THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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CHILD.

(From the San Jose Herald.)

street, missed her 4-year-old son Carl, and in

a state of great anxiety made search for him up and down the various streets in that

vicinity, when she was attracted by

made specially for the blood, nerves and com-

Eighteen hundred Smiths, all relatives of

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Are your kidneys diserdered ?

"Kidney Wert brought me from my grave, as ere, after I had been given up by 13 best soctors etroit." M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Iona, Mic

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Are you tormonted with Piles?

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Sept. 17, 1884

FROM THE PRESIDENT

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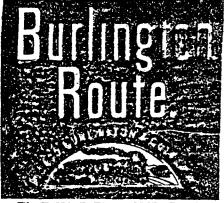
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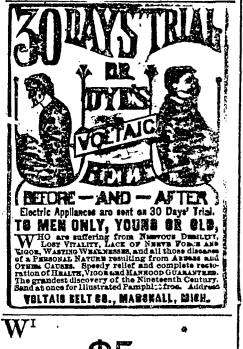
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WHERE A MOTHER FOUND HER LOVE AND MONEY Mrs. William Kennedy, who lives on Fourth

By CHARLES READE.

or of "It's Never Too Late to Mend," Griffith Gaunt," "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIV .-- Continued "I must interrupt you," said Grace.

seeing some people running wildly about on the corner of Fourth and St. James streets, and upon approaching the dwelling house of Dave Williams, nearly cannot let such a man as you excuse yourself to a girl of eighteen who has nothing but revfainted with terror when she saw the frighterence for you, and would love you if she ened people pointing with their fingers to her little son, who was hanging to a ladder on dared."

"Then all I can say is that you are very mysterious, my dear, and I wish you would the windmill tank seventy or eighty feet from the ground. One little hand grasped the ladder and with the other he was reaching speak out."

"I shall speak out soon enough," said Grace solemnly, "now I have begun. Colonel out for some pigeons that were sitting almost within his reach. The mother Clifford, you have nothing to reproach your-self with. No more have I, for that matter. realized the awful peril of her little son, but with a heroism seldom seen, she called to the child in a firm voice, saying : "Come Yet we must both suffer. down, Carl, and mamma will give you a peach." The little fellow looked cautiously

She hesitated a moment, and then said, firmly :

"You do me the honor to approve my conaround over his shoulder, and seeing his mother, started to descend, while the group stood with faces upturned, blanched with terduct in that dreadful situation. Did you hear all that passed ? Did you take notice of ror for fear he should lose his hold and be all I said ? "I did," said Colonel Clifford. "I shall

dashed to pieces ; but he came safely down, and as he approached the last rounds of the never forget that scene, nor the distress, nor ladder he said: "I am coming, mamma, the fortitude of her I am proud to call my and the overjoyed mother caught her child in daughter."

Grace put her hands before her face. at these kind words, and he saw the tears trickle Palpitation of the heart, nervousness between her white fingers. He began to wontremblings, nervous headache, cold hands and der, and to feel uneasy. But the brave girl shook off her tears, and manned herself, if we feet, pain in the back, and other forms of weakness are relieved by Carter's Iron Pills, may use, such an expression.

"Then, sir," said she, slowly and emphati-cally, though quietly, "did you not think it strange that I should say to my father, 'I don't know?" He asked before you all, 'Are you a wife?' Twice I said to my father-to him I thought was my father-'I don't Can you account for that, sir ?" know. The Colonel replied, "I was so unable to account for it that I took Julia Clifford's opinion on it directly, as we were going omo."

"And what did she say ?"

"Oh, she said it was plain enough. The ellow had forbidden you to own the marriage, and you were an obedient wife ; and, like women in general, strong against other

people, but waak against one." "So that is a woman's reading of a wo-man," said Grace. "She will sacrifice her honor and her father's respect, and court the world's contempt, and sully herself for life, to suit the convenience of a husband for a few hours. My love is great, but it is not lavish or silly. Do you think, sir, that I doubted for one moment Walter Clifford would own me when he came home and heard what I had auffered? Did I think him so unworthy of my love as to leave me under that stigma? Hardly. Then why should I blacken Mrs. Walter Clifford for an afternoon, just to be unblackened as night ?"

"This is good sense," said the Colonel. "and the thing is a mystery. Can you solve it ?"

"You may be sure I can, and-we is me "I must."

