

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

Promise me that.' 'I promise,' replied the butler, taking a seat at his ease on the sofa. 'I'll look out to a dead certainty,' he said to himself. 'I must hurry it on, though, for fear something else might leak out, which would spoil my game entirely.'

CHAPTER V.

'How terribly ill Lady Garnet looks.' 'What a change!' 'Quite a wreck, I declare.' 'Years older.' 'What can have aged her so suddenly?' Such remarks floated about the reception-rooms of a mansion in Berkeley-square one evening in the early spring. Cora overheard many of them, as is generally the case when unpleasant things are said. She sat, half hidden by the heavy velvet portiere, with her pink silk train gathered up round her satin-shod, dainty feet. She noticed the looks of pity which fell from her friends' eyes as they passed, and her face grew still more pale and haggard as she thought: 'What would they say if they knew of my marriage?'

'The hostess, a large, smiling, dark woman, came and took the empty seat by Cora's side. 'Why are you so triste and distraite, ma belle? Are you not lovely and young and rich and free? What more can you want? And yet you look like a woman whose heart is broken?'

'I am not feeling very well,' murmured Cora. 'I suffer agonies of neuralgia. Dr. West has advised me to try Wiesbaden, and I think of going there very soon.'

'Oh, I am so glad you came to night, as I particularly wanted you to meet someone who ought to be here by this time, by the bye.'

'Really? I am curious. Is it a Japanese prince or a shah, or a dwarf?' asked Lady Garnet, with a careless laugh that lacked all mirth or amusement. 'Neither. An old acquaintance. I won't tease you any more. You remember Captain Cameron?'

'Yes.'

'I thought you and he were going to make a match of it last season. So handsome, was he not, and such a good fellow? Well, his uncle is dead, and he has come into the title and the estates, and what is better still, just at the same time a distant cousin, a planter, died in Barbadoes, and left him a large fortune. I am so delighted because the dear boy is such a favorite of mine, you know.'

'So now he is Lord Lochaber?' said Cora with a sigh, and so much regretful sadness in her face that her companion remarked it and drew her own conclusions. 'Always thought there was something between them. Poor creature. Well, it will be kinder to put her out of her agony at once, or else the shock may do her harm in her present delicate health.'

So she continued: 'Oh, but you haven't heard the best part of the news yet. Lord Lochaber is, as you know, expected here this evening, and he is to bring with him his bride.'

'Is he married, then?' asked Cora almost incredulously. 'Yes, dear, why not? A very lucky girl, I am sure. It appears that he met her in Malta, and it was a case of love at first sight! Wooded and won and wed in less than six weeks. Ah, I think I hear some fresh arrivals. I daresay they have come; and Mrs Danecourt swept into the next room to receive her new guests, leaving Cora in her place behind the portiere.'

She heard the hostess say in her most gracious tones: 'Ah, how do you do, Malcolm, and you, Lady Lochaber? So good of you to come, tired out as you must have been from your very recent voyage. Come, here is an old friend of yours, Malcolm; you must introduce your wife to her; and Mrs Danecourt drew aside the portiere. Cora started to her feet, and as her eyes fell on the young bride's face her own grew ashen, and, as it were, transfixed with horror. Her colourless lips parted as if to speak, but no words came. A fashionable crowd had gathered round the little group, and all wondered at Cora's strange wild looks.

'I am not a ghost, Lady Garnet,' said the bride, holding out one white-gloved hand. 'You have come back from the dead. Why do you haunt me so? Have I not suffered enough? I never meant him to do it; and Cora's gaze was fixed on the well-known features of Ketha, Lady Lochaber, until the brilliant startled eyes seemed suddenly to lose all light and expression. 'How can it be, and yet—' she murmured, and with a gasp she fell heavily forward into the strong young arms of the girl she thought dead.

'What can it mean?' said Ketha to her husband, as they drove home from the reception. 'How awfully altered she is.'

'Yes, poor thing; we must go and see her tomorrow.'

CHAPTER VI.

The timepiece in the hall struck twelve as Cora's carriage stopped before the house in Harley-street. With tottering steps, as if but just recovered from a long illness, and a face that had no look of life in it, she entered the dark dining-room. The faintness had passed now, and her splendid brown eyes shone with fever, while a hectic spot burned like a crimson flame either sunken cheek.

though you must have seen how the horror of the crime I had consented to preyed on my mind, and deprived me of all rest and peace, yet you had no pity. It was all a lie; you traded on my credulity. I did not think any man could be so utterly black and cruel. I have found you out now. Tonight, at the soiree, Lord Lochaber entered the drawing room, and on his arm was his bride, the woman I thought you had murdered, whose horrible death had burdened my conscience and darkened my life for more than a year. Why have you treated me so?'

