

Our Visions
Ah, how shall we proclaim his worth,
His virtues how unfold?
Of tender thoughts there is no dearth,
But written words are cold.
Nor gold, nor gems, nor purple fine
Hath fallen to his share,
Yet doth he own by rights divine
Treasures to us more fair.
A meek and holy spirit set
A modest shrine within,
And eloquence whose pleading yet
Ne'er failed our hearts to win.
A mantle of humility
That's never cast aside,
A heart where truth and dignity
And charity abide.
A soul in which a constant flame
Of love for men burned clear,
In whose pure light a selfish aim
Ignoble must appear.
These gifts in perfect union blend
Have cast a wondrous spell,
And many hearts to-day are rent
With grief too deep to tell.
But in their voiceless depths will sleep
One germ as strong as death
A memory that will freshness keep
While love has life and breath.

The Hero of Stoney Creek.
The land of my song boasts no palaces olden—
No castles enchanted, no giants, no elves,
But meadows and orchards and harvest fields
Golden.
And men with the skill to take care of them-
selves.
A land of broad lake and of deep rolling river,
Of mountain and valley and vine-covered
strand.
Of cities that share in the trade of the nations,
And villages smiling all over the land.
The hill of my song is no mythical mountain
Of loadstone or magic where diamonds distil;
And the rill of my song is no fabulous fountain,
But a real stony creek that is Stoney Creek
still.
My theme is the deed of a bold Stoney Creekan,
In the year eighteen-thirteen, the fifth day
of June.
When he bought the whole army of Winder and
Chandler
With a peck of green peas and a well whistled
tune.

Tom Jones was a Yankee and true to the British
At Tyonderago when troubles were nigh.
His neighbors turned traitor and prayed inde-
pendence.
A spread-eagle saint born the Fourth of July,
And often when Tom was at work in his garden
He bore with their jeers till his anger would
glow.
And he'd dash at a thistle as though 'twere a
traitor.
And snap off its head with a stroke of his hoe.
Were rudely compelled from their homes to
depart.
Tom sought Stoney Creek, then a forest un-
broken,
A Yankee by birth, but a Briton at heart.
The years passed away like a dream of the morn-
ing.
Farms were built and the forests were
cleared,
And far through the wide-spreading, beautiful
valley,
White harvest fields, meadows and orchard
appeared.
The glad Stoney Creek leaping down from the
mountain
Sang peace as it bubbled 'or lodges and
shelves.
The people were healthy and humble and happy,
Loved God and their neighbors as much as
themselves.
And often when Tom was at work in his garden,
And quietly musing on years long ago,
He'd smile and whisper a thistle a traitor,
And snap off its head with a stroke of his hoe.

In June eighteen-thirteen strange to mult an
rattle
Came up on the breeze from the valley below;
Like a war horse that scents from the distance a
battle.
Tom started, stopped, listened, then threw down
his hoe.
In a half-hour after Tom Jones with a basket,
Half full of green peas, as on business intent,
Was whistling the spread eagle tune, "Yankee
Doodle."
And standing in front of the general's tent,
Tom's whistle was charming—the tune and the
whistle.
He found him free passage right into the
camp.
The peas were presented to Chandler and
Wender.
Tom's object accomplished, he reckoned he'd
tramp.

To his to his meadow and catch his mare, Betty,
Was the work of a very few minutes at most.
Tom knew that at Hamilton Harvey was sta-
tioned.
The minutes were precious, and not to be lost.
He leaped to Betty's back without saddle or bridle.
Bet knew something weighty was moving his
mind,
And galloped away through the mud and the
mire.
As if the Old Harry was riding behind.
A tavern loked tempting but Tom dare not
tarry.
Bet half turned aside, then all foaming sped on;
And the sun was just slipping behind the far
mountain.
As Tom galloped into the camp of Sir John.
The tale was soon told, and the drums were soon
beating.
The army soon marching with Tom at its head;
And long before morning the Yankees were
captured—
A score or two wounded—a score or two dead.
Tom Jones won a name that will not be for-
gotten—
Be peace to his memory, rest to his bones!
Sir John won a field, losing hardly a soldier;
Stoney Creek won a hero—his name was Tom
Jones.

