THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

TRUE WITNESS FOR 1882.

The TRUE WITNESS has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also Haim a stride in general improvement.

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This is the age of general improvement and the TRUE WITNESS will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticise Darwins theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The TRUE WITNESS is now what we may term an established fact, it is over 33 years in existence.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the TRUE WITNESS is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean nomething and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll thomselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our effects are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still further enlarged and improved during the coming year. On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be

entitled to receive the TRUE WITNESS for one vear.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the TRUE WITNESS; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on applicaticn.

We wantactive intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well aud add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The TRUE WITNESS will be mailed to clergyman, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We that our navar is if possible more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible presure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance. Parties subscribing for the TRUE WITNESS between this date and the 31st December, 1881, will receive the paper for the balance of the year free. We hope that our friends or agents throughout the Dominion will make an extra effort to push our circulation. Parties requiring sample copies or further information please apply to the office of The Post Printing and Publishing Company, 761 Craig street, Montreal, Canada In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

OUR DARLING.

Bounding like a football, Kicking at the door; Falling from the table-top, Sprawling on the floor; Smashing cups and saucers, Splitting dolly's head ; Putting little pussey cat.

Into baby's bed. Building shops and houses, Spoiling father's hat; Hiding mother's precious keys Underneath the mat; Jumping on the fender, Poking at the fire, Dancing on his little legs-Legs that never tire; Making mother's heart leap Fifty times a day; Aping everything we do Every word we say.

Shouting, laughing, tumbling, Roaring with a will; Anywhere and everywhere, Never, never still ; Present—bringing sunshine Absent-leaving night; That's our precious darling, That's our hearts' delight.

lass on this continent. It was formerly two dollars per annum in BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS

By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER NXIII .-- CONTINUED.

"I think it is very greedy of you to send us away so soon," says little E'sie, glancing out from her shining hair like a small Skye terrier.

"Am I not to be obeyed? What! not a stir! You see, Arthur, I am not severe enough even yet; I do not beat them enough, or surely they would do as I bid them. I can get nothing done without bribery and corruption, as, for instance-Children," laying a gentle, loving hand on each small shoulder, listen to me. Down in the hall, upon a chair, is a box with a lovely picture on it, filled with-guess what ?"

"Choc'lits !" exclaims both the trebles at once

"No-French bonbons of all sorts." But hardly has the word escaped her when, like a summer tempest, the two fly from the room, and down the stairs, where they are seized by the nurse, and, having secured the desired prize, are borne off captives to the nurseries. "It is sad to see them so depressed, poor

little souls, isn't it ?" says Fancy, when the last scamper has ceased. "They are desperately afraid of me are, they not?" " I have wronged you," returns he, with con-

trition. " Nover mind,"-giving him her hand; "I do not blame you in the matter . You have been listening to many unpleasant hints, I dare say. Had I been a stupider woman 1 should have been 'done to death by slanderous tongues long ago. And now let me explain, I certainly do not take them to drive with me in the Park, because they simply dotest it; and I do not tell every woman I meet how they got through the measles and the whooping-cough, because 1 am not a bore. And I do not have them in the drawing room when people are here, to listen to foolish gossip, because I think it had for them. But I do love them, and they, I know, love me; and I think they are as healthy and as happy as Lady Loo Daventry's children, who are al-

