THE TRUE WEINESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

THE GIANT.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

and the second second

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Brave Chiefs ! in the land of Giants I was My ancestors leapt o'er the Rhine stream in scorn; I was only a babe, when my mother, fond

soul! Used to bathe me each morn in the snows of

the pole; While my father, whose shoulders ensured him

respect, With three shaggy bear skins my cradle be-decked.

My Father, O, Chiefs! was astoundingly strong, Now, alas! he is weak, for his life has been long; His hair is like snow, and deep wrinkles ap-On his brow, telling plainly his end draweth

When he wants a new staff his frail steps to sus-

tain He can scarcely uproot a young oak from the plain l

But I will replace him; I scott at all fear, I am heir to his steel bow, his axe and his

spear, I alone can succeed the old man at his death, Who am able the poplars to bend with my

breath, And I can daugle my feet in the valley at will, While I carelessly sit on the top of a hill.

I was merely a boy, when I opened a road O'er the snow peaks that form Winter's Alpine abode; My head, like a mountain that vapour en-

shrouds, Arrested the course of the galloping clouds, And, often, uplifting my hands to the sky, I seized the proud eagles far sailing on high.

I fought with the storm, and my breath, as it

Extinguished each flash of the lightning that

gleamed, Or, bent upon sport, I would eagerly chase The wallowing kings of Leviathan's race. While I troubled far more than the hurricane's

The ocean, that opened its plain as I passed.

From my grasp, which was merciless, nothing

could save The hawk in the sky, or the shark in the wave; The bear, whose huge body my arms were thrown round, Breathed his last in my grip without visible

And ofttimes, while tracking wild beasts in the

snow, I have crushed the white teeth of the lynx with a blow.

These pastimes were only the frolics of youth, For manhood's ambition too trivial, forsootu; War now is my passion. I gloat o'er the fears And curses of multitudes, mingled with tears, I love the flerce soldiery, bounding in arms, Who gladden my sont with their shouls and alarms.

alarms.

When the onset is glowing 'mid powder and

blood, And the rage of the fight, like a turbulent flood, Sweeps hurriedly onward the warrior and

boree, I rise in my might, and, directing its course, I fearlessly plunge in the ranks of the brave, Like a sea-bird that swoops on the dark-rolling

Like the reaper alone 'mid the ripe waving

corn, I stand, while the squadrons in battle are torn, When the roar of my voice is but heard to re-

sound, Their yells in the echoing thunder are drowned. And my hand, like some rigid, hard-knotted, old oak. Unarmed basters armour with death-dealing

stroke.

Stark naked 1 fight, for so dauntless I feel, That I scorn the profection of iron or steel; I laugh at your warriors, and void of all fear, Carry nought to the fray but my tough ashen

And this helmet so tight that ten bulls, stout

and strong. If well yoked together, might drag it along !

No ladders I need, when besieging a fort – To shiver the chains of a drawbridge is sport-Like a catapult formed of invincible brass I crumble high towers in one rulnous mass, And I wrestle, as 'twere, with the walls of a

town, Till its moats are filled up with the ramparts pulled down.

But, Warriors the day will arrive, when a length I must follow my victims, despoiled of my

strength, Oh! leave not my corpse as a victim for crows, Let my sepulchre be the Alps' officiest snows, That strangers who gaze on each far-suaring proof strength

What mountain my tomb is may wondering GEO. MURRAY.

would Lady Helena never come? It was a long way to St. John's Wood, but she might surely be here by this time. It was half past ten, and tired out thinking, tired out with her day's work, she had fallen into a sort of uneasy sleep and filful dream in her

chair when she suddenly became half conscious of some one near her. She had been dreaming of Sandypoint, of quarrelling with her cousin. "Don't, Char-lie!" she said petulantly, aloud, and the sound of her own voice awoke her fully. She started up, bewildered for a second, and found herself face to face with Lady Helena. With

Lady Helena, looking very pale and sorrowful, with tear-wet eyes and cheeks. She had been watching Edith for the past five minutes silently and sadly. The girl's dream was pleasant; a half smile parted her lips. Then she had moved restlessly.

