NO OTHER WAY. By SIR WALTER BESANT.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. Mrs. Isabel Weyland, a widow, is threatened with the debtors prison. Her chief
creditor, Mrs. Brymer, suggests a way out
of the difficulty, marriage with an imprisoned debtor, who, for a paltry sum, will
assume Mrs. Weyland's debts also. He
proves to be a young lawyer, Macnamara,
who, through no fault of his own, has
fallen into dire straits. Mrs. Wayland, in
pity, pays his small debt, sets him free
and agrees to marry a condemned criminal.

(Copyright, 1901, by Dodd, Mead & Co.) CHAPTER III-Continued.

A Strange Marriage.

Mrs. Brymer made no answer, but led the way, followed by the parson and his clerk, and supporting the trembling steps of the bride. Some brides tremble with excessive shyness or modesty. This lady, who had been through the ceremony once, and then felt no shyness, trembled with shame and self-reproach. The people stood aside gazing stupidly at them. In this courtyard anything might happen.

Mrs. Brymer took them into one of the cells, where reigned a dismal twilight from a narrow grating ten feet high. The room was shaped like a decanter, with polished walls of cement, so that escape was impossible. The only furniture was a couple of narrow truckle beds, with matresses and

Mrs. Brymer ushered the party into the cheerful abode and then retired. In a few

surging strange thoughts about losing her in order to be hanged. Pity-shame-to hang a man just married, and to such a wife! He said nothing, but in the twilight of the cell his eyes were like balls of fire and his white teeth gleamed-and these signs of emotion remained in the memory

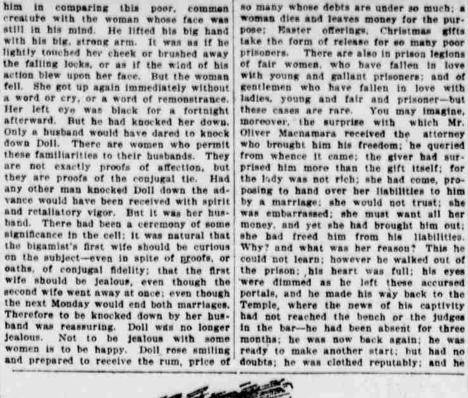
The service was short. The introductory discourse was omitted. The minister put the question to the bridegroom, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"with the other words.

"Say 'I will,' man," said the clerk. "Why," the bridegroom replied, "I said would-if there was drink enough." The minister put the question to the woman. She shuddered and trembled.

"Say 'I will," whispered Mrs. Brymer. The clergyman did not want any more. He went on, placing the woman's hand in the man's with words prescribed. The negro's great hand was cold and clammy, but it closed on the woman's little hand with a dreadful asserting of ownership. The clerk responded for the bridegroom, Mrs. Brymer for the bride.

Then the clerk loosened their hands, "Where's the ring?" he asked.

"What ring?" replied the man. The clerk felt in his waistcoat pecket and produced a brass ring which might have done duty for a curtain. The clergyman received it on the book and gave it to the bridegroom, whose hand was guided by the cierk while he put it on the fourth





moments she reappeared, bringing with her | finger of the left hand. Then the clerk, | a bigamous ceremony and the simulacrum | had ten guineas in his pocket. a man in irons. And at sight of the wan Mrs. Weyland shricked and threw herself mal, who could only stare stupidly at his upon one of the beds. "Heaven!" she cried. "No! No! Never! Never!"

For the man was a huge, great fellow, over six feet, with the shoulders and the chest of a gladiator, but he was a full-

which catches and reflects the light, a cheerful blackness; the other is a blackness which absorbs the light and gives the service. "I pronoun man and wife cogether." cheerful blackness; the other is a blackness which absorbs the light and gives
none back. The latter was the blackness
of this man. His wool curied all over his

the service. "I pronounce that they be especially for the form of marriage, and the bridgeroom was a creature—faugh! let us spent, she knew not nor as yet did she not speak of him. My heart was bleeding for you. But that is over. The man is

"Now madem" he service. "I pronounce that they be especially for the form of marriage, and the bridgeroom was a creature—faugh! let us spent, she knew not nor as yet did she ask—so long as the book.

