We know a man with curly hair, Complexion blonds you might say fair; Who thinks he has the finest mien, Of any manife's ever seen.

At night his wife combs up his hair, While he sits in an easy chair; She twists and ourls it up in paper, Yes, this great man he is a draper.

And every morning forth he sallies, Passing broad streets and narrow alleys; With dane in hand our hero goes.— He wears hive goggles on his nose. A school took in his hand is found, You'd think he was for college bound; Indeed he is a student rare, This noble man with ourly hair.

His hands and feet, also what size!
Not just the things that you would prize;
But notwithstanding size and shape,
He tries the well formed man to ape.

Our beau is also an athlete, Can "skin the cat,"—do any feat; At "Indian Clubs," and as trapezer, Ore hero, he can beat old Cusar.

He tries at times in elecution, To do some wondrous execution; He sings a song in accents broad, "Tis " Come into the Garden, Maud."

For cheek he beats all men you know, This empty curly headed beau; He thinks he's by the fair admired,— Above all men to be desired.

He's always ready with his views, He's always got the latest news; News, which he tells with loud haw haws, And emphasizes well each clause.

And, could you seen his strange shaped head By ourly locks quite overspread; Parted, you know, just in the middle, You'd say he was indeed a riddle.

But everything is done for style. He lacks for brains,—but all the while He must make show to those around. He must make show to those ar Or very soon he'd run aground.

Tis thus indeed that some fools go. Living their lives to make a show; Living to ape the honest man, Deny this, reader, if you can.

Don't try to spe what you are not, Leave on your name no foolish blot; Act well your part, live nobly, well; The world it hates the foolish swell. "OESERVER."

WORKINGMEN.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time. much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don's wait. Burlington Hawk-

THE RIVE-KING CONCERTS.

An enthusiastic admirer of this great artiste writes thus to the Gazette:-

Sm.-On Satu.day evening I went to the Queen's Hall to determine whether "what the press has said of Mme. Rive-King was not exaggeration;" and whether the sayings emanated from those "critics" which land mediocrity to the skies, and neglect and forget genius, and declare that nothing shall be good which has not their imprimatur stamped upon it, or nothing shall be bad which they choose to recommand.

At the Queen's Hall the auditors on Saturday evening were, as far as I could judge by their plaudits and remarks, satisfied listeners. One enthusiast said, slightly paraphrasing Chatterton :-

"She keeps the passion with the sound in play, And the soul trembles with the trembling key." Another said :-- "I can endorse the sayings of the press, especially the following :- " In Mme. Rive-King's interpretation of such composers as Beathoven, Mendlessohn and Chopin, there is displayed high intelligence, tenderness of touch, passionate expression, executive ability and great brilliancy." Again. " She has the power of vocalizing the tones of the plane, making the instrument wall, sing and almost speak the deepest and noblest meanings of the composer; at times making the Weber Piano give almost the full power of the orchestra, and then again the softest whispers of an Æolian harp."

For my own part, I was more impressed by the touching, powerful and beautiful playing of-Mme. Rive-King than by that of any performer on the piano, with the exception of Rubenstein. To me it was a surprise. There was not only an air of refinement, a spirit of poetry, but a modesty of manner, an absence of conceit and self-conscioueness in the woman, which was charming. The adulations of the press have not affected her; she is genuine, easy and natural. Flattery has not spoiled her. The press has not lied when it has almost unanimously said :-" Madame Rive-King is one of the greatest pianistes of this age.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I think the dispute about the pre-eminence of planes ought to end after the wonderful performance on the "Weber" in the Queen's Hall on Saturday evening. Hereafter, no one person of the critical audience which then listened to the dulcet strains of this instrument and heard the power possessed by this plane to sustain that which is called " singing" whilst a plaintive melody is being performed, need long hesitate in his choice.

Yours obediently, REX.

FRLLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HY-POPHOSPHITES will not only supply the waste going on in the brain, but will enable the mind to endure a greater tax than before. It will impart vigor, and promote clear conceptions to the intellect. It will strengthen the nerves and give power to all involuntary well as the voluntary muscles of the body. 62-2-ws

REAVY DAMAGES AGAINST THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY CO.