Don't Charlie!" she said distinctly and awoke. It was of him then she was dreaming-

thoughts of him had brought to her lips that happy smile. The heart of the elder woman contracted with a sharp sense of pain. " Lady Helena l"

" Edith !" She took the girl's hand in both her own and looked kindly at her. She had liked her very much in the days gone by, though she had never wished her nephew to marry her. And she could hardly blame her very greatly under the circumstances, if her dreams were of the man she loved, not of the bridegroom who had left her.

" I-1 think I fell asleep," said Edith confusedly; "I was very tired, and it all seemed so quiet and tedious here. How is he?"

"Better and asleep-they gave him an opiate. He knows nothing of your being here. It was very good of you to come, my child."

"It was nothing more than a duty of common humanity. It was impossible to avoid coming," Edith answered, and then briefly and rather coldly she narrated how the accident had taken place.

" My poor boy !" was all Lady Helena said, but there was a heart sob in every word : "he would die gladly to save you a moment's pain, and yet it has been his bitter lot to inflict the worst pain of your life. My poor child you can't understand, and we can't explain it-it must seem very hard and incomprehensible to you-but one day you will know all, and you will do him justice at last. Ah, Edith! if you had not refused Inez-if you only were not so proud, if you would take what is your right and your due, he might bear this separation until Heaven's good time. As it is, it is killing him ."

"He looks very ill," Edith said ; "what is the matter with him ?"

"Heart disease brought on by mental suffergone since his most miserable wedding day. it has taken his life. As surely as ever human heart broke, his broke on the day he left you. And you, my poor child-you have suffered too."

"Of that we will not speak," the girl answered proudly; "what is done, is done. For me, I hope the worst is over-I am safe and well, and in good bealth, as you see. I am glad Sir Victor Catheron has not met his death in my service. I have only one wish regarding him, and that is that he will keep away from me. And now, Lady Helena, before it grows any later, I will go home;"

"Go home! At this hour? Most certainly you will not. You will remain here all night. Oh, Edith, you must indeed. A room has been prepared for you, adjoining mine. Inez and Jamison will remain with Victor until morning, and-you ought to see him before you go."

She shrank in a sort of horror. "No, no, no! that I cannot! As it is too late I will remain, but see him-no, no! Not oven for your sake, Lady Helena, can I do that."

"We will wait until to-morrow comes." Lady Helena's response : shall go to your room at once." She rang the bell, a chambermaid came.

and kissed her. It was her farewell. She pointed forward and hurried away. Edith went on. A door and curtain seperated her from the inner room. She opened one, lifted the other, and husband and wife were face to face.

He lay upon a low sofa-the room was partialy darkened, but even in that semidarkness she could see that he looked quite as ghastly and bloodless this morning as he had last night.

She paused about half-way down the room and spoke:

"You wished to see me, Sir Victor Catheron ?"

Cold and calm the formal words fell. " Edith !"

His answer was a cry-a cry wrung from a soul full of love and anguish untold. It stuck home, even to her heart, steeled against him and all feeling of pity.

"I am sorry to see you so ill. I am glad your accident is no worse." Again she spoke stiff, formal, commonplace words, that sounded horribly out of place, even to herself.

"Edith," he repeated, and again no words can tell the pathos, the despair of that cry, forgive me-have pity on me. You hate me, and I deserve your hate, but oh ! if you knew, even you would have mercy and relent?

He touched her in spite of herself. Even a heart of stone might have softened at the sound of that despairing, heart-wrung voice -at sight of that death-like, tortured face. And Edith's, whatever she might say or think, was not a heart of stone.

"I do pity you," she said very gently; "I never thought to-but from my soul I do. But, forgive you No, Sir Victor Catheron; am only mortal, I have been wronged and humiliated as no girl was ever wronged and humiliated before, I can't do that.

He covered his face with his bands-she could hear the dry sobbing sound of his wordless misery.

"It would have been better if I had not come here," she said still gently. "You are ill, and this excitement will make you worse. But they insisted upon it—they said you had a request to make. I think you had better not make it. I can grant nothing."

" You will grant me this," he answered, lifting his face and using the words Inez had used; "it is only that when I am dying, and send for you on my death-bed, you will come to me. Before I die I must tell you all-the terrible secret; 1 dare not tell you in life; and then, oh surely, surely you will pity and forgive! Edith, my love, my darling, leave me this one hope, give me this one hope, give me this one promise before you go."