She hung her head, and her hands worked convulsively. 'Sir," said she, after a pause, "suppose I

could not tell the truth to all those people without subjecting the man I loved-and I love him now dearer than ever-to a terrible punishment for a mere folly done years ago, which now has become something much worse than folly-but how? Through his unhappy love for me !"

"These are dark words," said the Colonel. "How am I to understand them ?"

"Dark as they are," said Grace, "do they not explain my conduct in that bitter trial better than Julia Clifford's guesses do, better than anything that has occurred since ?'

"Mrs. Walter Clifford," said the Colonel, with a certain awe, "I see there is something very grave here, and that it affects my son. I begin to know you. You waited till he was out of dauger ; but now you do me the honor to confide something to me which the world will not drag out of you. So be it; I am a man and a soldier. I have faced cavalry, and I can face the truth. What is it !" "Colonst Clifford," said Grace, trembling like a leaf, "the truth will cut you to the heart, and will most likely kill me. Now that I have gone so far, you may well say, Tell is me;' but the words once past my lips can never be recalled. Oh, what shall I What shall I do ?" The struggle overpowered her, and almost for the first time in her life she turned half faint and yet hysterical : and such was her condition that the brave Colonel was downright alarmed, and rang hastily for his peole. He committed her to the charge of Mrs. Milton. It seemed cruel to demand any further explanation from her just then ; so brave a girl who had gone so far with him would be sure to tell him sooner or later. Meantime he sat sombre and agitated, oppressed by a strange sense of awe and mystery, and vague misgiving. While he brooded thus, a footman brought him a card on a sal-

they brought him up at night and chucked him like a dog on to the smouldering coal; one half of him was charred away when Monckton found him, but his face was yet untouched. Two sturdy miners walked to and fro as sentinels, armed with hammers, and firmly resolved that neither law nor gospel should interfere with this horrible ex-

ample. Even Monckton, the man of iron nerves, started back with a cry of dismay at the sight and the smell.

One of the miners broke into a hoarse, uneasy laugh. "Yow needn't to skirl, old man," he cried;

"Yon's not a man; he's nobbut a murderer He's fired t'mine and made widows and or

phans by t'score." "Ay," said the other; "but there's a " Ау, worse villain behaind, that found t' brass for ' job, and tempted this one ! We'll catch him yet : ah. then we'll not trouble judge nor jury, nor hangman neether !"

"The wretches !" said Monckton. "What ! fire a mine ! No punishment is enough for them.

With this sentiment he retired, and never went near the mine again. He wired for a pal of his, and established him at the Dun Cow. These two were in constant communication.

Monckton's friend was a very clever gossip, and knew how to question without seeming curious, and the gossiping landlady helped him. So, between them, Monckton heard that Walter was down with the fever and not expected to live, and that Hope was confined to his hed and believed to be sinking. Encouraged by this state of things, Monckton made many artiul preparations, and resolved to levy a contribution upon Colonel Clifford

At this period of his manœuvres fortune certainly befriended him wonderfully; he found Colonel Clifford alone, and likely to be alone; and, at the same time, prepared by Clifford's half-revelation and vio-Grace lent agitation to believe the artful tale this villain came to tell him.

CHAPTER XXV.-RETRIBUTION.

Monckton, during his long imprisonment at Dartmoor, came under many chaplains, and he was popular with them all; because when they inquired into the state of his soul he represented it as humble, penitent, and purified. Two of these gentlemen were High-Church, and he noticed their peculiarities; one was a certain half-musical monotony in speaking which might be called by a severe critic singsong. Perhaps they thought the intoning of the service in a cathedral could be transferred with advantage to conversation.

So now, to be strictly in character, this personage not only dressed High-Church, but threw a sweet, musical monotony into the communication he made to Colonel Clifford. And if the reader will compare this his method of speaking with the matter of his discourse, he will be sensible of a singular contrast.

After the first introduction, Monckton in toned very gently that he had a communica tion to make on the part of a lady which was painful to him, and would be painful to Colo nel Clifford ; but, at all events, it was confidential, and if the Colonel thought proper, would go no further.

"I think, sir, you have a son whose name is Walter?"

"I have a son, and his name is Walter," said the Colonel, stiffly. "I think, sir," said musical Monckton, "that he left your house about fourteen years

ago, and you lost sight of him for a time ?" "That is so, sir."

"He entered the service of a Mr. Robert Bartley as a merchant's clerk." "I doubt that, sir."

"I fear, sir," sighed Monckton musically, 'that is not the only thing he did which has been withheld from you. He married a lady called Lucy Muller.

