

LORD HUNTLEIGH

OR A MODERN NEMESIS

(By Margaret Kelly)

Osborne Clive gave a ringing laugh. "Presentiments are only found in the minds of nervous women. Must I be careful? What do you think I shall do? Cut my head off by mistake for someone's arm, or something of that sort?"

"Oh, no; I don't know what—something dreadful and least expected. But I suppose, it is mere nonsense on my part; though it is really a horrid sensation."

Christopher was conscious when Dollie reached his bedside. She threw herself sobbing at his side.

"Oh, father, how could you, how could you?" she moaned. "God would have judged him. God would have punished him. You need not have been so hard. God is long-suffering. Oh, father, I am so sorry."

The old man was weak, and two large tears coursed down his withered cheeks at Dollie's words.

"I didn't mean that he should lose his life," he whispered hoarsely. "I wronged my little girl. I—I meant to—punish him. Lord have mercy on us!" He broke off feebly, and had evidently come to his last moments.

"I should like to die, mamma," she said. "I am sure there is nothing to live for. Only bury me in a sunny place—not in our ugly, dark vault."

Christopher Brownedoe accompanied his visitors into the Strand, where their carriage could be seen slowly making its way in the midst of the traffic to where they stood opposite to them on the other side of the road. Marchioness and Felix Woodford were preparing to cross the crowded street.

"There you are, Woodford, there's my old man's daughter, what do you think of her?" Marchioness asked eagerly.

Dollie was simply attired in a tailor-made costume of dark-green cloth with a small toque, the chief part of which seemed to consist of a wreath of flowers and foliage, pale yellow and green so exquisitely fashioned as to appear almost natural.

"I should like to die, mamma," she said. "I am sure there is nothing to live for. Only bury me in a sunny place—not in our ugly, dark vault."

"No, not exactly," smiled Felix, who was grateful to Mrs. Clifton because of her extreme partiality for Sybil.

"No!" she asked; "then why are you always so despondently serious? Perhaps there is a certain responsibility that weighs upon you by reason of its absence."

"That is getting nearer the point," answered Felix, looking over at Sybil, hopelessly.

"And are you going to be happy ever after?" asked Mrs. Clifton touching Felix lightly on the arm as he passed without noticing her on his way home. "Don't answer I can see I am so pleased. 'Au revoir,' and she was gone.

"Lucky fellow!" was Marchioness's comment. "You always were lucky. Well, I congratulate you. Surely it will be my turn next. I live in hopes."

THEY WAKE THE TORPID ENERGIES—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working.

CONVALESCENCE (Perceval Gibbon in The Spectator) The sun has kissed me on the brow, The gentle morning lends me breath,

And all the spring's reviving green, Ambitious of an early bloom, Is hand in hand with me to-day, Uprising from the tomb.

Ah, had you cloistered been like me, A denizen of achy dark, You'd see a rose on ever bush, In over-bird a lark.

Dear World, restore me to thy breast, Thy mother breast for which I yearned, The child that strayed away with Death, Thy Prodigal returned.

UP LATE NIGHTS, endless engagements, generally run down? Take "The D & L" Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. It will tone up your system and make you feel yourself again.

The Doctor's Marriage Dr Reynolds sat in his arm-chair musing. A look was in his hand, but for fully three-quarters of an hour not a leaf had been turned.

On Reynolds' side the religious difficulty had not till then been seriously considered, but it soon became apparent that if he would wed the only woman he ever loved he should make concessions against which his conscience and his intellect rebelled.

As he reviewed for the hundredth time his position or predicament, and weighed the arguments for and against the chances of ultimate success, recalling principles that education and later reading had made almost part of himself, he acknowledged it was no good spirit that had brought him to the sick bed of Edward Dunhoope. Mr. Dunhoope had long suffered from heart trouble, and, suffering a provincial town an unlikely place for finding the best medical aid, had removed to a pretty villa situated in a healthy suburb of Sydney. Before he had well settled down, however, in his new home his old complaint troubled him at dead of night, and the coachman was summoned with all haste to call in the nearest medical man. He had not gone far when "Dr. Reynolds, Physician and Surgeon," on a red lamp caught his eye, and before many minutes Reynolds, bag in hand, stood beside Mr. Dunhoope.

my children," he said, "by a world of compromise. 'Give and take' is the first principle of civilization."