"I promise to come," was her answer; "I promise to listen-I can promise no more. A week ago I thought I would have died ing. No words can tell what he has under- sooner than pledge myself to that muchsooner than look in your face, or speak to you It is known only to Heaven and himself, but one word. And now, Sir Victor Catheron, farewell."

She turned to go without waiting for his reply. As she opened the door, she heard a wailing cry that struck chill with pity and terror her inmost heart.

"Oh, my love! my bride! my wife!"then the door closed behind her-she heard and saw no more.

So they had met and parted, and only death could bring them together again. She passed out into the sunshine and splendor of the summer morning, dazed and cold,

her whole soul full of compassion for the man she had left.

CHAPTER V.

THE TELLING OF THE SECRET. "Edith went back to the work-room in Oxford Street, to the old treadmil life of ceaseless sewing, and once more a lull came into her disturbed existence-the lull preceding the last ending of this strange mystery that had wrecked two lives. It seemed to her as she sat down among madame's troop of noisy, chattering girls, as though last night and its | Helena; "I can do nothing-nothing whateven is were a long way off, and a fragment of ever. He won't last the week out." some strange dream. That she had stood The young baronet turned his sere

And Sir Victor, from his lodgings in Fenton's Hotel, followed his wife home, every evening. It was his first thought when he arose in the morning-the one hope that upheld him all told. the long, weary, aimless day-the one wild delight that was like a spasm, half pain, half joy -when the dusk fell. to see her slender figure

come forth, to follow his darling himself unseen, as he fancled, to her humble home. To watch near it, to look up at her lighted windows with eyes full of such love and longing as no words can ever picture, and then shivering in the rising night wind, to hall a hansom and go home-to live only in the thought of another meeting on the morrow.

Whatever the weather, it has been said, he went. On many occasions he returned drenched through, with chattering teeth and livid lips. then would follow long, fevertossed, sleepless nights, and a morning of utter prostration, mental and physical.

But come what might, while he was able to stand, he must return to his post-to his wife.

But Nature, defied long, claimed her penalty at last. There came a day when Sir Victor could rise from his bed no more, when the heart spasms, in their anguish, grew even more than his resolute will could bear---a day when in dire alarm, Lady Helena and Inez were once more summoned by faithful Jamison, and when at last---at last the infallible German doctor was sent for.

The interview between physician and pa tient was long and strictly private.

When Her Von Werter went away at last his phlegmatic Teuton face was set with an unwonted expression of pity and pain. After an interval of almost unendurable suspense, Lady Helena was sent for by her nephew, to be told the result. He lay upon a low sofa, wheeled near the window. The last light of the September day streamed in and fell full upon his face-perhaps that was what glorified it and gave it such a radiant look. A faint smile lingered on his lips, his eyes had a faroff, dreamy look, and were fixed on the rosy evening sky. A strange, unearthly, exalted look altogether, that made his aunt's heart gently; "you have suffered enough without that. Edith, I feel wonderfully happy tosink, like stone.

"Well!" She said it in a tense sort of whisper, longing for, yet dreading the reply. He tuined to her, that smile still on his lips, still in his eyes. He had not looked so well for months. He took her hand. "Aunt," he said, "you have heard of doom-

ed men sentenced to death receiving their reprieve at the last hour? I think I know today how those men must feel. My reprieve has come."

"Victor it was a gasp. "Dr. Von Werter says you will recover.' His eyes turned from her to that radiant

brightness in the September sky. "It is aneurism of the heart. Dr. Von Werter says I won't live three weeks."

They were down in Cheshire. They had taken him home, while there was yet time, by slow and easy stages. They took him to Catheron Royals-it was his wish, and they lived but to gratify his wishes now.

finite compassion. "You were young-it was The grand old house was as it had been all so sudden, so terrible, so incomprehensileft a year ago-fitted up resplendently 'or a ble. Draw up that hassock, Edith, and sit bride-a bride who had never come. There here by my side, and listen. No, you must was one particular room to which he desired let go my hand. How can I tell whether to be taken, a spacious and sumptuous cham- you will not shrink from it and me with horto be taken, a spacious and sumptuous chamror when you know all ?" ber, all purple and gilding, and there they laid him upon the bed from which he would to the bed, and shading her face with her never rise.

