## SWEET IS REVENGE.

By J. Fitzgerald Molloy,

Author of "How Came He Dead?" "That Villain Romeo." "A Modern Magician," &c

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

Presently her quick ears heard the sound of a well-known footstep, when she tripped once more to the mirror, and in another minute, the tall, straight figure of the curate entered the room. A smile brightened his pale languid face, as after receiving her greetings, he removed his gloves, and with either hand smoothed his straw-colored hair upon his high, narrow forehead.

The conversation immediately turned on the attempted murder of Lord Hector

"The shock I received on hearing the news quite prostrated me," she said, "I am far too susceptible, too sympa-

"Your friends would not have you other than what you are," the curate remarked.

"I should be much happier, dear Mr. Sympington, if I cared less for the sufferings of others. Have any arrests

"Not yet. It's now known that robbery was not the object of the attack, his money and jewellery were untouched." The widow started.

"Then," she asked, "what can be the

"That remains to be seen." At that instant the maid announced luncheon was served, and Mr. Sympington led his host into the comfortable little dining-room at the other side of the hall. The strip of deep amber satin, embroidered with purple passion flowers, placed in the centre of the table, contrasted with the crimson carnations and yellow tube roses in their delicate Venetian glasses, and with the sheen of sparkling silver that adorned

the board. As Mrs. Crayworth, from long experience, believed that no man is indifferent to what is set before him, she was resolved this lunch should be a success. The wines, of which she was an excellent judge, were be my wite and make me the happiest of of the best; whilst the salmon mayonaise, cutlets a la Bourbon, chicken aspic, and salad a la Russe delighted Mr. Sympington's palate; for though the young man was quite content with the mutton chops and beer, tarte and cheese, he so often found on his own dinner table, he yet had an earthly appreciation for the delicacies he occasionally enjoyed at his neighbor's

"What a charming home this is," he said, looking from the room with its Turkey | did I suspect it.' carpet, eastern curtains, and handsome oil paintings to the window half-screened with clematis and guelder rose.

"Yes," she replied, with a gentle sigh, "I shall be sorry to leave it."

"Are you going to town for a while?" "I think," she replied softly, as she watched the effect of her words, "I think and strange faces, overcome the foolish of leaving Hayton for good and all."

The curate, who was about lifting a glass of champagne to his lips, hesitated in the act, but after a second's consideration drank his wine and put down the empty glass with a sigh Whether the faint flush which mounted to his pallid face was due to the strength of the champagne, or to emotion caused by her words, his hostess could not decide.

"Leaving us?" he said, "I am surprised and grieved.

"I knew," she began, and then as if correcting herself continued as she glanced towards him with a tender, gentle look, "or at least I hope you would miss me."

"The place will not seem the same without you. Why must you go, dear

Mrs. Crayworth."

"The tact is I feel the country lonely, notwithstanding the kindliness and friendliness of all my neighbors," she said, smiling bitterly as she remembered the sneers and insolences she had endured from the female members of the county tamilies. "And then my relatives in town have been always anxious that I should live near them," she added, drawing on her imagination; for she well knew her love of mischief and intrigue, her flippant and evil tongue had long ago broken all ties that bound her to her kin.

"Is this a sudden resolution you have made?" asked Mr. Sympington.

"No, I have been considering the change for some time. You do not know dear Mr. Sympington," she said, in tender accents, "the loneliness that surrounds a widowed life. I have nothing to live for except the memories of the past," she concluded, dropping her head pathetically.

The curate moved uneasily, for his soul was disturbed. Frequently he had, when thinking of his future, considered Mrs. Crayworth would make an excellent wife. He was still youthful enough to feel susceptible to the fancy which a young man frequently conceives for a woman who is The Rector's wife uttered an exclamation of his senior. Her knowledge of life and worldly wisdom were in his eyes certain advantages which he felt lacking in himself; and, moreover, she gave his timid, nervous nature a confidence which girls failed to inspire. But the idea of his marriage with her was a mere shadowy prospect, which he felt neither a strong desire, nor a repugnance, to seeing fulfilled. Heretofore he had merely thought that a union with her was a possibility, but now | lower end of the room, a world of appeal -brought face to face with the question, and agony in his voice, but she whom he he began to hope it might prove a probability. Yet, whilst his reason approved his choice, some other sense within him, higher in its aims and finer in its perceptions, caused him to shrink from the idea of making her his wife; but this he set down to timidity, and emboldened by the wine he had drunk, and the encouragement he received, he resolved to seal his fate this very | Harrow, indignantly.

