## A FATAL RESEMBLANCE

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE. XXXV.

Carnew took his leave of Weewald Place with the heat grace he could assume; and he found himself back in C— jost four weeks after his departure He had not sent any word to his thence. He had not sent any word to his annt, preferring to come upon her as sud-denly as he had left her, and thus he was surprised to find Macgilivray with one of the Rahandabed carriagee at the station

when he stepped from the train.

"Not waiting for me, Donald, surely,"
he said, when he had returned the
Scotchman's glad and respectful greet-

"Nae, Mr. Carnew; me leddy sent me for visitors that's expected frae this train; but they're noo comin', as I ken," Carnew and another gentleman being the only passengers to alight from the car.

"I'll take the place of the visitors," said Alan, stepping into the carriage.

"Aye, an' mair welcome." responded the Scotchman half to himself.

"Haw are they all at the house?' re-

"How are they all at the house?' resumed the young man.
"They're a' weel but me leddy hersel';
she's a maist daft since Miss Ned's

Since Miss Ned's away! What do you mean?" And the young man paused in the act of comfortably adjusting his cushions, and almost glowered at the

Macgilivray's honest face wore a shade

of serrow.
"I thought it vers likely that you'd not "I thought it vera likely that you'd noo ken hoo it happened," and out of the fulness of his sympathizing heart he told Ned's story, Carnew taking his seat on the box beside him the better to hear. Donald had heard the account of her summary dismissal from Mrs. Doloran's maid, who had been an unintentional listener to the stormy interview between that lady and her "companion," when the latter announced her intention of leaving Rahandahed. He knew from that lady and her "companion," when the latter announced her intention of leaving Rahandabed. He knew from servant goseip long before the unhappy tale of Josephine, and he had been told by the old Scotch wife, with whom Jose-phine abods of Natla constant charity to by the old Scotch wife, with whom Josephine abode, of Ned's constant charity to the unfortunate girl, so that he was sufficiently informed to give Carnew all particulars; and he did so in his homely fashion. Carnew listened with that telltale color that never came only when excited by strong emotions, and even with labored breath.

"And Miss Ned is now boarding here in C—, you say?" he asked, when Macgillyray had finished.

"Yes, she's wi' kinspeople o' me ain.

Macgilivray had finished.

"Yee, she's wi' kinspeople o' me ain, and vera weel treated, she says her-

"Drive me back to the village, Donald, to the hotel; I shall stay there for a few days; and tell me where Miss Ned is stopping. On your return to Rahandabed, say nothing of having met me."

"Dinna fear air. I have the to the hour.

"Dinna fear, sir; I kent hoo to keep me ain connsel this mony a day." me ain connect this mony a day."

In his room in the hotel, Carnew was almost exuitant. To have that about Ned which had so pained him in his annt's letter quite disproved, as it was disproved by Macgillivray's story that aunt's letter quite disproved, as it was disproved by Macgilivray's story that gave the substance, if not the precise language, of Ned's denial of Mrs. Doloran's charge, and to hear of her tender charity to an erring one of her own sex, were like vindications of her character from Heaven itself. How could he longer do violence to his own heart by wither his effection for one who evinced stifling his affection for one who evince such admirable qualities? Her very spirit in leaving his aunt endeared her to spirit in leaving his aunt endeared her to him. What though there were some secret passages in her life in which she coquetied with affections, and perhaps even broke a heart—what woman was entirely free from the weakness of her sex? And to one who had such estimable virtues as Ned showed, surely much might be pardoned. Besides, she was more of a woman now and increasing of a woman now, and increasing years in such a character as hers must unusual stren Thus did he reason with himself, and not until he was in the very flush of joy from his arguments did the ugly thought of Dykard Dutton come, the young man whom he had once met, and to whom he had seen Ned's letters addressed. Some-how, of late, in thinking of Ned, there had not intruded any thought of Dutton, her possible lover; it was only Ned her-seif, pure, simple, free, as Carnew's heart longed for her. Now, however, when he had worked himself into an enthusiasm about her virtues. Dutton's image rose up as if to forbid it; rose up with that honest, manly, brave look that had wor such involuntary respect from Carnew or the night of their brief meeting. The re membrance of the joy she showed in his company that night, the money she had once sent him, but which had been so promptly returned, her letters to him—all came before him now in a most tantalizing manner. His joy was dampened, but even in the midst of his depression but even in the midst of his depression his kindly nature asserted itself. For the noble traits she had shown she deserved to be made happy, though her happiness should be bestowed only through his pangs. He would learn what prevented or delayed her marriage to Dutton; and if it were poverty, he would sweep away the obstacle. Thus would sweep away the obstacle. Thus resolved, he took his way to the address which Macgillvray had given him. Ned had found such a comfortable home with Macgillvray's simple kins-

