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## Selected Poetry.

### LOOK AT HOME.

Should you feel inclined to censure  
Faults you may meet in others' view,  
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,  
If that has not failings too.

Let not friendly vows be broken,  
Trite with a brother's fame;  
Guard it as a valued treasure—  
Sacred as your own good name.

Do not, then, in idle pleasure,  
Trite with a brother's fame;  
Guard it as a valued treasure—  
Sacred as your own good name.  
Do not form opinions blindly—  
Hastiness to trouble tends;  
Those of whom we've thought unkindly  
Often become our warmest friends.

## Selected Tale.

### MILLICENT AND PHILIP CRANE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE UNHOLY WISH.

#### CHAPTER I.

The day had been wet and dreary, fit emblem of its month, November; and as the evening postman splashed through the mud, on his rounds in a certain suburb of a manufacturing town in England, the family groups looked from their warm, cozy sitting-rooms, and said they would rather he had his walk than they, in the wintry weather.

He left letters at many houses, but not at all as he would have done in the manufacturing districts of the town; and whilst he is knocking at one door, that of a well kept, pretty house standing in a small garden. Let us glance into its front parlor, preceding by a minute, the letter that will soon be there.

The family are at dinner there. Two ladies only. One young still, and handsome, sits at the head of the table, the other, much younger and equally well-looking, though in a different style, sits opposite to her, facing the window. Surely they cannot be mother and child! It is not only that there appears scarcely sufficient contrast in the age, but they are so totally unlike in face, form and expression; the elder all fire and pride, the younger all grace and sweetness. No, they are only step-mother and daughter.

"Make haste, Nancy," said the young lady to the servant in waiting, "there's the postman coming here."

Her accent was exceedingly gay and joyful. She expected, perhaps some pleasant news, poor girl; and the maid left the room with alacrity.

"For me?" she questioned, as the girl returned with a letter.

"Not for you, miss," was the servant's answer. "For my mistress."

She put the letter on the tablecloth by the side of Mrs. Crane, and the latter laid down the spoon with which she was eating some rice pudding, and took it up.

"Whom is it on, mamma?"

"How can I tell, Millicent, before it is opened? It looks like some business letter, or a circular. A large-sized sheet of blue paper, and no envelope. It can wait. Will you take some more pudding?"

"Philipp sometimes writes on those business sheets," cried Miss Crane, eagerly. "Is it his handwriting, mamma?"

"Philipp! nothing but Philipp! Your throats are forever running upon him. I ask you about pudding, and you reply with Philipp! Were I Mr. Crauford, I should be jealous."

"No more, thank you," was the rejoinder of the young lady, while a smile and a bright blush rose on her candid face. "Mamma, you have never appreciated Philipp," she said. But the elder lady had opened her letter, and was deep in its contents.

"Nancy," cried Mrs. Crane, in a sharp, hasty tone, as she folded the letter together, in what seemed a movement of anger, "take all away, and put the desert on. No cheese for me today, and Miss Millicent does not care for it. Be quick. I want the room cleared. Ring for Harriet to help you."

In Mrs. Crane's impatient moods she brooked no dilatory serving, and the domestics well knew it. So that her wish, in this instance, was executed with all despatch, and she and her step-daughter were left alone together.

"I have never appreciated Philipp, you say," she began, as the door closed. "Not as you do, I am aware. I have always told you, Millicent, that your exalted opinion of him, your exaggerated love, would some time reveal a check. This letter is from his employer."

"Yes!" hesitated Millicent, for there was something hard, defiant and triumphant in her step-mother's accent and words, and it terrified her.

"He has been robbing them and has now been hanged. They want me to give him up to justice if he should come hiding here."

In the first shock of this terrible assertion, Millicent Crane gasped for breath, so that the impassioned denial she sought to utter would not come. For her confidence in her brother was strong, and her heart whispered to her that the accusation was not true.

"There is some mistake," she said recovering her agitation, and speaking quite calmly.

"Read the letter," returned Mrs. Crane, pointing it over the table towards her; and Millicent read, and her confidence and her hope died away.

