

the house. This difficulty was now removed, but another misgiving was soon to arise, which she could not so easily get rid of—"Was it possible that this Mr. Wycherley had ruined her father, though the old man did not recognize him—perhaps he had never known him by sight? Was it possible that under the pretence of friendship the man was seeking to do her father some further injury?"

She has told me that this occurred to her a few hours after I left, and though she put it away it came constantly into her mind, until at last she determined to question her father (a one-sided conversation was now carried on by writing on a slate) and find out where his enemy, Mr. Wycherley, was to be found. She framed her questions so as to approach the subject as gently as possible, but when he came to the name Wycherley the old man was thrown into such a violent state of excitement that dangerous symptoms returned, and the doctor had to be sent for. Nannette never ventured to make a second attempt.

Meanwhile I, of course, was ignorant of all this, and continued my visits to the old man as often as before. He seemed to like any little attention I paid him, and several times signified that if Nannette wanted to go out he shouldn't mind if I would stop with him. To my surprise Miss Mellon, on some pretext or other, never availed herself of these opportunities, but always contrived to remain in the room whenever I was with her father. My strongly urged advice that she should get some fresh air, which was accepted before, was now refused, and I could not but perceive that I was no longer a welcome guest, but only tolerated because Mr. Mellon liked my company. Under these circumstances I should have at once discontinued my visits to the old house, and even if that were necessary, have moved into another street, had it not been for the evident pleasure the poor invalid felt in my visits. Many days I went with the intention of telling him that I was going away, and couldn't come to see him any more; but his face wore almost a happy expression when I entered the room; and his delight was so great at any little present of fruit I brought with me, his anxiety to know when I was coming again, almost before I sat down, so manifestly in earnest, that it was some time before I could make up my mind to do anything of the sort. Seeing his partiality for me, I never doubted for a moment that Mr. Mellon's enemy was some other John Blake Wycherley, and that this must be evident to Nannette. I didn't know her simple, trustful nature, and how she had rested her whole faith in the father who had been her only playmate from an orphaned childhood, and whose every word she implicitly believed. I never guessed, great stupid man that I was, that she was afraid of me, John Blake Wycherley, afraid that by some possibility I might be her father's enemy; afraid that I might one day try to harm him in his defenceless state. I now scarcely spoke to her when I called in to see Mr. Mellon, for she received my civilities with evident dislike, and made abrupt answers if ever I talked of her father's condition. The old bright genial manner was gone, and though it returned now and then, and she began to enter enthusiastically into some scheme for the sick man's comfort, she would check herself suddenly, and grow more distant and self-contained than before. She wanted some one to share her burden of troubles, but rather than trust in me she would bear them all herself.

It must have been cruel work to see the man whom she feared and distrusted growing daily in the favour of her poor weak father. Had it not been for some lingering consciousness that I might be innocent, she would have taken means to get rid of me at once. Had it not been for a sort of feeling, which Nannette says didn't exist, but which I think did, that she would rather not offend this Mr. Wycherley, she would have told him plainly her suspicions, and he would have troubled her no more. All this time Mr. Wycherley was trying to feel hurt at the treatment he received, and he succeeded so far as to put it down to womanish pique at a fanciful preference displayed for him by her father. I am inclined to think that if Miss Mellon had been anybody but Nannette—for instance, if she had been large Annette, or coquettish Babette—Mr. Wycherley would not have found so much difficulty in weaning himself from the father's affections, and going no more to a house where the daughter treated him so coldly. But it was still Nannette, and now and then for a few minutes the Nannette of old times; so Mr. Wycherley continued his visits.

But one day I found out something which put an end to my indecision; and I determined to go no more to the house, and to leave its neighbourhood. Miss Mellon's persistent refusal to take open-air exercise and leave me in charge of her patient had excited my surprise, but I put it down to a proud dislike of the feeling of indebtedness. I never suspected the real cause; I never dreamed that she did go out, but took care to do so when I wasn't likely to call, until one evening as the gas was being lighted I saw the door open, and Nannette pass down the street. It was scarcely an hour since I had left her father's room, and she had declined my offer, declaring that it was too late to go out now.

Evidently something was wrong with her or with me, or with both of us, and I gave Mrs. Trench warning, and looked out for other lodgings.

