



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARLY in the morning after Miss Hetherington's visit, Marjorie prepared to set out for the Castle. She would gladly have made some excuse to stay at home, but Mr. Lorraine would not hear of it, and at his earnest request she consented.

"She is your best friend," said the minister, "and you must not offend her."

"Very well, I will go," answered Marjorie; "but I shall come home early in the afternoon. She'll never ask me to stay all night? If she does, I can't do it!"

"Why not, Marjorie?" "The Castle's eerie enough at daytime, but at night it's dreadful, and Miss Hetherington creeps about like a ghost. I'd sooner sleep out in the kirkyard."

At a quarter before nine she started, for she had three miles to walk, and she wished to linger on the road, which lay through pleasant country pastures and among green lanes. The morning was bright and clear, though there were clouds to seaward which spoke of coming rain. Passing up through the village, the way she had come the previous day, she saw young Sutherland standing at the gate of the weaver's cottage.

"Good-morning, Marjorie. Where are you going so early?"

"Up to Miss Hetherington's at the Castle," she replied.

"Are you going to walk?" "Yes."

"Then may I come with you a piece of the road?"

"Not today, Johnnie," she said, nervously. "I'm late, and must hurry on."

The young man sighed, but did not press his request. Troubled and vexed at the meeting, Marjorie walked quickly away.

She followed the downward highway till she came to the cross-roads where she had alighted from the wagonette. Close to the cross-road there was a stile, and she was about to step over, when she heard a voice behind her. Turning quickly she saw to her astonishment the French teacher from Dumfries.

He was clad in a dark walking-suit, with broad-brimmed, wide-awake hat, and was smoking a cigar. He looked at her smilingly, and raised his hat. She thought he had never looked so handsome, as he stood there in the sunshine, with his pale face smiling and his bright black eyes fixed eagerly upon her.

"Monsieur Causidriere!" she cried in astonishment.

"Yes, it is I!" he replied in his sad, musical voice. "I have walked from the town, and was going down to see you."

"To see me?" she echoed.

"Yes, mademoiselle, and the good man your guardian. You have spoken of him so often that I longed to make his acquaintance, and, having two idle days before me, I came here, as you behold."

Marjorie did not know what to say or do, the encounter was so unexpected. She stood trembling and blushing in such obvious embarrassment that the Frenchman came to her relief.

"Do not let me detain you, if you have an appointment. Or stay! perhaps you will permit me to walk a little way in your company?"

And before she quite understood what was taking place, he had lightly leaped the stile and was handing her over with great politeness. They strolled along the foot-path side by side. Suddenly Marjorie paused.

"I am going up to the Castle," she said, "and I shall not be back till the afternoon. Do not let me take you out of your way."

The Frenchman smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh! one way is to me as good as another," he exclaimed.

"But you said you wished to see Mr. Lorraine?"

"Precisely; but I prefer your company, my child."

"He is at home now, and will be so glad of some one to talk to."

"I see you want to get rid of me, little one," said Causidriere, paternally. "If I go will you promise to return soon? Remember, I shall not depart until you do return."

"Yes, I will promise," answered Marjorie. "I—I would rather you did not come any further."

"And wherefore, my child? Is my company so disagreeable?"

"No, monsieur; but the folk in this place are eye talking, and if they saw me walking with a strange gentleman it would be all over the parish before night, and then Miss Hetherington would hear of it, and I should get no peace."

And as she spoke she looked round nervously, as if dreading an eye-witness.

"I see," cried the Frenchman, laughing. "They would take me for your lover."

Marjorie did not reply, but turned her face away and began to walk on rapidly. But the Frenchman kept by her side.

"Ah, my child," he continued, "I am more fit to be your father than your lover. I am not so frivolous and vain as to presume to think of one so young and pretty. You must not mind me! I am your teacher, your friend—that is all!"

She was touched by the tone in which he spoke, but after a moment's hesitation she paused again, and looked him full in the face.

"What you say is quite true, monsieur," she said; "but, oh! do not follow me any further. See, that is the Castle, and who knows but Miss Hetherington herself is watching us from the tower?"

She pointed across the fields toward a dark belt of woodland, over which two old-fashioned towers were indeed visible, about a mile and a half away.