ways to be seen with her in public." "They ought to be the happiest children I

know," says Arthur, earnestly. "No,"-with a faint smile. "Don't flatter me, now. Do you know it is the one thing with a book in her hand and moves towards that annoys me, the belief that I could be ne- the door. glectful of poor Alley's children? I am not so devoted as their mother might be, 1 suppose, but I could not do without them now. door way. I certainly don't spend all my days in the nursery, but I see them constantly, and sometimes I take tea with them in their own rooms, and I always get a last peep at them, however late, before going to bed. They are very preity in bed,,' says Fancy, in a low soft tone, half absent, as though now while speaking she can see them wrapt in slumber. "When they lie sleeping with their faces flushed, their hair flung over their pillows, and their little arms thrown in sweet abandon above their heads, forgive me if I say I think they are the prettiest children in the world. She hardly knows how more than pretty his mind with the comforting reflection that she herself is looking now, as she stands before him with that tender, half-proud expres- | meeting Danvers, goes on his way rejoicing. sion on her face. To him alone has she revealed her inner and truer nature. This he fully understands, and the knowledge moves him deeply. "I wish 1 could find words to tell you all I think of you," he says, with intense earnestness. She laughs and her new mood vanishes, and she is once more gay and debonnaire as usual : but he can never again torget what he has seen, and her altered demeanor does not check his admiration in the least.

silks beside her.

"Bore-rather," says Sir John. "Too hot a day to be energetic or conversational or them to servitude and vileness of many that."

" Then why go, if it is unpleasant to you ? --with just the faintest suspicion of a sneer. "When a fellow promises, you know, it looks badly dropping out of it afterwards. And when she asked me, I hadn't an answer ready.

"When-who asked you ?"

"Fancy Charteris." "So I imagined. You are almost neces-

sary to her, it seems to me. Are you to be hor special property this evening ?" "No such luck," says Sir John, whose want of observation is quite unique. "I'm safe to

be given over to the tender mercies of that other woman, who will, no doubt, expect me ing her lovely eyes almost blind, and wearing

"Is Arthur to be one of the party ?"

"No. I thought you knew he was out of town ; went some days ago to see about that place of young Norcott's. Something has gone wrong with something, and Arthur, being a trustee, must look it up. He does a good deal of looking up for some people. I really think he likes it." "Why was not I asked ?" says kitty at this

moment, raising her eyes, and speaking very slowly.

" My dear child, you seem to forget it is barely a fortnight ego since you refused with scorn to dine at Richmond."

"Not to dine at Richmond. With Mrs. Charteris."

"Quite the same thing, only worse, as it seems to me. If you are going to refuse to dine at every place where Mrs. Charteris is invited, you will shun half the houses in town. Be sensible. Kitty. Let us suppose an extreme case. If their Eoyal Highnesses were to honor us with an invitation to dinner, Mrs. Charteris being one of the guests, would you refuse it?"

" It is indeed an extreme case. The Prince would not dine with Mrs. Charteris,"-scornfully.

"No. He might perhaps dine with worse," -with an amused laugh that jars on Kitty. "He might certainly dine with better," she says, bitterly.

"He certainly might,"-with undiminished good humor-" with you for example. Well, I must be off. I must see Danvers at the club; and afterwards-

"And you knew of all this for a whole day. and never told me until now !" says Kitty, with lowered head and fingers that trifle nervonsiy with a paper-knile lying on the gypevtable near her.

"I knew it for two days," says the irrepressible Sir John," and never thought of it until this morning, I should probably have forgotten it altogether had not I met Mrs. Charteris in the Park."

" You met her to-day?"

"Twice. Once in the Park, in the mor-ning(by the bye, what a protty chestnut that is she rides! I must get one like it for you), and later on driving. She pulled up, and took me as far as Tattersall's.

"I dare say. She is the most obliging woman I know-and the fastest. She is-to say the least of it-wretched form.

" My dear Kitty, don't begin," says Sir John, with a glance of exaggerated horror. "We all know that when 'women's thoughts about women' are spoken they are calculated to make one's hair stand on end. You are awfully down on that poor little woman. I wonder why?"

" I shall not say another disparaging word of her, as it distresses you so much," says Kitty, pale but quiet. She never harmed you in any way."