people, that she deemed it as well not to think of Albany for the present. Here she could, at least, without doing violence to anybody's feelings, pay her way; and why might she not remain thus until spring, when Dyke seemed so certain of being able to procure another situation for her? She need not even tell him, nor Meg, of her change, for it would cause them so much auxiety, and probably even bring Dyke from his business to see

Jim Slade, who had driven her from Rahandabed, was compelled to disclose her whereabouts the very same evening her whereabouts the very same evening to Ordotte, for that gentleman had been indefatigable in his inquiries among the servants, until he ascertained who had driven the young lady to the village; and before Nad retired to rest that night, she was the recipient of a half-sharp, half-penitent note from Mrs. Doloran, asking her to return. The note was written in accordance with Ordotte's request. The reply was kind and respectful, but in it Ned firmly declined ever to go back to Rahandabed. Ordotte was dismayed, while Mrs. Doloran was furious, and the while Mrs. Duloran was furious, and the man who brought her that message owed it to his skill in evading a blow that his as not broken with a small, but The ornament

shivered into fragments almost at his

feet.

She sent again the next day, and the third day; by Ordotte's advice, she deigned to go herself in her most pompons state with her liveried lacqueys, which fashion she had copied, but grotesquely, as she copied everything else from abroad, and she almost overpowered the good people into whose simple little home she entered. But she was well known by reputation, her eccentricities being a frequent theme of conversation in nearly every house in C.—.

"And what am I to tell Alan?" in her anger raising her voice as if sire were at

"Since you accused me before of misrepresenting you, I refrained from writing to him of your unkind and ungrateful de-

"I trust that it has been neither un-kind nor ungrateful," was the response, "and if your own heart, Mrs Doloran, does not prompt you to tell exactly why I left your service, then certainly noth-ing that I can say will avail."

Exasperated by the gentle firmness which neither entreaty nor insult, nor threat could move, Mrs. Doloran screamed rather than said:
"Your audacity is only equalled by

rather than said:

"Your andacity is only equalled by your impertinence, and I shall tell Alan how fortunate I am to be rid of you. You are a viper biting the hand that fed you."

"Mrs. Doloran," in a voice so full of indignant agony that it sounded hoarse and strange; but Mrs. Doloran flounced out of the room, her heavy-trailing silk dress making an alarming rustle, and out to her carriage without even a word to the amazed folk of the house. They had all heard the loud and angry tones, and knowing something of Ned's story from Macgilivray, and much of Mrs. Doloran's temper from the same source, all their sympathies went out to the young girl whom already, from her gentle, kindly ways they had learned to like.