'Well, come now, don't make a scene, and don't bear malice. You aren't a shrew generally. I will say that much for you, my love. Come, cheer up. You were rather a fool, you know. I took you down into the dark cellar, and pointed at a heap of broken bottles in a cobwebbed corner. It wasn't my fault if you choose to imagine Miss Ketha lay murdered underneath.'

'That is all very well, but you intended to deceive me, for at the same moment in which you pointed into that corner, you said, "She has been removed," as you may remember. 'Precisely; so she had been removed. She removed herself to furrin' parts. I made this house a little too hot for her; caused her to feel lonesome and creepy-like. She went out one day after a situation she'd seen advertised to travel with a lady; she got it and went off with all her traps one day, leaving a letter behind for you, to explain matters, which letter I have in my possession.'

'What was your object in all this, may I ask?' was Cora's cold quiet rejoinder. Her husband Nathaniel Plush, was thoroughly deceived by her tone. He thought he had now bowed her head to her destiny, and he felt no further wish. Now that he had secured his point, he was rather glad than otherwise that the secret of the companion's sudden disappearance had leaked out.

Conscience he had none, but he entertained for this woman, who was his wife, and yet only so in name, a boundless passion; and under all his outward impudence and assurance he was afraid of her, with that awe which spring from a consciousness of vast social superiority. Whatever her faults and follies might be, Cora was an aristocrat; and though late or circumstances, as you like to call it, had forced her into this union with her butler, yet she never for an instant lessened the distance between them, or allowed her second husband to forget that though fortune had favored him with her hand, her heart was never in it. She rarely indeed honored him even with a glance, never addressed him except under necessity; and when obliged to speak to him it was always in the same tone in which Cora, Lady Garnet, gave orders to her servant.

'My object?' he replied, taking a seat on the corner of the table, and burying his hands in his pockets; 'well, if you want to know, my dear; my object was to secure the undivided control of your money until the child upstairs comes of age, and also to marry the handsomest woman in London.'

'But you must have known it would merely be a farce; you could not imagine I, Lady Garnet, would ever be wife to Nathaniel Plush,' was the scornful reply. 'Have a care how you defy me, Cora; for remember, although I've been a deuced sight too considerate of your feelings so far, I am your husband in the eye of the law, butler though I am; and mark ye, madam, I'll stand no more of your airs and graces, d'ye hear? I'm sick of them.'

He came to the other side of the table where she stood in her shining silks, and he laid one hand on her bare white jewelled arm. 'Leave me, you vile low scoundrel, who can trade on the fears of a cowardly woman; you have the money you coveted. Rest satisfied.'

'Not I. What? give up the best half of the bargain. Do you know that you belong to me?' he cried brutally, drawing her roughly towards him. She sank down to the ground, and scalding tears of mortification and bitterness poured down her burning cheeks. Then suddenly she rose to her feet, and with a strange calm of manner and gentleness of voice she whispered: 'It is true, as you say. In the sight of the law I am your wife, and I have hitherto fought against that fact, but be patient with me yet awhile, and doubtless I shall grow to—care for you. Be patient. Give a little more time, and I will try—and—and—and (the words came at last with difficulty) love you.'

'All right, my dear. I'm sure I'm ready to oblige any lady, and if you hadn't been so high and mighty all of a sudden, I shouldn't have been so rough; but come, we'll make it up. I'll go and brew a big bowl of punch, and we'll drink it in the pantry, eh? There's a good fire there.'

'Very well, and I will go and change my dress,' said Cora, very wearily, as she gathered up her silken trailing draperies and like a shadow was lost in the dim obscurity of the staircase. She's coming to her senses; I must give her time. I knew she'd take to me.'

The fire blazed and crackled cheerily in the wood-paneled pantry; the tasty beverage steamed on the table, and Plush waited only for his wife. Half an hour passed. Growing impatient, he went upstairs, and found her lying on the bed in her pink silk dress, with half-open, vacant, dim eyes, and an empty bottle in one hand. In the other was a linen wrapper, which she must have saturated in chloroform and held to her face until she became insensible. 'So this is her way of learning to love me. Had I only guessed at this—'

Then, drawing aside the curtains so that the moonlight fell on her rigid features, he signed in spite of himself. 'Poor girl! How beautiful she was, and her death lies at my door, having driven her to it. I think I am as sorry for it as for anything I ever did; and he drew the back of his hand across his eyes.'

In the breakfast-room of a house in Weymouth-street, Malcolm, Lord Lochaber, sat waiting for his wife and glancing down the columns of the Times.

Suddenly the paper fell from his fingers. 'Merciful Heaven!' he cried. 'What has happened?' exclaimed Ketha, now entering the room. 'See here,' was all he could say as he pointed to the paragraph he had just finished reading.