He scarcely knew how to frame his words | nurse him." to the request he intended making, his mind being excited by the sudden resolution he had arrived at; but began by ex- heard. pressing the sense of loss her absence would occasion to all who knew her.

"I fear, dear Mr. Sympington, that in the kindness of your heart you over-estimate me," she replied in the tones which of old she had found most effective.

"That would be impossible," he answered, glancing at her timidly, his words

sounding formal and hollow in his ears. She shrewdly guessed at the conclusion towards which he had arrived, and at once

resolved to bring a confession from his lips; for this purpose she knew pathos to be most potent, when judiciously introduced, and that few men indeed could withstand its test. She rose with an abstracted air that would have done credit to our finest actress, and walking towards the window stood there in a graceful attitude, her back to the light, her eyes fixed on the

man before her. "I may be wrong," she said in a low voice, "but it has been always my opinion that no one is ever missed. The absence of those we love creates a vacancy in our lives, just as a new made grave leaves a gap in the churchyard. But time does for one what clay does for the other-it refills the space; and just as in a little while the grave is again level with the earth, and we walk over it without a thought of those lying below, so a few weeks or months fill up the loss of those we regretted, and they no longer find a place in our thoughts. I dare say you will soon forget me.'

"I forget you-I of all others," he said, rising and approaching her. "Never, that would be impossible, dear Mrs. Crayworth."

"I know the world," she said after a pause that gave him sufficient time to make his avowal, it he intended doing so," and I have little faith in mankind."

He could not bear that she should doubt him, now-when he had worked himself up to the belief that he loved her. "Have little faith in the world at large, but at least have faith in me," he said stretching out his hand to clasp hers hanging by her side and conveniently near him.

"You are the man of all others whom I could-trust," she replied speaking the last word as if she substituted it for what she had intended to say.

"Then why leave us-why, at least, leave me, dear Mrs. Crayworth-Theodora. Let our lives be joined together so that we may know no severance on earth. You are the one woman whom I lovemen.

She put her hands to her face to cover the smile of triumph which flashed upon it, having a care that her fingers neither streaked nor removed the delicate bloom

"Dear Ezekiah," she replied, "it may have been foolishness on my part, but I have loved you since first we met.'

"You have," he said rapturously at being the object of such devotion, "how little

"I am glad you did not, for I strove to conceal my feelings," she said, looking down shyly. "Indeed it was because I feared you were becoming too dear to me, and that I could no longer hide my affection for you, I resolved to leave this place I love so well; and amongst other scenes sentiment that had become the greatest pleasure and the sorest pain of my lite."

"No foolish sentiment," he replied, beaming with delight at her flattering words which he accepted without a shadow of doubt, "for your love is returned, dear-

"I should have carried my secret to the grave had you not surprised me into this avowal. I am so agitated I scarcely know what to say. Are you sure you love me well enough to take me for your wife?" she asked, aware that his ardor would be increased by doubt.

"So well," he answered, "that I shall never marry another woman if you do not accept me. Why should we be parted, say you will be mine, dear Theodora.'

"I cannot refuse you," she replied, "my heart has long been yours." He took the hand nearest him and kissed it; she glanced at him shyly, blushed by means of repressing her breath, lowered her eyes, and then raised her lips to his.

Late on the afternoon of the same day, Sir Danvers sat in the rectory drawingroom talking to Mrs. Harrow. Lord Hector's condition was no better, fever having added to his danger. A telegram had been despatched to the Duke of Rothsea announcing his son's danger, but as yet no answer came, nor had any of the injured man's relations sought him.