The jury in the United States Court at \$111,166.66 for the plaintiffs in the case of the Northern Transit Company of Michigan w. The Grand Trunk Bailway Company of Canada The suit was brought by the Transit Company for demurage for the detention of vessels of their line while loading and unloading freight at Point Edward and Port Huron in 1879 and 1880, the boats of the line at that time running in connection with the railroad. The legal advisers of the Grand | nearer, and speaks even more earnestly. "It Trunk railway are not at all apprehensive that the road will have to ray one dollar of that sum. They expect that the court will set aside the verdict, and grant a new trial. If they are mistaken in this, they will take 17, something in the old servant's manner imthe case to the Supreme Court, where they pressing him. "I will hear you. Speak, feel confident the decision will be reversed. | man; what is it?".

A bright youth, undergoing examination a

By "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED Silent and half-maddened by his thoughts he sits dogged and silent, refusing food, and waiting only for her who never comes. But when, at length, the gloaming comes

and day is over, without bringing to him the frail form of her he so desires, he rises, and, pushing back his chair, goes up to Hythe, and. into the presence of Lord Sartoris. "You will find me my girl," he says, and

then he tells him all the story.

Sartoris listens, and as he does so, sickens with doubt that is hardly a doubt, and fear that is nearly a certainty. Is this the end he has so dreaded? Is this the creeping horror that has of late so tortured him? Alas for the unblemished honor of the old name that for centuries held itself sans peur et sans reproche.

How can be dare offer consolation to old Annersley? He covers his face with his. hands, and bends forward over the table. There is something in his attitude that denotes despair, and renders more keen the agony in Annersley's bosom.

"Why do you do that?" he cries fiercely. What is there to groan about? Nothing, I tell you! The child has gone too far—has lost her way. She didn't understand. She cannot find her road home-No more-no

His excitement and grief are pitiful to see. He wrings his hands; his whole bearing and expression are at variance with his hopeful words. "She will come back in an hour or two, mayhap," he says, miserably, " and then I shall feel that I have disturbed your lordship; but I am in a hurry, you see; I want her, and I cannot wait."

"What do you want me to do for you?" says Sartoris, very humbly. He feels that he can hardly lift his eyes in this man's presance.

"Find her? That is all I ask of you. Find her, dead or alive! You are a great man—high in authority, with power and servants at command. Find me my child! Oh, man, help me, in some way !"

He cries this in an impassioned tone. He is totally overcome. His poor old white head falls helplessly upon his clasped arms.

Sartoris, pale as death, and visibly affected, can make no reply. He trembles, and stands before the humble miller as one oppressed with guilt. Anneraley mistakes his meaning, and, strid-

ing forward, lays hi hand upon his arm. "You are silent," he says, in a terrible tone, made up of grief and anguish more intense than words can tell. "You do not think she is in the wrong, do you? You believe her in-

nocent? Speak!—speak!" "I do," responds Sartoris, and only his own heart knows that he lies. Yet his tone is so smothered, so unlike his usual one, that he hardly recognizes it himself.

"If Mr. Branscombe were only here," says Annersley in a stricken voice, after a lengthened pause, "he would help me. He has always been a kind friend to me and mine." Lord Sartoris draws a deep breath, that is al-

most a sob. "When does he return, my lord?" "On Saturday. He said so, at least, when

leaving." "A long time," murmurs the old man, mournfully. "She will be home before thatif she ever comes at all." His head sinks up. on his breast. Then he rouses himself, and, glancing at Lord Bartoris, says entreatingly, Won't you write to him, my lord? Do, I implore of you, and conjure him to return. It any one can help me it will be Mr. Dorian 17

"I shall write to him now,-now,-at once," says Sartoris, mechanically, feeling how hideous is the mockery of this promise, knowing what he thinks he knows. Even yet he clings to the hope that he has been

Thus he soothes the old man with vain know." promises, and so gets rid of him, that he may be left alone with his own thoughts. Shall he go to Dorlan ? This is the first

engrossing idea. Yet it affords but little little pause, full of bitterness. consolation. To see him, to hear him, to it holds out to him, and it is all insufficient. | any one on the subject." How shall he believe him, knowing the many things that have occurred? treat his very most eager denial as anything but a falsehood?

For hours he paces to and fro, pondering not his father, that he can coerce him. By nocent." nature suspicious (though tender-hearted and indulgent in other ways), it comes easily to him to believe that even the mandin whom

he has trusted has been found wanting. " To doubt is worse than to have lost," says Massinger; and surely be is right. Sartoris, in deep perplexity, acknowledges the truth of this line, and tells bimself that in his old age he has been sorely tried. The whole world seems changed. Sunshine has given place to gloom; and he himself stands alone,-

Stoynde and amazde at his own shade for And fearing greater daungers than was nede."