When Millicent Crane had been ten and her brother eight, they were left motherless. Mr. Crauford after a short lapse of time, married again a young wife. She did not talk kindly to the children, or they to her. She used to say to the children that they were so wrapt up in their mother that they had no love to give her. But

the children themselves, knew that their new mother disliked them, in her inmost heart; that had they loved her, with a true and entire love, she could never have returned it—for who so quick as children, in detecting where their affections may securely be placed? To an open rupture with the children she never came, as she might have done had a family of her own been born to her. She encouraged herself in her antipathy to the children, and towards Philip it grew into a positive hatred. He was a generous, high-spirited, but tiresome boy, as boys, who are worth anything, are apt to be. He kept the house in commotion, and the drawing-room in a litter, spinning tops on its carpet, and breaking its windows with his india-rubber ball. Mrs. Crane was perpetually slipping upon marbles, and treacherous hooks and fishing tackle were wont to entangle themselves in her stockings and feet. She invoked no end of storms on his head, and the boy would gather his playthings together and dump them with them; but the next day they, or others more troublesome would be laying about again. What provoked Mrs. Crane worse than all was, that she could not put Phillip out of the house. She had the ear of her father, not they; and she got the children put to school. Millicent was eighteen and Phillip sixteen before they returned home, and then Mr. Crane was dead, and the money, which ought to have been theirs, was left to the widow for her life, and to them afterwards—and she but twelve or fourteen years older they were! Mrs. Crane was charged to pay them £50 a year each, during her life; an additional fifty to Phillip till he attained the age of twenty-one, then to cease; and Millicent was to have her home with her step-mother, until removed from it by marriage.

"It's a wicked will," burst forth Phillip in the height of his indignation; "my father must have lost his senses before he made such a will."

"We must make the best of it, Phillip," whispered his gentle sister, soothingly; "it is done, and there is no remedy. You shall have me £50 as well as your own. I shall not want it."

"Don't talk nonsense, Millicent, returned the boy. "You'll want your £50 for clothes and pocket-money; do not flatter yourself that deceitful old crocodile will furnish them. And if she did, do you think I would take the paltry pittance from you?"

Phillip said he would go to sea, but Millicent cried and sobbed, and entreated that he would not; for she possessed the dread of a sea life, indigenous in many women; and Phillip, who loved her dearly, yielded to her. Then he said he would go into the army; but where was his commission to come from? Mrs. Crane declined to furnish funds for it. At length an old friend of his father's obtained for him an admission into one of the London banking houses. He was then seventeen; but he was not to expect a salary for ever so long a period after admission, and his £100 a year was all he had to keep him in every way.—"Enough, too!" as Mrs. Crane said, and as many others may say. Yes, amply enough, when a young man has the moral strength to resist expensive temptations, but very little to encounter these which bubble up in the vortex of London life. From five o'clock in the evening, about which hour he left business, was Phillip Crane his own master, without a home, save his solitary lodgings, and without relatives. Friends (as they are so called) he made for himself, but they were friends that he had better have been without; for they were mostly young men of expensive habits, and of means superior to his. As the years went on, debt came; embarrassments came; despair came; and, in an evil hour, it was on his twenty-second birthday, Phillip Crane took what did not belong to him, and detection followed. Hence the letter which the reader has seen addressed to Mrs. Crane by the firm, in which they gave free vent to the fullness of their indignation.

Millicent sat with her eyes and thoughts concentrated on the letter; and a slow conviction of its truth came to her. "Oh Phillip! Phillip!" she wailed forth, "anything but this! I would have worked to save you from dishonor—I would have died to save you from crime. Mrs. Crane! mamma! what he has taken must be instantly replaced."

"Not by me," was the harsh reply. "You will never find me offering a premium for theft. He deserves punishment, and I trust he will meet it. If he attempts to come here, I shall assuredly give him up to justice."

Millicent did not answer, did not remonstrate, but sat with her head bowed in her clasped hands. She knew how resolute was Mrs. Crane, where her dislike was concerned, and she knew, now, that she hated Phillip; she had long suspected it. A knock at the house door aroused Millicent.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, starting up, "that is Mr. Crauford. He must be told this. Perhaps—when he knows—he will not—I am going upstairs," she added, more hurriedly, as she heard a servant advancing to admit the visitor. "Do you tell him."

How many phases of thought pass through the mind in an instant of time! In the interval of Millicent's escaping from the room, and Mr. Crauford's entrance to it, Mrs. Crane had run over the matter with herself and taken her resolution. She would not tell Mr. Crauford. He was on the point (within a few months, for it was to be in spring) of marriage with Millicent; she desired the latter married with all heart and wish, and certainly she would not give information of any kind, which might tend to stop that marriage. Mrs. Crane was a vain woman, fond of admiration; her head had latterly been running on the possibility of a second marriage; she wanted Millicent gone, that herself and her movements might be left without incumbrance.