"Who told you that ?" cried the Colonel. " It's a lie."

that it is her duty to clear up the affair in per son. Suppose it should be another Mr. Wal-ter. Clifford, after all to When shall I bring

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Colonel. The sham parson took his leave, and drove away in a well-appointed carriage and pair. -an imposture or a mistake." For we must inform the reader that he had written to Mr. Middleton for another hundred pounds, not much expecting to get it. and that it had come down by return of post in a draft on a bank in Derby.

Stout Colonel Clifford was now a very unhappy man. The soul of honor himself, he could not fully believe that his own son had been guilty of perfidy and crime.

But how could he escape doubts, and very grave doubts too? The communication was made by a gentleman who did not seem really to know more about it than he had been told, but then he was a clergyman, with no ap-pearance of heat cr partiality. He had been easily convinced that the lady herself ought to have come and said more about it, and had left an attested copy of the certificate in his (Colonel Clifford's) hands with a sort of simplicity that looked like one gentleman deal-

ing with another. One thing, however, puzzled him sore in this certificate-the witness being William Hope. William Hope was not a very uncom-mon name, but still, somehow, that one and the same document should contain the names of Walter Clifford and William Hope, roused a suspicion in his mind that this witness was the William Hope lying in his house so weak and ill that he did not like to go to him and enter upon such a terrible discussion as

this. He sent for Mrs. Milton, and asked her if Mrs. Walter Clifford was quite recovered. Mrs. Milton reported she was quite well, and reading to her father. The Colonel went upstairs and beckoned her out.

"My child," said he, "I am sorry to renew an agitating subject, but you are a good girl, and a brave girl, and you mean to confide in me sooner or later. Can you pity the agitation and distress of a father who for the first time is compelled to doubt his son's honor?'

"I can," said Grace. "Ah, something has happened since we parted ; somebody has told you : that man with a certificate !"

"What, then," said the Colonel, "is it really true? Did he really show you that certificate ?" " He did."

"And warned you not to marry Walter ?" "He did, and told me Walter would be put into prison if I did, and would die in prison, for a gentleman cannot live there nowadays. Oh, sir, don't let anybody know but you and me and my father. He won't hurt him for my sake ; he has wronged me cruelly, but I'll be torn to pieces before I'll own my

marriage, and throw him into a dungeon ? "Come to my arms, you pearl of goodness and nobility and unselfish love!" cried Colo-nel Clifford. "How can 1 ever part with you, now I know you? There, don't let us despair ; let us fight to the last. I have one question to submit to you. Of course you ex-amined the certificate very carefully ?"

"I saw enough to break my heart. I saw that on a certain day, many years ago, one Lucy Muller had married Walter Clifford." And who witnessed the marriage ?" asked

the Colonel, eyeing her keenly. "Oh, I don't know that," said Grace. "When I came to Walter Clifford, every-

thing swam before my eyes; it was all I could do to keep from fainting away. I tottered into my father's study, and, as soon as I came to myself, what had I to do? Why, to creep out again with my broken heart, and face such insults- Ah ! it is a wonder I did not fall dead at their feet."

"My poor girl!" said Colonel Clifford. Then he reflected a moment. "Have you the courage to read that document again, an observe in particular who witnessed it ?" "I have," said she. He handed it to her. She took it and held it in both hands, though they trembled. "Who is the witness?"

temptuously. "He was obliged to say the would, just to put a face upon it. To morrow he'll bring an excuse, instead of her. The ter Clifford, after all to When analis 1 prints have your detectives about, for de is a villain; her, supposing I have sufficient influence." At have your detectives about, for de is a villain; "Bring her to morrow as early as you can!" and, dear sir, please receive him in the draw. "Well, you know, ladies are not early ing room; then I will find some way to get a risers; will twelve o'clock do?" and the "It shall be done," said the Colonel. "I

begin to think with you. At all events, if the lady does not come, I thall hope it is all

