



[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The leading characters of the story are Geoffrey Bingham, a London barrister, and Beatrice Granger, daughter of the rector of Bryngelly, on the Welsh coast, and village school teacher. Geoffrey is married to a titled woman, Lady Honoria, who married him for an expected fortune The leading characters of the story are Geoffrey Bingham, a London barrister, and Beatrice Granger, daughter of the rector of Bryngelly, on the Weish coast, and village school teacher. Geoffrey is married to a titled woman, Lady Honoria, who married him for an expected fortune that did not materialize. She fretted at poverty and made life generally missrable for Geoffrey during his early struggies. They have a daughter, Effic, a child of sweetest disposition. While enting at Bryngelly, Geoffrey is rescued from drowning by Beatrice. In spite of themselves this incident developed into deep affection. Lady Honoria is not slow to see it, and this makes mat-ters worse between her and Geoffrey. Beatrice has a sister, Elizabeth. The family is poor and Elizabeth is ambitious to become the will of Squire Owen Davies, who is rich, but stupid. He is madly in love with Beatrice, finally proposes to her, is rejected, but continues to annoy her with his attentions. During Geoffrey's stay at Bryngelly he received a brief in a celebrated law case. Beatrice reads it and hits upon the right theory of the case. Geoffrey returns to London, tries the case on Beatrice's theory and wins a great victory. It is his key to fortune. Henceforth mizeoy rolls in to him. He gratifies Lady Honoria's every whim. Finally he is elected to Parliament, where he soon dusting this balling if rom the firviolous class of fashionable people she has cultivated. The poverty of the Granger family becomes serions. Beatrice gives up her salary to her father, but it is not sufficient. All this the dereness for the presty school teacher. He meets Beatrice unexpectedly, and on the impulse of the moment confesses to her she is the only woman who can properly sympathize with him. It is a tempestuous moment to boh-another warning of the whirlpool toward which they are drifting. Geoffrey also mee's Owen Davies, who confesses his ansuccessful with him. It is a tempestuous moment to boh-another warning of the whirlpool toward which they are drifting. Geoffrey als telling her if she loved Geoffrey to instantly put an end to their friendly relations. Geoffrey also wrote to Beatrice, asking her to fly with him and Effic to America. Beatrice replied: "No dear Geoffrey. Things must take their course." Owen Davies, halt crazed by love, again asks Beatrice to be his wife, this time in the presence of Mr. Granger and Elizabeth.

more

nearing the station, for her father had started

she looked at him and he never forgot the

on again, and there were people about. But

When they were gone, Beatrice set about

f possible, and then return. She put on

very plainly made of simple gray cloth, but

on her it looked well enough, and in the

breast of it she thrust the letter which she

had written on the previous day. A small

hand bag, with some sandwiches and a brush and comb in it, and a cloak, made up

the total of her baggage. The train, which did not stop at Byrn-

celly, left Coed at 10, and to Coed was an nour and a hali's walk. She must be start-

ing. Of course she would have to be ab-sent for the night, and she was sorely pur-

zled how to account for her absence to Betty, the servant girl; the others being

gone there was no need to do so to anybody

else. But here fortune befriended her.

While she was thinking the matter over,

who should come in but Betty herself, cry-

ing. She had just heard, she said, that her little sister who lived with their mother at a

village about ten miles away, had been

knocked down by a cart and badly hurt.

Geoffrey's face in the House of Com

her bonnet and best dress; the latter

CHAPTER XXVI.

A FLYING TRIP TO LONDON. look It was quite enough to chill him into silence, nor did he allude to the matter any The scene that followed Mr. Davies' blunt demand for the hand of Beatrice may well be passed over lightly. Indignant in spirit and with a sense of the conspiracy her own preparations. Her wild purpose was to travel to London and catch a glimpse against her, Beatrice promptly declined the

proffered bonor. Her sister, Elizabeth, anxious in her jealousy to reduce Beatrice to the lowest level in Mr. Davies' esteem, bluntly charged her sister with improper intimacy with Geoffrey Bingham and detailed the events of that unfortunate night. With blanched face, but calm demeanor, Beatrice denied the accusation. She explained that she had been walking in her sleep; that she had, as it happened, walked into Mr. Bingham's room, but beyond that the insinuations of her sister were absolutely false. She disdained to discuss the question further.