Ordotte was more disappointed at Ned's refusal to return than he thought it prudent to express to the widow, and with similar prudence he refrained from telling her that he intended to have a watch kept upon Ned, lest she should leave without his knowledge,

Mrs. Doloran did not write to he nephew of Ned's departure; she knew, no matter what her version might be, that

nephew of Ned's departure; she knew, no matter what her version might be, that he would attribute the fault to her, and she preferred to wait his return, and answer his questions about Ned in her own sarcastic way,

## XXXVI.

Ned, never dreaming of another visitor Ned, never dreaming of another visitor in her little quiet home, felt her breath almost taken away by the announcement one afternoon that a gentleman wished to see her. Could it be Dyke, was her first thought, and how did he get her present address? But a momen't reflection solved the latter query, as he could have ascertained it easily in Rahandabed. It rough the he, she thought, with violently palpitating heart and some

violently palpitating heart and some trouble perhaps, had brought him. She hurried to the little parlor to meet, not Dyke, but handsome, flushed, gentlenanly Carnew. She was speechless from

surprise.
"Miss Edgar," he said, almost tenderly, "Miss Edgar," he said, almost tenderly, as he approached her with extended hand, "I have only to-day returned to C—, and learning, while on my way to Rahandabed, that you had left my aunt, I could not go on without seeing you." She blushed brightly and answered: "How kind of you, Mr. Carnew." He shook his head disclaimingly. "Hardly so kind as I might have been.

Hardly so kind as I might have b have forborne my visit and remained at home to have protected you from my whimsical aunt. I have all about it, you see, though not from the lady I have just mentioned. Sit down," leading her to a chair, and seating him self near her, "and permit me to speak to you in a very frank, brotherly man-

ner."
She could not conceal her surprise. Mr. Carnew's manner was so different from what it used to be. He was almost like Dyke in the kindly, protecting air he has assumed—he who had been so reserved—and she lifted her wide, clear eyes in a manuar, that showed her, wonder, and that showed her wonder, and also her pleasure. He smiled and con-

Will you give me the right of a friend Miss Edgar, to question you upon your circumstances, what means you have of

living now, out of position as you are what you intend to do in the future?" "I am not in any want," she answered smiling back at him. "Mrs. Doloran's emiling back at him. "Mrs. Doloran's compensation for my poor services has been so ample as to place me beyond reach of need for some time to come. Regarding the future, I think I shall be able to secure another position in the

Another position! Do you mean that you will hire yourself out again as a lady's companion?"
"Yes," with a smile that was almost a

"Miss Edgar, may I be very frank even to the verge of impertinence?"
"As frank as you please, Mr. Carnew,
wondering what he wanted to know.
"I have sometimes thought that yo

were engaged to be married"—she started, and he regarded her emotion as one of astonishment that he had guess her secret so well—"but that want of means prevented all immediate fulfilment of the contract; if such be the case, it will be my delight to remove the obstacle, to give to Mr. Dutton and your self—" he could get no further, for she had risen to her feet, and exclaimed in an

amszed, perplexed way:

amszyd, perpiexed way:

"Mr. Dution! Who said I was eugazed
to be married to him?" It was Mr. Carnew's turn to be confused. He also rose.

"Pardon me, Miss Edgar; no one has
ever said a word to me about it; I surmised such to be the case from the devotions or somed to abow him.

tion you seemed to show him."
"Poor Dyke!" said Ned, her voice very tremulous," he is my brother, the dearest, truest, best friend I have, but not my lover;" and then with her eyes swimming, and her cheeks flushing until the color mounted to her forehead, she told the tale of her childhood; all Dyke's fatherly care of her, Meg's motherly tenderness, and all about the little mountain home which she loved so well. own deeply stirred feelings made her elo-

quent, and never, Alan thought, had she looked so beautiful. Her love of and gratitude to these simple people was another virtue in her most estimable character, and when she had finished, unable to restrain longer the confession of his heart, he said, almost as tremplonaly

able to restrain longer the confession of his heart, he said, almost as tremulously as she herself had spoken: "Since you are not engaged, may I sue for your hand? My heart is already yours."

yours."
Had she heard aright? Had he whom she loved so well, actually proposed to her? Was it true, then, that he had not gone to offer himself to Edna, but that he really loved her? Heaven was too kind really loved her? Heaven was too kind and with a gasp that was almost a sob, she put her hands into his so appealingly outstretched, and with a great, glad thrill of delight he knew that he was answered.