The day before I left Senshall I told Mr.

Mellon that my business obliged me to leave that part of the town, and that I shouldn't be able to come and see him. He seemed hardly to realise what I said, and made no objection to my going away, so I asked Nannette to send for me whenever I could be of any use, and went down the stairs with a heavy heart.

Mrs. Trench professed great sorrow at losing me, and I knew the good woman would have been sorely hurt if I had taken rooms anywhere near hers; so I gave her the same reason that I had given the Mellons, viz., that I wanted to be nearer my work, and settled in a more distant quarter than would have been otherwise necessary. In doing this I felt that my chance of meeting Mr. Mellon and his daughter again was very small indeed, and Nannette's manner had convinced me that she would never send for me except under great necessity.

Mrs. Trench's farewell contained a word for the Mellons. "What will they do, poor things, now that you're gone, and with no one to help them or cheer the old man?" She had been kind and neighbourly to them as far as she could, but she thought very highly of the kindness I had shown the invalid. As the cab drove off Mrs. Trench greeted me with an old shoe, but my good-bye was as much to the second floor of the old house opposite as to her. I could see nobody at the window, but I have reason to believe that there was some one standing behind the curtain who was both glad and sorry to see me drive off.

It is owing to so mundane a cause as a corkscrew that this was not my last sight of Senshall street. Further than this, if the corkscrew had not been a great favourite of mine, I shouldn't have gone to Mrs. Trench for it; but go I did, and found things in a strange "rum-pus." Mrs. Trench was holding her neighbour, the landlord of Mellons' house, in her arm. That lady was displaying her emotions in a very demonstrative manner; round them was a small but appreciative crowd, and a policeman hovered in the distance, calculating the probable effects of a "move on."

Seeing me, Mrs. Trench extricated herself, and delivered her choking burden to a pet-boy from round the corner, who at once applied a restorative in the shape of the dregs of a pint-pot down the spine, drew me into the house, and told me what had happened.

Whilst his daughter was away, Mr. Mellon had dressed himself and hobbled out of the house, unnoticed by anybody. Mrs. Trench's Tommy had met him turning into Chancery lane, and was at this moment sobbing in the passage from the effects of a box on the ears he had received for not having at once brought the gentleman home.

Not a moment was to be lost. Wholesale promises of confectioneries reduced Tommy to a fit frame of mind, and I hurried him off to Chancery lane. To apply to the policeman at the corner was a bare chance, yet it was a chance. Heaven be praised! He has asked his way of this very policeman not ten minutes ago. Where to? Southampton buildings. Up Chancery with the speed of a madman; Tommy toiling in the wake. Southampton buildings, I knew them well. Is not the Patent Office there? And as I turn the corner there is Mr. Mellon going up the steps. Slackening my speed to recover breath, I overtook him at the library door. He heard a step behind him, and turned round, greeting me with as warm a welcome as his poor crippled limbs and faculties would allow. He was stronger in health, but the look of settled despair had deepened, and now absorbed every other expression. Entering the room together, he led me to a book-case, and taking down a pamphlet-box, opened it and turned them over till he came to

"Specification of  
John Blake Wycherley."

My name, and my patent, a scheme on which I had gone mad a few years before, and had spent both time and money. When at last it was completed, and legally secured to me, the anticipated fortune crumbled into dust. It was ingenious, some people said very ingenious, but practically useless. I was cured of the passion of inventing in branches of trade I knew nothing about, and the patent lay idle, and will lie idle till it expires.

Here then it was that Mr. Mellon had found my name, and as I watched the old man intently studying the pamphlet before him the reason of his violent dislike dawned upon me.

I went to the clerk, and he at once recognised in him the gentleman who, some months ago, had fallen down in a fit at the very spot where he was now standing. My conjecture was right, and I hurried Mr. Mellon into a cab and took him home.

Nannette was at the door the moment we stopped, and clung to her father crying as if her heart would break.