"No-never." As she speaks she rises,

"Ah I" says Kitty, in a difficult tone. Feel should not know. When jealousy, which is ing her color rise, she turns her head and ex. the meanest and most demoralizing of all senamines with affected interest the basket of | timents enters the brain, it ejects every other godlier feeling, and, engendering madness in those it holds in bondage, eventually compels

kinds. So Kitfy suffers, the more cruelly that she endures in secret; while Sir John goes down to Richmond and enjoys his evening straight through without blemish from start to finish. He also enjoys a mild, a very mild, flirtation with Mrs. Charteris, that in in no wise undermines the real and lasting admiration he entertains for his wife. He eats an uncommonly good dinner, finds pleasure in his dry champagne and joy in several very excellent cigars. and tells himself lazily later on that he has

"been having a real good time." And Kitty, in her own room-having refused dinner under plea of headache-is cryto converse straight through dinner. What out her bedroom carpet in a vain endeavor to a jolly sell sholl get " walk down the passionate doubt and suspicion that are consuming her. Where is he now? What doing? Sitting beside her, perhaps (with a slight clenching of the small white hand), looking into her oyes, returning with interest hor coquettish glances-design. ing rather than coquettian-holding her lie about it, as you seen hand, it : hay bu. Oh, no, no! Jack would not, might be possible to me." could not do that! It is too much. It is impossible. He cannot altogether forget how he cuce loved the poor girl who truly loves him-his own wife! How Inte it is ! Eloven ! It anything should have happened to him! Ho is such a reckless fellow. With a wild pang of anguish she remembers how she refused him that last caress he asked for when parting-she closed the door upon his entreaty. How could she have been so uncallous, so unloving? No wonder he has flown to others for----

A step upon the stairs, "Nancy Lee whistled very airily and vigorously in a voice sweet and true, and Kitty, oblivious of her fears a moment since, freezes again.

"I say Kitty, are you awake ?" says Jack, knocking gently at her door as a clock in the distance chimes twelve, then, emboldened by the light that comes to him through the chink of the door, he goes on louder; "It was no end of fun. Let me in, and I'll tell you all the news. You would have enjoyed it tremendously, in spite of your prejudice."

"I dare say,"--slowly. "But 1 am tired now. I cannot be disturbed. You can tell me all about it to-morrow."

"All right," says Jack, somewhat affronted at her tone, and, going into his dressing-room, tells himself some people are cold and don't care for other people who care for them as they ought to care.

Which speech, though hardly graceful, satisfies him, which is, of course, everything.

CHAPTEB XXV.

" And to be wroth with one we love Doth work like madness in the brain." -ColtribgE.

JUST two hours before this, in Richmond, the storm so long expected has broken forth in all its fury. Great flashes of blinding lightning intermingled with the grand roar of the thunder from on high; while ever and anon the passionate bursts of rain flung themselves against the window-panes of the hotel, almost drowning the gay laughter and merry voices of thosr within, where Blunden and Fancy Charteris and Laura Redesdale (who had gone down there at the last moment, having been persuaded thereto by Fancy and all the others) wore holding high revelry.

But when the hour for departure came and the storm still raged, and the gentle members of the party declined to brave the elements; and indeed driving was found to be utterly out of the question; so Sir John and Fancy and Laura Redesdale started together to catch the train, while Lady Inman and her husband, and two or three others, threw in their lot together and remained at the hotel until the

following day. Now, as it so happened, Arthur Blunden came up to town that night by the same train,

The possessor of the gay langh is Fancy;

his engagement to her, her perjury, and his

own infatuation in believing in one so treach-

erous, so lost to all sense of truth and honor.

Then the sickening knowledge that all the

interference and all the loud talking in the

world cannot alter facts checks him, and, turn-

ing abruptly aside, he strides away in a con-

Fortunately they take him home, an hour

caring whither his feet may take him.

them more at his leisure.

inconstant beyond belief.

under lip.

"No. It will take a woman to do that later on.⁴ What a tone! Something has gone

wrong, of course. You look as if you' had seen a ghost. Have you?"-with a little nervous laugh. "I with I could believe I had," he says,

with sudden passion, pushing her hand off his arm. "No, it was you I saw last nightyou-alone with John Blunden at eleven o'clock."

