THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC/CHRONICLE.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS!

By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XXXIX .- CONTINUED.

might who had paid him-and was glad to

pay it-the highest compliment that heart

could conceive.

it?"-anxiously.

where i. it?"

Gretchen enters.

"Oh, is he?" says Blunden, weakly, trying hard to appear overjoyed. "4 Well, I'm sure you know that is very gratifying, and satisfac-tory, and that. But, my darling:g'rl, is my nose like that?"

"The very identical same. Don't you see

" Well, perhaps not exactly just yet; but it will be quite yours when it develops."

"Ob, when it develops !" "And his heir is the very color of yours."

"Don't overlook my nephew," she says.

sayly. " Bemember, you have not sole claim

to him; he is quite as much my son as yours.

Kitty "-fndignantly-" is it possible you are

trying to wake him? I never heard of any-

"You will notice with what success Gret-

ment meant for a babe of six weeks old. I'm

the ringing laugh of the old days that Gret-

Kitty, seeing and understanding her emo-

tion, turns and lays her hand upon her shoul-

"You knew of Jack's coming," she says, with a would be reproachiul smile, "and

"I knew nothing of it until this morning

-quickly and thoughtlessly. "No?"—in amazement. "What, then,

"How often did you make me promise not

"Who, then, did it?" domands Kitty.

glancing inquiringly at her husband, who,

toming up to her, e circles her with his

"No, let me " interrupts Gretchen, hastily,

feeling strangely nervous. What if Kitty

should receive the intelligence in bad part?

-* I am sure I know. I have reason. It was-Fancy Charteris!"

Kitty turns very pale and looks down. "How did she learn my secret ?" she asks,

constrainedly; and then Gretchen tells the

story of her visit to Laxton, and Kitty learns

for the first time-because Gretchen, not ex-

pecting Sir John's return so soon, had shrunk

from telling before, not knowing how the ex-planation would be taken-of the unfortunate

When the recital is at an eud, Kitty, after a

severe struggle with dislike and prejudice,

"I knew you would agree with me on that point, dearest," says Gretchen, and then she

remembers opportunely that baby must want

"Then you took me to your heart again-

you forgave me-while still believing me so

guilty towards you?" says Sir John, regard-

Nurse, and leaves the room in search of her.

chen's eyes fill with tears.

never told me! Traitress!"

Gretchen shakes her head.

"Let me tell you" he says.

mistake about the domino.

to do that?" she says.

ders.

:rm8.

" I don't," says Blunden, ruefully.

She looks at him triumphantly, as one

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THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1882.

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

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 thing so iniquitous. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. And you to call yourself a mother! Come to your auntie, my bonny boy, and she will not disturb your Darwins theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The blessed slumber." TRUE WITNESS is now what we may term an established fact, it is over 33 years in exchen has been studying and borrowing from Nurse's vocabulary. She is now ready for ex-amination in all the choice terms of endear-Istence.

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.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in 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 something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves 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.

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tion 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

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"Yes. Am I no; mean-spirited ?" whisout Canada and the Northern and Western pers she, with quivering lips. States of the Union, who can, by serving our "You are an angel," replies he, fervently.

ing his wife earnestly.

"Much better," says Jack, giving Kitty's band a surreptitious squeeze. "I'm sure I don't know what's going to become of me," says Flora, turning to Gretchen.

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"That tiresome boy Dandy has written to say he will be with us on Saturday. I haven't quite made up my mind yet what I shall do about it. Mamma is so weak."

"Why, Brandy is coming here on that day How much pleasanter it would be for them if they were both together !"

"But, my dear child, they are at daggers drawn. They won't speak to each other. They positively can't breathe in the same atmosphere, and would for no earthly consideration let the same roof cover them."

"But why? How is it they have not sgreed of late? They used to be like Damon and Pythias, or some of those people."

"Don't you know? I found it all out from Dandy last month. They have quarreled, and all about a woman! So silly, isn't it?" says Miss Flora, turning up her delicious lit-"And his hair is the very color of yours." "I congratulate him," says Sir John. "But here i. it?" and came to grief over her."

Gretchen laughs. "What divinity? Alice Mayne?" "No. I could understand that. But to be ealous and break up a lifelong friendship about such a tiny, insignificant creature, (Miss Tremaine promises to be tall) " as Mrs Charteris seems too absurd."

There is an awkward pause. The three other occupants of the room look faintly uncomfortable, and begin to feel small."