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"There!" said Mrs. Brymer, bestowing no attention upon the woman on the bed. "There, my man! is your bride waiting for

"No-I could not-I could not!" the bride repeated, moaning.

"Madam! Pardon me. You must either marry this man or go home to be arrested this very day. Take your choice."

"Why," she whispered, "what odds if he does look like the devil? What odds if he is "You shall have what you want, and as the devil? He is to be hanged a-Monday. Stand up." she added, roughly. "Leave off crying and don't play the fool. You are not a school girl. The man can't hurt

"Madam." the parson admonished her blandly. "Allow me a word. This, believe me, is not the place for hysteries or for vapors. Every moment spent here endangers jail fever. Come. Let us not waste time. I am here to marry you. A Wednesday. Well, you shall have your very proper man he is, too-if a trifle dark rum, as much as you can drink, in five in complexion. I may already, I fear, have days. You shall go drunk to Tyburn. A contracted this horrible fever. Am I to go lucky fellow, indeed! Thank your stars without my fees or will your ladyship that I found you here." stand up and be married without any more

Mrs. Weyland clutched her adviser by the hand. "You will carry me away after thethe ceremony-immediately after?"

Mrs. Weyland stood up. In her anxiety and terror she dropped her mask, but no one seemed to notice.

A strange place for a wedding! might as well be married in a tomb-orwith all these poor lost souls carousing, fighting, crying, laughing, blaspheming around—in—the woman who was brought there to be married would not give words to the thought. The cold, dark place, with

its fetid breath, was filled with the whispers and voices from the dead-the dead who had died a shameful and horrible death. The place was nothing but a halt, a rest between the court of sentence and the place of execution. Above the voices of the callous roysterers there grose the stiffed groans and moans and sighs of the miserable convicts. Above the drunken bravado of the poor wretches who kept up a show indifference to the end this woman heard the lamentations of despair. Instead of wedding bells she heard the clanking of the irons; instead of the village children scattering flowers there was the hoarse laughter of the women, half drunk, and the ribald jests of the men whose lives were to end in a few hours. Surely there never was such a wedding. And lower and lower still sank the heart of the bride. "Madam!" Mrs. Brymer held her by the

"Courage! Do not gaze about you. Forget where you are. Twill be finished in five minutes. 'Tis but an empty form. What matter for the place? What matter

Then the marriage service was begun. The parson stood with his back to the wall. On his right hand was the clerk, ready to make the responses. Before him stood the bride with her friend, Mrs. Brymer. Opposite was the stalwart negro. The clerk pulled and pushed him into his proper place. "Stand there," he said, "and do what I tell you, and hold your tongue except when I

bid you speak." The man obeyed stupidly, keeping his eyes fixed on the woman he was about to marry. It was a strange and hungry looksuch a look as a mere mortal might have felt who met Aphrodite herself in a forest glade and was at first struck with amazemont and with rapture. For this black man had never before seen so close a woman of beauty so surpassing, of a color, white or red, so wonderful. He was about to marry her, and in his bemused brain there were and hides all. Perhaps a disgust fell upon

"THERE!" SAID MRS. BRYMER. "THERE, MY MAN! IS YOUR BRIDE WAITING FOR YOU." saying the words after him, for this ani- of a marriage. bride, the clergyman read the form, "With this ring I thee wed-"

He omitted the prayer which follows in the order prescribed; perhaps it was well —perhaps the omission was a sign of grace. He joined their right hands together and There are, as everyone knows, two kinds of blackness; one is the shiny blackness gether let no man put asunder." And which catches and reflects the light, a

> "Now, madam," he said, "you are duly and legally married. I wish you every happiness. And as for you, my man, I

wish you a long rope for the better enjoyment of the honeymo But the bride fell fainting on the truckle bed.

"Now," said Mrs. Brymer, "let us finish as quickly as may be. Your certificates, if you please, sir; there are the fees-and this is the name of the bride. Fill it it without delay. We stiffe in this stinking place. So-thank you, madam, your mask has fallen off. Better put it on again speak of him." You fellow," she turned to the bridegroom much as you want. What shall it be:

beer or rum?" "Make your mark here," said the clerk. "Rum," he replied with a grin. "Plenty of rum-buckets of rum."