of delight he knew that he was answered.
"But your aunt," she said, when the
violence of her emotion having passed,
she was able to look up and to speak

Carnew felt like uttering some very profane exclamation in connection with his relative, but he repressed it and said

"As I am quite of age and have ample means in my own right, I do not know that my aunt will have any authority in this matter. I shall announce my en-gagement to her to-day, and I shall have preparations made for receiving you at Rahandabed."

preparations made for receiving you at Rahandabed."
"Oh, no!" she shudderingly responded,
"after all that has passed between Mrs. Doloran and myself I cannot meet her."
"As my affianced, Ned, you will have nothing to fear. You will find Mrs. Doloran, the lady to whom you were companion, and Mrs. Doloran, the aunt of the party to whom you are engaged to be married, two very different persons. Also, my pride will not be satisfied unless the guests of Rahandabed receive you as an equal, which they will only be too well pleased to do now. They have had the pleasure of slighting you; I want them to have the agony of receiving you."

of slighting you; I want them to have the agony of receiving you."

Thus he argued down every objection she interposed, and he was so lovingly firm about it that she was obliged to yield. When he left her she promised to be ready to accompany him to Rahandahad the next morning.

ed the next morning.

And when he left her she went up to her room and cried from very joy. Her happiness was so unexpected, so great. Then she wrote to Dyke a full account of everything that had happened, and a whole page filled with her own blissful whole page filled with her own bilastral feelings. Her pen seemed to dance over the paper, and she could have filled an-other sheet, but that she had some mercy on Dyke's eyes and time. She closed it

"I know, dear Dyke, all this will make you as happy as it has made me, and that you will give your choicest blessing to your "Own NED."

Dyke received that letter in the midst of Dyke received that letter in the industry one of his busy days; still he could have snatched a few moments for its perusal, but he only pressed it secretly to his lips and put it into his bosom. He preferred to read it in the solitude of his own room that evening when he could drink in all by himself the pleasure, the bliss which her letters gave him. And that day something most unexpected came

him.

The head of the firm sought him, and offered him a partnership in the busi-

offered him a particular nees.

"We have watched you closely, Mr. Dutton," he said, "and we have observed in you business faculties most valuable, but most rare. They will stand to us in the place of money you would otherwise have to give, and they will be of equal assistance to the firm." istance to the firm.

Dutton went home with an elastic step.

Now would be be able to provide well for
Ned without even waiting for the spring He could bring both her and Meg to New York for the remainder of the winter, and in the summer he could have the little mountain home improved into a pretty country residence. He would have means for all that now. Thus delighted-ly planning, he was in too high spirits to delay long at his supper, and he hurried to his room to read his precious letter.

After one perusal it fell from his hand, and his head dropped forward on the little table beside which he sat. What nttle table beside which he sat. What an agony shook him! It seemed as if his heart would burst in that wave of sorrow. And for the first fierce moments his soul cried out against fate, which ever seemed determined to snatch joy from him just as it was within his grasp. Then manhood returned; that true man his manhood returned; that true man-hood which is brave in adversity and disappointment. He called up all his own hopes and wishes for Ned, that she might be a lady, mingling in the society which she was so well fitted to adorn; here was the fulfilment of all his wishes; surely he ought to rejoice. And he tried to do so, but his heart ached in the effort, and his temples throbbed with agony. Ned had been so dear, so constantly cherished. He took out from a secret reces the packet of her letters; every letter she had ever written to him, from the first childish epistle that she sent from se the opened them one by one, and read them all. Then he folded them again, and tied them in their old position, adding the one he had that day received, and put them back.

How could he write to her with his heart so blistered? How could he convenient her or happings that was his

heart so blistered? How could be con gratulate her on a happiness that was his own death-blow? And for a little his head fell forward again on the table, and he yielded to his agony. But in it there was no reproach of Ned. He knew now that she had not understood any of his letters, and that she had never dreamed of his lover-like affection.