"I saw her once, and I can't conceive any one being jealous of her," goes on this awful child. "Can you, Kitty ?"

Kitty blushes. So does Sir John. "I don't know. No; of course not. At least I am not," replies she, incoherently, with quite nowhere in comparison with her," says Kitty, with a laugh so gay, so merry, so like a swift shy glance at Sir John.

"1 should think not, indeed. How literal you are, Kitty! I think jeslousy the most debasing and detestable and demoralizing of all sentiments. Don't you, Jack ?"

This is too much for Blunden. Catching Gretchen's eye, he gives way to wild mirth, and laughs so heartily that presently she and Kitty taking the infection, laugh too, and awkwardness dies a timely death.

" Of course one can't account for Brandy," wera you not the one to write and tell him about baby?" goes on Flora, utterly unmoved. "He is quite too much for any one. His heart, if he has one, is always over the place, and ——" "That's slang," interrupts Sir John, austere-

ly. "You should recollect yourself. It grates. It is wrotched form. Bad style. Low, - worse than low. I wonder at you, Flora. And I believed you such a nice child."

"Ohild indeed !" says Miss Tremaine, indignantly. "I'm taller than Gretchen; and I'm going to London in two years to be presented. You shouldn't talk about things you don't understand. But to return to what I was saying. Fancy Dandy wanting to marry a woman old enough to be his mother, I shouldn't wonder !"

"I don't believe she is a day older than he is; she is quite young," says Kitty, and then pauses, full of intense surprise at her own support of the woman she has so detested.

"I thought you were going to marry him," ventures Sir John, rashly. Every one is rather afraid of Flora when in one of her awful moods as she is just now.

"Well, so perhaps I may some day," returns that young lady, with perfect clearness and a charming want of embarrassment; "but not yet, of course. He is quite to young, and absurdly wanting in common sense. If he improves I may think of it. And yet I don't know. I confess he has lowered himself very much in my estimation by this ridiculous infatuation about Mrs. Charteris. I'm sure" -going to a mirror and examining herself therein with leisurely enjoyment of her own charms-" I am far better looking myself." "After all I believe you are guilty of this heinous crime of jealousy," says Gretchen, laughing; "or why do you talk so much themselves like veils of silver gossamer from branch to branch. Gretchen, coming from her garden with some pale chrysanthemung in her hands,

January 11, 1882.

pauses idly to 1cok around upon the landscape that would he glorious but for the absence of leaf.

"The sky is blue as the summer sea. The depths are cloudless overhead; The air is calm as it can be; There is no sight or sound of drend," But for the twittering of a few brown birds, that sit preening their feathers beneath the strong dark leaves of the evergreens " all the air a solemn stillness holds," a stillness that makes itself felt, and is even rendered more expressive because of the music of a leaping cataract that rising in the hill beyond-a stately hill,

With woods o'erhung; and shagg'd with mossy rocks.'

-roars down its side, to fall at last lovingly into the calm bosom of a lake beneath. A little song is in Gretchen's heart—one of

thanksgiving-yet she gives no voice to it, loud lilting of any words being impossible to her at this moment. The sunshine gladdens her, seeming as it were a joyful omen of good days yet to come. It harmonizes with her every thought; because to-day-ob, blessed morning !- her Kenneth will return.

She smiles instinctively, almost unconsciously, as, standing on the terrace and looking towards the slumbering ocean, she again assures herself of this fact. Yet, even as she smiles, through very agitation of delight, the tears gather and dwell within her lovely eyes. All the world outside may breathe, and love, and die, what is it to her at this supreme in-stant, when she is filled with the glad certainty that in an hour or two her lover, her husband, will be clasped in her fond arms.

I think the selfisnness of joy is one of its greatest charms, it is so delicious to be able to forget for even one brief instant every one and everything, and all the worries and turmoils of life, and lose one's self utterly in the crowning gladness that has made us for the time being (alas! how short a time!) as gods on Mount Olympus.

Going in-doors, she makes her way to his room, and looks around it. Yes, all is in order; it is just as he left it; no faintest flaw can be discovered. She almost wishes it was not so perfect, that there might yet remain something wanting to his comfort that she might arrange for him. Going to the sofa, she deliberat ly and with care shakes up the already well shaken pillows, patting them tenderly, as though even now she can see the beloved head resting on them. Then she places a few of the soft white chrysanthe-mums in a quaint Wedgwood bowl he used to admire, and, with a last lingering glance behind her, leaves the room and goes downstairs to the one where first she saw him-the room he most affects--perhaps for that very 63801

Here, too, the servants have left her without occupation. All is as it should be. Mechanically she pokes the fire, that burns as fiercely as though some salamander dwelling in it is exciting it to open rebellion. What shall she do to cheat time to make the moments fly? Did ever morning pass so slowly?