Mr. Crauford entered, a gentlemanly man of about thirty. His manners were pleasing, and his countenance was handsome, but his chief

expression was that of resolute pride. He was in business with his father, a flourishing manufacturer of the town, and was much attached to Millicent. People said how fortunate she had been, what a desirable man he was, and what a good match.

He sat with Mrs. Crane the whole evening, and took tea with her. Millicent never came down. Mrs. Crane told him Millicent was not well, and she believed, had retired to rest.—When he left the house, Millicent came shivering into the parlor, and crept close to the fire, for she was very cold.

"Mamma, how is it? What does she say?"

"Millicent," said the elder lady, turning away her face, which was blushing hotly for her untruth, to tell which, was not one of Mrs. Crane's frequent faults, "it will make no difference in her attentions towards you. He must feel the degradation Phillip has brought, but he will not visit it on you—upon one condition."

"What condition?" asked Millicent, raising her eyes to her step-mother.

"That you never speak of your brother to him; that you never, directly or indirectly allude to him in his presence; and should Mr. Crauford, in a moment of forgetfulness, mention Phillip's name before you, that you will not notice it, but turn the conversation to another subject."

"And is this restriction to continue after our marriage?" inquired Millicent.

"I know nothing about that. When people are married they soon find out what matters they may, or may not, enter upon with each other. It is enough, Millicent that you observe it for the present."

"It is no difficult restriction," mused Millicent. "For what could I have to say now about Phillip that I should wish to talk of to him?" She laid her hand against the side marble of the mantel-piece as she spoke, and a sort of half-sigh, half moan escaped her.—Mrs. Crane looked at her troubled countenance, as her eyes closed in pain, at the silent tears trickling down. "And for an ungrateful rascal!" she contemptuously uttered.

#### CHAPTER II.

The weeks went on, several, and with them, the preparation for Millicent Crane's marriage with Mr. Crauford. For once—rare occurrence!—it was a union of love, and Millicent's happiness would have been unclouded but for the agitating suspense she was in about her brother. His hiding place had not been traced, but it was the opinion of the banking-firm, that he had escaped to America. And there they quietly suffered him to remain, for his defection had not been great—not sufficient for them to go to the expense and trouble of tracking him there. Millicent's days were anxious and her nights weary; she loved this brother with a lively, enduring love; like as a mother clings to her child; so did Millicent cling to him. She pictured him wandering the earth, homeless, friendless, destitute; overwhelmed with remorse, for she knew that an honorable nature, like Phillip's, could not commit a crime and then forget it; or she pictured him revelling with dissolute companions, sinking deeper into sin, day by day. Before Mr. Crauford alone she strove to appear cheerful and happy, not wishing him, after his restriction, to think she dwelt too much on this error of his brother.

One day, in the beginning of February, she was walking unaccompanied into the town, when a man, dressed loosely in the garb of a sailor, wearing a large, shabby pilot-jacket, and with huge black whiskers, stepped up to her and put a note into her hand without speaking, touched his hat and disappeared down a side-street. Millicent, much surprised, started after the man and opened it.

"My dear sister—Come to me this evening at dusk, if you can do so without suspicion at home. I have been days on the watch, and have not been able to get speech of you. I am now writing this, hoping to give it to you, if not to-day, some other. Be very cautious; the police are no doubt on the look-out for me here, as they have been in London. I am at 24, Port street; the house is mean and low, and you must come up to the top story, and enter the door on your right hand. Will you dare this for my sake?" "P. C."

Millicent had unconsciously stood still while she read the note, and her face was turning as white as death. So intent was she as not to perceive Mr. Crauford, who happened, by ill-luck to be passing through the street—an unusual part of the town for him to be in, at that hour of the day. He crossed over the road, and touched her on the shoulder, and Millicent, whose head was full of officers of justice looking after Phillip, positively screamed in alarm, and crumpled the note up in her hand; and thrust it into her bosom.

"What is the matter?" cried Mr. Crauford, looking at her in astonishment.

"I thought—I—is it only you?" stammered Millicent.

"Only me! Whom did you expect it was? What has happened, Millicent, to drive away your color, like this? What is that letter you have just hidden, with as much terror as if it were a forged banknote?"

"The letter's—nothing," she gasped, her teeth chattering with agitation and fright.

"It must be something," persisted Mr. Crauford. "I saw a sailor come up and give it to you. Very strange!"

"Indeed it is nothing," repeated Millicent—"nothing that I can tell you."