"It is forbidden, I believe, in the prison But there are ways. Well! You shall have it. We will keep faith with you. Ha! You are lucky. You are, I believe, to be turned off on Monday next, and today is

She raised her friend, who was still in feeble and fainting condition, and led her out into the court, where the air was perhaps a little fresher. "Come," she said, "it is done now and there is no more to be said. On Monday next you will be free." The parson and his man, the fees having been duly paid, followed, getting out of the infected place as quickly as possible. The negro, by name Adolphus Truxo, stood at the door of the cell and watched them as they went away. The crowd parted right

and left. "I saw her face," he murmured. It is said that above all men the negro is most moved by the beauty of a white woman. Slave women are all agreed upon the point. "I saw her face," the negro murmured. Perhaps for the first time he remembered

his coming doom with regret. There came out of the crowd a young woman. Could one have taken her away, washed her and dressed her in a neat and becoming fashion, she might have been omely. She was, however, as unwashed and unkempt as most of the women in the court. As for her dress, it was composed of nothing but a thick skirt of some rough stuff, discolored with droppings of beer, tallow candles, drippings of meat and fat pork and all kinds of nameless stuff. She wore above her skirt the black leather stays common to her class-they are called loose jumps-and above the jumps a small shawl tied around her neck and covering her shoulders and part of her red arms; her hair hung on her shoulders in rats' tails; she was barefooted; her face was red with much beer.

"Sam." she said, thus abridging his Christian name of Adolphus. "She is gone, then. Did you marry her, Sam? What did she give you?"

"I saw her face," said the negro. "I don't care if you did. What did she give you?" The man made no answer. He was thinking of the lady's face. "Is she coming back again, Sam?"

He still made no answer. "If she does, I'll break every bone in her body and swing for it-happy I will-for I'm your lawful wife. Sam. I'm your wife, you can't deny it."

The man pulled himself together-"There's rum coming, Doll," he said. Buckets of rum. That's what I get by the wedding."

"But I'm your wife, Sam. I'm your true and lawful wife." The man turned and looked at her. The emotions of a negro's mind are hard to read upon a negro's face. The blackness covers

CHAPTER IV.

Fortune Turns Her Wheel. Isabel left the gaol and drove away in the hackney coach. "So, madam," said her companion, "that is over and done with. And I am sure that for a lady of delicate mind already-I doubt not-drinking the rum which I have ordered for him. Such creatures are consoled in every position of life with rum. You may flog them at the cart tail."

"Hush, Mrs. Brymer. I cannot bear it, indeed. Do not ever again, I entreat you, speak of that wretch." "I will not-why should 1? On Monday next he will have ceased to exist. A week or two later he will hang, a very atomy, by a hook in Surgeon's hall, but let us not

Isabel proceeded to fulfill the conditions of her freedom, paying the dressmaker's bill without question, giving money for Adolphus Truxo and for the fees of the marriage ceremony. This done she found she had enough to keep her quietly and without ostentation for more than a yearperhaps two years-without asking help from any one. Now, a young and charming widow might very well look forward to making another man happy within two years. But Isabel did a very foolish thing. No one would believe that a woman in her desperate position would have done such a thing. I have said that she had no knowledge of arithmetic; addition and subtraction were Greek and Hebrew to her understanding. Her purse, so long as one guinea

clinked against the other, was the purse of Fortunatus-a purse inexhaustible. Had she known, or had she learned anything of the rapid wasting of money, she would never have done such a thing. There was one excuse for her, however-this was the memory of these and the criminal and of the men she had shrinking shoulder, crying "Mine! Mine! met there. She was possessed by this with those hungry eyes and those grinning memory, which was like a terrible night- white teeth. I say that she was never mare, which never left her, day or night, She saw before her continually the prisoner from the poor side of the king's and manners, so incongruous with his posias this a prisoner; she could not forget him. And at the same time she heard the clanking of the frons and the loud bravades of the condemned prisoners and she saw coming out from among them that great monster-that big hulk of a manrather that black devil with the eyes of flame and the teeth of ivory, whose tail and hoofs were hidden, gazing hungrily upon her, as if he would devour her. The latter vision she could not drive out of her mind; the former she could and didbut by a desperate remedy. You shall This young gentlewoman, who had no more than enough to maintain her for a short time, whose hopes of assistance from her own people were slender, indeed, who