"Well, I will do as you desire, my child," answered Causidriere, after a moment's hesitation; "I will go and make the acquaintance of your guardian. Au revoir!"

He took her hand, lifted it to his lips, and kissed it; then, with an air of respectful gallantry, he swept off his hat and bowed. She could not help smiling; he looked so fantastic to her simple sight, and yet so handsome!

She walked on thoughtfully. At the next stile she turned and looked back. He was still stationary in the pathway, gazing after her; but the moment she looked back he kissed his hand.

Marjorie turned again and walked on, with no little fluttering of the heart.

When she reached the Castle, an elderly man-servant led her into the lobby, a dark and dreary passage hung with oil paintings and antique maps and prints; thence into a large apartment, divided by an open folding-door into two portions.

Here he left her to announce her arrival to his mistress.

Presently the room door opened, and the mistress of the house appeared.

She was dressed in an old-fashioned robe of stiff black silk, and wore a cap, like that of a widow, over her snow-white hair. She came in leaning on her crutch, and nodded grimly to her guest.

"Sit ye down," she said, pointing to a seat, and herself dropping into an arm-chair before the fire. Then, drawing out a man's gold hunting-watch and opening it, she continued: "Twenty-five minutes after ten. You're late in coming, Marjorie Annan. I doubt you were lingering on the way."

CHAPTER IX.

AS she spoke, and closed her watch sharply, Miss Hetherington fixed her black eyes keenly on Marjorie, who, remembering her recent encounter with Causidriere, flushed and trembled. A curious smile grew upon the stern woman's bloodless face as she continued:

"Ay, ay, you were lingering, and may be you had pleasant company. Who was you parting with out there among the green fields?"

Marjorie started in consternation. Her fears, then, were right, and it was useless to conceal anything from Miss Hetherington, who was like a witch, and had eyes and ears everywhere.

"Oh, Miss Hetherington," she exclaimed, "did you see us together?"

"I was up on the tower with my spy-glass, and I saw far awa' a lassie, that looked like Marjorie Annan, and a lad I took at first for Johnnie Sutherland, till he began boozing and kissing his hand, and then I saw it could nae be Johnnie."

Marjorie now perceived that all concealment was useless, and at once told her hostess of the meeting with her French teacher. She did not think it expedient, however, to describe with exactness the Frenchman's conversation; but even as it was, Miss Hetherington's brow darkened, and her eyes flashed with a light like that of anger.

"Braw doings!" she muttered. "Braw doings for young growing lassie o' seventeen! Your French teacher, say you? What's his name, Marjorie?"

"Monsieur Causidriere."

"And what's the man doing down here if 'ead of teaching his classes in the town?"

"Indeed, I can't tell," returned Marjorie. "I met him quite by accident on my way to see you."

"Humph! What like is he? Is he young?"

"Not very young."

"Weel favored?"

"Yes, and very clever."

"Worse and worse," said Miss Hetherington. "Now, Marjorie, listen to me!"

"Yes, Miss Hetherington."

"Look me in the face while you answer. Do you think this French scoundrel—he is a scoundrel, tak' it for granted—has come down here in pursuit of his pupil? Dinna be feared to answer. Is he fond o' you, Marjorie?"

"I—I think he likes me."

"Has he said as muckle?"

"Yes, Miss Hetherington," answered Marjorie, who was incapable of a falsehood.

"And you? What think ye of him?"

"I like him very much, Miss Hetherington. He has been very kind and patient with me."

"But do you love him?—tell me that; or is it Johnnie Sutherland that has won your silly heart? Out with it, Marjorie Annan. Frank confession's good for the soul, and I'm your friend."

Marjorie blushed, but kept her frank blue eyes fixed on her questioner's face.

"I don't love anybody, Miss Hetherington—not in the way you mean."

"Are you sure o' that?"

"Quite sure."

"Then you're a wise lassie," cried the lady, rising to her feet. "Men are kittle cattle, and safer at a distance. Look at that picture," she continued, suddenly pointing to a portrait over the mantelpiece. "You ken who is it?"

"Yes; your brother, Mr. Hugh."

"Hugh Hetherington, God rest his soul! and the best brother woman ever had. Folk thought that he was bad, and he had my father's temper; but he guarded his sister like a watch-dog; and I wish you had a brother to guard you half as weel. Look underneath my een, on my right cheek! You see that mark? I shall carry it to my grave. Hugh gave it to me when I was a young lass. He struck me in the face w' his fist, because he thought I was hiding something from him, and coo'ing w' one I needna name."