Better Late Than Never.
In 1873 a man named Wilson, who lives in
Oshawa, was robbed of a gold watch and
\$4 in cash and the thief was never detected.
On Tuesday Mr. Wilson received a package
by express from the State of Indiana, and
upon opening it he found the watch along
with a cheque for the money stolen,
together with interest from the date of the
robbery.

Nautical and Genealogical.
Snipkins—His pedigree is as long as a
yard-arm.
Snipkins—Yes, I've heard his grand-
father was hanged at sea.
The late Dr. Austin Flint, Professor in
Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Fellow
of the New York Academy of Medicine,
member of the State medical societies of
New York, Virginia, Rhode Island, Massa-
chusetts, etc., says in speaking of advanced
kidney disease (or Bright's): "Fatal ter-
mination is many times due to pericarditis
(heart disease), apoplexy, difficult breath-
ing, dropsy." The foregoing are but sym-
ptoms of diseases. That being the case there
is nothing absurd in the claim made by
the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure that
they prevent apoplexy and cure heart dis-
ease, etc., with Warner's Safe Cure. Why?
Because it removes the cause of disease,
and when the cause is removed the sym-
ptom called a disease is cured.

Gipsy Smith is the name of an evangelist
who is conducting a great revival in Cin-
cinnati. He is said to possess as much
power as Sam Jones without any of Sam
Jones' slang. A few years ago Smith was
a leader of the Romanyans.
"Yas, I know you-ah name. You-ah
fathah was one of my grandfathah's keep-
ers." "Indeed, I never heard that my
father looked after the monkeys."

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION: A NOVEL.

It was curious how rational, alive, con-
scious she had become. Her face was
flushed, her large eyes were feverishly
bright, her whole being seemed strung and
stirred. She was herself and yet not her-
self. Her mind was no longer clouded and
oppressed, and yet it was not sane nor
healthy. Not the living-log—the organized
flame, self-consuming and self-destroying.
Yet none of the dear people around her—
all loving her as they did, but all inex-
perienced in the phases of her malady—
feared the consequences of this sudden
reaction. On the contrary, they rejoiced
in her renewed lucidity, and even Lady
Elizabeth did not read the signs aright.
"But why am I in bed, Liese?" she asked.
"I am quite well. Let me get up. Let
me go out. I am well. Why am I kept
here?"

"You shall get up, darling," said her
friend. "It is better for you."
Lady Elizabeth did not remind her that it
was by her own wilful refusal to rise and
dress that she was here to-day, as now for
some days past. She was too glad to see
the signs of improvement, as she read
them, to argue about responsibilities. So
Estelle's new wish was gratified, and she
dressed and came into the sitting-room
before Anthony had got rid of the traces of
his journey and had refreshed himself as
Englishmen do.

All that day Estelle was in the same
state—vivid, alert, feverish—insane. But
with the preternatural cunning of insanity
she concealed her state with the skill of a
finished actress, and no one but an expert
would have seen her real condition behind
her assumed brightness and responsiveness.
Her eyes, however, would have betrayed
her to those who could read them. Un-
steady, quick, suspicious, watchful, they
had in them all the well-known distrust
and slyness of her state, and belied the
more favorable symptoms of her lucid
speech. Here only in shape and color,
they had not a trace of their former ex-
pression. They were the eyes of a maniac,
with just so much conscious intelligence as
enabled her to feign for better concealment.
She startled Anthony, and more than
startled him, by saying suddenly, abruptly,
with nothing to lead up to it:

"When I left Thrift I went to Mary
Crosby's, and hid there for years, I think.
She is Mrs. Latimer's daughter, and gave
us money. They were cheating us at home,
and bribed me to keep the secret."
They she laughed, in a mindless, foolish
way, with a note of maliciousness in the
disorder.
Nothing that she could have said would
have so disturbed her hearers as this ap-
parent cynicism. How changed she was to
be able to make this shameless confession!
"How long were you there?" asked An-
thony, turning away his eyes.
She glanced at him furtively, and a look
of suspicion came over her face.
"I do not remember," she said, shortly,
and for some time after this relapsed into
silence and would not speak.

