

Kate's shoulder, looks kindly into her face. "You are glad to hear of your namesake's triumph, are you not?" she asks.

The gray eyes gaze at her with something very sad and wistful in their depths. "Yes, I am glad," the girl answers; "not because she is my namesake, though. I do not care at all for that. But what is this about Cavalier? It seems very strange—how could he be drugged?"

"That is the mystery," says Miss Brooke. "Every one was excited about the matter, and reports of all kinds were flying about—but I don't think any one knew very much. The gentlemen may be able to tell us something definite when they come."

"Yonder comes Randal, with Miss Vaughn," says Bessie.

"I know what Randal will say," remarks Kate.

She is right—Randal's opinion is a foregone conclusion, being, indeed, only an echo of that which Mr. Vaughn has seen fit to express. Cavalier lost the race simply because he could not beat Orion; it is absurd in the extreme to talk of his having been tampered with.

"One never discusses such things with women" (loftily). "They are always partisans. Tarleton has certainly been unlucky—but he has only himself to thank. Bessie, tell my mother that I shall not be back to dinner."

He is about to spring into the buggy, from which he has a minute before alighted, when Miss Vaughn's voice detains him. "Why are you going back to Arlingford?" she asks.

"I promised your brother to return," he answers, "and I don't like to break an engagement."

"Is there any difficulty between Ashton and Frank Tarleton?" she asks, in a low, quick voice.

"Why should you think such a thing?" he says, with a surprise which reassures her.

"There is no ground for difficulty that I know of. What do you know?"

"Nothing," she replies. "I only feared that something might cause trouble between them."

"I don't think there is anything in the least likely to do so," says Randal; and with this they separate—she going into the house, he driving away.

At the gates he meets the Wilmer equipage just turning in. The horses are drawn up abruptly at sight of him, and Wilmer, springing down, comes to the side of the buggy.

"Are you going back to Arlingford?" he asks.

"Yes," Randal answers, in a tone which plainly signifies, "What is that to you?"

"I think if you are wise, and can possibly do it, you'll bring your friend Mr. Vaughn away," Wilmer says, very gravely. "I heard one or two rumors before I left. How much truth there was in them I can't tell—I could not stay to ascertain—but I don't know a more dangerous man to deal with than Tarleton under certain provocation."

"You are talking in riddles," says Randal.

"Why should I bring Vaughn away?—and what were the rumors about?—and who the deuce cares for Tarleton's bluster? He is a hot-headed fool; but he certainly ought to be content with to-day's work."

"I am afraid to-day's work is not ended yet," says Wilmer, more enigmatically than ever.

"Well, go on—you'll hear all about it soon enough. I only hope that what I heard was exaggerated. But you had better bring Vaughn away—if you can."

With this, he returns to the phaeton, and Randal drives on—rendered more uneasy than he would like to acknowledge by this very vague warning. It may as well be said here as in another place, that, although thoroughly under the influence of his friend, he has neither directly nor indirectly borne a part in certain plans and schemes which are at present likely to bring that gentleman into trouble.

As a matter of course, both Wilmer and Proctor refrain from mentioning any reports which they have heard to the feminine part of the household. At dinner, however, matters begin to look grave. Neither Mr. Lawrence nor Will has returned, and this fact—taken in conjunction with the reports already mentioned—puts the two young men on thorns. They manage to contain their impatience within moderate bounds while the ladies are with them; but as soon as they are alone they look at each other, and the same words rise to the lips of each:

"Suppose we ride into Arlingford and see what is going on!"

No sooner said than done. Horses are ordered, and they go to the drawing-room to make their excuses. These are very readily accepted. The ladies themselves are inclined to be restless and curious, and will welcome any authentic news.

"I trust nothing unpleasant will come of the affair," says Mrs. Lawrence; "but I can't help feeling a misgiving—Frank Tarleton is so impetuous and reckless!"

"I had a strong misgiving when I parted with him," says Wilmer, "and from Mr. Lawrence's absence I fear something has occurred."

"If so, I hope to Heaven he will keep Will out of it!" says Will's mother, fervently.