The lady's face grew full of a wild, fierce light as she spoke, and she laughed strangely to herself. Marjorie gazed at her in dread.

"It was a lie, but Hugh was right, he loved his sister. He kenned what men were, he knew their black hearts. They're a' bad, or mostly a'. Tak' warning, Marjorie Annan, and hearken to me! Let nae man come to you in secret w' words o' love; hide naething from them that care for you—from Mr. Lorraine or from me. Trust the auld heads, Marjorie; they ken what is right. God has made you bonny; may He keep you pure and happy till the end!"

Her tone was changed to one of deep earnestness, even of pathos. She walked up and down the room in agitation, pausing now and again, and leaning upon her crutch.

"No that I would have you lead a lonely life!" she exclaimed after a pause. "Look at me! I'm no that old in years, but I'm gray, gray w' loneliness and trouble. I might hae had one to care for me; I might hae had balra; but it was na to be. I'm a rich woman, but I hae neither kith nor kin. Lord forbid you should ever be the same! But when you marry—and marry you will some day—you must choose a true man—ay, true and honest, whether he be rich or poor; and if you canna choose, let the auld folk that care for you, and that ken the world choose for you. Trust their een, no your ain! Never deceive them; keep nae secrets from them. Mind that, Marjorie Annan!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The most beautiful foot is the slender one. The stylish girl recognizes this fact. Her shoes are always large enough to avoid cramping the foot, and yet they are snug and wonderfully neat and delicate. That is the reason why some girls can dance all night without rest, while others have to retire early from a brilliant ball, leaving their hearts behind—in case they do not dance and suffer so much with their feet as to preclude the possibility of real enjoyment. If a girl wears a proper shoe, when the foot is bare, and she stands upon it in the privacy of her bedroom, it will be as pretty and delicate as a baby's. The instep would be high, the heel delicately formed, the skin as white as alabaster, with possibly blue veins showing through. The general form of the foot will be slender, the toes tapering parallel, and separated by about the thickness of a sheet of paper, and adorned with pink-tinted nails. A girl who has such feet as these—and there are many who have them—well may take pride and pleasure in contemplating them.

Propeller Replaced at Sea. While in the mid-Atlantic on a recent trip the steamship Victoria of Sunderland lost the tail of her shaft and with it the propeller. Her engines were thus, of course, rendered useless. But those on board were equal to the emergency. They depressed the bow and elevated the stern by shifting weights so as to enable a spare shaft and screw to be fitted at sea, and after the delay necessary for so heavy a job to be accomplished under such difficult conditions, she resumed her voyage and made her port in safety.

Whisky or Snake. A man who was bitten by a rattlesnake drank a quart of whisky as a remedy. He died soon afterwards, and the coroner's jury brought in this verdict: "The deceased came to his death either from the snake or the whisky, the jury being uncertain which, and the local physician being absent at the funeral of one of his patients."

When tea was first introduced in England, in the seventeenth century, it cost 66 shillings a pound.

BELLA'S ATONEMENT.

By Anna Shields.



TWO figures stood under the shade of a huge tree in a little garden, one strong, erect, defiant; the other drooping, timid and pleading. It was a repetition of the old, old story of true lovers torn asunder by a cruel fate, a parting and vows of constancy and faithful love.

The man, Rodney Kirke, was a fine looking young fellow of twenty-eight, who had been from infancy the ward and darling of his uncle, James Kirke, believing himself always to be the certain heir of that gentleman and ever his dutiful nephew from true, earnest love and gratitude. His life had been a shadowed one, having little brightness, for his uncle for thirty years had been an invalid—sometimes well enough to move about in his own extensive grounds, but often, for months together, confined to his room and bed, suffering intensely.

When Rodney left school and would have studied a profession or entered upon some business career, his uncle kept him bound to his chair, letting all the management of his large estate fall gradually into his hands, and taking infinite comfort from his gentle care when he was suffering.

It was a strange, gray life for youth, and Rodney fretted sometimes at merging his own existence into that of the invalid, but the argument his uncle used at such times was a powerful one.

"When I die this whole property will be yours, and you must care for it and control it. It will never be necessary for you to undertake any other business."