"Do you want to make me jealous, Millicent?" he asked, in a tone that she might take for either jest or earnest.

"I will tell you all about it sometime," she said, endeavoring to assume a careless, playful tone. "I promise it, Richard."

He left her as she spoke, for he was in pursuit of hasty business; but as he walked on, he pondered over what he had seen, and Millicent's agitation; and repeated to himself that it was "very strange."

"Evening came, and Millicent, arrayed in the plainest garb she could muster, a cloth cloak and dark winter bonnet, and making an excuse to Mrs. Crane that she was going to spend

an hour with some friend who lived near the alley, and Mr. Crauford, after a short mental debate, strode after her. He traced her perfectly well the locality of the street he had mentioned, Port street, but never remembered to have been in it; it was tenanted by the very poor, and partly let out in low lodging houses.

As she turned rapidly into it, she saw, by the light of the dim evening, that it was an unwholesome, dirty street, garbage and offal lying about, in company of half-naked children; squalid men were smoking pipes, and women with uncombed hair, tattered clothing and loud and angry tongues, stood by them. Millicent drew her black veil tighter over her face as she peered for No. 24.

To turn into the house and up the two flights of stairs, was the work of a moment. Peeping out of the door indicated, and holding a light in his hand, was the same man who had given her the note. He retreated into the room before Millicent, and held the door open for her. She stood in hesitation.

"Millicent, don't you know me?" he whispered, pulling her in and bolting the door behind her. And whilst she was doing this he could not be Phillip, she saw that it was. For one single instant he took off the black curls, like a sailor's, and the false black whiskers; and his own auburn hair, his fair face, with its open gay expression and its fresh color, appeared to view.

"Oh Phillip! dear Phillip!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears, "that it should come to this!"

How the temptations of his London life had overwhelmed him, his embarrassment had drowned his reason and his honor, and in a fatal moment of despair, he had taken a bank-note which he could not replace. Not for an hour since had he known peace, and had it not been for the disgrace to her of having her only brother at the felon's bar, he should have twenty times over given himself up to justice. He had been in hiding ever since in poverty, and was now in scanty clothing, for his clothes, what few he had brought with him when he took flight, had gone under article to procure food. He had made up his mind to leave the country for Australia, if Millicent could help him with the passage-money, the lowest amount that the lowest passenger could be conveyed for, and clothe him with a few necessaries for the voyage.

"I would not ask it, Millicent," he said, "for I do not deserve help from you; I would not, on my word of honor, but that that country holds out a hope of my redeeming what I have done; and for your sake, if not for my own, I would endeavor to redeem the past and atone for it, for I well know the severe trial this has been to you. Large fortunes are made there by the cultivation of land—don't look incredulous, and stop me, Millicent, they are." If I can gain money, my first step shall be to refund what I took, and perhaps in time, Millicent—you may acknowledge a brother again. Should this luck not be mine, I can at least work honestly for the bread I eat, work and rough it—and I have had enough of crime.—Here work is denied me, for I may not show myself in the face of day."

Millicent, good, forgiving and full of love, promised with alacrity, all he wished. She had not the money at command, but determined to procure it. After her own wants were supplied out of her yearly £50, she had always forwarded the remainder to Phillip, and latterly her spare cash had been spent in making preparations for her wedding.

"I will come here to-morrow evening, Phillip," she said, "and bring what I can with me, that you may be getting some clothes together. I will get it all for you in a few days. Is there nowhere else that we could meet instead of here?"

"Of course there's not," he answered. "It will not do for us to be meeting in the street, lest the officers should catch the scent. Nothing will harm you here, my darling sister.—If the house is poor, it is honest, and the way to it, though filthy with poverty, is not depraved."

"No, no, there's nothing to harm me," she pleasantly acquiesced. "I will be here again to-morrow night, Phillip."

The next evening circumstances appeared to favor Millicent. She was invited without Mrs. Crane, to take tea at a friend's house, and no thing would be easier, she thought, than to go out ostensibly to pay the visit, and run first to Phillip. So she attired herself in the same dark cloak and bonnet, and when ready, went in to say adieu to Mrs. Crane.

"You are going very early!" exclaimed the latter. "And what a dowdy you have made of yourself, Millicent! I thought that old coal-scuttle of a bonnet was discarded last winter."

"It is raining fast, mamma."

"Is it? I hope you have got your dress up. Where's Nancy?"