"His father may be an invalid and unable to travel," said Mrs. Harrow, commenting on these facts, "but then he has

"No doubt some of them will soon be

here," replied the baronet. As they spoke sounds of wheels on the gravel path branching from the principal drive and leading to the rectory gate were heard, and Mrs. Harrow, on going to the window, saw a hired fly drive up, from which descended a woman's tall, lithe figure which she immediately recognised. surprise and stood irresolute, not knowing how to act. In another second she heard a familiar voice address the servant, and immediately after the woman entered the

"Mrs. Harrow," she said, bowing slightly and speaking in tremulous tones, "I have heard Lord Hector Maynes is here; I must see him."

"Ethel!" cried out Sir Danvers from the addressed took no notice of his words.

"You don't speak," she said to Mrs. Harrow. "Great — he's not dead?" "Lord Hector still lives," replied the

rector's wife, frigidly. "Then let me see him at once, my place is beside him." "Lady Fothergille!" exclaimed Mrs.

"She is with him, I knew she would The rector's wife gazed at the visitor, unable to account for the words she

"Ethel," said Sir Danvers coming forward. "I am not Ethel." she answered.

"Then who are you," asked Mrs. Harrow, now quite mystified. "I am Ethel's sister, Lord Hector Maynes' wite."

"To a l persons suffering from Kidney, Bladder troubles and Constipation I recommend Wilmot Spa Waters as a specific. I Have received more benefit from them than from any medicine." \* \* Lowell, Mass. WM. BEARDSELL. Lowell, Mass.

received a blow; the simple statement he heard let in a flood of light on his mind, then recovering his first suprise he asked, "Where is Ethel?"

"Surely she's here. "No," answered the baronet sadly and self-reproachfully, "I her husband have driven her away, but I shall search for her throughout the world if necessary and never rest until I have brought her back."

He hurried out of the house, his heart full of remorse, for he saw how the mistake had occurred. His brain was in a whirlwind of confusion, only one resolution remaining clear and unchanged, he would seek and implore forgiveness from the woman he had wronged. As with rapid strides he approached the abbey he saw Meg standing on the terrace. Catching sight of him she ran forward holding a letter in her

"This has just come, and it's directed in Ethel's writing," she said.

Sir Danvers eagerly seized it and tearing open the envelope, read the following lines, dated from her lodgings at Mrs. Sim-

"My Dear Husband, -I fear that in leaving your home without a word of explanation, I may have caused you grief and numiliation. Even though my pride was hurt by your jealousy and my love wounded by your reproaches, had you listened to me I would have told you a secret that would have proved my innocence. When you left me, I, in a moment of passion, resolved to revenge myself by making you repent your injustice when you knew how false were your suspicions, and how un-merited your words. But, in punishing you I have inflicted pain upon myself, for, loving you as I do, I cannot bear to think I have made you suffer.

"Lord Hector Maynes, whom you suspected of loving me, is my brother-in-law. From his boyhood he was devoted to my sister Edith, to whom, on leaving Oxford, he became engaged. His father, on learning this, angrily torbade him to marry her on pain of incurring his life-long displeasure and loss of whatever fortune he might eventually leave him. Lord Hector, being almost penniless, resolved to emigrate to Australia, there to gain independence; but before going he insisted on marrying my sister privately. The ceremony took place in London on the morning of the day he started on his voyage; whilst on the same afternoon my sister went back to her situation as English teacher in a French school. On Lord Hector's return—having failed to make the fortune he expected, the secret was still preserved, and I was not at liberty to reveal it, even to you. In keeping it from you I fear I have done wrong, | ing a little jet of gas which burned feebly but I now bitterly repent my silence.

think I deceived you, or that I have proved | brought me to this pass. I have acted too ungrateful for the love you gave me. If generously, not a man in the trade would you can pardon and can still give me your give such prices as I gave; my heart has

affection, come to me. "ETHEL." "Your faithful wife, Sir Danvers' eyes were dimmed as he concluded the letter.