Next day was Sunday. Bestrice did not go to church. For one thing, she feared to see Owen Davies there. But she took her Eunday school class as usual, and long did the children remember how kind and patient she was with them that day, and how beautifully she told them the story of the Jewish girl of long ago, who went forth to die for the sak of her father's oath.

Nearly all the rest of the day and evening she spent in writing that which we shall read in time-only in the late afternoon she went out for a little while in her cause. other thing Bestrice did also; she called

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH. SUNDAY, APRIL 27, 1890.

want to see such another."

entions.

Geoffrey seized him by the arm. "Where is she?" he asked, "and what wasshe like?"

at the entrance of the House. Beatrice paid that she takes much interest in politics. the cabman his shilling, thanked him, and Are not her dinners charming. At this moment a volley of applause from entered, only once more to find herself conused with a vision of white statues, marble the Opposition benches drowned the mur-

floors, high arching roofs, and hurrying people. An automatic policeman asked her what she wanted. Beatrice answered that mured conversation. This speaker spoke for about three-quarters of an hour, and then at last Geoffrey got onto his legs. One or two other members rose at the same time, but they gave way. stant Geoffrey staggered, as though he had been struck by a shot, turned quite white, the same time, but they gave way. "He began slowly-and somewhat tamely,

what she wanted. Destrice answered that she wished to get into the House. "Pass this way, then, miss-pass this way," said the automatic officer in a voice of brass. She passed, and passed, and fin-ally found herself in a lobby among a crowd of period of all sats made rolling the total as it seemed to Beatrice, whose heart was in her mouth-but when he had been speaking of people of all sorts-seedy political touts, Irish priests and hurrying press men. At one side of the lobby were more policemen and messengers, who were continually tak-ing cards into the House, then returning and calling out names. Insensibly she deifted toward these policemen for about five minutes he warmed up. And then began one of the most remarkable oratorical displays of that Parliament. Geoffrey had spoken well before, and would speak well again, but perhaps he never spoke so well as he did upon that night. For nearly an hour and a halt he held the House in chains, even the hoots and interruptions died away toward the end of the oration. drifted toward these policemen. "Ladies' gallery, miss?" said a voice: "your order, please, though I think it's full."

His powerful presence seemed to tower in Here was a fresh complication. Beatrice had no order. She had no idea that one was the place, like that of a giant among pig-

the place, like that of a giant among pig-mies, and his dark, handsome tace, lit with the fires of eloquence, shone like a lamp. He leaned forward with a slight stoop on his broad shoulders, and addressed himself, nominally to the necessary. "I haven't got an order," she said faintly. "I did not know that 1 must have one. Can I not get in without?"

Speaker, but really to the Opposition. He "Most certainly not, miss," answered the voice, while its owner, suspecting dyna-mite, surveyed her with a cold official eye. took their facts one by one, and with con-vincing logic showed that they were no "Now make way, make way, please." Beatrice's gray eyes filled with tears, as facts; amid a hiss of anger he pulverized their arguments and demonstrated their mo-

get into the ladies' gallery.

might be.

and

tives. Then suddenly he dropped them al-together, and addressing himself to the she turned to go in bitterness of heart. all her labor was in vain, and that which would be done must be done without the mute farewell she sought. Well, when House at large, and the country beyond the House, he struck another note, and broke sorrow was so much, what mattered a little more? She turned to go, but not unob-served. A certain rather youthful member out into that storm of patriotic eloquence, which confirmed his growing reputation, both in Parliament and in the constituenof Parliament, with an eye for beauty in distress, had been standing close to her, talking to a constituent. The constituent cies

Beatrice shut her eves and listened to the deep, rich voice as it rose from height to height and power to power, till the whole had departed to wherever constituents goand many representatives, if asked, would place seemed full of it, and every contendcheerfully point out a locality suitable to the genus, at least in their judgment-and the ing sound was hushed. Suddenly, after an invocation that would

member had overheard the conversation and have been passionate had it not been so restrained and strong, he stopped. She opened her eyes and looked. Geoffrey was seated as before, with his hat on. He had been speaking for an hour and a half, and seen Beatrice's eyes fill with tears. "What a lovely woman!" he had said to himself. and then did what he should have done. namely, lifted his hat and inquired if, as a member of the House, he could be of any yet, to her, it seemed but a few minutes service to her. Beatrice listened, and exsince he rose. Then broke out a volley of plained that she was particularly anxious to cheers, in the midst of which a leader of the Opposition rose to reply, not in the very best of tempers, for Geoffrey's speech had "I think that I can help you, then," he said. "As it happens a lady, for whom I hit them hard.