With this understanding they parted, and waited in anxiety for the morrow, but now their anxiety was checkered with hope. To-morrow bade fair to be a busy day. Colonel Clifford, little dreaming the condition to which, his son and his guest would be reduced, had invited Jem Davies and the rea cning parties to feast in tents on his own lawn and drink his home-brewed beer, and they were to bring with them such of the rescued miners as might be in a condition to feast and drink copiously. When he found that neither Hope nor his son could join these festivities, he was very sorry he had named so early a day; but he was so punctilious and precise that he could not make up his mind to change one day for another. So a great confectioner at Derby who sent out feasts was charged with the affair, and the Colonel's own kitchen was at his service too. That was not all. Bartley was coming to do busi ness. This had been preceded by a letter which Colonel Clifford, it may be remembered, had offered to show Grace Clifford. The letter

was thus worded : "COLONEL CLIFFORD-A penitent man beg humbly to approach you, and offer what compensation is in his power. I desire to pay immediately to Walter Clifford the sum of finite of the set of brought me far more than that in money, but

money I now find is not happiness. "The mine in which my friend has 50 nearly been destroyed-and his daughter, who now, too late, I find is the only creature in the world I love -- that mine is now odious to me. I desire by deed to hand it over to Hope and yourself, upon condition that you follow the seams wherever they go, and that you give me such a share of the protisduring my lifetime as you think I deserve for my enterprise. This for my life only, since I shall leave all I have in the world to that dear child, who will now be your daughter, and perhaps never deign again to look upor

the erring man who writes these lines. "I should like, if you please, to retain the farm, or at all events a hundred acres round

about the house to surn into orchards and gar. dens, so that I may have some employment, far from trade and its temptations, for the remarinde of my days."

In consequence of this letter a deed was drawn and engrossed, and Bartley had written to say he would come to Clifford Hall and sign it. and have it witnessed and delivered.

About nine o'clock in the evening one of the detectives called on Colonel Clifford to make a private communication; his mate had spotted a swell mobaman, rather a famous character, with the usual number of aliases but known to the force as Mark Waddy he was at the Dun Cow ; and possessing the he was at the bun cow; and possessing me gift of the gab in a superlative degree, had made himself extremely popular. They had both watched him pretsy closely, but he seemed not to be there for a job, but only on the talking lay, probably soliciting informa-tion for some gang of thieves or other He had been seen to exchange a hasty word with a clergyman; but as Mark Waddy's acquaint ances were not amongst the clergy, that would be some rol the transition and the certainly be some pal that was in something

or other with him. "What a shrewd girl that must be !" sai the Colonel.

"I beg your pardon, Colonel,"said the man not seeing the relevancy of this observe tion.

"Oh, nothing," said the Colonel; "only expect a visit to morrow at twelve o'close from a doubtful clergyman ; just hang about the lawn on the chance of my giving you a

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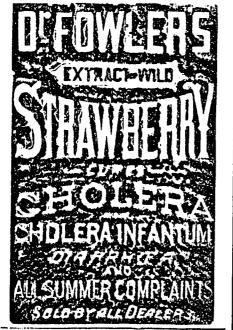
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ver': "The Reverend Alleyn Meredith." "Do I know this gentleman ?" said the Colonel.

"I think not, sir," said the footman. "What is he like ?"

"Like a beneficed clergyman, sir."

Colonel Clifford was not in the humor for company; but is was not his habit to say not at home when he was at home; and being a magistrate, he never knew when a stranger sent in his card, that it might not be his duty to see him ; so he told the footman to say, "That he was in point of fact en-gaged, but was at this gentleman's service for a few minutes."

The footman retired, and promptly ushered in a clergyman who seemed the model of an archdeacon or a wealthy rector. Sleek and plump, without corpulence, neat boots, clothes black and glossy, waistcoat up to the throat, neat black gloves, a snowy tie, a face shaven like an egg, hair and cycbrows griz-zled, cheeks rubicund, but not empurpled, as one who drank only his pint of port, but drank it seven days in the week.

Nevertheless, between you and us, this sleek rosy personage, archdeacon or rural dean down to the ground, was Leonard Monckton, padded to the nine, and tinted as artistically as any canvas in the world.

The first visit Monckton had paid to this neighborhood was to the mine. He knew that was a dangerous visit, so he came at night as a decrepit old man. He very soon saw two things which discouraged further visits. One was a placard describing his crime in a few words, and also his person and clothes, and offering five hundred guineas re-ward. As his pallor was specified, he retired for a minute behind a tent, and emerged the color of mahogany; he then pursued his ob-servations, and in due course fell in with the second warning. This was the body of a man lying upon the slack at the pit mouth; the slack not having been added to for many days was glowing very hot, and fired the night. The body he recognized immediately, for the white face stared at him ; it was Ben Burnley undergoing cremation. To this the vindictive miners had condemned him; they had sat on his body and passed a resolu-tion, and sworn he should not have Christian burial, so they managed to hide

"I'm afraid not," said the meck and tune-ful ecclesiastic. "I am acquainted with the lady-a most respectable person-and she has shown me the certificate of marriage.