So the day wore on, and nightfall came.
Anthony had not been able to speak to
Lady Elizabeth apart, and Caleb had
wandered away into the hills, like one
whose work was done. He was no longer
wanted; and he felt himself an obstacle,
an encumbrance, where so lately he had
been the guardian and preserver. But
Estelle evidently missed him, and she
looked round the room and the door more than
once, not saying what she wanted, but
showing that she was uneasy about some-
thing. When he returned toward evening
she looked pleased, but did not speak, and
Lady Elizabeth—Anthony notwithstanding—
said kindly, to give him pleasure, the
poor madman's name. "We have missed you,
Mr. Stagg, and so has our dear invalid."
"I am glad that I am not only a
nuisance, Lady Elizabeth," said Caleb,
blushing to the tips of his ears. "I thought
I might be in the way, and so just took
myself off that you might be shot of me."
"We owe you too much ever to find you
a nuisance or in the way," she replied,
with great kindness. "Why, what should
we have done without you?"

"I am main glad," said Caleb; and even
Anthony had to recognize the dog-like and
unselfish devotion which lifted the miner's
son out of the category of men of whom to
be jealous, and put him into that of sexless
saints. When the night had fully come
and the activities of the day were over,
Estelle got up and went over to Lady
Elizabeth.
"I am tired, Liese," she said abruptly.
"I am going to bed."
"Very well, dear, I will go with you,"
was the answer. "We do not leave her,"
she said, turning to Anthony. "Either I or
the maid is always with her."
"I will watch by her to-night," said
Anthony, in his authoritative way.
Estelle clutched at Lady Elizabeth's
dress like a child.
"No, Liese," she said.
"Perhaps—" began Lady Elizabeth.
"I wish it," said Anthony; and no more
was to be said. It was his will, and he
had the right—was he not her master by
the law? His heart was heavy as lead, and
his hopes had died down almost as soon as
they had grown up. His Dead Sea apple
had proved its bitterness. The light of his
life was quenched; the woman he had
loved and still loved—the woman whom he
would have taken back in the face of the
world—was but a living death, whose
heart was in the grave of another. Never-
theless he would watch by her to-night—
thence as a mother by the cradle of her
first-born—carefully as a miser guarding
his treasure—mournfully as one who
watches the dead. And when to-morrow
came he would decide on his plans. In any
case, these included an immediate return to
England and the advice of experts. He
would not believe that her state was
irremediable. By judicious treatment her
mental health and moral sanity would be
restored, and years of happiness were yet
before him. If the neighbors looked coldly
on her, he would leave Thrift and go where
their sad story was not known. She should
never be reminded of her fault. It had
been grave and damnable, but she had not
been to blame. She had been weak, not
wicked; that scoundrel who, fortunately
for himself, had died before vengeance had
overtaken him, was the only one to blame.
So he sat and thought, watching her pale
inanimate face for hours into the night,
when, overpowered by the heat of the

silent night, by the fatigue of travel, and
the exhaustion consequent on his own emo-
tions, his head sunk on the bed beside her
own, and he fell heavily asleep.

Then Estelle opened her eyes and looked
at him, first with a shudder and then a
smile. She slid her hands in among her
curls of hair, which she dragged from their
fastenings as she took from among them a
small phial, which she unrolled.
"They shall not separate us, Charlie!"
she said softly to herself, her eyes strained
up to the ceiling of the room while she
drank the contents of that little bottle to
the last drop. She was smiling, and her
face had a rapt ecstatic look, for there,
visible to her eyes, she saw the face of the
one she loved, beautified, glorified, freed
from all trace of suffering and disease,
looking at her with love, while his hands
were held out as if to receive her. Then,
still smiling, her eyes still fixed, a change
came over her. Her heart ceased to beat,
her blood ceased to flow; what visions or
what thoughts possessed her no man could
know, for the thing we call the life had
gone, and she lay on the bed motionless and
dead.