"I thank God," he said solemnly, "that she is still my faithful and affectionate

Meg put her arms around his neck and kissed him. "This is only a stray shadow in your path to make the sunshine seem all the dining-room at once. You know you are already half an hour late and Trevor is desperately cross.'

Trevor was the head butler, who resented lack of punctuality with the utmost severity of demeanour, and ruled the household with a threatening frown.

"All right, my dear," he replied, "for the first time for many days I have had an appetite. If everything is boiled into rags and roasted to a stick it's my own fault," he added cheerily, all unconscious of the surprise and trouble which lay before him that night.

## CHAPTER XXVII.—FELTON ON THE TRACK.

It was late in the afternoon on the day of her return to town, when Mrs. Fothergille quietly left her lodging, and with slow, timorous steps, that frequently hesitated and halted, directed her course towards Regent street. On this summer day when the thermometer was nearing eighty degrees in the shade, the great thoroughfare was less crowded than usual, and Mrs. Fothergille's tall, straight figure, clad in garments of faded and rusty black, looked more remarkable than ever as she glided noiselessly round a corner and came into the full glare of the burning sun.

Judging from the pauses she made, the steps she frequently retraced, and the manner in which-her heavy lace veil still drawn over her face-she looked into the shop windows, it might be thought she had no object in her walk, save to amuse herself or while away an idle hour. This, however, was not the case, for her mind was fully bent on executing the commission given her by her husband.

Gradually, but surely, she drew near the shop which of all others seemed to rivet her attention—a corner shop with double windows having, some paces down the dark narrow street of which it formed an angle, a little door by which customers might make their entrances and exits, with small chance of being perceived by wayfarers in the greater thoroughfare. Before the windows she stood irresolutely glancing at the heterogeneous mass of curious and valuable articles they contained, arranged in no manner of order and with no recognisable care. Here were delicately painted minatures of fair women with languishing eyes and brave men with decorated breasts, pawned by some degenerate ancestor for a few shillings; first and his mind went rapidly back to the diaeditions of famous books presented to those whose eyes could read them no more; read. In more than one case a necklace rings that once sparkled on the fingers of had formed part of the booty carried away beauty; carved ivory gods plundered from by enterprising burglars, and he had little Easter temples; lockets that had enshrined | doubt in his mind this gem was part of the lovers hair, patch and snuf boxes, bearing stolen property. Arriving at this belief big watches with raised figures on their cases; old seals that had dangled from many a fob when George the fourth was king; brooches and bracelets of quaint workmanship; medals that had caused the owners hearts to throb with pride; swords and foils, Louis Quatorze cups, opera traced to him. glasses, silver knobbed walking sticks, pairs of Turkish slippers, Chinese opium pipes,

Extract from statement by John Collett Esq. Director of Contracts for the British Navy——" your Evaporated Vegetables are superior to any other preserved vegetables. We find them by Analysis to contain more nutriment than the French."

Sir Danvers staggered back as if he had a marble statuette of Venus, Japanese

cabinets and faded satin fans. Before these objects which spoke of past splendors and forgotten greatness, Mrs. Fothergille lingered, being yet unable to summon sufficient courage to enter by that narrow door and offer her diamond for sale in the dark shop. Once or twice unseen by her, the watchful eyes of the proprietor looked at her from over the red damask screen that served as a background to the riches he displayed, recognizing by her shabby garments and general air of poverty, an individual with whom he had previously transacted business with profit and pleasure

Just as she had made up her mind to enter, a young man who had stepped from a cab in Regent street, brushed passed and went into the pawnbroker's, from which he returned in a few minutes, looking pale and grave. She waited to see him turn the corner, and then with her pulse beating rapidly, glided noiselessly into the shop, which was scarcely big enough to accommodate three customers. The atmosphere was dark, heavy, and pervaded by an indescribably musty smell; behind the counter, on a high stool, sat a man whose stoutness was with difficulty restrained by his waistcoat buttons; his nose was hooked, his complexion of a dusky hue; on his head he wore a greasy velvet smoking-cap with a dangling tassel, his fat fingers were covered with massive and valuable rings.