got an order, has telegraphed to say that she cannot come. Will you follow me? He began, however, by complimenting the honorable member on his speech, "as fine a Might I ssk you to give me your name?" "Mrs. Everston," answered Beatrice, taking the first that came into her head. speech as he had listened to for many years, though, unfortunately, made from a mis-taken standpoint and the wrong side of the The member looked a little disappointed. House." Then he twitted the Government He had vaguely hoped that this lovely with not having secured the services of a young creature was unappropriated. Surely her marriage could not be satisfactory, or she would not look so sad. man so infinitely abler than the majority of their "items," and excited a good deal of amusement by stating, with some sarcastic humor, that, should it ever be his Then came more stairs and passages, and formalities, till presently Beatrice found herself in a kind of birdcage, crowded to sufficient with every sort of lady. ot to occupy the front Treasury bench, he should certainly make a certain proposal to the honorable member. After this good-"I'm afraid-I am very much afraid"-began her new found friend, surveying the natured badinage, he drifted off into the consideration of the question under discus-sion, and Beatrice paid no further attention nass with dismay. But at that moment a stout lady in front to him, but occupied herselt in watching felt taint with the heat and had to leave the Geoffrey drop back into the same apparent gallery, and almost before she knew where she was, Beatrice was installed in her place. state of cold indifference from which the

necessity of action had aroused him. Presently the gentleman who had found Her friend had bowed and vanished, and she was left to all purposes alone, for she her the seat came up and spoke to her, asknever heeded those about him, though some ing her how she was getting on. Very soon of them looked at her hard enough, wonder-ing at her form and beauty, and who she he began to speak of Geoffrey's speech, say-ing that it was one of the most brilliant of the session, if not the most brilliant. "Then Mr. Bingham is a rising man, I

She cast her eyes down over the crowded House, and saw a vision of hats, and col-lars, and legs, and heard a tumult of sounds; suppose?" Beatrice said. "Rising? I should think so," he an the sharp voice of a speaker who was rapid-ly losing his temper, the plaudits of the swered. "They will get him into the Gov-ernment on the first opportunity after this; Government benches, the interruptions from

he's too good to neglect. Very few men have come to the fore like Mr. Bingham. the opposition-yes, even yeils, and hoots, We call him the comet, and if only he does noises, that reminded her remotely of the crowing of cocks. Possibly, had she not make a mess of his chances by doing thought of it. Beatrice would not have been something foolish, there is no reason why he greatly impressed with the dignity of an should not be Attorney General in a few assembly, at the doors of which so many of its years. members seemed to leave their manners, with

"Why should be do anything foolish?"

ridiculous things, throw up their career, get into a public scandal, run away with

THE SUCCULENT CRAB her danger. "Oh, goodby, Geoffrey!" she her danger. "On goodby, Geonrey! the murmured, for a second allowing her heart to go forth toward him. Then realizing what she had done, she dropped her veil, and went swiftly. The gentleman called "Tom"—she never learned his name—stood for a moment dumfounded, and at that in-

plies the Leading Markets.

and halted. "Why," said his companion, "there is that lady again; we must have passed quite close to her. She was looking after us, I saw her face in the gaslight—and I never THE FEMALES ARE NEVER TAKEN.

Process of Shedding After Lying Dormant

cents a dozen, and are more frequently PRICES OF DIFFERENT VARIETIES

"She was there a second ago," he said, pointing to the pillar, "but I've lost her now-I fancy she went toward the railroad CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] station, but I could not see. Stop, is that her?" and he pointed to a tall person walk-

ing toward the abbey. Quickly they moved to intercept her, but rear around for the markets of the leading the result was not satisfactory, and they retreated hastily from the object of their at-Meanwhile Beatrice found herself opposite the entrance to the Westminster bridge station. A hansom was standing there; she got into it and told the man to drive to Paddington. Before the pair had retraced their steps lwave thrown back into the bay; that keeps she was gone. "She has vanished again," said "Tom," and went on to give a descrip

tion of her to Geoffrey. Of her dress he had unfortunately taken no particular note. It might be one of Beatrice's, or it might not. It seemed almost inconceivable to Geoffrey that she should be masquerading about London under the name of Mrs. Everston. And yet-and yet-he could have sworn-but it was folly!