Sne changes color, and an indescribable expression comes into her eyes. She moves away from him, and in her withdrawal from his side there is a suspicion of scorn, and surpriss, and indignation.

"Ohl is that all?" she says, coldly. "You quite frightened me. I feared some misfortune had befallen you."

"You feared what is the truth. What greater misfortune can befall a man than to find the woman he loves untrue?"

"You will, perhaps, explain yourself," she says, pale but calm, "At least you do not attempt to deny the let me take you to the opera?" fact of your being there," he goes on, not . But Dandy has promised to take care of

heeding her. me; and, besides, I thought you said you had "I see no reason why I should dony any a pressing engagement that prevented your thing; and. even if I did, at least I should not escorting your poor little sister. How is that, Master Brandy ?" lie about it, as you seem to politely hint

"Denial in this case would be useless,' goes Mr. Tromaine, unabashed; "I have changed on he, recklessly, hardly knowing what he says, but stung to madness by her seeming in-difference. He is more than to get mended for her and difference. He is very pale and much distressed. Perhaps a silly hope that she might be able to prove an alibi has sustained him; but now such hope is over-she has not attempted a defence, -and the sight of his protty chateau lying in utter and unpicturesque ruins at his feet crushes him. " flad I heard it of you," he says, slowly, "I should have scorned to believe it; but I saw you and him

ance? However, I am not greedy, nor do I bear malice. You shall both escort me, if you with my own eyes. will." "There is safety in a multitude," says "No doubt," returns she, with a disdainful shrug, "I should think we were quite visible Kenneth.

o the naked eye." "What were you doing at that hour?"

"I decline to answer you when you address me in that tone.'

ent people. Why, they can't even take care "No, because you are ashamed to answer." of themselves,"-giving Brandy's ear a little "What a base thought!"-with a curl of her | pinch. lip.

" Base !"

says Danvers. "Never court danger it you "Well, not treble, certainly : it is quite too can decently avoid it." "No,-thanks; I shall keep to my bargain, low for that," returns she, flippantly, though in reality her heart is beating almost to suffo-1 am sure 'our boys' will behave very prettily to me," returns Gretchen, smiling. cation and she is passionately angry.

"I insist upon an answer to my question," exclaims he vehemently, stung by her apparent frivolity at a moment so fraught with anguish for him.

" By what right do you insist ?" "By the right of our engagement."

"Then your right no longer exists. Our enconsequent on Gretchon's retreat. gagement is onded-over. I will not be bound to any man who could distrust me as you do."

"You are indeed in a hurry to break your chains," says he, in a low tone

Charteris and her making a point of seeing you to-night? I like that." "I am. Why should I subject myself to this kind of thing? I am not accustomed to Truth is so seldom palatable," retorts Mr. Dinmont, with a maddening smile.

"Have I accused you of anything but the truth? Were you not alone with Sir John at infatuation for Mrs. Charteris rather loads you au hour when, when ---- And now you decline to say where you were, or why you were astray,-makes your intellect totter on, its throne. Frail things as a rule do totter," says with him. And when you knew I had so Tromaine, with a short laugh. "I'd propose often objected to your intimacy with him." to her if 1 were you." " Pray do not let us pursue the subject,"

says Mrs. Charteris, haughtily. "Too much has been said already."

"Am 1 to understand that for the future we stoutly. meet as strangers ?" demands he, hotly.

"As you will, of course "-quietly. "In deed, I think it a very wise suggestion. Remember, however, it emanates from you. You are the hurried one this time, not I. I should be glad too, if you would try to understand something else. That I wish-

A pause. "Yes?" from Arthur.

"You would go away! I am quite tired of and so I warn you." "Warn me, sir! What do you mean? Do it all.'