It was the close of September now, the hand, listened motionless as a statue, to the brief story of the secret that had held them days golden and mellow, beautiful with the rich beauty of the early autumn, before decay apart so long. has come. He had grown rapidly worse

since that remarkable interview with the voice said, "with the night of my father's death, three weeks before our wedding day. of you. I felt if I did I should lose all con-German doctor, and paralysis, that " death in life," was preceding the fatal footsteps of an-That night I learned the secret of my moeurism of the heart. His lower limbs were ther's murder, and learned to pity my unhapparalyzed. The end was very near now. On py father as I had never pitied him before. Do you remember, Edith, the words that fills your heart. And yet I deserved the last day of September HerrWerter paid you spoke to Lady Helena the day you ran | pity; what I suffered no tongue can ever tell his last visit.

"It is of no use, madame," he said to Lady away from Powyss-place? You said Inez Catheron was not the murderer, though she had my madness would be stronger than myself. been accused of it, nor Juan Catheron, though | and then it came upon me so forcibly when The young baronet turned his serene

shining upon her from his eyes. She was over kneeling by the bedside, holding his hands in hers-how, she could never have

"I am sorry-I, am sorry!" It was all she could say. In that hour, in the presence of death, she forgot everything, her wrongs, her humiliation. She only knew that he was dying, and that he loved her as she would never be loved again in this world.

"It is better as it is," she heard him saying, when she could hear at all, for the dull, rushing sound in her ears; "far better-far better. My life was torture-could never have been anything else, though I lived fifty years. I was so young-life looked so long

that there were times, yes, Edith, times when for hours I sat debating within myself a suicide's cowardly end. But Heaven has saved me from that. Death has mercifully come of itself to set all things straight, and oh, my

cause I want to warn you. They tell me you are about to be married. Victor, beware what you do. The dread (ul taint is in your blood darling ! to bring you." She laid her face upon his wasted hand, as it was in mine—you love her as 1 loved the wife I murdered. Again I say, take carenearer loving him in his death than she had take care! Be warned by me; my fate may ever been in his life.

be yours, your mother's fate hers. It is my wish, I would say command, if I dared, that "You have suffered," he said tenderly, looking at her. "I thought to shield you from every care, to make your life one long you never marry; that you let the name and the curse die out ; that no more sons may be dream of pleasure and happiness, and see how born to hear the ghastly story I have tol I have done it! You have hated me-scorned me, and with justice; how could it be you." otherwise? Even when you hear all, you the room, from the house, out into the darkmay not be able to forgive, and yet, Heaven

knows, I did it all for the best. If it were all

to come over again, I could not act other-

wise than I have acted. But, my darling, it

In death as in life his thoughts were not of

himself and his own sufferings, but of her.

As she looked at him, as she recalled what he

had been only a year ago, in the flush and vi-

gor of manhood, its semed almost "too much

face again, "you break my heart !"

"Oh, Victor! hush," she cried, hiding her

His feeble fingers closed over hers with all

their dying strength-that faint, happy smile

"I don't want to distress you," he said very

night-it seems to me I have no wish left-

as though I were sure of your forgiveness be-

forehand. It is joy enough to see you here-

to feel your hand in mine once more, to know

I am at liberty to tell you the truth at last.

I have longed for this hour with a longing I

can never describe. Only to be forgiven and

die-I wanted no more. For what would life

have been without you? My dearest, I won-

der if in the dark days that are gone, what-

ever you may have doubted, my honor, my

"I don't know," she answered, in a stifled

voice. "My thoughts have been very dark --very desperate. There were times when

there seemed no light on earth, no hope in

heaven. I dare not tell you—I dare not think

-how wicked and reckless my heart has

"Poor child !" he said, with a touch of in-

Without a word, she drew the low seat close

"It all begins," Sir Victor's faint, low

sanity, you ever doubted my love for you?"

was very hard on you."

came over his lips.

to bear.

been."



BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

PART III. CHAPTER IV.

now they parted.

That ride--all her life it came back to her like a bad nightmare. She kept her eyes turned away as much as she could from that rigid form, and ghastly face opposite, but in spite of herself they would wander back. What Miss Catheron had said was true then -he was dying-death was pictured in his face. What if, after all, there was some secret strong enough to make his conduct in leaving her right? She thought it over and wondered and wondered, until her brain was dazed, but could never hit on any solution. She could not now-it was not right. Whatever the secret was, he had known it before he married her-why had he not left her then -why in leaving her after had he not explained? There was no excuse for him, none, and in spite of the white, worn face that pleaded for him, her heart hardened once more--hardened until she felt neither pity nor pain.

