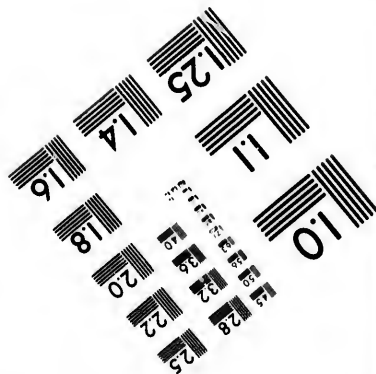
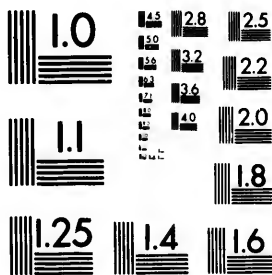


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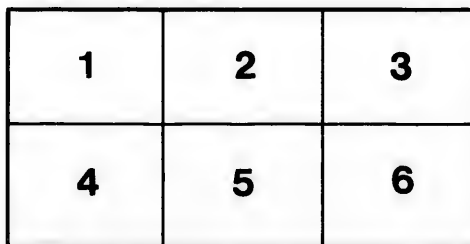
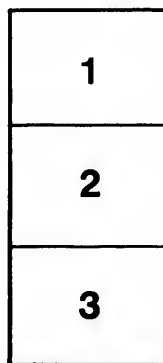
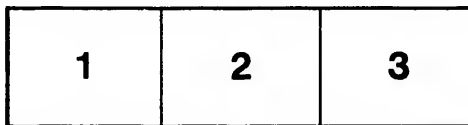
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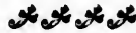
TISAB TING;

OR,

THE ELECTRICAL KISS.

BY

DYJAN FERGUS.



THE HUNTER, ROSE CO., LTD.

TORONTO.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, by IDA MAY FERGUSON, at the Department of Agriculture.

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TISAB TING;

OR,

THE ELECTRICAL KISS.

CHAPTER I.

PETRA BERTRAM was flitting through the garden singing snatches of song in a voice varying in sound and expression, but resonant with sweetness. Her worst enemy would have admitted that she was in possession of "a very good voice." It was Petra's custom to spend an hour before breakfast every morning during the summer in the grounds which surrounded her aunt's residence.

As she stands now, in the garden, she makes a picture pleasant to see. She seems to possess all the grace and dignity of womanhood blended with the quaintness and purity of childhood; she is indeed the sweetest flower in that Canadian garden, with her daintily poised head and its golden

crown that seems to catch and hold the brightness of the summer sunshine.

Laying claim to no conventional style of beauty, Petra Bertram possessed an attraction that was undefinable. Some would affirm that it was the expression of the eyes, which were of a peculiar shade of grey. Eyes which would soften, and deepen, and dilate until her very soul seemed to shine forth. Or the mouth, which was a provoking feature, with its sadness, smiles, sweetness and irritability. But her charm was neither in face nor figure, which was lithe and graceful, but rather in the magnetic power with which she seemed to be charged. Words are inadequate to describe her as she stands, with hands clasped behind her and head thrown back the better to see her little feathered rival in song, that sits on a swinging bough pouring forth strains of praise to the morning brightness, in trills, in runs, in long, plaintive, drawn-out notes. Then, in the hush that follows the completion of the song, looking down on his rapt listener as though to say, "Who are you that you should try to compete with my great gift?"

The rapt expression still lingers on Petra's face as she turns from the garden—with its glory of growing color, deepening sunshine and sweet singing birds—and enters through the long, open win-

dow that leads into the breakfast room, where her aunt and cousins are awaiting breakfast. That something unusual has occurred Petra feels certain as soon as she enters the room. Her aunt's habitually placid expression is disturbed. The hard, cold eyes have taken a warmer tint, as though she saw all her worldly dreams consummated and was thereby gratified. Her daughters also appear to be excited.

"Guess what has happened, Petra!" exclaimed her elder cousin Maud, on seeing Petra enter the room; "mamma has had a letter from the son of the Chinaman who was with your father when he died." "This Chinaman," continued Maud, "Mr. Tisab Ting, is coming to Canada to transact some business, and while here he desires to marry a Canadian girl and take her back with him to his country. Mamma sees no reason why Nan or I should not catch him. Did I tell you that he was immensely wealthy? How I do hope he will admire my dark style," turning to glance admiringly at her reflection in the mirror near by.

"I don't want any old foreigner," said Nan, impatiently, at the thought of even Maud misconstruing her excitement. "One of my own countrymen will be good enough for me; so as I don't want him, you can have him. I would not wear

such a name as he has for all the wealth in the wide world. I was only pleased and excited over his coming, because I was glad that cousin Petra would find out about her father."

"Don't want a foreigner, indeed; your own countrymen good enough! I couldn't be such a ninny as you are, but if I were I wouldn't show it so ridiculously," retorted Maud, scornfully.

"I would rather be a ninny twice over," emphatically cried Nan, "than have half your conceit to carry. I can feel it in my heart to be sorry for that Chinaman if he gets you."

And here a wordy war might have ensued had not Mrs. Harrington interfered.

"I do not see that you need be so angry with what Nan has said. If she has no desire to please this gentleman, you will have the greater chance of gaining him. For you know, Maud," said Mrs. Harrington, in even tones, as though she were reckoning a commercial value, "Nan can be very engaging when she pleases."

"Perhaps Petra will interfere with your plans, Miss Maud," mischievously said Nan.

"No, I thank you," quickly answered Petra, as she turned to her aunt for fuller information. She was curious to learn more of this man whose father had seen hers die. Her aunt handed Petra

the letter which had been the cause of so much excitement in the usually quiet circle.

“PEKIN, CHINA,

“July 24th, 1995.

“Mrs. Harrington,

“DEAR MADAM

“I am coming to Canada at an early date to transact some business. I also have a message which my father gave to me one year ago, when dying, to deliver to the daughter of Mr. Bertram. My father was with Mr. Bertram when he died. I presume on this, and write to ask if you will give me the favor of your acquaintance while I am in Canada, and assist me in a very difficult and delicate task which I will place before you. My father when dying made me promise to marry a Canadian woman, and I am coming to fulfil this behest, and ask your assistance. My standing is of the best in my country. I am worth the sum of one thousand million dollars, as the enclosed papers will show. You know of my nationality. I feel I take a most unheard-of liberty by this request of mine. I will leave Shanghai 14th August, and expect to reach your beautiful city of Montreal, of which I have heard so much, on the 29th August. I feel as I write this that Canada and China are almost

within hand-clasp, when I can travel from our to your Dominion in fifteen days. It is not only China and Chinese that have made rapid strides in the past hundred years.

Kindly send an early reply to the Wing-Wang Hotel, Pekin, China.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

TISAB TING.

"Don't you think that is the height of impudence, aunty?" asked Petra, as she handed back the letter.

"I do not understand you, Petra; for instead of thinking the request contained in Tisab Ting's letter impudent, I am going still farther, and I will invite him to visit us while he is in Canada."

A look of anything but pleasure darkened Petra's face as she thought of the way her aunt and cousin Maud would bow down, and worship, and scheme, in accordance with the rules of society, for the favor of this hateful foreigner, because of his enormous wealth.

"You do not look very much elated over the coming of this gentleman, Petra," said Nan.

"No, I hate the whole Chinese race," exclaimed Petra, "but I do wish to hear what this man knows of my father's death."

Petra Bertram's birthplace was in China, and she had lived there until she was six years old, when, on the death of Mrs. Bertram, she had been sent to Canada to be brought up and educated by her mother's only sister, Mrs. Harrington. A year ago, when Petra was seventeen, a certificate of Mr. Bertram's death had been received from China, where he had lived since his wife's death. Further particulars relating to his decease had not been received, and from the air of mystery that surrounded her father's death, Petra was under the conviction that he had been murdered, and her heart was full of bitterness against the Chinese, whom she felt had robbed her of him. Petra's remembrance of her father, whom she had not seen since she left China, was but dim; yet she missed him more than those around her imagined. The letters that never failed in coming once a month, that were so full of cheer and loving tenderness for her comfort and pleasure. The money which he sent, to cover all her expenses. Whilst he lived she had one to whom she could turn, and she was independent. Now she was living on charity, although, while he lived, her father had been supposed to be very wealthy.

"I am glad, Petra," said Mrs. Harrington, "that you are not in love with the idea of our expected

visitor, and I am also pleased to believe that you have no desire to become the Canadian wife that this Mr. Tisab Ting has decided to find here. See to it that you do not change your opinion with regard to this man on his arrival. You know, Petra," as Petra drew herself up in haughty erectness, yet looked at her aunt in bewilderment, continued Mrs Harrington in reproving tones, "you are very forward and pushing at times, for one situated as you are. I never expressed my thoughts of your conduct before, but you have so often forgotten, since your father's death, that you are dependent on me, that I wish to remind you before this Chinaman comes that I do not wish you to try in any way to gain the attentions of this Chinese gentleman. I have fully decided that he shall marry your cousin Maud, so do not presume to attract his attention, because he brings you a message which cannot be of much importance, or you would have received it before this late date."

"Perhaps he brings Petra information about the fortune we all supposed her father would leave to her," said Nan, who had been nervously moving about the room while her mother was talking to Petra, for the latter was too proud to allow her aunt to see how deeply she had been wounded, and only tender-hearted Nan knew what she suffered.

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"How I do wish I had lived in 1895 instead of 1995," exclaimed Petra as she recovered from the shocked surprise caused by her aunt's lecture, "then I would not be everlastingly bothered with Chinese this and Chinese that—the horrid narrow-eyed nation have followed me since my infancy. First came the Chinese nurse,—then, when I remember all I have suffered through Chinese civilization since I began my education," Petra rattled on though she must give vent to speech or break down, "my school days were surfeited with Chinaisms and Chinese geographical, historical, ethnographical, etymological and ethnological—and if you want to know the proper and correct meanings to those words, Maud," looking at her cousin almost contemptuously, "Just look up that new dictionary by Yum-Yum, he is credited for being away in advance of any of the older lexicographers—I am heartily sick of the whole Chinese constitution," said Petra, fiercely, as she thought of the last indignity put upon her, "for from my earliest recollection Chinese progress in every branch of art, literature, and especially science, has been dinned into my ears incessantly. And to think," she mournfully said, "that not earlier than one hundred years ago the civilized masses knew next to nothing of China, its customs, laws and institutions. And now one of the hated tribe

is to descend upon us. Ye gods," went on Petra, who had lost all control of her tongue in the mad rush of angry wounded pride, "and I am warned" she continued, looking indignantly at her aunt, "not to make love to or marry this man. Make your mind easy aunt, I would not interfere with your plans were it in my power to do so. With your kind permission I will absent myself as much as possible while his august China-ship is here." And as Petra turned and passed from the room, she heard her aunt saying, in cold, calm tones that contrasted oddly with her own energetic flow of words :

"That girl appears to get more insufferable every day. Had I shown her her proper place at the time when the news of Antony's death was received, I would have had no fear of her interference in my plans now."

As Petra made her way to her room, the repulsion she felt towards her aunt, the pain and loneliness in her heart, seemed more than she could bear. She condemned herself bitterly for speaking impulsively, as she had. Then came the feeling that she could no longer remain under her aunt's roof, partaking daily of her bounty. "No," she firmly decided, "I must go, but where and to what? Yet to earn an independence I must and will, but of what

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am I capable? Absolutely nothing, but singing! I wonder if I could gain a livelihood by it?" Then, as her mind revolved once more to the cause of the necessity of this step, she sadly thought. "How could aunt be so unkind to her sister's only child? Why could she not have told me gently that she did not wish to provide for me after my father's death? She was too cowardly to do that, she feared what her social world would say so much that she would rather permit me to stay here on sufferance, but I will not," Petra muttered, rebelliously. Then she continued her thoughts aloud, slowly as though they were worthy of consideration. "I believe that aunt, feeling towards me as she does now, would try to oppose me if she thought I would dream of working for my own living. Everything is the fault of that Chinaman and his wealth," gloomily thought Petra, as she remembered the primary cause of all her present trouble. "Aunt was never so unkind to me before as on this morning. How I hate that Chinaman for bringing so much unhappiness into my life!" said Petra, angrily, as she paced back and forth through her room. "If he were to creep on his hands and knees to me and beg my toleration, I would not grant it to him and I will always hate him."

While Petra was facing the future in anger, lone-

liness, and doubt of her own ability to meet the necessities of the future, Mrs. Harrington and Maude were planning for the comfort of the wealthy Chinese foreigner.



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CHAPTER II.

JERRY, is that you?" called Nan over the hedge that enclosed the grounds around her mother's house.

"Yes," came the immediate reply; "do you want me?"

"No, not particularly, if you are in a great hurry," slowly replied Nan, who, when convinced that the quick, firm tread belonged to none other than Jerry, could afford to be indifferent, for Jerry never was.

Jerry, unversed in the ways of the world and woman though he was, knew that if he disregarded Nan's call by even a sign of hesitation, he would have to work out his atonement in the very near future. To Jerry Nan's voice was sweetest music, and Nan the embodiment of his dream.

And Nan reigned thoughtlessly, at times cruelly, not knowing that she was Jerry's "Queen of Hearts"—that he was dreaming of the day when she would awaken and respond to his love.

Boy and girl together they grew up, he the

stronger, ever ready to shield and protect her ; she the weaker, growing round his heart and entering into his entire life, from the very fact of this protection. From outer appearances, as they stand one on either side of the hedge, a casual observer would never suppose that they had an idea or thought in common. She is tall and graceful, her face so sweet and winsome, with its proud chin and mouth, sensitive nose, tender, wide-open, inquiring blue eyes, eye-brows and forehead that could belong only to a dreamer. She has dark brown hair, worn in the prevailing fashion, brushed from the forehead and dressed high on the head. She is wearing a dainty muslin morning gown of a mixture of toned colors, made in the style known as the "Flowery land costume."

Jerry likens her to some big butterfly as she stands on tiptoe to catch a better sight of him. How he would like to clasp her in his arms and call her his own ! And then all thought darkens as he feels that her very resemblance to that dainty passing dream of summer, but removes her further from him. Yet, in equality of nature's gifts, Jerry has no need for doubt. As he stands on the broad, white road that skirts the Lachine, he is taller than Nan, strong and broad shouldered, a look of intelligence on his sun-burned face, his fair hair

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Jerry Arnald was one of nature's gentlemen. From a worldly point of view he and Nan Harrington were far apart. But he did not think thus; he felt himself to be her equal in all else but position, and this he would gain in the future. Nan would have been dismayed had she known his thoughts. She was proud, she dreamed of worldly rank, for all her life she had been taught by her mother that wealth and station were life, so Jerry Arnald had no place in her dream. He was employed as undergardener by her mother, and she was her mother's daughter. He was permitted to fetch and carry for her, to defer to her at all times, and receive in return—what? Nothing. He waited on and submitted to her because he loved her, but he felt that the time must come when all this would be at an end; and then he would stand before her in his true colors. When thoughts of that day came to him, he did not think, "Will Nan accept my position?" but, "Will Nan accept my love?"

"Well, Jerry, if you are not in a hurry, you might try and be in one just for once in your life, I have some great news to tell you," cried Nan.

With one leap Jerry cleared the hedge, and was ready for the news, as he would have been ready for death at Nan's command.

Then she told him of the letter received that morning, dwelling on the fact that the Chinaman who was so wonderfully rich, was coming purposely to seek a Canadian wife, "and she was sure she would suit him." And as Nan saw her companion's face darken, she became more wilful.

"Mamma is going to send Mr. Chinese, what's his name, a message immediately, saying, 'Dear and honored sir,' and here mamma would like to bow over the cable, she is so fond of rich people," Nan explained, a dissatisfied expression on her face, "but science hasn't advanced so far yet, 'will be pleased to entertain so distinguished a foreigner, and will be charmed to assist you in that other little matter,' meaning me or any other lady Mr. Tisab Ting desires for a bride, and here mamma will probably invoice two marriageable daughters and one niece not guaranteed. That should reach his commercial heart. Don't you think so?" giving Jerry a glance of inquiry, as though soliciting his opinion. "For at this present day," continued Nan, "the Chinese nation is one of the greatest commercial nations on the round globe."

Her companion said never a word, but the brightness of the summer morning was gone for him. He saw nothing but a rich, parently favored Chinaman winning and wooing winsome Nan, and

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a great sob rose in his heart and blotted all the gladness from out his life. Every human creature has some dark days in life, and Jerry felt this to be one of his darkest, for this was the first thought of some other than himself winning Nan. Would he have strength to bear his sorrow bravely? To see Nan snatched up and out of his life, while he was plodding along trying to rise that he might be more worthy of her acceptance," for he firmly believed that no mortal man could withstand Nan's sweetness.

"How I wonder what he will be like," went on Nan, in teasing tones. "He won't be wearing a pigtail, I am sure of that, for nearly every Chinaman has ceased wearing his hair so, for ever and ever so long. I'm certain of that, I read it somewhere; but," she continued, "I do not suppose he will be at all nice looking, for, all the civilization in the world would not take away the tawny, parchment-colored skin, oblique eyes, high cheek bones, coarse, oily hair, characteristic of his nationality. And the way he will grunt when you speak to him. Oh! I shudder at the sight of my mental picture."

As Nan speaks so disparagingly of the Chinaman, Jerry's hopes rise once more. Nan is not so far away. Could he have kept the look of joy

from his face, Nan might have ceased teasing him, and so have averted the breaking down of the barriers that had stood so firmly since childhood; but Jerry was no dissembler, nor had he wisdom in the ways of women.

Nan considered Jerry her lawful prey to tease and torment, or be pleasant to, just as she was inclined; she felt on this occasion that she was annoying him without just knowing why, so on she rushed.

"But his gold, his beautiful shining gold will cover all his ugliness—for Maud," thought Nan, but Jerry did not know this.

"Nan, Nan, do not break my heart, you are cruel to me," cried Jerry, miserably, and reaching forth, he caught her hands in his firm grasp.

Nan was astonished, frightened; Jerry, her boy-friend and comrade, was gone, and in his place stood a passionate, pleading lover.

"Nan," he continued, tenderly drawing her close to him as they stood in the shadow of the hedge, "I love you, you are to me what the sunshine is to the world, without you all would be darkness, gloom and despair for me. I have worked and studied so hard that I might be more worthy of your acceptance at some future day. Oh! Nan, do not give me up for the riches of this man who is

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coming. I will work so hard if you will but wait. But you must wait; you are mine, and I swear no other will ever have you."

"Let me go. How dare you talk to me like this," exclaimed Nan, freeing herself from his encircling arms, where she had rested in inert surprise while he was speaking.

"I dare because I love you, Nan. Do not be angry with my love—do not thrust it aside—purer, better, man could not offer woman." Then Jerry's low, pleading tones became persuasive. "Promise me, Nan, that you will marry me some day, and I will work as men only work when they have some great object to gain."

"Marry you, you!" emphasized Nan, with withering scorn, "my mother's under-gardener! Go and wash the dishes in your small, paltry cottage, darn your socks, cook your meals! No; it would require love to do that, and I hate you. I cannot tell how I hate you," she exclaimed fiercely. "Sir, I will never forget or forgive your insult." and here she sank in a tumbled heap on the grass. What cared she for summer morning finery? Indignation, grief, dismay, love, for her friend and playmate were all surging in her heart.

"Nan, do not cry, I cannot stand it," said Jerry, roughly; "and do not lie in the grass like that; let

me lift you up. And," asked Jerry, tenderly, "you did not mean what you said to me just now, did you, dear?"

"Go away, do not call me your dear; I am not, and never will be," Nan exclaimed. "And," she continued angrily, "do not touch me, for I would sooner have a toad touch me than you." Then looking up and seeing the miserable expression on Jerry's pale face, she put her face down into her hands once more and cried passionately, like an angry, hurt child.

Jerry, kneeling beside her, but not trying to touch her, said, "Nan, stop crying and listen to me," and his voice was so changed, so stern and unlike the usual mild tones in which he was accustomed to address her, that Nan dried her tears and ceased sobbing, to listen to what Jerry had to say.

"Nan," said Jerry, his manly tones tremulous with deep feeling, "I love you, I have always loved you, I ask you to be my wife at some future day, and since you were nine and I fifteen, I have intended asking you this. I consider it no insult to you. Social position as yet I have none to offer you, but I did not think that you would discard my love because you were rich and I poor. While dreaming of winning you, I have not dreamed only. I did not think of asking you, the delicately-nurtured daughter of a wealthy woman, to join me in my

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social state as it is at present. I have been working, studying. I have now enough saved to take me through the course of medicine at McGill University, for I have chosen medicine as my life vocation, and I intend to enter college in September."

As Jerry spoke of his savings, Nan thought of all the dainty gifts that he had bestowed on her every birthday for so many years past, gifts which she took, not ungratefully, but indifferently, never thinking of the amount of self-denial they must have cost.

"I have been working and striving toward one object alone," continued Jerry. "I did not intend saying all this to you until I had won some measure of success, but I saw you in imagination in that Chinaman's arms, won by his wealth, and I was forced to speak," said Jerry, sternly. Then he continued, pleadingly, "You are but sixteen Nan, I am twenty-one, all the world is before us, wait for me a few years and let us live in the world together. I do not ask you to pledge yourself to me, but I do ask you to promise to wait five years, before you pledge yourself to another. Do not refuse me this, think of the years past, all we have been to each other, and if you will not be softened by my pleading, let those bygone happy days plead for me.

Look up, Nan, and give me this promise I crave, and which I would stake my life on your keeping, once given."

"You might have told me something of your plans," said Nan, rather sulkily, raising herself up on her elbow, and turning her face all tear-stained and flushed towards Jerry. How he longed to take her in his arms and comfort her as he had done many a time in childhood days.

"I did try to tell you several times, but I could not. You knew I was studying, and I thought you must understand it was towards some purpose," said Jerry, in mildly reproving tones.

"No, I did not know; I never imagined that you were so ambitious. My flights of fancy would have travelled indeed, could I have imagined you, whom I have always looked upon as my mother's undergardener, and nothing else," she said cruelly, "as a doctor and my husband. Why, the joke is too good, I sha'll laugh at the thought of it forever," said Nan, giggling nervously. Her sense of bitterness, of loss, was so great that she felt a desire to wound Jerry, who stood so proudly before her.

"I do not care how long you laugh," said Jerry, doggedly, "in the meantime promise me you will wait as I have asked, for five years. That will be four years for college and one year for work, before I dare ask you to marry me," reckoned Jerry.

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And though Nan obstinately turned her face away once more, making no reply to Jerry's request, her heart cried out, "promise him this, the time will not be long in passing, and perhaps in a year or two he will meet someone he will like better than you." And this thought gives her more pain than all her wounded pride had given her. What would her life be without Jerry? He had been her defender in childhood, her counsellor in girlhood, and to him she owed all that was best in her womanhood, for he had at all times set her such a noble example of honest, upright character. And she saw the stretch of years before her, and in her pride said "there is no room for him." She cried out, "Jerry, Jerry, do not go away, I would miss you so much. Who would sympathize with me as you do? Not mamma, or Maud; dear Petra alone could, but I fears he will not be staying with us much longer after all mamma said to her this morning. How I wish that Chinaman had stayed at home, or if he had come to Canada, that he would have been considerate and left us alone. Petra has been deeply wounded. And just look what a bother he has made between you and me," regret making Nan's voice sound even sweeter than usual, if that were possible. "Dear Jerry," she continued, looking beseechingly at Jerry, "do not go, just let us continue as we have always been."

“Will you marry me as I am,” proudly inquired Jerry.

“No,” answered Nan promptly.

“Then you are cruel to suggest my remaining here, I must go,” Jerry decisively returned.

“Now Jerry, understand this,” said Nan, nodding her head, as though the better to emphasize her words, “I will never marry you whether you remain or go, you might as well crush that thought forever.”

“I cannot, I will not,” firmly returned Jerry, “I intend winning you, and if I lose you it won’t be my fault. Think, Nan,” he said, “what you ask me to give up. Why you have been my incentive towards ambitious work and nobility of character for the past seven years. So my love for you,” he said, with boyish reason, “is all your own fault.”

“No Jerry, no, I have not been all you say; no, girl, and never such a weak, wavering one as I am could have developed such a character as yours, its nobility and worth would have come out without any assistance,” said Nan, doing Jerry justice on this occasion at least.

“I feel,” she sadly continued, “that I have done you more harm than good.”

All the pleading had gone from Jerry’s face; determination had settled upon it and gave it a stern,

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old appearance, that told of suffering such as strong natures alone have to bear. And what had been a request before was now almost a demand.

"Promise, Nan, that you will wait five years before making your choice in life."

And with a great pity in her heart for him who had at all times been so kind to her, she said, "I would promise you those five years, and not consider them much of a return for all you have been to me, if at the expiration of that time you would not be made unhappy, for you know, Jerry," said Nan, with womanly wisdom, "one cannot love just where and when they will, and suppose I fall in love before those five years go by, what then?"

"That will be my risk, only promise me those five years, and if you fall in love, you will have time to fall out again," grimly replied Jerry, "before I come back to make my request for your love."

"Then," returned Nan after a few moments' deep thought, "I give you my solemn word of honor that I will not marry until five summers and winters have gone, unless you give back to me this promise which I give."

"Thank you," exclaimed Jerry, "my heart is so full of blessings for you, Nan, that I cannot give expression to them. And since I have told you of my love, I will not see you again before I leave.

It would not be right, for, Nan, forgive me, but every time I would see you I would want to take you in my arms and kiss your smiling lips; you will understand why I do not seek you, why this will be our farewell. I will leave here as soon as your mother has found someone to fill my place. Nan, will you write me a few lines on your birthday, and—and," he continued, hesitatingly, "will you let me know if you should fall in love with anyone?"

"It will give me pleasure to write you, and when I fall in love, you will be the first one to know, and I am sorry, Jerry," continued Nan, "that I have been the cause of so much misery to you; but perhaps it won't last long," she said consolingly, "you will meet some nice, clever girl when you are in the city, and you will forget that you ever spoke of love to me."

Jerry's face wore a look of disbelief as he asked:

"You are not angry with me now, Nan? I could not go from you in anger. Nor could I ask your forgiveness for what I have said to you; but I assure you I had no intention of telling you of my love until you were twenty and I had passed four college years."

"No; I am not angry with you now," replied Nan, slowly, as though in doubt of the truth of her

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words, "but you have been a bitter surprise and disappointment to me this morning. I will never trust in such a friendship again."

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Jerry, "such friendships cannot exist; they must eventually prove disastrous to one or other of the parties."

Jerry was jealous at the thought of some other filling his place in Nan's affections, but he would not have been so had he been sure of Nan's love.

"You can address your birthday letters 'care of McGill University,'" said Jerry. "And remember," he continued earnestly, "never as long as I live will I love other than you, Nan. And now good-bye, and God keep you for me," he said with deep reverence, "and I will believe my life has indeed been blessed." Then kneeling down beside Nan on the grass, he kissed her hands tenderly, thinking as he did so, of the many times the white, slender fingers had twined themselves round his rough, sunburned hand; or in a moment of anger struck his ears with no gentle force for some supposed offence. With face pale as death with the bitterness of parting, he rose and left her whom he had cherished and loved from the first hour of their meeting, when he came an urchin of twelve, destitute of home, kith or kin, to work for Mrs. Harrington, never turning for fear he might falter in

his purpose and return to crave her love. No; he must work and wait for that joy.

Long after Jerry had gone, Nan lay on the grass near the hedge, crying her first woman's tears, which seemed to burn into her heart and sear it. She asked herself, "to whom would she go for sympathy in her loneliness. I will go to Petra, she will be kind to me as only one other could. Oh, Jerry, Jerry," sobbed Nan, pitifully, as she thought sadly of that other one.



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CHAPTER III.

THE city of Montreal had grown and extended—beyond the most sanguine expectations of the nineteenth century—over the greater part of the island. Mrs. Harrington's grandfather early in the twentieth century had purchased a large lot of ground on the lower Lachine Road. This ground included the property known as the Wind-mill Homestead, and from that point it extended half a mile towards Lachine and about a quarter of a mile back from the road. When Lachine became part of the City of Montreal, the Harringtons owned a country residence beautifully situated in the very heart of the city.

The house was situated a short distance back from where the picturesque old mill* stands, a monument of time and bygone industry, weather-beaten and mellowed by age, its gray wings dragged against the rising wind.

The exquisite taste displayed in flower garden

* See Vol. I "Picturesque Canada," 8, 146. Pub. 1882.

See also "Historic Canadian Ground" By John Fraser.

and terrace, the maple grove some distance away—a spot never too warm even on the most sultry summer day—was but the necessary setting to this jewel of architectural work, the Harrington residence. All that imagination could design in the beautiful, and money procure for comfort, had been combined into one harmonious whole for this Canadian dwelling. To say Mrs. Harrington was proud of her home would not be adequate. She idolized it, for through it she gained a notoriety that delighted her as none other could. Inquirers who were surprised at the stretch of unoccupied land owned by her, learned of the almost fabulous sums she had been offered and had refused for a part of the ground surrounding her residence.

Petra, as she steps from the house unto the balcony that runs across a part of the front of the building, tries to define the air of expectancy that prevails inside the house and meets her in the surroundings without. Tisab Ting, the Chinaman, is expected to arrive to-day, and though there has really been no ostentatious display made in honor of the coming of this wealthy foreigner, this inexplicable feeling of expectancy follows her. Her home of twelve years is made unhome-like by it. As she stands lost in deep thought, she is caught round the waist, and Nan, who has grown very dear to her

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in the past few weeks, inquires, "Why so dreamy and pensive an attitude? One would suppose, on seeing you in such a deep brown study, that you were weighing some weighty question. What was it, cousin mine, social, domestic, political, or what?"

"Well, Nan," said Petra, turning towards her cousin and smiling at the demand made for her thoughts, "I was thinking of the beautiful picture that stretches out on every side. The old windmill to the left, the maple grove at the right, and the sparkling waters of the Lachine Rapids in front. You should indeed be grateful to your great-grandfather, when you remember that it was he who laid the foundation of this home: buying the land, planting the grove, and, best of all, keeping the dear old mill from being destroyed. He, too, must have felt some charm for the mill, for you remember that clause in his will—'the mill must be renovated each year to preserve it from decay, and so retain an old landmark.' Then, dear Nan," continued Petra, "I was thinking what a splendid manager your mother is, for, under her supervision, every part of the household arrangements move along so smoothly. Then my thoughts drifted far out to sea," said Petra in low, sad tones, "and I wondered what my home would be like a few months hence when I have found a home elsewhere,

a place in the world that would hold no luxurious ease for me, where independence would be my source of pleasure. I would that those latter thoughts were as bright as the surrounding picture. I have advertised in the Boston U—— for work," said Petra, the accents of her voice less sombre ; "my sense of independence cries out live on charity no longer, and I must obey its dictate or lose my own self-respect, which would be a dear price to pay for the necessities and luxuries of life. I believe, Nan, that as long as one lives up to their own self-respect, humanity will respect them ; this idea may be an erroneous one, but I trust I will never prove it to be so."

All this while Petra had been speaking in tones low but poignant with deep feeling of her desire to work. Nan had stood in silence, her arm around Petra's waist, with a sorrowful expression on her face.

"Oh, Petra," said Nan, "do not think of going away from me. Mother and Maud are disagreeable to you at present because they fear you will prove so attractive to this Chinaman, and that you will manage to win him instead of Maud ; but when they see how indifferent you are to him and he to you, they will cease their petty annoying cruelties. Then think, Petra," said Nan, pathetically, "how sad

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and lonely I will be without you, for within the past three weeks you have grown into my very life. That afternoon," she continued, her face darkening at the remembrance of it, "when I met you after Jerry had left me, you came to me in the attitude of the sympathizing friend, without a word, but just at sight of me, you knew my need of the healing love that only one true woman can give to another. I had never dreamed of meeting this kind of love. The intuition of your sympathy melted my spirit of wounded pride, and made Jerry's confession of love more what it should have been to me, an honor, instead of what I felt it to be at the time, a disgrace."

"This love in part," replied Petra, "has always been in my heart for you, Nan, waiting for the occasion to arise for you to recognize it; but it has grown in strength since the morning you entered my room and I saw the shadow of grief on your face, the tears dimming your eyes and all but running down your cheeks, your trembling, down-curved lips and drooping figure. I was convinced by your appearance that you had found your first woman's sorrow—a sorrow which to many would be trivial, but to you deep and intense. And when you responded to my glance of sympathy, twining your arms around my neck and nestling your head

on my shoulder, told me all about Jerry, I felt a wealth of tenderness in my heart for you that will never be obliterated while I live, come what may. I am grieved when I remember that you and I will soon have to part."

"And never from my memory," replied Nan, "will fade the loving touch of your fingers as you smoothed back my ruffled hair; I felt your touch was a benediction—the sobs that rose and would not at first be repressed, subsided—a sudden curious quietude came to me and calmed my agitation—my heart was filled with a deep inclination for prayer; but I felt like praying to you. No, Petra, no; not now," said Nan earnestly, as Petra was about to speak, "I have learned to whom to pray."

And for a few moments the girls stood in deep silence, which was broken only by the rustling of the leaves and the chirp, chirp of the birds hidden in the green foliage.

"Nan," said Petra, "you are too sensitive for every-day wear. Why, many a girl would have laughed at this proposal of Jerry's and thought no more about it; but it was not so with you."

"No, they would not," replied Nan, positively, "had they regarded Jerry as dearly as I." And with a little gasping sob Nan continued, "How I miss him, Petra; I never knew what a part of my

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every-day life he was until I lost his companionship. Jerry was my comrade in thought and in action, but now if he discovers I am within twenty yards of him, he immediately goes into a state of multiplication action of twice twenty is forty. He need not be so ridiculous," she said disdainfully. "There is only one consolation for me," continued Nan more cheerfully, "I have you, and, Petra, you would ease my mind of a load of anxious apprehension if you would but assure me that you will do nothing hasty, such as leaving here before you procure acceptable work."

"Then cheer up, rid your mind of demon anxiety. I never take steps in any important matter without plenty of deliberation. I rarely allow the emotional side of my character to rule me or my actions," said Petra, in youthful arrogance. "Once I go forth to work, I will not return here. I only regret that I did not receive some reply to my advertisement before this, that I might have been away before this Mr. Tisab Ting's arrival. I believe your mother would be glad to see me go, yet her pride, for fear of the comment that would arise should she permit her own sister's child to go forth from her protection to earn a living, while she had an abundance, is so great that she would not allow me to go willingly, so I do not intend to tell aunt

that I am going until all my arrangements are complete, because the clash of opposition against decision would only be a source of annoyance to us both."

"Thanks, Petra," replied Nan, "for the assurance that you will do nothing hastily. Your going will be bad enough for me to bear, without having any doubt of your welfare to trouble over."

"Nan, I would like to ask you a question," said Petra, with hesitation; "not out of curiosity; do not answer unless you wish to do so."

"Ask any question you please, Petra, I would never deem you curious," immediately returned Nan, as she gave Petra a smiling glance.

"Jerry Arnald loves you, I believe," slowly said Petra, "he will work hard to gain a position that will enable him to win you. Do you think you will ever have any love to give him in return? —the love of a wife, I mean. And should you find, as the days go by, that he has grown very dear to you, would you permit social position to interfere with your becoming his wife at some future day?"

"I am sure I will never love Jerry," replied Nan, with firm assurance, "as a wife should love her husband, with the deep, abiding love of a life-time. As a friend I will always hold him very dear. And pride of social position," she continued in slighting

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tones, "has departed from my heart. I never did possess very much of such pride, but what I did have has dissolved itself. Under your beneficent influence I have changed in many respects."

"Well, I am sorry for Jerry," musingly said Petra.