Square. Why is he not going? He may be going later on, certainly; but is unlike the careful Dinmont to be late on the field.

"You said nothing of it." ""No ?"---innocently. but maliciously. "I don't care about those Stanley's, so I shan't go to the Square; and, besides, yesterday Mrs. Charteris made rather a point of seeing me at the course to right has a commission the opera to-night-has a commission or something for me to execute, and asked me to come to her box some time during the evening, that she might tell me about it."

"Ah!" says Brandy. For an instant he suffers defeat-only for an instant; then he rallies and comes to the front boldly. Going up to Gretchen, he leans over her

chair, and pushes back tenderly a little bit of her protty hair behind her ears. "Though I have behaved badly to you

Meg," he says, coressingly, " will you do some thing for me ("

" It depends upon what it is," roplies Meg. with a sweet smile. "Will you forget what I said just now, and

" It is the simplest thing in the world," says

lieved she would be at the Stanely's to night,

I meant to go there to return it to her; but

(as Diamont has kindly informed me) she is

going to to the opera. I should like to go

" How flattering!" says Gretchen, laughing.

" It seems to be all Mrs. Charteris. I wonder

in what part of the play I make my sppear-

" It depends upon the kind of a rabble."

says Kitty. " I think it rather rash your

trusting yourself alone to two such incompet-

"Better accept me as a guard of honor."

"I accent defeat." says Danvers, falling

back again upon Kenneth; and, Gretchen

crossing the room to a distant davenport to

show Kitty some important missive received

from their mother that morning, Brandy and

Brandy hastens to break the dismal silence

"What was that you said just now," he

asks, with unconcealed scorn and a tendency

towards gibing in his tone, "about Mrs.

" I'm glad you do. It speaks well for you.

"At times, as it seems to me, your absurd

" So I shall, the first available opportunity,'

"Then I shall make one for myself,"-

"Then so shall I," declares Brandy, in a

furious though suppressed tone, now thor-

oughly incensed. "Yes, I suppose I have as

good a chance as you have. You never knew her until I introduced you; and as I" (heav-

ily accontuated) " am not the one to do things

in an underhand fashion, I tell you I too

shall propose to her as soon as occasion offers,

-with immovable calm.

Dandy find themselves virtually alone.

there to."

* POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

NEWS ITEMS.

" Don't be forever sighing for wealth, my son," counselled John's father; bo content with what you have." "I intend to be content when I have it," replied John.

The Maltese are protesting against having the English language forced upon them. A petition against this, signed by 15,000 persons, is to be sent to Queen Victoria.

"Were you ever in any engagement?" enquired an innocent rustic of a great city militiaman. "Yes, one," replied that son of Mars, "but she went back on me."

There is a monster orange tree near Fort Harley, Fla., that measures nine feet one inch in circumference. It is over fifty years old, and some seasons has borne over 9,000 oranges.

Bolivar, the five-ton elephant of Van Amburgh & Co., was sold at auction the other day for \$7,100. The double horned rhinoceros brought \$1,450, the dromedary \$325, the Bactrian camel \$625, and the hartbeest \$260. It was stated in connection with the sale that Van Amburgh's name has been on the show-bills for sixty-one years.

EPPS'S COCOA-GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING-"By a thorough knowledge of the untural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that strong enough to resist any tendency to floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."- Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins 115 and 15, labelled-JAMES Hers & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London. Hngland." Also makers of Eprs's OBCODENTS ESSENCE for afternoon use.

"Perhaps, if you could," she says, lightly, "or if you dared, I should hear more than would please me, and should be at daggers

drawn with you for the rest of my natural life."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"How like a dream is this I see and VAL. "E hear!

Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile." SILVIO. "O! miserable, unhappy that SILVIO. am!"