They reached the hotel, Jamison, the valet. came down, and recoiled at sight of his master's long-lost wife.

"My lady!" he faltered, staring as though he had seen a ghost.

"Your master has met with an accident. Jamison," Edith said calmly, ignoring the title. How oddly it sounded to her. "You had better have him conveyed to his room and send for a surgeon. And if Lady Helena is in town-"

"Lady Helena is in town, my lady. Will -"Jamison hesitated, "will you not come in, my lady, and wait until her ladyship comes?

Again for a moment Edith hesitated and thought. It would be necessary for some one to explain-she could not go away either without knowing whether the injuries he had received were fatal or not, since that injury was received in her service. She set her lips and alighted.

"I will remain until Lady Helena arrives. Pray lose no time in sending for her.'

"I will send immediately, my lady," answered Jamison respectivly. "Thompson," to a waiter, "show this lady to a parlor at once."

And then Edith found herself following a gentlemanly sort of man in black, down a better. long hall, up a great staircase, along a carpet. ed corridor, and into an elegant private parlor. The man lit the gas and went, and then she was alone.

She sat down to think. What a strange adventure it had been. She had wished for her | heart beat! she hated herself for it. The freedom-it seemed as though it were near at door opened, and the grave professional face of hand. She shuddered and shrank from her-

self. "What.a. wreich I am," she thought. "What a vile creature I must be. If he dies, I shall feel as though I murdered him."

How long the hours, and half hours told off on the clock, seemed-eight, nine, ten,--!

affectionately, and Edith was led away to the room she was to occupy for the night. It was certainly a contrast in its size and luxurious appointments to that she had used as she glanced around. And she was to spend the night under the same roof with Sir Victor

morning, how scornfully she would have refused to believe. "Who can tell what a day may bring forth!" was Edith's last thought as she laid her head on her pillow. "I am glad-very glad, that

the accident will not prove fatal. I don't want him or anyone else to come to his death through me." She slept well and soundly, and awoke late.

She sprang out of bed almost instantly and there was a tap at the door. She opened it and saw Miss Catheron.

"I fancied you would be up early, and ordered breakfast accordingly. Aunt Helena awaits you downstairs. How did you sleep ?"

"Very well. And you-you were up all night, I suppose?"

"Yes. I don't mind it at all, though--I am quite used to night watching. And I have the reward of knowing Victor is much better---entirely out of danger, indeed. Elith," she laid her hands on the girls shoulders and looked down into her eyes, "he knows you are here. Will you be merciful to a dying man and see him?"

She changed colour and shrank a little, but she answered proudly and coldly : "No good can come of it, I will be much

better not, but for my own part I care little. If he wishes to urge what you came to urge,] warn you, I will not listen to a word; I will leave at once."

"He will not urge it. He knows Low obdurate you are, how fruitless it would be. Ah, Edith 1 you are a terrible haughty, selfwilled girl. He will not detain you a moment-he wishes to make but one parting request."

"I can grant nothing-nothing," Edith said with agitation.

"You will grant this, I think," the other down ; Lady Helera waits."

They descended to breakfast; Edith ate little. In spite of herself, in spite of her bride and self-command, it shook her -a little -the thought of speaking to him.

But how was she to refuse? She rose at last, very pale, very stern and resolute looking -the sooner it was over and she was gone the

"Now," she said," if you insist..." "I do insist," answered Inez steadily. Come.

She led her to a door down the corridor and apped. How horribly thick and fast Edith's Mr. Jamison looked out. "Tell Sir Victor Lady Catheron is here,

and will see him." The man bowed and departed. Another

instant and he was again before them. "Sir Victor begs my lady to enter at once."

Then Inez Catheron took her in her arms

night under the same roof, actually spoken to | cedes the end. He had heard the first not in-Lady Helena kissed the girl's pale check him, actually felt sorry for him, was too unreal to be true. They had said rightly when they told her death was pictured on his face. Whatever this secret of his might be, it was a secret that had cost him his life. A hundred for the last ten months. She smiled a little times a day that pallid tortured face rose before her, that last agonized cry of a strong heart in strong agony rang in her ears. All Catheron. If anyone had predicted it this her hatred, all her revengeful thoughts of him were gone-she understood no better than before, but she pitied him from the depths of | lips now : her heart.

