeper. The doorkeeper bowed low, and Arnold Willoughby followed him.

The proceedings in the house were short and purely formal. The committee, represented by one half blind old gentleman, read their report of privilege in a mumbling tone, but Arnold could see its decision was awaited with the utmost interest by his cousin Algy, who, as claimant to the seat, stood at the bar of the house awaiting judgment. The committee found that Albert Ogilvie Redburn, seventh earl of Axminster, was actually dead; that his identity with the person who sailed in the Saucy Sally from Liverpool to Melbourne under the assumed name of Douglas Overton had been duly proved to their satisfaction; that the Saucy Sally had been lost, as alleged, in the Indian ocean, and that all souls on board had really perished; that among the persons so lost was Albert Ogilvie Redburn, alias Douglas Overton, seventh earl of Axminster: that Algernon Loftus Redburn, eldest son of the Hon. Algernon Redburn, deceased, and grandson of the fifth earl, was the heir to the peerage, and that this house admitted his claim of right and humbly prayed her majesty to issue her gracious writ summoning him as a peer of parlia ment accordingly.

Algernon Redburn, below, smiled a smile of triumph, but Arnold Willoughby, in the gallery, felt a little shudder pass over him. It was no wonder indeed. He had ceased to exist legally. He was no longer his own original self, but in very deed a common sailor. He knew that the estates royage to the northern seas, which he liked | must follow the title—from that day forth he was a beggar, a nameless nobody. Till the report was read he might have stood from the brigantine, where he had signed | forth at any moment and claimed his ancestral name and his ancestral acres. Now the die was cast. He felt that after he



"Are you interested in the case?" he asked had once stood by as he had stood by that lent. It would be wrong of him-cruel of him, cowardly of him, unmanly of him, to let Algy and Algy's wife take his place in the world with his full knowledge and assent and then come forward later to de prive them of their privilege. He was now nothing more than "the late Lord Axminster." That at least was his past. future would be spent as mere Arnold Wil

Had Kathleen proved different, he hardly knew whether at the last moment he might not have turned suddenly round and refused so completely to burn his boats, but as it was he was glad of it. The such cruel disallusions as Kathleen had provided for him was now broken forever. Henceforth he would be valued at his own worth alone by all and sundry.

But no more of women! If Arnold Wiloughby had been a confirmed misogynist before he met Kathleen Hesslegrave by accident at the academy doors, he was thousand times more so after this terrible reaction from his temporary backsliding into respectable society.

He went down into the corridor and saw Algy surrounded by a whole group of younger peers, who were now strolling in for the afternoon's business. They were warmly congratulating him upon having secured the doubtful privileges of which Arnold for his part had been so anxious to divest himself. Arnold was not afraid to pass quite near them. Use had accustomed him to the ordeal of scrutiny. For some years he had passed by hundreds who once knew him in London streets or continental towns, and yet, with the solitary exception of the Hesslegraves—for he did not know the part borne in his recognition by the Valentines—not a soul had ever pierced the successful disguise with which he had surrounded himself. A few years before the same men would have crowded just as eagerly round the seventh earl as round the eighth earl, and now not a word of the last holder of the title-nothing but congratulation for the man who had supplanted him and who stood that monent, smiling and radiant, the center of a little group of friendly acquaintances.

As Arnold paused, half irresolute, near the doors of the house a voice that he knew well called out suddenly:

'Hullo, Axminster, there you are! I've been looking for you everywhere!" Arnold turned half round in surprise. What an unseasonable interruption! How dreadful that at this moment somebody should have recognized him! And from behind, too, that was the worst, for the speaker was invisible. Arnold hesitated whether or not to run away without, answering him. Then with a smile he realized the true nature of his mistake. It is so strange to hear another man called by the name that was once your own! But the voice was Canon Valentine's, fresh back from Italy, and the "Axminster" he was addressing was not Arnold Willough-by, but the newmade peer, his cousin Al-gy. Nevertheless the incident made Arnold feel at once it was time to go. He was more afraid of Canon Valentine's recognizing him than of any other acquainthim so often about that instinctive trick of his—why, there, as Arnold thought of it he removed his hand quickly from the lock in which it was twined and dodged behind a little group of gossiping peers in the neighborhood just in time to escape the canon's scrutiny. But the canon did not see him. He was too busily engaged in shaking Algy's hand-too full of his salutations to the rising sun to remember the setting one.