could hope nothing from her husband's and spring; new occupations engage the people, though they were of exalted rank, attention. actually sought out an attorney-be sure that she did not advise with Mrs. Brymerand entrusted him with the task of releasing this unfortunate young lawyer. The attorney was passably honest; he found out the meagerness of her resources; he probably attributed her pity to a softer emotion; he was so good, in short, as to study the interests of his client; he persuaded the detaining creditor to take a half and his brother attorneys to abate a quarter of their claims. In the end, and after a day or two, Mr. Oliver Macnamara, to his great astonishment, found himself once more a free man, clothed as a lawyer should be. free of debt and with 10 guineas jingling in

The annals of the king's beuch and the

his pocket.

As for the lady, she had sold her plate and jewels; she had also sold her valuable dresses and all their lace and embroiders -Mrs. Brymer was as good as to take the latter off her hands at a sixth part of that which she had charged for them-but then, business knew no friendship, and so, with a much more modest wardrobe, without maid and with no more than fifteen guineas a condemned cell is not a pleasing place. world again—what she was to do now, how purse she would not think it necessary to ask. She changed her lodgings as Mrs. Brymer recommended. She went out to the rural village of Hampstead, five miles from Covent Garden. This delightful retreat was not then so much thronged as thirty years before. Feople had ceased, in great measure, to believe in the healing powers of the spa, but it was still frequented in the summer by those who came for the gardens, open all day long; for the assembly, held twice a week; for the music, which played every evening in the long room; for the cards over the long room, where every kind of game in fashion might be had, with moderate stakes, and for the fresh air of the wild heath, with the forest beyond, in which one could wander in solitude and safety, save for an occasional gipsy, and, herself in the possession of about £75 for if one got out of hearing and sight of her whole stock, together with a certain the Wells, the chance of a footpad. Here amount of silver plate, some china and a also are taverns for those who wanted few jewels and her fine dresses. In a word a drink and refreshment—the Flask, Jack Straw's castle, the Spaniard, the Wells

> loneliness of the heath especially recommended the place, for here she could walk or sit and meditate, trying to lay that persistent ghost of the black devil. He could trouble her no more-yet she could not forget him-she expected him; she feared to meet him; it would not have surprised her if, all alone upon the heath with no one in sight, she had come upon him face to face, stepping down perhaps from the gallows tree, clanking his chains in the breeze; beside the heath where

there was always some grisley form smeared with pitch, it would seem a trouble only expected if he had suddenly appeared to her while she sat among the gorse and the two visits to the prisoners of the debtor his huge clammy black hand upon her free from this obscission; it was absurd because the man she expected over and over again, was hanged, hanged, hanged, by the He was always present to her, neck till he was dead, dead, dead. with his eyes, his lustrous eyes, his sharp could do her no more harm-always this and intellectual face, his friendlessness, his horrible creature was present to her in her hopelereness, his musical voice, his words brain. When she should have slept, he tion and his penniless rags. It was more his fiery eyes and they threatened; they said sat at her bedside; in her dreams the saw than Moorish cruelty that kept such a man plainly as if they spoke aloud, "I shall with a good many who aspired to be thought claim you-some time or other in the other world you shall be mine-I shall claim you; shall drag you down with me to the place where the souls of negroes are sent, you shall share that place with me, for you are mine, you are mine. Those whom God hath joined together no man; not the hangman, not the dissecting surgeon with his

knife, can ever put asunder. She was young. At four-and-twenty one s not always miserable; one forgets everything disagreeable; the sun shines, the flowers spring up, the breath of summer in fragrant, the pulse of youth beats strong; people laugh and talk; there arise other thoughts belonging to the name of youth

The memory of the courtyard in Newgate of her helpless position. became a dim and fading horror; the thought of the fetid cell and the marriage service lost most of its terrors, but there still remained yet, grew daily less terrible and less threatening.

Two months passed in this retreat. No one knew her poverty; she lived in a single room of a cottage, her rent and her living being cheap. In the morning she drank the waters and walked in the garden recluse; she sometimes accepted an invitation to a breakfast; in the evening she attended the long room when the music played. Here she made acquaintances and conversed with the company.