They disturbed her no more, neither by letters nor visits. Only as the weeks went by she noticed this-that as surely as evening came, a shadowy figure, hovering aloof, followed her home. She knew who it wasat first she felt inclined to resent it, but as he never came near, never spoke, only followed dressed. She could but ill afford to lose a her from that safe distance, she grew reconday. Before her toilet, was quite finished ciled and accustomed to it at last. She understood his motive-to shield her-to protect her from danger and insults, thinking himself unobserved.

Once or twice she caught a fleeting glimpse of his face on these occasions.

What a corpse-like face it was-how utterly weak and worn-out he seemed---more fitted for a sick bed than the role of protector. "Poor fellow," Edith thought often, her heart growing very gentle with pity and wonder, "how he loves me! how faithful he is, after all! Ob, I wonder---I wonder what this secret is that took him from me a year ago. Will his mountain turn into a mole hill, when I hear it, if I ever do, or will it justify him? Is he same or mad? And yet Lady Helena, She shuddered as she recalled it. All was to who is in her right mind surely, holds him justified in what he has done."

July-August passed-the middle of September came. All this time, whatever the weather, she never once missed her "shadow" from his post. As we grow accustomed to all things, she grew accustomed to this watchful care, grew to look for him when the day's work was done. But in the middle of September she missed him. Evening after evening came, and she returned home unfollowed and alone. Something had hap

pened. Yes, something thad happened. He had never really held up his head after that second answered sadly. "Come, dear child, let us go parting with Edith. For days he had lain prostrate, so near to death that they thought

death surely must come. But by the end of a week he was better-as much better at least as he ever would be in this world.

" Victor," his aunt would cry out, "I wish -I wish you would consult a physician about this affection of the heart I am frightened for you-it is not like anything else. There is this famous German-do go to see him to please me."

"To please you, my dear aunt-my good, patient nurse-I would do much," her nephew was wont to answer with a smile. "Believe me your fears are groundless, however. Death takes the hopeful and happy, and passes by such wretches as I am. It all comes of weakness of the body and depression of mind; there's nothing serious the matter. If I get worse, you may depend upon it, I'll go and cousult Herr Von Werter."

Then it was that he began his nightly duty him propped, up with pillows, his white eager,

tended for his ears. "You are sure of this, doctor ? Sure mind!

I won't last the week out ? "It is impossible, Sir Victor. I always

tell my patients the truth. Your disease is beyond all earthly skill. The end may come at any moment-in no case can you survive

the week." His serene face did not change. He turned to his aunt with a smile that was often on his

"At last," he said softly ; "at last my darling may come to me-at last I may tell her all. Thank God for this hour of release. Aunt Helena, send for Edith at once."

By the night train, a few hours later, Inez Catheron went up to London. As Madame Mirabeau's young women assembled next to take his wife's life. morning, she was there before them, waiting "It is horrible is it

to see Miss Stuart. Edith came-a foreknowledge of the truth | fore the honeymoon was ended, his homicidal in her mind. The interview was brief. She

know her no more.

As the short, autumnal day closed in. they were in Cheshire. .

It was the evening of the second of October -the anniversary of the bridal eve. And thus at last the bride was coming home. She looked out with eyes that saw nothing of the familiar landscape as it flitted by-the place that she had never thought to see more She was going to Catheron Royals, to the man she had married a year ago! what a strange, terrible year this has been-like a bad dream. be told at last, and death was to set all things even. The bride was returning to the bride-

groom like this. All the way from the station to the great house she never spoke a word. Her heart beat with a dull, heavy pain-pity for him -dread of what she was to hear. It was quite dark when they rolled through the lofty gates upon the broad, tree shaded drive, to the

grand portico entrance of the house. "He is very low this evening, miss," Jamison whispered as he admitted them; "feverish, and longing for her ladyship's coming. He begs that as soon as my lady is rested and has some refreshment she will come to him at once."