Not until he is thoroughly exhausted, both in mind and body, does he decide on leaving home to-morrow." for town by the mid-day train, next day. In the mean time he will telegraph to Clar-

idge's, some faint remembrance lingering with him of Dorian's having made mention of that hotel as being all any one's fancy could possibly paint it. But the morrow brings its own tidings.

It is almost noon, and Sartoris, sitting in his library, writing some business letterspreparatory to catching the up train to town is disturbed by a light knock at the door. "Come in," he calls out, impatiently ; and Simon Gale, opening the door, comes slowly

He is a very old man, and has been butler in the family for more years than he himself can count. His head is quite white, his form a little bent; there is at this moment, a touch Milwankee has just rendered a verdict of of deep distress upon his face that makes him

look even older than he is. "Are you busy, my lord?, asks he, in a somewhat nervous tone. "Yes: I am very much engaged. I can

see no one, Gale. Say I am starting for town immediately." "It isn't that, my lord. It is something I myself have to say to you. It you could spare me a few minutes-—" He comes a little

is about Buth Arnerslev." Lord Sartorie, laying down his pen, looks

at him intently. "Close the door, Simon," he says, hurried-

"A story I heard this morning, my lord, which I feel it my duty to repeat to you. few days since for admission to one of the de. Not that I believe one word of it. You will slowly murdering poor old John Annerspartments, found himself confronted with the remember that, my lord inot one word." The ley question : "What is the distance from the grief in his tone belies the truth of his avowearth to the sun? Not having the exact num | All | His head is bent. His old withered

> You are trembling," says Levi Sartoris, curred? Have you not heard of Ruth's mysunstrung you." MINING

an trembling; I'am unstrung. How can I be otherwise when I hear such a slander put

toria, with an effort. "Mr. Dorian." He says this in a very low tone; and tears, that always come so painful- Dorlan.
ly and so slowly to the old, whine in his What co you mean? demands Brans-

ing livery." He covers his face with his Bartorie, rising from his seat, goes over to

the window, and so stands that his face cannot be seen. "What have you got to say about Mr. Branscombe ?! he asks, in a harsh, discordant

"My Lord, it is an impertinence my speaking at all," says Gale. "Go on. Let me know the worst. I can

hardly be more miserable than I am," returns

"It was Andrews, the under-gardener, was truth began to dawn upon me." telling me," begins Simon, without any further attempt at hesitation. "This morning short and bitter laugh. early, I met him near the Ash Grove. 'Simon,' he says, 'I want to speak wi' ye. I

have a secret on my mind." "If you have, my man, keep it, says I. 'I his suspicions by Branscombe's sneer; "but want none o' your secrets.' For in truth he then came the night of the Hunt ball, when "If you have, my man, keep it, says I. 'I

ut But it is on my conscience, says he, 'and if I don't tell it to you I shall tell it to planation of her presence there; a little some one else, because tell it I must, or bust!' later, I find a handkerchief (which you your-"So when he went that far, my lord, I saw self acknowledge having given her) lying on show he was real uneasy, and I made up my your library floor; about that, too, you were as how he was real uneasy, and I made up my mind to listen. And then he says,—
"' Night before last feyther was coming

through the gopse wood that runs tother side there, in the thickest part o' it, he saw Miss Buth a standing, and wi' her Mr. Brangcombe. "Which Mr. Branscombe ?" says I.

". Mr. Dorian,' he says. 'He seen him as plain as life, though it was dusk, standing wi' his back half turned toward him, but not so turned but what he could see his ear and part of his face. He had a hold o' Miss Ruth's hands; and was speaking very earnest to her, as though he were persuading her to some thing she were dead against. And she were crying very bitter, and trying to draw her hands away; but presently she got quiet like; and then they went away together, slowly at first, but quicker afterward, in the direction of the wood that leads to Langham." He did not stir a peg until they were out o' sight, he was afeard o' being seen. And now it is on his you?"
conscience that he did not speak sooner, even "W since he saw old Mr. Annersley yesterday, like a mad creature' looking for his girl.'