She took it up, and read as follows:—'Shocking Catastrophe in Harley street.—At her residence, No. 800, Harley street, Lady Garnet was late last night, found dead in her bed, probably from the effects of chloroform self administered, as an empty bottle, which had contained that deadly fluid, was discovered in one hand. An inquest will shortly be held.'

'How terrible, Malcolm, is it not? But I remember Sir William Bonner always warned her against the habitual use of chloroform, fearing some accident might one day happen. She used to suffer intensely from neuralgia.'

As Lord Lochaber rose from the breakfast table about a fortnight after the above paragraph appeared in the paper, a servant entered with a note, saying that the bearer waited for an answer below. 'Show him into the study,' said Malcolm crushing the slip of paper he held between his fingers; then, turning to his wife, he told her to be ready for her morning ride in half an hour, when he would join her, having a business matter meanwhile to attend to.

In the study he found Plush. 'I suppose you have come here this morning to speak with me on the subject of the late Lady Garnet's death; for as you know, I am one of the guardians of her son, Sir Alison?'

Scarcely able to repress a smile of triumph, Plush began: 'Now, my lord, I am a business man; and I came here this morning to show you this document; and stepping forward he handed a parchment packet to his lordship whose face grew stern and scornful as his eyes perused its contents. After a pause he looked up.

'Well?' 'For a moment Malcolm had felt somewhat bewildered, for he could not doubt the authenticity of the certificate which sealed the marriage vows of Nathaniel Plush with Cora, Lady Garnet. But he knew what he knew, and could afford to be cool.

'Come, my lord. You see it is an awkward affair. Naturally, I understand, having lived among quality all my life, that the family would not care for this little matter of the marriage to circulate in society, and I'm sure I'm ready enough to oblige.'

'I was this woman's lawful husband, and as such inherit her money.' 'Or at least you think so! Of course, being as you say, a business man, it never occurred to you to ascertain the important fact that her ladyship had only a life interest under the will and settlement of the late Sir Alison Garnet, of which I am one and Colonel Danecourt is the other trustee,' said Lord Lochaber, watching with a certain calm enjoyment, as a gentleman and an aristocrat, the discomfiture of this scheming, unscrupulous plebeian.

Certainly the face of Nathaniel Plush underwent an extraordinary change. To say it turned pale would not describe its corpse-like hue or the vindictive expression which Malcolm's words called forth. He fought about behind the chair on which his hands rested for some moments. Then, as if a new light broke in on his brain, he raised his glittering black eyes, and asked insolently: 'How about the furniture, my lord? Eh? I guess that's mine anyhow, and a deuced neat requisite it is, too. Why, the old china in the drawing room alone ought to fetch a fortune at Christie's, and the glass—'

'You need not trouble to speculate on their worth, Mr. Plush, as neither the one nor the other are likely to fall into your hands, all the furniture and plate in the house in Harley street having formed part of the settlement.'

'The devil it did!' exclaimed the butler involuntarily; 'and I have sold—'

'The plate?' added Lord Lochaber in a tone of quiet conviction. It was a shrewd and correct guess. Plush's face grew pale to the lips, which trembled so that he could not speak, and his eyes fell under Malcolm's stern unflinching gaze.

'That being the case, Mr. Plush, I shall take immediate steps for your arrest on the charge of theft.'

The butler was on his knees in a moment and his voice was hoarse with fear. 'Oh, my lord, have pity on me, or I am a ruined man! Have patience with me, and I will get it all back. Indeed, I thought, it was mine lawfully, and I sold it to clear off a heavy debt.'

'Get up from your knees and listen to me,' said Lord Lochaber, looking with immeasurable scorn and contempt into the craven upturned face. 'Whatever may have been your ideas on the subject, in the eye of the law you have acted criminally, and that, being the case, are liable to be prosecuted for felony. Now, on one condition I will spare you. And taking a sheet of paper, he wrote for some minutes, then handed it to Plush.

'Read that and sign it; it is your own confession that you have stolen and sold property belonging to Sir Gilbert Garnet. So long as you hold your tongue on that little matter of marriage, as you facetiously called it, so long you are free to follow your own devices. Let but a whisper of disclosure reach my ears, and this little document will be handed to the police, and you forthwith arrested. After a minute's hesitation and a glance at Lord Lochaber's inflexible face, Plush signed and handed the paper to his lordship, who said:

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee of absolute purity. It is largely imitated. Examine your purchase closely. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

'Now go, and let me neither see nor hear more of you. Thus baffled and foiled at every point, his heart full of the bitterness of humiliation, Nathaniel Plush went back into that world where he thought to have attained some position for himself by his infamous schemes. The burden of his crimes, rage, and remorse, were the only wages earned by him, and he dared not now reveal to the world her ladyship's secret.'