-Two Gentlemen of Verona. It is a dull day, gray and sullen, yet full of a treacherous heat-so heavy a day that the very summer wind is subdued. Not a sigh past. You are not going?' escapes it, no fuintest breeze disturbs the unnatural calm of the atmosphere. Above in the clouds the giant Thunder is preparing his grand artillery, and, crouching overhead, surveys the trembling earth with a grim smile. Every one is languid, and indisposed for der." work of any kind, and keeps looking round for cozy chairs and pleasant novels, over which to sleep away the dragging hours. The very gamins in the streets cease to find unholy joy in flinging themselves beneath the wheels of passing cabs, and know no longer rapture in

an ear piercing yell. Sir John Blunden, half in and half out of the drawing-room window, with one foot rest. the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. ing on the balcony-that is fragrant with Epps has provided our broakfast tables with drooping flowers-is yawning tranquilly three times-in every minute. Kitty, inside, is trying to deceive hersell into the belief that she is doing cruel-work, but in reality wondering a constitution may be gradually built up until whether she can summon enough energy to order the carriage and put on her things and disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are go to spend an hour or two with Gretchen. "I'm dining at Richmond this evening," says Sir John, presently, having overdone the yawning until he has become almost wakeful.

> "Are you?" returns Kitty, growing herself wakeful on the spot. "With whom ?"

> "Lady Cyclamen, and Mrs. Charteris, and dale, too, 1 think, and another woman, whose name I forget."

"Kitty--" save Jack, quickly "Well ?"-coldiy, glancing back from the

"I shall be away all the evenning. I want to say good bye to you."

"Good-bye," returns she, icily, and, going out, closes the door firmly behind her.

A minute or two later Sir John opens it again, and goes down the stairs and into the street, whistling gayly. He wonders a little "what's up with Kitty?"—his usual inward interrogation-an i then decides she has some small grudge against Faucy Charteris, some jealousy about clothes, or a fancied slight, or a very superior bonnet-"women are so odd." -and then dismisses the whole question from "everything falls into line in time," and, Meantime, Kitty, to whose heart his careless departure has given more pain than she would willingly acknowledge even to horself, baving flung with some impatience, the book she carried up-stairs, to the other end of the bedroom.--as though it, poor innocent fledgling of some youthful brain, had been the primary cause of all her discomfort-dresses hersolf, and, filled with a curious fancy that it may be possible to cheat grief, goes, not to

Gretchen, but to the Park. It is almost empty. But as she drives on-wards she meets Oyclamen, to her surprise, with little Olive beside her.

Beckoning to her, she draws up and says, with a most successful smile and in a charmingly indifferent tone, that doesn't deceive her friend in the least-

"You will be late for your Richmond dinner.'

"I am not going. No, some one told me yesterday the day would be unpleasant so 1 wrote a little note to Mrs. Charteris explain-ing all things. I do so hate rain and confusion of all kinds. I am positive we shall have a thunder-storm before the evening is

"No. I knew nothing of it until to day, says Kitty, calmly, who is to proud to discom-

ble. "Laura is going." "I think not. Only Fancy and Lady Inman. It will be a failure, I shouldn't won-

"Ah !" says Kitty; and then she smiles again, and node gayly, and says something pretty to the small pensive child, who sits, like a fcail shadow of her mother, on the right hand, and passes on with a calm face, but a breast too troubled for expression to give relief. She is not the one to find consolation at any time in words-rather a deeper sense of degradation and a quick desire to kill whomsoever may be rash enough to condemn the faulty but still beloved one. She may con-demn, yet cannot hate. With Kitty to love once is to love always. And is it not so with all true affection! Can time, or distance, or

disappointment destroy it? So she goes homeward full of bitter thoughts. Cyclamen not going, nor Laura-Then Mrs. Charteris is going there virtually alone, for Lady Inman doesn't count; she is as stunid as her husband, and he is the duilest man alive, Could Jack have known all this and suppressed it? The thought is agony, and for that reason she hugs it, and

dwells upon it, and tortures herself with it, from her what he deemed it expedient she poor Norcott boy?"