Many years afterwards a distinguished physician was waiting the wards of a large hospital in England, accompanied by his wife and matron. It was winter, and though a mild day for that season, the doctor was clad in a heavy, warm overcoat. A residence of forty years in Australia had unfitted him for a cold climate, and entitled him to a holiday in the old land. He was studying the progress that medicine had made in the chief hospital of his native town.

The next morning he was better and brighter as McNaughton entered the ward, accompanied now by the superintendent, who had read with delight the contribution of Dr. Reynolds to a medical journal published at Vienna, but was no aware that the brilliant scientist was the poor cardiac subject about whose ailments doctors and students were speaking in his presence.

"What a strange case!" said McNaughton. "You can diagnose your case infallibly. What led to your destruction?"

"In one word," was his reply, "it was that marriage you know how I loved that girl, and how for her I bartered all the cherished beliefs of my faith. That was the beginning, you see the end," and he wept.

"There was no worldly treasure too good for my wife. I do not blame her. The responsibility is on my own shoulders. In religion there can be no compromise. The faith was stronger in me than I had imagined. Although I grew careless in the practice of my religion, I could not see my children lost. An outsider cannot understand my feelings. I knew all my forefathers had suffered for the old faith, the knowledge pressed in upon me. I felt I was a traitor. I would get scapulars and quietly place them on my children's necks. They did not understand, her influence enfolded them, they despised what I held sacred. I tried in vain to suppress my feelings. My wife, poor child, would not listen to reason. She was a slave to her Protestant prejudices and invincible ignorance. Her hatred of Catholicity was intense. Quarrels followed and misery entered the home. There was no peace. We separated, I neglected my practice, she divorced me and obtained possession of the children, but in spite of all my love for her grew stronger, and that, added to the loss of my children filled me with despair. You know where men usually seek comfort. I left Australia. Here I am, afraid to face my God!" McNaughton rose. A priest had entered.

Before returning to Australia the professor witnessed his friend's interment, and on the day following it read the announcement in the papers chronicling the marriage of Dr. Reynolds' son at a fashionable Presbyterian church—Catholic Fireside.

"What were you thinking?" was asked a "servant" who on his death-bed had become reconciled to God. "I am thinking," he replied with emotion, "that hell is full of talent, and Heaven of virtue."

TERMS OF PEACE

BRITISH MAGNANIMITY SHOWN TO THE ENEMY. FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS TO RESTITUTE THE FARMIS. NO WAR TAX TO BE LIVED ON THE TRANSVAAL.

London, June 2.—In the House of Commons to-day the First Lord of the Treasury and Government leader, Mr. A. J. Balfour, announced the terms of peace in South Africa as follows:— First.—The burgher forces in the field will forthwith lay down their arms and hand over all the guns, rifles and ammunition of war in their possession or under their control, and desist from further resistance and acknowledge King Edward VII. as their lawful Sovereign.

The benefits of this clause do not extend to certain acts contrary to the usages of war, which had been notified by the Commander-in-Chief to the Boer Generals, and which shall be tried by court-martial after the close of hostilities.

The military administration will be continued for a period of six months, but no special tax will be imposed on landed property in the Transvaal or Orange River Colony to defray the expenses of the war.

His Majesty's Government will place at the disposal of these commissions the sum of three million pounds sterling (£15,000,000) to defray all the costs of the war from the date of the signature of the peace agreement.

After he had concluded reading the peace agreement Mr. Balfour proceeded to read certain important points not dealt with in the document. He has just read, and which was signed on Sunday night, before the House of Commons. It is a despatch from Lord Kitchener to the Secretary of State for War, dated May 30, as follows:—

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