"Petra," exclaimed Nan, "how *did* you receive your knowledge of sorrow ; you have had no serious afflictions in your own life to make you so near of kin to the afflicted. Your father's death could not have affected you deeply, it is so long since you saw him that he can be little more than a dream to you. I believe you draw people to you by your magnetic power," said Nan, as though she had at last found the proper solution to an evasive question, and would hold firmly to it. "I can recall many instances where you have helped those in deep sorrow. One in particular, Mrs. Patnos, whose son is supposed to be drowned. You remember how her friends thought she would surely lose her reason, her grief was so quiet and tearless. She repulsed all those who came near her by her stern, calm reserve ; but when you went to see her *you must* have looked at her as you did at me," said Nan, giving Petra a gentle, loving shake, "as you said to her, 'I am sorry for you,' others had made this remark, and Mrs. Patnos had looked at

them in stony calm, as though to say, 'You feel nothing of my sorrow.' She tried to repulse you also, but she could not. The tears dimmed the steely glitter of her eyes, as she voiced for the first time since the news of her son's death came to her, the yearning for her sailor boy, all the heart-break she experienced as she caught herself listening for his footstep and the cheery tones of his voice. And this is not the only instance that I know of when you have brought comfort to heavy-laden, sorrow-stricken humanity. Tell me, Petra, the secret of your power."

"No secret, Nan," replied Petra, "else it is that I like to get as near the human heart of the world as possible."

"Oh! bother, I must go now," hurriedly exclaimed Nan, as she saw the old gardener some distance away, "mother has commissioned me to place the very choicest flowers in Mr. Tisab Ting's rooms. She mentioned the variety, or I would get the worst things I could find. He wouldn't think much of our Canadian horticulture, I warrant you," said Nan, grimly, as she viciously whisked the garden basket off the balcony floor, where she had thrown it on seeing Petra. "I do hope Maud will capture him at an early date and rob us of his company. What are you going to do with yourself now, Petra?"

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"I am going to the grove to get a book that I left in the nook yesterday," replied Petra.

"Be sure you are back and dressed in plenty of time for dinner. It is now two," said Nan, looking at her watch, "and Mr. Tisab Ting will be here by four at the very latest. How I do wish I could run off with you instead of having to sit in state to receive this mercantile king, who will have nothing to say for himself, and will in consequence be so hard to entertain!" Nan said this in such commiserating tones that Petra laughed at her. "I hope," continued Nan, more brightly, "that he will enjoy music, then you can sing to him some entertainment."

"No, I won't sing any while this Mr. Tisab Ting is here; I promised aunt that I would not, except by her request," replied Petra, coldly.

"What a shame, how could mother make such a request," exclaimed Nan, "I think mother is taking so many precautions to keep you in the background," thoughtfully continued Nan, "that she will be driving Mr. Tisab Ting to act in perfect accordance with the rest of his sex, namely, in opposition, or a desire for whatever he thinks is beyond his reach."

Then, as though in atonement for her mother's unkindness, Nan kissed Petra, and hurried into the garden.

Petra bent her steps towards the grove, and as soon as she was lost to view, Mrs. Harrington stepped from the low window, near which the girls had been standing, on to the balcony. An amused light gleamed in her eyes, as she thought, "It is well that I happened to be near just now, my dear niece, and over-heard your conversation. So you intend to earn your own living, do you? But not while this Chinaman is here will I permit you to leave my house for any such purpose. Had you gone before his arrival, you would have been well out of the road. But if you go now, what would he think? No; you must remain, hum," exclaimed Mrs. Harrington, reflectively, "how will I manage it, let me think, I will have a letter pillar erected, and I will instruct the carrier to put all letters and papers into it. I alone will hold the key and distribute the mail. The household will suppose that the arrangement is made because of Tisab Ting's coming; so it is, but not for style, as they will imagine. And my daughter has learned how to pray," Mrs. Harrington continued, her thoughts once more reverting to the conversation she had overheard, "how amusing, but I need not worry about that, she will no doubt outgrow the habit. It is well Jerry Arnald leaves to-morrow. *The fool*, to aspire to my daughter," and she stamped her

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foot in anger at the thought of her gardener daring to ask for the love of her daughter. "I will take good care that they have no opportunity of meeting before he goes, last farewells always strain the nerves and spoil the beauty, and I believe my younger daughter would be foolish enough to love this man on the least opposition; but I think I am capable of arranging both her affairs and Petra's satisfactorily to myself and without trouble from them."

None would have doubted her powers for meanness or deceit could they have seen the cruel smile that hovered around her mouth and lurked in her cold-looking eyes. "I must arrange to have Nan suitably married as soon as Maud has accepted Tisab Ting. It is a great responsibility to a mother to have marriageable daughters." Over this last thought Mrs. Harrington sighs in commiseration of her hard lot—of the many duties that devolve upon her as a mother.





CHAPTER IV.

THE place Petra called her nook was a small grotto that looked as though it might have been used as a shrine in the early days of Canada's history.

Close to the entrance of the grotto was a large stone, peculiarly shaped, rising about two feet above the ground and having a flat surface of about four feet square. This stone was known as "the Dancing Rock." The grotto was situated near the centre of the grove, where the trees were so thick that their branches interlaced overhead.

Finding the book for which she had come, Petra seated herself on her favorite Arcadian chair, the Dancing Rock, to rest before returning to the house ; but she fell into a deep reverie, never giving a thought to fleeting time, so engrossed was she with her thoughts, until the sound of the deep clanging bell of the old Lachine chapel fell on her ear. Could it possibly be four o'clock ? Then the hour had come that would see the arrival of Tisab Ting, the man whose coming would deprive her of the greatest pleasure in her life, the expression in song

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of all her doubt and fear, happiness or sorrow. "Aunt cannot know what a hard command she has asked me to comply with," thought Petra, with a sigh.

"I suppose that horrid Chinaman will be here now, and since I will not have a chance to sing until either he or I go away, I will just have one last practice. The rock will be my stage, the trees and birds my audience. What will I sing to you, my dear companions of many a lonely hour?" Petra asks aloud, as she stands in graceful attitude upon the rock. "'Dinna Forget' will be appropriate." Then, with all the power of exquisite harmony and expression of which she is capable, she sings that beautiful old song.

* "Dinna forget, though our fortune divide us," rings out her voice clear and sweet, with just that certain touch of pathetic intonation which makes her singing different from that of all other singers:

"And life all has changed since the day when we met;
Gladness or sorrow, whatever betide us,
Think of me sometimes, do not forget."

Then, after a few seconds pause, she renders the second verse:

"Do not forget what we once were together;
Think of it still with a tender regret;
Fortune may change, like the wind and the weather,
But friendship will last, and will never forget."

* Words by F. E. Weatherly.

When Petra finished singing, a solemn quiet reigned. It seemed as though the trees had even hushed their sighing to listen to the melody, so still was the grove.

Then a musical, deep-toned "Bravo!" breaks the silence, and from behind a large tree near by a gentleman steps, whose unlooked-for presence disconcerts Petra more than the most critical audience could have done. His strange appearance, his foreign accent, compel one belief—*the Chinaman!* He, of all people, had seen her making a fool of herself, and when her aunt had particularly desired that he should not hear her sing. "What would she do?" questioned Petra of herself. She would not explain the circumstance to her aunt, nor could she explain to this man, who had made himself so obnoxious to her already. Petra never questioned her first supposition, she was confident that the man before her was her aunt's expected guest.

As thought after thought presents itself to Petra, the desire for escape is so great that it almost causes her to jump from the rock and rush away out of the sight of the man who is gazing so intently at her, glorying in her discomfiture,—no, there is only one course for her to pursue. She must step from the rock, smile and bow, simply ac-

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knowledge herself a fool. With a sharp, impatient stamp of her foot, Petra thinks, "Oh, that the place that I stand on might open and swallow me." At that moment, before she can realize what has occurred, the stone gives away beneath her feet, and she feels herself falling down,—down through darkest space that knows no ending, that crushes into oblivion even the horror of imaginary thought.

When consciousness returns to Petra, the darkness and awful silence of the place into which she has been thrown, make her heart almost cease to throb with the agony of fear that overcomes her.

As Petra pursues her gruesome thoughts, her usually strong nerves give way entirely, she loses all control of the power to reason. Then, pressing her hands to her aching head, she thinks in a dazed manner, "Am I in the very bowels of the earth? How did I get here? I did not fall from the rock, *I fell through it.*" She looks up, but all is darkness, mystery. Horror of horrors, would she die of starvation in this awful hole, perhaps before death would come to release her, dirty creepings things would eat and crawl over her, and she in her dying weakness would be unable to drive them away. The disgust awakened by these thoughts brings back her reason and instinct for self-preservation, as nothing else could have done.

Timidly she reaches forth her hand, to find that she is evidently lying on a pile of straw which is covered with some kind of thick canvas that has broken her fall and saved her from injury. This reassures Petra somewhat, for she reasons that some one must have placed it there. Reaching still further forward, her hand touches what feels like slimy stone, causing her to draw back shivering. "If I only had a match," she utters wildly, and the sound of her own voice coming echoing drearily back to her, sends a thrill of horror tingling through every nerve in her body. Then with courage that is driven by an indomitable will, she rises and stands stiff and erect, not daring to move forward for fear that she will be hurled into some blacker and more awful depth yet unfathomed. "What *will* I do next," mutters Petra, softly, in abject fear of her own voice. "I will scream just as loudly as I can, that wretched heathen may hear me and come to my assistance," her anger rising above her fear as she remembers who is the cause of all her present trouble. But wait, what was that? Then words come to her, low but distinct, which make her tremble with apprehension:

"Yet, who would have thought the old man to have so much blood in him."

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mercy of a murderer frenzied by the remembrance of his own act," thinks Petra. Unable to bear the suspense that was worse to her than confirmation of her worst fears, with courage superb, she goes forward, groping her way in the darkness. Presently her hand touches what feels to her like a heavy piece of carpet, then hesitatingly pulling it aside, as though in fear of what will meet her vision in the beyond, she discovers another cave dimly lighted by a small lamp that stands on a table, and near which is seated the figure of a man. She cannot see his face, for he appears to be bending over something. What can it be, his blood-wet hands? And she at his mercy! The faint rays of the lamp appear to Petra's overstrung imagination to be shivering through the surrounding gloom in the vain endeavor to penetrate into the horrible blackness. Her nerves are drawn to highest tension when the voice continues:

"The Thane of Fife had a wife."

"Jerry! Jerry! oh Jerry!" she cries, unable to say more in the excess of her joy at recognizing Jerry Arnald's voice.

Jerry, though no coward, leaps to his feet, his face growing white as death. Striding forward into the gloom where Petra is standing, unable to move, he grasps her in a vise-like grip and demands, "Who

are you?" as he drags Petra hurriedly towards the light. His look of fear gives place to amazement when he finds the intruder to be none other than Petra.

"Why, Petra!" exclaims Jerry, in surprise, "how did you get in here?"

But Petra was past all explanation; the past fears of a horrible death staring her in the face had strained her nerves to snapping tension. Jerry saw that she had fainted.

"Well Petra," asked Jerry, when she recovered consciousness, "do you feel any better? You gave me a most tremendous fright; why your voice startled me so that I jumped about four feet in the air. I don't know where my copy of Shakespeare flew to. Did I hurt you when I caught you so fiercely?"

"Do not ask me any questions," groaned Petra, "just take me from this fearful tomb."

"Why, this is not a tomb, it is an old underground passage," replied Jerry.

"Take me out of it, whatever it is," Petra faintly replied.

Jerry, thinking that Petra was going to faint again, hurriedly picked her up in his strong arms, and, carrying her through several winding passages, emerged through a green thicket into the grove at

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a spot which Petra recognized as being a little to the left of the grotto.

"Now, you will soon feel better," said Jerry, as he seated her on the ground.

How thankful Petra was to feel the fresh air blowing on her face again. "Jerry," said Petra, earnestly, stretching out her hands towards him, "I have no words to express the gratitude I feel to you, for you have saved my life this day, and I will never forget it."

"You have indeed had a wonderful escape," returned Jerry, gravely; "my going to the old underground passage to-day was providential. I am going away to-morrow; you knew that, did you not?" he inquired.

"Yes," answered Petra, "Nan told me."

"I had a desire to visit all the haunts of my boyish days, and more especially the underground passage. But how did you manage to get down there?" questioned Jerry.

Then Petra gave Jerry a graphic account of her afternoon's adventure. "But, Jerry," she finished, a puzzled expression on her face, "do you see how I could possibly fall through the stone though there was no opening above where I was lying. Yet, no one could convince me that I did not fall *through* that rock," said Petra positively, as she saw a peculiar expression on Jerry's face.

"Well," ejaculated Jerry in tones of astonishment, "so the old legend is true, after all."

"A legend, what is it?" asked Petra eagerly, who was almost boyish in her love for the stories of bygone days; the more improbable the story, the better.

"Yes, a queer story which had a strange effect on my life," answered Jerry, smiling at Petra's eagerness. "Before I came to work for Mrs. Harrington an old French charwoman told me the legend which the circumstance of to-day proves true. In the thirties of the seventeenth century," narrated Jerry with the air of one who enjoys telling a good story to a sympathetic listener, "there was a small French fort on the Upper Lachine Road. The principal duty of this fort was to hold in check the Indians who often threatened to destroy the young colony. In seasons of peace, the French soldiers had considerable leisure time at their disposal, this time they employed by excavating a passage which ran from the upper to the lower road. From the fort on the upper to the 'Dancing Rock' on the lower, one soldier, more ingenious than his comrades, had constructed the 'Dancing Rock,' with a cleverly devised automatic hidden spring, which, when touched from the top of the stone, sent the centre of it down, to rebound in a few sec-

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onds to its former place. All Indian prisoners captured by the French soldiers were made to dance their national war dance on this stone for their freedom and the entertainment of the soldiers, and if the Indians, when dancing, did not touch the spring that caused the top to drop back and throw them into the passage-way below they were given their freedom by the superstitious Frenchmen. All those who fell through were put to death. The poor Indians not knowing of the trap below, but believing it to be the excellency of their dancing that won them their freedom, danced with all their subtlety of grace and intricacy of step of which they were capable. In fact it is said that fear of capture by the palefaces raised the Indian war-dance into a science, and in the French fort during times of peace the jest was passed, "put up your arms, there will be no more war, the Indians are learning to dance." When I heard this legend I was imbued with a spirit of adventure. I applied to Mrs. Harrington for a situation and my services were accepted. I explored the grove until I found the passage we just left, but I could never find any solution to the best part of the legend, the 'Dancing Rock.' I pounded on it, I danced on it, I inspected the rock carefully, but could find nothing to show that it had ever opened. Many a

night have I fallen asleep on that pile of straw on which you fell, to dream of Indians dancing above on the rock, their war-whoop echoing through the night air. Then I would awaken with a dreadful start, imagining that they had fallen through and crushed me.

"I sincerely pity the Indians," said Petra, as Jerry finished speaking. "If they suffered half the agony that I did as I fell through the rock. I wonder what Tisab Ting thought and did when I disappeared so suddenly," and Petra's laughter rings out clear and joyous at the thought of his probable surprise. "Oh, gracious!" Petra exclaims, rising hurriedly, "what if some one should inquire after me, as they are sure to do if I am late for dinner or absent from that meal without excuse. Chinese would be sure to make himself speak if he heard of one girl missing, then aunt would be worse than ever towards me, and dear knows things are disagreeable enough for me at present."



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CHAPTER V.

"WHY, Miss Petra, are you not going to join the family at dinner to-night?" exclaimed Jane.

"Am I very late? I went out intending to stay but a short time and was detained," said Petra, breathless with the hasty run she had made.

"It is twenty-five minutes yet until dinner is announced," said Jane, "all the family and the guests are now in the drawing-room, for they are early to-night in honor of the Chinaman, who is the worst looking article, ugly as sin," and Jane's nose, which naturally has most decided upward curves, seems to twist itself still higher. "But hurry along, Miss Petra, and I will help you to dress."

Petra was greatly liked by all the servants, as she had done many kind, considerate acts for them, and they seemed always eager to do service in return. Jane was Maud's maid.

"What dress will you wear, miss?" inquired Jane, in business-like tones.

"The black washing muslin, which was brought

from the laundry this morning, I tacked a few violets around the square at the neck, and on the shoulders; here is a big satin violet-colored bow, fasten it on near the bottom of the skirt, you will find a pair of long gloves the same shade in that box near your hand. Yes, and you might get that violet and gold ornament for my hair. Oh, Jane, do you see my shoes anywhere?—I don't remember putting them away," asked Petra, all the while proceeding deftly with her toilet.

"Yes ma'am, here they are," answered Jane, who was considered to be a treasure as a lady's maid, for she was ever calm even under the most trying circumstances.

Jane dressed Petra's hair with the taste of an artist, surmounting the golden pile with the beautiful ornament, a gift her father had sent her from China shortly before his death. In fifteen minutes after her entrance into the house, Petra was ready for dinner.

"I think I have beat the record for dressing this time, Jane, and I owe it all to you," said Petra, giving Jane a rare sweet smile, which Jane decided was so charming that she tried to imitate it on her next devotion to her mirror.

"Indeed, miss, it's a pleasure to work for some folk, whilst it's a trial to work for some others.

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Now there's Miss Maud nearly worried the life out of me this night, she was two hours dressing; nothing I did for her suited her, and she didn't look nearly so well in her beautiful pink silk as you look in that simple black washing muslin."

"Oh, Jane, you are prejudiced in my favor," said Petra, laughing at Jane's earnestness. "But who did you say the guests were to-night, besides the Chinaman," inquired Petra, as she was leaving the room.

"Mr. Bunder and his wife and Archie Bunder, old Mr. Cragie, and another gentleman whom I never saw before; the footman said he was Mr. Bunder's new secretary, he looks like a Frenchman. But you had better hurry miss, for dinner will be served in five minutes," finished Jane.

Petra hastens into the drawing-room, and, her aunt motioning to her, she went forward and received an introduction to Mr. Tisab Ting.

"You are late, dear Petra, I was just beginning to feel anxious about you," said Mrs. Harrington in softly-modulated tones. "Allow me to introduce my niece, Miss Bertram, Mr. Tisab Ting."

Petra is in a state of feverish anxiety; will he recognize her? From his manner she is sure that he does not, and this assurance gives her courage until he replies to the introduction, "I am pleased

to meet you, Miss Bertram," said in such a tone that Petra feels sure that he means to imply that he has met her before but never expected to see her again. This makes Petra feel ill at ease and fills her heart with an uncertain feeling of hatred for him, as she forces herself to say, "we are pleased to have the pleasure of meeting you, Mr. Tisab Ting." Petra would not have said this had she not felt her aunt's eyes to be riveted upon her, and knew that any neglect of courtesy would be entirely misconstrued by her aunt.

Bowing to Tisab Ting, Petra crosses the room and seats herself beside Nan, who is talking to the Mayor of Montreal, Mr. Bunder, a very old and valued friend of the late Mr. Harrington.

"I was beginning to fear, my dear, that we were not going to have the pleasure of seeing you this evening," said Mr. Bunder to Petra, as she drew near. "You have just been made acquainted with your aunt's foreign guest. He is a strange-looking individual, is he not? Are you prepossessed in his favor? But I need not ask that, for all the ladies of Montreal society will think him too charming for anything." This last was said in a sarcastic, high-pitched feminine tone which made both Petra and Nan laugh.

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Tisab Ting yet," replied Petra, "but I noticed that his voice was very pleasing—in fact musical in its intonation."

"Yes, I had no doubt you would recognize that; you are so full of music yourself. That reminds me I have a request to make, one I am sure you will grant, you are always so kind. The President of the United States, his wife, and several of the ministers are to be at the reception we give on the twenty-ninth of next month, and I want you to do me the honor of singing on that occasion."

Petra had never before refused this old friend when he had asked her to sing at his house, and she groaned in spirit as she felt the awkward position in which the keeping of her promise placed her. Petra turned a beseeching look towards Nan for assistance, but Nan, knowing all the circumstances, was at as much of a loss as she was. Just then dinner was announced, and Petra was spared an immediate reply, but she gave a sigh as she wondered how she would get out of the difficulty of keeping her promise to her aunt without offending her old friend.

Mr. Cragie was Petra's partner at dinner, and as he gave all his attention to it, Petra took the opportunity afforded of listening to the conversation between Mr. Tisab Ting and Mrs. Bunder.

Tisab Ting had taken Mrs. Bunder in to dinner and they sat at table almost directly opposite Petra. Mrs. Bunder, previous to her marriage, had been one of the best known lawyers of the United States, and was able to converse with a fluency and ease which made it pleasant to listen to her conversation.

“Yes, Mr. Tisab Ting, the art of conversation has made great progress in Canada during the last twenty years,” Petra heard Mrs. Bunder say; “for instance, the hostess does not hurry her guests into a crush of chairs and start them like so many automatic machines playing with cards, amongst, perchance, a number of uncongenial people, as was the custom when my mother was a reigning belle. No; social evenings are now conducted on very different lines from those, and I believe that the new order of society came about through the educated woman, who in the latter part of the nineteenth century was labeled the ‘new’ woman. Yes, undoubtedly with the higher education of woman, a new era came, and society was the first to feel the beneficial wave. Equal intellectual rights have produced, to a greater extent than has ever before been known, equal morality of sex.”

“The educated woman has been a great factor in our country’s advancement,” said Tisab Ting. “In

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the last century a Chinaman had reason to be ashamed of his mother, yet the women are the same now, only polished."

"Yes, woman holds the same position to-day that she did centuries ago, but with the added charm and benefit of being an intelligent companion and instructor," thoughtfully said Mrs. Bunder.

In the hum of voices, Petra was unable to follow the rest of the conversation between Tisab Ting and Mrs. Bunder, and thinking herself unnoticed, she soon became completely engrossed in characteristically analyzing Mr. Tisab Ting; he was indeed, as Mr. Bunder had remarked, "a strange-looking individual;" his features would never belie his nationality. Petra was about to pronounce him unredeemable when he looked at her as she was scrutinizing him, and gave her a penetrating yet amused glance. Petra forgot his ugliness and saw only a pair of magnetic eyes that varied in color as the brain varies in thought. She heard only the choice nicety of language delivered in a musical voice with foreign inflection, as he made some reply to Mrs. Bunder, remembered only the dignified carriage, which detracted from the insignificance of the short, square-built figure which is so characteristic of the Chinese. Petra was covered with

confusion as he found her studying him so intently as though he were some zoological specimen, and she a schoolgirl student. Yet how dared he show his amusement to her so plainly. "I will show him how little I care for him or his appearance before he leaves here," thought Petra. She was not sorry when her aunt gave the signal to leave the table, Mr. Cragie gave her his arm—for it was customary for the gentlemen to leave the dining-room with the ladies. On reaching the drawing-room, Mr. Tisab Ting seated Mrs. Bunder beside Mrs. Harrington, and immediately crossed the room to where Nan was standing talking to Petra.

Mr. Archie Bunder—a young man of very German appearance, whom Nan had aptly described as square-shouldered, square-faced and intellectually opaque, she claiming that he was at all times impervious to the shafts of intellectual light that flashed about, "me and mine" being the extent of his intellectual and conversational powers—was trying to engage Maud's attention, with whom he was deeply in love, and Maud would doubtless have been satisfied with his attentions had not higher game come in sight to be caught. In character Maud was very much like her mother, narrow and shallow, possessing an amount of conceit that was amazing, but her brilliant brunette beauty offset this, and she was much sought after.

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When Maud saw Mr. Tisab Ting crossing the room, she instantly concluded that he was coming to speak to her, but when he passed on to where Nan and Petra were standing, near the window that lead to the balcony, she was annoyed, and Archie spent a very unpleasant time. But when Maud saw Mr. Stead Ray, Mr. Bunder's secretary, join the trio, and then after a few moments saw them all pass out on to the balcony, her anger knew no bounds, and rising, she said, "I am going out to the balcony," and Archie meekly followed. The affinity of sex called love has, from time to time, made greater fools of more intellectual men than Archie Bunder.

"To what conclusion, Miss Bertram, did you come at dinner?" abruptly asked Tisab Ting, as they went from the balcony into the garden. And as Petra remained silent, he continued in a voice so contrite that, while he spoke, she forgot her anger against him. "I am sorry I offended you by disconcerting you at dinner, but I had felt your glance all the time, and I could not resist looking at you to find out just what you were like when you were sitting in judgment on a poor foreigner." And he gave way to a musical laugh that brought back vividly to Petra's memory the amused glance he had given her at dinner.

"There, I have offended you again," he said in penitent tones, as Petra turned impatiently from him, "but you will forgive me for all past and future offences, should I make any before I become fully acquainted with the customs of your country."

"Evidently I will have to disillusionize Tisab Ting's mind on some matters," decided Petra.

"You have never offended me in the past, Mr. Tisab Ting," said Petra, her voice cold and deliberate, "you have not done so on this occasion, I only allow myself to take umbrage at those friends who are dear to me, and if you can imagine how far off you are from the category of my friends, you will understand how little offence you have or can ever give to me." Then Petra, in her irritation, forgot her rôle of dignity: "I suppose you feel that because you saw me make a fool of myself on one occasion, that you are at liberty to make one of me whenever it suits your fancy."

As she speaks thus, Petra acknowledges herself to be unjust.

Tisab is quick to notice Petra's irritation, caused partly by the distrust that cannot fathom in the slightest degree his peculiarity of voice and manner, and the knowledge that to avoid further unpleasantness, she will have to ask this man to refrain from mentioning the episode of the afternoon.

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"Pardon me, Miss Bertram, if word of mine led you to suppose that I was making a fool of you; nothing was farther from my thought or desire, I assure you," and the quiet gravity of Tisab Ting's voice restores Petra to calmness, "but since you refer to this afternoon's adventure—which, believe me, I would not have mentioned had you not done so.—How did you manage your mysterious disappearance? I heard a voice human, yet with power divine, that lulled all earthly thought by its sweetness, then I saw a lithe form on a raised stone swaying as the birds do when they are pouring forth some exquisite melody, then before thought could act, at the expression of my appreciation, all was gone as a dream. Had not civilization nearly cured our race of superstition, I would have immediately fled back to my native land. Too bad about the cure, eh? Tisab Ting said this in such a quizzical tone, and it was so near to Petra's thought, that her sense of humor was touched. "Tell me where you went and I promise you that I will never try to follow you."

"No, I do not think you will, for I never intend to stand on that rock again," replied Petra, "I cannot tell you of my adventures to-night, it will take too long, but I will tell you some other time."

"All right," acquiesced Tisab Ting, "that is a

promise that I will exact at an early date. Only assure me, Miss Bertram, that such pitfalls do not abound around your aunt's residence," his voice assuming an accent of abject terror.

Petra could but wonder at Tisab Ting's voice—it was such a chameleon of varying intonation—as she assured him that, as far as she knew, the grounds were quite safe.

"Now, Miss Bertram, if you will not entertain me by telling of the thrilling adventures that I am sure were yours to-day, come in and sing one song, and I will play your accompaniment. It will not be akin in beauty to that of this afternoon, when you sang and old Father Æolus played a minor symphony among the trees, but I will do my best."

"No, I cannot sing for you," answers Petra bluntly.

"What? Not sing when your aunt's guest requests you to do so. What kind of hospitable entertainment do you follow in Canada? Why the most illiterate and unpretentious Chinaman has a better conception of hospitality than you appear to have. For if he could not sing a note, he would howl to the best of his ability." The sharpness of reproof in Tisab Ting's voice, as he utters this, cuts Petra like a knife.

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she will have to humble herself, and, as it were, share a secret with him, for explain to her aunt she will not and she cannot have this man continually asking her to sing as she feels certain he will, unless plainly told not to.

"Your country I deem too hospitable," remarks Petra, a smile hovering round her mouth as in imagination she sees rows of Chinamen more or less like this one beside her, howling in the necessity of maintaining their standard of hospitality. "And I regret that you put my refusal to sing in the light of inhospitality. I cannot explain why I cannot sing as you desire, but you will oblige me by neither asking me to sing nor alluding to the occurrence of this afternoon at any future time."

"May I not hear the story of your mysterious disappearance?" inquires Tisab Ting.

"Yes, I will tell you of that some day, but I do not wish you to tell anyone where and how you heard me sing," Petra replies in a voice scarcely audible, as she realizes into what a coward her aunt's unjust usage has converted her.

"Certainly," responds Tisab Ting, "I will respect this request of yours, and here is my hand—I believe you shake hands in your country on the completion of any bond or promise, while we in our country go through a succession of low bows, rarely clasping hands."

Reluctantly Petra places her hand in his, and he retains it while he continues, "I will not ask you to sing, or acknowledge in any way that I know you can sing, but nevertheless, I feel sure that the joy of hearing your charming voice in song at some later day will not be denied me. You will sing again, and when you sing remember you are singing for me, and me alone," then Tisab Ting drops her hand in such a curt manner that Petra feels her pride lowered as she has never done before, and she wishes, when too late, that she had told her aunt of that afternoon's episode instead of speaking as she had done to this Chinaman. On this, the first evening of Tisab Ting's arrival, Petra decides that she will avoid him in the future, for he has a singular power over her and he keeps her emotions in a perpetual see-saw. Petra had always believed her will to be strong, but his was stronger with a dominancy that hers lacked. The emotional side of his nature he held well in check, while as she was young and untried, her face was a fair index of the varying emotions that were part of her excitable nature.

According to the usual custom, Nan went to Petra's room to talk over the day's doings before retiring to her own. When they were both comfortably seated on one high chair that stood near

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the window, Petra said, "How I dislike that Chinaman—he is so ugly and impudent."

"Why," replied Nan, in a tone of astonishment, "I think he is simply charming. I will admit he is ugly, but that, in my opinion, only makes him the more fascinating, and I do not see how you can think him rude; his manner pronounces him to be a perfect gentleman, and fills one with astonishment at what a century of civilization and education has done for the Chinese nation."

"Have you joined the rest in swelling the chorus of 'Chinese civilizationers,'" asked Petra, so mournfully that Nan laughed merrily at her.

"Did you see the curious specimen, the antithesis of himself, I might say, that Tisab Ting brought with him as valet? His own valet, it appears, contracted a fever on the day previous to the one Mr. Tisab had arranged to leave, so he started out to hunt for another; for no Chinaman of any note would travel without a servant. While out walking one day, he would have been crushed to death by the falling of a chimney, had not Chipee-nee, his present servant, rushed forward at the risk of his own life and pulled and hustled him out of the way, for, of course, he was taken by surprise and did not wish to be hurried. Tisab Ting felt as though he had been saved as it were against his

will by Chipee-nee, and was doubly grateful. He offered Chipee a large sum of money which Chipee would not take, saying it was work he wanted, he had acted in the capacity of both cook and manservant, his credentials being of the best, Tisab Ting, out of gratitude, engaged him. Tisab Ting told me all this after a little incident, to which I was an eye-witness."

"Chipee-nee is a regular, typical type of an old-time Chinaman, and still wearing the cue, long, narrow goatee and queer costume of his country. He cannot speak a word of English, and his height is above that of the average Chinese. While Chipee was busy carrying his master's belongings to their place, Eliza—who is one of the greenest weeds that ever existed, who had never heard of a Chinaman, and a pigtail was foreign to her sight—met him in the servants' hall and gave a prolonged squeal that scared poor Chipee out of his wits, making his pigtail stand up and his eyes stick out. 'Ye long betailed baste,' she cried, 'what wid you be meddling with here, get ye out or I'll grab every bit of your tail off.' Chipee jabbered and waved his hands, which made Eliza all the more excited. She grasped his cue in hands firm and severe, but this was too much for Chipee's equilibrium, freeing his cue, which, by the look on his face, must have

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been a very painful job, he took Eliza by the shoulders and shook her within an inch of her life. I had been looking on at the scene from the passage above, but at this grand finale, I was laughing so much that I could not go to the rescue. I am certain that Eliza would have soon been no more had not Mr. Tisab Ting arrived about that time and cleared up matters. The last time I saw Eliza she was in bed anathematizing, in pure Irish, all betailed heathens. Had you arrived a little earlier I would have asked you to call on her. You and she should be great friends now, you are both so anti-Chinese," said Nan teasingly. "What detained you so long, anyway, Petra?"

Then Petra narrated her adventure of the afternoon, and how Jerry had rescued her from what would have been her tomb had he gone away, as he had at first intended, to-day instead of to-morrow.

And Nan could only exclaim in surprise as Petra related her story.





CHAPTER VI.

PETRA had not enjoyed unalloyed happiness since the arrival of Tisab Ting, the Chinaman. In a dim, uncertain fashion she felt that her life was changed, she herself had changed, yet the difference in her life was so undefinable that she could not understand it.

One morning about two weeks after Tisab Ting's arrival, Petra, after waiting anxiously for the distribution of the mail, and finding no letters for her, left the house and went in the direction of the wind-mill. She craved solitude, and she was just beginning to experience the gloomy reflection—caused by the decreasing hope of ever receiving a reply to her several advertisements for work—that she was wanted nowhere, that there was no place in the world for her, nor any demand for the work she was capable of performing, when, stepping around the stone wall that had been built to guard the entrance to the mill, she almost fell into the arms of Tisab Ting, who was apparently admiring the structure.

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death of me, I feel sure," exclaimed Tisab Ting, and the laugh that accompanies this remark, causes Petra to turn and walk away from him, she did not feel equal to the encounter which followed as surely as they met. She felt as though unable to battle with the swift under-current of her life, and above all, Petra was troubled with the influence that this man exerted over her. Ever since the afternoon he had found her singing in the grove, he had persecuted her as though he had decided to bring out her various moods for his entertainment, without a seeming effort he could anger and enrage, and on the next occasion he would reconcile her to him. Petra felt this influence sorely, and when out of his society she disliked, nay, hated him cordially. There was one thing for which Petra was grateful. Her aunt's displeasure when she perceived the antagonism that existed between her guest and niece was less energetic.

As Petra, in haste to get away, walks around the mill, she is met face to face by Mr. Tisab Ting, who has evidently come around by the other side for the purpose of meeting her thus. Why, thought Petra, had he not understood that his society was not wanted. If she was obliged to meet him, he would find that she could stand on her own ground and not permit herself to be twisted around his

finger at his will, as had so often occurred on previous occasions.

"Miss Bertram," asked Tisab Ting, inquiringly, "why are you so rude to me?"

This was always the way; he was the wronged, and it was exasperating. "Rude, Mr. Tisab Ting, you are surely mistaken, I could not be rude to a guest; it is you who are rude to express such a thought," said Petra, her face the picture of surprised innocence.

"Do you not call it rude to act as you did just now, turning your back upon me and walking away—but you see fate has decided differently, I walk away in entirely the opposite direction, and we meet."

With a slight bow and a mocking laugh, Petra replies: "So you appear in another *rôle*, that of fate, but I do not recognize you, sir, and as such you are not mine, pray continue on your way."

"How do you know I am not your fate," Tisab inquires, looking at the scornful face of his companion with steadfast eyes that are almost black in their intensity.

"How do I know? I feel in my heart that the future could not hold such a cruel fate for me," replies Petra, and in her earnestness her figure bends slightly forward.

Tisab is about to reply to this cutting speech in like manner, but noting the weary, negligent attitude to which Petra's figure has relaxed, remarks instead, "Cor ɛ, Miss Bertram, do not let us quarrel, time will decide our fates, and therefore let us decide to be friendly for an hour or two at least."

"It is not possible," returns Petra, coldly, "we are either too dissimilar or too much alike to agree even for a few hours," and her mouth assumes an irritable droop that makes her very charming as she continues: "You are so very quarrelsome that I cannot agree with you, although my disposition is considered by many to be angelic." Then Petra looks at Tisab Ting, as though expecting opposition, but none came, he bowed, and surprised her by saying, "I am sure your disposition is all it should be."

"Miss Bertram, will you not act as cicerone and show me through the mill; I have never been inside of it yet. I have been here two weeks and have not yet inspected one of the oldest landmarks on the Island. Think of the oversight and help me to remedy it."

"I will show you through the mill if you wish," said Petra, with very apparent reluctance, "but I feel certain that we will both come out of the mill in fiendish temper, you had better get Nan or Maud

to show you the interior, they are thoroughly posted in all the reminiscences in connection with it, and you get on so amiably with them while in their society. They never offend against the correct rules of hospitality, I do," she finished ironically.

