By "THE DUCKESS."

[CHAPTER VII]

'Honor's a mistress all mankind pursue; Yet most mistake the false one for the true.

EYRE having received permission, and being anxious on his own part to bring matters to a climax, makes an early opportunity o' requesting a private interview with his host. The time chosen is today. As wet a day as ever came out of the heavens, and the one after that on which Andy McDermot arrived.

There had been a hurried interview between Eyre and Dulcie in the morning, in which the girl had seemed down hearted and dispirited, and inclined to let matters stay as they were, bad as they undoubtedly must be considered; but Eyre-fired with sorrow for her, and a determination to save her from the impending disaster that threatens her. namely, her marriage with that miscreant Anketell—had refused to listen to her fears, and is now standing outside The McDermot's private den, waiting for admission.

It is soon given. The den is an awful agglomeration of things useful and useless-principally meless-but beloved as having once belonged to better days than these. In the midst of the chaos sits The McDermot, calmly smoking a pipe that could never have seen a better day than this, as it is

now as black as black can be. Bless my soul, Mr. Eyre! You, says he, rising and pulling forward a chair for his guest, - 'you sent me word, I now remember, that you wanted to see me. Feeling strong, eh?—better, eh? Have a brandy and soda?

No, thanks. No, I assure you. The lact is, I-I wanted to speak to you about your daughter.'

About-my daughter?' The Mc-Dermot lays down the decanter and turns his eyes full on Eyre. 'Well, what about

It is a little difficult to explain to you; but I have come to the conclusion that your daughter is not happy in the engagement she has contracted.'

Ah!' says The McDermot, wrinkling his brows. 'Is that all? Don't you want to tell me you have fallen in love with Dulcinea—that she would be happier in an engagement with you? and therefore you think her coming marriage with Sir Ralph Anketell an iniquitous arrange-

' Not iniquitous so much as mistaken,' says Eyre, keeping his temper admir ably, under the other's ill-concealed sarcasm; 'besides, must it come to marriage

so I have been given to understand by both parties.' Engagements have been broken before

I dare say-I know nothing of that. I know only this, that my daughter's engagement with Sir Ralph Anketell shall not be broken.'

Not even it it were for her good ?" ' How should it be for her good?'

'Happiness counts,' says the younger man quickly. 'McDermot!' (earnestly), I should not try to disarrange your views for your daughter, if I could not offer as much as I should cause her to lose. I can make settlements.'

'No doubt, no doubt! That is matter. sir, for the lady you may choose to

'Just so: that lady is your daughter.' 'There you make a mistake, Mr. Eyre,' says The McDermot distinctly. You will never marry my daughter with my consent. With regard to her own consent, that is already forfeited. Her word is given to another. And one word, sir: permit me to say that as my guest

'No. I shall not permit you!' inter rupts Eyre passionately. 'Is every sacred, earnest feeling to be ruled by society's laws? Your daughter is unhappy. Surely there are occasions when the best the most honorable rules should be broken! And, knowing her unhappy—

You are elequent, sir,' says The Mc Der not, with a reserved smile. 'Forgive me if I break in upon your admirable dissertation on the weak points of society, You say my daughter is unhappy. May lass your authority for that speech?" Certainly!' (hotly). 'She herself has

'Excellent authority indeed! My daughter' (grimly) 'is evidently even a greater fool than I thought her!'

You misjudge her, says the young man, eagerly.

The McDermot lets his eyes rest on him for a moment. 'I can follow your line of thought,' says he, slowly. 'The

woman who could appreciate you could be no feel-eh?'

'Sir!' says Eyre, frowning.
'But are you sure of her affection? Is every young girl's first word worthy of

I desire to keep to the point, says Eyre, a little haughtily. 'I can offer your daughter a position. I on my uncle's death, shall inherit a title. I can offer her quite as much as Sir Ralph

can. I—, 'Sir!' interrupts The McDermot, sternly, 'if you could make her a duchess, I should still decline your proposal. My daughter has given her word to marry Sir Ralph Anketell, and by that word she shall abide!