Arnold strolled out somewhat saddened. If ever in his life he felt inclined to be cynical, it must at least be admitted he had much just then to make him so. It was all a sad picture of human fickleness. And then the bitter thought that Kathleen had been doing just like all of these was enough to sour any man. Arnold turned to leave the house by the strangers' en-In order to do so he had to pass trance. the door of the peers' robing room. As he went by it a fat little old gentleman emerged from the portal. It was Lord Helvellyn, who had passed him to the strangers' gallery. But now the little man looked at him with a queer gleam of recollection. Then a puzzled expression came over his sallow face.

"Look here," he said, turning sudden-y to Arnold, "I want one word with you. What was that you told me about having sailed with Lord Axminster in the Saucy Sally?

Arnold scented the danger at once, but answered in haste: "It was true, quite true. I went out on her last voyage."
"Nonsense, man," the little fat law lord eplied, scanning his witness hard, as is the wont of barristers. "How dare you have the impudence to tell me so to my face after hearing the evidence we summarized in our report? It's pure imposcure! Douglas Overton, or Lord Axminter, made only one voyage on the Saucy Sally, and in the course of that voyage she was lost with all hands. It was that that we went upon. If anybody had survived, we must have heard of him, of course, and have given judgment differently. How do you get out of that, eh?

"But I left the ship," Arnold began hurriedly—he was going to say at Cape Town when it was borne in upon him all at once that if he confessed that fact he would be practically reopening the old field of inquiry, and with a crimson face he held his eace, most unwillingly. That was hard indeed, for nothing rous-

You're an imposter, sir, an imposter!'

ed Arnold Willoughby's indignation more than an imputation of untruthfulness. Lord Helvellyn smiled grimly.

"Go away, sir," he cried, with a gesture of honest contempt. "You lied to me, and you know it. You're an impudent scoundrel, that's what you are—a most impudent scoundrel-and if ever I see you loitering about this house again I'll give orders to the doorkeeper to take you by the scruff of your neck and eject you forci-

Arnold's blood boiled hot. For a second he felt himself once more an aristocrat. Was he to be jostled and hustled like this, with insult and contumely, from his own hereditary chamber by a new fangled law Next moment his wrath cooled, and he saw for himself the utter illogicality, the two sided absurdity, of his own position. It was clearly untenable. The old law lord was right. He was not the Earl of Axminster. These precincts of parliament were no place for him in future. He slunk down the step like a whipped cur. 'Twas for the very last time. As he went he shook off the dust from his feet metaphorically. Whatever came now he must never more be a Redburn or an Axminster. He was quit of it once for all. He emerged into Parliament street more fixedly than ever a plain Arnold Willough

If Kathleen Hesslegrave wished to make herself a countess, she must fix her hopes somewhere else, he felt sure, than on Memtake it earnestly

> CHAPTER XV IN A CATHEDRAL CITY.

Weeks passed before Kathleen Hessle grave recovered from the shock of that terrible disappointment. It shattered her nerves for the moment. It left her heartbroken. It was not so much the blow to her love, though that was bad enough-Kathleen was strong of soul and could bear up against a mere love trouble—it was the sense of being so completely and unjustly misunderstood—it was the feeling that the man she had loved best in the world had gone away from her entirely misconceiving and misreading her character. At the risk of seeming unwomanly Kathleen would have followed him to the world's end, if she could not so much for love's sake as to clear up that unendurable slight to her integrity. That any man, and above all Arnold Willoughby, should think her capable of planning a vile and deliberate plot to make herself a countess while pretending to be animated by the most disinterested motives was a misfortune under which such a girl as Kathleen could not sit down quietly. It goaded her to action.