"I pledge you the word of a Chinaman, if it is worth anything in your opinion, that we will leave the mill as good friends as we enter it, if not better. For I will not quarrel with you, and your angelic disposition will not permit you to quarrel with me." This last was said with such apparent earnestness that Petra laughingly complied and, unlocking the door, entered the mill followed by Tisab Ting.

"Really Mr. Tisab Ting, there is nothing to be seen in the place," said Petra.

"Nothing to be seen," acquiesced Tisab Ting in a similar tone, looking round him, "but a feeling of awe comes o'er me as I stand within its walls, and think how many secrets it must hold,"

Petra, watching him intently, likens him to a kaleidoscope, for at every turn she finds him in some fresh character; but not permitting herself to try and find the depths of what she feels sure is fathomless, the light and shade, the personality of this Chinaman, she quickly replies, "I too am always impressed with some such thoughts," and in musing

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tones she continues, "I often find my way in here and picture for myself the busy scenes of over three hundred years ago. The stern old Scottish miller, who persisted in having his rights; the place heaped up with golden grain; the men busy at their work, the children busy at their play. But," said Petra, waking from her retrospection and finding Tisab Ting's eyes fixed upon her with that keen quizzical glance which she dreads, for it has the power to disconcert her now as much as it had on that first evening at dinner. "I must not detain you here, come up this stair, it is perfectly safe," she remarks reassuringly, "and you will get a lovely view from the top."

On the top landing there was a large window cut in the side of the wall, and Petra seating herself on a low camp stool invited Tisab Ting to be seated also, but he went over to the window and was apparently soon lost in admiration of the surrounding scene. Petra, believing Tisab to be so absorbed that she is forgotten, rises, and moving quietly towards the stairway is about to descend.

"What, are you going?" asks Tisab without moving. How he knew she had risen was a mystery to Petra, for from his position at the window he could not possibly see her.

"Yes, I did think of going for a while, I thought

that you were so enraptured with the landscape that I was forgotten," replied Petra, carrying off her intended desertion with nonchalance.

Tisab Ting turned his face towards her, the strong light from the window fell full upon it, and perhaps accounted for the softened expression on his face, as he said in low tones, "Forgotten?—no, never by me!"

Petra was disconcerted, and to cover her confusion she quickly replied, "No, you are not likely to forget me, you are too true a general to forget a pitched battle or even a small skirmish."

"Now, now, Miss Bertram," said Tisab Ting, recovering his customary manner, "we were not to recall bygones. We were to be friendly, and as I notice that personalities always seem to be the signal for strife between us, we will forget ourselves and talk on other subjects. Do you know that next to my own I like your country better than any I have ever yet visited?"

"Indeed, I voice my country when I assure you that we are grateful. I yet expect to hear you express the wish that you had been born a Canadian."

"No, never that," promptly replied Tisab Ting, "I am too proud of being a Chinaman, and you will know for a certainty how poor my taste when

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I affirm that I am grateful that my appearance does not belie my nationality."

"You are too patriotic," replied Petra, in meaning tones.

"You should not be sarcastic, Miss Bertram, especially as you and others of your fair Canadian sex have such a right to be patriotic," answered Tisab Ting, with manner so easy and graceful that Petra was ashamed of her inuendo on his appearance. And in her effort to atone all the cold reserve that was but assumed fell from her, and her own bright natural self came to the surface in all its winning cordiality, frankness and non-reserve.

Tisab Ting spoke of China in such vivid language, made doubly effective by the charm of his voice, of his country and the cause of its meteor-like course towards civilized greatness, and the grand education and advantages. "Our educational system has been proved the best in the world, under Confucianism education permeated Chinese society from top to bottom,* but not with the beneficial result that walks hand in hand with Christian civilization. You see, we are no longer a nation of retrograde movement, we are no longer a people who think and live in the past, we now look to the future." As he finished thus, Petra knew that his

* "The Religions of the World." By G. M. Grant, D.D.

magnetic eyes were fastened upon her, and she feels the hot blushes rising and running riot over her face. How foolish she is, what will he think ?

Then with clanging, resonant sound comes the distant ringing peal of a bell. Petra hastily rises and exclaims, "Why, Mr. Tisab Ting, that is the noon-bell ringing, the past three hours have gone like nothing, we will have to hurry to be in time for luncheon," she runs down the steps, he following more leisurely. Petra tries to lock the door, but Tisab Ting takes the key from her trembling fingers, fastens the door, hanging the key in its accustomed place. Then turning to Petra, who had recovered from her strange fit of agitation, he asked in inquiring tones, as though anxious for her opinion, "Well, did not my prediction come true— do we not leave the mill good friends ?"

"Yes, but good friends for the hour and no more," replies Petra ungraciously. "Because I was deeply interested in his conversation of his country, he need not think I am going to be at his beck and call," thought Petra, "or that when he decides on peace there shall be peace. I am sorry now that I went into the old mill, and gave him the chance of drawing me out of myself ; but he was so very entertaining and nice that I forgot to be nasty. But there is no truth in this man," decides Petra to her-

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self, "he cannot make me believe in his varying tones of assumed sympathy, regret, and other feelings that he has the power to make his voice express. No, he cannot impose on me, however he may on Nan and the others."

"Is that all?" asks Tisab Ting, in pleading tones, that Petra distrusts so much.

"Yes, all," coldly replies Petra.

"So be it," said Tisab Ting, his voice instantly changing to indifference.

As they silently pursue their way to the house, Petra decides that the old mill must hold some charm in itself, for within its walls how different they both were!

Tisab Ting's thoughts were not of the mill, but of his silent companion. He did not need to query for the secret of the mill, for he knew, without any feeling of conceit in his own power, that it was of himself. He was probing and searching into the recesses of Petra Bertram's character. She possessed a charm for him because he could not fathom her disposition, he who prided himself on his quick perceptive powers in knowing his fellow-man. He did not care for her particularly, he assured himself. Ah, no; it pleased him to irritate or anger her, or see her face lighten with intelligent thought at some remark of his—this pleased him. Why should

he not be pleased? He had seen women whose beauty had charmed him more. No, decidedly, he had no thoughts of love, and, try as he might, never would have for Petra Bertram.

Petra, glancing up and seeing the thoughtful expression on Tisab Ting's face, wondered what new misery she would have to undergo for his amusement. And as on the first evening of his coming, but trusting with better success, she determined to keep from crossing his path.

How the current of human thought rises and swells, running its swift course through the varied landscape of the mind, flowing at times to one great ocean and mingling; again running side by side with only a narrow strip between, that a mighty flood on one side or the other might sweep over. Yet too often those two rivers flow on their way, each unconscious of the other, diverging at length and losing themselves in fresh scenes far distant from each other. How would it be with Tisab Ting, the Chinaman, and Petra Bertram, the fair Canadian?



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CHAPTER VII.

"MY electric launch has arrived," said Tisab Ting, as he and the family were seated at breakfast one morning; "will you allow me to take the ladies for a trip after luncheon, Mrs. Harrington?" he asked.

And, as Mrs. Harrington hesitates in giving her consent, Nan exclaims, "Say yes, mother."

"Is it quite safe, Mr. Tisab?" inquires Mrs. Harrington.

"Yes, quite safe, for I have some excellent men on board to manage her. No danger at all I assure you, madam," replied Tisab Ting in the slow, distinct style he generally adopted, and which the slight foreign accent made more impressive.

"I am nervous about giving my consent to this boating excursion, for I cannot believe that you know how dangerous the rapids are, when you think of ascending and descending through them in a small launch; no, Mr. Tisab, I do not think I can give my consent," said Mrs. Harrington so decidedly, that Nan, knowing her mother's tones

well, was disappointed. And Petra watched with delight to see what Tisab Ting would do or say in the face of her aunt's refusal—would he win?

"My dear madam, I have had this boat fitted purposely for such work, and it has been running through the rapids about here for over a week, you cannot understand the power of electricity if you doubt my little pleasure boat," said Tisab Ting, implying in subtle tones an injury to himself and his that made Mrs. Harrington review her judgment.

"Do say yes, mother, for your hesitation looks as if you doubted Mr. Tisab's ability to take care of us. We have known him long enough now to feel certain that he would not invite us to go where there would be the least danger," said Maud, at which Tisab Ting gave her a smile and a bow as he turned to Mrs. Harrington.

"All right, you may take the girls, since you feel so confident of their safety," said Mrs. Harrington rather unwillingly, much to Nan's surprise, for she had never known her mother to reclaim a decision once made.

"Well, mother," gaily said Nan, "if, as Paddy would say, we get drowned, we won't blame you; but we won't, for Petra is a good swimmer," placing her hand with loving touch on Petra's shoul-

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der; so if the boat springs a leak or sinks in a rapid wave she can save me; and, Mr. Tisab, I suppose you can swim?" giving Tisab Ting a bright, questioning glance.

"Yes," he replied.

"Then you can save Maud," said Nan, gravely.

To which Tisab Ting as gravely replied, "Thank you."

"Nan, Nan," cried her mother, "do not rattle on so or I will have nervous prostration before you return."

"Nan has a gruesome imagination," said Maud, with a slight shiver. Like her mother, Maud avoided all thoughts of death.

After a month's residence with the Harringtons, Tisab Ting had become so well acquainted with them that he was looked upon and acted quite as one of the members of the household. At his request the more formal address of Mr. Tisab Ting was dropped, and he was called Mr. Tisab.

Long before his arrival, Mrs. Harrington had all plans arranged for his entertainment and her advantage. She had decided that Mr. Tisab Ting would have one month of uninterrupted opportunity of meeting Maud; then as her brilliancy in the immediate home circle was beginning to wane, a number of guests would be invited and a house

party formed, and he would see her in a social brilliancy that Mrs. Harrington fondly believed would win him, if he had not already asked for her daughter's hand.

Tisab Ting, with keen perception of character, understood Mrs. Harrington ; saw that he was continually given the opportunity of cultivating Maud's acquaintance ; and he, pitying Maud's position, paid her attention that Mrs. Harrington entirely misconstrued, and imaginary castles in China reared themselves in splendor.

Mrs. Harrington's hopes were raised still higher by the intimacy, the good fellowship that existed between her youngest daughter and her guest, and the evident dislike her niece and guest entertained for one another.

Since the morning that Petra had shown Tisab Ting the old windmill, she had tried to be very cold and reserved towards him. He had not altered in his manner, and apparently, positively relished running counter to her on all subjects at all times. Why he did this was a mystery to himself, unless it was that he knew he had a certain mastery over her, and that he could awaken in her the irritable fierce undauntedness that made her a foe worthy of his best steel.

To do Tisab Ting justice, he was not aware that

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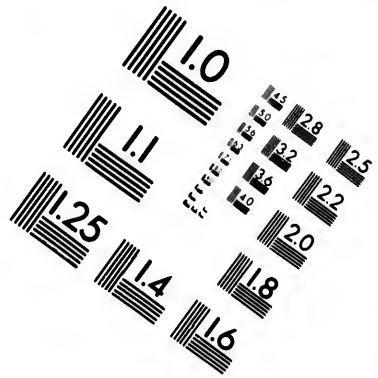
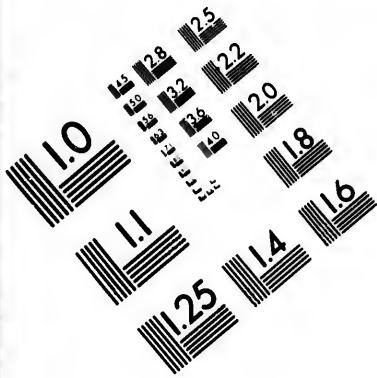
he had the power to wound Petra as often and as deeply as he did, for he might cut and wound, but still she never owned herself worsted, and never looked for mercy.

Tisab Ting was enjoying his visit in Canada thoroughly. Maud afforded him flirtation; Nan, sympathy and comradeship; Petra, excitement, for she was to him the riddle that was difficult to solve, the flash of steel finely tempered.

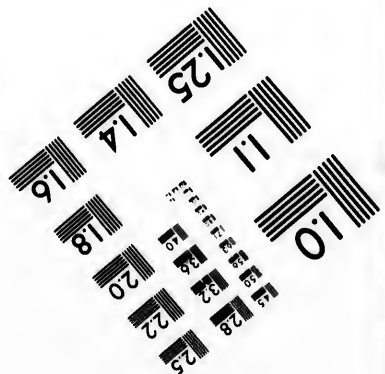
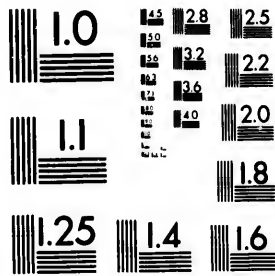
He was rather disposed to admire his hostess, but was disgusted with her as the social saleswoman of her daughters. Many would have drifted into the matrimonial trap so delicately set by her, but not he who watched the undercurrents of life and never thought a straw too small to notice if it showed to him the flow of the tide.

"Maud," said Mrs. Harrington, looking up from her morning paper, "I think you had better not go on this excursion to-day, for Mrs. Bunder's reception occurs this evening, and you will all be tired out."

"Oh no, we won't, dear mamma," sweetly replied Maud, who was anxious not to miss this chance of captivating Tisab Ting, for in a few days the house party would be made up, then he would be courted by everyone. "It is now ten," she continued, "suppose we go at eleven and take our luncheon with us, returning at three, that would give us



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ample time to rest before dinner, and the reception does not commence until nine."

"Yes," complied Mrs. Harrington, understanding her daughter's desire for the excursion only too well, "since you will go, that will be a very nice arrangement."

"Then it is all decided," said Maud, giving Tisab Ting a bewitching glance from her dark eyes, as though to say, "this pleading was all for your sake."

Which Tisab Ting returned with such ardour that he disconcerted even Maud's stoical conceit.

"Mr. Tisab," said Nan, briskly, "I have thought of the most original idea, but no," she said regretfully, "It is too much to ask."

"Please, Miss Nan, proceed; I would indeed be gratified to be the promoter of an original idea," exclaimed Tisab Ting, looking beseechingly at Nan and speaking in exaggerated tones of earnestness that caused them all to laugh.

"Well, if you persist, Mr. Tisab," said Nan, primly, giving him an arch glance from her bright eyes, "I would like an entirely Chinese luncheon. You have the dishes on your boat, I believe, and Chipee was a cook in China at one time. Now, don't you think," hesitatingly continued Nan, as she saw the enormity of her request only as she gave voice to it, and saw the astonishment depicted on the faces of those around her.

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"Why capital!" exclaimed Tisab Ting, going over and taking Nan's hand and bowing low over it, "I will see Chipee immediately, he will be able to get all he requires by eleven o'clock, and he can do the cooking on board while we voyage around. And when I tell him, Miss Nan, that this luncheon was your suggestion, I feel sure he will exert himself in honor of his country's gastronomy."

"Wasn't it nice of the chimney, Mr. Tisab," sighed Nan, much to her mother's astonishment, for Mrs. Harrington, who knew nothing about Tisab Ting's danger and rescue by Chipee, could not understand what chimneys had to do with the present conversation.

"Yes, indeed, or we should have had no cook," replied Tisab Ting.

Tisab Ting and his guests boarded his little boat, the *Lapwee*, sharp at eleven. They saw Chipee going down to the cabin cook-house much-laden with parcels and baskets, a white canvas bag over his shoulder, smiling so radiantly that Tisab Ting remarked to Nan, "you have apparently been the means of bestowing much gratification on Chipee. Did you see how he was smiling?"

"He is not any better pleased with me than I am with myself, for suggesting the idea," answered Nan, "for everything is charming, I am sure we are

going to have such a unique excursion that this day will ever be a memory, a red letter day to us all."

"You are enthusiastic; I am glad your ladyship is pleased," replied Tisab Ting, as he walked away to the other end of the boat with Maud, who had decided in her mind that this was to be *her* red letter day, the day that would make her the promised wife of the wealthiest man in the world, for both she and her mother believed that Tisab Ting had arranged this excursion for the express purpose of proposing to her. He had come to Canada for the purpose of getting a wife, and as yet he had paid no attentions to any ladies in Montreal except Mrs. Harrington's daughters, and Maud felt she had good reason to hope.

The voyaging was enjoyed by all, having in it that spice of excitement that is necessary for perfect enjoyment by youth, health, and daring spirit, for, as they ascended the rapids, the boat danced and rocked as though it were an adventurous human thing, possessed of life.

"I am to be your girl to-day, for mother said that I must not interfere with Maud, by talking too much with Mr. Tisab," said Nan with a quaint, sly glance from her cousin to where Tisab Ting and Maud were standing, at the far end of the boat, looking as though they were absorbed in each other and all else was forgotten by them.

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"I am satisfied," replied Petra, "and I will try to be a true chivalrous knight, a character that is not common now-a-days."

"I do not think chivalry has died," dreamingly said Nan, "there is Jerry."

"Yes," conceded Petra, "I think he has the qualifications of a true knight."

"And," continued Nan, "there is Mr. Tisab."

"No he is not," vehemently returned Petra.

"Why, Petra, I think he is simply splendid," said Nan, and leaning towards Petra she asked, "why do you dislike him so much ; what has he done to incur your displeasure ?"

"Nothing," answered Petra ; "unless it is that he is a Chinaman and I distrust him. Dear Nan," she said, with such a sad, weary look on her face that Nan sympathetically stretched forth and took Petra's hands in hers, "I am so unhappy, I have received no reply to my advertisements for work. Nobody wants me."

Before Nan can reply, Tisab Ting and Maud join them. Tisab looks searchingly into the faces of Petra and Nan, as though he would fain read their thoughts. Maud is smiling complacently. Tisab had listened attentively to every word she uttered, and he had made many charming speeches to her. It was quite by accident that they had sauntered to-

wards that part of the boat where her sister and cousin were seated, and Maud thoroughly understood that he could not well have passed on without saying a few words to them, for they were his guests as well as she, and he must not neglect them whatever his feelings might be, however great his desire to be with her alone. Poor Maud, how chagrined she would have been could she have read this foreigner's thoughts, and knew that her beautiful face, rounded figure and monotonous amiability, were far out-balanced in Tisab Ting's opinion by her sister's charming, child-like candor and grace, or her cousin's immutable bearing towards him—her hauteur that said more plainly than words, "so far shall I admit you to my acquaintance, no farther." An attitude that he who, at all times, made others act in accordance with his will—made them human puppets under the charm of his sauvity, changeful intonation and society polish—could not now conciliate. It was true he could rouse her to anger, but he had lost the power of winning her to forgetfulness of himself, for the Petra Tisab Ting had seen in the old mill was daily burying herself under the shadow of steadfast reserve.

On Chipee appearing and announcing the readiness of the Chinese luncheon, preparation was made for landing on a small island that was just in sight.

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On this island they selected a clearance surrounded by trees—which, from its appearance, the irrepressible Nan called the “Dellee,” saying the name sounded China-like—as a place for the luncheon to be served. The party, leaving Chipee to make all further arrangements, wandered off through the island, exploring all the nooks and corners, chatting and laughing, a merry consort. At first there had been a disposition on the part of the girls to separate, Nan and Petra taking one route, Maud and Tisab Ting another, but the master hand interfered. How it was arranged, on after thoughts, none of the girls could say; suffice it that they remained as one body under the pleasing influence of Tisab Ting’s conversation and management from the time they left the Dellee and preoccupied Chipee until they returned to partake of the feast which the now smiling Chipee was gazing on with admiration.

The girls praised Chipee’s skill as an artist, as they sat down to partake of the luncheon, one on each side of the square of stones that he had erected into a table.

When Tisab told Chipee what the ladies had said, Chipee looked gravely at them with nodding head and swinging pigtail. But his face broke into a radiant smile when his master, patting him on the back, gave him a few words of commendation.

The luncheon went merrily.

"What lovely cakes!" cried Nan, who was fond of sweets, "what are they called, Mr. Tisab?"

"They are the favorite cake of the Chinese ladies," replied he.

"Cakes!" exclaimed Maud, "just have some of this dish, it is delicious; it seems to be spice and meat mixed up, and tastes splendid. I must get the recipe from Chipee and give it to our cook. What is it called, Mr. Tisab?"

"I do not know, for I have not partaken of it yet," answered Tisab. Maud passed the dish. Petra, who had been rather silent during the meal, laughingly said, "I must have some for it must surely be worth eating since Maud has praised it. Maud is such an epicure."

"To be in the fashion, I will leave off eating cakes and have some too," said Nan.

Much merriment was caused by Tisab Ting being unable to name the dish, which they had unanimously decided was the best they had ever tasted. Tisab Ting called to Chipee to enlighten them. "Impossible!" exclaimed Tisab, considerable concern depicted on his face, and turning to the guests he said, "Chipee says you are eating fricasséed white dog, but he must be mistaken," he reassuringly said, as he saw a peculiar look on the faces of his company,

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then he went on to explain : " In China one of the greatest delicacies of food amongst the less civilized people, is a small white dog, but Chipee could not get any such article of food in this country."

Great was Tisab's dismay on saying this, to find his guests suffering the most intense agony. Maud, the epicure, had apparently fainted. Nan rocked herself back and forth, tears raining down her face and gasping between her sobs, " Ginkee! poor, poor Ginkee! I wonder if I had his ear?—oh dear, oh dear!—it tasted so good I might have known it was Ginkee."

Petra ran to Tisab and, shaking that astonished man by the arm, said, " Find out from your man where he got the stuff to make what we had to eat."

Tisab questioned Chipee, who after a sharp reprimand from Tisab looked as woebegone as the rest of the party, and said to Petra, " I fear my servant, in trying to carry out my orders to the fullest extent, has made a tremendous blunder. It seems that when he came from the house he saw a white Chinese dog."

" Ginkee," groaned Nan.

" He thought the good God had sent it to him in answer to his prayer, so he cooked it up, killed and prepared it and we have eaten it," grimly said Tisab.

Sounds of grief once more resounded. Nan wept

more copiously for the eaten departed, as she whispered to herself, "Did I eat you, poor Ginkee? never mind, good dog, we all thought you as nice as ever you were, even if you were mixed up with spice."

Maud cried quietly behind her handkerchief that her tears might not cause her eyes to swell.

Petra stared vacantly before her.

Chipee was reeking vengeance on himself by energetically pulling his pigtail, while Tisab was inspecting the spiced remains of Ginkee with the helpless expression on his face that comes to men in the presence of weeping women.

"Miss Bertram, please explain the matter to me," at last implored Tisab Ting.

"Ginkee was aunt's pet dog of Chinese breed," answered Petra; "we all loved him dearly. He has been to the veterinary's for the past six weeks, that is why you have not seen him; but he came home this morning in good health."

"Yes," said Nan in thrilling whispers, speaking as it were to the spiced departed, "Maud the epicurean knew you were in good health," then taking up her first cry, she continued, "Oh, dear! I wish you hadn't tasted so good, then we would not have eaten you." With that, Nan stretched forth her hand and grasped a paper bag that the wind was hurrying away, and leaning forward and seizing the

fricasséed dog, she gently placed the remains in the paper bag, and, rolling it up, mournfully said, "We will bury the balance of poor Ginkee in the garden where he used to love to sit," and she gave a sigh as she doubtless thought that this should be some recompense.

Never in human memory had a dog such a requiem sung for him as that which now echoed through the trees. And never within Tisab's memory had he entertained so fatally.

The picnic party that had started out so joyously returned in funeral gloom. Nan, who had been carefully wrapped up by Tisab and seated on a comfortable deck-chair, looked from time to time with sad, tear-dimmed eyes at the little paper parcel that lay in her lap, and which all Tisab's persuasion could not make her part with.

Another thrilling scene was enacted when on the return of the party Mrs. Harrington learned of the fate of the family pet, and inquirers for Ginkee were disgusted when told by Mrs. Harrington that "my daughter ate him." But when they learned the sequel, their disgust was turned to sympathy.





CHAPTER VIII.

IN Mrs. Bunder's reception rooms are to be seen the distinguished of Montreal. And what a varied human sample room they present. The different grades of society, the professions, legal, theological, scientific and medical, the votaries of music, literature and art, representatives are here of the various political departments of the country. "Fair women and brave men," a splendid pageant of a country's greatness.

Mrs. Bunder is a society woman, an intellectual woman and an excellent hostess, and those who are bidden to attend her gatherings are envied by the less favored.

When Mrs. Harrington and party enter the reception room they are welcomed cordially by the host and hostess, and presented to the American guests, Mr. Spinker, President of the United States, and his wife, also to several gentlemen, "Yankee politicians," Nan calls them.

Tisab Ting is presented to many more people, and finds a large number in the crowd with whom he is

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already acquainted, for he has been lionized by Montreal's "four hundred" since his arrival in Canada.

Just before supper Tisab Ting is standing alone idly watching the animated scene. Nan passes close to where he stands, but she is talking so earnestly to her companion, Amon Allen, a young medical student, that she does not notice Tisab. At sight of Nan a feeling of restlessness that will not be banished even by the force of his strong will asserts itself. Tisab Ting now looks eagerly over the assemblage in search of a slight, graceful, white-robed figure that for some time past he has lost sight of. Where can she be? Then, not being able to find the object for which he is seeking from where he stands, he goes in search of her; passing through the crowd, stopping to speak to one, then receiving an introduction to another, remaining by the chair of some elderly lady, winning her regard by his pleasing manner, again bending over the chair of some society belle, and feigning a delight at her speedy recognition of himself, speaking some honeyed, flattering words in soft, wooing voice which makes that socially seared organ, her heart, beat more quickly. Yet all the while Tisab is absorbed by one thought. A slight, graceful, white-robed figure, and as he nears a merry party, grouped

as though gathered round one central figure, Tisab Ting knows that he has found the object of his search, when he hears a voice whose accents he listens to with eagerness.

“Both my cousins and myself feel as though we had partaken of one of our dearest friends, in fact, we feel quite cannibalistic.” As Petra makes this remark, Amon Allen sentimentally murmurs, “I would I were a dog,” then, seeing Tisab Ting standing near, exclaims, “Come in Mr. Tisab Ting, come in to the charmed circle”; but Tisab Ting is near enough for his purpose, he can see Petra Bertram, he can hear her voice, so he smilingly shakes his head to Amon’s invitation, and turns to converse with Mr. Ray; then the merry party, whom Petra has evidently been entertaining with a version of the luncheon, dispersed. Amon Allen escorts Petra to where Mrs. Bunder is standing talking to a distinguished-looking gentleman, whose young face, set in a mass of wavy white hair, worn rather long, gives him a very remarkable appearance. This gentleman welcomed Petra with delight, then giving her his arm, they leave the room, and once more the dainty, white-robed figure is blotted from Tisab’s sight, but not from his memory. Tisab Ting is entirely out of patience with himself. Why had he all that evening so persistently thought of

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Petra Bertram ; there were present women more beautiful than she, in richer dress, who would, if he so desired, be very agreeable with him. But no, he must continually think of this woman. He determined to master his thoughts of her, forget her existence, then in the face of this resolution he crossed the room where Mrs. Bunder was seated, to inquire the name of the man who had escorted Petra from the room.

"Mrs. Bunder, will you,"—but Tisab Ting's words are arrested, his question is never finished, for through the room has floated such exquisite melody that he turns to find out from whence the sound proceeds. The white-haired gentleman is seated at the piano, Petra is standing near him holding a sheet of music in her hand. The grandeur of the music, the prelude to the song, has caused the buzz of conversation to cease, then, out from the softer swell of the music rings the voice of Petra Bertram. It echoes, it sobs, it swells in triumphant sweetness round Tisab Ting, who does not hear the words of the song, as his every thought is absorbed in the singer. He stands with gaze riveted upon her, and he feels as though he were a statue without sense or feeling. As he stands thus, Petra meets his glance, and the memory of another song and another evening scene returns to her re-

membrance, and once again she hears a voice say, "You will sing again, and when you sing remember you are singing for me and me alone." Was she doing this? For the words of the tender love song ring out clear and with such passionate feeling, that the coldest heart in that assemblage throbbed quicker in response.

One heart there was throbbed to madness with the flood of new-born emotion. Sending the blood coursing through his veins, scorching his brain, erasing surrounding objects and leaving but one figure, Petra Bertram. A woman of peculiar character, broad and deep-thinking in her views, sensitive and full of harmony.

The song finished, Petra bowed her acknowledgment to the applause.

Tisab Ting understands himself now, he has found the secret of his restlessness. The blood still surges through his being, beating into his ears the words, "You love her, you love her; you need never again question why she reigns so entirely in your thoughts. You love her, you love her," until he feels that those around him can hear the words also. Then excusing himself to Mrs. Bunder, he goes to where Petra is standing surrounded by the many who are congratulating her on the charm of her singing.

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"Accept my thanks, Miss Bertram," said Tisab Ting, holding out his hand ; then, looking at her as her hand lay in his, he softly asked, "Did you remember?"

"Yes," replied Petra, with disconcerting promptness, "and allow me to congratulate you on your wonderful magnetic power." This she said with smiling ease, as she withdrew her hand from his and turned to reply to some other complimentary remark on her singing.

"Do not praise my singing, Mr. Allen ; your praise is due to Mr. Nareau, whose music compels music."

Had Petra tried to wound Tisab Ting by her cool, indifferent, smiling reply to his question, she could not have succeeded better. He was smarting under the intensity of his feeling, she was calm and indifferent.

Could she have but known it, thought Tisab Ting, bitterly, how sweet it would have been to her—what a revenge for his treatment of her ! Luck has been against me on this occasion, and I have been against myself ; for I could have won her regard had I tried from the first, now I have apparently even lost her dislike. I have a hard battle.

"How do you do, sir ?" said Nan ; "you need not knock me over, I am not a fairy that you cannot see me ; in fact, I feel quite substantial, for I have

just had supper ; but, what is the matter with you ? You look as though you had seen a ghost or received a shock."

"I have both seen a ghost and received a shock, an electric shock, and *I will give one in return* if all else fails," said Tisab Ting, more to himself than to his surprised companion.

"Come and have some supper, then you will feel better," said Nan, soothingly, supposing that some one had ruffled him about his nationality.

"You are very kind to me, Miss Nan," replied Tisab Ting ; then, after a short silence, he continued, "You will always be my friend, won't you ?"

Tisab Ting was so changed in mood and manner, so different from the man she had met during the past month, that Nan wondered what could have happened, as she brightly replied to his question, "Yes, I will always stand your friend."

After this assurance Tisab Ting resumed his usual manner, and only one girl, a girl of ideal thoughts and quaint humors, amongst that gathered throng, knew that Tisab Ting—the Chinaman, the man whose wealth, courtly, polished manner, and educated brilliancy of thought formed a large part of the conversation of the evening—was other than he appeared, and Nan recognized the knowledge but dimly.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE morning-room at Mrs. Harrington's residence was a large, plainly-furnished apartment, which impressed one with the idea of comfort and business combined. Upon a writing-desk of very substantial proportions were piled household account books, menu lists, invitation sheets, and innumerable writing materials. The three-cornered table was strewn with the current literature of the day. The old-fashioned lounge and arm-chairs seemed to hold repose in their depths.

All the members of the family were wont to congregate in this room for a short while every morning after breakfast; all doings of the previous day were discussed within its walls; all proceedings of the present day arranged. Do not judge this room to be dull or commonplace; it was bright and cheerful, the living room of a living people.

"Where did you put that list, mother? I want to show it to Mr. Tisab, and give him a character sketch of each individual," said Nan, as she tumbled over the papers on the desk.

"Do you want the names of the guests who will

arrive to-morrow?" asked her mother, looking up from her writing.

"Yes," replied Nan, turning over the papers and prosecuting her search so vigorously that a bottle of ink was upset over a box of paper in her energetic career. Then she tried to stay the damage by wiping up the ink with a very handsome tea-cloth that Maud had just completed and left on the desk for her mother to admire. And to Mrs. Harrington's exclamation of dismay, Nan replied, that "the inky floods must be stayed at all cost."

At last all moist traces of the ink are removed, and Nan, looking at the once dainty tea cloth, her inky fingers, and the pile of ruined stationery, exclaims, in a conciliatory tone, "Well, I never saw ink go so far before; did you, mother?"

"I never saw ink do otherwise than just what it has done under like circumstances," precisely answered Mrs. Harrington. "Here is the list, Nan," severely continued her mother; "had you asked for it at first, all this," glancing at her inky daughter and inkier desk, "would have been avoided. You have a ready-enough tongue on most occasions."

"Thanks," meekly said Nan, taking the list and the lecture, and seating herself at the table near Tisab Ting, placing the list in front of him.

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"Two, four, five non-Montrealers, and five Montrealers; ten in all," counted Nan.

"Will we take them as they come, or would you like to hear about the ladies first?" inquired Nan, as though eager for the work.

"No, just take them as they come," returned Tisab Ting.

"Well," said Nan, deliberately, sitting up very straight and assuming the appearance of an impartial judge, "I will first introduce Miss Eva Arber and her brother Americans. The Arbers are much alike in appearance, and could not deny their relationship. Eva is slight and dark, very energetic, always into mischief or getting some one else there. She is a pleasing, bright, agreeable type of American femininity. I like her, and you will like her," briskly said Nan. "A-bra-ham Lincoln Arber (fearfully patriotic over there in the States)," mournfully mutters Nan, giving her head a funny little shake as she drawls out the name "Abraham," "is in love with himself; he always assumes some such attitude as this," explains Nan, as she twists her body in such a ludicrous manner that Petra, who is sitting close by, and Tisab Ting laugh unrestrainedly at her, while Mrs. Harrington gives an expostulating, "Nan, Nan, do not ridicule our friends."

"No, no, dear mother, not that; I was merely, for

brevity's sake, imitating Mr. Arber," quickly replied Nan. Then, turning to Tisab Ting, continues, "He is rich, but I don't like him. Maud does, but I am quite sure you will not."

Nan then occupies a few moments in studying her list, as though looking for an inspiration.

"You have not finished, have you, Miss Nan?" asks Tisab Ting.

"No, but the next is rather a hard one; Miss Mary Conkie, of Ottawa, not nice-looking, no gain-saying that," meditatively said Nan; "but," enthusiastically, "she is clever and the dearest girl I ever met. She has the strangest nose. On any one's face but her own it would look all right, I am sure. I love her; everyone does who is good and honest; I am sure you will. Did I mention that Miss Conkie's mother was also coming?" asked Nan, looking at Tisab Ting in an abstracted manner.

"No, not yet," answered Tisab Ting.

"Well, she is of no account, anyway; I do not see how she ever happened to be Mary's mother, but nature's freaks are unaccountable," said Nan, as she rubbed her nose reflectively with her inky fingers, thereby leaving her nasal organ a perfect study in black and white. "But I must continue: Mr. Ralph Strathmore, of Toronto, Artist, fine looking, dark-as-night mustache," drawing her black

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fingers with much effect across her upper lip, "a great admirer of—of—always wanting to draw Petra's picture," this last said in such a low tone that Tisab Ting alone heard it, and drew his own conclusions, as his eyes followed Petra when she crossed the room to speak to her aunt.

"The Montrealers are Archie Bunder—I need not describe him—the Misses Prudent, twins, Dr. Prudent's daughters, common-place and ordinary, the very salt of the earth are they; Mr. Noreau; the gentleman with the long, white hair, who played Petra's accompaniment at Mrs. Bunder's, you remember him, do you not, Mr. Tisab? He is coming. And last, but not least in his own estimation, is Mr. Allen, to whom mother has given liberty to come whenever he can steal time from his college duties. Now that is all, and a very good party; do you not think so, Mr. Tisab?"

Yes, Miss Nan, and I pronounce you a genius at mental picturing. I see them all, all except Miss Conkie's nose." But Tisab did not continue and tell Nan that he saw one in particular, a man whose appearance must in every respect differ from his. Mr. Strathmore, who by his fairy art could reproduce the eve changing attitudes and expressions; and the charms of the one woman whom Tisab now loved with a tenderness, a passion that surprised

himself, knowing his own cold, deliberate, analytic nature as he did.

"Mr. Tisab," said Nan, rising from her chair, "if we are going for that walk, we had better start. Do you want any orders executed mother?—for Mr. Tisab and I are going to walk from one end of St. Catharine street to the other for the purpose of scrutinizing the various specimens of the human fly."