So it is all over, then—in that quarter, at all events. Eyre, having bowed him self out of his host's presence, after forcing himself, as in duty bound, to make courteous acknowledgment of hospitality received, which acknowledgment has been as courteously accepted, has sent a message to the village for a trap to take him and his belongings to the inn down there as soon as may be. He is raging with indignation and disgust.



That old Goth! He will give his daughter to a man she hates just because in a foolish moment the poor girl had been coerced into an engagement with him. Never had the spirit of Don Quixote been so strongly reproduced as id Mr. Eyre's heart at this moment. He will come to her aid, father or no father! What! would any man stand still and see a girl wantonly, deliberately sacrificed, and not put out a hand to help-to save? If

so, his name is not Lucien Evre! To see Dulcinea is, however, necessary. She must be made cognizant of the plot laid against her happiness.
Up to this, poor child, she has regarded her engagement as a usual thing, if hateful; but she must now learn that force will be employed if she refuses to go calmly to the altar with that abomination, Sir Ralph.

He has only just stepped into the corridor when he comes face to face with

'Well, I've seen your father,' says he. 'What! Oh, no!' says she. 'Yes, I have; and a bigger old-

beg your pardon. But—'
He says I must hold to my engage ment with Sir Ralph?"

'He says that, and that only. If you were a slave, he could not have made it more distinct that you were without see you home.'

'Well—it's this, then!' says she, with power in the matter.'

'Surely' (growing very pale) 'you exaggerate a little. A slave: Whose

'Sir Ralph's presently, if you don't take swift measures to free yourself. Dulcie, you trust me, don't you? Come away with me. Come this evening. There is a train at half-past six; meet me there, and —' And what?

'I'll take you up to town to my aister's, and we can be married to morrow morning '

'Married to morrow morning! Andand he —— 'He!' (meaning her father: she, how-

ever, had not meant her father); 'why, he deserves all he will get-no more.' 'True, true!' says she, as if trying to work herself up to the necessary point of valor. 'A slave, you said. But still

'Dulcinea! Dulcinea!' roars some one in the distance. It is the voice of the

'He's calling me: I must go!' says she, taking her hand away from Eyre in a little frightened fashion.

'Remember,' whispers he, holding her by her sleeve-'remember the train: the station is only a mile from this; 6.30-keep it in mind. I shall be there. It is nothing of a walk, and ---But-my clothes!

'Oh nonsense! My sister will ---' 'Dulcinea!' It is a very angry roar

Dulcines, with a wistful, undecided glance at Eyre, rushes down the passage that leads to her father's sanctum, and disappears.

nervously.

'Called you! I should think so? Half a dozen times at least. What were you doing? Philandsring with that is in thundering idiot upstairs, eh? I should him? think, considering his birth-and he comes of decent people enough, though they are English—that to make love to a girl in her father's house without her to talk of him like that " father's consent was a most damnably low sort of thing to do.'

of him like that, says Dulcinea, loyally. glowing eyes - I know that he detests Eyre had meant to befriend her. A ray me!" of the fire that blazes within her father's Come in and have your head shaved eyes shines in her own at this moment. Come quickly. Typhoid, I should say, 'Look here!' says The McDermot, to look at you.' furiously: 'you can fancy yourself in Nonsense! furiously: 'you can fancy yourself in love with whom you like, but you shall a lineatic. I mean every word I say, marry Anketell, all the same. You've The very last interview I had with him given your word to him and I'll see that he was rude, and cutting, and indifferyou keep it!'

'I shall not marry him unless I wish it, says his daughter, with distinct defiance; whereupon The McDermot thoughtfully, breaks out in a terrible way, and says You can jes all sorts of bitter, unpardonable things, until the girl, who is in a white heat of rage in her own way, flings wide the rest and peace, and room for thought.

She finds, however, only her cousin.

VIII. 'Is it not time, then, to be wise?-Or now, or never.'

Perhaps to her it has seemed that rest' and 'peace' may be found in him. Fond hope!