Suddenly he bade his friend good night and took a hansom. "The mystery thickens," said the astonished "Tom," as he #atched him drive away. "I would give £100 to find out what it all means. Oh! that woman's face—it haunts me. It looked like the face of an angel bidding farewell to heaven." But he never did find out any more about

it, though the last despairing look of Beatrice, as she bade her mute farewell, still

sometimes haunts his sleep. Geoffrey reflected rapidly. The whole thing was ridiculous, and yet it was possi-ble. Beyond that brief line in answer to his letter he had heard nothing from Beatrice. Indeed, he was waiting to hear from her before taking any further step. But even supposing she were in London. even supposing she were in London, where was he to look for her? He knew that she had no money, she could not stay there long. It occurred to him there was a train leaving Euston for Wales about 4 in the morning. It was just possible that she might be in town, and returning by this train. He told the cabman to drive to Euston station, and on arrival closely questioned a sleepy porter, but without satisfactory results. Then he searched the station; there were

no traces of Beatrice. He did more: he sat down, weary as he was, and waited for an hour and a half, till it was time for the train to start. There were but three passengers, and none of them in the least rese Beatrice. "It is very strange," Geoffrey said to him

self as he walked away. "I could have sworn that I felt her presence just for one second. It must have been nonsense. This is what comes of occult influences, and that kind of thing. The occult is a nuisance."

If he had only gone to Paddington! (To be continued next Sunday.)

Bolling Criminals in England.

In 1530, an attempt to poison the Bishon of Rochester and his family, by a cook named Rose, who had thrown some deleterious drug into their porridge, created quite a panic in the land. Poisoning had hitherto been rare in England, and was looked upon

she asked. "Oh, for no reason on earth that I know of; only, as I dare say you have noticed, brilliant men of this sort are very apt to do ridiculous things, throw up their career, get into a public scandal, run away with

PRICE OF THE LUXURIES. All the soft crabs taken during the sum A Little Maryland Town That Supmer are sent to market, and in May and early June the only soft crabs to be found in New York come from Maryland, Virginia

average 60 dozen a day.

Taking a crab out of water arrests the

process of development, and packed in sea-weed in a cool place the shedder or soft crab

will remain alive for several weeks without

AN AERONANT'S DESCENT.

Description of a Thrilling Performance in

Town of England.

ley, of South Shields: At 5:30 the balloon

come, and that Mr. Shipley had separated

himself from the balloon and was falling

The balloon and parachute and man were

outlined with perfect clearness against the sky, and for a second the falling form of

precipitated himself into space, Mr. Ship-

ley fell a hundred feet or more with tright-ful rapidity until the air filled out the folds

of the parachute, which expanded gracefully and showed Mr. Shipley

hanging suspended from the ring and descending slowly toward mother earth again. When it was seen that he was, so

far, safe, the pent-up feelings of the people

Electrocution for Rats.

into space.

undergoing any change.

and North Carolina. In the latter part of June soft grabs begin to be caught in Jersey waters, and the price then declines. soft crabs are scarce \$2 or \$2 25 per dozen is

During the Winter.

valued at \$1 50, and sometimes command \$3 per dozen.

CRISFIELD MD. April 26 -This little own furnishes most of the crabs all the

cities of this country. The crabs are caught in the Chesapeake Bay and are packed in crates and barrels for shipment. Over half the inhabitants of the town make their iving out of crabbing. Whenever a female crab is scooped up in the crabber's net it is

up the propagation, and hence the supply is always adequate for the demand. It also accounts for the luscious quality of the huge blue crab caught in these waters.

The crabs are caught during every month The sudden ascent did not appear in n the year and in all stages of development. the least to have disturbed Mr. Shipley's Millions of crabs are shipped North on the equanimity, for the thousands of upturned East Shore Railroad every year, and the eyes saw that he was kicking his legs about Marvland soft crabs meet Jersey soft crabs in apparent enjoyment. The intrepid yoyin the New York markets on equal footing ager coolly took off his cap and waved it in spite of the difference in the distance they and the action was greeted with enthusiastic are carried. The crabs in market in winter cheering. The aerostat had risen almo are always hard-shells, and, in fact, they would be if they were brought from the perpendicularly to a height of somewhere about eight thousand feet, when it tropics. They are dredged or raked out of seemed to oscillate a little, and then tended in a northwesterly direction. the mud in the Chesapeake and its estua-ries and thousands of them are caught by Soon afterward a sudden involuntary cry oystermen. indicated that the erneial moment had

THE PROCESS OF SHEDDING.