"That was his story, my lord. And he told it as though he meant it. I said to him as how Mr. Dorian was in Lunnun, and that is it not? One can hardly prove the presented I didn't believe one word of it; and then he said,-

· " Lunnun or no Lunnuv, there is no mistake about it. If, as you say, he did go up to Lunnun, he must he come down again by the over his lean earnest face. Langham train, for he did see him wi' his two 6745."

"Mr. Horace is very like Mr. Dorian,' I said. (Forgive me, my lord, but there was a moment when I would gladly have believed the blame might fall on Mr. Horace.) "There are times when one can hardly know them saunder.' but he scouted this notion.

" Feyther seen him, he said. 'He had one o' them light overcoats on he is so fond o' wearing. It was him, and no other. He noticed the cost most perticler. And a great shame it is for him! If you don't believe me, l can't help you. I believe it; that is enough for me."

Gale ceases speaking. And silence follows that lasts for several minutes. Then he speaks again : "I ask your pardon, my lord, for having so

spoken about any member of the family. nt I thought it was only right von shon "You have acted very kindly.' Even to

himself his tone is strained and cold. "This Andrews must be silenced," he says, after a

"I have seen to that, my lord. After what listen to a denial from his lips; that is what I said to him, he will hardly speak again to

See to it, Simon. Let him fully understand that dismissal will be the result of further talk." "I will, my lord." Then, very wistfully.

"Not that any one would distrust Mr. Doron what is the best course to pursue. He is | ian in this matter. I feel-I know, he is in-Lord Sartoris looks at him strangely; his

lips quiver; he seems old and worn, and as a man might who has just seen his last hope perish.

"I envy you your faith," he says, wearily "I would give half-nay, all I possess, if I could say that honestly. Just at this moment there comes an inter-

ruption. "A telegram, my lord," says one of the men

handing in a yellow envelope. Sartorie, tearing it open, reads hurriedly.

" I shall not go to town, Gale," he says after a minute or two of thought. "Counterorder the carriage. Mr. Branscombe comes

CHAPTER XXII.

"When there is a great deal of smoke, and no clear flame, it argues much moisture in the matter, yet it witnesseth, certainly, that there is fire there."—LEIGHTON

Long before the night has set in he comes and, as he enters the room where his uncle site awaiting him, Lord Sartoris tells himself that never before has he seen him so handsome, so tall, so good to look at.

"Your telegram made me uneasy," he saye, abruptly, "so I came back sooner than I had intended. Had you mine?"

" Yes; some hours ago." " Did you want me, Arthur ?"

"Yes; but not your return here. I sent my telegram principally to learn your address, as I had made up my mind to go up to town. You have frustrated that plan."

There is a meaning in his tone that puzzles Dorlag. "You going to trust yourself alone in our great Babylon?" he says, raising his brows. Why the world must be coming to an end. What business had you there that I could not

have managed for you?" "My business was with you?" "Anything wrong?" says the young man. impatiently, tapping a table lightly with his fingers, and frowning somewhat heavily. Your tone implies as much. Has anything happened in my absence to cause you annoyance. If so, let me know at once, and spare me any beating about the bush. Suspense is

unpleasant.' "It is," says Sartoris, rising from his chair, and moving a few steps nearer to bim. "It is

"I am still hopelessly in the dark," says Dorlan, shrugging his shoulders. "What has suspense got to do with old Annersley?"

pon the boy I have watched from his she herself, of course, and one other." years creep on 1 t were well to think of the bye, the bye, it is rather good of you to break in radie?"

Then, further implies the latest in the property of acceptance of the course, and one other."

You are speaking of the course, and one other." years creep on 1 t were well to think of the bye, the bye, the bye, it is rather good of you to break in a you will a trembling voice, while the property of the course upon the boy I have watched from his she herself, of course, and one other."

"His sad complexion wears giers mourn darkly. His eyes flash his nostrils dilate, and livery." He covers his fale with his "Am I to infer from your last remark that you suspected me of having something to do with her disappearance?

"I do," returns Sartoris, slowly, but with bis eyes upon the ground. "How can I do otherwise when I call to mind all the causes you have given me to doubt you? Have you forgotten that day, now some months ago, when I met you and that unhappy girl together on the road to the village? I, at least, shall never forget the white misery of her face, and the unmistakable confusion in her manner, as I greeted her. Even then the

"The truth?" says Branscombe, with a

At that time I was unwilling to harbor unkind doubts of you in my breast," goes on Sartoris, unmoved, nay, rather confirmed in is often very troublesome, my Lord, though a I met you, alone with her, in the most sewell-meaning youth at bottom. were unable to give me any reasonable exdumb; no excuse was ready to your lips.