What if he did not come at all to day-if the journey had proved too much for him? She grows pale at the bare thought. But no ; he would have sent a telegram in that case ; he would not leave her in suspense; and, in spite of her aversion, she has faith in the dark young doctor, and he himself had sent one curt line to say Keuneth would reach home to-day.

Indeed, her aversion to Dr. Blunt has rather died a natural death, now that he is giving Dugdale back to her alive, and if not better, at least no worse than when they parted. She has Kenneth's own word for that. In his very last letter, though he had not touched on the subject of improvement, be has positively assured her he had not deteriorated in health, since last he saw her.

What o'clock is it now? Examining the



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five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance. Parties subscribing for the TEUE WITNES 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.

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this. Now indeed I am forever convinced you love me." "Did you ever doubt it ?"-reproachfully. ject.' "Well, there were moments when I did," confesses she slowly; "but they are at an

end-never to return. And then they look into each other's eyes a little sadly, as memory, filled with painful

doubts and fierce heart.burnings tises up and overpowers 'hem. Gretchen's somewhat abrunt entrance turns the current of her thoughts.

"I have just received a telegram, cries she with flushed cheeks and trembling hands. "It is from Kenneth. He will really be home on Thursday, as he told me in his last letter. I hardly dared believe it until now. Do not our blessings ' crowd,' as the Americans say ?" She is laughing tremulou ly, with a soft gleam in her eyes and a faint catching in her breath.

"Then we shall all be together again soon !" says Kitty, joyfully. " flow good that sounds! Dear old Ken! I wonder "---dreamily-" what he will think of baby ?"

At this both Sir John and Gretchen laugh unrestrainedly, and are still laughing when the door i. thrown open to admit Miss Flora Tremsine, who enters with the skirt of her habit flung over her arm, having ridden over from the Towers to see her sisters and give her free and unbiased opinion on things in

her perfect brows to express unmitigated astonishment. Not having been allowed to master the exact facts of the case, she is rather in the dark, as to the cause of the late es trangement between her sister and her brother in law. •

"Oh! so you have come back !" she says, severely, advancing to give him her cheek as a salute in a calm but reproving fashion. "Well, 1 m-st say you didn't hurry yourself. But I suppose bables, however lovely, are not

exactly novelties nowadays." • "Don't scold me, Flora," entreats Jack

meekly. "Ob, dear, no. I shouldn't dream of it," retorts Miss Flora. "I conclude Kitty, if she has any spirit left, has done all that. Though, to judge by appearances "-with a scrutinizing glance at the radiant Kitty-"she seems to have given in disgracefully soon. Some people are so lost to all sense of dignity. When 1 am married I shan't allow my hugband to go travelling all over the face of the earth without me. However "-with a shrug of disgust,-" I shall say no more. Of course it isn't my business."

"Oh! I thought perhaps you had made it yours," suggests Sir John mildly.

"No, thank you. I have more of my own than I can manage. But where have you arises, reminding one insensibly of spring, been ?"

"All over the shop," says Jack, absently. "That's slang," says Miss Tremaine. "Please don't talk slang. It grates. It is such fearful form. But when men go abroad, I notice, they never come back quite the same. Have you been to the Cape?

"No." "Oh, then you have been nowhere," says tain specific. A few doses regulate the Flora. "You might as well have staid at bowels, and as a restorative Tonic it has no home and looked after Kitty, for all the good vou've done."

about her?

"You can't expect me to demean myself by arguing such a point as that," says Miss Flora, with superb scorn. "Let us chan ge the sub-

"By all means, dear. What a pretty dress you wore yesterday !"

"That's a mere matter of detail," says Miss Tremaine, shrugging her shoulders. "May I return to the present? I want to tell you the intense relief I have felt ever since I have known Brandy is not to come to the Towers for awhile. That boy is the bane of my existence. How is baby, Kitty? May I go to the nursery to see him ?"

"Yes, dear, certainly. But promise meanxiously-"you will not interfere with any of Nurse's arrangements for him. She didn't like it the other day, you know."

"No one likes being discovered in a fault," says Flora, calmly. "And I warn you, Kitty, she is a very ignorant person. Only for me, 1 am convinced, your poor darling child would now be lying cold in his grave. You know yourself, I presume, that nothing is so good for a crying child as a hot bath !"