But as time went on it became every day clearer and clearer to her that Arnold Willoughby had once more disappeared into space, just as Lord Axminster had disappeared after the Blanche Middleton incident. It was utterly impossible for her even to begin trying to find him. Week after week she waited in misery and despair, growing every day more restless under such enforced inactivity and eating her heart out with the sense of injustice Not that she blamed Arnold Willoughby. She understood him too well and sympathized with him too deeply not to forgive him all, for tout savoir, c'est tout pardonner. He could hardly have drawn any other inference from Mrs. Hesslegrave's plain words than the inference he actually drew, and Kathleen admitted to herself that if she had really been what Arnold supposed her she would have more than deserved the treatment he had accorded her. It was just that indeed that made the sting of the situation. She would have despised herself for being what she knew Arnold Willoughby couldn't possibly help think-

Before long, however, many other things supervened to take Kathleen's mind for the present off Arnold Willoughby. Spring had set in over sea in England "with its usual severity," and Mrs. Hesslegrave felt it was time to return from the balmy May of Italy to the chilly and gusty month which usurps the same name in our northern climates. So they struck their tents northward. As soon as they returned there were the exhibitions to see about, and the sale of Kathleen's pictures and sketches to arrange for, and the annual trouble of Mr. Reginald's finances with their normal deficit. Mr. Reginald indeed had been 'going it" that year with more than his accustomed vigor. He had been seeing a good deal through the winter of his friend Miss Florrie, and though Miss Florrie for her part had not the slightest intention of

timately as a boy and used to speak to in a mild uncommercial fashion and per the strength of his sister's increased abilimitted him to present her with sundry small testimonials of his ardent affection in the shape of gloves and bouquets, the final honor of payment for which fell necessarily, of course, on poor Kathleen's shoulders, for Miss Florrie was a young lady not wholly devoid of sentiment. She felt that to carry on a mild flirtation with Mr. Reginald, whom she never meant to marry, as an affair of the heart was a sort of sacrificial homage to the higher emotions an apologetic recognition of those tender feelings which she considered it her duty for the most part sternly to stifle. The consequence was that, while she never for a moment allowed Mr. Reginald to suppose her liking for him was anything ality? But she went for all that, for it was more than purely platonic, she by no means discouraged his budding affection's floral offerings or refused to receive those dainty hued six-and-a-halfs in best Parisian kid which Reggie laid upon the shrine as an appropriate offering.

So when poor Kathleen returned to London, distracted and burning to discover Arnold Willoughby's whereabouts, the very first thing to which she was compelled to turn her attention was the perennial and ever deepening entanglement of Master Reggie's budget. As usual in such cases, however, Reggie was wholly unable to account arithmetically for the disappearance of such large sums of money. He could but vaguely surmise with a fatuous smile that "a jolly good lump of it" had gone in cab fares.

Kathleen glanced up at him reproach-

"But I never take a cab myself, Reggie," she exclaimed, with a sigh, "except n the evening or to pay a call at some house entirely off the bus routes. For ordinary day journeys, you know very well, always take an omnibus."

Reggie's lip curled profound contempt. "My dear girl," he replied, with fraternal superiority, "I hope I shall never sink quite so low as an omnibus." He was

blandly unaware that he had sunk already a great many stages lower. "No self repecting person ever looks at an omnibus nowadays. It may have been usual in your time".—Kathleen was five or six years older than her brother, which at his age eems an eternity-"but nowadays, I assure you, nobody does it. A hansom's the only thing, though I confess I don't think any gentleman ought to rest content till he can make it a victoria. My ideal is in time to set up a victoria, but how can a fellow do that on a paltry £200?"

Poor Kathleen sighed. How indeed! That was the worst of Reggie. He was so unpractical and incorrigible. At the very moment when she was trying to impress upon him the enormity of owing money he couldn't possibly pay and coming down upon her scanty earnings to make good the deficiency, he would burst in upon her with this sort of talk about the impossibility of stewing in the pit of a theater and the absolute necessity for every gentleman to have a stall of his own and a flower in his buttonhole, even though it devolved upon other people to pay for them. To say the truth, they had no common point of contact. Kathleen's principle was that you had no right to contract debts if you had no means of paying them. Reggie's principle was that you must live at all hazards "like a gentleman," even though you allowed a woman to pay with her own work for the cost of the proceed-As soon as Reggie's affairs had been set