"The certificate of marriage," cried the Colonel, all aghast.

"Yes, sir; and this is not the first time I have given this information in confidence. Mrs. Walter Clifford, who is a kind-hearted woman, and has long ceased to suffer bitterly from her husband's desertion, requested me to warn a young lady, whose name was Miss Mary Bartley, of this fact. I did so, and showed her the certificate. She was very much distressed, and no wonder, for she was reported to be engaged to Mr. Walter Clifford ; but I explained to Miss Bartley that there was no jealousy, hostility, or bitterness in the matter ; the only object was to save her from being betrayed into an illegal act, and one that would bring ruin upon herself, and a severe penalty upon Mr. Walter Clifford. ' Colonel Clifford turned very pale, but he

merely said in a hoarse voice :

"Go ou, sir." "Well, sir," said Monckton, "I thought

the matter was at an end, and, having dis-charged a commission which was very unpleasant to me, I had at all events saved an innocent girl from tempting Mr. Walter Clif-ford to his destruction and ruining herself. I say, I thought and hoped so. But it seems now that the young lady has defied the warning, and has married your son after all. Mrs. Wa 1 Clifford has heard of it in Derby, and she is naturally surprised, and I am afraid she is now somewhat incensed."

"Before we gc any further, sir," said Colo-nel Clifford, "I should the to see the certificate you say you showed to Miss Bartley." "I did, sir," said Monckton, "and here it is-that is to say an attested copy : but, of

course, sooner or later you will examine the original.

Colonel Clifford took the paper with a firm hand examined it closely. "Have you any objection to my taking a

opy of this ?" said he, keenly. "Of course not," said Monckton ; "indeed,

I don't see why I should not leave the document with you; it will be in honorable hands.

The Colonel bowed. Then he examined the document.

"I see, sir," said he, "the witness is Wil-liam Hope. May I ask if you know this William Hope?"

"I was not present at the wedding, sir," said Monckton, "so I can say nothing about the matter from my own knowledge; but, if you please, I will ask the lady." "Why didn't she come herself instead of

sending you?" asked the Colonel, distrust-

fully. "That's just what I asked her. And she said she had not the heart nor the courage to come herself. I believe she thought as I was a clergyman, and not directly interested, I might be more calm and collected than she could be, and give a little less pain."

"That's all stuff! If she is afraid to come herself, she knows it's an abominable falsehood. Bring her here with whatever evidence she has got that this Walter Clifford, is my son, and then we will go into this matter seriously."

Monckton was equal to the occasion. "You are quite right, sir," said he. "And T, & O. O. DELORIMIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. | Unristian Durial, so they managed to hide evidence of a transaction 1 never witnessed I and that she opknt to do, ner down (Dusiness.) That snew managed to hide evidence of a transaction 1 never witnessed I and that she opknt to do, ner down (Dusiness.) I that snew managed to hide evidence of a transaction 1 never witnessed I and that she opknt to do, ner down (Dusiness.) I that snew managed to hide evidence of a transaction 1 never witnessed I and that she opknt to do, ner down (Dusiness.) I that snew managed to hide evidence of a transaction 1 never witnessed I and that she opknt to do, ner down (Dusiness.) I that snew managed to hide evidence of a transaction 1 never witnessed I and that she opknt to do, ner down (Dusiness.) I that snew of the father directly, for, advice a transaction 1 never witnessed I and that she opknt to do, ner down (Dusiness.) I that snew of the father directly, for, advice a transaction 1 never witnessed I and the latter directly, for, advice a transaction 1 never witnessed I and the latter directly, for a dvice a transaction 1 never witnessed I and the latter directly, for a dvice a transaction 1 never witnessed I and the latter directly for a dvice a transaction is the state of t

"The witness," said Grace, "is William Hope.'

"Is that your father?"

"It's my father's name," said Grace, beginning to turn her eyes inward and think very hard. "But is it your father, do you think ?"

"No, sir, it is not."

"Was he in that part of the world at the time? Did he know Bartley? The clergy-man who brought me this certificate-" "The clergyman !"

"Yes, my dear, it was a clergyman, ap

arently a rector, and he told me-"Are you sure he was a clergyman ?"

"Quite sure; he had a white tie, a broadbrimmed hat, a clergyman all over; don't go off on that. Did your father and my som know each other in Hull ?"