The crabs are dormant from fall until spring even in the Gulf of Mexico, where they are more abundant than anywhere else on this country's coast. In the spring, when they come out of the mud and masse of seaweed, they go right into the business of sheading. Really, it seems as if the crab had little else to do in summer but shed his shell and get a new one of larger caliber. The hard crab first puts on a leath ery undergarment and while it is growing he is known as a "comer." In a day or two, when this under skin is completed, he is a "shedder," and then he is fitted for bait, because his hard shell can then be stripped off, leaving the leathery integument entire. In this condition he is more valuable than

found relief in a prolonged shout of gladness. The parachute settled slowly down a soft crab, owing to the constant demand for bait and the fact that the "shedders" upon the town, and Mr. Shipley came down upon the roof over a backward stairway, and ace less frequently caught than solt crabs. In a single day the "shedder" parts his slid down safely into the arms of the people who were waiting below. The balloon itself shot still higher after shell and becomes a "buster." Taken then he is the best of bait, but left in the water a Mr. Shipley fell from it, but soon collapsed tew hours he will throw off his shell, craw and fell. The whole of the proceedings had out of it entire and commence to swell and not occupied more than a few minutes. stretch out his elastic covering. Then he is a When it was seen which direction the baloft crab par excellence.

WHEN HE TASTES BEST.

loon was taking when rising, a cab was dispatched to bring Mr. Shipley to the ground. But the enthusiastic crowd On the night of the day the crab divests himself of his misfit shell he is in the best unharnessed the horse and drew the cab themselves, and, when near the field, Mr. condition for frying. In another day, if he is not taken from the water, his new cover-Shipley was borne upon the shoulders of ing becomes like parchment, and in 12 hours more the parchment hardens so that it just one known as the "strong man of Shields," and, having come safely through the danger he had already undergone, seemed likely to yields to pressure. Then he is known as a "buckler," and is of little use except as a suffer from the attentions of his admirers.

proiler. The crab fishing business is put down at 500,000 per year by the Fish Commission, and probably the estimate is by no means complete, as it is difficult to obtain accurate An American patent has been issued to a Frenchman for an electric trap, which consists of a lure or bait located behind a grid information from the men engaged in any kind of fishing. In Virginia and Maryland there are sevcomposed of metal rods or wires, which are

arragned side by side, forming the positive and negative wires of the circuit. When a rat, for example seeking the bait, comes in and so are the eyes of the rat.

tripe or fish, and the catch per man will THE AMERICUS CLUB

When

L. S. MOTT.

Continued from Nineth Page.

and to the consecration of our enlightened Constitutional Government. And yet, having known him as a private citizen and friend for many years, I can truthfully assert that he was so full of noble qualities, and bore within him so noble a soul, that in my intercourse not regarded as an excessive price; but in the height of the season the ruling price is \$1 for large crabs and 75 cents for medium and small. "Shedders" seldom go below 75 with him, I held the individual, even when wholly unhedged about with dignities, in no less esteem and reverence than the soldier and statesman. Indeed, so much have I have inversed balance. been impressed by the constant presence of his magnanimity and personal honor, his charity and simplicity, his kindness and sflection, that if I were empowered to estab-lish him in mortal memory, and for that purpose were endowed with the sculptor's highest art, I would consider my task but poorly done unless I could erect a statue so closely molded upon the original as not only to convey original as not only to convey to posterity a perpetual memorial of his fame and glory, but also reveal to the eye of every acquaintance of the living man that wealth of "sweet amenities" which encircled and nemerated all his private his

The Newcastle, England, Chronicle thus and permeated all his private life. desoribes the performance of W. H. Ship-

If we would make true greatness the theme of our culogies, no more appropriate exemplar can be found than General Grant; was in readiness. Suddenly it was cut and if such as he be accepted and retained loose and in a moment shot high into the as the models for durselves and posterity, air, amid the cheers of the multitude gathwe shall have received most beneficent in ered inside the field and out of it. fluences that can ever be derived from the contemplation of the lives and actions of the mmortal dead who have fought to glorious victories the battles of mankind, 1 am, with great respect and sincerity,

Very truly yours, JOHN A. CRESWELL.

MILKING THE REINDRER.