Mrs. Fothergille stood silently before him, until, with a well-simulated start, he laid down the newspaper he pretended to read, looked at her, bowed, smiled, and enquired what could he do for her. He remembered very well that a couple of days previously she had sold him a brooch, for which he had given her about oneeighth of its value, declaring at the same time that if he were to give such prices every day he would certainly be a ruined man in a week.

"You have something to offer me for sale I suppose," he said. "but in such hard times as these I have no encouragement to buy, money is hard to get, here I have may desire, but no one wants my valu- in his way. However, the figure she ables and there they lie, a fortune sunk in them which I shall never get back. The country is going to ruin, I may as well shut up shop first as last."

"I am very sorry," said a low, gentle voice from behind the black veil facing him, which prevented his distinguishing a feature in her countenance. A nun standing behind her curtained grille was not less

"I should think so," he answered, fixing his dark penetrating eves on her, and raisat the end of the counter, in hopes it might "I can no longer endure that you should aid him to see her. "My customers have been too kind and it has ruined me."

"I was in hopes you might buy-" she began and then paused.

"Buy!" he repeated with a sarcastic the brighter," she said. "And now, dear, and think of the valuables I have stored in out noiselessly through a private door don't wait to dress for dinner, but come to my back parlour. I wish I could get opening on the street. some one to buy my goods, aye, even at half the price I paid down for them."

"Then," said the gentle voice, "I suppose it is useless for me to offer you any-

"If I were a prudent man I should say it cap and mopping his wrinkled forehead, and bald head with a colored silk handkerchief which had probably been clean in medæval times. "But I am not a shrewd man as my customers know; my weakness is a love of buying and it has almost been which we find it hard to overcome; and I fear I shall never be able to get over mine. What is it you wish to part with, perhaps

heart of man is weak." He noticed that she glanced rapidly round the shop before she placed her hand in her breast and withdrew a handkerchief. This she laid on the counter and with nervous fingers undoing a knot, held out a

large Brazilian diamond The pawnbroker's eves greedily fixed themselves on the gem, his pupils dilated with astonishment, and a covetous smile gradually spread itself from his thick lips room he encountered dectetive Felton and upwards athwart his heavy teatures. With careful fingers he placed it in the palm of one hand, as if it were an insect, and cumstances under which it was offered to watched the rays of rich yellow light it him, throwing out hints by the way, of the emitted with every quiver and motion of sacrifice of profit he made for conscience his frame, But the first moments of his sake, and the rectitude which had ever surprise and rapture having passed, a shrewd suspicious look dawned in his eyes as he turned them from the diamond to the veiled face of his visitor. She stood before him silent and motionless, a figure whose mere appearance

hinted at mystery and aroused surmise. From her he looked once more to the jewel, and for the first time noticed that its setting had been roughly snapped from the ornament of which it once formed a part. The setting remaining was in itself a clasp, seriously decrease the value of the article to which it belonged, out of all proportion to the sum this single stone would fetch. Why had it been wrenched from its fellows and how had it come into the possession of this woman with the timid manner, threadbare garments and mysterious manner.

ing had introduced him immediately led him to suspect the jewel had been stolen, mond robberies of which he had recently taining it for something less than a quarter of its value, but he was withheld from possessing himself of it by remembrance of the law's decrees, and the probability of his having to deliver up his spoil without indemnification in case its possession was

With a sigh of regret he resolved to be

"In 1872 I was poisoned by Ivy and hearing of the beneficial effects of the Spa Spring water of Wilmot in skin troubles I applied them with result of perfect cure, although numerous medicines failed. W. A. SPROULE. Clementsport, Anna. Co. N. S.

