THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

you had better return to our guests.

will bogin to feel themselves neglected."

hastily made. He gave her his arm and led

her down to the close brougham. As they

passed before the drawing-room windows

"! I say! where is Sir Victor going in the

rain, and who is the dismal-looking lady in

black? Edith, who is it? You ought to

"I don't know," Edith answered briefly, not

Miss Stuart uttered an exclamation :

looking up from her book. "Hasn't Sir Victor told you?"

"I haven't asked Sir Victor.

away together as fast as they can go."

From Harper's Weekly. BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING. PART II. CHAPTER XIV .- CONTINUED.

know."

mond.

not show it.

were out of sight.

ham, and was driven home.

CHAPTER XV.

LADY HELENA'S BALL.

friends, relatives and acquaintances, it is pos-

sible to be at once numerous and select. The

creme de la creme of Cheshire assembled in

Lady Helena's halls of dazzling light, to do

honour to Sir Victor Catheron's bride elect.

nounced, and was the choice bit of gossip, with which the shire regaled itself. Sir Vic-

or Oatheron was following in the footsteps of

his father, and was about to bring to Catheron

Royals one of the lower orders as it's mistress.

It was the Dobb blood no doubt cropping up

-these sort of mesaillances will tell. An

American, too-a governess, a poor relation of

some comon rich people from the States. The

best county families, with daughters to marry

shook their heads. It was very sad-very sad,

to see a good old name and a good old family

degenerated in this way. But there was al-

ways a taint of madness in the Catheron blood

-that accounted for a good deal. Poor Sir

But everybody came. They might be deep-

ly shocked and sorry, but still Sir Victor Ca-

theron was Sir Victor Catheron, the richest

baronet in the county, and Catheron Royals

always a pleasent house to visit-the reigning

Lady Catheron always a desirable acquaint-ance on one's visiting-list. Nobody acknow-

ledged, of course, they went from pure, down-

right curiosity, to see this manœuvring Ame-

rican girl, who had taken Sir Victor Catheron

captive under the aristocratic noses of the

-the

Victor-and poor Lady Helenal

The eventful night came

For the engagement had been formally an-

secrets from me."

She was a little lith maid, With light brown hair and eyes of gray, And she had little in native shore, And yourneyed miles and miles away Across the ocean, to the land Where waves the banner of the free, And on her face rishalow lay, For sick at heart for home was she. A

DAISIES.

2

For sick at heart for home was she. ... When from the city's dust and heat, And ceaseless poise, they took her where The bids were singing in the trees, And flower fragmence filled the air. And there their leaf crowned heads upraised, To greet the pretty grey-eyed lass, A million blossoms starred the road, And grew among the waving grass.

Why, here are deisies!" glad she cried, And with hands clasped sank on her knees,
Now God be praised, who east and west Scatters such lovely things as these !
Around my mother's cabin door In dear old Iveland they grow,
With hearts of gold, and slender leaves As white as newly fallen snow."

Then up she sprang with smiling lips, Though on her check there hay a tear, "This isnd's not half so strange," she said. "Since I have found the daisles here."

MARGARET EXTINGE. 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 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 has survived a generation of men all but two years, and it is now what we may term an established fact.

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 de-fend their religion and their rights.

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheap to offer premiums or " chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, oven 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 best-born, best-bred, best-blooded young ladies n a circuit of twenty miles. entitled to receive the TEUE WITNESS for

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

She arose and sauntered out of the room, and was seen no more until the waxlights blazed from end to end of the great mansion, and the June dusk had deepened into dewy night. Then, as the roll of carriages came without ceasing along the drive, she descend-"I will accompany her," said Sir Victor ed arrayed for battle, to find her impatient slave and adored awaiting her at the foot of They the grand stairway. She smiled upon him Miss Catheron left the room. In five miher brightest, most beaming smile, a smile nutes she reappeared, closely veiled, as when that intoxicated him at sight. he had met her on the stairs. The adieux were

"Will I do, Sir Victor?" she asked. Would she do? He looked at her as a man

would look half dazed, at the sun. He could not have told you what she wore, pink and white clouds it seemed to him-he only knew two brown luminous laughing eyes were looking straight into his, and turning his brain with their spell.

"You are sure I will do? You are sure you will not be ashamed of me to-night?" her laughing voice asked again.

