

# Settled Out of Court.

BY  
MRS. ALEXANDER.

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## CHAPTER VI.

As the story was unfolded to him an expression of grim despair gathered over Forrester's face.

"You see it will be impossible to fight against such power," said Dixon, sympathetically. "I am awfully sorry for you, my dear fellow. The only little bit of possible good in the whole affair is that your kinswoman may let you off the debt you unconsciously incurred to her estate."

"My God!" cried Forrester, starting up and hesitating to leave the room. "It is an awful blow! I am hard hit in more ways than one. I have asked the sweetest girl in the world, as I think, to marry me, and I hoped to hear her say 'yes' tomorrow or next day. Now marriage is too wild an imprudence. I have not drag her into an abyss of poverty."

"A girl! What girl?" exclaimed Dixon, impatiently. "You don't mean to say you have been such an idiot—"

"Yes, I have! I know what you mean. I have followed up my acquaintance with my traveling companion, and to give it up will cost me more than any other loss—fortune, station, anything!"

"Good heavens! how incredible it seems to me," said Dixon, as if to himself. Forrester continued his troubled walk without heeding him.

"Give me pen and paper," he exclaimed, after a few minutes' silence. "I will write and ask her to see me tomorrow. Then I can explain all to her and she will decide what's to be done." Dixon pushed over the blotting pad to him and Forrester wrote a few lines rapidly, then, as he addressed and fastened the envelope he said: "I leave myself entirely in your hands, Dixon. I suppose the best thing I can do is to get back to my regiment as soon as I can. Thank heaven I did not send in my papers at the last moment. My cursed luck! He wrung his friend's hand and went home.

Somewhat to Dixon's surprise Forrester did not appear next day, and in the evening when the former, who felt rather uneasy about him, called at his hotel he was informed that Dixon had departed and had been out all day.

"He has been running his head into some nose, I have no doubt," was Dixon's mental comment as he took his way to his snug bachelor's quarters in Victoria street, and spent the evening expecting a visit from his unusual friend. He was disappointed, however.

It was not till noon next day that Forrester made his appearance. He looked haggard and depressed, but had evidently endeavored to pull himself together and spoke with more composure than at the time of his departure.

"Here is a note I received this morning," he said, handing it to Dixon. "I rather startle, don't I? I suppose I had better keep the appointment."

Dixon read as follows: "Dear Sir: I should very much like to speak to you respecting the property we both claim, as I earnestly feel the disappointment you must have had. Will you meet me tomorrow at Messrs. Henderson's office about 2 o'clock? If you will not or cannot, please address to me, your care."

These lines were written the day before and bore no address.

"Go!" cried Dixon, handing back the note. "Of course you must go. Why don't you go in for the helms? It would be a splendid solution of all difficulties and she may be a tolerably looking girl!"

"Thank you, I don't fancy the undervalued niece of a housekeeper," said Forrester, impatiently. "Besides I am not a free man until I have come to an understanding with the lady I asked to be my wife. I have just come from her place. I was so puzzled and worried at having no answer to my note yesterday that I went up to Killburn this morning and found she was laid up with a bad cold. Still she might have sent me a line in reply."

"Probably she has heard that you have lost or are likely to lose your fortune."

"No. That cock won't fight, Dixon. She can know nothing of my affairs. She is among a totally different set of people. However, I will see this Selwyn girl, though I can't see the use of an interview. One must not be un-civil."

"No, certainly not," returned Dixon, and they continued to talk of Forrester's affairs for a considerable time, Dixon perceiving with grave uneasiness what a strong hold his friend's passion for his fascinating traveling companion had taken upon him.

At last it was time to start for Parliament street, where the office of Henderson was situated.

Forrester walked thither in a sort of dream. It was a long and hard day, he was robbed of love and money by one false blow. What a different aspect life bore today from what it did two days ago. Why did Angela avoid him? It looked like avoidance. If she loved him and would wait for him, there was something still to hope for, but how pale and dim compared to the vivid colors hope wore for the last month.

"I myself don't see that an interview can do any good," returned Forrester, gloomily. Whereupon, having given him the Times, Henderson closed the door and left him to his own reflections.

The succeeding ten minutes seemed exceedingly long, but at last the door opened and a small, slight figure dressed in black entered.

Forrester gazed at her in speechless astonishment. "Miss Cavallo," he exclaimed, recovering himself. "This is

plea a clerk to Forrester's inquiry, when he reached his destination. "Please walk up, sir," and Forrester, with the same sauntering curiosity staring in his mind, according to the private office of the addressee, a grave, sedate man, who received him civilly, and then conducted him into another room, observing that Miss Selwyn was anxious to see him alone, though he (Henderson) did not quite approve of the step.

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never used my real name! My dear parents, as I consider Aunt and Uncle Cavallo, in adopting me, wished to separate me as much as possible from my father and his people, as they peevishly me after my mother, and it was on a short time ago, not more than two years, that I knew I was not really their child! You must let me go, Captain Forrester! I can speak better if you do! It had been settled that I was to come over to Mrs. Bartlett to look for an engagement to sing at concert. Then this wonderful news about old Mr. Selwyn dying without a will came to my dear father, and he said he must urge my claims, but I thought it so impossible that I could ever become rich or grand that I begged to be let to look for an engagement all the same, so I came over to London, and not you, and you thought you too were rich and offered to share all you had with me. Now I am rich, so you must not refuse my offer to share what I have with you!" There was something infinitely bewitching in the soft tones and piquancy of her voice and look as she said this.

"My darling, I cannot believe that such a solution of my difficulties, my despair, is possible. But never more will I call you anything save Angela! Are you really my opponent—my victorious opponent?"

For answer Angela walked across to a door which opened into Mr. Henderson's room. "Ray, come here and explain to Captain Forrester who I am!" she exclaimed.

"Certainly," said Henderson, joining them. "This lady is Miss Selwyn, your second cousin, and heir of the late Mr. John Selwyn. I trust her generous sympathy with you in your disappointment has not betrayed her into any imprudence."

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Commencing Monday, July 23, all trains will leave Scranton as follows:

Scranton to Delaware, 7:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 6:30 p.m.

Scranton to Hudson, 7:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 6:30 p.m.

## RAILROAD TIME-TABLES

### Central Railroad of New Jersey.

(Lough and Poughkeepsie Division)  
Atlantic Coast Line, Philadelphia, Pa.  
TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOV. 18, 1894.

Scranton to Philadelphia, 7:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 6:30 p.m.

Scranton to New York, 7:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 6:30 p.m.

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...	...	...	...	...	...

## NEW YORK & WESTERN RAILWAY

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Scranton to New York, 7:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 6:30 p.m.

Scranton to Philadelphia, 7:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 6:30 p.m.

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Local	Day	Night	Local	Day	Night
2:05	2:30	3:05	2:05	2:30	3:05
...	...	...	...	...	...

## ERIE and WYOMING VALLEY

Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Erie Railroad at 6:30 a.m., and 3:30 p.m. Also leave Scranton for Philadelphia at 6:30 a.m., 9:30 a.m., and 3:30 p.m.

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