Great Herds Driven Into Inclosures and Attended to by the Women. ewcastle, Eng., Chronicle, 1

When we reached the Lapp encampment, which consisted of a number of huts scattered about in a grove of birch trees, we found the men and women absent. Jacob, my guide, pulled aside the skin covering which closed the entrance to one of the huts. when a couple of fine dogs sprang out at the aeronant was watched with absolutely us barking and growling, a greetbreathless excitement. When he had thus ing which was changed to a more gentle welcome when they recognized my little guide. I stooped down and entered the hut, and found it inhabited by three or four children, one of whom was a baby. The elder girl gave me a welcome, and bun-

dled out the youngsters to make room for me, placing a reindeer skin on the ground for me to recline on. However, Jacob would not let me rest, but made me understand there was something to be seen outside. A hundred yards or so away was an in-

closure called a rengiœrde, formed of birch branches, into which the reindeer had been brought to be milked. The old chief. Yens. with a number of companions of both sexes, was attending to the animals. Yens came up and shook hands, and tried to carry on a conversation with me in his own tongue, but, of course, the effort proved abortive. I was then taken inside the ring among the deer, and had a good opportunity of inspect-ing the animals. They had just been milked, and the

women were gathering up their lassoes, which they throw over the horns of the animals when they want to catch them. Yens led the way outside the inclosure, and when we were safely posted at a little distance the deer were let out. It was a fine sight to see the thousands of animals, with their grand antlers, rush out giving expression to their joy at regaining their freedom by a great chorus of pig-like grunts.

Gladstone on a Postal Curd.

A few weeks ago, Gladstone was invited to be present at a festival given in behalf of a charitable enterprise; he sent his declination upon a postal card; at the festival the contact with the grid, the circuit is closed, postal card was put up at auction sale and brought the goodly sum of £16.

of her assistant, the head at the lodging school teacher, and told her that it was possible that she would not be in her place on the Tuesday (Monday was, as it chanced, a heliday). If anybody inquired as to her absence, perhaps she would kindly tell them that Miss Granger had an appointment to keep, and had taken a morning's holiday in order to do so. She should, however, be back that afternoon. The teacher assented without suspicion, remarking that if she, Beatrice, could not take a morning's holi-day, she was sure she did not know who

Next morning they breakfasted very early because Mr. Granger and Elizabeth had ar-ranged to visit Hereford. Beatrice sat through the meal in silence, her calm eyes looking straight before her, and the others, gazing on them and at the lovely, inscruta-ble face, felt an indefinable fear creep into their hearts. What did this woman mean to do? That was the question they asked of themselves, though not of each other. That she meant to do something they were sure, for there was purpose written on every line of her cold face

Suddenly, as they sat thinking and making pretense to eat, a thought flashed like an arrow into Beatrice's heart and pierced it. This was the last meal that they would ever take together, this was the last time that she could ever see her father's and her sister's faces. For her sister, well, it might passfor there are some things which even a woman like Beatrice can never quite forgive -but she loved her father. She loved his very faults, even his simple avarice and self-seeking had become endeared to her by long and wondering contemplation. Be-sides, he was her father; he gave her the life she was about to east away. And she should never see him more. Not on that account did she hesitate in her purpose, which was now set in her mind, like Bryngelly Castle on its rock, but at the thought tears rushed unbidden to her eves.

Just then breakfast came to an end, and Elizabeth hurried from the room to fetch her bonnet.

"Father," said Beatrice, "if you can be-fore you go, I should like to hear you say you do not believe that I told you what was

false-about that story." "Eh, ch!" answered the old man, nerv-ously, "I thought that we had agreed to say nothing about the matter at present." "Yes, but I should like to hear you say it,

father. It cuts me that you should think that I would lie to you, for I have never wilfully in my life told you what was not true;" and she clasped her hands about his arm, and looked into his face.

He gazed at her doubtfully. Was it possuble that after all she was speaking the truth? No; it was not possible. "I can't, Beatrice," he said-"not that I

blame you overmuch for trying to defend

yourself; a cornered rat will show fight." "May you never regret those words," she said; "and now goodby," and she kissed him on the forehead. At this moment Elizabeth entered, saying

that it was time to start, and he did not return the kiss.

Good-by, Elizabeth," said Beatrice, stretching out her hand. But Elizabeth affected not to see it, and in another moment they were gone. She followed them to the gute and watched them till they vanished down the road. Then she returned, her heart strained almost to bursting. But she wept no tear.