"No, my dear," replied her mother. "Mr. Tisab, you must not allow my impetuous daughter to encroach too much on your good-nature."

After Nan and Tisab Ting had left the room, Mrs. Harrington turned to Petra and asked, "Do you understand that?"

"No," Petra replied.

"Then you do not think he is in love with Nan?"

"No, for I do not think Tisab Ting capable of love; I think he simply likes Nan's youthful charmingly-candid manner."

"I would prefer that his choice would be Maud, but still I would not object to him as a son-in-law in any instance," thoughtfully said Mrs. Harrington.

Petra hastened from the room; how she hated her aunt's miserable manner of looking after the future of her daughters.

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Tisab and Nan pursued their way along the busy thoroughfare, a street crowded with a busy, rushing people, the workers of the city, for it was just noon, and office and workshop poured forth their human machines in a continuous stream; men and women in such variety that the brain reeled under the thought, "These are the sons and the daughters of one Adam."

"Nan's gaiety flowed, like the people, unceasingly, until suddenly she noticed the unusual silence and preoccupied manner of her companion,

"What is the matter, Mr. Tisab; you have not been your usual self since the reception at Mrs. Bunder's; perhaps if you spoke of your trouble you would feel better, I know I always do. Did anyone tread on your national corns?" said Nan, rather shyly.

"Did you ever have anything to worry you seriously?" inquired Tisab Ting.

"Yes," soberly answered Nan.

"I am sorry to know that," gently said Tisab Ting, "for I feel that you should go through the world free from care."

"Yes, others have said such words to me also, as though I were an irresponsible child, but I am not. I feel, I think, deeper than those around me imagine. I saw you were changed at Mrs. Bunder's, and since

then also ; none of the others have noticed this change, I am sure, but," she continued, looking kindly into his face, which looked very ugly under the rays of the glaring autumn sunlight, "I am your friend, and if I can be of any service to you, command me."

"I would like to tell you the cause of my mental disturbance ; perhaps, then, it would cease beating itself into my brain, until I look round in fear to see if others have heard and read my secret," said Tisab Ting.

"I do not want you to tell me of your trouble, then regret your confidence, for I want to help you all I can," said Nan.

"No, I will not regret my confidence, of that I am sure ; but come, let us take this car, and go up to the Mountain Park ; there I will have a chance to speak to you more freely."

On reaching the Park, Tisab Ting plunged immediately into the subject nearest to his heart.

"First, let me tell you, Miss Nan, that my motive in confiding in you is partly selfish ; I want your advice, your assistance."

Nan merely nodded her head ; by this time she had become curious to know what could bother this man, who at all times had looked so sufficient unto himself ; she had not an inkling of the reason of

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Tisab Ting's frequent lapses into abstraction, when he had been with her alone since the evening of Mrs. Bunder's reception, or his perturbation on this occasion.

"You partly know the reason of my coming to Canada." If Tisab Ting had said this to Maud, she would have expected a proposal to follow. Nan never thought of such a thing. "But I would never have come on such an errand as set forth in my letter to your mother, had not my father, on his death-bed, made me solemnly vow to him that I would come." Tisab Ting said this so impressively that Nan shivered in the warm sun; "and marry your cousin, Petra Bertram; or, providing I could not win her consent, some other Canadian lady."

At the mention of her cousin's name, Nan gives a start of surprise, saying, "It is well that Petra dislikes you so much, since you dislike her."

"My father," continued Tisab Ting, as though he had not heard Nan's remark, "made me promise to perform a more difficult duty, that of telling your cousin the secret of her father's death. Our nation has always been regarded as the most filial; this deeply-rooted filial affection has to do with my coming to Canada."

"Have you told Petra about her father yet? I

know she is wearying to know, although she never speaks of it to anyone," inquired Nan.

"No, not yet, I was about to tell her when I found out another secret," replied Tisab Ting.

Nan mentally braced herself, as her imagination from dealing with the secret of Petra's father was hurried to the secret last mentioned. What was this strange foreigner, whom she liked yet did not understand, about to divulge to her; but her nerves returned to their natural tension when he continued more smoothly:

"From the first there existed between your cousin and me an antipathy, she seemingly on the defensive. I came with every intention of making your cousin hate me so that she would not marry me, even for my wealth. I said to myself, I will do as my father wished, I will ask Petra Bertram to marry me, and it is no fault of mine if I do not succeed. I am of an interrogative disposition. If I meet a peculiar character which I am unable to fathom, I exert every faculty in my power to gauge the unknown depths. Good God!" groaned Tisab Ting, "how fatally my inquisitive deviltry has proved, I alone can feel."

Nan was speechless, she was completely magnetized by Tisab Ting's peculiar versatility, that ranged up and down the scale of human expression so rapidly that she could not follow.

"I worried your cousin until her cold politeness turned to aversion, and from aversion to hatred, and from that to distrust and indifference which I fear I can never overcome," and as Tisab Ting continued, he spoke as though he had forgotten Nan's presence, "but now I love her to madness—madness," he reiterated, "because I have made her hate me. You saw me at Mrs. Bunder's," asked Tisab Ting, looking straight into Nan's face for the first time since he had begun to speak.

Nan nodded her head mechanically, utterly non-plussed with the knowledge that Tisab Ting had grown to love her cousin. "It was there I first found out the truth, the depth of my love, the folly of it." The tones in which he utters this, from pathetic abandon to unresigned misery, fill Nan with a pity for him which he immediately perceives and resents. "Do not pity me," he instantly said, in commanding tones; "you are acquainted with your cousin's disposition, tell me how to act to win even her toleration."

"I cannot," childishly replied Nan, as she grasped the fulness of his command. "I love Petra, Petra loves me, and that's all I know about her."

"What! can you not help me after all?" said Tisab Ting.

"I fear I cannot aid you as you would wish, but I

believe that, could you but overcome Petra's avoidance of you, her distrust of your truth, then you could win her love," positively said Nan.

"But how can I do this?" earnestly inquired Tisab Ting, the man of years and of wisdom, who prided himself on his knowledge of the world, from the child in years of experience and worldly wisdom—a child in all but womanly intuitive power.

"You could try to do it," slowly replied Nan, "by never wounding Petra's sensitive nature as you have so frequently and with such apparent delight done in the past. By using with less effect the harmonious intonations of your voice. I firmly believe that your voice is your worst enemy. Why," said Nan shyly, "I was distrustful of you when I saw how you twisted people round your finger as it were by the strange power of your changing tones; but your kindness to me dispelled all distrust, and I grew to know you for what I now believe you to be, a true, honorable gentleman."

"Your kind words do me good. I will follow out your instructions for a couple of weeks at least, and will hope and trust for success," said Tisab Ting. After a short silence, he continued, "Then if all else fails, I will try the electrical theory, one of my father's latest discoveries, the theory of re-

iprocal affection. But not until I have exhausted all other means of winning Petra Bertram's love, for after the ineffectual use of this theory, all else will prove useless." Nan looked in awe at Tisab Ting as he said this, but asked no questions with regard to the speech, and he vouched no explanation, so the words were soon blotted from Nan's memory.

"I think we had better return now," said Tisab Ting, rousing himself from the gloomy meditation into which he had fallen, "and begin our siege," he said, assuming a more cheerful manner.

As they hurry forward to catch a car which is speeding along in their direction, Tisab Ting remarks, "I am so grateful for your kind friendship this morning, I am learning many new lessons in this country."





CHAPTER X.

A WEEK had elapsed since the morning when Tisab Ting had confided in Nan. Vainly had he sought to conciliate Petra, and blot from her remembrance all the past since his arrival; but the walls that were so easily built were hard to break down, for now Petra believed that Tisab Ting was exercising another tone, and the uncertainty of his peculiar voice intimated to her that this was another manner of entertaining himself—another form of the critical amusement that her presence afforded. So Petra maintained the same coldly-reserved unapproachable manner towards him that she had assumed for some time past, remaining in his society as little as possible, for she was weary of him, nauseated with the laudation she heard of him on every side. Would the days of his visit never come to a close, or a reply to her advertisement reach her that would carry her far from sight of him?

Petra naturally enjoyed society, and would have been the foremost spirit in the party now assembled at Mrs. Harrington's, but her mirth was al-

ways dampened by the proximity of Tisab Ting, although when he was absent she was all vivaciousness. Those around noticed her changeful disposition, but never construed it to the coming and going of Tisab Ting, the Chinaman. Tisab knew it and ground his teeth in impotent rage, but persisted in his course of reconciliation, which he conducted so unobtrusively that Mrs. Harrington, who was much occupied with her position as hostess; and Maud, who, in conceit of the superiority of her own charms, did not dream of a star other than herself shining in the firmament of Tisab Ting's thoughts, did not notice any change in Tisab's conduct to Petra. The house-party which was now assembled knew no difference; but Petra did, and it caused her great annoyance.

Tisab Ting was all kindness and consideration for Petra, rendering little acts of service in a courtly manner that belonged so entirely to him. Under different circumstances they would have been grateful to her, and even as it was, she thought more kindly of him during the first week of the house-party than she had done during all the subsequent weeks since his arrival.

In honor of her guest, Mrs. Harrington had arranged a series of three grand social entertainments to take place during the three weeks of the house-

party. Although the weather was very warm, Mrs. Harrington decided to give a ball in the first week, believing that this style of entertainment would the most impress Tisab Ting, bringing to his notice the *crème de la crème* of Montreal society, who would flock to her house at her request, the magnificence that could be displayed on such occasion; and last, yet first in her consideration, the setting such a gathering would afford for bringing before this Chinaman's notice the beauty, the social endowments of her daughters, more especially those of Maud, for it was immaterial to Mrs. Harrington which of her daughters this wealthy Chinaman chose for his Canadian wife.

Tisab Ting, discerning this accurately, often puzzled Mrs. Harrington, making her doubt the advisability of the house-party, by paying Miss Arber most ardent attention; apparently hanging on every word the American's vivacious tongue uttered; or again talking to one of the Misses Prudent as though she alone was the one person in Canada who was worth conversing with. How chagrined Mrs. Harrington would have been, could she have withdrawn the curtain of society manners and looked into the deep depths of this man's thoughts, and seen there the possessive desire for her niece outlined against all the varying change in his thoughts and words.

"One would hardly imagine that this quiet, peaceful house will soon be the scene of so much animation," said Miss Arber, on the morning of the day of the ball.

"It is a wonder to me," said Miss Conkie, giving her hostess a flattering glance, "how Mrs. Harrington manages to entertain so largely this evening without the usual preliminary confusion."

"I propose," said Miss Arber, "since Mrs. Harrington has refused all our offers of assistance, that we all take ourselves off to the grove and remain there until dinner time. It will be nice and cool in that spot, and we can take our books and work and have a lovely time. Would that arrangement be agreeable to you, Mrs. Harrington?"

"Rather ask the others," similingly replied Mrs. Harrington, "for anything that will be pleasant to them, will be satisfactory to me."

"Well," dramatically said Eva Arber, rising from the luncheon table, "is it to be together we grove, or divided we scatter? Pass your vote, ladies and gentlemen."

On the unanimous assent for the grove, the ladies hurried away to get their work or books, and the gentlemen went out to the hall to await their return.

As Petra crossed the hall, she was detained by

Tisab Ting, who asked, "You are coming, are you not, Miss Bertram?"

"Not immediately, I will not be over at the grove for an hour," replied Petra.

"Perhaps when you come you will fulfil your long-neglected promise to tell me the legend of the 'Dancing Rock,'" said Tisab Ting, in eager, pleading tones.

"I hardly think the opportunity will afford itself for much legend telling to-day," coldly replied Petra, "for I have several duties to perform for aunt, and then I have promised Mr. Strathmore that I would give him all my unoccupied time this afternoon, as he wishes to sketch Eva Arber and me together, and as Eva is quite enthusiastic over the arrangement, I could not disappoint her."

"Or Mr. Strathmore either," said Tisab Ting, a slight sarcastic smile curving his lips.

"No, nor Mr. Strathmore," complied Petra, as she hastens away.

At times, Tisab Ting believed that Petra must know the secret of his changed demeanor, and that she was avenging herself for all his past conduct towards her. And then again he would decide that she was quite unconscious of his love for her. He could not decide which he preferred, the former thought or the latter.

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Tisab Ting had discovered a latent characteristic within him, one that had lain so dormant during the past years of his life that he had no knowledge of its possession. He was jealous, passionately jealous, of Petra Bertram's friendship for Mr. Strathmore, the artist.

The ladies appearing, a general move was made for the grove. Eva, from love of mischief, carried off Archie Bunder, who, noticing that Tisab Ting did not attend any of the other ladies, decided that he was waiting for Maud. Nan was taken possession of by Mr. Strathmore. Miss Conkie sallied forth arguing some point of difference with Mr. Nareau. The twin Misses Prudent, inseparable at all times, walked away, one on each side of Mr. Arber, who did not look particularly elated over his portion. Mrs. Conkie had been unable to attend the house-party.

Tisab Ting had remained just where Petra had left him, at the foot of the staircase, and had every appearance of one anxiously waiting. So Maud decided, her little mouse-like mouth widening into a smile of gratification as she saw him.

"How kind of you to wait for me. I was detained by my maid," she said.

"Kind to myself," he instantly replied. And as they went their way towards the grove, this versa-

tile man of the world talked and laughed with his companion as though he had not another thought but of her. He begged for two dances, and after she had told him what her gown would be like for that evening, he drew a beautiful verbal picture of what she would be like. How she would win hearts with her beauty, her grace. In fact, Tisab Ting spread for her delectation a perfect banquet of adulating flattery.

On arriving at the grove, Tisab Ting exclaimed : "What a perfectly picturesque scene !" The party had chosen a pretty, shady spot. The ladies were seated on the colored rugs the gentlemen had thoughtfully brought with them. The gentlemen had thrown themselves in negligent attitudes on the ground. All were busily engaged, the ladies making pretensions to work, their escorts entertaining them. All were laughing and jesting.

Tisab Ting spread the rug he carried and requested Maud to be seated ; he then threw himself on the ground beside her, and drew a book from his pocket. "Will you not read to me, Miss Harrington ? Your voice is so perfect that I am sure you read well." Tisab Ting felt as though he could not tolerate Maud's aimless inanities longer, and, as she read in low tones the story of "Priscilla, the Puritan Maiden," he was thinking, thinking with thoughts

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not of the reader or the reading of the idyl of man and maid. Maud might have continued reading a rhyme to Tisab Ting's thoughts until dinner, and both reader and thinker would have been satisfied; but Eva Arber was beginning to get rather weary of her game; while Archie had remained sulky it was not so bad, but now that he was becoming cheerful, she became gloomy. Noting Maud's complacency, she decided it was time to interfere.

"I am both lazy and tired, yet I have done nothing since I came here," said Eva Arber in fretful tones; "when I saw that you desired to become my escort to the grove, Mr. Bunder, I left my book in the hall, under the erroneous impression that you would prove so entertaining that I would not require it. There are the Misses Prudent with their work; Miss Conkie with her discussion; Maud with her love story and even Nan, my usual coadjutor in laziness, is trying to learn to sketch. Are you fond of hearing anyone read?" she sweetly asked.

"Yes, very!" eagerly replied Archie, thinking she intended going to where Maud was seated and listening to her reading.

"I will read to you," she heroically replied, and could have laughed merrily at Archie's ill-concealed look of disgust. "I believe I am sitting on a book, it is so awfully unseatable," but rising, she discover-

ed the source of her discomfort to be a drawing block that Mr. Strathmore had searched in vain for not long since. "Oh! I am sorry, Mr. Bunder, but since I have raised your hopes, only to dash them once again, suppose we go over to where Miss Harrington is seated, and then we can get the benefit of her reading, I am sure she would not mind."

"All right," complied Archie, with so much alacrity that Eva nearly decides to remain as she is: but Maud's peace is too much for her.

After considerable trouble, for on the way to where Maud is seated Eva steps on Miss Audo Prudent's silks and, in trying to rescue the silks, puts her foot in Miss Lulu Prudent's hat, bringing destruction to both silk and hat, dismay to the twins, amusement to her brother. Then taking a circuitous way, she managed to rest on Miss Conkie's foot, which was stuck out rather conspicuously. Miss Conkie, who was discussing the various specimens of snakes and their stinging powers in very learned manner, was instantly imbued with the idea that one of the slimy creatures had made its appearance. Thus she called "Snakes!" much to Mr. Nareau's astonishment. After profuse apology, Miss Arber continued on her way, mentally declaring that there was more amusement walking around than sitting still.

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"How charmingly you read!" said Archie to Maud, as she looked up from her book.

"Yes, Mr. Bunder told me how beautifully you read and suggested that we come and hear you," said Eva innocently, much to Archie's confusion; "pray continue."

"No, not any more now," answered Maud, not well pleased at what she considers their intrusion.

"Hel-lo, Pet!" calls out Miss Arber, as she catches sight of Petra through the trees, "I was just beginning to feel anxious about you," and she was about to rush off towards Petra, when she decided that she had not thoroughly accomplished her object of disturbing Maud's peace. So turning to Tisab Ting she said, "Miss Bertram and I are going to have our portraits sketched by Mr. Strathmore as representatives of our country's type, or style, or whatever you like to call it, and I suggest that you join us and have your nationality depicted also. I will arrange with Mr. Strathmore, so you can wait and come along with Petra. Maud will excuse your desertion for such a cause, and Mr. Bunder will entertain her while you are representing your country." Eva, not waiting for any reply to this arrangement, turned and raced away, not aware of the pleasure she was conferring on Tisab Ting or the annoyance to her friend Petra.

"We will have to obey my lady's mandate," said Tisab Ting, giving Maud a regretful glance from his expressive eyes; "you will excuse me, Miss Harrington for a short while."

"Oh, yes!" Maud carelessly replied, as she turned to speak to Archie.

Tisab Ting advanced to meet Petra, "I am delegated to wait for you and escort you to the presence of Miss Arber." Tisab mentally blessed the unconscious Eva for being the means of giving him what he otherwise would not have dared seek on this occasion—the pleasure of being in Petra Bertram's society.

"Is Miss Arber annoyed, Mr. Tisab, at my not getting here earlier?" inquired Petra. "I had so many little things to attend to that I just rushed."

"Miss Arber is all right, or as she would say, 'quite fit'; but you look fatigued," said Tisab Ting, giving Petra a searching glance; "you will think worse of me," he said, regretfully, "for being the primary cause of all this fuss."

"Oh, no; not at all," replied Petra, rather wearily, "I will enjoy the dancing to-night."

"Will you promise me a valse, Miss Bertram?" eagerly asked Tisab Ting; but before Petra can reply, Eva comes towards them.

"It's all right, Mr. Tisab, you can be in it; and

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Mr. Strathmore has promised that if it is any good at all, he will finish the picture, so we must all strike graceful attitudes," said Eva.

"What kind of a group would you like?" asked Eva, turning to the artist.

"Anything you like; it is to be your picture, you know," answered Ralph Strathmore.

"Well, I propose we allegorize commerce, or which will have him. I believe," continued Eva, her brow a mass of wrinkles, "that Canada and the United States are fighting for the most advantageous position in the Chinese market. Mr. Tisab could be in the centre, dressed as an old-time celestial. Petra and I on each side would be dressed in our respective flags. Now the question is, which country will eventually gain supremacy in the Chinese trade, for that is the one Mr. Tisab will have to look on with grave benignity. Choose, Mr. Tisab," said Eva, stepping with comical dignity over to where Petra was standing, who looked with bewildered eyes from one to the other, not understanding why Tisab Ting should have any voice in the matter.

"Miss Arber do not place me in such a position," implored Tisab Ting.

"Be fair to your country, Eva, and draw lots," said Nan, who up to this time had been a silent spectator.

"Capital!" said Eva, handing Nan two pieces of twig; "the longest wins Mr. Tisab Ting."

"But I don't understand," said Petra.

"Mr. Tisab is to be in the picture with us," energetically explained Eva; "come, you draw for him first, Petra." Petra, knowing it was no use battling with this little American whirlwind, drew a twig—the shortest. How anxiously Tisab Ting had stood as Petra drew a twig, he alone knew; when she drew the shortest he felt as though even fate were against him.

"Hurrah!" cried Eva, grasping Tisab by the hand, "China, thou art mine!"

"By George!" ejaculated Ralph Strathmore, "what a unique idea; if I can but work it out I will make my fame and fortune by it in the next exhibition."

"No you don't; you forget the picture is to be mine," said Eva, sternly.

"Dear maid of the *stars*," said Ralph Strathmore, bending on one knee and looking imploringly at Eva, "help me to fame and fortune."

"Arise, Sir Knight," answered Eva, her eyes shining with pleased excitement, "thy request is granted; and now to work to win."

Much merriment was evoked by the task of grouping.

"Mr. Tisab, were you but a little better looking I would not have to conjure up so much admiration," outspokenly said Eva.

On the completion of the sketch, it was pronounced good by the promoter. Without any assumption their expressions were perfect, and the artist had happily caught them. Petra looked sad and discouraged. An animated, exultant look glowed on Eva's face. Tisab Ting looked gravely tolerant.

Arrangements were there and then made for further sittings.

Shortly after this they returned to the house to partake of early dinner.

Mrs. Harrington's spacious rooms, perfect in their ball-room decorations, were crowded in the evening with such people as she loved to gather round her.

Mr. Tisab Ting had not been able to obtain an opportunity of again asking Petra for a dance before the arrival of the guests, and as he had stood near his hostess while she received, it was late in the evening before he could ask Petra for the dance he so much desired; then he could not find her anywhere. At last he saw her stepping into the recess of one of the windows, where he found her leaning in negligent attitude against the casement.

"Excuse me, but may I have the pleasure of a valse, Miss Bertram?" asked Tisab Ting.

"I do not think I have one left," returned Petra, listlessly, not making an effort to look at her card.

"May I look at your card," stiffly asked Tisab Ting, angered at her manner, yet unwilling to forego the pleasure of dancing with her.

"Certainly," said Petra, handing the dainty little programme to him.

"Here is a valse number nine, may I have it?" asked Tisab Ting.

"If you wish it," answered Petra.

"Not if you would prefer not to dance with me," rejoined Tisab Ting, who was stung by her indifferent tone and manner. For she was indifferent; her dislike, her fear, her desire to avoid him, the pleasure and pain he had alternately made her suffer, were gone, she knew not by what cause. His sayings, his doings were simply matters of indifference to her now. And Tisab Ting, feeling this, raged against it as he thought, "This woman I love might have been mine willingly had I but acted differently at first. The most bitter regret is 'the what might have been' in the lives and affairs of men."

"It is immaterial to me," Petra said, coldly.

"Then I refuse it," replied Tisab Ting, deliberately

drawing his pencil through the name he had written on her card.

"You--you refuse," said Petra, indignantly; "why you speak as though I had asked the favor," Then, regaining her self-possessed dignity, she coldly said, "Go; your company will be better appreciated elsewhere."

And with grave dignity he bowed and left her. But during the evening, as he watched her as she moved among her aunt's guests, he noticed the irritable expression playing hide and seek around her mouth, an expression which gave to her face an indefinable charm.





CHAPTER XI.

"MAY I have a word with you, Mr. Strathmore?" asked Tisab Ting, as he met the artist one morning as he was leaving his room.

"Certainly; come in," cordially responded Mr. Strathmore.

Two weeks had sped on their way into the infinitude of other weeks since the evening of the ball, and Ralph Strathmore's attentions, on that occasion and since, had been so pronounced that Tisab Ting had been given no opportunity of reconciliation with Petra, even had she so desired.

Tisab Ting, meeting the artist, had asked for this interview with no previous thought or desire for it; not even knowing, as he asked for the audience, what he wished to say.

Strathmore smilingly requested Tisab Ting to be seated. He had liked this Chinaman from the first, but had been treated so distantly by him that their acquaintance had not ripened into even the semblance of friendship.

Tisab Ting took a couple of hasty turns up and down the room, then stopping near Mr. Strath-

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more, brusquely said, "You are very kind to me in granting this interview so readily, for I have not always been cordial to you, for I envy you the regard in which Petra Bertram holds you. Could you not pay her less attention? I love her tenderly passionately; but I offended her during the first weeks of my visit in Canada, and now she will not allow me to address her even as a friend. Could you not give up some of her society and so give me an opportunity of breaking down the barrier of coldness and aversion that Petra Bertram shows so plainly to me. I would not have spoken thus to you if you had been leaving with the rest of the party next week, but I heard you promise Mrs. Harrington that you would remain several weeks and paint some family portraits for her."

As Tisab Ting the Chinaman said this, his soul seemed to shine forth from his wonderful grey eyes. Not many men would have made such a request of another, but Tisab Ting had forgotten his pride in the rush of the tide of his emotions at sight of Ralph Strathmore, his rival.

"I—I—understood," stammered Ralph, "that you disliked one another, but apart from that," he continued, more firmly, "I cannot do what you ask, for I love her myself, and would lose all hope of fame for the precious gift of her love. You have

the same chances as I. Win her if you can," finished the artist, not boastfully or dauntingly.

"I will," said Tisab Ting.

Well might each country be proud of her sons as they stand with determined mien and firm-set features, looking into each other's faces, and after a few moments' silence they instinctively clasp hands.

"I admire you, Mr. Tisab Ting, and I would ask you for friendship, but it would be useless; you could not give it, for I cannot do as you ask," said Mr. Strathmore.

"My feelings are changed towards you," returned Tisab Ting, his foreign accent very pronounced in his excitement, "but, as you say, I cannot offer or accept friendship from you as long as you are in the race for Miss Bertram's love; I could not do otherwise than hate you. I love like my nation. I love with extreme passion—yea, fierceness. I revere and esteem you for the kindly consideration with which you have used me this morning; but your friendship, *no!*" said Tisab Ting, as he turned to go from the room.

"Wait," said Ralph Strathmore, imperatively, "it is only right that I should tell you." Tisab Ting thought that he was about to hear that Petra had already promised the artist that she would be his wife, and his face grew rigid with repressed

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feeling. "Twice have I asked Miss Bertram to become my wife, and she has on both occasions refused me."

"You—say—you—have—asked—her—twice?" slowly questioned Tisab Ting.

"Yes," returned the artist, "and I will continue to ask her until she either promises to be mine or the wife of some other. I would seek and ask over and over again for fame, wealth or position and feel that I had lost not one whit of manliness. Why not continue to ask for the love of this dear maid?" This last he said as though Tisab Ting was forgotten and he was speaking in reply to some inner questioning.

As Tisab Ting noticed the grand physique of the man before him, then remembered his own small stature and ugly features, he thought, "If Petra refused this man, what chance have I?"

"I thank you, Mr. Strathmore; there are not many men who would be so noble in giving such confidence after what has passed between you and me," said Tisab Ting, as he turned and hastened from the room.

Mrs. Harrington felt that her house-party had proved very successful. She was greatly disappointed when she saw that Tisab Ting had no intention of asking Maud to marry him, but was

continually with Nan, seeking her out on all occasions, often talking earnestly and impressively to her. The friendship of Nan and Tisab Ting could well be misinterpreted into love, for they enjoyed one another's society, and both loved the same woman.

The mammoth picnic had been as successful as the ball. On the day previous to the breaking up of the house-party, Mrs. Harrington entertained a select number of her friends at a switch garden party. The weather was delightful for that season of the year. Tisab Ting, as he sauntered through the grounds, thought he had never seen a prettier picture. The early autumn of green and gold tinged with red, the bright afternoon sunshine, the daintily dressed ladies attended by flannel-clad youths, the graceful flitting backward and forward of the switch players, the low hum of voices, a merry ring of laughter from triumphant switchers. As Tisab Ting stood speaking to Mrs. Bunder, he saw Petra going in the direction of the grove and concluded that she was going to the grotto; he watched her until she entered the grove and was lost from his view in its shadows; just then some one called Mrs. Bunder away. What trifles, light as a summer cloud, carry us on the stream called life; for then Tisab Ting hastened after Petra,

fearful that he might be detained. At last he reached the grove, never staying to question, to reason his folly. He hurried on towards the grotto, to find Petra seated near it, and he feigned surprise at seeing her there, but before she could rise he had seated himself near her.

"Do not rise, Miss Bertrand, and go away just as I come," exclaimed Tisab Ting.

"I was going anyway, very soon," replied Petra.

"Wait but a few moments longer," pleaded Tisab Ting.

His heart was beating in a very tumult of emotion; this was the first time he had been alone with Petra since the morning in the old wind-mill. How changed he was since then. How calm and cold his companion sat, never making an attempt to entertain him, as every other woman he met did. All the while he was thinking thus, he was carrying on a conventional conversation with Petra about the trees, the birds, all the surrounding objects. Then the little nothings, the drift-wood of society's stream, ceased to float, the under-current of Tisab Tings thoughts gave a braver swell, and without change of voice, muscles of face or position, as though he were continuing the past conversation of things in life, yet not of individual life, he said, "Petra, I love you; will you be my wife?"

"No!" she replied as though she were answering a question about some tree, bird or insect.

"Is there no hope of pleading my love?" asked Tisab Ting, inquiringly looking at Petra, but still retaining his careless attitude.

"No!" again replied Petra in monosyllable, as she looked directly at Tisab Ting, her face wearing an amused, nay, interested smile.

He writhed under the scourge of his own questionings. "In proposing, would it have been better to have pleaded passionately for her love, as his heart dictated?" "Only to be scorned," came the mental reply. "No!" he would return to all questions, "I took the best and only course. I have told her I love her, and she will think of that while I am away, then on my return she may give me a warmer welcome."

"I expected nothing more than what I received, and I have lost none of my dignity by an undignified proposal, followed by rejection." Old customs and pride of country, nation and self, were yet strong and rooted deep in this man's heart. More than a century is necessary to remove centuries of pride, and it was this indomitable pride that restrained Tisab Ting from pleading as he might have done, knowing full well the place he held in her thoughts.

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"Mr. Tisab Ting, I afforded you much amusement from the first day of our acquaintance, in this very place was it not? Your strength of mind, combined with what you call your higher Chinese education, your courtly polished manner, were all arrayed against my sensitive annoyance at being found by you making a fool of myself on this spot. My instinctive dislike of your nation, my lack of power in controlling my facial expressions, caused my face to be the mirror, the index of my various feelings, in all my want of polish in comparison with yours. But I have been an apt pupil, Mr. Tisab Ting," said Petra, with a musical laugh, "it is some time now since I found self-confidence and so lost the art of amusing you, and I do not propose to recommence amusing you again. I would do much for the sake of hospitality," she said, in mocking accents, "but nothing so painful to my sensitiveness, nothing so lessening to my dignity."

Tisab Ting had listened with outward calmness while Petra was speaking, but with what a tumult within! How he loved her! What a pleasure it would be to win her voluntarily after such a speech, but he sighed as he thought that could never be.

"I am going away in a week or to, I suppose you have heard that I promised the Spinkers that I would make a short visit to them in their United

States home. I hardly know when I will return to Canada, not until next year, at the earliest; but when I return," he said, fixing his eyes upon her and compelling her to return his gaze, "I will again tell you I love you—will again ask you to marry me. It is only a question of time, Petra," said Tisab Ting gently, "you will be mine."

"You *are* amusing, Mr. Tisab Ting," laughed Petra as she arose, giving a little shake as though to free herself from the magnetism of his eyes, "but I must not remain here longer, I think I have stayed too long as it is."

Returning, Tisab Ting did not again speak of his love, but talked brightly and pleasantly on general subjects until Petra forgot with whom she was conversing, and became quite animated, and thus they appeared before the astonished eyes of Nan in such apparent friendship that her kind heart beat with gladness and sympathy for Tisab Ting, as she concluded from appearances that he was supremely happy.

A few hours later a delicious quietness brooded over the scene that had been stirring with life. All the guests of the garden-party were gone. The members of the house-party had vanished to dress for dinner. The light was just fading as Petra, who had decided not to dress for dinner,

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walked with down-bent head through the garden, thinking of Tisab Ting and that afternoon's conversation, until she was awakened from her reverie by the sound of voices, then she saw the slight figure of Nan, with Tisab Ting standing near, looking with love-like attention at her as he held her hand in his. Petra stood looking at them in amazement, until they turned and saw her, then she walked away, anger surging in her heart as she thought she heard Nan's sweet laughter, accompanied by Tisab Ting's mellow tones, float out to her on the summer night. So he was having his amusement at her expense after all; but, she thought, Nan does not know all, or she would not laugh in concert with him.

"That was a good one to start with, was it not?" was the unlover-like remark of Tisab Ting, as he looked smilingly at Nan.

Tisab Ting had been telling Nan of the proposal he had that afternoon made to Petra. And he had just asked Nan, jestingly, if she and he had not better flirt desperately, and thus try to rouse her cousin's jealousy, when Petra had appeared before them, and as she turned and hastened away, Nan and Tisab Ting had laughed spontaneously at the occurrence in the face of their foregoing conversation.

The following morning Petra's conclusion with regard to Tisab Ting and her cousin Nan was confirmed when Mrs. Harrington said to Nan, who was seated on a low stool in drooping attitude, thinking gloomily over some words that Amon Allen had said on the previous day about Jerry Arnald, "Has Mr. Tisab talked to you of love, Nan?"

"Yes," absent-mindedly returned Nan.

On hearing Nan's reply, Petra thought, "What a miserable two-faced wretch Tisab Ting is to win Nan's childish affections and at the same time try to amuse himself with me—the sooner he goes the better for the peace of all."

Mrs. Harrington would have continued her questioning had she not been called from the room. A few moments later Petra and Nan were startled to hear shriek after shriek resounding through the house, and, hastening from the room in the direction of the sounds, they found Mrs. Harrington lying in the hall below. In some unaccountable way she had tripped in her haste and fallen down the stairs. Confusion reigned. Mrs. Harrington was carried to her room in an unconscious state and medical aid summoned, and after what felt like a lifetime to those who waited for that great man's decision, it was learned that Mrs. Harrington had injured her spine and would be unable to walk for many

months to come, never again with that stately tread as of yore.

The house-party dispersed, of course, and Tisab Ting, who now felt himself to be in the way, decided to start immediately for the United States. Before leaving, he saw Mrs. Harrington, who asked him to visit them again on his return from the States. "Perhaps, Mr. Tisab Ting," she said, "I will feel better disposed to lose one of my girls then," and Tisab Ting wondered at this—was she a clairvoyant that she knew he loved her *niece*?





CHAPTER XII.

IF the old saying required proving, that "the best goods come in small parcels," why Amon Allen was proof sufficient. He was small to insignificance. No country would claim him for a son, but he claimed Ireland for his mother country. His face beamed with love for all mankind. Nature had bestowed none of her gifts on him but a kindly, generous disposition. He had neither great wealth nor position, and he cared nothing for them, as most men do. Why he attended college was as much a mystery to himself as to his fellow students. He and Jerry Arnald had formed an acquaintance when Jerry first entered college; but, after a few months, this acquaintance ripened into friendship staunch and true, friendship which was beneficial to both.

Allen, hearing Jerry say he was not comfortable in the house in which he was living, had invited Jerry to come and share his rooms. Jerry gladly consented, for he knew that Allen visited at the Harringtons', and, hearing so seldom of Nan, hungered for news of her.

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On the night of Mrs. Bunder's reception, Jerry had pored over his studies until Allen's return.

"Well old boy," said Allen, as he entered, "if I only had your liking for study, I wouldn't be racing around, dancing attendance on all the pretty girls, and looking important before all the notables," this he said with such a funny, dignified drawing-up of his small person that Jerry could not restrain his laughter.

"I wished to be with you when you left for Mrs. Bunder's this evening, nevertheless," said Jerry, much to Allen's surprise.

"No, really did you? why did you not mention it old fellow? Mrs. Bunder dotes on me; I wonder Bunder don't get mad and turn me out, and would gladly welcome any friend of mine; but I will tell you all about it if you would care to hear."

"Yes," eagerly said Jerry, for had he not sat waiting for just a word of his dainty love.

"You are the queerest fellow, Jerry: you always want to hear about my evenings out, but will never go out yourself. Now what will you have first?" good-naturedly inquired Allen, supper, notables, guests in general, music—ah, it was delicious, and he sighed at the memories recalled,—or the ladies. "She was divine," he exclaimed, thumping his knee, as though some pleasant remembrance had returned.