When Anthony awoke he found her stiff
and cold. Her eyes were still opened wide
and lips were parted with a smile. Her
curling hair fell over the pillow and her
arms like a cloud, and in her white hand,
with the long taper fingers still crossed,
was hidden a little bottle, drained to the
last drop and smelling of bitter almonds.
By this she had secured the swift passage
she desired and had meditated; and by
this she had passed from the night of
her bondage to the glad day of her release.

CHAPTER XIII.
UNMARKED.
Mary Crosby, for the most part ready
for any emergency, was rather at the end
of her resources. Mrs. Latimer had been
inconsiderate enough to have an attack of
congestion of the lungs, which necessitated
careful examination by the doctor, threat-
ened fatal consequences, and made it
absolutely necessary for one who was
only a servant to adopt an above-board
and straightforward kind of behavior. A
nurse was insisted on by the medical man,
and Mary was ordered to communicate her
state to Mrs. Latimer's natural belongings.
When he was told the old lady's reputed
age the doctor gave the chronicler the
directie, and doctored off 20 years as a blow.
"She was no more past eighty than he
was," he said, scornfully, wondering what
was at the back of the fraud, and angry
that such a cheat should have been sought
to be played off on him, but most of all
indignant that he should have been taken
for a fool. What did it mean? Why
should this woman of 60 odd, and vigorous
for her age, seek to make herself 20 years
older? and why should the hands of one
presumably a lady show signs of hard work
and rough usage? A mystery was behind
these appearances, and he went to Mr.
Troster for such insight as he ought to
give. As the clergyman who had so fre-
quently paid his official visits and admin-
istered godly consolation, he might have
some clue. But Mr. Troster was a student
whose books had given him lore, not know-
ledge, and he was of no use as a detective
adjutant. Nevertheless, he was brought to
a proper state of doubt and suspicion, and
Mary knew that the net was closing round
her. Not to send word to the Clanciarde
was to confess to the packed cards and
loaded dice of her game. To have them
here—even that foolish George—was to be
discovered as sure as fate. But the doctor
insisted, the clergyman exhorted, the nurse
refused the responsibility; and, like the
general staff, which sent the pig over the
stile, and the old woman to her supper,
and the dog began to worry the cat, and
the cat began to eat the rat, the pressure of
events was too strong for the obstructing
sentinel, and the Clanciarde had to be
communicated with. The letter was sent
just at the time when Mrs. Clanciarde,
her toilette finally completed, was prepar-
ing to go over to Mentone, but was hindered
by the news of Estelle's sudden death—
which she wept over as heart-breaking and
characterized as inconvenient. So that,
when she found that old Mrs. Latimer was
dangerously ill, the sense of hope and
relief which it brought went far to mitigate
her sorrow by relieving the weight of its
inconvenience.

"You must go at once, George," said
Mrs. Clanciarde to her husband, speaking
in her sharp, peremptory way.
"And you, my Louise," he asked,
amiably, turning his other cheek as was
his wont.
At first she answered No, she would not
go. There was no necessity for it. She
disliked the act of travelling, and there was
nothing to be got by this journey. If Mrs.
Latimer died—she died, and they would
come in for the money; but then she re-
flected that perhaps the servant might lay
pilfering hands on unconsidered trifles,
which that foolish George would never see,
and which it needed a woman of perspicacity
to discover. So she suddenly resolved on
going, too, and she made her husband
understand how great the effort was and
how direful she felt the necessity to be, all
owing to his ingrained stupidity. To which
he answered, rather dryly: "What a pity
your mother blundered, my Louise! She
spoiled the making of a man in you."
"Yes," said Louise, as dryly. "A better
man than I have found in you."
"To my sorrow," said George.