THEPROPLES MEDICA tavern, and many others. For a woman in trouble, such as the young widow, the tractive-because there was certainly no woman so beautiful at the Spa-would, under these circumstances, look upon marriage as a fitting remedy for all her anxieties. Unfortunately her position, the widow of an honorable, herself decorated heath and the wild crab trees, and had laid with that title-the sister-in-law of a noble earl-was in his way. Most of the visitors came from the city; many were homely if substantial, tradesmen whom a title brought upon their knees; others were merchants, well-to-do possibly, who regarded a title with awe, but expected wealth to go with it; the beaux and fine gentlemen from the inns of court also looked for money and found out in some secret way that the young widow had none; there were also beaux and fine gentlemen

> glass and admiring themselves and their own cleverness. One morning Isabel made an unwelcome and disquieting discovery. It was thus: Out of the 15 guineas that lay in her purse when she came to Hampstead after two months only three remained. This old all. There remained the new friends—the worry forced upon her the disagreeable ne- people to whom her husband had introcossity of reflection. Such was the gravity duced her. They received her as the wife of the situation that reflection brought on of one of themselves moved in the intimore disquiet, and the longer she reflected macy of their own circle. She was the the more she became filled with the sense

whom Isabel found commonplace and

wits and poets; she found them intensely

vain; while they declaimed upon the sordie

nature of riches they grasped at every

guines, and they had no eyes for the beauty

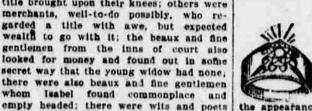
they were so fond of singing; they were al-

ways, so to speak, gazing into the looking

What was she to do when her last guine was gone? Consider how she was placed She had a father whom she had offended In five years, though she had on many oc casions made an attempt to gain his forgiveness, he had held no communication with her; she knew him too well to build much hope upon a reconciliation, because rigid and unbending in his judgments as he was austere and narrow in his religion. or wandered upon the heath. She was no She had a brother who was himself as austere, as rigid and as inflexible as became a member of his small conventicle. She had a brother-in-law. He was a ruined profligate living in a poor way, unworthy of his rank, in a corner of his empty house.

PROPER PRESENTS FOR CHRISTMAS. Genuine Barrios Diamonds

(Trade-mark.) Are equal to real diamonds as to looks and wear, will cut glass and stand all the tests of old mine gems. For a few days we offer magnificent rings, studs, pins, earrings, etc., at the marvelously low price of ONE BOLLLAR BACH. Gentlemen's Heavy Flat Belcher Ring | Ladies' Cluster Ring.



People who travel and are constantly on the road are very

liable to have dyspepsia or some other form of "stomach

trouble." They have to live as they can, not as they would.

The train won't stop for them to eat, they must eat when the

train stops, and in general the food hurriedly swallowed in the

"ten minutes for refreshments" is of an indigestible character.

It is small cause for wonder that under such conditions the

stomach becomes disordered and diseased. One of the peculiar

features of the times is that the scores and thousands of people

who don't have to travel persist in living as if they did. They

eat at home or in the restaurant as if the time for refreshment

was limited to ten minutes and they were in momentary expec-

tation of the call, "All aboard!" to break in upon their hur-

ried meal. The very natural consequence of this way of living

is to recruit the great army of dyspeptics. Dyspepsia has many

stages which range from mere discomfort to utter mental misery

and physical wreck. But at any stage dyspepsia is a menace to

health and happiness. Ordinarily we think of dyspepsia as a

disease affecting only the organs of digestion and nutrition.