Jerry's heart gave a mighty throb, for he thought that Amon must surely mean Nan.

"Did she look more beautiful than usual?" inquired Jerry, his voice husky with the feeling that his heart had risen in his throat.

"Beautiful? she was superb!" exclaimed Amon, with the extravagant expression of his nation, "and so kind to me, I feel as though I could lie down and have her walk over me. I believe I am in love with her, I could die for her, she was the attraction of the evening—the star of the evening."

Jerry's heart beat more fiercely as he heard this. Nan the centre of a brilliant throng, the star of the evening. He could see her, as with imperial dignity she walked a very queen, envied of women, adored of men. How quickly fancy can outline and color a mental picture!

"And to hear her sing," continued Amon, "well, I do think Petra Bertram the most beautiful, talented, charming woman in Montreal."

Jerry's heart ceased to beat to suffocation, he felt as though that organ was in his feet, what a fool he had been!

"But I must not linger over the harmony of one sweet voice and charming face, for there were many others present," said Amon.

Allen then gave a description of all the ladies

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and what they had worn, commencing with the hostess, never mentioning the Harringtons until Jerry's patience was nearly exhausted as he waited to hear Nan's name? at last it came.

"Maud Harrington looked simply dazzling, and dressed elegantly. Nan—I just wish you could see her," said Allen, looking at Jerry, "you would like her, I feel sure, she looks so innocent and childish, in her simple white gown, and she has such a queer way of looking at you, like this," and Amon Allen looked at Jerry with awful contortion of features; but Jerry looked at his friend without a smile, anxiously wishing that he would proceed.

"As though surprised at seeing you, yet delighted to meet you, as though you were the one person that she most desired to see. It is so flattering."

And as Allen spoke, Jerry dreamingly saw all the varying expression of Nan's deep blue eyes.

"But if appearances and report go for anything, she won't be gracing Canadian society much longer, such a child as she is, too."

"What do you mean?" hoarsely demanded Jerry.

"Why, old fellow, you are taking a cold," said Amon, solicitously, as he rose and went over and closed the window.

Jerry could have damned him with a will, but

he remembered that his friend knew nothing of his relations with the Harringtons, so he restrained his mad eagerness.

“Why, you see,” continued Alken, leisurely returning after closing the window, and seating himself comfortably in the chair again, while Jerry sat hating him for his slowness, “the Harringtons, as you know, have a Chinese visitor just now, and he is paying ardent attention to Nan—by Jove, and I think she loves him, for just before dinner to-night I saw them looking into each other’s eyes, making up, I suppose—for at the first part of the evening they hardly spoke to one another—she seemed to keep him at a distance, and when I escorted Nan through the rooms, I saw Tisab Ting watching us. As Nan and I sauntered up to where Petra Bertram was standing describing a Chinese luncheon they had had that afternoon, wasn’t that plaguey Chinaman right after Miss Nan’s heels. Now I call that giving no other fellow a chance. But I must be off to my bunk, and I think I have talked enough for one night,” finished Amon.

He had, for he left with Jerry Arnald misery and despair: Misery in the thought that Nan’s promise would keep her from happiness. Could he be generous and write to release her? No, he would make her fulfil her promise to the letter, she would be

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that Chinaman's bride soon enough, he bitterly thought. Despair, as he realised how far distant Nan Harrington was from him.

During the house-party at Mrs. Harrington's, Jerry continually heard Allen couple the names of Nan and Tisab Ting, and Jerry's face after such conversations was so ghastly that Allen would beg of him not to work so hard, to take more play; but Jerry, recovering himself, would laugh scornfully at Allen's concern.

"Say, Jerry," said Amon on the day following Mrs. Harrington's garden-party, "if I were a medium, you and Miss Nan would be well acquainted by now, for when I am with her I generally say something about you—tell her what a good fellow you are, how hard you study, how the professors esteem you, and the fellows look up to you and admire you. And she always seems interested. Yesterday she asked your name, in speaking of you to her I have always called you my friend, she must have thought your name a mighty queer one, for she gave a great start. And then I often speak of her to you. To think you might be very well acquainted with her if you would only come with me to call; but some people are such sticks!" impatiently said Allen.

In the spring of 1996, very much changed in

appearance was Jerry Arnald, the successful student, from the youth who had acted, nine months before, as Mrs. Harrington's under-gardener. The society of polished, intellectual men, fellow-students, masters and professors, a growing knowledge of his own intellectual gifts, the constant strain of waiting to hear more of Nan and Tisab Ting, most effectually effaced all boyishness from Jerry's face, and awkward ungainliness that was so apparent and redolent of rural, unsocial life, from his manner. He could now enter a room without feeling that extreme nervousness which had overwhelmed him at first.

On the evening of Nan's birthday, Jerry was listlessly turning over the leaves of a new medical journal, thinking of Nan. He had learned from Allen that Tisab Ting was expected to return in July, believing that soon after his return Nan's engagement would be announced, for in a few days, or as soon as Jerry could make up his mind to pen the lines that would give Nan back her promise, she would be free to enter into an engagement with the man she loved. Jerry felt grieved as well as gloomy ; he thought that Nan might have written him on this, her birthday, whatever her feelings might be ; but, he reflected, "I suppose she feels sore about the promise she gave to me."

"What! mooning over saw-bones' journal," cried Amon, as he entered their sitting-room, throwing a small white envelope on the table, saying, "there take your mind off the subject of bones, hearts and gizzards, and peruse that; it looks like a love-letter and may give you some new knowledge of the science of the heart."

Jerry eyed the missive, but never touched it, as he thanked Allen for bringing it to him. He did not dare to touch it while Allen was present; he felt as though he would do something foolish—laugh, or cry, or kiss that dainty missive, so he waited until his friend left the room.

"You are a queer fellow, Jerry—no heart, no heart, all brain." When the last echo of Amon's steps had died away, Jerry picked up the letter with trembling fingers, opened and read words that made his heart bound with gladness—words that, coming so unexpectedly, unnerved him and caused the tears to flow in burning drops down his cheeks, to fall on the letter which contained just a few lines of girlish expressions in uneven handwriting.

"DEAR JERRY,—

"Accept my thanks for the lovely birthday remembrance that you sent to me, and my assurance that you are still my dear friend, that I am still

unconscious of the feeling—love. Oh, Jerry, I felt so proud of you when I read of the honor you had gained; but I was sad, also, for with the knowledge of your success I felt as though the companion of bygone days was gone indeed.

“Now do believe me ever your true friend,

“NAN HARRINGTON.”

“Nan, Nan, will you ever know what joy this letter has brought? Will I ever whisper into your listening ear all the agony I suffered in my first college year,” thought Jerry, gazing at the epistle in his hand as though it were a living thing; then bending forward in a perfect abandon of joy, he kissed the letter passionately until all the tears were dry and only stains remained, like scars, to mark a man’s agony—an agony of joy over a resurrected love mourned as dead. Folding the letter and placing it in the envelope with tender care, as though it might be wounded by a rough touch, he put it in an inner pocket near his heart, and that was its resting place until the ink was rubbed and erased, the paper yellow, the marks of the tear drops alone standing out round and distinct.

Jerry was the most unsentimental of men in general; but in particular, like others of his sex, he had one sentimental weakness. Love of Nan was his.

At midnight, when Amon Allen returned, he gave Jerry a puzzled look of inquiry. "What's the matter, lad? Really, I hardly knew you, for you look like a sunbeam. I am glad to see you looking more cheerful. I was afraid you were going to be ill, but you are better now," and he put his arm across Jerry's shoulders as though he would very much like to hug him; but that would not do, oh no; such actions were all right for women, but not for men.

"I feel as light-hearted as a school-boy; my letter brought me good news," said Jerry.

"That is well," said the kind-hearted little Irishman, and seeing that Jerry did not wish to speak further on the subject of his happiness, said, "The boys are going to give a big spread in your honor; I see you have a notice of it here."

"Yes," replied Jerry, "it is very kind of them indeed; I have done nothing to merit the congratulations and admiration that have been showered upon me. I was far advanced in my studies when I entered the University, and I have had no society to distract me," smiling at Amon, "as you and the others had, so I worked hard and steadily. I felt annoyed at first that the boys were making such a fuss, but now I feel glad: I have experienced tonight for the first time the pleasure of my success."

In 1965 the Board of Governors, which has power under the Statutes to frame regulations touching courses of study, matriculation, graduation, and other educational matters, and to grant degrees,* led by a number of the progressive members of the board, who desired to recognize the exceptional case of intelligence, the genius of intellect for medical science, the law of advanced matriculation was framed for the department of medicine at McGill University. Several members of the Board of Governors had been opposed to the interpolation of this Statute, claiming that the laws and Statutes of the University had been framed as best adapted to the average intelligence, and that no change should be made for the unit ; but the majority of the Board of Governors, aided by the faculty, overruled the dissenting minority, and the Statute was carried.

This advanced Matriculation Statute provided that any student who showed such signs of giant intelligence that he out-stripped his fellow-students, would, upon order of the faculty, be matriculated from the first to the third year without passing the second year course. This Statute was a great incentive to application, but an advanced matriculation examination was so difficult that only from one to three passed it in every ten years. It was con-

* Calendar of the faculty of medicine, McGill University.

sidered one of the greatest honors of intellectual ability to which a student could attain.

Jerry alone of the number who had entered for the advanced Matriculation examination had passed it successfully, and since he had received Nan's birthday letter, he looked on the honor he had gained as one year taken from those which divided him from her.

The dinner, or spread as Anon had called it, given in Jerry Arnold's honor by the students of the first year, was a great success. A number of the professors had been invited, also a few of the third year students. The speeches of the evening from the students overflowed with generous expressions of kindness for their fortunate brother-student. The professors were not far behind them in commendation of Jerry's ability.

When Jerry rose to reply, he spoke of the universal kindness and consideration he had received from classmates and instructors. "Your sympathetic adulation on this occasion," said Jerry, whose fluent tongue never seemed at a loss for expression or thought, whose brilliant speech was cheered from time to time to the echo by his enthusiastic listeners, "will make me exult too much over the honor I have won. Gentlemen, you exaggerate with regard to my ability. What I have won is not so

difficult to win. The second year course of University work is but a continuation of the first and a preparation of the third. Had I passed from second to fourth year, I might rightly have claimed the generous homage to my intelligence paid to me by you."

As the professors sat and listened to Jerry's speech they believed that at no far distant day this youth of grand intellect, clear-cut feature and manly bearing, would be a leader, a bright star in the firmament of medical science.

Jerry was no unusual phenomenon; his brain was educated to a certain standard by unremitting study, and the training of his early life had made him physically strong enough to endure heavy mental strain, without danger of ruining his constitution, as it would surely have done to many of the delicately-nurtured, pampered sons of wealth and ease.

Jerry thought how fitting the application to his case were the words, "To those that have, more shall be given," when, on the morning following the dinner, he received an offer from Dr. Finly asking him to act as assistant for him during the summer months at the Montreal Eastern Hospital Home. What a chance was this to serve under one of the greatest specialists in surgery, in a hospital teeming with subjects.

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CHAPTER XIII.

A moan, a whisper, a broken prayer, a weary sigh, a repressed sob, perchance a snore, from some pain-worn sleeper—the language of the Montreal Eastern Hospital at night. All the poor pain-stricken creatures from Poverty Row, in the eastern part of the city, brought low by want, ill-usage, or sin, find care, protection and alleviation of their sufferings inside the philanthropical portal of this great hospital, built in the very midst of misery and degradation, standing as though, with pitying tenderness, it could look on the children of God, some of whom had grown amongst tares, all their moral growth checked; others on rocky soil, stunted and puny; others, again, by the wayside dying; it alone standing good, pure and inviting. Upon the great arch over the door is engraven the motto, “Like as a Father Pitieth His Children.”

In the woman’s ward the occupant of a snow-white bed turned and tossed incessantly, more frequently than her fellow-sufferers. Presently the night nurse, bending over her cot, inquired: “Are you in pain, Mrs. North?”

"No, my dear, returned Mrs. North, "not very sick in body, but oh, so sick and anxious in mind."

"Are you afraid you will not recover?" gently asked Nurse Athol.

"No," returned the woman. "I know I will die very soon, for the operation was not successful; I am too old," she mournfully said; "but I am not afraid to die." Then she sobbingly whispered, "If I could only see my son Benjamin, the last of five. He was my baby, but last year he went to seek his fortune, promising that he would return soon; then we would be comfortable and happy. I got a letter two months after he went away, and since then I have heard nothing of him; but he would come," she eagerly said to the nurse, "he would come if he only knew his mother was dying; I am sure he would come," she repeated, "and hold me in his arms. Benjamin! Benjamin! my son, why did I let you go?" she cried, weakly sobbing.

With womanly tenderness Nurse Athol soothed the dying woman, giving such words of comfort as she could.

"If you give me your son's address, Mrs. North," said Nurse Athol, "I will sent several telegrams, telling him to come to you."

"Could you?" gasped the woman, her eyes shining with eagerness at the thought that some effort would be made to recall her wandering boy.

"Yes, that could be easily done, and we could receive an answer to-morrow some time," cheerfully said Nurse Athol.

"God bless you!" fervently returned Mrs. North, giving the nurse her son's address. "Now go quick," and she impatiently pushed Nurse Athol from her bedside, her weak, feeble arms strong with nervous energy.

Nurse Athol pursued her way towards the doctor's offices. She was a tall, strong-built woman, almost masculine in bearing; her face was peculiarly weird in expression, pale, transparent complexion, large black eyes, with such a world of sweet, patient sadness in their depths, raven-black hair brushed back severely from her forehead. She had a true, steadfast character—a worker earnest and unremitting, endeared to all of those with whom she came in contact, doctors, nurses, patients.

"Are you engaged; may I come in, Mr. Arnald?" inquired Nurse Athol.

"Certainly; anything wrong?" asked Jerry Arnald.

"No, just about that poor dying woman in ward eight. She was moaning so pitifully for her son that I said I would do what I could to get him here by sending telegrams. And this is the address

she gave to me. I came to you, feeling sure you would do what you could."

"Certainly; I will attend to the matter as soon as Watkins relieves me. I will not be sorry for the walk; we have had a hard day. But about this Mrs. North, has she no other relatives?" asked Jerry.

"I believe not. She earned her living by washing. She has four sons dead, only one living, and it makes my heart break to hear her mourn for him," sadly answered Nurse Athol.

"Here is Watkins coming; I will go and do the best I can, but really it is not much use," thoughtfully said Jerry. "Dr. Finly told me this morning that she could not live more than two days at the most."

On the following morning Mrs. North was evidently sinking very fast, but was bright and clear in mind when Dr. Finly and his assistants passed through the ward. She pleadingly asked if they would stay a few moments, for she would like a bit of writing done. Never a smile answered this poor, poverty-stricken woman's request. Writing materials were instantly brought, and Jerry wrote her last will and testament. Such a funny, commonplace assortment of goods—enough to make one laugh; but, strange to say, all faces were sad, and not a few eyes moist, as the weak, wavering

old voice made its dying bequests, all for Benjamin, in case she might die before his return. The clock that his father had bought thirty years ago, and all the money remaining after her funeral expenses had been paid from her savings—twenty dollars—to which was to be added the sum realized from the sale of three wash-tubs, the wash-board, a half box of soap, the bed, chairs, table and crockery that were now in her room—all for Benjamin; but if Benny failed to return in one year from the date of her death, or if proven that he had died, all she had died possessed of was to be handed over to Nurse Athol.

This document was duly signed and witnessed, and the woman, holding it tight in her hand, sank back on her pillow and soon fell into a quiet sleep. Just as the shadows of evening were falling she awoke, but not to consciousness; her sands of time had nearly run, and as Nurse Athol bent over her, she murmured, "Go for him—my Benjamin; he has come," Nurse Athol, knowing that the woman was dying, sent for Jerry Arnald, who was then on duty.

Jerry instantly hurried to the ward. As soon as Mrs. North saw him, she stretched forth her arms towards him.

"Benjamin! Benjamin! you have come," she cried, her voice thrilling with mother-love.

Tenderly Jerry took her in his arms, smoothing back the hair from her wrinkled brow with tenderness womanly. Then the sands of this woman's life changed back to the days when her Benjamin was a youth. "Benny," she whispered gravely to Jerry, "take your arms from round my neck; come kneel by your mother's side and say your evening prayer." Down dropped Jerry by her side; he would surely have been less than human could he have denied this poor woman the dying joy of her son's supposed presence. Then through the silent ward there echoed the faltering voice of Mrs. North, "Now — I — lay — me — down — to — sleep." "Now I lay me down to sleep," repeated the deep, masculine voice of Jerry. Then the next line of the familiar childish prayer was forgotten, and the weak voice faintly faltered, "If I should die—— Oh, Benjamin! Benjamin! I see my Benjamin; he is walking in green pastures by a still water. Wait for me; I am coming." She was gone!

Quietly Nurse Athol wept by the bed for a few minutes; but tears must be dried—duty was waiting. That evening an answer to the many telegrams inquiring for Benjamin North was received. Sad irony of fate! The telegram stated that Benjamin North had died eight months previous, worth twenty thousand dollars, and the heirs could have

the same on application. The whim of a dying woman had made Nurse Athol a rich woman.

Near the end of Jerry's hospital engagement he was walking through the Art Gallery, talking with several of the most eminent medical men of the city, with whom he was a great favorite, for they saw in him a congenial spirit, a man who merely required time to be one of the best surgical doctors of the day. As Jerry, with the others, stood examining a beautiful piece of sculpture that had but recently been placed in the collection, Nan Harrington and Mrs. Bunder passed through the rooms. The meeting with Jerry was so sudden, so unthought-of, that Nan passed him with only a passing glance of recognition. Jerry, seeing this, and knowing that he had changed almost beyond recognition, walked to where Nan was standing alone, looking at a picture with unseeing eyes, and debating within herself whether or no it was Jerry she had just seen. Mrs. Bunder was seated a few yards away, speaking in her usual decisive manner to Dr. Finly.

"You have not entirely forgotten me, Nan?" said Jerry, holding out his hand to her.

"No," replied Nan, hesitatingly, "although I nearly passed you; you are so changed." To Nan, this man who stood with smiling ease and court-

eous speech, who was apparently in company with some of the best men of Montreal, was a new individual, an old friend in whose presence she was ill at ease. Although they had both lived in the same city, Nan had not seen Jerry since the parting in Mrs. Harrington's garden.

"Well, there was room for a change," he laughingly replied. This was one of the proudest moments in Jerry's life, as he watched the changing expression of Nan's face and felt her surprise at his changed appearance. "You will be pleased to hear," he continued, "that I happened on a piece of rare good luck. When the University term ended, Dr. Finly engaged me as his assistant at the Montreal Eastern."

"That is the poor hospital, is it not?" inquired Nan.

"Yes," gravely replied Jerry, "and one of the saddest places in the world. Such a splendid work is done in that Eastern hospital. The nurses are the grandest women I ever met. There is one in particular, loved by all. I am sure you would like her," enthusiastically said Jerry, as his thoughts returned to the bedside of the sick and distressed, and he saw a figure in severe dress, so different from the style of that of his companion, bending with tenderness and sympathy over the white cots

that were occupied by the varying shades of humanity.

"What is she like?" asked Nan, more to hear Jerry express himself than out of interest for the nurse mentioned. Then Jerry gave a glowing description of Nurse Athol, her strange, statuesque beauty, her winning manner, her Christian life, and the grand work she was doing, both physically and spiritually, for those who came under her care.

"She must indeed be a grand creature," returned Nan, as Jerry finished his verbal sketch of Nurse Athol.

Mrs. Bunder and Dr. Finly came up to where Jerry and Nan were standing; introductions followed. Mrs. Bunder invited Dr. Finly and Jerry to luncheon; Jerry excused himself on the plea of work, saying to Dr. Finly, as that great gentleman was about to expostulate, "I have an appointment with Nurse Athol; we are going to do some analyzing this morning."

"Ah! well, if it is Nurse Athol, that settles it, Mrs. Bunder; you will have to excuse this young man; but I will be charmed to accept your invitation."

Jerry was rather annoyed at Dr. Finly's speech. Would Nan understand?

At luncheon Dr. Finly entertained Mrs. Bunder

and Nan with anecdotes of Nurse Athol, until Nan was heartily sick of the name, and Mrs. Bunder good-naturedly suggested that "Dr. Finly should marry the charming nurse."

"I would gladly, but she will not have me; younger men than I are seeking her favor," replied the Doctor.

Upon hearing this, Mrs. Bunder declared that "she must go and see this wonderful woman, over whose charms two such men as Dr. Finly and Mr. Arnald positively raved."





CHAPTER XIV.

"DID you enjoy your travels through the United States, Mr. Tisab?" inquired Nan on the afternoon of Tisab Ting's arrival, as they were all seated on the balcony.

"Yes, very much indeed; I like the country, and I think the people are charming," replied Tisab Ting; then, turning to Mrs. Harrington, he said, "I heard from the Arbers that you had not entirely recovered from the fall you had last October, so I decided to postpone my return to Canada from June until August."

"That was most thoughtful of you, but unnecessary, for you would be welcome under any circumstances. We looked for your coming in June, and were disappointed at your non-arrival," said Mrs. Harrington.

Tisab Ting found his hostess much changed in appearance. Her stately, haughty bearing was gone, and she found it necessary to use a cane the greater part of the time. Her face was haggard and drawn as much by discontent against the fate that had dealt so hardly with her as with the suffering she

had endured. She had been a very exacting patient, and during her long illness would have no one to wait on her except her niece; and Petra, only too willing to be of service, attended her aunt with untiring patience.

Tisab Ting, when he saw Petra, was shocked by her changed appearance, and as she now stands—her head resting against one of the posts that support the balcony—he notes the lassitude of her position, and his heart swells with anger against the woman who has been instrumental by her selfishness in this change.

Other changes have occurred in Tisab Ting's absence: Archie Bunder is the betrothed of Maud, with Mrs. Harrington's full consent, and as Tisab Ting speaks with Nan, his heart aching in sorrow for Petra, Mrs. Harrington is arranging the double wedding that she intends to bring about as soon as matters have been definitely settled between Tisab Ting and her younger daughter.

And what has occurred to change Nan since last he saw her—for she *was* changed—Tisab Ting cannot decide. There had been a sweet, sad, wistful look on her face, a shyness in her manner when greeting him, that had been quite foreign to Nan when last he saw her.

“What do you think of our Lachine now, Mr.

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Tisab—does it compare favorably with Yankee water?" questioned Nan, breaking upon Tisab Ting's reverie on the changes he saw marked so clearly on the faces of those around him.

"I have seen nothing to equal it, Miss Nan," returned Tisab Ting; "I love to sit here within sight and sound of it. I could not explain to you what fascination the Lachine holds over me. Perhaps the reason I love it is because of the hospitality that has been showered upon me in its vicinity."

"Not at all—that is not the reason, Mr. Tisab," gaily answered Nan; "your love for that dancing, rippling, white-capped stretch of water is patriotic."

"You are pleased to be enigmatical, Miss Nan; explain yourself, so that we may follow you," said Tisab Ting

"* The early explorers of old France," explained Nan, "when they first saw the waters of Lachine and Lake St. Louis stretching out before them, believed that they had found the waterway from Canada to China, which called forth from the Frenchman the exclamation, 'La Chine!' hence the name 'Lachine' given."

"Your daughter, Mrs. Harrington, seems well versed in Canada's historical lore," said Tisab Ting.

* John Fraser.

"Yes, I sometimes feel that she is too aggressive a daughter of Canada," replied Mrs. Harrington.

"Oh, not aggressive," replied Tisab Ting, "one of Canada's fairest, most patriotic daughters." Nan winsomely bows to Tisab Ting in acknowledgment of the speech.

"Sir Foreigner," said Nan, "I do not wish to appear egotistical in your eyes after your kind speech, but I must always claim that Canada is one of England's fairest daughters, growing, as she does, year by year, in population, strength and intelligence, yet still retaining filial relations to the mother country. Thus patriotism radiates from thy sons and thy daughters, beloved Canada, when they see thee in the progressive beauty and grandeur of 1996!" The speech that Nan had begun in a spirit of jest ended with earnestness that startled her listeners.

Even Archie Bunder was drawn from the all-absorbing occupation of admiring Maud to say, "Why, Nan, it is really too bad that you are not a young man; you would make a most gallant patriot!"

"I can be next door to a patriot," replied Nan, "I can be a Red Cross nurse."

"Where did you get such an idea? Don't let me hear of it again," peevishly exclaimed Mrs. Harrington. Then turning to her niece, she said, "Petra, kindly get me my shawl, I am rather chilly."

"Let me go and get it for you; I am sure I could find it, Mrs Harrington, as Miss Bertram looks very tired," said Tisab Ting.

But Petra was away on her errand as her aunt finished speaking, but she gave Tisab Ting a friendly glance on her return, for his consideration of her, that made Tisab Ting's heart beat with joy unspeakable.

Whilst Tisab Ting, the Chinaman, had been trying to solve the subtle change in his Canadian friends, Nan and Petra were pondering over the same undefinable problem of change with regard to their foreign guest. The power of love, the mighty elevating lever of humanity, whether in connection with divine or human, had been instrumental in making Tisab Ting what centuries of civilizing influences could not have done—a man humbled of his o'er-weening pride of self and country, not less grand by reason of this, but the nobler. He now loved, with an ardor inordinate, the woman whose sensitive nature he had so insistently wounded in the past. His love for Petra made him scorn himself for the pride that had caused him to ask for her love, as he had done the previous summer.

In the days that followed Tisab Ting's return to Canada, Petra would have grown to like him better had not the remembrance of Nan's sweet, wistful

face intervened ; for in June, when word had been received of Tisab Ting's delayed return until August, Nan's bright vitality had lessened—a brooding sadness was often seen on her face. Petra believed Tisab Ting had won Nan's love, and was careless of it, and she scorned him as one whom her true, honest character could scorn when she thought of her dear, childish cousin, Nan, who was always so kind in cheering and making her life brighter, made unhappy.

When such thoughts as these assailed Petra, her manner to Tisab Ting was very cold and reserved, making him hopeless and despairing of ever winning her love, and at such time he made matters worse by going to Nan for counsel and advice.

One evening in September, as the deepening autumn twilight had nearly darkened into night, Tisab Ting found Petra sitting on the wide, flat rail of the balcony, her head resting against one of the massive pillars. Her face looked pale and wearied in the dusky half light, and as Tisab Ting stood near her, his heart felt heavy and sore with longing for the right to bring joy, mirth, happiness, love, into her life.

“ Dear Petra, stay, listen to me,” exclaimed Tisab Ting, as Petra was about to rise on seeing him.

In powerless surprise, Petra sat and listened as

Tisab Ting continued, his voice vibrating with pent-up feeling. "Last summer, when I asked for your love, I asked coldly, as though I was asking for a worthless gift. I loved you dearly then, but my pride was greater than my love. I would not beg for your love. In my national pride I said, 'I give her love, wealth and position; I should not stoop to plead,' so I governed my love, and let my pride rule, and lost you. But now, now," he exclaimed, as he thrust forth his hands as though to clasp hers, but as quickly to withdraw them, when he saw her shrink from him, "I beg for your love; I humbly acknowledge your superiority, dear maid; do not deny my heart's desire."

"You missed your vocation, Mr. Tisab, when you did not endow the stage with your wonderful dramatic powers. I believe you could even have vied with the theatrical darling of the nineteenth century, Henry Irving," said Petra, with an amused laugh. Then, anger getting the better of amusement, she continues, "How dare you insult me, sir, with your professions of love? I have had enough of them; for even did I love you, which I *do not*, I would spurn you like a miserable reptile. You are beneath the love of a good woman! Hush! do not speak, I will be heard, even if the truth is not palatable to you," she said, as Tisab

Ting was about to interrupt her. "You win the affections of innocent, trusting girls, then like a worthless toy you cast that love aside. By reason of your great wealth, you presume in these practices; but I care nothing for your miserable money or more miserable self. I command you, go! do your duty, garner the love you have won, if you have a spark of manhood in you; then, and not till then, will I respect you more than I do now, and that is very little, I assure you.

As she was about to go, he said in a voice there was no resisting, "I do not know the duty you refer to, but I will do my duty if you will again be seated and hear with patience what I have to say."

"You must excuse me, for I am required indoors, Mr. Tisab Ting!" returned Petra coldly.

"You would oblige me greatly by remaining, as I wish to speak about your father's death!" said Tisab Ting.

"My father's death!" breathlessly repeated Petra. "What of it?"

"You will stay?" inquired Tisab Ting.

"Yes! please proceed quickly with what you have to say!" implored Petra.

"There is something that I wish to tell you first, that you may the more fully understand the disclosure I am about to make. Will you listen patiently?" asked Tisab Ting.

"I wish to hear nothing," answered Petra, "but the messages you have for me, and an account of the way in which my father met his death, if you are acquainted with the facts."

"I was present when your father expired," replied Tisab Ting, all passion gone from his voice; "but I will tell you nothing except in my own way."

"Then continue," returned Petra, her voice full of the anger and displeasure at what she feels to be his cruelty.

By the light of the rising moon Petra can see Tisab Ting standing calm and dignified, apparently unruffled by what had passed, or her anxious desire to hear what he has to tell her. All her impatience is stilled when he proceeds, in a voice full of varying intonations, clear, sweet and soothing:

"My father was one of the ablest electricians of the century, a man of brilliant intelligence and deep thought; and although a Chinaman," said Tisab Ting, with quiet sarcasm, "he founded the theory of the electrical kiss—the kiss of affection. He found that in many, not all, of the human race was a vein of electricity. This vein, when present, runs counter to the pneugastric nerve, which supplies the heart with nervous energy from the brain. Those in possession of this vein have great mesmeric and magnetic power."

“Where did you say this vein was to be found, and what is its use?” inquired Petra, who was somewhat carried away by the soothing sweetness of Tisab Ting’s peculiarly accented voice, and the unusual unheard-of theory he was advancing.

“It is found,” replied Tisab Ting, “on the left side of the neck, and if one desiring the love, the affection of another which he cannot otherwise win, can touch with the lips this electric vein on the occasion of the first kiss may win the love, the affection of the person kissed. I think I remarked that some are devoid of this electric vein?”

Petra believed so little in this Chinaman’s protestations of affection, that his recent proposal was completely forgotten.

“I have always been credited with a certain magnetic power. I wonder if I possess this electrical vein?” said Petra, bending back her head and thoughtfully rubbing that portion of her neck where the electrical vein should be, according to Tisab Ting’s description.

Tisab Ting looks at Petra intently as she stands thus; then swiftly bending forward he kisses her lightly on the neck; then standing erect he watches the effect of his act, while every nerve in his body tingles with excitement and anxiety.

Petra stands as one turned to stone, a creature

void of thought and feeling; then her white lips quiver, her eyes look into Tisab Ting's wildly, with a lurid, burning glare in their grey depths. Thus she stands like a subordinate creature brought to bay by the strength of will of a superior being. Then, as the mental tension relaxes, Petra passionately gasps, "I—love—you!" then, turning, hurries into the house and to the quietness of her own apartment.

As Tisab Ting stands, a satisfied smile lighting up his ugly countenance, Mrs. Harrington advances towards him.

"Mr. Tisab Ting, I witnessed your conduct just now; I was surprised; I thought you too much of a gentleman of honor to make pretensions to love one member of my family and flirt with and *kiss* another. Kindly explain your action!" demanded Mrs. Harrington in haughty tones.

"I love her whom I kissed; but as your niece, madam, would not bow to the human love of a Chinaman, she has bowed to his intellectual love," gravely and deliberately replied Tisab Ting.

This was an unexpected blow to Mrs. Harrington's plans, and, luckily for her future dignity, she was unable to make any reply. Bowing to her guest she, too, hurried from the presence of Tisab Ting the Chinaman, whose peculiar scientific

humanity, the world, and that boa constrictor called social life, have not yet digested. When they have, the age of electricity will be more fully developed.

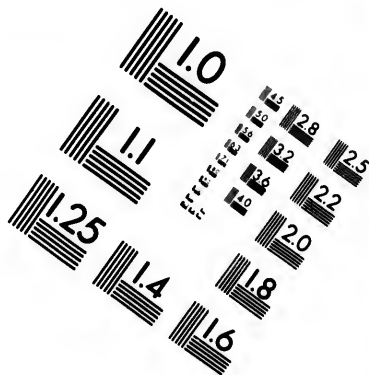
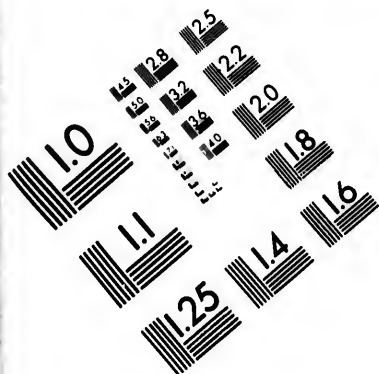


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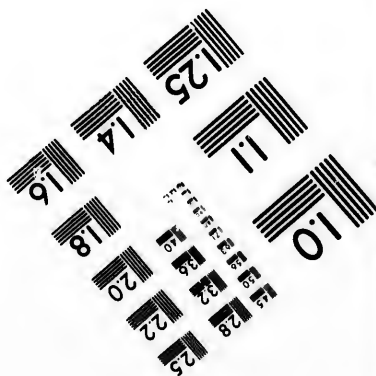
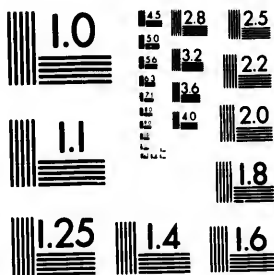


CHAPTER XV.

PETRA, on reaching the precincts of her own chamber, gave way to a perfect storm of emotion that carried as a mighty cyclone all former thought and purpose before it. Now, with tears and sobs, she knelt by her bedside. Again, in nervous agitation, she paced the floor backward and forward, then throwing herself into a chair with determination to sit quietly, ever striving for calmness in her desire for thought; but still the volcano of her new emotion raged and would not be calmed. The old, old story of love given and received, that so often brought peace and quiet, was a terror to her. Rocking herself back and forth in a very paroxysm of grief, she wailed, "How I love him! how I love him!" Then in anger against her own testimony she would exclaim, "No, no, it cannot, cannot be! Do I love this man whom one hour ago I detested? Do I love this creature who is so mean that he will stoop for mere pleasure to win the affection of a dear, trusting child like Nan? I do not love him, I will not love him. Even did Nan not stand between me and such love, I would be a fool to



**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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care for this man whom I so thoroughly distrust other than as a stranger." Then seating herself by the window and looking at the calm, still beauty of the scene before her, she stretches forth her arms, and in deep agitation cries: "Oh, thou inimitable One, take Thou away all burning strife between love and honor! Give me back my peace of mind, and make me as I was but yesterday." And with the thought of yesterday comes the memory of that day and the nervous dread that the morrow will hold nothing but sorrow, the renunciation of a love that had been lighted, as the lamp is lighted, by the current of electricity, yet a love which burned so brightly that it well-nigh dazzled her with its wondrous glare, making all other things in her nature subservient to it.

Could such a love continue? Would it not burn out by reason of its intensity? It could not grow more intense, she thought, with a sobbing sigh.

With thoughts such as these crowding and hastening up for answer that could not be satisfied by a philosophy hemmed in by all-absorbing love, Petra kept her watch through the night, until at last sleep came in all its gentleness, imprisoning the weary brain and locking out jostling, impatient thoughts. Petra awakens as day is breaking its way through the iron bars of night. The eastern

sky gradually assumes the appearance of a gorgeous artist's pallet, spread with many colors that the master hand will use on that day to transform the grey canvas of landscape and life. As Petra watches the radiant effect of sunrise, the rosy dawn that looks so promising, yet which so often loses itself in storm and clouds in the fulfilment of the day, the memory of the previous day returns and the yearning wish, "Oh, that yon bright sky were emblematic of my future! Then rising from her position near the window, where she has slept so dreamlessly through the shadows of the night, she proceeds to make a hurried toilet, as though in haste to get from her own thoughts, when suddenly she gasps, "My father, what of him? Father, father, you were with all else forgotten in those past hours of madness! Your memory will serve me to strength! I will be strong!" Then with an assumption of cheerfulness with which she tries to deceive herself, she thought, "I feel that this Chinaman, whom I so unwillingly love, will tell me something of my father that will kill all affection."