Thus did Beatrice bid a last farewell to her father and her sister.

"Elizabeth," said Mr. Granger, as they drew near to the station. "I am not easy in my thoughts about Beatrice. There was such a strange look in her eyes; it-in short, it trightens me. I have half a mind to give up Hereford and go back," and he stopped

on the road, hesitating. "As you like," said Elizabeth, with a sneer, "but I should think that Beatrice is big enough and had enough to look after

"Before the God who made us," said the before the God who made us," said the old man furiously, and striking the ground with his stick, "she may be bad, but she is not so had as you who betrayed her. If Beatrice is a Magdalene, you are a woman Judas, and I believe that you hate her and would be glad to see her dead." with his stick, "she may be bad, but she is not so bad as you who betrayed her. If Beatrice is a Magdalene, you are a woman Judas, and I believe that you hate her and would be glad to see her dead." Elizabeth made no answer. They were



BEATRICE LEAVING BRYNGELLY FOREVER.

Might she go home for the night? She could come back on the morrow, and Miss their overcoats and sticks; it might even have suggested the idea of a bear garden to her mind. But she simply did not think of it. Beatrice could get somebody in to sleep if she was lopesome She searched the House keenly enough, but Beatrice sympathized, demurred and con-

it was to find one face, and one only-Ahl sented, and Betty started at once. As soon as she was gone, Beatrice locked up the house, put the key in her pocket and started ou her five miles' tramp. Nobody saw her there he was.

CHAPTER XXVII. GEOFFREY'S TRIUMPHS IN THE COMMONS.

leave the house, and she passed by a path at the back of the rillage, so that nobody saw her on the road. Reaching Coed station quite unobserved, and just before the train And now the House of Commons might vanish into the bottomless abyss, and take the House of Lords and what remained of was due, she let down her veil and took a the British Constitution with it, and she third-class ticket to London. This she was obliged to do, for her stock of money was should never miss them. For, at the best of vory small; it amounted, altogether to 36 shillings, of which the fare to London and times, Beatrice-in common with most of her sex-in all gratitude be it said, was not back would cost her 28 and fourpence. In another minute she had entered an an ardent politician.

There Geoffrey sat, his arms folded-the empty third-class carriage, and the train had hat pushed slightly from his forehead, so

steamed away. She reached Paddington about 8 that that she could see his face. There was her night, and, going to the refreshment room, dined on some ten and bread and butter. Then she washed her hands, brushed her hair and started. Beatrice had never been in London before,

and as soon as she left the station the rush and roar of the huge city took hold of her and confused her. Her idea was to walk to the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. She would, she thought, be sure to see Geoffrey there, because she had bought a

daily paper in which she had bought a daily paper in which she had read that he was to be one of the speakers in a great de-bate on the Irish question, which was to be brought to a close that night. She had been told by a friendly porter to follow Praed street till she came to the Edgware road, then to walk on to the Marble Arch, and ask again. Restricts followed the fact are

ask again. Beatrice followed the first part of this progromme—that is, she walked as far as the Edgware road. Then it was that confusion seized her and she stood

hesitating. At this juncture, a coarse brute of a man came up and made some remark to her. It was impossible for a woman like Beatrice to walk alone in the streets of London at night, without running the risk of such attentions. She turned

from him, and as she did so, heard him say something about her beauty to a fellow Ar-cadian. Close to where she was stood two hansom enbs. She went to the first and asked the driver for how much he would take her to the House of Commons.

"Two bob, miss," he answered. Beatrice shock her head and turned to go again. She was afraid to spend so much on

"I'll take yer for 18 pence, miss," called out the other driver. This offer she was about to accept when the first man inter-"You leave my fare alone, will yer? Tell

somebody or something.

somebody or something. Not that there should be any fear of such a thing where Mr. Bingham is concerned, for he has a charming wife, and they say that she is a great help to him. Why, there is the divis-ion bell. Goodby, Mrs. Everston; I will come back to see you." "Goodby," Beatrice answered, "and in case I should miss you, I wish to say some-thing, to thank you for your kindness in helping me to get in here to-night. You have done me a great service, a very great service, and I am most grateful to you." "It is nothing—nothing," he answered. "It is nothing—nothing," he answered. "It has been a pleasure to help you. If," he added, with some confusion, 'you would allow me to call some day, the pleasure would be all the greater. I will bring Mr. Bingham with me, if you would like to know him-that is, if I can."

know him-that is, if I can." Beatrice shook her head. "I cannot," she answered, smiling sadly. "I am going on a long journey to-morrow and I shall not return here. Goodby." In another second he was gone, more piqued and interested about this fair un-known than he had been about any woman for years. Who could she be? and why was she so environs to hear the debate? There she so anxious to hear the debate? There was a mystery in it somewhere, and he determined to solve it if he could.