Ashamed of her-ashamed | He laughed aloud at the stupendous joke, as he drew her " Oh you haven't and he hasn't told? Well. arm within his, and led her into the thronged all I have to say is, that when 1'm engaged I rooms, as some favoured subject may once in hope the object of my affection will keep no his life lead in a queon.

Perhaps there was excuse for him. "I shall "As if he could !" murmurs Captain Hamlook my best in anything," she had said, in her disdain, and she had kept her word. She "I declare, he is going off with her, Edith, do come and look. There! they are driving wore a dress that seemed alternately composed of white tulle, and blush-roses in her rich, dark hair, always beautifully worn, But Edith never stirred. If she felt the Sir Victor's diamond betrothal ring shone on slightest curiosity on the subject, her face did her finger; round her arching throat she wore a slender line of yellow gold, a locket set They drove rapidly through the rain, and with brilliants attached. The locket had been barely caught the train at that. He placed Lady Helena's gift, and held Sir Victor's porher hurriedly in an empty carriage, a moment trait. That was her ball array, and she lookbefore it started. As it flew by he caught one ed as though she were floating in her fleecy last glimpse of a veiled face, and a hand wavwhite draperler, her perfumery roses, and ing farewell. Then the train and the woman sparkling diamonds. The dark eyes outshone the diamonds, a soft flush warmed either Likea man who walks in his sleep, Sir cheek. Yes, she was beautiful; so beauti-Victor Catheron turned, re-entered the brougfal that samer men than her accepted lover might have been pardoned if for a moment they lost their heads.

Lady Helena Powyss, in sweeping moire and jewels, receiving her guests, looked at ner and drew one long breath of great relief. She Three days after, on Thursday, the fifth of might have spared herselt all her anxious June, Lady Helena Powyss gave a very large doubts and fears-low-born and penniless as dinner-party, followed by a ball in honour of her American guests. When it is your good she was, Sir Victor Catheron's bride would do Sir Victor Catheron honour to-night. fortune to number half a county among your

Trix was there-Trix resplendent in silk with a train half the length of the room, pearl silk, point lace, white-camelias, and Neapolitan corals and cameos, incrusted with diamonds-Trix, in all the finery six thousand dollars can buy, drew a long breath of deep and bitter envy.

"lfone wore the Koh-i-noor and Coronation robes," thought Miss Stuart sadly, "she would shine one down. She is dazzling to-night. Captain Hammond," tapping that young warrior with her point-lace fan. "don't you think Edith is without exception the most beautiful and elegant girl in the rooms?'

And the gallant captain bows profoundly, and answers with a look that points the speech. " With one exception, Miss Beatrix, only

one. Oharlie is there, and perhaps there can be no doubt about it that Charlie is without exception, fai and away the best looking man. Charlie gazes at his cousin for an instant on the arm of her proud and happy lover, radiant and smiling, the centre of all that is best in the room. She lifts her dark, laughing eyes as it chances, and brown and gray meet full. Then he turns away to a tall, languid, rather passive lady, who is talking alowly by his side. "Is Miss Darrell really his cousin! Real

ly? How extremely handsome she is, and how perfectly infatuated Sir Victor seems. Poor Sir Victor | What a pity there is insanity in the family-insanity is such a very shocking thing. How pretty Miss Stuart is looking this evening sne na true-can Mr. Stuart inform her-are all American girls handsome?"

bis way toward her, takes his arm rather hurriedly, and moves off. edly, and moves off. plum ?" she asks. "You certainly seem to would, though he were a beggar." have had an overdose of her." Edith looked up at her kind

"I' owe Lady Gwendoline my deepest thanks," he answered gravely. "Her efforts to keep me amused this evening, have been worthy of a better cause. If the deepest looking dreamily out on the sunlit prospect: gratitude of a too-trusting heart," says Char. of lawn, and coppice, and woodland. "Here lie, laying his head on the left side of his it is; I love Charlie, but I love myself better. white wastcoat, " be any reward for such service, it is her's."

