

DAISIES.

From Harper's Weekly. She was a little Irish maid with high forehead and eyes of gray...

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

PART II.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED. "I will accompany her," said Sir Victor...

CHAPTER XV.

LADY HELENA'S BALL. Three days after, on Thursday, the fifth of June, Lady Helena Powys gave a very large dinner-party...

"I have not decided yet. I don't much care; it doesn't matter much. I have decided to look my best in anything."

"O Charlie! that was a waltz!" she says, leaning on him heavily, and panting; "no one else has my step as you have it."

CHAPTER XVI.

"O MY COUSIN SHALLOW-HEARTED!" The middle of the day is past before one by one they struggle down. Breakfast awaits each new-comer, hot and tempting...

"Soda and Brandy. It's the thing, depend upon it, for such a case as yours. I've been seedy myself before now and know what I'm talking about. I'll mix it for you, if you like."

"Excuse me, Sir Victor," Edith answered, with an impatient motion. "I feel too tired—to say, whichever you like—to stir."

"Well, for a year or two at least, until all the folly of the past can be remembered only as a thing to be laughed at. Or until there is a tall, handsome Mrs. Stuart, or more like a Lady Gwendoline Stuart."

"I don't want them then certainly. Charlie responds, 'If by then you mean when I am the husband of the tall, fascinating Mrs. Stuart or Lady Gwendoline. But as I have not that happiness yet, suppose you allow me to retain them until I have. Sir Victor will never know, and he would not mind much if he did. We are cousins, are we not? and what more natural than that cousins should keep each other's pictures? By-the-by, I see you still wear that little turquoise pearl and turquoise brooch I gave you, with my photo on the back. Give it to me, Edie; turquoise does not become your brown skin, my dear, and I'll give you a ruby pin with Sir Victor's instead. Perhaps, as turquoise does become her, Lady Gwendoline will receive this as love's first timid offering. The rubies will do twice as well for you."

He laughed contemptuously, and held her hand. "Yes Edith; suppose Sir Victor came and saw his bride elect with a sacrilegious arm about her waist? Suppose I told him the truth—that you are mine, not his; by the love that alone makes marriage holy, his for his title and his rent-roll—bought and sold. 'By Heaven,' I half wish he would!"

"Oh forgive me, Edith!" he said, "forgive me. It may be cruel, but I had to speak. It is the first, it will be the last time. I am selfish, too, or I would never have pined you—better never hear the truth than that the hearing should make you miserable. Don't cry, Edith; can't bear it. Forgive me, my cousin; they are the last tears I will ever make you shed."

CHAPTER XVII.

"FOR EVER AND EVER." Two weeks later, as June's golden days were drawing to a close, five of Lady Helena's guests departed from Powys-place. One remained behind. The Stuart family, with the devoted Captain Hammond in Trixy's train went up to London; Miss Edith Darrell stayed behind.

"What a dog in the manger I grow!" she said, with a bitter laugh. "I won't have my own self, and I can't bear that any one else should have him. If he would only go away—if he only would—I cannot endure this much longer."

"Let us see a little London life in the season, governor," he said. "Lady Portia Hampton, and that lot, are going. They'll introduce us to some nice people—say Will Hammond. Rustic lanes and hawthorn hedges are all very pretty, but there is a possibility of their palling on depraved New York minds. I pine for stone and mortar, and the fog and smoke of London."

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THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

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 claim 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 in fact in public esteem, which in fact is their life.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe, and we think they do, 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 earliest 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.

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromes" 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 efforts 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 year.

CHAPTER XV. LADY HELENA'S BALL. Three days after, on Thursday, the fifth of June, Lady Helena Powys gave a very large dinner-party, followed by a ball in honour of her American guests.

But Edith never stirred. If she felt the slightest curiosity on the subject, her face did not show it. They drove rapidly through the rain, and barely caught the train at that. He placed her hurriedly in an empty carriage, a moment before it started. As it flew by he caught one last glimpse of a veiled face, and a hand waving farewell.

Like a man who walks in his sleep, Sir Victor Catherine turned, re-entered the brougham, and was driven home. Lady Helena Powys, in sweeping moire and jewels, receiving her guests, looked at her and drew one long breath of great relief. She might have spared herself all her anxious doubts and fears—low-born and penniless as she was, Sir Victor Catherine's bride would do Sir Victor Catherine honour to-night.

Trixy was there—Trixy resplendent in silk with a train half the length of the room, pearl necklaces, white-camellias, and Neapolitan corals and cameos, incrustated with diamonds—Trixy, in all the finery six thousand dollars can buy, drew a long breath of deep and bitter envy.

"I used to think so, Lady Gwendoline. I have seen English girls since, and think differently." "Oh, the imbecile falsehoods of society! He is thinking as he says it, how pallid and faded poor Lady Gwendoline is looking, in her dingy green satin and white muslin lace overdress, her emeralds and bright golden shades—most beautiful and most expensive she—so he had in London. He is thinking how the Blanc de Perle and rouge vegetal is showing on her three-and-thirty-year-old face, and what his wife would be like if he listened to his father and married her. He shudders inwardly and gives it up—that way madness lies; and while there is a pistol belt, where-with to blow his brains out, he can still hope to escape a worse fate."

But Lady Gwendoline, freighted with eleven seasons' experience, and growing seedy and desperate, clings to him as the drowning cling to straws. She is the daughter of a peer, but there are five younger sisters, all plain and all portionless. Her elder sister, who chaperones her to-night, is the wife of a rich and retired manufacturer, Lady Portia Hampton. The rich and retired manufacturer has purchased Drexel court, and it is Lady Portia's painful duty to try and marry her sisters off.

CHAPTER XVI. "O MY COUSIN SHALLOW-HEARTED!" The middle of the day is past before one by one they struggle down. Breakfast awaits each new-comer, hot and tempting. Trixy eats hers with a relish. Trixy possesses one of the chief elements of perpetual human happiness—an appetite that never fails, a digestion that in her own metaphorical American language, "never goes back on her." But Edith looks sagged and spiritless. If people are to be supernaturally brilliant and bright, dashing and fascinating all night long, people must expect to pay the penalty next day, when lassitude and reaction set in.

"My poor Edith!" Mr. Charles Stuart remarks, compassionately, glancing at the wan cheeks, and listless eyes, as he lights his after-breakfast cigar, "you do look most awfully used up. What a pity for their peace of mind, some of your frantic adorners of last night can't see you now. Let me recommend you back to bed and try an S. and B."

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