'Andy!' calls she. He is at the other end of the garden, and at first does not hear her. 'Andy!' however, restores him to a proper frame of mind. 'Hi!' says he, from the middle of a

bed of cabbage.
'Come here! come at once! It is something very important.'

This bri gs him to her at the rate of forty knots an hour. 'Weil, what's the matter now?' says

'Everything!' says Miss McDermot, with commendable brevity.

'That generally means nothing with a girl, says her cousin, contemptuously. However, to do you justice, you look like business this time What is it,

'If I could be sure of you, Andy,' says she, forlornly; 'but you will be as likely as not to take his side.' 'Whose side?'

'Well, you see!'—hesitating—'It's this way'—(dead pause).

'Oh! go on, for goodness' sake. If you have anything on what you are pleased to call your mind, get it off! You look' (with all the delightful sympathy that, as a rule, distinguishes the male members of one's family) 'like a sick chicken. Anything fresh? or is it the same old game?—our well-beloved uncle on the rampage again?"

'Yes! and this time with a venge ance l'says Dulcinea, wrathfully. 'He —insists on my keeping my engagement with Sir Ralph, in spite of the fact that [—decline to go on with it!'

'You!' (Andy pauses, and twists her round so as to get a good view of her.) 'What's up now?' says he. 'You de cline to go on with your engagement! Why? What's the matter with Sir

Raiph?'
'That isn't the question!' says she, vehemently. 'I recuse to discuss Sir Raiph with you or anybody. What has to be considered is, whether I am to be sold—yes sold—against my will to any.

bodv !

blandly. 'There's something behind, this slave market business, isn't there? I never heard a word of it until—that young friend of yours fell into the bog, and was dragged out by some incon-siderate person by the hair of his head, and brought home to be nursed by you. 'I don't know of any one who fell into

a bog, and was pulled out by his hair,' says she, coldly.
'Look here, Dulcie,' (putting her down on a mouldering rustic seat), 'let's give a name to it. Eyre is the bogged one's name. And I expect he has been mak-

ing love to you eh? 'At all events, he isn't like some people!" exclaims she, with a little frown. 'He doesn't lecture and scold and trample on me from morning till

'We shall now proceed to give a name to the trampler,' says Mr. McDermot. 'Anketell! And so you want to throw over Anketell and marry Eyre? Is that what it comes to?' 'N-o. Not exactly.'

'Then you want to throw over Anketell and not marry Eyre. Is that it?"

'No-not quite. 'Then, my good girl, what is it? If you could throw just one ray of light upon the mystery, I might be able to

a sudden touch of passion. 'I won't submit to be ordered to marry any one. and certainly not a tyrant like Sir Ralph! Why, if you could have heard nim yesterday! But never mind, that. The fact is, Andy, that Mr. Eyre—asked me to marry him; and—I didn't say yes—because—Well—never mind that either. But he went to father, and father, it appeared, was distinctly rude, and told him—Well' (sighing) 'never mind that either.'

Is there, asks Mr. McDermot, mildly, anything I may mind?

Yes-this, says she, her anger growirg. 'He then sent for me.'
'He? Eyre? Just like his impudence.

'He is not impudent; and it was father who sent for me.' 'To give you a good scolding, I

hope.' 'If you hope that' (trying to rise), there is no use in my going on with this explanation.'

Yes, there is -every use. I'm sure to come in handy sooner or later, and therefore it is necessary the plot should be laid bure to me. Come, go on. do! We can have our little war later. What did the governor say to you?"

'That I should marry Sir Ralph whether I liked it or not-that nothing should prevent my keeping my engagement with him. He' (paling) gave me to understand that it I loatned Sir Ralph should still marry him.'

'il it you don't loathe him.' 'im not sure, I' [passionately -- 'I am actually certain that he has backed up father in this matter, and if only to 'You called me, father?' says she, punish me for being a little-you know

-a little-'Yes-I know' [nodding].