They float away. To Edith it is the one dance of the night. She hardly knows whether she whirls in the air or on the waxed floor; she only knows thas it is like heaven, that the music is celestial, and that it is Charlie's arm that is clasping her close. Will she ever waltz with him again she wonders, and she feels in her inmost heart, that she is sinning against her affianced husband in waltzing with him now. But it is so delicious-what a pity most of the delicious things of earth should be wrong. If it could only last forever-forever | And while she thinks it,

it stops. "O Charlie! that was a waltz!" she says, leaning on him heavily, and panting; "no

one else has my step as you have it." "Let us trust that Sir Victor will learn it,"

he responds coolly ; " here he comes now. It was a charming waltz, Ditby, but charming things must end. Your lawful proprietor approaches; to your lawful proprietor 1 resign you." He was perfectly unflushed, perfectly unex-

cited. He bows, smiles, yields her to Sir Vic- { this." tor, and saunters away. Five seconds later he is bending over Lady Gwendoline's chair, whispering in the pink patrician ear resting against the glistening golden chignon. Edith looks once-in her heart she hates Lady Gwendoline-looks once, and looks no

more And as the serene June morning dawns, and larks and thrushes pipe in the trees, Lady Helena's dear five hundred friends, sleepy and pallid, get into their carriages and go home.

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. Trix eats hers with a relish. Trix possesses one of the chiefelements of perpetual human happiness-an appetite that never fails, a digestion that, in her own metaphorical American language, "never goes back on her." But wonde Edith looks tagged and spiritless. If people this?" are to be supernaturally brilliant and bright, dashing and fascinating all nightlong, people "I shouldn't mind much, and he might jilt must expect to pay the penalty next day,

when lassitude and reaction set in. "My poor Edith!" Mr. Charles Stuart recheeks, and lustreless 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 adorers of last night can't see you now. Let me recommend you back to bed and try an S. and B."

"An 'S. and B?' "Edith repeats vague-

"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.'

There is a copy of Tennyson, in blue and gold, beside Miss Darrell, and Miss Darrell's and when the honeymoon is over-when reply is to fling it at Mr. Stuart's head. It poverty strikes in at the door and love flies is a last effort of expiring nature; she sinks out of the window—when we hate each other back exhausted among the cushions. Charlie as only ill-assorted wives and husbands ever departs to enjoy his Manilla out under the hate-let the thought that we have done the waving trees, and Sir Victor, looking fresh (All for love, and the world well lost' business and recuperated, strolls in and bends over her.

"My dear Edith," he says, "how pale you are this morning—how tired you look! If one ball is going to exhaust you like this, how will you stand the wear and tear of London easons in the blissful time to come

more of them than I do; but if I loved a man," cried Trix, with kindling eves and glowing cheeks, "I'd marry him! Yes, I

Edith looked up at her kindly, with a smothered sigh. .. "I believe you, Trix; but then you are different from me." She half-raised herself,

O Trix, child, don't let us talk about it ; I am tired, and my head aches." She pushed back the heavy, dark hair wearily off her temples with both hands. I am what you call me, a

selfish wretch-a heartless little brute-and am going to marry Sir Victor Catheron. Pity him, if you like poor fellow ! for he loves me with his whole heart, and he is a brave and hardly know whether I love or despise for loyal gentleman. But don't pity your brother, my dear ; believe me, he dosen't need it. He's a good fellow Charlie, and he likes me, but he won't break his heart or commit suicide while he has a cigar left."

"Here he comes," exclaimed Trix, "and I believe he has heard us."

"Let him come," Edith replies, lying listlessly back among her cushions once more. "It doesn't matter if he has. It will be no news to him."

"It is a pity you should miss each other, though," Trix says sarcastically, as she turns to go; "such thorough philosophers both : I believe you were made for each other, and as far as easy-going selfishness is concerned, there is little to choose between you. It's a thousand pities Sir Victor can't hear all

"He might if he liked," is Edith's answer. "I shouldn't care. Charlie!" as Charlie comes in and Trix goes out, " have you been eavesdropping? Don't deny it, sir, if you have ?" Oharlie takes a position in an easy-chair

some yards distant, and looks at her lying there, languid and lovely.

"I have been eavesdropping-I never deny my small vices. Hammond left me to go to the stables, and, strolling under the window, I overheard you and Trix. Open confession is beneficial no doubt; but, my dear cousin, you really shouldn't make it in so audible a tone. It might have been Sir Victor instead of me."

She says nothing. The sombre look he has learned to know is in her dark eyes, on her dark colorless face.

"Poor Sir Victor!" he goes on ; "he loves you-not a doubt of that, Dithy-to the lepths of idiocy, where you know so well how to cast your victims; but hard hit as he is, I wonder what he would say if he heard all

"You might tell him, Charlie," Edith says. me-who can tell? I think it would do us both good. You could say, 'Look bere; don't marry Edith Darrell, Sir Victor; she marks," compassionately, glancing at the wan | isn't worthy of you or any good man. She is full of pride, vanity, ambition, sellishness, illtemper, cynicism, and all uncharitableness. She is blase at nineteen-think what she will be at twenty.