The household had not yet stirred; not even a servant was to be seen, as Petra quietly left the house and entered the garden. The calm serenity of the early morning was beginning to operate on her feverish, agitated spirit, which had been tossed so ruthlessly by storm on a strange new sea.

“ How are you feeling this morning, my darling ? ” inquired Tisab Ting, in loving tones, as he placed his hand on Petra’s shoulder. He had come unnoticed by her, his foot-fall noiseless in the soft grass.

Where now the quiet, the calm she had almost succeeded in experiencing ? Gone ! with a few words spoken in a musical, caressing voice, by a small though dignified foreigner. In a perfect agony of varying emotion Petra stood ; the desire to hurry away, overcome by a consuming love that carried all else with it, breaking down every barrier of character that had stood as law for so many years. A tempting whisper, “ What news of your father ? ” Love against honor outweighed the balance. What was Nan’s love to hers ? And, turning, Petra placed her hands in Tisab Ting’s, unable to look or speak to him who had won her love by his great scientific knowledge.

“ Look up, dear love,” said Tisab Ting, and the calm, soothing tones of his perfect voice carried away for the time all doubt and fear from Petra’s mind. “ Now that I know you love me, I wish to tell you of your father. Come, let us go to the grotto.”

Through the garden they go in an elysium of joy, the ground emerald-paved, the trees fairy arches,

the flowers sweet-scented, with delicate hue, or flaunting in color—all for them. Where was room for demon doubt? Not in Tisab Ting's tender care or caresses; not in the ardor of his glances or lover-like form of his speech; and surely not in Petra's glowing face or love-lit eye, or the sweet return of a tender caress, the flushing face, the downcast eyes that told their tale all too truly.

"Dear Petra," began Tisab Ting, on reaching the grotto, "I want you to deal with me leniently after hearing my story. Your love for me will help you to judge me fairly, for wrong was not mine, if wrong it was, remember that. First, I will tell you of the cause of your father's premature death; then I will give you my father's dying message to you. My father loved yours as a brother, and your father returned it in kind. In this country they would have been called true friends; in our country they were called kindred. While in some out-of-the-way place your father was stricken with fever, but of this we knew nothing at the time, or we would surely have gone to him and nursed him. When your father recovered from that fever, he was a doomed man; the medical men of our country gave him six or nine months to live, and, of course, his first thought was to return to his own country and see you before his death. I shall

never forget that day when your father called on mine and told him of his recent illness and approaching death, and the loss of the large fortune that he intended for you, stolen from him by a man he had thought he could trust. Petra, your father was a hero if ever there was one; his face looked so calm and beautiful as he spoke of you, and said how glad he was to feel that you were well provided for; and he expressed the hope that you would never leave the shelter of your aunt's roof until you became the wife of some good man. Then he was full of thankfulness for the goodness that had spared him for a few months to enable him to go to you. Oh, that the memory of that day could be blotted out," and Tisab Ting shaded his eyes with his hand as though to exclude the bright scene that was so out of sympathy with the sombre memory. Petra was sobbing at the picture conjured up by Tisab Ting's words; and he gently smoothed back her hair from her forehead as though in grief for greater pain that must be inflicted, as he continued: "As your father told his story of sickness, poverty and approaching death, my father sat near, with hands tightly clasped together, tears streaming down his face every now and then, miserably asking from the depths of his great love for your father, 'Antony, Antony,

what will I do when you are no more, when you are gone from me, my more than friend, my brother?"

"Oh, Tisab! do not tell me any more of the details," sobbed Petra; "I cannot, cannot bear it. Dear father died before he was able to get away from China, was that not it?"

"Hush! do not tempt me, Petra," sternly replied Tisab Ting, "I gave my word and honor that you should know all, so I must continue. My father was the most skilled electrician of this century. He seemed to live for nothing but the advancement of that science, and, being wealthy, he was enabled to follow the bent of his inclination." And here Petra shivers as she thinks in what other way electricity is to again affect her life. "When your father ceased speaking," went on Tisab Ting, "mine rose and hurried from the room—your father and I supposed on account of his excessive grief; but he returned almost immediately, bearing in his hand a small glass case, and going to your father he said, 'This, Antony, contains a new electric force I have discovered but recently;' and as I thought of the incongruity of my father talking of his work after hearing the story of your father's approaching death, he continued, holding out the small glass case, 'This contains the Yu-stone, commonly known in

China as the jade. I believe it to contain great electrical worth. I have not yet discovered its entire force with regard to human life, but I know that it has a two-fold action—for life or death. I have succeeded as far as that, but it is untried yet, and it is yours now if you wish to make an attempt for life. It can only make your death premature,' he whispered, 'but,' he continued, hopefully, 'I am almost certain; that is,' and here my father brought forward a small jar of fluid, 'if your magnetic power is not already dead; put your fingers in there. Ah! you are all right yet, but low. Do you wish to try, Antony? Do you wish to try for your life?' For what seemed to me like hours, but in truth were only minutes, an awful silence pervaded the room. I tried to speak, but could not at first. At last I shook off the awe that had fallen as a mantle on me, and cried, 'Father! father! take this accursed stone away; you do not as yet know its electrical value; through it you may become the murderer of your dearest friend.' But my father heard me not, although I knelt at his feet, for he was intently watching your father, who at length rose, and, taking my father's hand in his, said 'I will try for life; by my death I will benefit the scientific world.' I saw I was forgotten, and that nothing that I could say would change

either of these men from their purpose one iota, so I stood aside to be ready when needed. Your father lay on the couch; mine approached him, holding in his hand the stone and two small bottles of fluid—one blue, one red, and sealed. ‘Antony, you may choose; I will lay this stone on your wrist, so—over your pulse; the action of one of these fluids on the stone will cure—the other kill. When I find out which is the correct fluid, I will magnetise these stones for all times, and send them forth to the world.’ ‘I choose the red fluid, emblematic of my bright future,’ dreamily replied your father, his face white and drawn, his hand shaking so with nervousness that he had to wait to recover himself. Your father was very calm. Then bending forward, my father applied the red fluid to the stone. It was the cause of your father’s instant death,” said Tisab Ting, in a voice husky with deep feeling. After a few minutes’ intense silence, Tisab Ting continued, “When my father saw that his friend was dead, he fell back in a swoon, which was of so long duration that we thought he would never recover from it. At last he slowly returned to consciousness, and after a week’s illness he arose and went about his accustomed duties once more, but so changed—so old, silent and enfeebled that my heart ached for him. A month after your

father's death he called me to him one night and said, 'My son, I am dying, and I am not sorry to be called; Antony's death was a sore blow to me. All my wealth I leave to you, but I have some requests to make that I am sure you will carry out. Antony Bertram left a daughter that he was very fond of. After one year I wish you to go to Canada—by that time Petra Bertram's grief will have assuaged; tell her the cause of her father's death; ask her to be your wife; but if you cannot win her, I wish you to marry a Canadian woman. This,' and he handed me a peculiarly-shaped gold ring, 'I desire you to give to Petra Bertram. In it she will find the stone that killed her father. It is now a healing-stone, for I have perfected it during the past few weeks. It is my legacy to her, and I leave her none other, for I feel sure that she would accept nothing from me; and you will love and wed her, my son, if possible. Promise.' And I promised," said Tisab Ting, "that I would do all he asked to the best of my ability. I came full of conceit in my own power to win whom and when I pleased. Not caring for you in the least, I desired to find out the character of her who I believed would be my wife at any time I extended the invitation. You will notice in what I say that, although civilized, old customs, old precedents, still cling to us.

You were so different from what I expected. You made such a charming study for me who loved to study humanity that I was cruel and teasing to you at first, dearest; but that is gone forever. I have loved you since the night you sang at Mrs. Bunder's reception one year ago; have I not been patient? This is the ring," and Tisab Ting drew a small case from his pocket; "You can wear it as a pledge of our love until I replace it with another this evening."

As the gold touched her finger, Petra started up as though she had been stung. "What, wear the emblem of my father's murder!" she exclaimed, "given to me as a sign of love by the son of his murderer. No, never will I accept either you or it; I fear you both."

"Petra," gravely said Tisab Ting, "you loved me one hour ago. I asked you to be just and lenient in your judgment; do you call such a speech either?" Then he said in defiant tones: "You *cannot* send me adrift—your love for me is too great." Then in the pleading, caressing tones that Petra has learned to dread and love, he continues: "Do not allow any cloud to darken the summer day of our love. I will not ask you to wear this ring, although it would have pleased me for you to do so—it would have made me believe in your forgiveness for my father's share in your father's premature death."

Once more conscience and love waged war, but this time the battle was unequal, for Petra was cradled in her lover's arms.

"I love you, dear Tisab, so dearly, so entirely," faltered Petra in such low tones, that Tisab had to bend over her to catch her words, "that I—I—will wear that ring in token that I forgive your father;" and near the old Dancing Rock they renewed their vows.





CHAPTER XVI.

WITH an ardour that carried all before it, Tisab Ting the Chinaman pleaded for an early marriage.

"You love me, Petra; why not consummate our love in marriage?" asked Tisab Ting.

"Why? because," replied Petra in womanly manner, having no other answer ready to give.

"We love one another, there is nothing to wait for. There is no lack of money, and, above all, you need care and rest, and change of scene, so let us decide to be married on the day that Maud is married to Archie, three weeks from to-day," said Tisab Ting.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Petra, aghast, at his request; "why I could not be ready, and Maud would not like the idea, and aunt would have extra bother, and oh, I really could not leave dear Nan so soon."

"Ready," returned Tisab Ting, about to reason out every argument she had advanced for delay, but instead he gloomily continued, "I see you do not love me, or do not trust me sufficiently yet, but, dear love, I will wait an age for you at your command, for you are right not to marry without trust."

"No, no!" cried Petra, "it is not that, only such a hasty marriage as you propose seems unseemly; only three weeks from now; just think of it."

"I am thinking of it, but what is the use, since you will not consent?" said Tisab Ting resignedly; then, drawing her close to him, and speaking in a voice vibrating with deep feeling that Petra knew she could not long withstand, said, "I do not wish to force your consent, and did I not feel certain that you would be much happier when you were married than you are now, I would quietly bide your time. There is nothing to interfere with the date I mentioned except your own feelings in the matter. So once more I ask you what will your answer be, love? and let it be yes or no. I will plead no more."

As Tisab Ting waited for Petra's decision, his heart grew heavy, for he saw "no" written on every line of her face in the firm set lips and the down-cast eyes. Then, as a ray of sunshine changes the dull aspect of a dark day, Petra's face changed, and raising her head with proud grace, she said, "Yes! let it be as you wish;" and once more Tisab Ting's heart quickened with gladness as he showered his thanks in passionate kisses, and glowing, tender words of their bright future, the prospect of joy that they alone could bring into each other's lives.

From the time Petra gave her consent for her wedding to occur on the same day as that of her cousin's she suffered martyrdom for her love. When out of Tisab Ting's presence, she saw Nan's wistful face—she read her aunt's displeasure in her cold demeanor towards her—she was incessantly annoyed at Maud's petty sneers and speeches. Then, again, Petra would question the depth and truth of her own love for Tisab Ting, because of the sudden, unusual growth of that love. She could not understand the new phase in her own disposition, a love that had burned out coldness, indifference, distrust—a love that made her over-rule her conscience, which at times whispered of Nan's changed appearance and its probable cause.

In Tisab Ting's presence, distrust, honor, whisperings of conscience, all were forgotten. The world was love. Her sovereign was Tisab Ting the Chinaman.

Maud would have objected to the double wedding had not her mother delivered her opinion in worldly manner. "You know, Maud, if you object to the arrangement, society will say you are jealous of your cousin, her superior position, her beauty, nay, perhaps even her lover. I think it would be wise to acquiesce in the arrangement, for your cousin and her husband will be far enough away from you

after the ceremony." So the matter was, as far as outward appearances went, agreeably settled.

On the morning of the double wedding, as Petra stood near her bedroom window gazing on the scene without, as though it was a picture she would fain stamp on her memory indelibly, dreamily thinking that the sun had never before touched with such gold-laden fingers the familiar surroundings, she was aroused from her reverie by her aunt's entrance into the room without even a preliminary knock.

"Pardon my intrusion, Petra," said Mrs. Harrington in cold, measured tones, "this belongs to you," laying a small parcel on the table; then she continued as though in haste to make some explanation and then end the interview, "It took me some time to decide whether it was necessary to give this parcel to you, as it contains letters which came for you in answer to your advertisement for a position in a church choir, which I held back as the easiest manner of making you act in accordance with my wishes. You should be charmed over my retention of those letters; their receipt would have carried you away from wealth, and, probably, happiness." As Petra stood looking at her aunt in silent surprise, Mrs. Harrington turned and swept from the room with an assumption of her old haughty dignity.

"So you did come! Where would you have taken me? What happiness would you have carried me from?" questioned Petra, as she held the package of letters in her hands. "Ah, well! time will tell the latter; the former is a mystery that has eluded me—gone by the delay in your coming. I forgive aunt for keeping these letters back, but, nevertheless, it was a most unworthy act;" and placing the letters in her travelling satchel, Petra hastened to prepare to dress for her wedding.

Both Petra and her cousin were dressed alike in bridal costume, and as the entire bridal party bore themselves with dignity and grace, the great, thronging crowd—to whom a wedding is always an interesting ceremony—that filled St. James' Church decided that the affair was the most magnificent they had ever witnessed. Order, grandeur, and smoothness of ceremony all showed perfect management.

During the banquet that followed the ceremony Petra felt as though she was in a thrilling trance, from which she would awaken presently in fear, distrust and aversion against the man whom she had promised to love and honor until death should them part—for him who had endowed her with love, wealth and position. Then a wave would sweep over her being, and she would long for the time

to come when she would be alone with her husband, so that she might place her arms about his neck and tell of all the love that was surging in her heart for him.

At last the banquet was finished, and she was dressed in travelling costume, ready to depart from the home of her childhood and girlhood, from her only relations, from the friends and acquaintances of her lifetime. She was going with Tisab Ting the Chinaman, whose coming one year ago she had so much dreaded. How strange, how unreal, nay, unnatural, it all seemed! There was her cousin Maud shedding tears over a few months' absence from mother, sister and home, thought Petra, but her own eyes were bright and flashing with nervous excitement.

"Are you ready, Petra?" called Tisab Ting.

"Yes," Petra answered; "good-bye, dear Nan, I will write soon. Good-bye, aunt, I will ever remember all your kindness to me." A lash of the whip, a dash of horses freed from a restraining hand, and Tisab Ting the Chinaman, with his Canadian bride, were off; and as the old familiar faces were lost to view, Petra turned her charming, blushing face towards her companion, and, placing her hand in his, whispered, "My husband!" Not all the endearing words she could have uttered would have expressed the love, the supreme faith

and trust that were conveyed in those two words, a faith and trust that had answered to the call, "Leave all and follow me."

"I have a surprise for you, wifie," said Tisab Ting, as they neared the wharf. "I have had one of my own boats sent from China to carry you home, for you were such a fire-brand of a sweetheart that our courtship did not run very smoothly. You were oft-times very unkind to me, but now I will have my innings. As Mrs. Tisab Ting, a passenger on board our own private boat, you will have to act towards me more sweetly, madam."

"Do not begin to assume your duties at too early a stage, or your captive may get restive and give you some trouble," returned Petra, gladness shining in her eyes and ringing in her voice at the thought of the loving care that had provided so thoughtfully for her comfort. Indeed, money was worth more than its value in the hands of Tisab Ting, as he appeared to know so precisely what to do with it to bring comfort and enjoyment.

On the evening of the day on which they had left Montreal, Petra added to Tisab Ting's cup of happiness by expressing her wonder at the beauty and splendor of the vessel in which they were travelling. "Why, Tisab," she said, "it would accommodate twenty-five passengers each with a suite

of rooms; it is extravagant to travel so sumptuously."

"You appear to like it very well," replied Tisab Ting. "There is one thing we must decide on: where would you like to go, dearest?"

"I supposed we were going to China as fast as electricity could carry us," exclaimed Petra.

"Nothing of the kind; we are merely strolling over the water, to nowhere in particular, awaiting orders from you. We want to take our honeymoon before we go home, don't we?" inquired Tisab Ting, with such a glance from his flashing grey eyes that Petra felt abashed before his. This episode entirely broke up the question of route on this occasion. "You dear, shy little wife, can you not meet your husband's eye without a blush and a tremble? Just think what all my consummate foolishness and pride nearly lost me," said Tisab Ting, in musing tones. "Then," he gravely continued, as he gently smoothed back her hair, which the wind had tossed and ruffled, "Petra, in case of breakers ahead, I wish to say this to you: I want your entire trust; I know I have your love, but it was gained in such an unusual way, and you are as yet so slightly acquainted with my character, that I ask you to do nothing hastily through distrust. Always come to me in time of difficulty and

need ; never let cold distrust of any word or action of mine break the bond that exists between you and me. These words may seem unnecessary here and at this time, but I do not anticipate smoothness throughout our married lives ; we are too dissimilar in character and nationality ; but trust and love, believe me, dearest, are all that are required to pilot us over the stormiest sea. You will always bear this in mind ? ”

“ Yes, at all times, ” earnestly replied Petra.

On the following day Petra decided that they would cruise around for two weeks, then make for China, leaving sight-seeing for another trip.





CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT greater promoter of sentiment than a quiet, still night at sea? Expanse of waters stretching out on every side. The many northern lights that transform the night into day reflected in the water, dancing in long unbroken lines, or touching with white phosphoric light the jaunty little rising, rippling waves.

Petra was seated near the edge of the vessel, her thoughts ranging on the very pinnacle of blissful sentimentality. The days had sped on fleet wings of love. On the following evening they would reach China, her new home. How happy the days of her married life had been, how marvelously the affection of one being had changed her whole life, making Petra question her heart at times. - Was she happy beyond the happiness of average mortals? What if she or her husband should change, and the present day-dream sink into the monotony of average happiness? Could she endure such an existence?

Petra was entirely under the spell of the love she

possessed for Tisab Ting, being unutterably happy in his presence, and experiencing an uncertain feeling of loss and sadness when he was absent from her sight. That one electric kiss, as well as changing her indifference to love, had also changed her character and tone of thought to a peculiar extent. Petra knew this in a dim, shadowy way, but she had never reasoned out or analyzed this change as yet; for the passionate, exquisite love for her husband accounted for all at present.

Presently the gruff voice of the captain broke in upon Petra's dream. He and her husband were standing near the place where she was seated; they could not see her, but she could catch a glimpse of Tisab's face from where she was sitting, and her eyes brightened with loving anticipation as she thought, "When the captain leaves him I will steal to his side, and will see his face light with pleasure as I twine my arms around his neck, for I told him I would be in my cabin for a half hour longer. But wait; what are they saying?" And, rooted to the spot like some numbed creature unable to move, to speak, or to think, her sense of hearing alone sharp and keen, Petra sat and listened to the conversation with all the blissful glow fading from her heart, and leaving there, in its stead, cold despair, distrust, agony. The man whom she had believed

held high principles of truth and honesty was beneath contempt in his lack of both.

A revulsion of feeling swept o'er Petra as Tisab Ting and the captain moved away. She was mad with anger against herself for all her past weakness in permitting herself to be so easily swayed by one whom the intuitive dictates of her heart had made her shun. This is my retribution, thought Petra, as memory after memory crowded up Nan's sorrowful face and drooping figure, the saddest memory of all. Could he have given her cousin the electrical kiss as well as herself! Oh, the horrible, jealous misery of that thought. Distrust for Tisab Ting as in the first days of their acquaintance dominates Petra, she does not stop to reason, blindly she rushes on before the demon distrust. But wait; what did Tisab ask her to do in case of distrust of his character or actions? And the answer came, clambering from distrust, "Another proof; he was expecting and preparing for any damaging circumstances that might rise and come to your knowledge." And, wringing her hands with the nervous energy that must find an outlet in action, she thought, "Misery, humiliation to me; I fear I distrust this man, yet I love him with a deeper love than I ever did before. My reason must be affected"; and she wearily pressed her hands to her eyes to

shut from her sight all that had a short time previously been so grand and beautiful to her vision. Tisab Ting found her thus when he came in search of her, and he hurriedly and excitedly inquired, "Why, dear love, have you heard already?"

"Yes," replied Petra, in strained voice, "I have heard all."

"Come, come, you must not mind so much; there is no actual danger, only the inconvenience and the loss of your wedding finery; but just think of the excitement of being wrecked within a day's distance of your new home. There is a vessel coming towards us; we have signalled it, and they are going to take us all on board, because this water-house," said Tisab Ting, in cheerful tones that angers Petra desperately, "on which we have spent our honeymoon, is pretty badly wrecked and will not stand up on water much longer; so hurry, for I have lost considerable time looking for you. Did you not hear me calling? It unnerved me when I could not find you. I was terrified, fearing that something might have happened to you. The northern lights have disappeared and left everything in horrible darkness."

"Yes, horrible darkness," repeated Petra, as she is hurried forward by her husband.

She and Tisab Ting are lowered in a small boat

to the water, and, as though in a dream, she hears the splash of oars, feels the motion of the boat as it is swiftly driven through the water, the peculiar sensation of being lifted through the air ; then she hears her husband say, as he clasps her close in his arms, " Do not be frightened, Petra, because the danger, if there ever was any, is past," and as they stand thus the darkness of the sky lightens, the northern lights shine out once more.

Petra frees herself from her husband's arms, and, turning to him, said, " If you carry on any more of your vile electrical practices, as you have in the past, or if any of your men are lost on this occasion, *I will leave you.*"

And as Tisab Ting is about to reassure her, thinking her nerves overcome by all the past excitement, Petra screams in horror as she points towards the water, " Look, look, there is a man drowning!" and she continued in low tones, so that Tisab Ting alone heard her, "and you are the cause, you are his murderer. My God!" she groaned, "like father, like son."

Every effort was made to save the man who had been seen struggling through the water, but no trace of him could be found ; he had evidently sunk exhausted.

When Petra, who had been standing in strained

attitude near the side of the vessel, watching the rescue party, learned that they had been unsuccessful, and that the man was lost, she succumbed to the weight of crushing misery, and was carried in a state of unconsciousness to a small cabin, very unlike the one she had occupied an hour before.

Tisab Ting walked the deck impatiently until the ship's physician came to him and said, "Your wife has recovered consciousness and is resting quietly. The ship stewardess, who is an excellent nurse, is attending her."

"May I not go and see her now?" eagerly inquired Tisab Ting.

"I would rather you would not," replied the physician; "your wife was evidently very much excited, and rest is very essential. If you went to her cabin now and disturbed her she might not sleep again, and I fear brain fever would be the result, but you will be able to speak with her early on the morrow or during the night, if she wakes up and asks for you."

"Well, I suppose I will be obliged to submit, but it is hard," returned Tisab Ting.

"By the way, Mr. Tisab Ting, how did the wreck of your vessel occur?" inquired the physician; "did she spring a leak, strike a rock, or did some of her machinery go to pieces?"

"I hardly know yet, I was so anxious about my wife. I am going now to have a chat with my captain. Ah! here he comes. Good evening, doctor," said Tisab Ting in his most polite, non-committal tones, that left no room for further inquiry, yet gave no offence to the inquirer.

Near morning Petra became very restless; the stewardess, who had been seated near while she slept, came to her and asked, "Is there anything you would like, Mrs. Tisab Ting?"

"No thank you," listlessly replied Petra.

"Do you wish to see your husband—will I call him?" asked the stewardess, thinking the sight of some familiar person would take away the weary, pitiful expression from her patient's face.

"No, oh no, sobbingly cried Petra.

"There, there," soothingly said the stewardess, "you must be quiet."

Rising up and looking directly at the stewardess, Petra exclaimed, "I need help, oh, so much: I am alone, will you help me?"

"I will help you to the best of my ability," returned the stewardess, surprised by Petra's words, "but you have your husband, why not go to him?"

"Sufficient—you will help me," answered Petra. "I cannot tell you my story, but you will be able to understand my need of a friend when I tell you

that I never wish to see Mr. Tisab Ting again. He has done me an injury. He is not what I thought him to be. I have sworn to leave him; will you protect me—help me to escape from him, for I fear him?"

Petra was unprepared for the outburst that her words called forth, as the stewardess passionately said, "I will help you, for I hate men as I hate nothing else; they are all low, mean and deceitful" And as though in answer to the sad, wistful look on Petra's face, she continued, "I will tell you my story, so that you may judge of my reason for hating men as I do. I have never uttered a word of this to anyone before, but I feel as though I could tell my sorrow to you. I was wooed, and thought I was loved, by one whom I foolishly invested with many qualities of manly uprightness of character. After much pleading for a hasty wedding, I was persuaded, poor fool that I was," she sneeringly said, "but I loved, and, womanlike, yielded." Petra felt an increase of sympathy for the woman who stood near her narrating her story, when she thought of the similarity of one momentous event in each of their lives, their too ready yielding to the persuasions of love, and the disastrous outcome for both.

"One hour after the wedding he left me," con-

tinued the stewardess, "and I have never seen him since. I am a deserted wife—mine is no isolated case of man's deviltry. Trust no man is now my motto. You and every woman would do well to take it also. I have told my story, a poor sorry tale," said the stewardess in stern tones that permitted—asked for—no sympathy, "that you might understand how ready, how willing, I am to help to rescue you. I saw your husband last night in the semi-darkness. You must have been compelled to unite your life to that of such an ugly brute." Petra was about to cry out in the denial of this, when the stewardess remarked, "The like of his countenance I never again wish to see, as he stood conversing earnestly, apparently defiantly, with his captain."

Those words brought back the horror of yesterday's distrust vividly to Petra's remembrance, and under its baleful influence she swayed.

"How can I help you, madam? Command me!" said the stewardess.

As Petra was trying to think connectedly of some plan to follow, she hurriedly exclaimed, "What is that, stewardess?"

"That is your hand-satchel, madam; your husband handed it to me last evening; he said it was the only thing saved; it contains your toilet accessories," replied the stewardess.

How kind of him to remember her comfort; and Petra was beginning to wonder whether she had not been hasty in her judgment of what she had overheard, when the stewardess continued, "The man who was drowned was evidently trying to save some of his goods. I heard from the other sailors that he has a wife and large family."

Opening her satchel, Petra drew forth the package her aunt had given her on her wedding day. For an instant she looked at it in awe, then she murmured, "Surely this is sufficient proof, were I in doubt, that the course I am about to take is right, if my husband rescues these letters and brings them to me. Then opening the answers to her advertisements she finds one of recent date, asking for her services to sing in a city church. "I will accept this one if it is still open for acceptance. Tisab will never find me there."

Then turning to the stewardess, whose name she found to be Marie, Petra planned and arranged—quietly, calmly planned away her happiness, broke ruthlessly the solemn vows she had taken. She now believed that the love she had felt, and did yet feel, for Tisab Ting was a mere emotional electrical phenomenon, one that, as the days went by, would subside.

"Then it is finally settled?" inquired Marie, after

an hour of earnest conversation ; you think you have planned for the best ? At the last moment you will not draw back ? ”

“ I am in earnest, decidedly,” said Petra.

“ And you say you do not want to see Tisab Ting again ? ” asked Marie.

“ No,” returned Petra, “ for if I see him he will dominate my will to such an extent that I will be forced—forced,” she fiercely repeated, “ to go with him. Arrange in the best way you can, and I will feign sleep when the doctor comes.”

“ All right, I will arrange everything,” returned Marie, whose great brown eyes were shining like black coals ; “ leave all to me.”

“ Your wife is sleeping now ; she passed a very restless night, so the stewardess told me,” said the doctor to Tisab Ting on the following morning.

“ And may I not go and see her ? ” inquired Tisab Ting, in tones that made the ship physician change his opinion of the Chinese guest.

“ I see no reason why you should not go and see her,” hesitatingly replied the doctor, who did not wish to offend the stewardess, who was a first-rate cook ; “ but do not disturb your wife on any account ; rest is absolutely necessary, as she has a very sensitive organization.”

“ I will be very careful ; I will just enter the

cabin and assure myself of her welfare," said Tisab Ting, and he smiles as he thinks, "This evening I will have my dear little Canadian wife entirely under my own care; then I will comfort her and ask for a solution of the many peculiar speeches she made last evening." "May I come in?" softly inquired Tisab Ting at the door of his wife's state-room, and, receiving no reply, he enters and quietly goes to the bunk occupied by Petra. He can hardly restrain an exclamation at the change that has come over her during the past few hours. The dark circles beneath her eyes, as they merge into the pallor of her cheeks, give her a deathly appearance, and Tisab Ting involuntarily leans forward and kisses the white, sadly-drooping mouth as he whispers, "Poor little stranger in a strange land; how I will have to protect and love you for leaving friends, home and country for my sake."

Petra was about to forsake her distrust and fore-swear her oath, and lean once more on the loving, tender care of Tisab Ting, when Marie entered the room, and, gently touching Tisab Ting on the arm, whispered, "I think you had better leave the cabin now."

"I intend to remain," replied Tisab Ting, firmly, his voice showing some rebellion at being ordered from his wife's presence.

“ I am sorry I cannot allow you to remain ; your gaze would awaken Mrs. Tisab Ting, and I would lose my reputation as a nurse ; your wife, her chance of speedy recovery,” said Marie.

“ I obey on my wife’s account,” replied Tisab Ting, gravely, as he left the cabin.

All that day he walked the deck, occasionally inquiring for his wife ; and in his heart there was a little aching, gnawing pain that would not be lessened by reason of argument.

When they were within sight of Shanghai, the stewardess came to Tisab Ting, and said, “ Your wife requested me to say that she was dressing, and would be ready and on deck at the time of landing, and wished you to meet her at the head of the cabin stairs.”

“ Could I not go to her ? ” almost angrily inquired Tisab Ting.

“ Well, no,” deliberately replied Marie ; “ your wife is sharing my apartment, and I am going there now to prepare her for landing.”

“ Ah ! pardon me ; I was not aware of such arrangement ; tell my wife that I will be eagerly waiting for her,” answered Tisab Ting.

Tisab Ting could have taken his oath that he heard the stewardess mutter, “ I hope you will admire her style ” ; but the thought did not trouble

him long ; he was tingling with impatience for the time to arrive when Petra would be once more under his care and protection.

“ At last, my darling ! ” exclaimed Tisab Ting, as he met Petra. “ It has seemed like an eternity since last night ; I cannot now imagine what my world would be without your loving presence.”

“ I am so tired,” faintly whispered his companion, as she leaned heavily on his arm.

“ Bear up bravely, dear heart,” tenderly replied Tisab Ting, we will be on shore in another ten minutes, then I will call a carriage and take you to a hotel for the night. In the morning I will look after the luggage, and in a few days you will be able to travel home. Just think of it, dear—to our home.”

On arrival at the hotel they were shown to a suite of beautifully-furnished rooms. Tisab Ting dismissed the attendant with orders to send up supper of all the English dainties that could be procured.

“ I will not serve you with fricasseed white dog until you are more in taste with your new home,” said Tisab Ting, with a musical, happy laugh. “ Come, let me divest you of that thick, heavy veil and your wraps, then you will rest on that comfortable-looking couch until supper is served.”

"Stand back ; do not touch me ! I have foiled you ; your tender, loving victim has fled, and I pray you may never find her," and Tisab Ting's companion, throwing back her veil, discloses the sneering face of Marie, who instantly hurries from the room, leaving Tisab Ting humanly-electrified, rooted to the spot, unable to move, so great is his surprise.

When he recovers power for thought and action, he hurries from the room in search of the woman who has wrought such misery in his life by fiendish, monomaniacal hatred of his sex.

Month after month he searched for some clue of his wife or the woman he had taken to the hotel, but all in vain ; his search proved fruitless.

Tisab Ting suffered an agony of fear and remorse in his belief that the force of the electric kiss had unhinged Petra's mental faculties and left her at the mercy of the unscrupulous woman, Marie, the ship stewardess.





CHAPTER XVIII.

THE merry month of May, the month of summer's dawn, had bowed to 1997.

Jerry Arnald, seated in an old arm-chair in the sitting-room which he and Amon Allen still shared, gazed out through the open window at the many roofs and chimneys, with unseeing eyes, for he was thinking of the day one year past, Nan's birthday. That she would send him a letter to-day he never doubted. Last year it had been different; he had believed Tisab Ting the Chinaman to be in love with her and she with him, but that was cleared up when Tisab Ting had married Petra last October. "What could have become of poor Petra," sorrowfully mused Jerry.

Tisab Ting had at first searched quietly for Petra, but being unable to discover the least clue to her, he at last placed the matter in the hands of the detectives, who blamed him for not asking their assistance at an earlier date. The whole circumstance of Petra's peculiar disappearance appeared in the papers and became a nine days' wonder, much to the annoyance of Mrs. Harrington.

"There's a letter for you—your annual ; just got it from Cook when I called at the college. Had breakfast?" asked Amon, as he handed the letter to Jerry.

"Yes, some time ago," answered Jerry.

"Well, I guess I will be off and have some. I will call for you when I settle my account with the inner man," and Amon left the room whistling briskly.

Jerry opened the letter eagerly and read :

DEAR JERRY :—

Again I wish to thank you for your kind remembrance of me on this my birthday. I also wish to congratulate you on your success in the University during the last year. You are making such rapid strides in your studies that you will soon be at the top of the ladder. Dear friend of my childhood, last year I found out what it was to love, and if the dawn of such knowledge brought the same restlessness to you that it did to me, I pity you. It is hard for a woman to speak freely on such a subject, for a woman's heart is a sensitive thing. I hold my promise to you sacred, so I tell you, believing that my confidence you will guard. You will forgive me for not telling you all now, but when we meet, then I will tell you of the awaking from

my dream of friendship, and the fight I made against the dream of love.

Until we meet, I am sincerely yours,

NAN HARRINGTON.

"News of battle! news of battle!" cries Amon excitedly as he enters the room. "By Jove, Jerry, but the Russian bears led by their French masters are beggars to fight; between them they seem bound to wrest Egypt from the British. The mother-country has sent for several Canadian divisions. It seems she is drawing forces from all her colonies. "Hello!" exclaimed Amon, looking up from the paper from which he was reading the war news, and catching sight of his friend's face, "bad news for you."

"Yes, rather," returned Jerry curtly. "I am going out, as I have some work to attend to," and before Amon can question him further Jerry has gone.

"Well, I have known that man for two years," muttered Amon, "and I am no better acquainted with him now than I was at first. There is only one thing I am certain about with regard to him, that he is a splendid fellow, and there is not another chap in the world I like so well."

Jerry pursued his way through the city, any-

where away from those who might know him and stop to greet him. He had no words, no thought for any one. The only thought in his brain was that Nan was lost to him: she had learned to love last year, and he laughed grimly as he thought of the fool's paradise in which he had lived during the past ten months.

"I wonder who has won the precious gift of her dear love; could it have been that rascally Chinaman? Could Nan have found out she loved this ugly foreigner when Petra married him? Yes, that must be it. What humiliation for her. No, dear love, I will not go to you. I will not give you the pain of telling me your pitiful love story. What can I do to save this poor sorrowing heart more pain? I can give her back her promise to me, never telling her what a hard thing it is to do. Then a small urchin stopped in front of Jerry, crying, "'Morning Gazette,' sir? all about the war, a murder committed last night, and a sensational divorce case in high life. Have a copy, sir?"

"Yes, here is your money," said Jerry.

"Thanks!" and off skipped this unusually polite vendor, who carried under his thin arm a conglomerate account of the news of the world.

With the cry of the newsboy, an idea reached Jerry. "I will take myself out of the city; I will

go away." As he looked down the columns of the "Morning Gazette," in search of the war news, his eyes met this unusual announcement:

"WANTED, at the military office, three assistant surgeons. None but the competent need apply."