"You shall be obeyed," says Arthur, very being unwilling to spend another hour outgrandly; and, taking up his hat, he moves to-wards the door and takes his departure. side the place that held his heart's idel; and as he stepped from his carriage on his arrival

Meantime, Kitty, who is still sore at heart, at the station, he saw, walking just below him, has successfully eluded her husband throughtwo figures, both so familiar, and one so out the day, much to that careless man's bebound up with every fondest thought of his wilderment. Feigning headache in the mornheart, that he stopped short to contemplate ing, she escapes breakfast, and is dead to all As he stared, unwilling to believe his own the tender messages of confidence conveyed to her through her maid. Yet withal she eyes, a merry, sweet, infectious laugh rang upsuffers more from this self-enforced severance on the air-a laugh he knew well-alas! too than he does, and grows sadder if not wiser as well-one that he had often echoed through the hours pass without bringing about a revery sympathy with its mirth, but that now conciliation. talling on his ears made him shrink and pale,

About four a longing to see some one of and brought his teeth down sharply on his whose affection she may count herself assured induces her to drive to Gretchen's, where she finds Kenneth on a sofa, with her companion is Sir John Blunden. Laura ilittle Tom Scarlett" and two or three other Redesdale, who has run on before to her carmen around him, laughing and talking as he riage (having telegraphed for it), is out of has not done for many a day. Gretchen at a sight; so that Arthur, knowing nothing of that dinner at Elchmond, sees only the distance-looking sweeter and more girlish woman he loves alone at eleven o'clock at than over-is pouring out tes, and making much of Dandy, who has just come of second night with the man he has long deemed his best in a wordy war with Brandy, who is also rival, and, with a brain on fire and a heart depresent.

solate, tells himself with a desperate sense of "My dear girl, how glad I am you have certainty, that surely she is false to him, and come! I hardly hoped to see you to-day-1 don't know why," Gretchen says, flushing with He makes a stop forward, as though suddenunmistakable pleasure as Kitty, tall and stately filled with a mad desire to reach her, to ly sweeps up the pretty room. "Noither do I," returns Kitty, laughing, take her from his cousin, and declare aloud

considering I generally find my way here five days out of the week. 1 always say' -sinking into a chair, with a little sigh that has something in it resembling envy-"this is the pleasantest house in town.

"You are going to the opera to-night, are you not, Kitty ?" asks Kenneth, presently, trary direction, deaf to the suave exposiulafrom his sota. tions of longing cabbies, neither knowing nor

"Yes dear."

"Make Greichen go with you. She wants to hear Tassalle, and won't go by herself."

"Why not come to our box ?" says Kitty persuasively, turning to her sister. "Brandy will bring you, and I myself will see you home with-with Jack."

" May I coust on you, Brandy ?" asks Gretchen, addressing that ingenious youth, who is standing in one of the windows, apparently lost in thought, though in reality he is only meditating on some final remark that shall help to smash beyond all recognition his

"I should be charmed, my dear, but I really am not at liberty," he says, being under the delusion that Mrs. Charteris is to be present to-night at a "small and early " given in Ber-kely Square ; whereas she has refused that invitation, and is going to the opera, and no-where else, later cn. "Please don't compel boudoir, so dear to him in happier hours, me, Gretchen. I would do anything to oblige you-really anything, from playing pitchand toss up to manslaughter, if it would afford spicious moment, cladin a ravishing gown you the smallest gratification; but I confess the opera to-night is out of my reach."

Gretchen shrugs her shoulder s.

"Then will you take me, Dandy ?" she says,

"Thanks awfully," replies he, speaking with unconcealed alacrity. "It is very good of you to have ms. I hate my own society and I was bound to put in an appearance at the Italian house to night."