She doesn't love you-I know her well enough to be sure she never will, partly because a heart was left out in her hard anatomy partly because-because all the liking she ever had to give, went long ago to some body else. Charlie, I think he would give me up, and I'd respect him for it, it he knew that. Tell him, if you have the courage, and when he casts me off, come to me and make me marry you. You can do it, you know; to the bitter end, console us."

She laughs recklessly, she feels rockless enough to say anything, do anything, this morning. Love, ambition rank, wealth-what empty bubbles they all look, seen through tired eyes the day after a ball! He sits silent watching her thoughtfully. "I don't understand you, Edith," he says.

He laughed contemptuously, and held still.

"Yes Edith; suppose Sir Victor came and saw his bride elect with a sacrilegion arm about her waist? Suppose I told him the truth-that you are mine, not his; min by the love that alone makes marriage holy his for his title and his rent-roll-bought and sold. By Heaven 1 half wish he would " Was this Charlie-Charlie Stustt?

She caught her breath-her pride and h incolence dropping from her-only a girl in the grasp of the man she loves. In that mo-ment, if he had willed it he could have made her forego her plight, and pledge herself to be his wholly, and he knew it.

"Edith," he said, "as I stand and look at you, in your beauty and your sulfishness, most. I could make you marry me-make you, mind---but you are rot worth it. Got He opened his arms contemptuously and re leased her. "You'll not be a bad wife for Sir Victor, I dare say, as fashionable wives go You'll be that ornament of society a married flirt, but you'll never run away with his dear est friend, and make a case for the D. C. All for love, and the world well lost, is no motion of yours, my handsome cousin. Aweek ago envied Sir Victor with all my heart-to

day I pity him with all my soul!" He turned to go, for once in his life tho. roughly aroused, passionate love, passionate rage at war within him. She had sunk back upon the sofa, her face hidden in her hands humbled as in all her proud life she had never been humbled before. Her silence and hu mility touched him. He heard a stifled sob and all his hot anger died out in pained remorse.

"Oh forgive mc, 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 an selfish, too, or I would never have pained you -better never hear the truth than that the hearing should make you miserable. Don't cry, Edith; I can't bear it. Forgive me, my cocsin—they are the last tears I will even make you shed."

The words he meant to soothe her, hur more deeply than the words he meant to wound. "They are the last tears I will ever make you shed!" An eternal farewell was in ly. 1088 Si the words. She heard the door open, heard it close, and knew that her love and her life

had parted in that instant for ever.

CHAPTER XVII.

"FOR EVER AND EVER."

Two weeks later, as June's golden days wer give drawing to a close, five of Lady Helenas guests departed from Powyss-place. One re-mained behind. The Stuart family, with the ever Catl Lad devoted Captain Hammond in Trixy's train and went up to London ; Miss Edith Darrell staymy ed behind.

Since the memorable day following the ball the bride elect of Sir Victor Catheron had H hook dwelt in a sort of earthly purgatory, had lived Lot ł stho stretched on a sort of daily rack. "Her drop Th blessings brighten as they take their flight. She had given up Charlie—had cast him of had bartered herself in cold blood—for title and an income. And now that he held he and stairs •0 at her true value, that his love had did a na tural death in contempt and scorn, her whole walt₂ heart, her whole soul went to him with a sick room longing that was like death. It was her daily morr fortune and penance to see him, to speak to been him, and note the cold scorn of his gray tranthe quil eyes. Jealousy had been added to her tim€ other torments; he was ever by Lady Gwerhear doline's side of late-ever at Drexel Court. One His father had set his heart upon the match ; 0011 she was graceful and highbred; it would end вро in a marriage, no doubt. There were times hu: tak when she woke from her jealous anger to rage at herself.

"What a dog in the manger I grow," she Lad said, with a bitter laugh. 1 won't have him myself, and I can't bear that any one Lau head else should have him. If be would only go away--if he only would--I cannot endure this and Wh much longer."