By your own actions I judge you.' "Your suspicions make you unjust, my o' the fence from Master Annersley's, and lord," says the young man, haughtily. "They overrule your better judgment. Are such paltry evidences as you have just put forward sufficient to condemn me, or have you further proofs?"

"I have—a still stronger one than any other I have mentioned. The last place in which Buth Annersley was seen in this neighborhood was in Hurston Wood, at eight o'clock, on the evening of her departure, andyou were with her?"

" I was ?" "The man who saw you will swear to this."

" Be must be rather a clever fellow. I congratulate you on your man."

"Do you deny it?" There is something that is almost hope in his tone. "If not there last Tuesday, at that hour, where were

"Well, really, it would take me all my time to remember. Probably dining; got to my fish by that time, no doubt. Later on I was at Lady Chetwode's crush; but that "-with a sarcastic laugh-"is a very safe thing to say, of any one at a gathering together of the clans, such as there was at her 'at home.' I wouldn't believe I was there, if I were you. He laughs again. Sartoris flushed hotly all

"It is needless lying," he says, slowly. "The yery coat you wore-a light overcoat-probably " (pointing to it) "the one you are now wearing-was accurately described." Dorian starts visibly. "Do you still hope to brave it

out?" "A cost like this, do you say?" asks Branscombe, with a nervous attempt at unconcern

laying his band upon his sleeve. "A light overcost. Such was the descrip tion. But " (with a longing that is terribly pathetic) "many overcoats are alike. And— I dare say you have not worn that one for

months." "Yes, I have. I wear it incersantly; I have taken rather a fancy to it," replies Branscombe, in an uncompromising tone. "My persistent admiration for it has driven my tailor to despair. I very seldom (except, perhaps, at midnight revels or afternoon bores) appear in public without it."

"Nothing?"-conterptuously, making a I? If, after all these years that you have known me, you can imagine mecapable of evil | upon him—Dorian? such as you describe so graphically, it would give me no pleasure to vindicate myself in easily mistake one brother for the other. your eyes. Think of me as you will; I shall ake no steps to justify myself."

"You dare not?" says Sartoris, in a stifled tone, confronting him fully for the first time. "That is just as you please to think," says Branscombe, turning upon him with flashing eves. He frowns beavily, and, with a little gesture common to him, raises his hand and pushes the end of his fair mustache between his teeth. Then, with a sudden effert, he controls himself, and goes on more quietly. "I shall always feel regret in that you found it so easy a matter to believe me guilty of so monstrous a deed. I think we can have nothing further to say to each other, either now or in the tuture. I wish you good-even-

Sartoris, standing with his back almost turned to his nephew, takes no heed of this angry farewell; and Dorlan, going out, closes

the door calmly behind him. Passing through the long Hall, as it has been called from time immemorial, he encounters Simon Gale, the old butler, and stops to speak to him, kindly, as is his wont,

though in truth his heart is sore. "Ahi Simon! How warm the weather grows?" he says, genially, brushing his short hair back from his forehead. The attempt is night mail—to confront Horace and learn praiseworthy, as really there is no hair to speak of, his barber having provided against that. He speaks kindly, carelessly-if a little wearily. His pulses are throbbing, and his heart besting hotly with passionate indig-

nation and disappointment. "Very warm, sir," returns the old man, Te- even should be acknowledge the fact that he garding him wistfully. He is not thinking had enticed the girl from her home, how can of the weather, either of its heat or cold. He | it benefit Dorlan? He is scarcely the one to is only wondering, with a foreboding sadness, whether the man before him-who has been to him as the apple of his eye—is guilty or possible to him. not of the crime imputed to him. With an effort he recovers himself, and asks, hastily, though almost without purpose. " Have you seen my lord?"

"Yes; I have only just left bim." "You will stay to dinner, Mr. Dorlan?" Lord Sartoris, sitting breeding over miser-He has been "Mr. Dorlan" to him for so able thoughts in the library at Hythe, has tidmany years that now the more formal Mr. Branscombe is impossible.