He was content, therefore, to let his life narrow to the limits his uncle dictated, until, about two years before the date when this story opens, Mr. Kirke being ordered to the seaside, there met Mrs. Olney, a widow with one son very nearly Rodney's age. Looking back, it was all like a whirling dream to the young man to recall how the handsome widow took possession of his uncle, flattered him, petted him, coaxed him and married him.

The return to Ferndale, James Kirke's home, was a wedding trip, and from that hour every effort was made by the bride to thrust Rodney out of his place in his uncle's heart and home. Misrepresentations were made at first in vain; afterward with more effect. Keeping him out of his uncle's room, Mrs. Kirke made the old gentleman believe his absence was from voluntary neglect. At last a tangible cause of complaint was found, when Rodney, lonely and miserable, fell in love with Bella Green, whose father—horror of horrors! kept a small drinking saloon, and whose mother was vulgarly personified. The girl herself had been educated in a good seminary, and came home to find all her surroundings revolting to a delicate, sensitive nature, refined by study and associations with companions above her in the social scale.

She was wonderfully pretty, considering what her parents were, and Rodney's deepest sympathies were roused by her miserable home life. That he met her in the shady lanes and woods was from no desire for concealment, but simply because her home was so noisy, ill-ordered and vulgar that there was no place for quiet or conversation.

The story of this "low association" was so told to James Kirke that he was furious with anger, and this, added to the other sins attributed to Rodney, so roused him that the young man had put before him the choice of giving up his love at once and forever or leaving his home. All the chivalry of a sensitive heart, which a life of seclusion had made still more romantic, was aroused, and Rodney refused obedience to his uncle for the first time.

And so, under the great tree in Sam Green's garden, he was taking leave of the girl for whose sake he was leaving luxury and hope, to face a world whose bitterness he had never tasted.

"You will be true to me, Bella?" he said, as he pressed a final kiss upon her tear-stained face.

"I will wait for you if it is for twenty years," she said, clinging to him.

And, keeping that promise for comfort, Rodney Kirke left Ferndale to try to find employment in L—, a large manufacturing town ten miles distant, where his uncle owned property. And every face that had smiled upon him for years was turned away; every door that had opened to him was closed. His uncle's influence, wielded by his wife, kept him from even the lowest position, and he suffered from positive hunger more than once in the first three months of his exile. The bitter regrets for the easy obedience to his uncle which had made him neglect all preparation for a life of self-support, were unavailing, and there came a winter night when he stood in the streets, homeless and penniless and battling the temptation to defy even his Creator by suicide.

Suddenly he roused himself from such bitter reverie and walked rapidly until he reached a handsome house, where a tin sign announced to all comers that "Dr. Bedlowe" lived within. He was in his office when Rodney Kirke entered, and rose at once to give him a most cordial greeting.

"You give me courage for asking a favor," the young man said, gratefully. "Old friends have not cared to see me of late."

"Anything I can do for you is done," said the doctor, cordially. "I think, Rodney, your old friends do not understand, as I do, how foully you have

been wronged. Knowing everything, I have exerted all my influence with your uncle in your favor, but so far in vain. Now tell me, what can I do for you?"

"Doctor, I am starving! I will not beg. I can not work without some experience, but there is one position I am fit for. Long training," he said, very bitterly, "has made me a good nurse. Will you give me a nurse's place and a nurse's wages in the L— hospital?"

"You!" the doctor cried, and then tried to move Rodney from this resolution, offering him opportunities to study medicine, loans of money—anything the truest friendship could suggest. But Rodney was firm. He must earn the bread he ate, though he thankfully accepted the doctor's proposition to make the position a stepping stone for the study of medicine and surgery. It were far too long a story to record all the trials of the next two years. Faithful in the discharge of every duty, the nurse found time for study under Dr. Bedlowe's advice, and put in every dollar not needed for actual existence toward the expense of a medical education. He was amazed himself at the enthusiasm his study roused, and the doctor encouraged him warmly, seeing clearly how he would be fitted for his profession. But over the new hopes there hung a heavy cloud. Six months after he left Ferndale, his letters to Bella remained unanswered so long that he went to seek her, to find the store in new hands and the family gone.