comparatively straight, and as many of his more pressing debts as he could be induced for the moment to acknowledge had een duly discharged by Kathleen's aid, the poor girl set to work in real earnest to discover, if possible, what had become of Arnold Willoughby. She didn't want to see him—not just at present at least, till he was, to write and explain to him, to tell complete stranger. him how deeply and how completely he had misjudged her. It was all in vain. however. She had to eat her heart out unfulfilled desire. Go where she would, she could hear nothing at all of him. She dived into the recesses of east end coffee houses, sadly against her will -places where it seemed incredible to her that Arnold Willoughby should be found and where nevertheless many sailors seemed to know him. "Willoughby, aye, Willoughby-that's the chap that used to make me hand him over my screw as soon as it was paid and send three parts of it home to my missus and keep the rest for me, for baccy and such like. Aye, he was a good sort, he was, but it's long sin' I saw him. Drowned mayhap, or left the sea or sommat." That was all she could hear of Arnold in the seafaring quarter. It seemed quite natural to those hardy salts that a person of their acquaintance should disappear suddenly for a year or two from their ken, or even should drop out of existence altogether without any one's missing him.

"It's like huntin for a needle in a bottle of hay, miss," one old sailor observed, with



It's like huntin for a needle in a bottle of hay, miss."

the port o' London. Mayhap when the sailors come back to Dundee you might were always one as had an eye on the seal-

With that slender hope Kathleen buoyed herself up for the present, but her poor heart sank as she thought that during all the wound rankle deep in that sensitive breast of his.

One element of brightness alone there was in her life for the moment—her art at least was being better and better appremore than double what she had ever before received, and no wonder, for she painted it in the thrilling ecstasy of first maidan passion. If it hadn't been for this rise in her prices, indeed she didn't know how she could have met Mr. Reginald's de-mands, and Mr. Reginald himself, quick to observe where a fresh chance on immediately discounted Kathleen's better-"chucking up her chances" by marrying ment in market value by incurring several Mr. Reginald she "rather liked the boy" new debts with tailor and tobacconist on

ty to pay them in future.

As soon as the London season was over, however, the Hesslegrayes received an invitation to go down to Norchester on a visit to the Valentines. Mrs. Hesslegrave was highly pleased with this invitation. "Such a good place to be seen, you know, dear, the Valentines, and a cathedral town too! The bishop and canon are so likely to buy, and even if they don't one feels one's associating with ladies and gentlemen!"

Poor Kathleen shrank from it indeed, for was it not Canon Valentine who indirectly and unintentionally had brought about all her troubles by incautiously letting out the secret of Arnold Willoughby's personher way to sacrifice herself. Many good women have learned that lesson only too well, I fear, and would be all the better for an inkling of the opposite one-that self development is a duty almost as real and as imperative as self sacrifice. So down to Norchester she went. She

had no need now to caution Mrs. Hesslegrave against opening her mouth again about the Axminster episode, for the good lady, having once hopelessly compromised herself on that mysterious subject, was so terrified at the result that she dared not even broach it afresh to Kathleen. Since the day of Arnold Willoughby's disappearance, indeed, mother and daughter had held their peace to each other on the matter, and that very silence overawed Mrs. Hesslegrave, who knew from it how deeply Kathleen's heart had been wounded As for the canon, now Algy had obtained the peerage, it was more than ever his cue to avoid any allusion to the sailor he had so rashly recognized at Venice. He was convinced in his own mind by this time that Bertie Redburn must have committed ome crime, the consequences of which he was endeavoring to shirk by shuffling off his personality, and if that attempt relounded to Algy's advantage it was certainly very far from the canon's wish to interfere in any way with the fugitive's anonymity. So he held his peace without a hint or a word. He was willing to let the hasty exclamation wrung from him on the spur of the moment at Venice be forgotten if possible by all who heard it. On their first day at Norchester Katheen went down with their host to the cathedral. There's something very charming and sweet and grave about our English cathedrals, even after the gorgeous churches of Italy, and Kathleen admired immensely the beautiful green close, the old world calm, the meditative view from

window the canon was apologetic about his hasty flight from Venice. "I went away suddenly, I know,"

the canon's windows upon the palace gar-

dens. It was all so still, so demure, so

peaceful, so English. As they walked

cound the building toward the great east

with typhoid.' "Well, I allow the perfumes," Katheen answered, bridling up in defense of her beloved Venice, "but as to the typhoid I have my doubts. The sea seems to puriy it. Do you know, Canon Valentine. ve spent five winters in Venice, and 've never had a personal friend ill with fever, while in England I've had dozens. It isn't always the places that look the dirtiest which turn out in the long run to be really most insanitary. And if it comes to that, what could possibly be worse than those slums we passed on our way out of the close, near the pointed arc way, where you cross the river?