Kate does not hear this conversation, but, from the fact that the two young men are returning to Arlingford, she easily imagines what draws them there. "If only I might go, too!" she thinks, watching them as they ride away in the faint moonlight.

This being impossible, she leaves the drawing-room with its group over whom dullness has

settled, and throwing a light shawl round her, goes out on to the piazza. How long she sits in the soft semi-darkness, she scarcely knows. The stars, "which are the poetry of heaven," as Byron sang, look down upon her with their myriad bright eyes, and the moon slopes westward, finally disappearing behind the hill over which Mr. Proctor saw it hanging the night before. Voices float out from the drawing-room, but conversation plainly flags within, and now and then some one comes and draws the curtains aside to listen for the sound of returning horses' hoofs.

So far they have only listened to be disappointed, and at least two hours have passed when Kate is startled by a dark figure which suddenly bounds up the steps on which she is sitting, and springs upon her. "O—h!" she says, with a gasp, for she has been nearly knocked over. Then she sees that the unceremonious intruder is a dog, and putting out her hand she touches the silken coat of a setter.

"Rex!" she says. "It is Rex, is it not?" Rex wags his tail violently in assent. "What are you doing here?"

For Rex is Tarleton's dog, and the sight of him sends her heart into her throat. Is Tarleton coming?—is he at hand? She cannot tell whether she most dreads or desires to see him. The sickening thrill, in which anticipation and apprehension are mingled, makes itself felt to the tips of her fingers. "Is he coming, Rex—is he coming?" she whispers.

As she speaks, she puts out her hand again to the dog, and then she perceives that he is offering her something which he carries in his mouth. She touches it, and takes in her hand a slip of paper. It is the work of an instant to open it, to lean forward where the light from a window falls, and read the lines scribbled almost illegibly within:

"MY KATE: Will you come to me in the garden for a few minutes? I want to see you alone, and this is the only hope of doing so."

Kate hesitates a moment—only a moment. Then a passionate impulse rises within her to speak the thoughts which have been burning at her heart all day, and without pausing to consider whether or not this impulse is wise, she acts upon it. Drawing her shawl more closely round her, she darts away, followed hard and fast by Rex.

On the southern side of the house is the terrace, below which lies the garden. As she descends the flight of steps that lead down to this, she perceives the dark outlines of a man's figure on the path beneath, and when she reaches the bottom, the figure advances and catches her in its arms. "Is not this a romantic mode of paying a visit?" says a gay voice—the voice which, let what will come between them, is music to her ear. "I saw you on the piazza, and I knew that if I went to you there, we should not have two minutes of uninterrupted conversation; so I decided to send Rex after you. He went like a trump, while you—"

"Never mind about me," says Kate, drawing away from him—with what a wrenching pang it is difficult to say—"I came because I thought it might be best; but I do not understand why you wish to see me like this."

"Don't you?" he asks in a tone of surprise. "I should think you would understand that there could be no satisfaction to me in seeing you in the society of a dozen other people. Why do you draw back from me? Why do you turn your face away? Kate! what is the matter?"

"Nothing of any importance!"—she puts her hand aside—"nothing that I might not have anticipated, I suppose. But why not be truthful? Why not say at once that you tend for me to meet you by stealth because you do not wish Miss Vaughn to know that you are here?"

"Neither Miss Vaughn nor any one else," he answers, "for the simple reason that I wish to see you and you alone."

"Ah, yes, I comprehend," she cries. "For the moment you have a fancy to see me alone—but I do not care to serve as your plaything, Mr. Tarleton. You have no right to ask me to meet you clandestinely. It is dishonorable alike to you and to me. A gentleman should woo the woman he loves openly and bravely. You have not done so, and therefore I have come to tell you that for me your wooing is at an end. You have only sought to amuse yourself with me, so it will cost you nothing to hear that from this minute everything is ended between us—if, indeed, anything ever existed save trifling on your part and folly on mine."

Tarleton is thunderstruck. For a minute he can answer nothing. Of all things in the world, he least expected this. He stands gazing blankly at the face of which he can only see the outlines.

"Kate!" he cries, "is it yourself? What do you mean? Why do you talk to me like this? 'Everything ended!' Have you forgotten that I love you, and that you belong to me?"