Truly she could not. She was losing fles and color, waxing wan as a shadow. Sir Vic-tor was full of concern, full of wonder and alarm. Lady Helena said little, but (being a faint ly ł "I feel like asking you the same question than woman) her sharp old eyes saw all. "The sooner my guests go the better," sh thought; "the sooner she sees the last of this erpe "] young man, the sooner health and strength ing." "1 will return." Perhaps Charlie saw too-the gray, trat quil eyes were very penetrating. It was he, peat. # <u>2</u> at all events, who urged the excdus to London. Capt "C "Let us see a little London life in the sea son, governor," he said. "Lady Portia Hampton, and that lot, are going. They'll intro-I wa duce us to some nice people-so will Ham-**U**S BŽ mond. Rustic lanes and hawthorn hedge what May do?' are all very pretty, but there is a possibility of their palling on depraved New York minds. μÏ I pine for stone and mortar, and the fog and smoke of London." know Whatever he may have felt, he bore it easily ۴C to all outward seeming, as the men who fee despet mostly do. He could not be said f "uni ofa actually avoid her, but certainly since the 8¥8y afternoon in the drawing-room, they had neve two don't been five seconds alone. Mr. Sunart, senior, had agreed, with almost I kr feverish engerness, to the proposed change 68.y Life had been very pleasant in Cheshire, with picnics, water-parties down the Dee, drives to ap ta lie si show-places, lawn billiards, and croquet, but a month of it was enough. Sir Victor was immersed in his building projects and fis Sb vita lady-love; Lady Helena, ever since the com-ing and going of the lady in black, had not for t you stick been the same. Powyss-place was a pleasant house, but enough was enough. They were that ready to say good bye and be off to "free thing fields and pastures new." "And, my dear child," said Lady Helens Dora Edith, when the departure was fixed, " I think play at Ca Sir V you had much better remain behind." There was an emphasis in her tone, a mean ing glance in her eye, that brought the conscious blood to the girl's cheek. Her eye still ue, a1 to us fell---her lips quivered for an instant-she tied. made no reply. "Certainly Edith will remain," Sir Victor out y interposed impetuously. "As if we could ₩eek «V survive down here without her! And, o ۳B course, just at present it is impossible for me 0, Ec to leave. They don't need her half as much as we do-Miss Stuart has Hammond, Prince impa Victo Charlie has Gwendoline Drexel; Edith would only be in the way !" 10 im

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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.

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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 sand all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper 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.

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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If the increase in the revenue were to be accounted fore sciely by increase in the quantity of imports, the facts would not be altogether displeasing; but it is wholly so when it is found to be due to increased taxation, falling heaviest on the poorest consumers, and to advance in the values of foreign goods, duties, -Halifaz Chronicle.

night of Edith's ordeal. Even Trix was a little nervons-only a little-is not perfect self posession the normal state of American young ladydom? Lady Helena was quite pale in her anxiety. The girl was handsome beyond dispute, thoroughbred as a young countess, despite her birth and her bringing up in a New England town and Yankes boarding-house, with pride enough for a princess of forty quarterings, but how would she come forth from the fiery furnace of all those pitiless eyes, sharpened to points to watch for gaucheries and solecisms of good breedingfrom the merciless tongnes that would hang,

draw, and quarter ber, the instant their owners were out of the house. "Don't you feel nervous, Dithy?" askes Trix, almost out of patience at last with Edith's serene calm. "I do-horribly, and Lady Helena has get a fit of the fidgets that will bring her gray hairs to an early grave, if this day lasts much longer. Ain't you a-

fraid--honour bright ? " Edith Darroll lifted her dark, disdainful eyes. She sat reading, while the afternoon wore on, and Trixy fussed and fluttered about

the room. " Afraid of the people who are coming here to-night-is that what you mean? Not a whit! I know, as well as you do, they are coming to inspect and find fault with Sir Victor Catheron's choice, to pity him and call me an adventuress. I know also that any one of these young ladies would have married him, and said, 'Thank you for asking,' if he had seen fit to choose them. I have my own pride and Sir Victor's good taste to uphold tonight, and I will uphold them. I think "--she lifted her haughty, dark head, and glanced, with a half-conscious smile, in the pier-glass opposite-" I think I can bear com. parison by lamplight with any of these daughter's of a hundred earl's,' such as-Lady Gwehdoline Drexel for instance."