Catarrah Philanthropy. This is how it operates: Mr. Thomas Sissons, of Pearl Lake, Que., had suffered from Catarrah for years, and being informed by his father, who had found Catarrah-ozone alone was the only positive cure for that disease, he forthwith commenced its use, and before long was entirely rid of his former enemy. Then by means of his philanthropy six friends were also permanently cured of Catarrah, for Mr. Sissons sent each of them a complete Catarrah-ozone outfit, and states they would not part with them for twice their cost. He says a great deal more about the merits of this great preparation, but his action in sending for six outfits for friends stands for conviction that he has discovered a remedy of superlative value. Druggists all sell Catarrah-ozone; ask them to let you try it. We guarantee every dollar outfit to cure Catarrah, Bronchitis and Asthma. Small size, 25c.; a trial sent for 10c. by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Canada, or Hartford, Conn., U. S.

A REMARKABLE BANK NOTE. An Incident Showing up Penalties of British Law in Early Days. It was not issued by any banking corporation, but by George Cruikshank, artist, caricaturist and reformer. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the laws of England were excessively harsh. About three hundred offenses were punishable by death, these offenses ranging from murder to the theft of a piece of cloth or the passing of a counterfeit one-pound note. Hanging was therefore so common that to witness an execution was among the most popular forms of amusement. All windows that commanded a view of Newgate or Tyburn were let at high prices, and parties were made up among people in the country to go and see a hanging.

It chanced one day in the year 1818 that George Cruikshank was passing Newgate when a great crowd was gathered before it. His curiosity was excited, and he went forward and saw the execution of several men and women.

Horrified at the spectacle, he inquired into the crimes committed by the unfortunate sufferers, and learned that the women were being hanged for passing counterfeit one-pound notes. He learned, too, that this punishment was common, even though the poor creatures often sinned in ignorance, being the dupes of men who sent them to buy some trifle and return the change to them.

Cruikshank went home, and, moved by pity and shame, sketched a grotesque caricature of a bank note. He called it a bank restriction note—not to be imitated.

On it he represented a place of execution, with a row of criminals hanging by the neck. The spaces were filled in with halberts and manacles. Their was a figure of Britannia devouring her children, and around it were transports bearing to Van Diemen's Land or Australia the lucky or unlucky, ones who had escaped death. In place of the well-known signature of Abraham Newland was that of 'J. Ketch.'

The artist had just finished the caricature when his publisher, Hone, entered, and seeing the note, begged it for publication. So Cruikshank etched the note, and gave it to Hone, who exhibited it for sale in his window, with startling effect. Crowds gathered round, and purchased so eagerly that the issue was soon exhausted.

Cruikshank was kept hard at work making more etchings, and the crowds grew so great that the street was blocked and the mayor had to send soldiers to clear it. Hone realized three thousand five hundred dollars in a few days.

But the effect in other directions was still more startling. The bank directors were furious. They had met with trouble from the prison reformer, Elizabeth Fry, but they seemed to have defeated her. Here, however, was an adversary of a different

stamp, whom they could neither silence nor crush. They held a meeting and stopped the issue of one pound notes, a measure which had a sensible effect in diminishing the number of hangings at Newgate. Soon afterward an indignant public compelled the legislature to make juster laws. According to a writer in Good Words, Cruikshank claimed that his note was the means of bringing about this reformation. Although his claim may be considered as extravagant, it is certain that he did a good work in a way in which no other man could have done it.

Against Runaways. A professor of political economy in one of the great universities used to say that the Patent Office of the United States was to him the most melancholy place in the world. He referred to the immense amount of energy wasted over impossible or impracticable devices.

But amusement as well as commiseration may be awakened by a search in that same Patent Office. Mr. Livingston A. Bogart has been carrying on a little research there and has brought to light a few comically ingenious schemes. Two of them, among others of which he gives an account in 'Popular Science,' have reference to the safety of those who ride behind horses.

The first was an expedient to prevent horses from running away. The contrivance consisted of a strong chain passed about the forelegs of the animal, and kept supported against his chest by a line secured to the dashboard. If the animal took fright and ran away the line was simply loosened, allowing the chain to fall to the horse's knees. This was expected to throw him down and break his legs.

Another still more ingenious expedient aimed not only at keeping the horse from running away, but at protecting him from exposure to storms and to the rays of the sun, and at saving the energy heretofore wasted in descending hills.

With a bold stroke this inventor leaves all conventional methods behind. He places the horse under the wagon instead of before it, arching the vehicle above him. Thus the animal is protected from the weather and he does not obstruct the view.

A strong canvas and leather band encircles the horse's body, the ends of it being passed upward through the bottom of the wagon and attached by chains to a windlass above the flooring. With this device, should the horse attempt to run away, or have to descend a steep hill, the driver calmly turns the crank and lifts the animal off his feet!

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