A RUSH

O stop the hard work of wash day-to stop the rub, rub, rub and tug, tug, tug, to make the clothes clean? Of course you are. Then send for

"SURPRISE SOAP" and use the "SURPRISE WAY" without boiling or scalding the clothes, and save half the hard work. Have

comfort and ease, with clothes neater and cleaner than the ordinary way. STOP now a moment to consider if it is any advantage to use a pure Soap like Surprise, and save yourself, your hands, your clothes.

the Directions on the Wrapper.

virtuous and run no risk; nav, as he never neglected an opportunity of profiting himself, he now determined to put the police on the woman's track, and by this means secure a reputation for honesty, and prove himself a crusader against thievery, which would one day stand him in good stead with the Scotland Yard authorities.

"Dear me, it's a beautiful diamond," he said, holding it to the little gas jet, that he | her.' might examine it the better. "Have you any others of the same water?" he asked. "No," she answered, briefly.

"And what may your price be for this stone?" he said. "I will take eighty pounds for it," she

In surprise he almost let the diamond fall from his hands; it was value at least for three hundred pounds, and she asked less than a third of that price. If only the law would not interfere. Such a chance mentioned more than ever convinced him the jewel was stolen property. The stone would, no doubt, be claimed from him on

identification if he purchased it. "It's a very high figure," he said, suppressing a smile, "and as I said before, times are bad, extremely bad; before I could think of giving such a sum I must consult my partner. Will you please take a chair for a moment until I see what he says on the subject," he added, handing her back the diamond.

She took the high-legged, cane-bottomed chair to which he pointed, in no way sus- veil. pecting the thoughts that had passed through his mind. and prepared to await the opinion of the invisible partner.

He ed into a little room at the back of his shop, rubbed his dirty hands over and over, and from where he was well able to see the then placed them on either side of his movements of his visitor. Here, engaged stomach as if to help him in supporting its in polishing a row of silver candlesticks, he found the boy he employed to take down the shutters, sweep the shop, and fetch him his dinner from a cheap restaurant. To him he whispered a few words, the purport laugh. "What is there I haven't already? of which the lad understood, and immedi-Look at my windows, glance at my shelves ately stepping into a little hall, let himself

A quarter of an hour elapsed before the dark complexioned gentleman returned to the shop were Mrs. Fothergille sat immovable as a statue. She had evidently torgotten her surroundings and the object of her visit, for at the sound of his voice was," he answered, taking off his velvet she started, and when he apologised for his delay she made no remark. His partner was busy just then he could not spare time to consider the matter, but would be disengaged in a few minutes. Having delivered himself of this intelligence he continued his discourse relating to his loss of my ruin; but we all of us have failings money owing to the large sums he gave his customers, and the difficulty he encountered in realizing his capital again. [able to get another," he persisted, ignoring The world, according to his gospel was in you may lead me into temptation, the a very bad way financially, and London was on the eve of a great commercial crisis.

To kill time he wandered aimlessly until his quick ear caught the sound of a latch key in the private door; on which he declared his partner was now ready to see him, and he would submit the diamond to his inspection with her permission. She willingly took it from her handkerchief and handed it to him, on which he once more disappeared. Entering the little another officer in plain clothes, to whom he showed the jewel and detailed the cirdistinguished his character.

"I could have made a hundred per cent by the transaction," he concluded plaintively. "But the mere suspicion that this diamond had been dishonestly come by forbade such dealings, and I sent for you that I might put justice on the track of

Felton winked at the boy at these words, and asked to see the jewel, which was at once given him. He examined it carefully and gave a low whistle as he handed it perhaps of a bracelet, more probable of a back to the pawnbroker. "It is the clasp necklace. The loss of this diamond would of a necklace," he said, "which I am just now engaged in tracing. I should like to know where the remaining part is to be

"I know I did wisely in sending for you. I respect the law above all things, as you know, and am ever anxious to bring thieves are garments and mysterious manner.

The wide experiences to which his callforget, Mr. Felton, in case I ever have necessity to jog your memory. Our calling is one full of danger, the best of us make little mistakes and have to suffer for our innocence and credulity; pawnbroking is a risky trade, and the good money that's lost by it is past believing."

Felton not heeding this monologue took a note-book from his breast pocket and read the description given him by Sir coronets and monograms, a silver punch he ardently longed to make a bargain for ladle and a half dozen of apostle spoons; the diamond which would result in his obgille. So far as he could judge from the stone and its setting now before him it formed a part of the Fothergille family

> "How have you accounted for the delay to her?" the detective asked.