Shocked, anxious and bewildered as he was, he did not lose his faith. When he could offer her a home he would seek Bella and find her true to him. News from home came to him from Dr. Bedlowe. He was kept informed of the rapid changes—the first that Ralph Olney had taken his place in his uncle's affections and was a most devoted stepson. Later, Mrs. Kirke died, but Rodney's letters to his uncle were returned, and he was informed in a curt note that Ralph Olney would be his uncle's heir, as he was his "devoted son."

"Your uncle is completely under that young man's control," Dr. Bedlowe said, "and the mention of your name excites him to a perfect fury of rage. Trust me to do all I can for you!"

And having already given up all hope of reconciliation, Rodney only studied more diligently, and gave more faithful attention to every opportunity to advance his practical knowledge.

He was in his own room, a tiny cell of a place at the end of his ward, busied with preparations for the day, when a stroke upon the bell over his head warned him that an accident case was on the way to his care. Instantly he was on the alert, and moved to the vacant bed that must receive the new patient. Cool, self-possessed, but tender for all suffering, he helped to lift the injured man from the stretcher to the

bed, but his very heart seemed to cease its beating as his eyes fell upon the pallid face of Ralph Olney.

"Run over!" the men said who had carried him. "Ain't moved nor spoke since we picked him up. Not dead, is he?"

No! He was not dead, but frightfully injured, and the doctors who clustered about the bed shook their heads ominously. It was strongly impressed upon Rodney that the life of the patient hung upon a thread, the strands of which were largely composed of his watchfulness and strict obedience to orders, and then he was left to watch. Under Providence he held in his hands the life of his enemy—of the man who had supplanted him, maligned him, injured him in every way. He had thought the worst shock was over, until, an hour later, one of the physicians followed by a shrieking, sobbing woman, who sank upon her knees beside the patient, whispering:

"Oh, Ralph, speak to me! My husband, my dear husband!"

And the weeping wife was Bella. Was it strange that Rodney Kirke asked himself if he was in a dream—some hideous nightmare pressing upon his brain? He moved to leave them together, but Bella caught his hand, and in broken, sobbing sentences implored him to forgive her—to be kind to Ralph and save his life for her sake and her child. It was pitiful to see her, to hear the story of the web of deceit woven about James Kirke, who was ignorant of the marriage of his stepson. But at last, when the night shadows were falling, Rodney Kirke was free to collect his thoughts—to try to make some coherent story in his bewildered brain. His love betrayed, he felt with a strange wonder no pain in the fact. The contempt for the deceit that had left him so easily and taken the new heir in his place had struck his love dead. Even anger was withered by the scorn he felt.

But there opened before his mind at once the power of revenge in his hands. His rival's life depended on his skill and his inheritance upon his science. His uncle had written to him that this man would be his heir; probably he had long before made his will and car-

ried out his threat. Yet, if he died, Rodney was his heir at law, and Bella's falsehood removed the only cause of difference between himself and his uncle.

Days passed, and as if he had been his treasured friend, Rodney Kirke nursed Ralph Olney back to life. He had fought back all selfish considerations, and left the results to the future. His duty was to nurse his patient faithfully, constantly, and he exceeded his duty, only leaving him where Bella was allowed to sit beside him. A deep pity for the woman he had loved filled his heart. It was evident that her infidelity was the yielding of a weak nature to a strong one, and that she feared her husband as much as she loved him. When consciousness returned to the invalid it became evident that the mind was seriously impaired, and a gentleness, evidently new to her, greeted Bella's timid ministrations.

Dr. Bedlowe, watching all, urged upon Rodney the duty of seeking reconciliation with his uncle, but the young man absolutely refused to make any advances.

"You say you have told him of Ralph Olney's marriage," he told his old friend, "and if he wants me he must send for me."

But the invalid, too, was obstinate, and while Ralph was still in the hospital James Kirke was found dead in his bed—heart disease having followed a train of other ailments.

The will that made his step-son his heir was found, and, with a bitterness like death, Rodney one morning assisted in dressing his patient for the last time, and saw him drive away, with his wife and baby boy, to take possession of the home he had regarded as his own for the greater part of his life. Ten years later Dr. Kirke, a man already known in his profession, was sitting in his office alone, when his old friend, Dr. Bedlowe, came in, his face full of pleasure.

