

The Examiner Calendar  
...FOR JULY...

MOON'S CHANGES  
First Quarter, 4th.  
Full Moon, 12th.  
Last Quarter, 18th.  
New Moon, 26th.

Day of Week	High Water		Sun	
	Morn	Aft'n	Rises	Sets
1 Sunday	56	1 18	4 20	7 48
2 Monday	1 35	1 56	21	48
3 Tuesday	2 15	2 36	21	48
4 Wednesday	2 55	3 16	22	47
5 Thursday	3 40	4 2	23	47
6 Friday	4 36	4 59	24	46
7 Saturday	5 29	5 56	25	46
8 Sunday	6 20	6 43	26	45
9 Monday	7 12	7 30	27	45
10 Tuesday	8 5	8 38	26	44
11 Wednesday	9 23	9 52	28	43
12 Thursday	10 56	11 4	29	43
13 Friday	11 17	11 45	30	42
14 Saturday	11 51	12 18	31	41
15 Sunday	12 31	1 0	32	40
16 Monday	1 11	1 35	33	39
17 Tuesday	1 50	2 16	34	38
18 Wednesday	2 30	3 6	35	37
19 Thursday	3 21	4 18	36	36
20 Friday	4 15	5 48	37	35
21 Saturday	5 10	7 18	38	34
22 Sunday	6 10	8 52	39	33
23 Monday	7 15	10 18	40	32
24 Tuesday	8 25	11 42	41	31
25 Wednesday	9 40	1 10	42	30
26 Thursday	10 50	2 36	43	29
27 Friday	12 5	4 16	44	28
28 Saturday	1 15	6 0	45	27
29 Sunday	2 0	8 0	46	26
30 Monday	3 1	10 0	47	25
31 Tuesday	4 3	12 0	48	24

RIGHTED AT LAST

By Mary Cecil Hay.  
(Continued.)

"I knew what the men meant, and I crept from the store, and tried to rouse my falling energies to think out this thought, and face my possibility of success. I was successful, Honor; not because these men were right in their random assertion, and not because I acted my own part well, but because on that day heaven was so merciful as to guide me to one who had helped and befriended me before.

"It was my last chance, and of course I was willing to stake upon it the little I possessed. I even dared the possibility of being traced, for—if it failed—what was my freedom worth?

"In return for my watch and ring, I obtained a suit of clothes in which I might begin my new search as a gentleman. It never entered my head to doubt its being worth what I paid for it, and I was truly grateful to the man who equipped me. When he asked me to accept a shilling for my dinner, and, following me to the door, said kindly that he should be very glad to hear of my luck, I felt—in my new-born hope—that I could hardly thank him enough.

"If Alice told you of our first meeting, Honor, you know the rest of my story. From the office of a rich stock-broker, to whom that very day I applied for an engagement, I was sent on to his private residence. It was the house in which Alice lived as governess, and Royden Keith was visiting there that very day. The master of the house heard all I had to say, but told me decisively then that he could engage no man for a post of trust without securities. He told me afterward that he said it chiefly to get rid of me, thinking me sickly and unpleasantly persistent. Somehow, just then Mr. Keith seemed to take the arrangement of the matter quietly into his own hands, and I was engaged. Ah! what a night of gratitude and hope that was, and with what joy I walked two miles next morning at daybreak to tell the tailor of my success.

"When I had been in that office only one year, Honor, I had won my employer's confidence, and the money was repaid to Royden Keith which he had advanced for me. Two years afterward Alice and I were married, and for a wedding gift my employer gave me the share in his business which it had been my ambition some day to buy. Soon afterward he died, and when news came to me three weeks ago that I might come home, I was able to sell the business to my junior partner, and bring home an income sufficient for my wants.

"Honor, you see that it is not only my liberty I owe to Royden Keith, but all that I possess, and—even my life, I think."

Honor's eyes were covered with her hand; Hervey had walked away again to the window, and there was utter silence in the room when Gabriel's voice ceased. But suddenly Honor rose, her whole form trembling, for her listening ears had caught the physicians' steps.

They all three came quietly into the room, two gentlemen with white hair and grave, thoughtful eyes, and one with young but careworn features, and an unconquerable nervousness, which yet betrayed no want of skill or decision. This was Dr. Franklin, of Westleigh, and in a moment he recognized Honor, whom he had often met at Statton Rectory. When he had spoken to her, and was about to return to the sick-room with Gabriel, one of the older physicians came forward, making his shrewd guess with promptness.

"Miss Honor Craven," he said, as if he felt that in such a scene as this there was no need for form, "I could hardly be a London man and not know you by sight and name. Will you pardon my bluntness if I ask you one question?"

She offered him her hand with a faint little smile, and while he spoke he kept it in his own.

"Our patient, in his delirium, calls one name persistently, not consciously, nor with any knowledge that he calls it, but still at any moment it might be that he knew her. It is Honor. Is she here?"

"Yes."

The girl's answer was a very whisper.

CHAPTER XLII.

Phoebe Owen had had an invitation for that night, which, a little time before, it would have cost her a bitter pang to refuse; yet she hovered kindly and cheerfully now about Alice Myddelton, and entertained her pleasantly with desultory chat, which, though it might not be of a deep or original character, was yet varied withal, and sufficiently enlivening to make these waiting hours pass easily for Alice.