"To something more than sorrow with
me," was her reply, in her high-pitched,
French voice, with its accent of complaint
and irritated inflection.
When they arrived at the house they
were met by Mary Crosby, who opened the
door to them and ushered them into the
front drawing-room. Duels are none the
less deadly when conducted with courtesy,
and this was Mary Crosby's thought if put
into different words. Hence she paid these
two enemies—greater enemies than they
themselves yet knew—the most flattering
court, and at a bound won that foolish
George's heart, and established herself
therein as a really good and superior
person. Mrs. Clanciarde was more
cautious. She could read far better than
could her husband; and the hidden nature
of this resolute, hard-visaged woman, with
the square jaw, compressed lips, searching
eyes, and general hardness of demeanor,
was scarcely in accord with her soft words,
and boundless attentions; and being in
this disaccord, her cares awakened more
suspicion than gave pleasure.

Questioned about Mrs. Latimer, she had
the melancholy intelligence to give of
imminent danger and extreme debility.

When she said this she put up her
eyebrows and shed genuine tears,
while Mr. and Mrs. Clanciarde looked at
each other, and not even that soft-hearted
George could find words of condolence on
the spur of the moment. They came after
consideration. But really even he thought
that an old creature, long past 80, who had
been standing for the last 10 years in the
shoes which he wanted to wear, and which
were rightfully his, had had long enough
innings, and that the time had come when
she ought to retire. He murmured, how-
ever, something that sounded like pity and
condolence; but Mary caught the presence
in his voice and noted the silence of Mrs.
Clanciarde, and wondered, in a rapid kind
of way, whether she could escape detection
if she were to be absent in their tea and
throw them off the scent forever—that
scent which was now so burning!