As soon as her father was safe in bed a message came for me, and I went upstairs expecting such cold thanks as Miss Mellon could give me. They were scarcely worth receiving, yet I had waited for them. Not worth waiting for? Why, there she stood, no longer the distant and reserved Miss Mellon, but the Nannette of old times, and her tears fell on my hand as she held it in both of hers. Then came a long confession; how she had suspected me of having injured her father; of intending him further injury; how she had tried every means to get rid of him; how, if he had not changed his lodgings, she was going to have hidden father somewhere; how she had gone out one evening to look for rooms for that purpose; how she was

sure I was at the bottom of it when she found her father had disappeared; and now I had brought him back. She had been very wicked to think all this; of course it was another Mr. Wycherley who had done it. She scouted the idea that I could possibly be her father's enemy. It was absurd. It was wicked of her to have thought so.

It was half an hour before this little matter was settled, and in the end Nannette got her way, and under penalty of never being spoken to again I was compelled to say "I forgive you," to each of the several counts in her self-accusation. Then I asked leave to prove that I was the John Blake Wycherley, her father's enemy, and none other. With a merry, sceptical laugh Nannette produced her father's papers. There before me lay the work of years, the plans and specifications of an invention, the same in substance as that which had been my pride and my hope three years ago.

Mr. Mellon's story is soon told. I had anticipated him in the darling project of his lifetime. The shock of this discovery had hastened the stroke of the disease which a life of inactivity was slowly bringing on.

Changed habits of life had almost obliterated its effects, and he is now in the second story window of the Old House, at work on another invention; and "this time," he says with a laugh, "I hope no rascally John Blake Wycherley will anticipate me."

As for Nannette and myself, The Old House is our home too. Long may it be so, and defy all assaults of street improvement commissioners.

### THE GLEANER.

It is calculated that 420,000,000 mummies must be deposited in the pits of Egypt.

JOHANN STRAUSS, within two months after his wife's death, has married again, his second spouse being Angelica Ditrich, a pupil of Prouck, the Viennese singing master.

THE Shah is particularly anxious to buy some rifles and cannon of the newest pattern during his visit to Europe. He bought 37,000 Chassepots last time.

ONE of the choicest English-made fans exhibited lately was a "new church fan," with the Lord's prayer, the Ten Commandments, and so forth painted on it.

THE Emperor of Germany has had to part with his handsome whiskers, which he has worn for half a century, because they interfered with the dressing of his wounds.

JULES VERNE'S famous tour round the world in eighty days has been not only rivalled, but outdone, by an American traveller, who has succeeded in accomplishing the feat in seventy-six days.

SINCE the close of the late civil war, the Marietta (Ga.) Field says, nearly half a million pounds of bullets have been gathered from the battle fields near that town. One man has shipped 60,000 pounds.

A DIGHTON, Mass., man is cultivating the huckleberry, and claims that by cultivation he will show a fruit as large as a cherry and a great deal more pulpy and juicy than the native wild berry.

THE largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high and 693 feet on the sides; its base covers eleven acres. The stones are about thirty feet in length and the layers are 280; 3,600,000 men were employed in its erection.

ICE machines are now made by which ice can be manufactured at \$1 per ton. A cake weighing 140 pounds was exposed to a hot sun five hours on a street in Cincinnati, recently, when the thermometer was at 92, and lost only about an inch on each side.

MR. GLADSTONE, in the June number of the *Nineteenth Century*, said, "Give Montenegro a port and I will forgive and forget all that has been done amiss." The port of Antivari has been given to Montenegro. Will Mr. G. be faithful to himself?

IN the house of a Devonshire labourer there were lying on an ordinary sized bed two mothers, two sons, one daughter, one grandmother, one grandson, brother and sister, uncle and nephew, all of whom (eleven) were comprehended in four persons, viz.:—A mother and a daughter, each with an infant son.

In a sermon by Rev. Dr. Alger on "The Chronic Miracles in Human Life," the human face was particularly specified as the miracle of miracles. Made up of but few features, yet the 1,200,000,000 faces on the globe were every one so different that any person could readily distinguish any one from any other.

WITH reference to the early goers from concerts, the following is an English suggestion:—"A courteous note on the programme to the effect that there will be five minutes' interval before the piece or pieces, with a request that those who do not wish to remain until the end will kindly avail themselves of this opportunity for departure, will, I think, seldom fail to produce the desired effect."

THE Spanish Armada, for invading England in 1588, consisted of 130 ships, of which 100 were larger than any before built. It conveyed 19,292 soldiers, 10,500 seamen and 2,630 brass cannon. They were to convey an army of 34,000 men from the Scheldt, in flat-bottom boats. The English opposing fleet, of smaller vessels, was about 101 ships. The Armada re-

turned by the Shetland Island, and not more than half reached the Spanish ports.