"Not to-night. Some other time, when my _" He pauses. "You think him looking well?" asks the old man, anxiously, mistaking his hesita-

tion. "Well! Ob. that doesn't describe him," save Branscombe, with a shrug and a somewhat ironical laugh. "He struck me as being unusually lively-in fact, strong as Boreas on the main.' I thought him very well at this hour, as one of a chosen, band brought indeed."

"Ay, he is so! A godly youth brings a peaceful age; and his was that. He has lived a good life and now is resping his reward." "Is he?" says Dorlan, with a badly-sup-

pressed yawn, il Of course I was mistaken,

nothing, "Wby, where can she have Simon, representally, "yet, it is the very gone?"/
That is exactly what no one knows, except pent, no fasting misdeed to haunt him, as

What co you mean? demands Brans. Dorian laying his hands upon the old sernever forgive myself, and you, in all probabilcombe, throwing up his head, and flushing want's shoulders pushes him gently backity, will never forgive me either; yet i must ward so that he may look the more readily get it off my mind."

into his face.

"Why, Simon! How absolutely in earnest;
you are!" he says, lightly. "What crime have I committed, that I should spend the rest of my days in sack cloth and ashes?"

"I know nothing," says old Gale, sadly. "How should I be wiser than my masters? All I feel is that youth is careless and headstrong, and things once done are difficult of undoing. If you would go to your grave happy, keep yourselff from causing misery to those who love you and—trust in you." His voce sinks, and grows tremulous; Dor-

ian, taking his hands from his shoulders, eyes upon his face. moves back from the old man, and regards him meditatively, stroking his fair mustache slowly, in a rather mechanical fashion, as he

"The whole world seems dyspeptic today," he says; fronically. Then, " It would be such a horrid bore to make any one miserable that I dare say I shan't try it. If, however, do commit the mysterious serious offence at which you broadly hint, and of which you plainly believe me fully capable, I'll let you know about it."

Hs smiles again-a jarring sort of smile, that hardly accords with the beauty of the dying day-and, moving away from the old man, crosses the oaken flooring to the glass door that lies at the further end of the room, and that opens on to a graveled-path outside, on which lilacs are flinging broadcast their rich purple bloom. As he moves, with a pale face and set lips (for the bitter smile has aded), he tramples ruthlessly, and without thought for their beauty, upon the deep soft patches of coloring that are strewn upon the flooring from the stained-glass windows above.

Throwing open the door, he welcomes ladly the cool evening air that seems to meet him.

"Pah !" he says, almost aloud, as he strides onward beneath the budding elms. "To think, after all these years, they should so readily condemn me! Even that old man, who has known me from my intancy, believes me guilty."

travel onward to a fear that for many days has that I have had anything to do with her been growing and galning strength.

Can Horace have committed this base This fear usurps all other considersdeed? tions. Going back upon what he has just will probably express some faint disapprobaheard, he examines in his mind each little de- tion when you invade the sanctity of her tail of the wretched history imparted to him | chamber, but beyond that no unpleasantness by his uncle. All the suspicions—lulled to need be anticipated. This is her favorite rest through lack of matter wherewith to feed hour for imbibling brandy-my brandy you them-now come to life again, and grow in size and importance, in spite of his intense desire to suppress them.

On Tuesday night the girl had left her home. On Tuesday morning he had been to you chance to meet her, and she openly mol-Herace's rooms, had found him there, had sat | ests you, don't blame me. and conversed with him for upward of an hour on different subjects—chiefly, he now remembers, of Clarissa Peyton.

The day had been warm, and he had taken off his coat (the light overcoat he had affected for the past month), and had thrown it on a chair, and-left it there when going!

found the coat in the very self-same place where he had thrown it. But in the mean time, during all the hours that intervened between the atternoon of one day and the forenoon of another, where had it been? "The very cost you wore was minutely de-

with a sudden rush, causing him a keener pany than any he has ever yet known. Must ciety with that cut-up expression in your he indeed bring himself to believe that his own brother had made use of the coat with movement as though to depart. "Why should the deliberate intention (should chance fling any intruder in the way) of casting suspicion

In the dusk of the evening any one might They are the same height; the likeness be-tween them is remarkable. He almost hates himself for the readiness with which he pieces his story together, making doubt mergo with such entirety into conviction. The evening is passing fair, yet it brings

no comfort to his soul; the trees towering upward lie heavily against the sky; the breath of many flowers make rich the air. Already the faint moon, arising, throws "her silver light o'er half the world," and make more blue the azure depths above: 'Star follows star, though yet day's golden light Upon the bilis and headlands faintly streams.