Well, to punish me for that, be, too, is in the plot to compel me to marry

'What rot!' says her cousin forcibly, if inelegantly, 'That isn't a bit like Auketell! You must be out of your mind

'You don't know him as I do. You think he is fond of me. Now, I' [raising 'You wrong Mr. Eyre when you talk her head and gazing at her cousin with

ent. and cruel, and-'He must have forgotten to pay a

compliment or two,' says her cousin, 'You can jest if you like,' says Dul-

cinea, rising now with determination.
I did think, Andy' | casting a repreachful glance at him | that I might have door and rushes into the garden, to find hoped for sympathy and help from 'I don't think I understand it,' says

Andy, carefully. 'You want to marry Eyre, and you don't want to marry Anketell; is that it?"

'No' [shortly]' 'I don't want to maryr either of them.'

'Not Eyre!' [doubtfully]. 'Certainly not. All I want is-to be free. To let Sir- to let father see that I am not to be commanded to marry any one. Andy' (coaxingly), 'help me. Speak to-father-do! Help me to breik off

this odious engagement.'
'And so let ou free to marry that whipper snapper upstairs with his black, black eye! No, I won't says Andy, with decision; 'Sir Ralph is worth a dezen of him. Do you think I don't see through you? You have fallen in love with that Italian [who looks quite abourd without the monkey and the organ], and you want to pretend that all you desire is freedom.

'You refuse to help me, then?' asks Dulcinea, looking sucdenly very tall, and very white, and very earnest.

'To your hurt !- yes.' 'Very well, then. Since you have all forsaken me I shall act for myself. I shall let you and father and Sir Ralph see what I can do-unaided.' She turns, and walks down the path

towards the gate. Look here. Dulcie. Come back! let's talk it over,' says he, hurrying after her, impressed in spite of himself by her manner. But she waves him to one side with an imperious gesture, and is soon

lost to sight. 'It's going to be a fine evening for fire-works,' says Mr. McDermot, contemplating the sky with a thoughtful air. Great display! unlimited variety!
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(To be continued.)

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THE CRITICAL TIME OF MATERNITY AND THE METHODS OF A FAMOUS NURSE TO RESTORE THE MOTHER'S

STRENGTH.

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cases, is taken as a sure sign of the mother's speedy recovery. Mrs. Morris was a nurse in England before she came to America, and so was her mother and her mother's mother before her. When asked once by a leading physician, the secret of her great success in treating mothers in continement cases, she said she used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in such cases, as they build up the mother more quickly and surely than any other medi

this city that her engagement, in all

cine she had ever used. Mrs. Morris was seen at her pretty little home on Fourteenth Street, and when asked regarding the use of these pills in her profession, she said: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People since they were put on the market. They built me up when I was all run down and so nervous I could not get any rest. After they had helped me I began to use them in restoring mothers in confinement cases. There is nothing that can be prescribed or given by a physician that will give health and strength to a mother so quickly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is true that in some cases where the tather or parents were prejudiced against the much advertised Dr. Williams' Pink l'ills for Pale People, I gave them as "Tonic Pills," but they all came out of a CITY TICKET OFFICE

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PATENT REPORT.

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CANADIAN PATENTS.

59 224-W. H. Halpenny, Minnedosa, game apparatus. 59,352 -Pierre Gagnon, Quebec, bicycle support.

59 257-William Webster, Lindsay, foot power boat.
50:307-Jos. Leduc, St. Hyacinthe, maple receptacle.

AMERICAN PATENTS.

601,076-George A. Hunsinger, Rainham Centre, Can., engine governor 601 153-Charles W. MacWilliams, Preston. Can., sugar cane header. 600,953-Francis W. Rabbi et al, Ottawa, device for blueing clothes.

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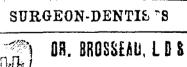
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Montreal, 15 March, 1898.

GEOFFRION, DURION & ALLAN, 25.5

CANADA, Province of Quebec, District of Montreal—Superior Cour:—No. 1618—Dame Eva. Gertrude Mann, of the City and District of Montreal. wife of John Augustine Mann, of the same place, Plaintiff; vs. the said ohn Augustine Mann, Defendant.

An action in separation as to property has been instituted in this cause

CHARLE—A. DUCLOS,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

Montreal, 12th March, 1898.

35—5

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