"Has Mrs. Latimer left a will?"
asked Mrs. Clanciarde.
"I don't know, ma'am," Mary answered;
"she has never talked much to me about
her affairs."
"Where are the bronzes and old china
my cousin collected?" then inquired Mr.
Clanciarde.
"I don't know, sir," was the glib reply.
"When we left London Mrs. Latimer had
them all packed up and sent away. I know
nothing more of them."
"Are they warehoused or at the bank?"
asked George.
"That I really can't say, sir," answered
Mary.
"But you were her confidential servant,"
said Mrs. Clanciarde, sharply.
"A servant is never really in the confi-
dence of her mistress," answered Mary,
demurely. "Ladies like Mrs. Latimer tell
us little things, but not great ones, and I
know no more of my lady's affairs than
you do. And not so much," she added,
without a blush.
"It is very odd," then said Mrs. Clanciarde,
more and more uneasy and suspi-
cious, seeing in this absence of costly art
treasures the first act of denudation. "I
cannot understand it."
"Perhaps she has left some notice—
some instruction," said Mary. "She had
a lot of papers, I know."
"Where?" asked Mrs. Clanciarde.
"In a box upstairs," said Mary.
So there were—old love letters, and
business papers relating to the early lives
of the dead and gone Latimers, but of
such that should be of use or prove a clew
in the present condition of things not a
trace. Not even a check-book nor a banker's
book shed light on receipts, savings, or ex-
penditure, and when things came to be
looked into, of the last quarter's annuity
not more than five pounds were left for
current expenses. But Mary's house-keep-
ing expenses were plain and correct to the
last farthing, and each week tallied with
the amount set down with scrupulous
fidelity, as "Received from Mrs. Latimer,
£2, or "£2 10s," sometimes "£3," and
for a long time as much as "£5," or even
more.
"Why is this so high?" asked Mrs.
Clanciarde, when she glanced over the
book.
"Mrs. Latimer had two young friends,"
said Mary, with consummate self-pos-
session. "They came and stayed here for a
couple of months or more."
"Who were they?" was the next ques-
tion.
Mary hesitated for a moment; then she
suddenly decided on her line of action. She
had never been quite sure what she should
do if this question were put to her—
whether she should boldly confess, and so,
as it were, bribe the father and mother to
silence, or gloss it over into an in-
significant visit of indifferent people. She
did not know that Estelle was dead, and
Mrs. Clanciarde's mourning might mean
any one besides a daughter. Acting, then,
on half knowledge, she made a bold move,
and said, quietly, "Mr. Charles Osborne,
ma'am, and young Mrs. Harford."
"Infamous wretch! and you say that to
me, her mother, to my face!" cried Mrs.
Clanciarde, rising and facing the woman
standing there calm, a little smearing
malicious and triumphant.
"I could not let them starve," said Mary,
tossing up her head. "They had no money,
and Mrs. Latimer took them in out of pure
compassion. If their own deserted them,
and left them on the streets, Mrs. Latimer
was too kind to do so too. That was how
the money went, Mrs. Clanciarde; and
more to the back of the weekly bills, I can
tell you! Those two nearly ruined my
poor mistress, and took, to my knowledge,
every halfpenny she had saved. And she
had saved something that would have come
in handy now with all these expenses
about."
"Wretches!" said Mrs. Clanciarde,
strongly agitated. "I shall give you in
charge of the police, Mary. You shall be
put in prison as sure as you are alive."
"Very well, ma'am," said Mary; "and
let the whole story come out in open court,
I am willing, I am sure, I have done
nothing to be ashamed of, and if you,
mother, choose to bring the story forward,
I'll not back out of it. But I'd warn you
to think twice before you do. It's an ugly
story at the best."
"Leave the room, you wretch! you sinful
and abominable woman!" cried Mrs. Clanciarde;
and Mary, saying, as her parting
shot, "And this is the gratitude of the
quality!" beat a speedy retreat, glad to be
relieved from the heckling she had under-
gone. As she went out of the room she
met the doctor and the nurse coming down
the stairs.
"It is all over!" they said. "The poor
lady has gone."
Mary gave a sharp cry.
"I should have so liked to see her again!"
she said, passionately weeping. "She was
my good mistress to me! I should
have liked to see her once more."
"Too late now," said the doctor; and
"She is in heaven," added the nurse.
"She deserved it, if any one ever did,"
said Mary, sobbing; and the doctor, with
a half-smile in his eyes, went into the room
to inform Mr. and Mrs. Clanciarde, the
nearest of kin, and the deceased lady's
heirs, of the demise of their relation,
who passed for over 80, and was certainly 15
years younger, and whose hands bore the
traces of hard work and rough usage.

Then said Mrs. Clanciarde, enlightened
as by a sudden revelation, "George, we
have been robbed! Call the police. This
woman was not Mrs. Latimer, and Mary
Crosby is the thief!"

CHAPTER XIV. AT BAY.

The game was up, but Mary stood her

ground. "You may do your worst," she
said, defiantly, when she was hailed before the
authorities assembled in the drawing-room;
"and your worst will not do you much
good."
As yet the police had not been sent for
until Mr. Harford had been summoned
home.

"Now that mother has gone, I care
nothing about any of you," said Mary,
slightly snapping her fingers. "I kept her
warm and comfortable for her lifetime,
and I can do my 7 years, or even 10, if need
be, now I am by myself."
"You are a shameless wretch!" said
Mrs. Clanciarde, almost tearful from
anger.

"Shameless yourself!" retorted Mary,
flinging back the words like a bullet. "Me
and mother didn't sell a poor young lady
for a sack of potatoes. We didn't make
a fine young gentleman dead when he
wasn't, and bring a heap of misery and
misfortune to every one all round."
"Silence, woman!" thundered Anthony,
his face as dark as a demon's.
"No, Mr. Harford, sir," said Mary;
"it is no time now for silence. You and
yours have got to hear the truth. If I
have to fight for my life I'll fight
all I know, as anybody would who'd got it
to do. I am sorry to hurt you; but you'll
have to be hurt."
"What excuse can you make, you
wretched creature, you thief, for cheating
us out of the money that belonged to us
all these years?" cried Mrs. Clanciarde,
still almost beside herself from the
morified rage of one who has been balked
and dispossessed.