Yet Phoebe was all the time listening anxiously for the sound of wheels, or the visitors' bell, or the sharp, double rap of a telegraph messenger. And when at last a cab stopped, and a familiar step ascended the stairs, it was Phoebe, who sprang first to her feet, and it was Phoebe's eager voice which uttered the first greeting and question.

"Oh, Hervey, we are so glad to see you! Where is Honor? How is Mr. Keith?"

"No better," he answered, as he took her hand.

"No better!" she echoed, mournfully. "Oh, Alice, think of that, after our long waiting."

But Alice had hidden her face, and was crying bitterly; so Phoebe's energies were immediately devoted to soothing and cheering her; and Hervey (totally at a loss himself) felt little inclination to treat her excitement with his old languid contempt.

To his great relief, dinner was soon announced, and Phoebe turned to him with a simple, but to him rather comical, assumption of the matronly hostess.

"Will you take Mrs. Myddelton, Hervey, and I will follow?"

Of course he offered her his other arm, but she refused it, with a remembrance of his old prejudice, and walked demurely behind them, with no anxiety about a cover not being laid for Hervey, so long as any one of Honor's servants knew that he was in the house.

To each one of the little party the presence of the servants during the next hour was a relief. The restraint and the necessity for trivial subjects of conversation, were a preparation for what there was to tell and to hear, and a pause of rest between the old suspense and the new certainty.

Hervey did his best to make the meal a pleasant one; and Phoebe, at the head of the table, did her best to take Honor's place; while the ease of both her guests, and the active courtesy of one, proved that she had to a certain extent succeeded. Yet could they not shake off the vague shadow of fear which brooded over them?

"May I come?" inquired Hervey, as Phoebe and Alice passed him at the door. "I have no wish to stay—if I shall not intrude."

They nodded with a smile, and he followed them to the drawing room, for he was in reality anxious to get their questions all answered, and his messages delivered.

"Has Gabriel no hope, Captain Trent?" inquired Alice, without introduction, as she stood beside the window, her hands locked before her.

"It is a very hopeless household just at present," he answered, sadly; "but Honor said I must tell you that Sir Edward Graham has great confidence in Mr. Keith's fine and unimpaired constitution, and thinks if he can sleep it

per, but the old physician heard it. "I see. And are you prepared to witness his acute and restless suffering? Should you be afraid to see the frequent changes of strife and exhaustion? Think well before you speak, for your presence must either do great good or serious harm."

"You will be unwise to permit it, Sir Edward," put in the other London physician. "It is not a post for her. It is not a sight for one who has never seen life hanging by a thread."

"I have great confidence," rejoined Sir Edward, with a sign for his silence, "in a naturally fine and unimpaired constitution. If he can only have a little sleep—"

"If I may go," said Honor, raising her eyes to Sir Edward, who read their bravery and patience through their yearning, "I will do exactly what you bid me. I can be very still and silent, and I am very wakeful. I am used to sickness; I am used, even, to—death. Please to feel how steady my hand is."

It was not Hervey only who turned away his eyes, as if the paths of her low words hurt him.

"Can you rest first?" Sir Edward asked, presently. "It would fit you a little better for your watch."

"The only rest that I can know," she said, "will be to watch him."

"That is well," put in the strange physician, in a tone of relief, as, for the first time, he removed his critical gaze from her face; "it will be well, Graham; let Miss Craven go. For her it is kinder to consent than to pretend to spare her; and for him—we shall see."

"Thank you," she said, with touching simplicity. "I will do exactly as you bid me, Hervey," she added, laying both of her hands upon her cousin's; "you will tell them the doctors let me stay? Give them my love and—take care of them. Good-bye."

"I think," remarked Sir Edward, aside to his friend, "that we shall not regret this step."

With Honor's parting words, and Gabriel's message to his wife, and Miss Henderson's tearful assurance that he would not let Miss Craven over-fatigue herself, and Sir Edward Graham's remark that Honor's presence was his strongest source of hope for his patient, Hervey left Westleigh Towers that evening.

"I cannot wait to see you after you have been—to him, Honor," he said; "if it is as Dr. Franklin and Gabriel fear, I dare not."

So he went, as Honor followed Sir Edward Graham to Royden's chamber.

may be all right. I fear the other doctors do not agree with him; but still Honor told me to tell you that; and—she asked me to remind you that the issue is in kinder hands than any of ours, and that it—it is a life worth praying for," continued Hervey brokenly.

"Had Honor seen him?" asked Phoebe, presently.

"Not before I left. I would not wait to see her afterward, if I could have done so, because Miss Henderson told me that if she saw—she felt for him, the sight of his suffering would be like death to her. I'm sure it seemed to have had almost that effect upon your husband, Mrs. Myddelton. Now may I try to give you his long message?"

"Phoebe!" cried Alice, as Phoebe moved toward the door at these words, "please do not go. My husband's is no secret message."

Phoebe stopped and turned, blushing as she met Hervey's gaze, for it betrayed both his appreciation of her thoughtfulness and his pleasure at her return to the group.

The message was soon given; and then, in softened voices, as they lingered together, they talked still of Royden. But after the subject had been broken by the entrance of the servants with coffee, they each avoided—perhaps in thoughtfulness for the others—a recurrence to it.

"Hervey," said Phoebe, very much appreciating her novel position of the most useful and important member of the party, "were you not surprised when you heard that Lawrence Haughton had gone abroad?"

"Not so much surprised as I was when I called for my letters a few hours ago, to find that Theo and her mother go abroad to-morrow. My aunt sends me the information in time for me to call—if I choose."

(To be continued.)

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