Jerry read this item of news several times over as though he would memorize it, then, as though following other dictates than his own, he turned and proceeded in the direction of Dr. Finly's residence, where he was immediately granted an audience.

"Well, my lad, I hope you are not after summer work. You need a holiday, although I would like very much to have your assistance this summer at the Eastern, but take my advice, have a rest, you are not exactly made of cast iron," said Dr. Finly.

"I want work, but not at the Eastern," replied Jerry so mechanically that the doctor, who had been busy at his desk, looked up for the first time.

"What is the matter?" demanded Dr. Finly; "here, take a chair. Why, man, you are a nice-looking applicant for work; you look as though you couldn't hold yourself up. It is three o'clock; have you had any dinner to-day?" asked Dr. Finly.

"No, I did not want any at the time," faintly replied Jerry. He had received Nan's letter about nine; it was now three. While his emotions had been so sweeping he had been strong, but now

despair had given place to hopelessness and he felt faint and sick.

Dr. Finly rang the bell and ordered the servant who answered it to bring a light luncheon, coffee, bread and ham, and this he ordered Jerry to partake of before he would allow him to utter one word.

"Now, young man, you can tell me what your trouble is," said Dr. Finly after Jerry had partaken of the coffee and a few mouthfuls of bread and ham, and was beginning to look less exhausted.

"I want you to help me get a position as assistant surgeon, at the military office, for one of the regiments going to the scene of action in Egypt between Britain and the allied forces of France and Russia," blurted out Jerry, looking at the doctor with a defiant expression on his face as though to say, "Decline to do this for me if you dare."

"Impossible! have you lost your senses?" exclaimed the doctor, completely taken by surprise at this unexpected request. "Why, man," he continued more energetically than he was wont to speak, "think of all you will lose; and a surgeon is as likely to be killed as any other member of the regiment in such a war as is now going on in Egypt. Come, tell me your reasons, perhaps I can help you in some better way. Have you sustained a loss that will cause you to discontinue your studies? I

know students are often very rash : if so, I will be your banker, you can return it to me at some future time," he delicately said.

"Yes, replied Jerry, grasping at the explanation the doctor held out, "I have met with a very serious loss—one that will prevent me from continuing my studies for a time. I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you, Doctor Finly, for your kind offer, but I cannot accept it."

"Boy, boy, you are a downright, consummate clown," spluttered the kind-hearted doctor, "to simply fling away all your glorious prospects for a quibble of sentiment."

Jerry started at the word "sentiment" as though he had been stung. Did the doctor know what his real reasons for going were. But he could not.

"Will you help me, doctor? I know your recommendation will be sufficient at the military office," said Jerry.

Dr. Finly sat and looked at Jerry as though at a loss to know what to do next for the best. He loved Jerry Arnald as a son, and it gave him the keenest sorrow to know that he was in trouble, and caused him regret to think of him taking the step he proposed.

"Nothing I can say or do will prevent you from carrying out this mad scheme, I suppose?" inquired the doctor.

"Nothing, and if you will not help me I will find some other way ; I must have active work, the more stirring the better," replied Jerry, deliberately.

"Well, I will do what I can," gruffly said Doctor Finly ; "there, there, do not thank me ; I want no thanks for helping to interrupt one of the brightest careers I have ever known. Do not forget in your day of repentance for this hasty step that I tried to dissuade you, and when you would not be hindered by a friendly, helping hand and sound advice, in your mad rush after *nothing*," emphasized the doctor, "I called you the most deserving titles of fool and jackass. There, go," finished the doctor, not unkindly.

"Dear Doctor Finly," said Jerry, his voice husky with emotion over the doctor's solicitation for his welfare, "you have always been my friend, I would not willingly give you displeasure ; but I *must* go."

"Yes, yes, do go, you cannot change my opinion of you," testily replied the doctor.

As Jerry left the doctor's house, he thought of the opposite to that sentence that had come to him one year ago : "To those that have, more shall be given." Now he experienced, "To those that have not, shall be taken away." Nan lost, Doctor Finly's

high regard for him lessened, his loved profession renounced for a time, perhaps forever.

That evening he said nothing to Amon Allen about his intentions of going to the seat of war; he would wait until all was arranged. "There will be another struggle with Amon," weariedly thought Jerry.

Next morning he received a short, curt note from Doctor Finly:

"DEAR ARNOLD,—I have seen the military officials. They declined at first to accept your services, for the reason that you were not a qualified doctor, but I prevailed on them, not because I desired you to go, but I imagined from what you said that you would get off in some other way. Reserve your thanks, I want none of them. Call at West Barracks at ten to-day. Come and see me before you sail.

Yours truly,

DR. FINLY."

Jerry could not resist a sorrowful smile as he read this epistle.

"Two letters this year," exclaimed Amon Allen, as he entered the sitting-room just as Jerry finished reading the doctor's letter. "Something must be going to happen," he said, cheerfully.

"Yes," laboriously answered Jerry, thinking this a good opportunity of telling his trusty companion and friend of the step he intended taking, "I have met with a severe loss, and I am going to leave my studies for a while, probably for a year, and enter the military department," and as he spoke Amon's face actually appeared to lengthen and grow thin.

"Well, I—be—jiggered!" inelegantly ejaculated Amon, "met with loss—not financial, I bet my hat on that," throwing his head-gear energetically at Jerry. "It's a woman," abruptly said Amon, his mouth pursed up and his eye trying to gather itself into the same form. "Now, Jerry, it can't be a woman; I never let you out of my sight." He spoke just as though he was a mother and Jerry a wayward child. Jerry could not resist the ludicrous side of the matter; he laughed until even Amon's good nature was nearly gone.

Again Jerry had to battle with a friend's pleading.

Amon earnestly asked Jerry to stay. "If it is a woman let her go to the wall; she is not worth the sacrifice you will make. But if it is money," he continued, his honest red face turning almost purple in his nervousness, "you know, Jerry," he said, in wheedling tones, "I have not much wealth, but what I have I would like you to accept. I do

no good in college; why, I have been plucked on my first and third terms, which makes my University term a rather long one. Now, I propose that you take my money and finish your course, and I will get some nice, easy position in the country, where I could earn a fair salary. I suppose you have noticed," he continued, in melancholy tones, "that I am not looking as well as usual, and I think a change would do me good."

"Amon, Amon, do not sin your soul for me," said Jerry, much moved by his friend's generosity; "I could not accept your bounty even if I were in need. My decision is made. If I pass the military examination required, this morning, I will go to the war as an assistant surgeon, and if not, then I go in some other capacity."

"You will let me know as soon as your plans are finally settled," said Amon, more brightly, as though some new thought had given him hope.

"Yes, I hope to be able to tell you definitely this evening."

That evening Jerry told Amon that he had passed successfully, his services had been accepted, and he would sail in five days' time.

In the days that followed all was bustle and confusion for Jerry; he was so deeply engaged that he saw Amon rarely, and on those occasions, had he

not been so deeply occupied with his own thoughts, he would have noticed Amon's mysterious manner.

Two days before his departure, Jerry called at the Montreal Eastern to bid farewell to Nurse Athol; he had frequently visited her at the hospital during the past month. Nurse Athol, young in years—for she was only a little over a year older than Jerry—though old in her knowledge of human suffering, grew to welcome Jerry, and look forward to his coming. When he told her of his departure, she said, "Yes, I know, Dr. Finly told me, but as I have accepted a position as nurse for the same regiment, I will be working under your direction.

"Do you really mean to tell me," returned Jerry in surprised tones, "that you are going to the scene of action? Did you volunteer, or were your services requested?"

"I—volunteered," stammered Nurse Athol, a rush of color mounting from chin to brow, then receding and leaving a red spot on each cheek, which Jerry critically decided was a great improvement to her appearance, changing her from a cold, firm-looking woman into a bright, beautiful girl.

"Well, since I need not say good-bye, this call is changed from a pain to a pleasure," said Jerry pleasantly. "Do you know, Nurse Athol, that you have a wonderful influence over me; you calm me

in my most turbulent seasons of restlessness. I felt friendless and depressed when I first came in, but you have improved my condition greatly."

"I am glad I do you good," gravely returned Nurse Athol; then she impulsively asked, "Mr. Arnald, why are you going forward to danger, perhaps death, renouncing your studies for an indefinite period, perchance forever? Was need of money the cause?"

"No, but the burning, undying love I feel for a woman who has none to give me in return. Until a few days ago I worked for her alone, and now hope of winning her is dead, so I go forward from love of humanity to do what I can for my fellows. I will not be missed; I have no relatives; I am but a unit in the world. The happiness of the woman I love would be happiness for me. Can you understand such love, Nurse Athol? But no, how can you, since you have never learned practically the law of renunciation. The rapidly vanishing picture that you have conjured is ideally colored by your imagination," finished Jerry.

"I am sorry for your sorrow," gently said Nurse Athol; "but are you sure you have made no mistake—that you have not been misinformed?"

"There is no doubt about the information, I received it from the lady herself," replied Jerry. "I

am glad you know why I am going, and I could feel it in my heart to be glad that you are going, were it not for the danger you may incur; but, Nurse Athol, if you will own me as friend and brother, I will protect you to the death."

"Thank you, Mr. Arnald," earnestly replied Nurse Athol, "I gratefully accept your kind offer of protection."

"That is a compact; now I must hurry away; I am going now to see Dr. Finly. My friend, Amon Allen, is not taking my going so much to heart as I expected; but he is a good fellow, and one of the best friends I ever had," said Jerry, as he shook hands with Nurse Athol at leaving.

On the day previous to his departure, it required all Jerry's love for Amon Allen to bear up under the coldness of his parting. Jerry restlessly paced up and down the sitting-room that already looked so lonely and deserted, dreading to bid Amon farewell, yet wishing the ordeal well over.

"If you have to be at the barracks to-night, it's nearly time you were off," smilingly said Amon.

Had Amon given Jerry a blow, the effect would not have been more effective.

"Well, good-bye, Amon, and take good care of yourself," immediately said Jerry, cordially hating himself for the cold repulsion he felt toward his

friend for his evident desire to see him go. "I hope you will not feel lonely," Jerry forced himself to say.

"No, oh no, I won't feel lonesome," returned Amon, giving such a hearty hah! hah! that Jerry becomes completely disgusted; "Why," continued Amon, "there is a fellow coming in here to occupy this room this very afternoon, and I am sure to have a bedfellow to-night.

"In that case I will not detain you longer," stiffly rejoined Jerry, as he walked from the room and Amon Allen's presence, with a weary sense of the uselessness of life struggling in his heart.

As Jerry stands listlessly watching the embarkment of the troops, he is startled from his indifference to all that is going on about him by seeing Amon Allen, with grave face and sturdy body erect, carrying the regimental banner.

When Amon met Jerry, he promptly said: "Now don't you bully me; I am my own master, and if I want to travel, I will."

"Oh, Amon, Amon, and I doubted your friendship," sorrowfully said Jerry; "but why did you lead me astray by saying that my room would soon be occupied, and that you would have a bedfellow?"

"That was true enough," maintained Amon; "the

room is now occupied; I rented it to a friend of mine who will take care of my goods, and I have a bed-fellow—in fact, a number of them; the beetles are awful in our quarters,” he ruefully said, giving his head a shake. “You nearly got me into a nice scrape—you took such a thundering long time to say good-bye; wasn’t I on pins and needles!”

“What made you play such a trick?” asked Jerry.

“Oh, faith, me lad, I just wanted to sample your physic,” returned Amon, giving Jerry a loving glance.

“Amon Allen, I will never forgive myself for doubting you,” exclaimed Jerry, as his friend hastened away to duty.





CHAPTER XIX.

"You have done a great work, Madam Noris, since you came here last October; you have lessened many a poor creature's suffering. You have gone nearer the hearts of the people in this quarter of Boston in the past seven months than I have gone during the whole five years of my pastorate at the Temple of Song," said the Reverend Andrew Alexander.

"I love my work and the people; my position here suits me; for the Temple of Song meets the wants of the people in this district, and gives opportunity for work," returned Madam Noris.

"Yes, it is a great missionary instrument," said Mr. Alexander, thoughtfully, "and the theory of two wrongs contributing, nay, making a right, could not be better exemplified than in the massive pile of architecture called the Temple of Song. Are you acquainted with the origin of its existence, Madam Noris?"

"No, tell me of them," said Madam Noris, who rarely talked much, yet never gave offence by her reserve—never repulsed the seeker for sympathy.

“ When the daughter of Mr. Morgan, a wealthy Bostonian,” explained Mr. Alexander, “ disregarded her father’s will, she was disowned by him, and Mr. Morgan, at his death, benefited the degraded humanity of North quarter by bequeathing to them and their heirs in sin, want and poverty, the beautiful Temple of Song, which, being supported by his legacy, is one of the largest as well as one of the wealthiest church edifices in America.”

“ Do you believe in the possibility of two wrongs making a right ? ” gravely inquired Madam Noris.

“ Well, no,” deliberately replied Mr. Alexander, as though a chord of previous thought unfinished had been struck, and he was at a loss for an answer to a question as yet unsolved. “ I have learned since working and thinking in this part of the city, where nature is strained to breaking point, that thought and action must be liberal. Before the erection of the Temple of Song I would have decided negatively the thought of two wrongs making a right, but in the instance of the Temple two wrongs have wrought a wondrous benefit. Do you know, Madam Noris, that I have been, and am, discouraged at my apparent lack of success in winning souls, and was on the eve of resigning my work here when you arrived. Who can under-rate the religious power of music ? for you have won many

souls to Christ by the music of a simple hymn. You have brought hardened sinners to repentance by the story of Jesus and His love, told in passionate, glowing music," enthusiastically said Mr. Alexander. "Could my career in this quarter of Christ's field be marked with such success as yours, I would be devoutly thankful," he earnestly said. "Do you think my appearance has anything to do with my lack of success?" he asked, nervously, as though touching on a tender subject that recoiled beneath his touch. "Many were of that opinion when I was called to the Temple of Song, and not a few of the opinion that I had obtained the call through influence."

As Mr. Alexander asked the question, Madam Noris saw, without the necessity of a glance, a man small in stature, whose face had no claim to beauty, yet singularly attractive in the pale, purely spiritual, dreaming expression that hovered from mild, light-grey eyes to thin-lipped, sensitive mouth. Not a man who would be expected to sway multitudes in the whirl of life, but who could be a guiding star to humanity by the art of his exquisite thoughts, phrased in language charming in its adaptability to the thought. Madam Noris saw the face of a poet, a face too sensitive for his sex, for it paled and flushed like a woman's by the undercurrent of

his thoughts and the keen glance of her eye as she turned to answer him.

"I do not believe that your appearance could have anything to do with the making or marring of Christ's work, if the necessary attributes of Christ were in the worker," decidedly replied Madam Noris.

"Then do you think I am unfitted for the work in connection with the Temple in other respects than appearance?" again inquired Mr. Alexander, looking intently at his companion, as though he would read a truer answer than she, perhaps, might care to give. "You, above all others, know the measure of my success in all its meagreness."

"You love the Master's work earnestly enough, but you are above the position here," replied Madam Noris.

"I cannot be above my position in God's work," emphatically returned Mr. Alexander.

"Can you not?" asked Madam Noris in gentle tones.

"No, I think not; but why do you say I am not equal to the position I occupy?" asked Mr. Alexander.

"I did not say you were not equal. I said I thought you were above your position in this field. I wish you had not invited my opinion, as I may wrong you," said Madam Noris.

"Nay, you may right me," he answered.

"You do not believe in the people about here, and, wretched and illiterate though they are, they feel it," she quietly said.

"How can I believe in them?" said Mr. Alexander in sorrowful tones.

"Ah! how can you?" she reiterated, as though hurt by his ready admission of what she was pointing out as his source of failure. "You are a poet, an idealist; your sensitive nature shrinks from the unlovely in nature. You faint before the stern realities of these surroundings," continued Madam Noris, her eyes making a survey of the wretched alley with its rows of squalid tenements. "You are working adversely, opposing, fighting against nature, as it were, and it is a dangerous experiment both to yourself and others."

"Do you doubt my Christianity?" he inquired.

"No, but I believe your imaginary, your poet-soul, wars continually with Christian zeal in this community. In a different pastorate you could combine the two, but never here, I think."

After a silence that lasted for some time, Madam Noris asked: "You are not offended with me, Mr. Alexander?"

"No, your words have helped me; but I will never give up my work in this quarter," he said in

a voice of stern resolve. "But where are you going now?" he inquired, as Madame Noris stopped before a ruined-looking tenement, as though with the intention of entering.

Mr. Alexander had met Madam Noris as she was leaving the Temple of Song after the usual afternoon week-day service. Madam sang in the Temple, with one hundred other trained singers, as first soprano soloist.

The Temple of Song, erected and maintained by the caprice of a hardened, unforgiving father, was indeed the house of God, where prayer was wont to be made; its doors always stood wide open for all those who would enter. And its vast auditorium was filled at every service with those for whom Christ died, drawn there at first, not through love of Him, but by the sweetness, the grandeur, of the music which told of His love. This was the object of the Temple of Song, for music will draw where all else will fail in the north end of Boston.

"I heard this afternoon of a sick child who lives in this house, fifth story up," replied Madam Noris. Then as she recalled their recent conversation, she asked, "Will you come with me, Mr. Alexander?"

"I was just going to ask if I might go with you," said Mr. Alexander; "I might be of service."

Together they enter the tenement and go up

flight after flight of rickety stairs, past doors that stand wide open, showing neglected, dirty hovels within. Men and women in every stage of human decay, debauched, sodden creatures, standing in the passage-ways, squabbling, drinking, smoking, spitting—such a direful scene, and one mournful in its likeness to those of surrounding houses and streets. On reaching the fifth flat Mr. Alexander gives a sigh, almost a groan, as though the sights he had passed through would never grow familiar to him. Madam Noris, gently rapping at one of the many doors that line the passage, but receiving no answer, enters and goes over to the miserable bed on which is lying a girl whose age would probably be twelve or thirteen, yet her old, wizened-looking face might have proclaimed her to be thirty.

“Are you in pain, child?” said Madam Noris, drawing the bony hands down from their destructive work of tearing at her dirty, matted hair.

“Oh, they bite so hard,” whined the girl; then as Madam Noris was about to place her hand on the knotted, greasy forehead, she fearfully gasped, “Do not touch my head, they will crawl on your pretty white hand!”

“Madam Noris, looking at the girl’s head, saw that it was a moving mass of vermin. “Poor child,” she softly said, not a muscle of her face showing

disgust—all sensitive nicety seemed absorbed in pity for the miserable object before her. Then, drawing a pair of scissors from the satchel she carried, she turned to Mr. Alexander, who had grown white with repulsion of the miserable bed and its filthy occupant, and said, “Come, hold this child’s head ; that creature is of no use,” nodding towards the dirty, slovenly woman who was seated in a corner of the room drinking from a bottle ; “I am going to cut off the hair ; that will make her easier.”

Then Madam Noris executed an act of mercy from which many a professing Christian would shrink. Mr. Alexander was sickened by the sight, yet he was filled with reverence for the woman who stood so calmly, quietly performing her duty, and he experienced a glow of admiration for her as he saw one beautiful white hand that was adorned by an oddly-shaped gold ring lift the dirty strands of hair, whilst the other hand plied the bright, sharp scissors so effectually. This work completed, she went out and brought a can of water and thoroughly washed and cleaned the girl’s face and head. The girl gave Madam Noris a grateful glance as she completed her task, then almost immediately sank back as one dead.

“What was the use of doing all that ?” inquired Mr. Alexander ; “See, she is dying.”

"Go quick!" commanded Madam Noris, "and get the most decent-looking woman you can find to nurse this girl, and bring back wine and biscuits."

As Mr. Alexander went away on this errand—for no one ever thought of combating the orders given by Madam Noris—madam dexterously passed her right hand over the ring that encircled her finger. It opened, and revealed a small blue-tinted stone within. She held up the hand of the unconscious girl, and, pressing the front of the girl's wrist to the stone, she anxiously watched her. As the girl showed signs of returning life, a slow, sweet smile passed over the face of Madam Noris; but as she said, in low tones, "She will live; another life has been saved. Will that redeem his guilty soul?" a look of agony o'erspread her face that was fearful to see.

When Mr. Alexander returned with a clean, competent-looking woman, in whose charge the sick girl was left, all traces of Madam Noris' unusual perturbation were gone; her face wore the calm, sad, unsmiling expression habitual to it.

"Are you not fatigued?" inquired Mr. Alexander, as they gained the outer air.

"No," replied Madam Noris; "at first such scenes were hard to look upon; but now I have grown accustomed to them."

“I can understand why they call you the good angel, and the healing hand; you bring goodness and mercy, combined with action. I was surprised at the look of that girl on my return; I expected to see her dead, or at least dying. Her recovery was wonderful, was it not?”

Madam Noris did not reply; she seemed deep in some all-absorbing thought; her companion saw that he was forgotten, so he continued on his way in silence.

“I have been very poor company, indeed, Mr. Alexander,” said Madam Noris, regretfully, on reaching home.

“I think you are more fatigued than you at first supposed,” answered Mr. Alexander.

“I think I am tired, but I will have a good rest to-night and be ready for the morrow; it being the Sabbath, I shall have several extra solos to sing.”

“I have some work to perform before to-morrow,” said Mr. Alexander, in grim tones, “so, good-bye, Madam Noris; I am glad that you do not sing at the Temple to-night. Try to take a good rest.”





CHAPTER XX.

COULD Madam Noris have followed the Reverend Mr. Alexander to his library, and seen him perform the work which he had told her was necessary to be done before the morrow, her sorrow would have known no bounds.

In haste he lighted a fire in the grate, and then, going to his desk, he took from it several rolls of manuscript and advanced towards the fire, which was burning joyously, as though in anticipation of the fuel which would make such a cheery blaze for a few moments' duration of the labor of years; but as his trembling fingers untied the strings that bound the manuscript together, his eye caught and was held by a line that converted his stern purpose into wavering indecision, and his memory went back to the time when, in a rush of poetical emotion, his pen wove the red-hot fervor of his imagery into the words of that line. It was then that Andrew Alexander fought the hardest battle of his life, to put from him that which detracted from the best fulfilment of his Master's work—a diversion that was so pure and noble in itself, that

it was its own argument against destruction. Why not have this much printed; it was one of his best efforts; why not? Then, breaking away from the dream of the past and the temptation of the present, he kneels before the fire and places the manuscript on the glowing coals, and he watches it curl and crackle and darken, and then notes the wreaths of black smoke gather round and rise in thick rings, then to blaze in glorious, angry roar, and in his misery over the renunciation of his beloved work he can find but one prayer to voice his love for his Master, and this he repeats: "Thy will be done, Thy will be done"—over and over, until even the blackened remains of the manuscript are carried up and away, to lodge, perchance, on some housetop in ironical folly, thence to flutter to the dust.

That night of renunciation of a work that he had deemed rivalled his Master's business brought Andrew Alexander from the realm of poetry down to the mine of fellow-men. Only he and his Father knew of the dark vale through which his soul had been swept by the wind of desire for earthly joy, and the power for which had been given him by Divine will, for a purpose known only to the mysterious working of his Divine Teacher.

On the following morning, when Mr. Alexander entered the pulpit and looked at the great crowd

seated before him, he came nearer to their misery and need than he had ever done before. Previously he had tolerated and pitied them, but now he felt a loving, yearning tenderness towards them that was, ah ! how different he alone knew as he offered up a prayer of gratitude.

And as the years went by and he worked in the midst of this people, they felt and knew this change, and loved him blindly, returning the love he showered on them.

When the great choir and audience rise and sing :

“ More love to Thee, O Christ, more love to Thee,”

Mr. Alexander's thoughts echo in unison with the words, yet his tongue is unable to utter a syllable, his emotion is so great. The prayer he offers is very impressive, forcing itself even on the dulled sensibilities of this people, who are inattentive to all except strains of music, a sense of something new.

Madam Noris notices the change ; she feels that the man who the previous week prayed with elegance of language in thought and word, but now prays earnestly and fervently in simple language, has received the benediction of the Holy Spirit and been purified.

The service that followed was entirely a service of song, except for the prayers offered by Mr. Alexander.

As Madam Noris came forward to sing, she felt oppressed by the sense of something unusual about to occur. But nonsense—she is unnerved, sensitized by the power of the prayer just concluded.—“Weary of wandering from my God,” she sings, when a low, penetrating moan echoes through the building as from one awakened from a prolonged, painful sleep. Then a voice rings out from the audience, “Miss Petra! Miss Petra! Miss Petra!” rising higher with each reiteration of the name.

It was Petra, but the charming irritability of expression that had so often hovered round her mouth was gone, and in its place a mournful sadness had come that seemed to deepen the pathetic sadness of the eyes. The past seven months following on the trying experience of the previous time had, like the fairy wand of childish fancy, struck a wondrous change o'er Petra, engraving a sorrow on countenance and mien that would never be obliterated.

And as she sings on, the voice that had called her by name continues in prayer in reverent, broken accents—“Dear Lord—I thank Thee—for this link in the chain of memory—that connects the past with the present. In this, Thy Temple, I dedicate my life to Thy service.”

Was it the delicacy of the assembled mass, or the mesmeric, soothing strains of exquisite music that

fell from the lips of the singer, that restrained the throng, that kept them chained, unmindful of any curiosity to see the man who was standing praying in concert with the singer?

The whole mass seemed thrilling with excitement at the unusual service of song and prayer combined. Petra, used as she was to strong scenes on life's stage, where education in restraint of feeling is unknown, was unnerved by hearing her name and the prayer that accompanied her singing. But she instinctively knew that a break on her part would mean a perfect uproar that would not quickly subside, so on she sang, in clear, ringing, even tones that told not of the tumult that was burning in her own soul, until the man had finished his prayer and was carried a poor, frail, unconscious form from the church to the vestibule without. And not until Petra felt that the emotional wave had subsided did she cease singing.

Then, Mr. Alexander rising in the pulpit, the multitude knelt in silent prayer. What a very carnival of prayer ascended to the Throne!

Well might the heart compassionate thee, thou lost sheep, with the good in thee that might have blossomed so fair, perverted by brute-like existence.

"Deeds committed while conscience slept—
Promises made but never kept."

And with each succeeding lash of stiffened conscience, each promise unkept sinking you deeper and deeper into degradation and sin. The pity should be for you who have those disquieting whispers from a conscience, yet are so drawn into the web of sin that you cannot, though you would shake loose all that is vile in your life, without the helping hand, the hand of a brother, place your hand in that of a loving Saviour.

If "Go, work in my vineyard" were sung in every tabernacle, every church throughout the length and breadth of the land, for every Sunday in the year, until it was pressed home to the thoughts of the cultured and highly intellectual congregations—that the Lord had a vineyard all overgrown with human thorns, the fruit of His tree rank with the weeds of sin that are allowed to flourish, would the Christian congregations in the Christian churches placidly sit and listen without a thought for the Lord's ill-kept vineyards within a stone's throw of their beautifully built, richly endowed edifices? Or would they go forth to the work where the laborers are few?

No high-class music was ever sung in the Temple of Song: just the simple, familiar hymns of bygone years, that, reaching the hearts, made them throb with newness of life—made them burn with a new

fire not entirely understood by the illiterate recipients of mercy, yet with a divine awakening.

When Petra went in search of the man who had called her by name, she found Will Patnos, the son who had been grieved for as dead.

He appeared greatly agitated—almost beside himself—as he grasped Petra's hand, saying, "The last thing I remember until I recognized you was being felled to the ground an hour after my marriage. Oh! Marie, Marie," he wailed, in sad tones, "how long is it since that night? It may be ten years for aught I know. This man," pointing to a sailor, "tells me I have been in the sailors' home for nearly two years. What will I do, Miss Petra? Help me to find my wife."

While Will Patnos had been speaking of his wife, Marie, Petra had thought of the similarity of his story to that told to her by Marie, the stewardess. Marie had never left Petra, but had stood her true friend through many a difficulty since her separation from Tisab Ting.

"Had she Will Patnos' happiness in her hand?" thought she, as, handing him her card, she said, "Call at this address in one hour's time; I will help you as best I can."

When returning to the place she called home—a few rooms in a tenement like those around her, yet

so different in its spotless cleanliness—she called Marie and told her what had occurred, and Marie was alternately wild with joy and down in the depths of remorse for her lack of faith.

Petra tried to calm the excess of Marie's joy and grief by telling her that the man might not be her husband after all.

When Will Patnos arrived, and husband and wife recognized each other, Marie wept over her husband in joy at his recovery, yet sorrow for his changed appearance—for the privations and hardships that he must have undergone were stamped on his face, in the hair once black as a raven's wing, but now thickly streaked with grey.

Petra went away and left them to the joy of their reunion, and she did not hear the story Marie told to her husband: how, in her hatred for mankind, instead of trying to bring husband and wife to trust one another, she had widened the breach between Tisab Ting and Petra. Then, in the fullness of her own gladness of heart, Marie decided to try and recover Petra's happiness. And Will Patnos, in gratitude to the woman who had been the means of restoring to him his reason and his wife, was willing to accede to any plan that was intended for her happiness. Thus the first hours of their reunion were given to thoughts and plans for Petra's future.



CHAPTER XXI.

THE glittering panoply of war under the burning glare of an Egyptian sun—the awful spectacle of man fighting against brother man for supremacy! The roar of cannon! The spontaneous flash of musketry! The wild cries of cavalymen urging forward their frightened, maddened steeds! The call of bugle commanding all. And underneath, yet mingling in the turmoil, the moans, the cries, and the fierce execrations of the wounded and dying. Ah, who can describe it in all its terror, majesty, grandeur, and awfulness—the field of battle!

The carnage had ceased; the sun sunk in fiery, angry sky, as though loth to go; and only the occasional boom—boom—of the guns broke in upon the brooding silence. The terrors of the battle-field were heightened by the semi-twilight; the silent, almost stealthy, forms of the carriers looked like weird phantoms in the dusk, as they brought their ghastly burdens from the battle-field. Night and death, the dark outcome of the morning's brightness of daylight and life.

In the long hospital-tent in connection with the

British encampment the wounded and dying were lying, some on rude camp cots, others on narrow mattresses, and a few less fortunate on the ground. With dexterous speed doctors and nurses passed from sufferer to sufferer, bringing ease and relief to many. Near midnight, as Jerry Arnald walked through the hospital-tent, he was met by Nurse Athol.

“Come! there is a man who has just been brought in, he is in dire need. I recognized him as Mr. Tisab Ting, the Chinaman who was in Canada last year; he married a Canadian girl! there was considerable newspaper talk about the circumstances in connection with it at the time,” said Nurse Athol as she conducted Jerry to where Tisab Ting was lying.

“Impossible!” exclaimed Jerry in tones of surprise; “you really must be mistaken, nurse. Is he here as a British soldier?”

“Yes, in the dress,” replied Nurse Athol.

“That seems strange; I thought the Chinese were allied with the Russians,” said Jerry, thoughtfully.

“Here he is,” said Nurse Athol, bending over the quiet, still figure of the wounded man; “do you think he is badly hurt?” she inquired, as Jerry proceeded with the work of finding out the extent of his injuries.

"Pretty bad!" answered Jerry with unaccustomed abruptness, for he was thinking of the shadow this man had cast athwart the path of the two women who were so dear to him.

Jerry's manner in dealing with Tisab Ting was so unusual, so reckless and rough, that Nurse Athol inquired: "Have you met this injured man before, or is he an enemy of yours?"

"No, to both questions," replied Jerry, shortly, but nevertheless he proceeded more gently to bind up Tisab Ting's wounds.

"Have you seen your friend Amon Allen?" inquired Nurse Athol as she and Jerry left the hospital-tent.

"No; I must go and find out if he answered at roll call," replied Jerry.

"What is the news, Mr. Arnald?" inquired Nurse Athol. Jerry's face wore a white, strained look, and for the moment he appeared too deeply agitated to speak.

Amon did not answer. "I am going in search of him," at last said Jerry, in low tones.

"Stay here. I will go and get a lantern and some restoratives, and go with you, for you may need both them and me," promptly said Nurse Athol.

"No, no! I cannot permit you to come with me," said Jerry in decided tones.

"You are not asked to!" calmly answered Nurse Athol, as she hastened away, to return in an incredibly short space of time.

"You did not take long," gratefully said Jerry on her return, "but I do wish you would not come with me."

"You are losing time!" she said in business-like tones that completely silenced Jerry.

Forward they go on their dangerous quest for Amon Allen, the mercurial Irishman. What fearful sights are brought to light by the dancing rays of that one small lantern: dead faces upturned with the exultant glow of battle still on them, apparently fierce, even in death, for their country's greatness! And side by side with these are faces showing evidences of terror, faces with sightless eyes distended with the last agony of death.

"Poor, beardless boy; how mother will miss you," sighs Nurse Athol, as she stoops over a recumbent figure and gazes into the face of a youth, whose dead face wears a peaceful expression.

"Hurry! Nurse Athol," calls Jerry, in excited tones, "Here is a piece of Amon's flag; he will perhaps be around here somewhere. I have found him, and he is dead! Amon! Amon!" cries Jerry in tones of anguish, as he bends over the prostrate figure of his friend; but the once cheery voice re-

plies not ; the eyes are closed, the mouth firm set ; in his hand is clasped the broken end of a flag-pole that tells its own story of valiant resistance to the death for his country's colors.

As Jerry is about to lift Amon Allen, with the intention of carrying him from the field, Nurse Athol's eye catches the glitter of upraised steel, and with action even quicker than its descending speed, she flings herself between it and Jerry Arnald, receiving in his stead an awful wound, whose significance is death to her.

Jerry, beside himself with this new calamity, carries Nurse Athol from the battle-field to one of the hospital-tents in the British encampment. He summons the aid of physician and nurse, but all in vain. The cowardly blow of the lurking enemy had been sure in its fatality.

The head surgeon, with pitying glance at Jerry's ashen face, told Jerry what he already knew—that there was no hope. Nurse Athol's life was slowly ebbing away.





CHAPTER XXII.

As Jerry looked with sorrow on the calm, pale face of Nurse Athol, he was startled to hear her say, "I have not been unconscious; I have heard all that has been said. Send every one away; I wish to speak to you." When they were alone Nurse Athol opened her eyes, and Jerry was surprised at their brightness.

"Jerry, I love you," said Nurse Athol, in sad, low tones that had the effect of sending a sweeping chill over Jerry, making his heart feel cold and still. "You never dreamed of such a thing, I feel certain, but I loved you at the hospital, and when Dr. Finly told me you intended coming out here, my heart nearly broke. I did not know how much I was thinking of you until I heard that you were going away. The doctor noticed my agitation, for I was completely carried away by the sudden pain the announcement of your going brought to my heart. I will never forget the doctor's kindness."

"Nor I," said Jerry, brokenly. His companion

spoke in such a melancholy monotone, that every word she uttered seemed to stab him.

"I felt that I must come with you to watch over you. The doctor helped me sorely against his will; he is a good, true man, and I disliked to give him any pain, for he loves me as dearly as—as you love that girl you told me of. Ah! that was a bitter day, but my woman's pride kept me up. I tell you of my love for you now, so that if in the days to come you should feel disheartened and discouraged in the thought that no one cared for you, you may remember my affection for you and be the better, the truer for it."

"Oh, that I had known your heart, how proudly I would have sought to win it, and make your life a happy one," said Jerry, his deep voice ringing with the pain that seemed to be weighing on his heart.

"You could not have made me happy—your love was not mine, I have gained the only happiness that I will ever know, the knowledge that I have saved your life," returned Nurse Athol.

Jerry saw that Nurse Athol's life was now ebbing swiftly away; her feet were on the very sand that borders the crystal river.

"Raise me up, Jerry," she requested; "for I have more to tell you yet before I say good-bye." For an instant she lay so silent that Jerry thought she

had expired, then she continued: "Before I left Canada, and in anticipation of something similar to what has occurred, I made a will, leaving to you the money that came to me through Mrs. North. Perhaps things will come straight between you and the woman you love," she said faintly; "remember it is my dearest wish that you use this money I leave you to advance your happiness."