MR. EDISON, of phonograph fame, has just completed and tested an invention for measuring heat—an instrument so sensitive that the heat of rays from the most distant stars can be accurately ascertained by it. He estimates that it would require a Fahrenheit thermometer fifteen miles in height to record the same range of degrees of heat. He has been engaged on this instrument for a long time, and regards it as his most difficult achievement.

It is reported from Geneva that the Stelvio Pass in the Tyrol—the loftiest carriage route in Europe—has been re-opened. The summit of the pass is 9,100 feet above the level of the sea. As lovers of sensationalism know, a tragedy was committed in Stelvio two or three years ago, an Anglo-Frenchman having pushed his rich wife over one of the precipices; and, sad to say, the occurrence of this incident has for many tourists provided a new attraction for the Pass.

PARIS has absolutely found its latest sensation in a man who, for a considerable wager, has led, on foot, from Romorantin to Paris, a herd of fifty hares, twenty-five of each sex. Though the animals had been carefully trained, he had a good deal of trouble with them, and usually travelled by night. Encouraged by his success, he proposes now to conduct his flock around the Exposition at the hour when it is most thronged, without losing one of their number.

THE French generally have but two regular meals per day—breakfast and dinner—and the latter claims the largest share of attention. A cup of coffee and a roll suffice early in the morning, and breakfast is not taken until about 10 o'clock. At some places a second breakfast is indulged, but the main meal is the evening dinner. At the hotel, as a rule, table d'hôte dinners are served at six o'clock, to which persons are admitted up to half-past six, the time occupied in giving the different courses averaging from one hour and a half to two hours.

YET another rival to gas is announced, and on this occasion to electricity also. The new substance is from the refuse of coal gas. Its luminous qualities are immense, and its cost a hundredth part that of gas. Enough of the new substance can be stored in an ordinary drawing-room gaselier without disfigurement to suffice for a week's consumption, and no danger from explosion or bad smell can possibly arise. It is obvious that the new invention cannot be regarded altogether as a rival to the old favourite, and will possibly be adopted by the gas companies themselves, if they are wise.

THE French are very talkative in the cars and omnibuses and manifest a common interest in each other. Recently an old lady entered a tramway near the Place de la Concorde with the intention of going to the Exposition. When the conductor came around for the necessary centimes the old lady became a little befuddled as to where she wanted to go, and immediately the whole of the passengers became interested in her behalf and began prying her with questions with the intention of setting her aright. It seemed a general relief to everybody when the aged passenger was safely landed at her destination, and eager eyes followed her as she left the car.

WHEN Prof. Richte's flying machine was exhibited in Boston, the other day, it became unmanageable and went up to a great height, the operator being unable to turn it earthward as the machinery refused to work. As a last resort he fastened strings to his wrists and ankle, tied them to the framework, and swung under, from which position he was able to discover that a projecting loose screw was causing the trouble. He repaired the damage, climbed back into his seat and soon brought the machine down. The position was a perilous one, as there was no way of regaining the ground except by cutting open the gas receptacle.

### SIGNS.

People who still adhere to the look-at-your-tongue-and-feel-of-your-pulse doctor sometimes express not a little curiosity in regard to Dr. R. V. Pierce's original method of distinguishing all forms of chronic disease without personal consultation. Some even suppose that he accomplishes this through clairvoyance, or some other species of professional jugglery. All this is utterly false. He claims to determine disease by the rational methods of science only. Says Couley, in his *Biographical Encyclopedia of New York State*, speaking of this distinguished physician: "He perceived that in each of the natural sciences the investigator proceeds according to a system of signs. The geologist in his cabinet accurately determines and describes the cleft of rock, which he has never seen, from the minute specimen on his table. And the chemist in his laboratory notes the constituents of the sun with the same precision that he analyzes a crystal of rock. The analogous system developed by Dr. Pierce in Medical Science is worthy of his genius, and has made his name justly celebrated." For a full explanation of this ingenious system of diagnosis, see the *People's Common Sense Medical Adviser*, sent, post paid, to any address on receipt of one dollar and fifty cents. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.