Lady Helena met them at the head of the stairs, and took the pale, tired girl in her arms for a mom nt. Then Edith was in a firelit, waxlit room, lying back for a minute's rest in the downy depths of a great chair. Then coffee and a dainty repast was brought her. She bathed her face and hands, and tried to eat and drink. But the food seemed to choke her. She drank the strong, black

coffee eagerly, and was ready to go. shrank a little as she entered-she remembered it was to have been their room when

they returned from their bridal tour. Lady Helena just opened the door to admit her, closed it again, and was gone. She was alone with the dying man. By

the dim light of two wax candles she beheld

Edith, you were right. Sir Victor Catheron murdered his own wife!

"I learned it that tatal night. Lady Helena and Inez had known it all along. Juan Catheron more than suspected it. Bad as he was, he kept that secret. My mother was stabled by my father's hand.

"Why did he do it? you ask. I answer, because he was mad-mad for weeks before. And he knew it, though no one else did. With the cunning of insanity he kept his secret; not even his wife suspected that his reason was unsound. He was a monomaniac. Insanity, as you have heard, is hereditary in

our family, in different phases; the phase it took with him was homicidal mania. On all other points he was sane-on this, almost is yet time. It is the only way. Leave her from the first, he had been insane---the desire | She does not love you-she will not care-

" It is horrible is it not-almost incredibly horrible? But it is true, nevertheless. Be-

mania developed itself-an almost insurleft at once in company with Miss Catheron, mountable desire, whenever he was alone in and Madame Mirabeau's establishment was to her presence, to take her life. Out of the very depth and intensity of his passion for her his

madness arose. He loved her with the whole strength of his heart and being, and the mad longing was with him always, to end her life while she was all his own---in short, to kill her.

"He could not help it; he knew his madness-he shrank in horror from it-he battled with it-he prayed for help-and for over a year he controlled himself. But it was always there always. How long it might have lain } it seemed so easy then, but my heart broke dormant-how long he would have been able to withstand his mad desire, no one can tell. But Juan Catheron came and claimed her as his wife, and jealousy finished what a dreadful hereditary insanity had begun.

"On that fatal evening he had seen them together somewhere in the grounds, and though he hid what he felt, the sight had goaded him almost to frenzy. Then came the summons from Lady Helens to go to Powyss place. He set out, but before he had gone half way, the demon of jealousy whispered in his ear: Your wife is with Juan Catheron now go back and surprise them. He turned and went back a madman-the last glimpse of reason and self control gone. He saw his wife, not with Juan Catheron, but peacefuly and innocently askep by the open window of the room where he had left her. The dagger used as a paper knife lay on the table near. I say he was utterly mad for the time. In a moment the knife was up to the hilt in her heart, dealing death with that one strong blow! He drew it out and she lay dead before him.

"Then a great, an awful horror fell upon him. Not of the consequence of his crime; only of that which lay so still and white be-Lady Helena led her to the room where he fore him. He turned like the madman he lay—that purple and gold chamber, with all was and fied. By some strange chance he its dainty and luxurious appointments. She met no one. In passing through the gates he flung the dagger among the fern, lesped anniversary of their most melancholy " on his horse, and was gone.

He rode straight to Powyss-place. Before he reached it some of insanity's cunning returned to him. He must not let people know he had done it; they would find out he waa mad; they would shut him up in a madhouse; they would shrink from him, in loaththe one joy left in his joyless life. Lady He- face turned toward her, the love, that not ing horror. How he managed it he told me lena and lnez returned to St. John's Wood. death itself could for a moment vanquisb, with his dying breath, he never knew he did

he had been suspected of it-that you believed | we reached Carnarvon, that I fled from you face to face with Sir Victor Catheron spent a serene at last that the awful serenity that pre- | Sir Victor Catheron had killed his own wife. | again and went wandering away by myself where, I knew not. Sooner or later you wil kill her ;' that thought alone filled me ; 'it i as certain as you live and stand here. Yo will kill this girl who trusts you and who has married you, who does not dream she ha

September 14, '81,

somehow. No one suspected him, only Ine

Catheron, returning to the nursery, had seen

all-had seen the deadly blow struck, had

seen his instant flight, and stood spell-bound

speechless and motionless as a stone

He remembered no more the dark night of

open oblivion and total insanity closed about

him only to open at briefest intervals from that to the hour of his death.