"Do not think of my happiness at such a time as this," said Jerry. He had raised Nurse Athol in his arms, and held her weak form close to him, and as he wiped the moisture from mouth and death-laden eyes, her whole face lightened for an instant with such a loving smile of gratitude that Jerry felt as though an iron hand was clinching his heart in fearful grasp.

"When you return to Canada," continued Nurse Athol, so faintly that Jerry could hardly catch her words, "I want you to go and tell Doctor Finly of my death, to tell him how calm and painless it was, and to tell him my last words were of him; it will perhaps help to still the sorrow he will feel."

Jerry was amazed at the depth of thought and fortitude displayed by Nurse Athol; could it be possible that she was dying? and he glanced earnestly into her face; but yes, the shadow of death was creeping over it.

With almost superhuman effort, Nurse Athol, raising her arms and clasping them round Jerry's neck, and kissing him without a vestige of the passion of her deep love, but tenderly as would a mother, sister, or dear friend, whispered faintly: "Good-bye, dear friend, till we meet again." Jerry felt her body relax in his arms and grow heavy, and he knew that the spirit of Nurse Athol was gone; the nerve of life had snapped.

As Jerry walked to and fro past the tent, watching o'er the bodies of his once dearest friends—for he had sought and found Amon and carried him from the field—his thoughts were dismal and sombre for the friends who had held such a near place in his affection, cut off in the glory of their youth for his sake, who had entered into danger because of him. Would he ever know what happiness was? he questioned, despondently. Not even such tears as fell on Nan's first letter fell to relieve the weary pain, the sense of loss that Jerry experienced. All was as cold and dreary as the lifeless bodies of his dead friends. The starless sky with its banks of smoke clouds; the landscape that was colored by the grey dawn; the monotonous step of the sentinels—all was in harmony with the weariness of his heart and brain.

On the day following that of the funeral—for

Jerry gave Nurse Athol and Amon decent burial, and marked their resting-place carefully, so that those seeking it in the future could not be mistaken—Tisab Ting, who knew of the whole affair, was so sympathetic and thoughtful in trying to save Jerry all extra pain, that Jerry felt singularly drawn towards him; though Tisab Ting, he considered, had been the cause of all his sorrow. And each day during Tisab Ting's illness, as Jerry watched his case, he felt this liking for this quiet, uncomplaining Chinaman growing stronger; and when Tisab Ting was numbered with the convalescent, the friendship between Jerry and him seemed firmly established, for Jerry would seek his patient every evening after the rush of the day, and ease his overcharged heart by talking tenderly and lovingly of Nurse Athol and Amon. And Tisab Ting, believing that Jerry had lost in Nurse Athol the love of his life, was very sympathetic towards Jerry, whom he looked on as a mere boy.

One morning after the letters had been distributed among the soldiers—how eagerly the poor fellows grasped the home missives!—Tisab Ting called to Jerry as he was passing near his cot and said: "I am going to leave here immediately."

"You mean that you wish you were, for you are too ill to travel for several weeks to come," promptly and authoritatively said Jerry.

"Did you ever have any dealings with an educated Chinaman?" inquired Tisab Ting.

"No," slowly returned Jerry, hardly seeing how the question had anything to do with the Chinaman's going.

"Well, it's terribly hard to start them, as has been shown by the inert centuries of our land, but when they start there is no stopping their course; that has also been shown in the last hundred years; they must go, even if they knock down the British Lion," said Tisab Ting, smiling broadly at Jerry's look of concern.

"You don't mean to tell me that your country is at war with Great Britain, and that *you* intend to go and fight?" said Jerry, as he glanced slightly at Tisab Ting's emaciated form, that seemed to hold its upright position more by force of will than by strength.

"No, war is retrograde," said Tisab Ting, with a wave of his hand, "and we Chinamen want no more of that; progression is now our motto. Why, man, do you think I would exult with joy at the thought of war after all I have gone through here? No, the source of my gladness is infinitely nearer than a national one; it is with, and of, my heart. A few days after my marriage my wife deserted me, for what cause I do not know, unless it was,

as I thought at the time, that her reason was affected. This letter brings me news of my wife—tells me where to find her. You will be glad with me, I feel sure, if I recover my dear little Canadian wife," said Tisab Ting, softly, as he held out his hand, which Jerry clasped firmly in friendship. He still believed Nan loved Tisab Ting. Who could help it? he was such a grand type of manhood. But Jerry had ceased to believe that the Chinaman had tried to win Nan's love; thus Jerry blames Tisab Ting for his thoughtlessness alone.

"Is the letter from your wife?" asks Jerry, anxious to learn more of Petra.

"No, it is from the woman who planned and assisted my wife to leave me. This woman, so the letter states, had been made bitter by the desertion of her husband; but it seems she has found him once more. She regrets her share in the matter, and so she writes to tell me where I will find my wife; and she hopes I won't bear her any ill-will," said Tisab Ting so passionately that Jerry, for once, is able to show his professional superiority by telling him to keep cool or he will finish himself in two hours.

"Well, my fine doctor, if you ever saw an educated Chinaman who when started was bound to go, you can look at one now. I leave to-morrow

night for Boston ; for if I do not leave to-morrow I would not be able to get out of this place for some time," said Tisab Ting.

"Do you think your wife would relish welcoming a dead man?" asked Jerry.

"From all that had proceeded I should imagine she would rather welcome me dead than living," stoically replied Tisab Ting. Then, speaking more gently, he continued: "You can understand the yearning love I feel for my wife, who for some time past I have thought of as dead, loving, as you do, with the love of your manhood, the woman who died for you."

"I did not love Nurse Athol, as you suppose ; I have always loved the woman whose love you won from me," exclaimed Jerry.

"What ! you love my wife Petra?" jealously returned Tisab Ting. "Ah ! I understand now her reasons for leaving me as she did ; and the woman who wrote this letter is also mistaken when she writes that she thinks my wife loves me, and would be pleased to see me."

"No," sternly returns Jerry, all the dormant feelings against Tisab Ting breaking out once more in the heat of the moment. "It is not your wife I love, but her cousin, Nan Harrington, whose love you won and then so miserably threw aside."

"You are mistaken," rejoined Tisab Ting, calmly, when he found it was not Petra, but Nan, of whom Jerry was speaking. "How was it I never heard of you, or saw you, while I was in Montreal?"

"I was not good enough for you, bitterly responded Jerry; I had at one time been under-gardener at the Harringtons'."

"Were you Nan Harrington's playmate as a child?" briskly demanded Tisab Ting.

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"Well, Nan Harrington loves you, and none other."

"She does not," decidedly replied Jerry.

"How do you know? Did she tell you that she cared nothing for you?" asked Tisab Ting, in surprised tones.

"She did not tell me with her own lips, but I received this from her," said Jerry, drawing Nan's last letter from his pocket, and handing it to Tisab Ting with some hesitancy.

"The child tells you as plainly in this as she can that she loves you; and pray, sir, what reply did you send her?" asks Tisab Ting, as though he had a perfect right to know all Jerry's affairs.

"I told her that I was going to Egypt, but in my hurried leave-taking I would not be able to call on her, as she suggested," answered Jerry, swayed for the time by Tisab Ting's commanding force.

"I suppose you told her of your glorious prospects, and that Miss Athol was going out to Egypt as one of the nurses, and in the lightness of your self-sacrificing heart you made quite a cheerful epistle of your letter," said Tisab Ting, with a look of something like contempt for the young man who stood so erect before him. Jerry's way had been so different from what his would have been. Where Jerry, in his extreme sensitiveness for others, made many an error of false judgment, Tisab Ting made common-sense rule, never taking any rebuff, especially where his own happiness was concerned.

"Yes," replied Jerry, "I think I did mention Nurse Athol's name; at that time she seemed the only bright spot in all the darkness, and, of course, I made my letter as cheerful as possible; I try never to do anything by halves."

"Well, well; I suppose the child is now wearing her heart out, believing you love her no more. It's just like a woman to reject what is offered her, then cry for what she thinks she cannot have," irritably exclaims Tisab Ting.

"Nan Harrington is not wearing her life out for me; if she had loved me, knowing my heart as she does, she would have told me plainly that she cared for me," said Jerry, with the firmness of one who believes himself to be in the right.

“The heart is susceptible to change—of that you are perhaps aware. Nan Harrington, from your own words, decided that you were in love with another; and you have not lessened that belief of hers. On my second visit to Montreal I noticed a great change in Miss Nan,” said Tisab Ting, in precise tones, to which Jerry listened with breathless interest. “After some time—for she was very reticent about her own affairs—I found out the trouble. In the spring she had met her old companion; you were greatly changed by your year at college. It appears at that time you were working at some hospital, and all the time you were with Miss Nan you talked of nothing, and no one, except Nurse Athol; Miss Nan naturally supposed you were in love with the nurse. This was her awakening; as the days went past she found out how dear you were to her. I did not know your name, but I advised her, under the circumstances, to write you a few lines. You had better arrange to return with me to-morrow night, Mr. Arnald.”

“I cannot leave here until the war is finished, as my engagement does not run out until then,” he returned regretfully, though his eyes were shining with a glad hope.

“Just like the slow-going people of the west; you rushed so much in the last century that you are tired out in this,” said Tisab Ting.

"It is easy for you to get leave, you are good for nothing here," replied Jerry with spirit. He was longing to hurry to Nan and find out the truth from her own lips, but he valiantly put the thought from him. "I have wrought enough misery by being over hasty."

"And now when you should act in haste you act in sloth; I cannot go myself; if I can arrange for your absence, will you escort me as far as Canada? You will probably have to return here again," said Tisab Ting.

"Yes," answered Jerry, "I can safely promise that, for you cannot manage anything so difficult."

"Send an orderly to me," called Tisab Ting after Jerry, who was hurrying away to attend to some duty.

"All right," he answered.

When Jerry returned to his Chinese friend, he was astonished beyond expression when Tisab Ting handed to him an official leave of absence.

"Use that and hold your tongue," said Tisab Ting, and before Jerry could find words to express his thoughts, his peculiar friend was apparently enjoying deep slumber. How the leave of absence was obtained Jerry never knew; but money and influence are very powerful agents, and Tisab Ting possessed both.

On the following night those oddly-matched companions shook the dust of Egypt's bloody battlefield from their feet, and in haste returned to the country of their love.





CHAPTER XXIII.

"MRS. TISAB TING, I am so glad to see you."

And Petra, who had been hastening through the crowded thoroughfare of one of Boston's busiest streets, exclaims in surprise, "Eva Arber!"

"No, not Eva Arber now," returned the vivacious little American—now Eva Strathmore. "I suppose you heard that the picture which you and Mr. Tisab Ting and I posed for brought Ralph fame, and in his gratitude to me for suggesting the subject he asked me to marry him. And I like plenty of color, change and variety; so I accepted him; we are very happy," she smilingly said.

"Allow me to congratulate you," said Petra.

"Just like my thoughtlessness; I have gabbled away about my own affairs and never asked about you and yours; and here comes my car, and I must hurry away to keep an appointment; but you will be in town to-morrow, will you not?"

"Yes," said Petra, in bewildered tones.

"You have not moved since yesterday; you see I know your address, for I saw Mr. Tisab Ting at

the Grand Hotel this morning," and away went Mrs. Strathmore, leaving Petra in a whirl of dazed surprise and apprehension. Could it be possible that her husband was in Boston? Did he know that she was here? Had he come to seek her? No; impossible! for her life was too far removed from his for him ever to find her. Nevertheless, she must be careful in going about the city or he might meet and recognize her; and in deep agitation Petra continues on her way.

When Tisab Ting, who had arrived in Boston that morning—Jerry proceeded on his journey to Montreal—entered the Temple of Song, to ascertain for a certainty if the statement contained in the letter he had received from Marie while he was in Egypt was correct, the scene that presented itself to him lingered forever in his memory.

The vast edifice is crowded with worshippers, old and young, and many are misshapen and deformed—nearly all bear the stamp of pinched poverty in their faces, dress and attitudes. Here and there is to be seen a sprinkling of well-dressed, well-fed, fashionable people, who, from curiosity, have turned from their gilded path.

The mellow tones of the organ, throbbing their way into the very souls of the assemblage, thrill Tisab Ting. Presently the curtains are drawn back

and the immense choir is in view. From where Tisab Ting is seated he cannot see the choir distinctly, although his eyes strain to catch sight of that one loved face so dear to him. A burst of music, a grand chorus of song by the choir, follows, then dies away; the tones of the organ continue to throb softly through the arches, rising in wailing tones to domed roof, to fall back again like a benediction on the heads of the waiting people, for Tisab Ting feels that they, like himself, are waiting.

Presently a slight figure, dressed in white and wearing no covering on her head, comes forward to the small circular gallery that is built out from the choir as a gallery for soloists. The day had been unusually warm, but had nearly spent itself. The sun is lighting the western windows, bringing out in glowing colors the beautiful stained-glass windows; and as the light which, as the sun sinks lower and lower, creeps from arch to choir-gallery reaches that part of the gallery on which Petra is standing, and bathes her in exquisite color, a sigh seems to rise from the congregation: their waiting has not been in vain.

Then as Petra's voice, which Tisab Ting remembers so well, and has longed so hungrily to hear, rings out in clear, triumphant tones, Tisab Ting's heart is torn with an agony of sorrow—his darling,

his love, his wife; but how changed! As Petra finishes her solo, Tisab Ting's emotion is so sweeping in its intensity, and he is yet so weak from his hasty travelling, that he feels he cannot remain longer; he must rise and go away; to hear Petra sing again would completely unnerve him.

The instant Tisab Ting rises, Petra recognizes him. Her heart beats to suffocation—will she break down? She masters her emotion; but Mr. Alexander, who instinctively knows and feels the pain of others since that evening when he learned the true meaning of "Thy will be done," wonders, as the service continues, what can have occurred; for all the divine swelling beauty of Petra's music seems swallowed up in the passionate, flowing strains of human pain.

"May I have a few minutes' quiet conversation with you?" asks Petra, when Mr. Alexander joins her at the close of the service.

"Yes, certainly," he replied; "will you come with me to my study, where we can have a better chance to talk quietly?"

"Thank you, I would prefer that; for I have a story to tell you—I want your advice," said Petra, who, on seeing Mr. Alexander, had been imbued with the desire to tell him all her troubles and anxieties, and take counsel of him.

Entering the study in connection with the church, Petra instantly commences to narrate her story. She tells Mr. Alexander of Tisab Ting, of the repulsion she had felt toward him even before she first met him, then her meeting with him in the grove, the peculiar manner in which he had at first been able to sway her emotions, then her gradual indifference, the electrical kiss and its effect, the story of her father's death, and the healing-stone with which she had worked so many cures since she came to this north end quarter of Boston, gaining for herself the name of the healing hand. Then her marriage to Tisab Ting against the dictates of her own conscience, and, finally, the night at sea and her escape from her husband whom she loved, but whom she did not trust or respect.

To all this Mr. Alexander listened in astonishment; he had always thought that the woman known by the name of Madam Noris had some sorrowful pages in the history of her life; but he had never imagined anything so fantastically sad as the story that had just been told to him. Knowing Madam Noris as he had grown to know her, he thought, "What a struggle her heart and conscience must have had, heart ruling for a time, then conscience lashing and stinging the poor wayward heart."

“And now that you have heard my history, I ask you, what am I to do? My husband is here, in this city; he has seen me; he will find me unless I immediately leave Boston, and seek a hiding-place elsewhere. I—I dare not meet him; he holds such a power over me that in my love for him I would forget, for the time, my distrust and the oath I made never again to live with him unless he could dispel from my mind that of which I believe him to be guilty; and would go with him only to awaken to my misery of distrust in the days that would follow. Oh, I could not live over again that pain,” and Petra glanced beseechingly at Mr. Alexander, as though pleading for some assistance.

“My advice, Mrs. Tisab Ting”—and Petra starts as she hears him utter her name—“is to at least see your husband, and get his version of that night at sea. Is it not possible that you may have interpreted his words wrongly? And there is another thing that you ought to take into consideration; perhaps you underrate your strength under his influence. You are not the unfledged girl you were when you married him; you are a woman now of stronger will and purpose than any I have ever met.”

“Ah, you do not know the charm of Tisab Ting,” sadly answered Petra.

"Yes, I allow all that, but I claim that in justice you should see your husband if he seeks you and asks for an interview, as it may be that since you have used him so carelessly he will not trouble you; his presence in the Temple of Song was perhaps an accident. You remember that he left before the service was over. I think if he calls and wishes to speak with you that you ought to see him."

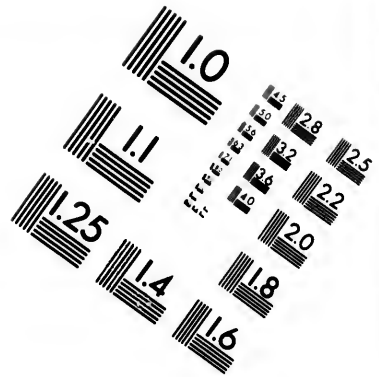
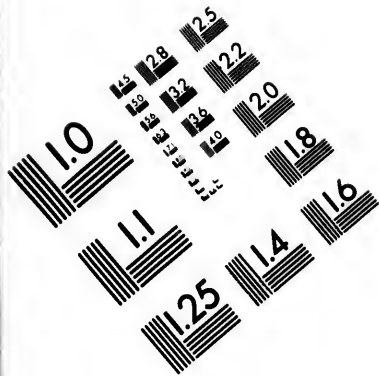
"Then I will," firmly replied Petra; "and now I will not detain you any longer, and I thank you very much for your kindness to me."

"Indeed, I have done nothing," hastily returned Mr. Alexander.

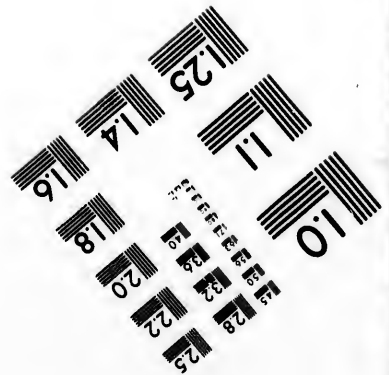
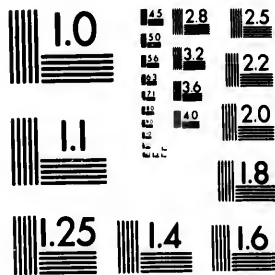
"You would not say that if you knew how much calmer and quieter I have grown since I came in here," said Petra, a faint, uncertain smile hovering over her face.

"That is because you have decided to do right and not because of any words of mine," quietly said Mr. Alexander.





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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CHAPTER XXIV.

ON the following morning Petra missed the companionship of the chatty, bright Frenchwoman, Marie, more than she had done on the first day of her absence. Marie had gone with her husband to his mother; before leaving, both Marie and Will Patnos had faithfully promised to Petra to divulge to no one in Montreal her address or mode of occupation.

With a restlessness that recalls to Petra's memory the never-to-be-forgotten night when she received the electric kiss, she paces the sitting-room, and, in aimless fashion, thought wanders from one experience to another of sunshine and darkness that the coming of Tisab Ting had brought into her life. Could she possibly be the girl whose thriving, energetic spirit longed for some new fields in which to roam—who not later than two years ago wished that she could be some great page in the world's history? How different the page that her girlish, glowing imagination had painted from the one she had written, or the one electrical science had writ-

ten for her! For the sweetest, saddest moments of her life had been hers through that science, her love for Tisab Ting, and her parting from him.

What would she do if her husband, knowing that she was in the city, should come to see her? "I must be strong and unyielding—I must never come under the power of my husband's dominant will again." She loved him—she alone knew how fondly; yet she decided that she would be happier parted from him, knowing what she did of his character, unfair business transactions, and his ignoble action in winning Nan's love to cast it so ruthlessly aside; "For he must have tried to win her love," reasoned Petra, "or Nan would never have replied to her mother, that 'Tisab Ting had often spoken to her of love.'" Then the greatest struggle ensued, which would conquer—heart or conscience? which up to the time of her ungovernable love for Tisab had ruled so firmly that all other characteristics had been subject to it; would she once more lose power over her own dominion; would she, forgetting her oath, once more be tributary to the love whose foundation was science? "No, never," she firmly said.

As thought followed thought through one exciting channel to another the door was gently opened, and on the threshold stood the one who would be

the test of her decision—Tisab Ting the Chinaman! With an emotion of love and joy struggling with firmness of will to force the decision of the previous moment to stand inviolated, Petra rose to greet her guest; but what a greeting! He, in his great love that belonged not to science, but to humanity, almost fainting in his weak condition, overcome by the rush of feeling her presence brings to him, all his mighty national pride fallen from him, in his love for his wife—the one was dearer to him than life itself. And she budded from graceful, flexible girlhood to grand, commanding womanhood, swaying under the burning love of scientific affection, yet in the firmness and fullness of the womanhood that was now hers, retaining sufficient power of will to resist, with a resistance that was more cruel than death, the love she possessed for this Chinaman, a love that had been born in an instant by the power of an electrical kiss, with a duration that had lasted all through the past dreary months; an affection that still looked with deepest love on the cause of her broken day-dream. Trust alone was lacking.

“Petra, my darling, how I have longed for this hour,” said Tisab, with the low, sweet intonation of voice that Petra remembered so well, as he clasped her in his arms. Resistless she remained there like

some poor, weary child; then, remembering her decision, pushed Tisab Ting from her, and, standing firm and erect, asked, in clear, ringing tones that surprised her, "Why are you here?"

"Why am I here?" he repeated; "for you."

"For me!" cried Petra, in scornful tones, all her passion running riot in her voice, blazing from her eyes, and making her form quiver as though under the lash—passion that was apparently born of the moment, yet, in truth, the sowing of a night long past, when the long lapping waves of the ocean as they touched the boat made a fitting accompaniment to her thoughts—for happiness was then in her heart, a part of her life—the steady growth that since that time had been unheeded, but now made word and action all the more intense in its rush for freedom.

"Did I not swear to you by the God above us that if one life in your keeping should, by your vile practices, be destroyed, I would count you—you—" she repeated, with stinging emphasis, "accountable for a life, and that I would leave you, never to return? Convince me that what I heard that evening at sea was misinterpreted by me, and the oath I made then I will withdraw."

But not replying to Petra's request, Tisab Ting pleaded for her love. Did man ever plead so before?

Would the reaction of such pleading be as sweeping in its reversion as her mad rage had been ?

“I have done no wrong, Petra, except to win your love by other than the pure, true channels of human attraction that God ordained. I ask you to come to me—to trust me—to make me your protector. I love you to the crushing down of the vast accumulation of pride that has been handed from father to son—a natural inheritance. See, I kneel at your feet ; I merely touch the hem of your dress ; remember me on the day when I first asked for your love and see in me now the transformation love has wrought.” Then rising to his feet, and holding her hands in close, firm clasp, he continues, “Will you come to me once more—will you let the great love I have for you aid in tearing down all barriers of national character and custom ?”

“Never, until you have satisfied me that you are blameless—that the death of a brother does not rest at your hands,” firmly answered Petra to Tisab Ting’s passionate appeal.

Then Tisab Ting ceased pleading, and, stepping back from Petra’s side, folding his arms and drawing his figure up firm and erect, coldly said, “I do not understand your inuendos. Proceed with what you have to say, repeat what you heard.”

“Ah ! this was cruel of him,” thought Petra, “to

make her repeat it all; but she would do it. "I was near when you and your captain conversed on the night your vessel was wrecked. I heard him say to you that the electric wreckage had burst; that once again you would have a tidy sum added to your immense wealth, won in similar manner. You told him that the money would suffice for your wife's dowry. My dowry; think of it! Do you think I would accept money earned like that?" asked Petra, with a dramatic movement of her body that told of aversion better than words could have done.

"Then," continued Petra, returning to her former steady tones, "your captain compared this with his last wrecking experience when he and your father, of all those on board, were alone saved. I heard enough to convince me that you and your father had won your wealth as you had won my love, by the practice of your advanced science. The lives of men; the sorrows of the widows; the weeping of the children whom you in your greed deprived of their rightful protector, were less than nothing to you, and I swore that if one of those under your care who had manned the boat-palace—in which I had dreamed such an unreal dream of love—was drowned, I would leave you, their murderer. You know what occurred. I left you."

"Ah, too true, you left me without a word, with-

out a chance for an explanation. Is there no crevice in your mind where leniency dwells for my misdeeds?" Tisab inquired, in a tone of voice which is beyond Petra's power of reading.

"At this present time, I believe you guilty," unfalteringly replies Petra—"guilty of the worst kind of slaughter—cold-blooded, pre-arranged murder."

And in a peculiar tone, that to Petra sounded like tears—hustled and hurried away, Tisab Ting said: "Never forget that I pleaded for your love, your trust, the precious keeping of your dear self, as I never pleaded for anything before, never will again. To justify myself to some extent, I will tell you the sequel of what you overheard. My father, as I told you before, was a man of science. What that science has brought to me it has taken away," Tisab mournfully said; "he would stop at nothing; he found out a new electrical wreckage appliance which made discovery of the true reason for the loss of a boat almost an impossibility. In his experiments of wreckage he made half of his vast fortune. He knew and was often angry for my distaste for the science that did so much harm every time it added to our income. Thus to have revenge on me—for my father never liked me, he loved nothing but his science and your father, and even he was not exempt from my father's mania ;

for caring nothing for science, and oft-times opposing his practices of it, my inheritance was left to me on the condition that I should travel by sea in the first month of my marriage with my wife, in one of our finest boats, which was first to be insured up to a certain sum, and I was to carry on this boat an electric wrecker. My father worked his will so cunningly that I had to comply with it or lose my fortune. I intended to tell you all when we reached home. The boat in which we embarked when we left the wreck was, in reality, provided by me, although the captain alone knew of it. The man who was drowned met his death through no fault, for I heard from one of my men that he returned to my cabin to steal some jewellery that had been there, and which he supposed would be forgotten in the rush. Do you not now think me more sinned against than sinning? Do you still think I am a murderer, as you so delicately frame it? Judge me," said Tisab Ting, with an eagerness in his voice that was singular in this man of strong reserve.

Never had he looked more ugly—his skin deepened in color by wind, sun, and exposure; his cheeks sunken, bringing into greater prominence the high cheek bones; his eyes alone shining with their wonted changeful brilliancy; and as Petra looks

into their clear depths she decides that they recompense him for all his ugliness; but, driving sentiment from her, to her own amazement she replies: "I believe you; but does it alter the case—are you less to blame? No, like father like son—both criminal."

This reply was so different from what he expected in his belief that she loved him, and that her heart would govern her reply, that he stood for several minutes, his face expressionless, yet growing whiter until it was awful in its rigidity.

"Petra," said Tisab Ting, slowly, his accents very marked in his earnestness, "if you love me, which I am beginning to doubt, will you permit my father's sins to influence your conduct to me? Do not send me from you. Come with me, and we will use the money amassed by my father to benefit our fellows;" his voice is so entrancingly sweet that Petra's decision is nearly daunted by it; but her oath, aided by the memory of Nan's sweet sorrow, rises up before her; then she has a desire to hear what he will say about Nan, and instead of complying with his invitation to go and find happiness, she said, in gentler tones than she has yet used in speaking to him: "Can I go with you, trust and love you, whilst Nan, whom I love dearer than a sister, suffers because of your miserable love of

power; the soft, winning, variable tones of your voice—perhaps you even imprinted on her fair neck, in the cause of science, the electric kiss—have you no shame, no grief for this sin? Can it know an explanation? Have you aught to offer?”

“No, nothing,” he cried, in angry tones; “a woman who understands to such a small degree the meaning of trust in those she has claimed to love, is not worthy of an explanation; but I say to you, go to your aunt’s residence and learn for yourself the injustice of which you are guilty. I sought your love, I have listened to your denunciations, I have pleaded against your judgment—all in vain. Father, father!” he uttered, in tones so full of pain that they cut like a knife into Petra’s heart, “the action of your scientific affection was quick and sure; supremely blissful, holy, while it existed; but I could wish that such love had never been born to die so soon and leave me in this slough of misery, to live to find the ashes of burnt-out affection dry and tasteless. I do not blame you, Petra; the growth of your love was so rapid that it had no time to take root; it died in the glare.” Then, turning towards the door, he said, in tones that told so much of his weariness of heart and body: “I am going now never to return until invited to do so by you;” then, returning to Petra’s side as though

governed by an impulse that was stronger than his will, he clasped her in his arms, kissing her face, her hair, making her heart thrill with love—a love, pure and good, that was based on higher heights than sentiment—love that depended not alone on the alphabet of love for life, thrills and quick heart-throbs, caused by kisses or caressing glances.

“Why do I not at least tell him I love him?” thought Petra; but before the answer to her question came forward Tisab Ting was gone, leaving her alone, and to such loneliness and desolation.

Then, in wonder, Petra asked, “Could it be possible that it was she who had said, ‘No, no,’ to all Tisab Ting’s pleading, when he had pleaded so eloquently.”

Then, as she began to feel that her husband was indeed gone, she cried in sorrow, “Tisab, Tisab, return to me; I will trust you even against my conscience; I will believe the varying expressions that hide the secrets of your heart are full of truth; I will believe your word implicitly against all condemning circumstances; for I love you.”

And through all the pain Petra suffered after Tisab Ting had gone, the strains of “Home, Sweet Home,” ground out in squeaky tones from a hand-organ, floated up through the casement from the street below, and mingled with her painful thoughts

until at last all other thought was merged in "Home, Sweet Home," and long after the sound of it had faded in the distance, the three words kept repeating themselves over and over, until at length she voiced the thought that had been growing in her brain, "I will go home; I will at least be able to comfort Nan."





CHAPTER XXV.

THE dew still lingers on the grass, the birds chime forth their songs, the flowers bloom as brightly as of yore, as Petra, standing in her aunt's garden, gazes on the familiar scene, which is just the same as on that morning so long ago, before the coming of Tisab Ting, when she was a thoughtless girl. All else is the same, she alone is changed. But wait; had the past really been a dream? Did she not hear Jerry Arnald speaking to Nan, speaking in tones and words that belong but to the day-dream of lovers? She had been mistaken in thinking Nan to be in love with Tisab Ting; was her thought of Nan's love but the figment of her jealous imagination? She would ascertain, and, stepping around the high hedge, Petra confronts the astonished lovers. For, after leaving Tisab Ting, Jerry had hastened with all speed to Nan. Her welcome had routed the last lingering doubt of her love for other than him.

"Petra, Petra, I am so glad to welcome you home," cries Nan, joyously, before Petra can utter a word.

"Wait," said Petra, with unnatural calmness that repulses Nan. "Nan Harrington, did you ever love Tisab Ting?"

"No," answered Nan without hesitation; "I never loved oth than Jerry, but I thought he loved a lady by the name of Nurse Athol; she saved his life at the war, and Tisab Ting sent him home to me—how I bless him for it!" giving Jerry a sweet, shy smile that answered Petra's question more conclusively than all the words Nan could have spoken.

"The belief that he had won your love," said Petra, dreamily, "has exerted a dire influence over my life. Why, oh, why, did you not confide in me, tell me that you loved Jerry Arnald?"

"I thought he loved another," pathetically answered Nan, feeling Petra's words keenly. "But, Petra, where is Tisab that he is not with you? Jerry told me he had gone to find you; have you not seen him?"

"I did not believe what he said; I sent him away from me," listlessly replied Petra, who was succumbing to the strain she had undergone.

Jerry, noticing her extreme languor, said to Nan: "You had better take your cousin to the house; she looks very ill and tired."

"Yes, come, Petra; Maud and her husband are

staying with us just now, for mother is away, but she will return to-morrow, and then we will be our old party once more on Tisab Ting's arrival."

"Take my arm, Mrs. Tisab Ting," said Jerry, thoughtfully.

"Come this way to your old room, Petra, you will like it best," said Nan.

"You are ill," Mrs. Tisab Ting," said Jerry, as Petra walked with faltering steps.

"Yes," she replied, as though speech was an effort to her.

"Nan, your cousin must be put to bed immediately, and medical aid summoned; I fear she is ill; the apathetic state she is in at present is very unnatural," said Jerry, aside to Nan.

"I hope you may be mistaken," said Nan, "but I will ring for assistance and get Petra undressed at once, while you send for the doctor, and if you can get or know Tisab Ting's address, send for him."

When Tisab Ting arrived, two days later, Petra was lying in a state of unconsciousness that resembled death; so still and quiet she rested, no thought or word entering her brain, her eyelids never rising, in spite of all that medical aid could do. The awful quiet that precedes dissolution reigned throughout the house; it had grasped Tisab Ting's heart with cold, icy fingers even before he saw her.

"The doctors say she will die," sobbed Nan, as she and Tisab stood by Petra's bedside; "are there no doctors, Mr. Tisab, greater than those we have in Montreal that you could send for?" Nan asked.

"Go, leave me with my wife," returned Tisab Ting, in tones so mournful that Nan hurried from the room, annoyed at her own density that had permitted her to enter his wife's room with him.

In answer to all Tisab's pleadings and caresses, Petra lay motionless, living, yet showing no signs of life.

At last, as Tisab Ting was looking at her in anguish, his eyes resting with glowing ardour on the loved features which but a few days previous had changed with emotion, Petra's eyelids quivered under Tisab Ting's compelling glance, her eyes looked into his with dull, unseeing glance as she said, "Take this healing-stone and heal my people." Tisab Ting caught her hand in search of the ring that held the healing-stone, and which he remembered seeing on her hand when last he saw her. "It is gone," he muttered.

Then calling Nan, he told her briefly of the stone. Search was made through the clothes Petra had worn and the satchel she had carried, but the ring could not be found. Half mad in his anxiety to find the stone, which Tisab Ting felt cer-

tain, if used in time, would save the woman he loved, he bent over Petra and beseechingly cried, "Tell me, my love, where is the healing-stone?"

"You accept it, Mr. Alexander," sighed Petra.

And Tisab Ting, turning to Jerry, his face aglow with new hope, said: "The stone, I feel certain, is in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Andrew Alexander, pastor of the Temple of Song, Hanover St., North End, Boston. Will you go and bring it to me?"

"I will, indeed," and Jerry hastened away, followed by Nan.

From the time Jerry left until his return Tisab Ting never left Petra's presence. "Would she die before Jerry returned; would it be too late? Surely not," Tisab Ting would say hopefully. But his face grew wan and haggard with agonizing suspense.

Near midnight on the night following his departure Jerry returned. He had travelled with lightning speed by special trains; money can unlock all doors but that of death. Would science do that? Would the healing-stone prove effectual?

"I have brought it!" cried Jerry, as he entered the hall door, and with flying feet Nan carried it to Tisab Ting with a belief in its healing that nothing could daunt except its own lack of power.

Tisab Ting placed the stone on Petra's thin, white wrist; a supernatural stillness reigned—Maud and

Archie and Mrs. Harrington, Nan, Jerry and Marie were gathered round the bed, yet apart from Tisab Ting, watching the struggle for life; and with no less interest watching Tisab Ting, who was looking at Petra breathlessly, the veins in his forehead standing out like notted cords in the intensity of his feeling.

Slowly the dull, white, set expression faded from Petra's face, her eyelids raise and disclose her eyes, bright with the light of consciousness, with wondering gaze she looked at those around her, then a slow, sweet smile transformed her face, making it like the Petra's of her girlhood; she looked at Tisab Ting and weakly reached forth her hand to him, she joyously called "Tisab," and he gathered her in his arms, whispered fond words whose meaning are for her alone; tells her of the anguish he had endured when he thought she was dying.

But as he spoke the glow of life faded from Petra's face, and she said, in loving, solemn tones that were never forgotten by those who heard: "You thought that I did not love you; you grieved for the science you believed insufficient; but you need not grieve. I love you as passionately as in the moment of the electrical kiss; the sweeping unhuman power of that love has sapped my life; I come from the vale of death to tell you of my

love," and with a short, gasping sigh Petra fell back in death.

The earthly power of Tisab Ting the Chinaman could not now detain her; her spirit was called by power divine.

THE END.

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