

'Not much chance of that,' the son shouted, advancing close to his father and shaking his fist in his face. 'I see through your game. Starve me in life and when you die leave everything to Kate so tied up that I can't touch a cent. I've thought of all that till I'm just half mad, and I've made up my mind to settle it all to-night. You are going to sign a cheque to-night that will keep me in clover whatever happens, and it's going to be cashed I can tell you before you can stop payment or anything of that kind. I've got a respectable friend in the city who will see to that for me. It's got to be done. You've made me desperate, and that means danger. I tell you, and I mean it, that you'll never get out of this room alive unless you do exactly what I ask you.'

'You dare to threaten me?' the old man asked in a passion terrible to see. 'You! I might have expected it, miserable coward, decoying your father to a midnight meeting like this to dare to speak to him in this way. Do you suppose that I, a man at any rate, old as I am, am afraid of a poor broken-down creature like you?'

In a moment there was a wild rush and a struggle, a terrible swaying to and fro, and then a crash. The young man had thrown his father heavily to the ground, and seizing a heavy stick which the old man had laid upon the table on entering, raised it and was just about to bring it down upon his father's helpless head when God gave me strength, and I cried out in a voice that sounded terrible and unnatural beyond belief.

'Murderer! How dare you! How dare you!'

The young man positively leaped into the air at my words, uttered a wild cry, and fled from the room, overturning the table and the candle as he did so—leaving the room once more in impenetrable darkness.

With a vague, half-conscious feeling that something ought to be done for the prostrate man, I made an effort to rise, but a strange nervous shuddering seized hold of me, a wave of icy coldness seemed to sweep over me, and I must have fallen back on the floor unconscious, for I remember nothing more.

At home, meanwhile, all was peace and quiet, the children snugly asleep, and all my little household confident that I had gone home with Cousin Elinor after my expedition.

My husband got home about nine the next morning, as he had expected, and was somewhat aggrieved and a little surprised to find no welcoming wife, but proceeded to eat his breakfast as was the wont of man even when perturbed. While thus occupied the door-bell rang and Cousin Elinor appeared on her way home from market, a good deal out of temper and anxious to have it out with me. She looked in astonishment at my empty chair.

'Isn't Marion down yet?' she asked.

'Marion? What are you talking about Elinor?' Dick said, leaping to his feet. 'Do you mean to say Marion isn't with you? Didn't go home with you last night?'

Elinor, Dick says, rushed to the hall instead of answering, and to the telephone, where she shouted frantically for the fastest cab on the stand to be sent at once.

'Dick,' she said, wheeling round and seizing Dick with a grip which he says he bears the marks to this day. 'Something has happened to Marion. Who went with her yesterday?'

'Why you were supposed to have met her, nurse tells me. She left here alone, thinking you were going.'

'And of course I did go, but my fool of a cabman lost his way, and I was driving about till seven o'clock looking for the wretched place.'

'And then?'

'And then I came home, sure that nurse and the children were still with Marion, and had all gone home long before.'

Elinor says she was afraid Dick was going to die on the spot, he looked so fearful while she was trying to explain things. Then they set out and drove in deadly tense silence, broken by an occasional groan from Dick as he probably realised that it was his fault I had gone at all. Indeed he frankly admitted this at first in the fulness of his penitential heart, but is rather inclined to reason contradictorily about it in a serene state of things. For of course things turned out all right.

They stopped at the gate and my Dick tore up the walk like a panther. The door being sprung, he gave it such a frantic blow as to finally send it crashing in, and Elinor panted after him, arriving in time to hear him calling 'Marion! Marion!' from the top of the first stairs. She, turning to the drawing-room, very nearly fell on the prostrate form of the old man, who was lying where he had fallen the night before. At this

sight she had so screamed as to convince Dick of her having found my dead body, so that it was quite a relief to him to recognise in the silent form the owner of the house, Mr. Jessup, who had probably died suddenly while out there on business and alone.

Leaving the poor man where he was they renewed their search for me, though with scarce a hope of success, and they were, Dick says, just on the point of giving it up as far as the house was concerned and going further afield in their quest, when Elinor happened by the merest chance to glance behind the sofa. Of all places who would ever have thought of such a hiding place, but there she discovered me, white and cold, and to all appearance as dead as they in their ignorance supposed Mr. Jessup to be. For he wasn't dead any more than I was. A doctor, hastily summoned, declared him to be suffering from concussion of the brain, a severe case, but not hopeless. He recovered, though the events of that night it is to be feared left a truly incurable wound in his heart.

I lay wandering for days and days, driving my faithful nurses wild, but finally came back to consciousness, and horror, when I was able to recall my terrible experience. But that, as is the natural, merciful law, gradually faded away, and I became able to rejoice that I, poor, nervous I, had gone through that night of agony in order to save a noble and useful life.

Some time after Mr. Jessup was called to the death-bed of his erring son, who, making a pitiful attempt at repentance, gladdened his poor old father's heart by the statement that his one happy moment since that sad night had been that in which he heard that his father was alive and well, and that with all his sins he was free 'at least from—'. His father had laid his hand upon the poor dying lips, to shut out the mention of that awful word, and had blessed him and forgiven him, and thus his only son had died and set his wife and child free.

I need scarcely tell you that we didn't go to that house, but Mr. Jessup, who is a very rich man with but one small grandchild to inherit his wealth, insisted on my accepting the loveliest little nest you ever saw, in the country, in a way, but quite close to town, and well protected by several other houses delightfully near, but not too near—which, now that it is all past and done with, seems worth that night, though I am not quite sure.—Exchange.

The Catholic World

CANADA—An Extensive Diocese

The diocese of New Westminster, of which the Right Rev. Dr. Denterville is Bishop, extends from the border of the north-western United States—Montana and Oregon—to Alaska, over 1200 miles from end to end, and his episcopal duties carry him annually from one end to the other of this vast mountain territory. He makes his long trips by rail when possible, and otherwise by steamboat, on horseback, or carriage. The big lakes and rivers within the borders of his diocese make it possible for him to make many of his journeys by boat, and it is not unusual for him to ride several hundred miles in the saddle. The north-western Catholic settlements are widely scattered, and among his charges are many Indian villages. In his diocese are about 15,000 Indians, of whom more than 10,000 are Catholics.

CHINA—Missionaries Murdered

Advices have been received at Hong Kong (says the 'Daily Mail') that four Catholic missionaries and many converts have been butchered in a riot which took place at Batang. Father Grandjean has been in charge of the mission since 1885. Batang is situated near the frontier of Tibet in the Chinese province of Szechuan, and is a district which might be described as a no man's land, for the Chinese authorities have but imperfect control of it.

ENGLAND—The See of Hexham

Canon Richard Collins, of St. Mary's Cathedral, Newcastle, has been appointed titular Bishop of Selinus and Auxiliary Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, in succession to the late Dr. Preston.

Children's Offerings

The Bishop of Salford, on Saturday, April 29, received deputations of children representing every school in the Salford diocese, who came to present his Lordship with collections made in their respective schools on or about the Feast of St. Joseph (March 19), in behalf of the Salford Rescue and Protection Society. The collection is known as 'St. Joseph's Penny,' and was