"What excuse? A sight better than
you can give for your selling of your
daughter," said Mary. "We kept Master
Charlie for years, did we; and we kept Mr.
Harford's wife for nigh a year. It was we
as paid for everything—their food here,
Mrs. Harford's very boots and under-linen,
and for their expenses out there. We kept
them, I say, and did better with the money
than any one of you would, I reckon."
"That does not make it less a theft,"
said George Clanciarde, mildly.
Some one had to speak, and it seemed
his turn.

"That may be, sir," said Mary, a little
less insolently; "but it makes a difference
how you use the money. We lived poorly,
did mother and me, and all we saved
we gave to Master Charlie to let him marry
Miss Estelle; or to Mrs. Harford when
she ran away."
This was not true, but it served its
purpose as well as if it had been. That good
fat sum at last taken out of the mattress
and invested in Consols, the bonds whereof
deposited in the county bank, under the
name of Molly Dance, could have told a
different story had any one known it.

"How dare you speak of Mrs. Harford!"
said Anthony, in white heat. "Mrs.
Harford dependent on you!"
"Truth is truth, sir," Mary answered,
sullenly. "Your good lady had no one
else to see her through her trouble, and we
did, mother and me. I don't think we
deserve ballyragging from any of you for
that same," she added, with a false air of
whimpering. "She came to us, poor
young lady, in her trouble. What were we
to do? Turn her out into the streets, or
take care of her? Mother and me talked
it over, but we thought it would be a
treacherous sort of thing to do to turn her
back, when she trusted us. So we kept her
secret, and no one was the wiser. It's not
every one would have done so much, though
I say it as a shrewd 'un."
"No," returned Mrs. Clanciarde, with
a virtuous scoff. "It is not every honest
woman that would have harbored a run-
away wife and her paramour."
"They did kindly," said that foolish
George, his restless eyes full of tears.
"They did damnably," said Anthony,
warmly.

"And you would have had us betray
Master Charlie Osborne, who was like my
own?" cried Mary. "You would have
us send for you, and let you do with that
poor young gentleman what you would,
and treat that poor young lady like a Tory?
No, Mr. Harford, sir, I know my duty to
God and my neighbors better than that;
and I hope I shall always be done by as I
have done to others."
"Your duty to God!" flamed out
Anthony. "Your duty to the devil, you
mean."
There was silence. If Mary's eloquence
had not reached the hearts of her hearers,
the father's emotion had at least shamed the
mother to quiescence, and Anthony's large
words had removed from his bosom some
of his own perilous stuff. For all his
momentary excitement against the woman
who had harbored his wife in her sin, he
was substantially softened to the deed.
Remembering what he had felt in the early
days, he knew that Mary and her mother
had kept him from committing a crime and
had saved two lives; but for more
prolonged suffering he felt, moreover,
that all this dirty linen had best be washed
at home. To give Mary into custody and to
have her committed for trial would be to
flood the world with scandalous details of
once ridiculous and nauseous. It would be
better to compound the felony and let her
go free.

For all that he was a magistrate, and so
far bound to obey the law he administered,
Anthony's American experience had made
him more individual than social; and he
was so *mañana* to the extent of liking to settle
his own affairs with his own right hand,
rather than have them settled for him by
judge and jury and afterward analyzed by
the press.
His officiousity at the present moment was
not to let Mary see that he was inclined to
her deliverance for fear of the world's talk
and for the instinct of self-preservation,
but to wrap up the truth in an opaque
envelope of part gratitude for the care
taken of his erring wife, part consideration
for the woman herself, part woman, and so
recently afflicted. It was not possible for
him to show the truth. How often, indeed,
can any of us?

CHAPTER XV. AT BAY.

According to Peter Henderson, ordinary
stable manure is yet almost exclusively
used by the market gardeners of Hudson
County, N.J., and that at the rate of
seventy-five tons to the acre. Very little
phosphate or other concentrated manures
are used on lands continually under tillage.

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