"They went out together, Miss Crane and Nancy. Soon Millicent dismissed the latter, saying she wished to proceed alone, but that Nancy need not mention this to her mistress. The girl promised; she was pleased to have an hour for herself, and went gossiping off to some of her acquaintances, and she only thought her young lady was going to steal a walk with Mr. Crauford."

Millicent walked swiftly, heedless of the dirt and the rain. It was a windy night, and as she was turning the corner of the ally, which led from the broad, lighted street to Port-st., her umbrella, a light one, turned inside out. So Millicent had to make a stand there, and battle with it.

On the other side of the wide street, picking his way, that he might not soil, more than necessary, his evening boots, was advancing a gentleman, likewise under of an umbrella. He glanced at the figure opposite, struggling and fighting with hers, and a smile at her efforts came to his eyes and his lips; but it was speedily superseded by astonishment, for as the figure threw its face upwards, in the contest with this obstinate umbrella, the rays of a street gas-light fell on it, and disclosed the features of his own betrothed wife. It was Richard Crauford.

Millicent and the umbrella disappeared down the ally, and Mr. Crauford, after a short mental debate, strode after her. He traced her perfectly well the locality of the street he had mentioned, Port street, but never remembered to have been in it; it was tenanted by the very poor, and partly let out in low lodging houses.

It was half an hour before she came out, and she went quickly up the street in the rain, without putting up her umbrella, fearful perhaps of another collision with the wind. Mr. Crauford came from his hiding-place, and kept her in view till she was knocking, heated and out of breath, at the house of their friends, where he had likewise an invitation. He went up, as she stood there waiting for admission, but said nothing of what he had seen, not a word: he had resolved to watch her future movements and pursue the matter up. But he was pointedly cool to Millicent, and did not see her home in the evening. He was a proud, vain man, and to have any doubt or suspicion cast upon his future wife, was to his spirit as wormwood. And yet to doubt Millicent Crane!—open, honorable, right-minded Millicent Crane! Mr. Crauford was sorely perplexed, and worried himself on his sleepless bed that night.

Several days elapsed before Millicent got together the necessary money for her brother, borrowing in secret, a few pounds from one and a few pounds from another; for Mrs. Crane she did not dare to ask or confide in, and nearly every evening she contrived to see him. But never did she enter that low street and its No. 24, but she was watched by Richard Crauford. He made inquiries. A handsome young sailor, just come off a voyage, was lodging in the house, and the young woman came to see him—Richard Crauford could not fathom it, but his heart waxed wrath against Millicent.

One evening, when the time of Phillip's departure was drawing near, as Millicent was returning through Port Street, from one of those stolen visits, she heard a haughty stride behind her, and the voice of one she knew well.

"Millicent! Miss Crane."

She was obliged to turn, shaking all over with apprehension and debating how she could account for her appearance in such a locality.

"What have you been doing here?" demanded Mr. Crauford. "Tell me."

"Richard—it was an errand. It is done now, and I am going home."

"You can have no legitimate errand in this part of the town," he retorted, "and your visits here of late, have been pretty frequent.—Will you impart to me the cause of your extraordinary conduct, Millicent?"

"Richard," she cried, with tears of agitation, "you have known me for years; you have chosen me for your wife; you cannot suspect of me anything wrong?"

"My wife, yes, I did choose you. But do you think that you, actual or promised, should hold a disgraceful secret and keep it from her husband?"

"I trust, Richard, when I am your wife—that we shall have no concealments from each other," she panted forth. "I will not from you."

"Will you tell me what brings you to this place of an evening, and who it is you come to visit?"

"Later I will tell you—if you allow me," she answered. "I may not now."

"What do you call later? When we are married?"

"Yes."

"And not before?"

"You would not hear me, Richard," she returned, her mind reverting to his interdiction, "and perhaps not forgive me."

"You must think my confidence in you will stretch to any limit," he haughtily rejoined. "A man does not usually marry with a doubt on his mind. I must know what this mystery is, and without subterfuge."

"I may not tell you now," she answered in a deprecating tone; "I do not know what the consequences would be. I will ask permission."

"Of your sailor friend at No. 24?" he returned, his lip curling with ineffable scorn.—And Millicent could not suppress a cry of terror.

"O, Richard, don't ask me! don't try to fathom this! On my word of honor, as your future wife, I am doing nothing wrong; nothing disgraceful; nothing of which I need be ashamed."

"If you wish me to believe this, you must tell me what it is, and let me judge what you call 'disgraceful.'"

"Indeed, I cannot to-night. But—perhaps to-morrow night—I will if I can."