He looked up at last, the fiercest of his

feelings conquered; and with a trembling hand he sought his writing materials. She never dreamed when she received that true, tender answer to her own letter, in what agony it had been penned; she did not even dream that the blister upon her own name was caused by Dyke's tear. She pressed the letter to her lips and to her heart, for it was so tender and so good; but even she did not know how self sacrificing, how noble was the writer.

## XXXVII.

Mrs. Doloran went into hysterics when told by her nephew of his intention to make, not Eina, but determined, impertinent Ned, his bride; her own peculiar hysterics, that threw the whole house into a confusion, and demanded fast and furious attention from those about her. She kicked with her feet, and worked with her hands, and jerked with her head, to the immiment danger of all in

nees in choice of a wife, after which she laughed and cried in a breath, and then resumed her violent contortions.

Everybody in the house, from the latest greet to the newest servant, heard in a very short time the cause of the commotion made by Mrs. Doloran, for goesiping tongues were pienty to repeat all that the mistrees of Rahandabed said in her fooligh temper: and consternation. disapmistress of Ranandabed said in her fool-ish temper; and consternation, disap-pointment, and envy, and even some-thing like dismay actuated the hearts of most of the feminine guests, especially those who had treated Ned only as a hired

companion.

Carnew knew his agust so well that he was not unprepared for such a scene, and he retired to his own apartment until she should be in a more rational condition.

Mascar, where are you, and where am 1?" when her temper brought no result save the disappearance of Alan, and an array of attendants, and she raised her head from the couch to which, with main strength, she had been borne, and she strength, she had been borne, and she

strength, she had been borne, and she affected to speak with so much feebleness that it was extremely ludicrous.

"Here, Mrs. Doloran," and Ordotte showed himself from a corner of the room, whither he had taken refuge until her prediction of the corner and the corner of the corner and the corner of the corner and the co showed himself from a corner of the room, whither he had taken refuge until her puglistic efforts should cease.

"Won't you give me my salts and find my fan, and arrange this cushion—I am so exhausted," and back went the head with feigned helplessness, while her maid stood aside to let the gentleman obey the many behests. But she opened her eyes and said, as if she were delivering her last will and testament:

"Does not your heart bleed for me, Mascar? Well has the poet said, 'Better is a serpent's tooth, than a thankful child."

In her various emotions she was not conscious how she had twisted the quotation. "And what have I not done for him? Broughthim up, and loved him as if he was her own son. Oh, my sorrows are greater than I can bear."

And again the eyes were closed, and the whole attitude that of one about to faint. With perfect gravity, Ordotte motioned the maid to attend her mistress while he surveyed the scene from a little distance. As soon as the pretanded to recover her n as she pretended to recover h

She satup, trying to appear very weak, and very much of a martyr; her voice was most languishing as she bade her maid retire to the adjoining room, and as she again addressed Ordotte:

"You have not delivered your opinion of

Ordotte stroked his mustache once or twice, and then answered quietly:
"My opinion is, that Mr. Carnew has shown excellent judgment in his choice of a wife. Mise Ned is a young lady quite worthy of becoming your niece.

She fairly shrieked his name, every trace of her pretended weakness gone She was even sitting bolt upright, her hand

clutching his arm.
"Think," she said in her high shrill
voice, "Ned had to earn her living; I paid

voice, "Ned had to earn her living; I paid her for being my companion!" "And highly favored you were to get "And highly favored you were to get her to be your companion; and working for one's living is rather to be commended, Come, Mrs. Doloran, be yourself again, and accept what can neither be controlled nor avoided. Alan will certainly marry this love of his, and if you continue to show your displeasure, you will drive him entirely from Rahandabed. I have heard you say that you loved him too well to give him up entirely; besides, how the country will talk if you permit this rupture to be. Call your accustomed good sense to you, and receive Miss Ned. Accompany Alan when he goes for her, and my word for it, you will be much happier than by seeking to gain your ends in this my word for it, you will be made in thi

manner."
But his arguments, weighty with her as they had been always heretofore, had to be repeated, and made still more forcible before she could bring herself this time to yield, and it was only when he had impressed upon her that Alan would have his way regardless of her, that she consented to send for her nephew. When she had thus consented with her usual talent for quick transitions of feeling she talent for quick transitions of feeling she pecame astonishingly changed, and Alah found her as ready to accede to his wishes as she was before opposed to them; nay, even eager to hurry their fulfilment. She could scarcely wait until morning to go