The dark-complexioned gentleman explained, lauding his shrewdness as he continued, and clasping the sides of his amply proportioned stomach, like a figure on a beer jug.

Enamelline imparts a delightful fragrance to the

"Then I am your partner?" said the de-

"I wish you were, Mr. Felton; ah, what a business we might do it I had your shrewd head in addition to mine, why I might then make money."

"Take me out and introduce me as your partner," I want to get a look at the woman and have a tew minutes talk with

"Always at your service," answered the pawnbroker. "Bless me, what a knowing one you are; I feel like a baby beside you, I do indeed.

"You might if babies were born wiser ! " than their grandfathers," said the detect-"You are a wit too, Mr. Felton. What

chance has the cleverest thief against you I should like to know." "Come on and introduce me," the de-

tective said, pushing him into the shop, he everything to sell which the heart of man as this of making money had rarely fallen tollowing and carefully making his way amongst the lumber stored behind the "This is my partner," the pawnbroker

said, addressing the veiled lady. "He would like to have a few words with you himself. You'll find him harder to deal with than me. I am too soft-hearted for this world."

Mrs. Fothergille rose, turned her head in the direction of the detective, and coughed "You ask rather a large sum for the diamond," Felton remarked, looking at

her as if his gaze would penetrate the "It is worth eighty pounds," she

"That may be; but diamonds are at · The dark complexioned gentleman dart- present a glut in the market. The aristocracy not being able to let their lands or get their rents, have in many cases been obliged to sell the family jewels and supply their places with paste; so that gems have fallen in value, and it's difficult to get hard cash for them," he said, preparing

the way to ask her a few questions. "I am sorry," she began, and then

"Besides a single stone is not very saleable. Now if you had two or more we might make them into sleevelinks, or have them set as hair-pins; have you another diamond the same as this ?"

"No, I have but one," she answered. "That's a pity," he said, watching her thin, white hand nervously clutching her faded, worn cloak. "This diamond formed part of an ornament, I suppose?"

"I cannot say." "Couldn't you get me another like it? I'd then give you the price you ask without hesitation.'

"I have but this stone," she replied. "It . is value for eighty pounds, at least; I hope you will buy it, sir.' "You have but this, but you might be

the latter part of her sentence. "I don't think so-I can't say," she an-

"I could wait a few days whilst you tried," he continued.

swered, in a low, timorous voice.

"It is impossible for me to say, she re-Her answers confirmed him in the suspicions he entertained from the first moment he glanced at her; that she had no participation in the robbery, but had merely been sent to dispose of the plunder. That such a well-known shop in so public a thoroughfare had been selected for the purpose was, he concluded, a trick to ward off suspicion. He therefore determined to trace her to her home, and then search for those who had sent her on this errand,

or seek some clew to their whereabouts. "Well," he said, examining the diamond with knitted brows, as if he were plunged in consideration, "the fact is, I haven't the money in the house at present, but if you will come here to-morrow morning, I shall buy the diamond at the price

you name." "Oh, thank you," she said, with a sight of relief. "What time would you wish me

to come? "Any hour that suits your convenience, madam," he answerd, handing back the jewel, which she tied in the corner of her handkerchief and replaced in her breast.

"I shall come at 10 o'clock," she said. "Very well," he answered, thinking that before that hour arrived she would have met with some unpleasant surprise. "Good day," she said, her voice lowered

almost to a whisper. (To be continued.)

Improper food is largely responsible for the in-

creased infant mortality in hot weather. Nestle's Milk Food is universally recognized by medical your family physician.) Do not continue giving your little one improper food until it is stricken with summer complaint; but begin at once the use of Nestle's Milk Food, and when the heated term comes your child will be strong for the battle with the heat. To any mother sending her address, and mentioning this paper, we will send samples and description of Nestle's Food. Thos, Leeming & Co., Sole Ag'ts, Montreau