that night-the story that has ruined and

wrecked my whole life and yours. I listener

to it all as you sit and listen now, still as a

stone, frozen with a horror too intense for

words. I can recall as clearly now as the

moment I heard them the last words he even

and I think you ought to know; partly be

"I tell you this partly because I am dying,

"I could listen to no more, I rushed from

ness and the rain, as if the curse he spok

already going mad. How long 1 remained

what I did, I don't know. Soul and body

seemed in a whirl. The next thing I knew

was my aunt summoning me into the house

"Then came the funeral. I would not

could not think, I drove the last warning he had spoken out of my mind. I clenched my

teeth-I swore that I would not give you up

Not for the raving of a thousand mad-men

not for the warning of a thousand dying fa-th.rs. From that hour I was a changed man

"I returned to Powyss-Place, but not as

had left. I was a haunted man. By day,

and night-all night long, all day through the awful warning pursued me. My fate

may be yours-your mother's fate her's! I

was my destiny, there was no escape; my

mother's doom would be yours ; it was writ

"I don't know whether the family tain

was always latent within me, or that it was

continual brooding on what I had heard, but the fate certainly befell me. My fathers homicidal mania became mine. Edith, I felt

it, felt the dreadful whisper in my ear, the awful desire stirring in my heart, to lift my hand and take your life! Often and often

have I fled from your presence when I felt the

temptation growing stronger than I could

"And yet I would not give you up; that is where I can never forgive myself. I could

not tell you; I could not draw back then,

hoped against hope; it seemed like tearing

body and soul asunder, the thought of losing

you. "Come what may," I cried, in my an

should have been the most blessed of my life

that was the most miserable. All the night

before, all that morning, the demon within

me had been battling for the victory.

could not exercise it; it stood between us

the altar. Then came our silent, strange wed-

ding journey. I wonder sometimes, as

looked at you, so still, so pale, so b_autiful, what you must think. I dare not look at you

often, I dare not speak to you, dare not think

"I wonder, as you sit and listen there, my

love, my bride, whether it is pity or loathing

I knew myself mad, knew that sooner or later

trol of myself, and slay you there and then.

"Our wedding-day came; the day that

guish, 'she shall be my wife !'

ten. Nothing could avert it.

withstand.

-from that hour my doom was sealed.

My most miserable father was dead.

had already come upon me-as though I were

spoke to me.

"That Edith, was the awful story I was told

married a demon athirst for her blood." "I went wild then. I tell down on t knees in the wet grass, and held up m hands to the sky. 'O God!' I cried out i despair, 'show me what to do. Don't let m kill my darling. Strike me dead where kneel sooner than that !' And with the word the bitterness of death seemed to pass, and a great calm fell. In that calm a voice spoke

clearly, and said : " Leave her! Leave your bride while there Better that you should break your heart and die, than that you should harm a hair of he head.

"I heard it as plainly. Edith, as I hear my own voice speaking now ! I rose-my resol ution taken -a great, unutterable peace fill ing my heart. In my exalted state it seemed so easy-I alone would be the sufferer no

you-I would go. "I went back. The first sight I saw was you, my darling, sitting by the open window fast asleep. Fast asleep, as my mother have been that dreadful night. If anything have been wanting to confirm my resolution, the would have done it. I wrote the note of tare well; I came in and kissed your dear hand and went away from you for ever. 0, lore that hour. I could not live without you thank Heaven! the sacrifice is not asked. have told you all—it lay between two thing —I must lcave you, or in my madness kil you. Edith, it would have happened. Yo have heard my story-you know all-t

dreadful secret that has held us asunder. is for you to say whether I can be forgiven not."

She had all the time been sitting, her fact hidden in her han 18, never stirring or speaking. Now she arose and fell once more her knees beside him, tears pouring from eyes. She drew bis head into her arms, s stooped down, and, for the first time in b life, kissed again and again the lips of the m she had married.

"Forgive you!" she said. "O, my h band, my martyr. It is I who must be fo given! You are an angel, not a man!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAST ENDING OF THE TRAGEDY. An hour later, when Lady Helena 501 opened the door and came in, she found the still so, his weak head resting in her and as she knelt, her bowed face hidden, her fa ing tears hardly yet dried. One look intob radiant eyes, into the unspeakable joy an peace of his face, told her the story. All be been revealed, all had been forgiven. On the ding-day husband and wife were reunited

There was no need of words. She stoop over and silently kissed both. "It is growing late, Edith," she said get and you must be tired after your journet You will go up to your room now. I we watch with Victor to-night." Continued on Third Page.