In the morning she insisted upon going in the same stylish equipage in which she had made her former call, and Alan, assured that she had the friendliest spirit. assured that she had the friendhest spirit, did not oppose her. He took his seat beside her without a word of remonstrance, and once more the good people with whom Ned sojourned were surprised by a visit m the wealthy and eccentric mistress Rahandabed. But this time, there was no loud and angry words from the lady to shock and amaze them, for she absolutely rushed at Ned and folded her in her ample arms in a way that took the girl's breath for a moment.

You dear, charming, sly creature," she "You dear, charming, sly creature," she said, "never to let me know that you had won 'Alan's heart; but then Alan tells me you didn't know it yourself. And how mistaken I have been to think he loved that bewitching Etna. And Mascar speaks so beautifully of you. What have you done to win them all? And me! Can yon ever forgive those dreadful things I said to you? But I didn't mean them, Ned; it was only my temper that spoke. Ned; it was only my temper that spoke. See how good I shall be to you, now." And Ned was subjected to another uncomfortable hug, while Carnew looked on with an expression of such amusement that it came near evoking from Ned

ourst of laughter. Mrs. Doloran had actually worked herself into feeling all that she said. Here self into feeling all that she said. Here was one of those shallow, emotional, though sometimes obstinate natures which may be easily turned, and she would continue to imagine that she had quite forgiven, and really liked Ned, while nothing occurred to lessen the esteem in which the young lady was held by Car-

now or Ordotte. Ned was triumphantly re-established in Rahandabed; the guests fawned upon her, those who most slighted her being most forward in their attentions; the servants paid as much court to her as to Mrs. Doloran, and that lady fairly lavished attentions upon her. Indeed, Ned might be said to queen it in Rahandabed, and often she was so happy she onestioned the reality of it all. Carnew most forward in their attentions; the ser was most devoted, he rode with her, walked with her, and was by her side constantly in the evenings.

She bore her honors with a sweet,

modest dignity; no one could detect an iota of pride or triumph in her manner; she was as gentle and simple and kind as her vicinity, and then she paused long in the old days, even insisting upon givenough to stigmatize Alan for his ingratitude, and to predict for him dire unhappiMrs. Doloran, until Alan interposed.

"You are not a 'companion' in that sense of the word any longer," he said. Sometimes Carnew yearned to ask about Mackay, for every word of what Edna had once said to him seemed to have been burned upon his brain; but as often he refrained from doing so. If she had been guilty of coquetry with him, a coquetry which had even sent him to his death, he did not, after all, want to know it, and if she were not, he would not for worlds pain her by letting her know that he had ever entertained such a suspicion. So he was silent on the subject, and she spoke only of the past as it referred to Dyke and Meg and her mountain home; she never only of the past as it referred to Dyke and Meg and her mountain home; she never spoke of Mr. Eigar, nor of her life in Weewald Place. It was such an unpleasant memory she could not bear to revert to it, and Carnew, divining her dislike to speak of it, would not intrude upon her silence by a single question.

She had not received any letter from Edna since Carnew's return from his

Edna since Carnew's return from his visit to her father, so she felt that she might with impunity refrain from writing to her cousin. She was most reluctant to write, as her letter would have to

ant to write, as her letter would have to contain an account of her engagement, and that might cause a pang to Eina.

The winter passed as never a winter since she was a child had passed to Ned before, for her life was a child had passed to Ned as the thought of Carnew's strong, true love thrilled her with delight, she exclaimed to herself:
"I am so happy; what have I done to

deserve it?"

