

Her companions laughed uproariously.

"And I love the cosy great city," said the Teuton. "One is free in one's apartment one day and free in the environs the next."

"Don't talk foolery, Herr Christian. Hear my plan. I travel. I travel as chaperon to a rich young lady," the woman waved her hand gracefully—her grace was wonderful—towards the younger woman opposite her, "your rich daughter."

"Ha! can Olga act the part?"

"Olga is a dear, silent girl; she can learn from her chaperon in the quiet hours they will pass together."

Here the music burst into a louder strain, and the overture to "Masaniello" hid all conversation.

On the following morning this lady, transformed from vulgarity into a lady of taste and fashion—was she an actress?—was strolling along the Montagne de la Cour, looking at the shops.

Miss Scott was doing the same, but Miss Scott seemed irritated. After looking up and down and waiting, she exclaimed to herself, "She must seek me," then she entered a shop.

The lady in black lace saw and heard, the other was a personage quite apart from her. But she strolled on; by-and-by she looked about as if seeking someone.

Next a girl came down the street. She started, turned white, and cried "No!"

"You look as if you'd faint," the lady said with good nature. "Scream, it'll relieve you."

"Oh, I thought—" gasped the girl.

"You thought a farce. Pull yourself together."

"But—"

"Do as I tell you!" with command.

The girl was Ellen Travers. Did she think that lady a friend?

CHAPTER VII. YOUR DISGRACE! YOUR LOATHING.

Miss Scott was posting her packet of lace just purchased, and a girl in front of her said in broken English:

"Let me drop it in for you."

"*Merci—Merci*," was the answer.

"Where, now, would you find an English girl do that?" Miss Scott asked of Ellen.

But Ellen was absent and cold, she said not a word.

The same day a party was made up for going to Waterloo. Newsom was one, he had joined the folks at luncheon.

Lower down the table sat his two friends of the night before, into the midst of Waterloo talk one said to him as he passed out of the *salle-a-manger*:

"You've heard the news?"

"No. What news?"

"Les Trois Sirenes was robbed last night."

"No!"

"It was. And robbed to a big extent."

Well. The expedition to Waterloo was what all the world knows nowadays.

There were in the party people of varied nationalities, and the number was large enough to allow of any two pairing off easily without any notice being attracted.

Miss Scott had an old French gentleman as her guide to the wonders. Ellen Travers had John Newsom.

Ellen's bright gaiety had all gone, and she was grave—even sad.

She and Newsom were alone.

Then Newsom's face changed, his words of love suddenly poured forth.

"No, no!" was the cry. "No: please stop! I must not listen."

He seized her hands. She tried to drag them from his grasp.

"No, no, no!" Ellen fought for the freedom of her hands.

"Is it that you hate me?" he cried.

"No, no."

"You love me?" The strength of his own love made him a merciless tyrant.

"Yes," she said, "I love you." The words came with intense stillness. Then at once it was succeeded by fire. The girl's face flamed scarlet; in the wild strength of what had the show of madness she had her hands free, and she stood apart. No sign of slight did she make. "I have said it," she spoke with strange clearness. "But my love is my ruin. Honest marriage is no end of my love. Do you know what I should be to you?"

"My loved wife," he said readily.

She heard not.

"Your disgrace! your loathing! I should make your fellow-men scorn you. I should stop an honest man from touching you in the street. Nay!" She gave a little laugh fearful to hear. "Ay! they'd point the finger at you, and cry, 'There goes the husband of the—'"

"Ellen!" Newsom's hand would have been on her lips had not his stern look silenced her.

And again she laughed, but with as rapid a change as any that had gone before she next clung to him with both hands on his arm.

"Why did you come? Why did I see you? Why—oh, why do I love you?" Then she sprang back from him.

"Why?" and Newsom fastened a stern, but, none the less, a loving gaze upon her and said: "Why? Because I am to save you. I do not ask what from. I will not have you to tell me now what from. I do not dishonor you by saying I do not believe what you say in this your despair. I believe all you say. I do not imagine any real wickedness, any crime touching you."

(To be Continued.)

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