"I didn't know you were going," says Brandy, with sudden suspicion, trying to examine his friend's infantile features. Dandy has also had an invitation to that dance in Berkeley

von imagine I fear vou as a rival I beg vou will try to master the fact that I fear no man, -you least of all,"-with withering contampt. You can propose to her, or to the Princess Beatrice, or to any one else your madness

suggests, with, I should sav, quite the same result in all cases." "" You mean Mrs. Charteris will refuse me,

struck by your superior charms, no doubt? I flatter myself I'm better looking than you, anyway.'

'You may be,"-with imperturbable nonchalanco-"and better bred your manners prove you! But you're notricher, and money makes the man, according to Byron."

" The Tromaine property is as good as the Dinmonts' any day "-with intense disgust. "You can do as you like, however. A refusal will be good for you, and take you down a bit.

"I shall thank you not to address me again on any subject," says Dandy, with sudden wrath.

Brandy laughs sardonically.

"It isn't a triendly act," he says, "to sit silent and watch a fellow make an ass of himself without uttering a word of expostula-

At this Dandy exhibits his best sneer.

"Your affecting concern for my welfare touches me deeply," he is beginning when a movement among the other occupants of the room checks him. Indeed, it is impossible to imagine where this charming discussion might not have led the belligerents did not Kitty, coming up at this point, say good-bye to Dinmont and cary Brandy away with her.

One by one the others too depart, and evening falls very silently, and the lamps are lit in the square outside, and the criss of the vendors grow less, and the music of the wheels grows louder, and people hurry madly to and fro, as though the last moment for ac-

tion has indeed come. Not a breeze rustles. The air is full of a languid sultrinees. It is indeed an ideal summer's evening, so mild, so calm, that instinctively one's thoughts wander and travel from the gaudy sinful city to the vast sweet country, where tender winds are blowing, and blossoms sleeping, and young buds breaking forth, and where, later on, fair

" Phoebe will behold Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass. Decking with liquid peart the bladed grass."

Gretchen, standing at the window, looking down upon the pavements and the flickering jets of gas, and bumming softly to hercelf, marks a little child standing half bare and wholly lonely against a lamp-post. Hunger sits upon his brow; and want, and worse than want, have made hollows in the cheeks that should be rounded and flushed with childish grace and beauty.

"How absorbed you are!" says Kenneth from his sola.

"Yes. I am watching a little boy-such a pretty child, but so thin and miserable, poor little fellow. I wonder where his mother is? See | he is looking up. • Oh ! I must give him something "-turning impulsively to the door, as though bent on embracing the picturesque gamin then and there.

"Tell Jacobs to give him something darling, and don't worry yourself," says Kepneth.

"I don't think servants give things nicely,

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or so after Sir John has knocked and been refused admission by Kitty, and long after the fair little cause of all his grief has laid her yellow head upon her pillow and sunk sweetly into blissful slumbers, innocent of warning dreams. Flinging himself undressed upon his bed,

he fights with his grief and desparate disappointment until morning breaks and the "sun begins to gild the eastern sky."

The early day passes slowly; but with the alternoon comes a resolution to seek Fancy, to quondam friend. upbraid her to her face, to accuse her of her sin, and, baying thrown up bis engagement with her, quit England forever.

Arriving at her door he is, perhaps, a trifle embarrassed at hearing she is within ; but, following the man up stairs, with grim determination on his brow, he is ushered into the cozy where Fancy reigns queen.

Her majosty is quite alone at this inanthat makes her look, if possible more desirable than usual. Bising gladly as he enters, she comes forward to greet him, with a love

ly smile upon her lips, that somehow fades | turning to Mr. Dinmont. and dies as her eyes meet his. He is looking worn and haggard, as one who

has not slept for many nights ; and there is an ill-disguised air of steraness and misery about him that makes itself felt. "My dear Arthur !" she says, "has anything

Landor, and some other fellows; Laura Redes and finally she brings herself to believe her | happened ? I do hope you have hot been unhusband has purposely lied to her and hidden successful in your mission and ruined that