It was only the calm before the storm.

A cup so bitter was to be ere long at her lips that her worst enemies might look on aghast while she drank it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A LOGICAL THIEF.

I had come up from Bournemouth and one thing and another had detained me in town ; so I determined to return to my little suburban retreat at Alperton for the night and travel back to the seaside on the morrow. It was nearly 7 o'clock when I arrived opposite my little home. I had to pass it on my way to the general shop, where I had left the door key for safe keeping. looked up at my bed room window, when to my horror and surprise I saw the curtains move, then a long, thin hand, a man's hand, latched the window and disappeared. For a moment I felt frightened; the evening was fast fading into darkness. My cottage cught to have been as I had left it two weeks ago, empty, and yet unless my eyesight had played me some fanciful trick, there was a hand, and if a hand, as a natural sequence, a man. I do not know what made me do it, if it was the outcome of foolhardiness or cour or extreme nervousness, or age, mixture of all three, but I marched to the front door and gave a rat-tat tat that would have roused the seven

If it's a thief he will bolt, I thought and if—the door opened and a young man in his shirt sleeves stood before

me.
"Well?" said he interrogatively.

"Well?" said I, feebly. "Do you want anybody"
"Yes," I answered. "Is Miss Chris

"Yes," I answered. ine Smythe at home?" "Oh, yes; she expected you. in, and mechanically I stepped in.

'Take a seat in the parlor," said he affably, and here I must apologize to any of my friends who read this. Christine Smythe, a woman noted for her strength of mind and immunity from feminine weaknesses, I who had always derided hysterical and fainting women, well-I fainted.

When I regained consciousness he was standing beside me with some brandy in one of my best wine glasses "Drink a little ; it will do you good,

"You know my name?"

"Yes. Now drink." I did so "I will draw the curtains and light the lamp, only don't you move He said the last three words in such a peculiar manner that I imagined it better to obey him, but I thought I would give a tremendous scream, if I could see anybody passing, and I looked out of the window

He had lit the lamp, and, having drawn the curtains, turned to me. I shouldn't do that," he said.

"Do what?" I asked. 'Scream for help if you saw anybody pass the window. I should have toand he stopped and smiled pleasantly

"Have to what?"

"Ever see a woman gagged, Miss Smythe? "No," I answered. I felt quite s creepy sensation all over me.

You will excuse my shirt sleeves but I took off my coat when I was working about the house this after He sat down on the easy chair opposite me.

He wasn't at all a bad-looking young man. In fact, perhaps he was rather handsome; and then his eyes were so ingenuous, his manner so candid.
"I suppose you are wondering who

I am?" he said, pleasantly. I looked round the room, and my ac customed eye missed my silver candlesticks, my beautiful clock, my bronze statuettes ; even the Persian hearthrug was rolled up and stood waiting in

corner
"Well," I said, "I should think you
were a-" I stopped. I was alone in
a country cottage with a desperate
criminal, and candor seems strangely out of piace. "Go on," he remarked, perussively.

"Remember that you are my guest, and that you will be treated with all the deference and chivalry which your charming sex commands; that is, of course, as long as you don't scream. I did not like to say a burglar ; be sides, he was so unlike one; and as

for calling him a thief, I couldn't and

so I compromised matters and said, I suppose you-are-a robber. Now, that is where you are wrong, entirely wrong; and really I am sur

the usual brainless female-you will pardon the reflection on your sex-but who has written so clearly and explicitly on the questions of capital and abor and on the division of wealth, should call me a robber! Surely,

Miss Smythe, the word is misplaced. I really felt quite ashamed. "It is not often," he continued, "that in the pursuit of my profession I have the opportunity of a tete a-tete with a charming authoress whose books have given me such great pleasure, and if you would allow me to make use of the opportunity and converse with you, I should be obliged. Understand me, madam, I do not insist. The few things that I have thought worthy of collection are now mine, if not legally, at least morally. Shall we exchange ideas ?'