The canon bristled up in turn. This was really most annoying. As a matter of fact, those particular slums were the property of the dean and chapter of Norchester, and complaints had been going about in the local paper that they were no this misunderstanding was cleared up, if wholesomer than they ought to be, which cleared up it could ever be by her bare as made it of course all the more intolerable

"Not at all. "Those are very good cottages-very good cottages indeed. I can see nothing wrong with them. You can't expect to house working people in the bishop's palace and to give them port wine and venison every day ad libitum. But as workingmen's houses they're very good houses, and I wouldn't mind living in one of them myself-if I were a workingman," the canon added in an afterthought, "and had been brought up to the ways of them.'

Kathleen said no more, for she saw the canon was annoyed, and she knew when to be silent. But that morning at lunch the canon enlarged greatly upon the health and cleanliness of Norchester in general and the cathedral close and property in particular. It was wholesomeness itself, the last word of sanitation. Nobody ever got ill there, nobody ever died, and he had never even heard of a case of typhoid. 'Except old Grimes, dear," Mrs. Valentine interposed incautiously.

The canon crushed her with a glance. 'Old Grimes,'' he said angrily, "brought the seeds of it with him from a visit to Bath, which I don't consider at all so well sanitated as Norchester, and I told the dean so at our diocesan synod. But not another case. Not a case can I remember. No, Amelia, it's no use-I know what you're going to say. Mrs. Wheeler's fever came straight from London, which we all of us know is a perfect pesthole, and as to poor old Canon Brooks, he contracted it in Italy. The precentor! No, no! Goodness gracious, has it come to this, thenthat not only do vile agitators print these things openly in penny papers for our servants to read, but even our own wives must go throwing dirt in the faces of the cathedral chapter? I tell you, Amelia, the town is as clean as a new pin, and the property of the close is a model of sanitation." That evening, however, by some strange

mischance, the canon himself complained of headache. Next morning he was worse, and they sent for the doctor. The doctor looked grave.

"I've been expecting this sooner or later," he said, "if something wasn't done about those slums by the river. I'm afraid, Mrs. Valentine, it would be only false kindness to conceal the truth from you. get some news o' him, for Willoughby he The canon shows undoubted symptoms of typhoid.'

It was quite true. He had caught it three weeks earlier on a visit of inspection to Close Wynd, the slums by the river, these weeks Arnold must be going on think-ing worse and ever worse of her, letting where he had duly pronounced the cottages own mouth had nature convicted him, for in his eagerness to prove that all was for the best in the best of all possible cathedral towns for the tenants of the chapter he had asked for and tossed off a glass ciated. She sold her academy picture for of the tainted water to which the borough sanitary inspector was calling his atten-"Perfectly pure and good," he said in his testy way. "Never tasted better water in my life, I assure you. What the people want to complain about nowadays fairly passes my comprehension " And he went his way rejoicing. But for 21 days those insidious little microbes that he swallowed so carelessly lay maturing their colony in the canon's doomed body. At the end of that time they swarmed and

developed themselves, and even the canon himself knew in his own heart, unspoken, that it was the Close Wynd water that had given him typhoid fever. When he made his will, he did not forget it, and the lawyer who opened it eight days later found that in that hasty sheet, dictated from his deathbed, the canon had remembered to leave £200 for the improvement of the sanitary condition of the "perfect" cottages which had proved his destruction.

One day later Mrs. Valentine succumbed She, too, had drunk the poisonous water, 'for example's sake, Amelia," her husband had said to her, and she, too, died after a short attack. It was a most virulent type of the disease, the doctor saidthe type that comes of long sanitary neglect and wholesale pollution. But that was not all. These things seldom stop short with the original culprits. Mrs. Hesslegrave was seized, too, after nursing her two old friends through their fatal illness and being weak and ill beforehand with regret and remorse for the part she had played in driving away the earl whom Kathleen wanted to marry-for that was the way in which Mrs. Hesslegrave thought of it to the very end—she sank rapidly under the strain and died within a fortnight of the two Valentines. So Kathleen found herself practically alone in the world, and with Reginald on her hands, except so far as his "paltry 200" would enable a gentleman of so much social pretensions to keep himself in the barest necessaries at the florist's and the glover's.