"By lamplight," Trix said, ignoring the rest of her speech, "Ah, yes, that's tho worst of it, Edith; you dark people always light up well. And Lady Gwendoline Drexel -I wonder what Lady Gwendoline will wear to-night? I should like to be the best dressed young lady at the ball. Do you know, Dith," spitefally this, "I think Charlie is quite struck with Lady Gwendoline. You noticed, 1 suppose, the attention he paid her the evening we met, and then he has been to Drexel Court by invitation. Pa is most anx-ious, I know. Money will be no object, you know, with Charlie, and really it would be nice to have a titled sister in law. 'My sister, Lady Gwendoline Stuart,' will sound very well in New York, won't it? It would be a very suitable match for Charlie."

"A most suitable match," Miss Darrell repeated; "age included. She is ten years his senior if a day; but where true 'love exists what does a trifle of years on either side signify ? He has money-she has rank. He has youth and good looks-she has birth ' and a handle to her name. As you say, Trixy, a most suitable match!"

And then Miss Darrell went back to her book, but the slender, black brows were meeting in a frown, that quite spoiled her beautyno doubt at some hing displeasing in the pages.

"But you mustn't sit here all day," broke in Trix again; "it's high time you were which adds to the volume of the ad valorem | in your dressing room. What are you going to wear, Dith?

And Charlie-as Captain Hammond has done-bows, and looks, and replies :

"I used to think so, Lady Gwendoline. have seen English girls since, and think differently."

Oh, the imbecile falsehoods of society ! Ha is thinking as he says it, bow pallid and faded poor Lady Gwendoline is looking, in her dingy green satin and white Brussels lace overdress, her emeralds and bright golden hair-most beautiful and most expensive shade to be 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 life would be like if he listened to his tather and married her. He shudders inwardly and gives it up-" that way madness lies," and while there is a pistol left, wherewith 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.

The ball is a great success for Miss Edith Darrell. The men rave about her; the women may sneer, but they must do it covertly her beauty and her grace, her elegance and high-breeding, not the most envious date dispute. Music swells and floats deliciouslyscores are suitors for her hand in the dance. The flush deepens on her dusk cheeks, the streaming light in her starry eyes-she is dangerously brilliant to night. Sir Victor follows in her train whenever his duties allow him; when he dances with others his eyes follow his heart, and go after her. There is but one in all those thronged rooms for him-one who is his idol-his darlingthe pride, the joy, the desire of life.

"My dear, I am proud of you to-night," Lady Helena whispered once. "You surpass yourself-you are lovely beyond com-You do us all credit. pare.

And Edith Darrell's haughty eyes look up for a moment and they are flashing through tears. She lifts the lady's hand with exquisite grace, and kisses it. Then smiles chase the tears, and she is gone on the arm of some devoted cavalier. Once--only ouce, she dances with Charlie. She has striven to avoid him--it is he who has avoided her. She has seen him .-- let her be surrounded by scores, she has seen him whispering with Lady Gwendoline, dancing with Lady Gwen, doline, fanning Lady Gwendoline, flirting with Lady Gwendoline. It is Lady Gwendoline he leads to supper, and it is after supper, with the enchanting strains of a Strauss waltz filling the air, that he comes up and

asks her for that dance. "I am sure I deserve it for my humility,

you up to my betters. Surely, after all the bitter pills I have been swallowing. I deserve one sugar-plum ."

She dose not blush-she turns a trifle im-

patiently away from him and looks out. She can see Charlie and Hammond smoking sociably together in the sunny distance. ' Suffi-"I will grow used to it, I dare say.

cient unto the day is the evil thereof." " Have you had breakfast?" "I made an effort and failed. I watched Trix eathers, however, and that refreshed me quite as well. It was invigorating only to look at her."

He smiles and bends lower, drawing one long brown silken tress of hair fondly through his fingers, feeling as though he would like to stoop and kiss the pale, weary face. But Trix is over yonder, pretending to read, and kissing is not to be thought of.

"I am going over to Catheron Royals." he whispered; "suppose you come-the walk will do you good. I am giving orders about the fitting up of the old place. Did I tell you the workmen came yesterday ?"

"Yes; you told me." "Shall I ring for your hat and shawl? Do come. Edith."

"Excuse me, Sir Victor," Edith answered with an impatient motion. "I feel too tired -too lazy, whichever you like-to stir. Some other day I will go with pleasure-just now I feel like lying here and doing the dolce far mente. Don't let me detain you, however."

He turns to leave her with a disappointed face. Edith closes her eyes and takes an easier position among the pillows. The door closes behind him; Trix flings down her book and bursts forth :

" Of all the heartless, cold-blooded animals it has ever been my good fortune to meet, commend me to Edith Darrell !" The dark eyes unclose and look up at her.