Meanwhile the division took place, and presently the members flocked back, and amid ringing ministerial cheers and counter opposition cheers the victory of the Govnt was announced. Then came the usual formalities and the members began to melt away. Beatrice saw the leader of the House and several members of the Govern-ment go up to Geoffrey, shake his hand and congratulate him. Then, with one long look, she turned and went, leaving him in the moment of his triumph, that seemed to interest him so little, but which made Ber trice more proud at heart than if she had

been declared empress of the world. Oh, it was well to love a man like that, a man born to tower over his fellowmen-and well to die for him. Could she let her mis erable existence interfere with such a life as his should be? Never, never! There should be no "public scandal" on her account.

She drew her veil over her face and inquired the way from the House. Presently she was outside. By one of the gateways, and in the shadow of its pillars, she stopped, watching the members of the House stream own beloved, whom she had come so far to see, and whom to-morrow she would dare so gether, and once or twice she caught th see, and whom to-morrow she would dare so much to save. How sad he looked—he did not seem to be paying much attention to what was going on. She knew well enough that he was thinking of her; she could feel it in her head as she had often felt it before. But she dared not let her mind an or the same could be the mind the same could be t

it in her head as she had often felt it before. But she dared not let her mind go out to him in answer, for, if once she did so, she knew also that he would discover her. So she sat, and fed her eyes upon his face, taking her farewell of it, while round her and beneath her the hum of the House looked at him and muttering something he moved on himself, leaving her in peace. Presently she saw Geoffrey and the gentle-man who had been so kind to her walking man who had been so kind to her walking along together. They came through the gateway, the lappel of his coat brushed her arm and he never saw her. Closer she crouched against the pillar, hiding herself in its shadow. Within six teet of her Geof-frey stopped and lit a cigar. The light of the match flared upon its face that dork went on, as ever present and unnoticed as the hum of bees upon a summer noon. Presently the gentleman who had been so kind to her sat down in the next seat to kind to her sat down in the next seat to Geoffrey, and began to whisper to him, as he did so glancing once or twice toward the grating behind which she was. She guessed that he was telling him the story of the lady who was so unaccountably anxious to hear the debate, and how pretty she was. But it did not seem to interest Geoffrey much, and Beatrice was femining a mough to notice it the match flared upon its face, that dark, strong face she loved so well. How fired he looked. A gre t longing took possession of her to step forw rd and speak to him, but she restrained herself almost by force. Her friend was speaking to him, and

about her. "Such a lovely woman," he was saying, "with the clearest and most beautiful gray eyes that I ever saw. But she has gone like a dream. I can't find her anywhere. It is Beatrice was feminine enough to notice it, and be glad of it. In her gentle jealousy she did not like to think of Geoffrey as bemost mysterious business.

ing interested in accounts of mysterious ladies, however pretty. At length a speaker rose, she under-stood from the murmur of those around her that he was one of the leaders of the Oppo-tition and commanded around the oppoa most mysterious business." "You are falling in love, Tom," answered Geoffrey, absently, as he threw away the match and walked on. "Don't do that; it is an unhappy thing to do," and he sighed. He was going! Oh, heaven! she would never, never see him more! A cold horror seized upon Beatrice; her blood seemed to stagnate. She trembled so much that she could scarcely stand. Leaning forward she sition, and commenced a powerful and bit-ter speech. She noticed that Geoffrey roused himself at this point, and began to listen with attention listen with attention. "Look," said one of the ladies near her, "Look," said one of the ladies near her, "Mr. Bingham is taking notes. He is going to speak next—he speaks wonderfully, you know. They say that he is as good as any-body in the House, except Giadstone, and Lord Randolph." "Oh!" answered another lady, "Lady Honoria is not here, is she? I don't see her." "No," replied the first; "she is a dear creature, and so handsome, too—just the wife for a rising man—but I don't think"

CLIFTON.

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