"Yes. dear "-deferentially-" but not too hot, and not with mustard in it. And---and don't give him another, Flora, when Nurse is out of the way."

"You are a most ungrateful person," says Miss Tremaine, with a sudden burst of indignation; "and when next I hear your poor child screaming until he is black in the face

I-I---I shall let him scream ; that's all !" "Thank you, dear " says Kitty, in a deeply grateful tone, hiding her face, which is con-vulsed with laughter, behind Sir John's arm ; whereupon Miss Tremaine guits the room in high dudgeon.

CHAPTER XL.

"Pack clouds away, and welcome day; With night we banish sorrow; Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft, To give my love good-morrow." -T. HEYWOOD.

My true love bath my heart, and I have his By just exchange one to the other given. I hold his dear, and mino he cannot miss. There never was a better bargain driven; My true love hath my heart, and I have his. -SIR P. SIDNEY.

WHETHER October is ashamed of its boister ons entrance, or whether the swift approach of death has soltened it (as lies within the power of death to do at times, killing, as it does, all fire and energy), I know not, but today is mild and balmy and sweet as one stolen from the middle of September.

The very wind is gentle, except in certain points and at noted corners, where it comes with a swish and a swirl, chilling those it touches; but in the broader part it is unfelt, and the sun is almost warm, and from the lawns and distant hills a faint moist odor

In the bay down far below the noise of the sea is hushed. No sound of passionate waves, beating their hearts out against unsympathetic rocks, can be heard ; all is silent, lulled to rest, as though Nature, overcome by her late rioting, has fallen into a weary sleep.

There was rain last night. The gravel is still wet, and on the green grass and shrubberies lie diamond-drops that glint and glisten in the sunshine; while little spiders' webs, bedecked with heaven's tears, spread marble betrayer of time upon the mantelpiece, she tells herself that in fifteen or twenty minutes, according to the speed the horses may make, he can be here.

Shall she go into th hall to meet him? No-yes; she hardly knows; a curious ner. vousness is oppressing her. Oh, that it was all over, and her Kenneth safe within her sight sgain! What an eternity fifteen minutes can be! And how slowly this clock ticks! There must be something wrong with-

There is a slight sound, as of an opening door. She turns languidly, and-

Who is the tall young man standing pale and expectant in the door way, with large blue eyes from which all melancholy has forever flown, with parted lips, and an agitated but happy smile? In each of his hands is a stick, on which he supports himself; but he is standing-standing-

From Gretchen's lips breaks a low but piercing cry. Involuntarily she places her hand against her throat, as though suffocating, and then, rushing forward, she flings her arms around the new comer with passionate gladness, yet with a suspicion of the old care ulness.

She lays her head upon his breast, and f.nding herself once again within the haven of his tond embrace, falls to weeping bitterly, as though her heart is broken.

"You should have told me; you should have told me," she whispers, incoherently, unable to control her emotion.

The shock of surprise has proved almost too great.

too great. To see him at all-alive, safe-is Lappiness enough; to see him as he now is, so far un the road to absolute recovery, adds to her joy, until it amounts to something akin to pain.

1 think Kenneth himself is a little frightened at the tempest he has provoked. He has relinquished all support, and, leaning against the wall, is holding her to him in a silent but passionate embrace. Yes, he should have told her; the strain has proved too great. Yet the almost boyish delight that lay in the thought of appearing before her-of actually walking into her presence (however haltingly) unannounced and unsupported---had prevented his disclosing to her the fact that in the future lies the hope that he may yet be as his fellows, nearly, if not quite, all he once had been.

Presently-it being the most natural thing in the world for her to consider others before herself-Gretchen remembers, with a little pang, how bad all this agitation must he for him, and by a supreme effort sonquers her emotion.

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Raising her head, she looks at him long and earnestly, then-still holding his handsleans back and regards with amazement (that has both pride and perplexity in it) his tall. slight figure, that yet stoops a little at the shoulders. Then she draws a long, deep breath; and then they kiss each other again, solemnly, fervently. There is a content too great for smiles. And I think she finds they have both been crying, because there are at

least signs of tears upon his dark lashes. "You have stood too long already," she says, leverishly, and, stooping, would have restored to him both his crutches, but, with a smile, he declines one, and, accepting her (Continued on Third Page.)

general and the boy in particular. Seeing Sir John, she stops short and arches