The far-oft grating sound of the corncrake can be heard; the cuckoo's tuneless note, incessant and unmusical, tires the early night. The faint sweet chirrups of many insects come from far and near, and break upon the sense with a soft and luiling harmony:

There is no stir, nor breath of air; the plains slumbering in the cold emurace night." All nature seems sinking into one grand re-

pose, wherein strife and misery and death appear to have no part.

To Dorian the tender solemnity of the scene brings no balm. To go again to town by the from him the worst—is his one settled thought, among the multitude of disordered

ones; and upon it he determines to sot. But what if he shall prove innocent, or denv all knowledge of the affair? What then can clear Dorian in his uncle's eyes? And defend himself at another's expence; and to betray Horace to clear himself would be im-

He grows bewildered and heart sick.
Reaching home, he orders his dog-cart to be brought round, and, by takingit a good deal out of his good gray mare manages to catch

the evening train to town. Lord Sartoris, sitting breeding over miser ings brought him of his nephew's speedy return to London, and endures one stab the more, as he feels more than ever convinced of

his duplicity. Arrived in town, Branscombe drives to Horace's rooms, hoping against hope that he may find him at home. To his surprise he does so find him-in the midst of papers, and apparently up to his even in business.

"Working to late?" says Dorian, involuntarily, being accustomed to think of Horace, tegether to discuss the lighter topics of the day over soup and fish and flesh. In truth, now he is on the spot and face to face with his brother, the enormity of his errand makes. itself felt, and he hardly knows what to say to

"You, Dorian?" "Horace, raising his eyes, "Are you really ignorant of all that has cocurred? Have you not heard of Ruth's mysabominable, temper, its a desire to insult smile. Working? Yes, we others, the Sorope's clear and honest eyes, smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable shadow, no islutest trace of suspicion, lies in smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable shadow, no islutest trace of suspicion, lies in smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Sorope's clear and honest eyes, smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Sorope's clear and honest eyes, smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Sorope's clear and honest eyes, smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Sorope's clear and honest eyes, smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Sorope's clear and honest eyes, smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Sorope's clear and honest eyes, smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Sorope's clear and honest eyes, smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Sorope's clear and honest eyes, smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Sorope's clear and honest eyes, smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Sorope's clear and honest eyes, smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Sorope's clear and honest eyes, smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Sorope's clear and honest eyes, smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Shadow, no islutest trace of suspicion, lies in the smiles. Working? Yes, we others, the Sorope's clear and honest eyes, smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Shadow, no islutest trace of suspicion, lies in the smiles. Working? Yes, we others, the Sorope's clear and honest eyes, smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Shadow, no islutest trace of suspicion, lies in the smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Shadow, no islutest trace of suspicion, lies in the smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable. Shadow, no islutest trace of suspicion, lies in the smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable.

work when all is confessed." He presses his hand to his forehead with affected languor, as and for an instant conceals his face. "By

am wronging you in my thoughts I shall never forgive myself, and you, in all probabil-

et it off my mind."

"My dear fellow, how you have flung away undoubted talent Your tone out-Irvings Irving; it is ultra-tragio. Positively, you make my blood run cold. Don't stand staring at me in that awful attitude, but tell me, as briefly as you can, what I have done."

He laughs lightly. Dorian regards him fixedly. Has he wronged him? Has instinct played him false? "Where is Buth Annersley?" he asks awkwardly, as though getting rid of the question at any price and without preamble. He has

"Ruth Annersley?" reiterates Horace, the mest perfect amazement in his tone. If purposely done, the surprise is very excellent in-"Why? What has happened to deed.

still his hand upon his brother's arm, and his

her?" "Have you heard nothing?" "My dear fellow, how could I? I have not been near Pullingham for a full month; and its small gossips fail to interest our big city,

What has happened?" "The girl has left her home; has not been heard of since last Tuesday. They fear she has willingly flung up happiness and honor

to gain—misery."
"What a charitable place is a small vij... lage!" says Horace with a shrug. "Why should the estimable Pullinghamites imagine so much evil? Perhaps, finding life in that stagnant hole unendurable, Ruth threw up the whole concern, and is now seeking a subsistence honorably. Perhaps, too, she has married. Perhaps

"Why do you not suppose her dead?" says Dorian, tapping the table with his forefinger, his eyes fixed moodly on the pattern of the marcon-colored cloth. "All such speculations are equally absurd. I hardly came to London to listen to such vain imaginings."