"At last!" he said. "At last, I may congratulate you. But I must tell my story first. Before your uncle died, Rodney, he gave me his solemn promise to right the wrong he had done you. Ralph Olney was not a poor man, having inherited a fair income from his father, but he was grasping, selfish and deceitful until the accident that threw him into your care, and that left him crippled and imbecile. When your uncle died I thought the will that he had promised to make in your favor was one of the unaccomplished acts dying men so often leave until too late. But to-day, only to-day, Mrs. Olney came to my office with the will, which she found a week ago, quite by accident. Rodney, you must pity and forgive her. Such a heart-broken face I have never seen. Five children lie in little graves, and her husband is only a wearing source of grief and care. In this last week she has removed all their personal possessions from Ferndale, and she asks of you only that you will not seek to find her in her new home or to thank her. She was fearful that pride or some mistaken chivalry might lead you to refuse what she called her atonement, and so brought the will to me. Your old home awaits you! May you be very happy there!"

Good Enough for the Price. Mrs. Goregular (to lady friend): I was very much disappointed with the sermon—very. Little Willie (who had had his eye on the plate): Yes, mater, but what can you expect for a penny? —Tit-Bits.

Just the Thing. Lea (sadly)—"I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He's been two years at the medical college and still keeps at the foot of his class." Perrins (promptly)—"Make a chiropractist of him." —Tit-Bits.

In the Counting Room. "Spilkins seems like a nice, quiet fellow." "Spilkins? That man's a regular dictator." "To his wife?" "No, to his typewriter." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ABOUT THE BABY. The mouth of the bottle fed baby should be washed out daily with a soft cloth wet in water in which a little borax and soda have been dissolved.

Where baby's gums are red and painful, they may be gently rubbed with the finger with a little of the following mixture. Nitrate of potass, one scruple; syrup of roses, half an ounce.

Let the baby sleep. No one has a right to break in upon the repose ordained by a wise providence for the healthy development of the brain and nervous system of the little one while the miracle of soul waking goes on. Visitors can admire him sufficiently if his eyes are closed; and if the hour for nursing him passes, it is proof, conclusive, that nature is fully aware of his greatest needs and is responding to them.

Milk may be tested by a piece of blue litmus paper, which becomes red if placed in anything at all acid. Litmus paper can be bought at any chemist's and should be kept in every nursery. A small piece is to be torn off, and placed just under the surface of the milk. As milk rapidly takes up any impurities from the air it should be kept in a cool place out of the way of dust and drainage arrangements. Milk may be kept good if there is no refrigerator by turning it out into a large basin and covering this with a thin cloth wrung out in cold water. If an alkali, such as lime water or carbonate of soda, has to be added to the milk in order to prevent acidity in the baby, it should not be added until the milk is required for use, lest by taking away the acid taste or smell it should prevent detection of the fact that the milk is not fit for the infant.

Conviction is worthless till it converts itself into conduct.—Carlyle.

CONVICTION IS USELESS TILL IT CONVERTS ITSELF INTO CONDUCT.—CARLYLE.

CONVICTION IS USELESS TILL IT CONVERTS ITSELF INTO CONDUCT.—CARLYLE.

CONVICTION IS USELESS TILL IT CONVERTS ITSELF INTO CONDUCT.—CARLYLE.

CONVICTION IS USELESS TILL IT CONVERTS ITSELF INTO CONDUCT.—CARLYLE.

CONVICTION IS USELESS TILL IT CONVERTS ITSELF INTO CONDUCT.—CARLYLE.

CONVICTION IS USELESS TILL IT CONVERTS ITSELF INTO CONDUCT.—CARLYLE.

CONVICTION IS USELESS TILL IT CONVERTS ITSELF INTO CONDUCT.—CARLYLE.

CONVICTION IS USELESS TILL IT CONVERTS ITSELF INTO CONDUCT.—CARLYLE.

CONVICTION IS USELESS TILL IT CONVERTS ITSELF INTO CONDUCT.—CARLYLE.

CONVICTION IS USELESS TILL IT CONVERTS ITSELF INTO CONDUCT.—CARLYLE.

CONVICTION IS USELESS TILL IT CONVERTS ITSELF INTO CONDUCT.—CARLYLE.

CONVICTION IS USELESS TILL IT CONVERTS ITSELF INTO CONDUCT.—CARLYLE.