"That they did. You are right," said Grace; "this witness was my father; see that, now. But if so- Don't speak to me don't touch me; let me think—there is some-thing hidden here;" and Mrs. Walter Clif-ford showed her father-in-law that which we have seen in her more than once, but it was quite new and surprising to Colonel Clifford. There she stood, her arms folded, her eyes turned inward; her every feature, and even her body seemed to think. The result came out like lightning from a cloud. "It's all a falsehood," said she. "A falsehood !" said Colonel Clifford. "Yes, a falsehood upon the face of. My

father witnessed this marriage, and therefore if the bridegroom had been our Walter he would never have allowed our Walter to court me, for he knew of our courtship all along, and never once disapproved of it.

"Then do you think it is a mistake ?" said

the Colonel eagerly. "No, I do not,' said Grace. "I think it is an imposture. This man was not a clergyman when he brought me the certificate; he was a man of business, a plain tradesman, a man of the world ; he had a colored necktie, and some rather tawdry chains."

"Did he speak in a kind of sing-song ?"

"Not at all; his voice was clear and cut ting, only he softened it down once or twice out of what I took for good feeling at the time. He's an impostor and a vil'ain. Dear sir, don't agitate poor Walter or my dear father with this vilc thing (she handed , him back the certificate). It has been a knife to both our hearts; we have suffered together you and I, and let us get to the bottom of it ogether.

"We shall soon do that," said the Colonel, for he is coming here to-morrow again." "All the better.

"With the lady."

"What lady ?"

"The lady that calls herself Mrs. Walter Clifford."

"Indeed !" said Grace, quite taken aback. "They must be very bold." "Oh, for that matter," said the Colonel; 'I insisted upon it; the man seemed to know nothing but from mere hearsay. He knew nothing about William Hope, the witness, so I told him heimust bring the woman ; land, to what business has she to put me forward as be just to the man, he seemed to think so too, evidence of a transaction I never witnessed ? and that she out to do her cown (business."

Thus while Monckton was mounting hi batteries, his victims were preparing defens in a sort of general way, though they did not see their way so clear as the enemy did. Colonel Clifford's drawing room was magnificent room, fifty feet long and thirty feet wide. A number of French windows openal on to a noble balcony, with three shor flights of stone steps loading down to the lawn. The central steps were broad, theside steps narrow. There were four entrances t it; two by double doors, and two by heavily curtained apertures leading to little subs

diary rooms. At twelve o'clock next day, what with the burst of color from the potted flowers on the balcony, the white tents, and the flags and streamers, and a clear sunshiny day gilding it all, the room looked a " palace of pleasure, and no stranger peeping in could have dream ed that it was the abode of care, and about t be visited by gloomy Penitence and incurable Fraud.

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The first to arrive was Bartley, with a with ness. He was received kindly by Colone Clifford and ushered into a small room.

He wanted another witness. So Joh Baker was sent for, and Barsley and he wer cleasted together, reading the deed, etc. when a footman brought in a card, "Th Reverend Alleya Mercilith," and written un derneath with a pencil, in a female hand "Mrs. Walter Clifford."

"Admit them," said the Colonel, firmly At this moment Grace, who had heard th carriage drive up to the door, peeped i through one of the heavy curtains we hav mentioned.

"Has she actually come?" said she. "She has, indeed," said the Colonel, look ing very grave. "Will you stay and receiv

"Oh, no," said Grace, horrified ; "but I take a good look at her through this curtain I have made a little hole on purpose."

Then she slipped into the little room a drew the curtain.

The servant opened the door, and the fall rector walked in, supporting on his arm dark woman, still very beautiful; very plaini dressed, but well dressed ; agitated, jet sel possessed. "Be seated, madam," said the Colone

After a reasonable pause he began to question her.

"You were married on the eleventh day June, 1868, to a gentleman of the na Walter Clifford ?"

"I was, sir."

"Mry I ask how long you lived w

The lady buried her face in her han The question took her by surprise, and th was a woman's artifice to gain time and

swor cleverly. But the ingenious Monckton gave it happy turn. "Poor thing ! Poor thing said he. "He left me the next day," said Luc

had seen the curtain move. "Excuse me," said he, "I think there somebody listening 1" and he went swift

and put his head, through the curtain. But the room was, mpty ; for meaning Grace was so surprised by the lady's arriv

by her beauty, which might well have temp

ediany man, and by her air of respectab that she changed her tactics and she

'and I have never seen him since." Here Monckton interposed ; he fancied