"Thou-I think I hardly understand you." says Horace, amiably; "you came because you-----?" "Because I fancied I bad here the best

chance of hearing about her," interrupts Dotian, bluntly, losing patience a little?" "How fearfully you blunder?" returns Hor-Then a change sweeps over him. Insults are still quite calmly—nay, in even a tone to himself are forgotten, and his thoughts vamoose, I beg to say your imagination has run wild. You can search the place if you like. The old lady who attends to my wants

> will understand (she takes it merely as a tonic, being afflicted—as she tells me—with what she is pleased to term nightly trim-bles'); so it, in the course of your wanderings, " is that all you can tell me?"

"All about my old lady, cortainly."
"And of Buth?" "I know nothing, as you should under-stand." He laughs significantly. "What do you mean?" demands Dorlan,

a little fiercely. - His eyes are dark and The next morning he had called again, and | flashing, his lips compressed, . What can I mean, except that you are ridiculously absurd?" says Horace, rising. "What is it you expect me to say? I can't get you out of it. I always knew you had a penchant for her, but never thought it would carry you so far. If you will take my advice, scribed."-The words come back upon him bowever, you willbe milder about it, and take that look off your face. If you go in for so-

ever, people will talk." "Then you know nothing?" repeats Branscombe, taking no notice of-perhaps not even

hearing-the foregoing speech. "Asolutely nothing. How should I?" says Horace, with his soft smooth smile. " Have a brandy-and-soda, Dorian, or a little curacoa Perhaps, indeed, the brandy will be best (adways allowing Mrs. McGinty has left me any), you look so thoroughly done up. Thank you - nothing." He gazes at his

brother long and varnestly. "The Branscombe word ought to be sure," he says, mood-"Still unconvinced!" says Horace, with an alry laugh. "I know I ought to take you by the shoulders, Dorian, and pitch you down the stairs; but somehow, I haven't the plack to-night. I am overdone through this abominable law, and -you are such a tremendous fellow when compared with me. Must you

really be off so soon? Stay and have a cup

of coffee? No? Well, if it must be, goodpight." Dorlan goes down the stairs-puzzled, bewildered, almost convinced. At the foot of the staircase he looks up again, to see Horace standing above him still, candle in Sand, radiant, smiling debonaire, apparently with-

out a care in the world. He nods to him, and Dorian, returning the salute in grave and silent fashion, goes out into the lighted streets, and walks along in momentary expectation of a hansom, when a well known voice smites upon his ear:

"What in the name of wonder, Branecombe, brings you here?" Turning he finds himself face to face with Sir James Scrope. "My presence is hardly an eighth wonder,"

he says, wearily. "But how is it you are not in Paris ?" "Fate ordained it so, and probably fortune, as I just want a friend with whom to put ih

an evening," "You have chosen a dull companion. says Dorian, stupidly. "What brought you home so soon? or, rather, what took you to Paris originally?" " Business partly, and partly be ause—er-

"Ah I just so," says Branscombe. But he answers as one might who has heard nothing. Sir James casts upon him a quick penetrating glance. "Anything wrong with you, Branscombe?"

that is I felt I needed a little change."

he asks, quietly. "Anything in which I can te of use to you?" "Thank you, no. I'm just a little down on my luck, that's all." Then abruptly. "I

suppose pou have heard, of the scandal down in Pullingham ?" "About that poor little girl?" says Sir James. "Ob, yes. 'Ill news flies apace;' and this morning Hodges, who came to town to see me about Bennett's farm, gave me a gartled account of her disappearance. I think I hardly understand even now. How, did it happen ?"

happon?"

For a full minute Dorian makes no reply. He is looking earnestly in James Scrope's face, to see if in it there lives any hidden thought, any catefully concealed expression of mistrust. There is indeed, none of an all shadow no faintest trace of any picton, lies in the content of the

ber of miles with him, he wrote in reply: "I hands clasp and unclasp each other neram unable to state accurately, but don't believe vously a the sun is near enough to interfere with the proper performance of my duties if I get this | Sit down. This news, whatever it is, has terious disappearance?" lerkship." He got it is a langue ()