In the midst of her real grief for a mother she had loved and watched over tenderly it did not strike Kathleen at the time that by these three deaths, following one another in such rapid succession, the only three other depositories of Arnold Willoughby's secret had been removed at one blow, and that she herself remained now the sole person on earth who could solve the Axminster mystery. But it occurred to her later on, when the right time came, and when she saw what must be done about Arnold Willoughby's future.

TO BE CONTINUED

HINTS TO MUSIC TEACHERS.

Make the Lesson Hour One of Pleasure as

Well as Profit to Pupils. Teachers in small towns and country places have greater difficulties to contend with than the more advanced and higher priced teacher in the city. Although the competition may be just as keen, and probably more so, in the city, I think the pupils who go to the more advanced teacher are, in most cases, more in earnest and go with the intention of making the most of their opportunities. Whereas the town teacher very said, "but then, you must admit, Miss frequently has pupils come to him who Hesslegrave, it's a most insanitary town. do not care whether they learn or not, Such smells! Such filth! It just reeks and if they do they never get any assistance from home either by word of encouragement or otherwise. In a great many cases the fault lies with the teachers. They do not study the nature and temperament of their pupils and give every pupil the same studies and pieces. In teaching technic they teach the fingers and muscles only, thus making it simply manual labor, and do not appeal to the understanding, which will help

forget that the brain controls the fingers. With a new pupil who is not interested in music and does not like to practice a contributor to The Etade tells that he does not use studies at all for the first few lessons, except perhaps a few finger exercises, which do not impress the pupil as work, but gives something with as pleasing a melody as possible, and then as the pupil begins to think sertion. But she did want to know where that they should attract the attention of a that he is learning something really pretty tries to show how much more artistic he may make it by practicing

to make it a work of pleasure. They

certain exercises. In teaching a beginner who is very young and does not like to practice, make it a rule to always have something of interest to tell the pupil, relating, of course, to music. In this way the lesson hour becomes an hour of pleasure as well as profit to the pupil. It may sometimes take a good deal of trouble to do this, but the result will always pay for the extra time spent. The importance of teaching harmony, musical form and history to piano pupils is great.

Shorten the piano lesson and make time for these equally important subjects. Better results will be obtained even in the playing, besides having a broader knowledge of the "art of music."

Nahida Remy.

Nahida Remy is a sublime woman. Ten years she spent in the study of Jewish literature, history and character. She read, studied, inquired and wrought herself into a state of enthusiasm and lofty admiration of Judaism, all of which she poured forth in most beautiful forms in her two volumes on "Prayer In the Talmud" and "The Jewish Woman," Never before was the liturgy of the Jews and woman in Israel so en thusiastically presented to the world by a Protestant lady as was done by Nahida Remy. And now she embraces Judaism with one of the greatest living Jewish philosophers, Professor Lazarus, Ph. D., D. D., the septuagenarian savant whom she has recently married. - American Israelite.

Women Elect Officers. Mrs. Sarah A. Thurston was chosen president of the Woman's Republican association of Kansas at its recent annual meeting in Topeka. Mrs. Lewis Hanback of Argentine was chosen vice president; Mrs. Edward Gaylord, Topeka, secretary; Mrs. Best of Rosedale, treasurer. Mrs. Inez M. Stine, state organizer for the last year, was unanimously re-elected.

Now Comes the Sleeve Extender. The sleeve extender is the latest invention to be used instead of stiffening each separate pair of sleeves with the

various linings sold for the purpose. The 'extenders' resemble small bustles and are sold at a little less than \$1 a pair. They that gevern must make the least

Uncertainty and expectation are joys of if a. - Congreve. There is a pleasure in poetic pains which nly poets know - Cowper.

Covetous men are mean slaves and drudges to their substance. - Burton. Troubles spring from idleness, and griev-

ous toils from needles case. - Franklin.

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