Involuntarily my eye fell upon a little sack in the corner of the room peeping out of the mouth of which I could discern the only piece of silver

which I possessed. I sighed.
"Why sigh?" he urged, "Surely
a lady endowed with so much philosophy as yourself has a mind above the trivial exchanges of every day life; or can it be that your books are only sham? Why, only lately a charming little treatise of yours fell into my hands during a professional visit which I paid one evening to the house of a well-known money lender. It was entitled 'The Inequality of Wealth,' a charming pamphet, most logical and so true." His expressive logical and so true." His expressive eyes dwelt upon me with an admiring

I began to feel indignant. "Surely," I remarked, with asper-ity, "having robbed me of my valubles, you can now spare me your brutal wit.

"Oh, madam, you pain me! But, with your permission, I will resume my coat. I made no response, but stared at

him in my iclest manner.
"Then, madam," and he put on his coat, "without your permission. there," he continued, "I am forgetting my duties as a host. While inspecting the lower regions I discovered six half pint bottles of champagne. Thre have gone—the other three are here. He placed two glasses on the table fetched a bottle from the sideboard, and continued: "Unfortunately, the nip pers are down stairs. To procure hem I should have to leave you. I could not be so rude-ergo we must have recourse to the poker." He poured it out with a stendy hand, and

I noticed with a pang that two rings I had foolishly left upstairs decked his aristocratic fingers. " It is rather an inferior brand," he remarked, filling his own glass. "Accept my apologies. Madam, may I have the honor to clink glasses with

you? I tried to freeze him with a glance of supreme contempt. He looked at me, reproachfully. "Is it possible," he reproachfully. "Is it possione, reproachfully. "Is it possione, it has I am mistaken in maintain I have you; that your works, which I have studied with such delight and benefit to myself, are merely theoretical; that you, who have propounded a scheme perfect in every detail, a scheme by which Dives should share equally with the poorest of his brethren his ill gotten es, that you cannot rise superior to the annexation of a silver teapot or a little useless bric-a-brac?" and he con templated the empty mantelpiece and

the deserted sideboard. "Great heavens !" he said, sudden ly. "Why, you must take me for"-and he stopped. "Do you?" "Do you?"

"Yes," I answered, promptly "A thief or a burglar?" he asked.

" Both," I rejoined. "You misjudge me ; you do, indeed. You are very hard, very hard. The few years that I have been in my profession I have had many clients, never yet have I been called a thief. He heaved a deep sigh, and added by way of explanation, "You are the first one I have met personally." He took out my little silver watch. "You left out my little silver watch. it on your dressing table," he said, suavely, in answer to my look of recog-

nition. "I see I have half an hour to spare and I will point out to you where you are mistaken, and if you would like to embody my short history in a news-article you have my sanction," and he

bowed graciously.
"With your permission I will take one of your essays as the text whereon to hang my sermon. The essay I refer to is entitled 'Oar Right to It is a charming piece of work for a woman-logical, clear and convincing. There is one passage only to which I will refer. It is impressed indelibly upon my memory." He took up the poker, opened another bottle of champagne, replenished the glasses, drank and proceeded. "The passage is this: All men who can work and who will work have a right, a divine right, to live, not exist merely, but to live, and share freely in the world's superb abundance.' Do you remember that

excerpt?' I nodded assent. "Well," he continued, "four years ago I was eighteen. I had just left Rugby, when my father, who had occupied a high position as a building society director, passed unobtrusively away to another sphere, leaving liabilities of about a million. The widow and the orphan, in fact, all the imbecile idiots who had lost their savingsvented their rage upon me. flagellated by the press, cartconed by the comic papers, and verbally assaulted at every street corner, so I changed my name and disappeared. You would be surprised at the difficulty a young man fresh from a public school experiences in obtaining ployment. In fact, there is none for him. It was then I came across your prised that a young lady, who is not little treatise."