"Very well," he replied. "I will afford you the opportunity to-morrow night. And he continued to walk by Millicent's side till she reached her home. But he did not offer her his arm, and observed a stern silence.

"You will come in?" she said to him, when the door was opened.

"No. Good night to you," he answered, and turned and strode away. It seemed as if he had but constrained himself to walk with her for her protection.

The next time Millicent saw her brother she spoke of Mr. Crauford, and asked if she might impart the secret to him.

"You could not betray it to a worse man, lover of yours though he is," was Phillip's rejoinder. "He is one of your cold, upright men, Millicent—who would deem it derogatory to his high mercantile character not to deliver me up to justice if he knew I was here. When I am gone, I and the good ship which will bear me out of danger, then tell him."

"That may not be for a week or fortnight," she observed.

"Before a fortnight, I hope. I shall go by the first that sails from Liverpool, and you shall have notice of my departure. But, Millicent, if you think the delay will cause serious unpleasantness between you and Richard Crauford, tell him at once. I will risk it.—And better that a worthless vagabond, as I have proved myself, should be sacrificed, than that your peace should be endangered."

Millicent's heart sank within her; but she

felt that her duty to her unfortunate brother must be paramount over all things. She reflected, too, that Richard Crauford loved her, and hoped she should find little difficulty in appeasing him when the time for declaring all should come. Besides, she believed that he could not hint at such in his high and haughty sense of honor.

"I sought her that evening. He had watched her to the old haunt, and he watched her out again, and then strode after her and overtook her in the street as he had done the preceding one."

"I said I would afford you an opportunity of speaking to me to-night," he began, without any previous salutation, and in a tone almost of repulsion. "I am here to do it."

"And I cannot yet, Richard. You must accord me a little while longer; a few days."

"Not a day, not another hour," he burst forth. "If we part to night without full confidence between us, we part for the last time."

"Richard," she uttered, clasping her hands together and lying them on his arm in her agitation, "do not be so harsh with me, do not be so cruel! I assure you, as I would assert it in the hearing of heaven, that my going as I have done to that house in Port street, is no just cause for your breaking with me. You taught me to love you, Richard; if you desert me, you remove all I now have to live for."

"Fine words, flowery sentiments," he retorted, "but they possess more sophistry than reason. I do not desert you, nor do I wish to do so; I ask but for your confidence, Millicent. If you will not give it me, you drive me from you."

"I will give it you, Richard—after a little while. I would give much to be able to give it you now."

"What prevents you?"

"Have confidence in me," she implored, erasing his question; "accord me yet a few days' delay. Do not see me before then, if you would so wish it. But cherish no harshness against me, for I do not deserve it."

"I am not a fool, Millicent," he bitterly said. "You ask to be freed from my company that you may pursue these iniquitous visits; it is impossible that they can be for any good. And it is equally impossible that you can be called upon to indulge in any line of conduct which may not be told to your future husband. I think a species of madness must have overtaken you."

"Sorrow has overtaken me," she murmured, "nothing else. Can you not understand Richard? There is a secret in this matter which is not mine."

"What if I promise to keep? What is entrusted to you may be entrusted to me."

"May I trust him?" she asked herself.—With perfect safety to Phillip?"

"If it involved criminality!" she hesitated, looking at him, and speaking timidly.—"Criminality in another," she hastily added, "not in me. Would you promise to keep it then?"

"I am not in the habit of being made the confidant of crime," he imperiously rejoined. "I did not know that you were."

And Millicent felt that her momentary hope of telling him then must not be indulged.—She stood, looking the image of trouble and despair, her cheeks pale, and her eyes cast down. Mr. Crauford may be forgiven for mistaking the signs for those of deceit and guilt.

"Then your refusal to tell me, Millicent Crane?" he resumed.

"For the present; for a few days. I have no other resource. Indeed I will tell you later."

"No," he said, "I shall never give you another opportunity. We part now forever."

"Oh, Richard you cannot mean it?" she uttered, her voice shaking with emotion. "Surely you will not cast me off, and we so near the time of being man and wife!"

"I will send you your letters back to-morrow," he coldly rejoined, "to-night it is too late; and I desire that you will return me mine. Adieu. Your way now lies one road and mine another."

"But it must not be," she sobbed clasping his arm in her anguish. "I am to be your wife; you have said it."

"Yes," he answered, remaining quite still, and not seeking to push her hand away. "If you will explain your conduct, and I find you have done nothing unworthy the future wife of an honorable man. Can you do this, Millicent?"

She pressed both her hands upon her throbbing