"My dear Trix! what's the matter with you now? What new enormity have I committed ?"

"Oh, nothing new-nothing new at all, is Trixy's scorniul response; "it is quite in keeping with the rest of your conduct. To be purely and entirely selfish is the normal to retain them until I have. Sir Victor will state of the future Lady Catheron ! Poor Sir Victor! who has won you. Poor Charlie! who has lost you. I hardly know which I pity most."

"I don't see that you need to waste your precious pity on either," answered Edith verfectly unmoved by Miss Stuart's vitupera-on the back. Give it to me, Edie; turquoise verfectly unmoved by Miss Stuart's vituperation; "keep it for me I shall make Sir Victor a very good wife as wives go, and for and I'll give you a ruby pin with Sir Victor Charlie-well, Lady Gwendoline is left to console him."

"Yes, of course, there is Lady Gwendoline. O Edith! Edith! what are you made of? Flesh and blood like other people, or waxwork, with a stone for a heart? How can you sell yourself, as you are going to do? Sir Victor Catheron is no more to you than his hall-porter, and yet you persist in marrying him. You love my brother, and yet you hand him over to Lady Gwendoline. Come, Edith, be honest for once; you love Charlie, don't you ?"

"It is rather late in the day for such tender coniessions as that," Edith replies, with he says plaintively. "I have stood in the a reckless sort of a laugh; but yes-if the background, humbly and affar off, and given declaration does you any good, Trix-I love Charlie."

"And you give him up! Miss Darrell, I give you up as a conundrum I can't solve. She laughs-glances at Sir Victor, making | Bank and title are very well-nobody thinks | Victor."

Trix did. Why do you marry Sir Victor ?" "Why do I marry him ?" she repeated. Well-a little because of his handsome face and stately bearing, and the triumph of carrying off a prize, for which your Lady Gwendoline and half a score more have battled. A little because he pleads so eloquently, and loves me as no other mortal man did, or ever will : and oh ! Charley, a great deal because he is Sir Victor Catheron, of Catheron Royals with a rent-roll of twenty thousand a year and more, and a name that is older than Magna Charta. If there be any virtue in truth, there -you have it, plain, unvarnished. I like him-who could help it ?-but love him-no!" She clasped her hands above her head, and gazed dreamily out at the sparkling sunlit scene. "I shall be very fond of him, and proud of him when I am his wife-that I know. He will enter Parliament, and make speeches, and write polifical pamphlets, and redress the wrongs of the people. He's the sort of man politicians are made of—the sort of man a wite can be proud of. And on my wedding day, or perhaps a day or two before, you and I shall shake hands, sir, and see each

other no more." "No more?" he repeats.

"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. And Charlie,' speaking hurriedly now, and not meeting the deep gray eyes she knows are fixed upon her. the locket with my picture and the letters -yon won't want them then-suppose you let me have them back."

"I won'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 never know, and he would not mind much if he did. We are cousins, aro we not? and what more natural than that cousins should keep each other's pictures ? By-the-bye, I see you still wear that little trumpery pearl and does not become your brown skin, my dear, 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 stretched out his band to unfasteu it She sprang back, her cheks flushing at his touch.

"You shall not have it! Neither Lady Gwendoline nor any one else shall wear it, and, married or single, I shall keep it, to my dying day If 1 choose. Charlie-what do you mean, sir! How dare you! Let me go P

For he had risen suddenly and caught he in his arms, looking steadily down into her dark eyes, with a gaze she could not meet. Whilst he held her, whilst he looked at her,

he was her master, and he knew it. "Charlie, let me go!" she pleaded. ".If any one came in; the servante; or-or-Sir last letter he alluded to it."

"It is settled then ?" said Lady Helens again, watching Edith with a curiously intent look. "You remain!"

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"I will remain," Edith answered, very lowly and without lifting her eyes. "My own idea is," went on the young bar onet confidentially, to his lady love, that they are glad to be gone. Something seems to be the matter with Stuart pere-under a cloud, rather, just at present. Has it struck you,

Dithy ? He had caught the way of calling her by the pet name Trix and Charlie used. She lifted her eyes abstractedly now, as he asked the question.

"Mr. Stuart! What did you say, Sir Vie" tor? Oh-under a cloud. Well, yes, I have noticed it. I think it is something connected with his business in New York. In papa's

(Continued on Third Page.)