But as a matter of fact the disease affects the whole body. It

causes physical lassitude, mental dullness and depression, head-

ache, muscular debility and constipation or irregularity. It is

one of the greatest handicaps to human happiness and useful-

Side by side with these facts there is another : Dyspepsia can

Mr. Ned Nelson, the celebrated Irish Commedian and Mimic, of 577 Royden Street, Camden, N. J., writes: "We fulfilled an engagement of twelve weeks, and the constant traveling gave me a bad touch of that dreaded disease called dyspepsia. I had tried everything possible to cure it till last week while playing at B. F. Keeth's Bijou Theatre, Philadelphia, in the Nelson Trio, a professional friend of mine advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I tried it, and, thank God, with

"Having seen the advertisement of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and

"Having seen the advertisement of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and being a great sufferer from the effects of stomach trouble for the past eight years, I concluded to try your medicine," writes Mr. W. A. Maxwell, of Marshfield, Coos Co., Oregon. "I had tried almost every known remedy, and also consulted with the best medical skill attainable, but all without any relief. After reading one of your circulars I concluded to try one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovesy. After taking one bottle I felt so relieved it induced me to continue. Am now on the fourth bottle and have not had a spell of bloating or "acid stomach" (which was very painful) for the last six weeks. Before the use of your medicine I was in dread of every mealtime, for in twenty minutes after eating I would be racked with pain. Indigestion was my principal aliment, and I have been also terribly afflicted with asthma, which, I believe, was brought on through the medium of indigestion. Now, as I stated, after having used four bottles of your medicine, I have not had an attack of sour stomach or painful bloating, and my asthma has just about disappeared. In fact, I feel better now than for the last ten years."

The ourse effected by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery."

The cures effected by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" are real and

lasting. A large number of the so-called "remedies" offered for dyspepsia, are

mere palliatives. The most they can do is to give some temporary relief from

physical discomfort. But the "Discovery" makes a perfect and permanent cure.

It does this because it is much more than a mere medicine for dyspepsia. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It

cures diseases of organs seemingly remote from the stomach, but which in reality

of digestion and nutrition.

which you believe will cure you.

cure of dyspepsis and stomach "trouble" comes the cure of dis-

eases of liver, kidneys, heart, lungs, and other or-

gans, when these diseases, as is often the case, have

their cause in the diseased condition of the organs

Sometimes a dealer, tempted by the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicine,

will offer the customer a substitute as being "just as good" as the "Discovery." It is better for him because it pays better, but it is not as good for you, if you want the medicine that has cured others, and

If you are looking for a laxative which is gentle

in action and effective in results, try Dr. Pierce's

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have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and its allied

Pleasant Pellets.

book in paper covers.

be cured, has been cured, and is being cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures dyspepsia at any stage, and the only difference between the cure of an old and obstinate case of dyspepsia and the disease in its beginning, is a difference of time. It takes longer to cure a disease which has had years perhaps in which to root and a disease which has only just begun to show itself. But so uniform are the results obtained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery that it may be affirmed that in ninety-eight per cent. of cases a perfect and permanent cure will be ob

tained. It always helps. It almost always cures.

ness the world knows.

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The most fashionable ring for ladies at the present of the Chapter. We

We are the first to introduce a gold-filled flat Belcher Ring; heretofore they have been made only in solid gold. This ring, set with a beautiful brilliant Barrios Diamond, will be mailed to any address in the world upon receipt of price-\$1.00. This ring has the appearance of one costing \$200.00.

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BARRIOS DIAMOND CO., 1139 Broadway, New York

her-leaving, for his sake, her father and her mother, her family, her friends and daughter of a cits, and they were gentlefolk. It was impossible to think of appealing to them for pity or for assistance. In society, as in business, there is no friendship and there is no compassion. One must pay or go out. The door is always open to those who go out, but to their appeals for help and pity, and for friendliness, the door is always shut. No voices of lamentation or distress reach the assembly in the card room, the masquerade or the route.

Consider further what such a woman in such a position could do for herself; she had learned no art, no craft and no accomplishment; she had been brought up to regard the woman who works for a living as a creature beneath herself. There is but flegt are full of surprises of this nature. A lt may be supposed—nay, it is only natcharitable man sends to prison and releases ural—that a woman so young and so atwhen she ran away with the man who loved left, she might—she must—make a personal



appeal to her father, he could not refuse her the bare means of subsistence, she would go to him as the prodigal son (who had herself spent her last guinea) and would humble herself. Perhaps he would relent; if not, she might perhaps (but then she knew not the pangs of starvation) set herself to starve upon her father's doorsteps. And then, as sometimes happens, just at the worst, just at the moment when help was almost wanted, help arrived. (To be Continued.)