"I have forgotten nothing," she answers. "But you are mistaken—I do not belong to you. Even if you had been sincere, my folly the other day would bind me to nothing; but since you only meant to amuse yourself—"

"Amuse myself!" he interrupts. "This is the second time that you have used that expression. Tell me at once what you mean. Who has been talking to you?"

She utters a low laugh—a sound so different from the usual mirthful cadence which comes from her lips, that he is scarcely able to believe she has uttered it. "I cannot imagine that you find it difficult to tell who has been talking to

me," she answers. "I do not betray any confidence in saying that Miss Vaughn has been enlightening me with regard to some facts of your past history!"

"Ah!"—he draws his breath sharply—"I feared that she would make mischief, and so I tried to keep our engagement secret until she was gone."

"You own that!" cries Kate, with a keen thrill in her voice. Until this instant, she hardly knows how much she has hoped against hope that he would shatter the whole fabric of proof by one bold denial.

"Yes, I own it," he answers. "You do not know much good of me, my Kate, and you have heard much ill. Can you blame me, therefore, for wanting to keep more ill from your ears—at least until I had won your trust and could tell you everything myself? My past has been reckless enough, God knows; but I never meant to add deception to my other faults. No doubt Florida Vaughn has told you only the truth—but the truth can be tinged with different colors."

"She told me—though, indeed, I had heard it before—that you have been her lover for years," says Kate.

"A man's folly, as well as his sin, finds him out," he says. "It is true. For many a long day she played fast and loose with me—but her chains were broken the first day I saw your face, my bonny Kate!"

"Stop!" she cries, putting out her hand as if in pain. "I am young and ignorant, but even my credulity is not equal to believing that you could forget a woman whom you have loved for years, for the sake of one you have known for a few weeks. But even if this were so, I should not value such a shifting heart. Another fact, a fresher fancy, and I should be forgotten as you would fain make me believe that she has been. But all this is very useless!" she adds, abruptly. "I did not come to reproach you, but to say that all is at an end. For every reason it must be so. Good-night."

(To be continued.)

A GIRL WANTED.

"I desire to advertise for a girl to do general housework," said a Laramie lady to the manager of the intelligence office. "I have had some little trouble and annoyance during the past year, and would like, if I could, to get a good girl different in many respects from those I have been wrestling with. Last fall I heard of a good girl who was working for a neighbor of mine, and went to work systematically to get her. I found out afterwards that it was a put up job on me, and that my neighbor wanted me to get the girl more out of revenge than anything else. The girl's name was Cleopatra. She wanted \$27 per month, and the use of the piano. I was so sure that she was a good girl that I engaged her on that lay-out. Cleopatra had so many lovers that we had to move the sofa into the kitchen on Sunday, and my husband and myself sat around on the floor while Cleopatra wooed the festive mule pancher. We wanted to throw all the home influences we could around Cleopatra, so that she would feel perfectly cheerful, and like one of the family. She used to wear my dresses when I was away, but when I asked her to let me wear her wardrobe she seemed hurt, and her whole system was churned up with convulsive sob. By-and-by my dresses got kind of shabby as the result of continuous wear, by Cleopatra and myself, and so she got discontented and went away. Then I got a nice girl from Nebraska; but just as she had learned to make a pie that would yield to the softening influences of time, she married a man from Bitter Creek, who was so cross-eyed that, when he wept, the scalding tears would roll down the back of his neck. I then secured a girl from the old country. She could not speak the English language fluently, and so didn't have a very sociable time of it. When I would tell her to wash the dishes, she would generally black the stove or bring in a scuttle of coal. I used to pour out my soul to her soul to her sometimes and ask her to confide in me, but she had a far away look, like a man who cannot pay his board bill. One day at dinner I asked her to bring in the dessert, but she didn't grasp my meaning, and through some oversight brought in the dish rag on a tray. She used to wash the children's faces with the shoe brush; and in that way soon won their esteem and regard. One day while we were at the table she brought in the soup, and in an unguarded moment stuck about seven inches of her thumb in the hot soup in order to get a more secure grip on the tureen. In the first impulse of rage and maidenly surprise she thoughtlessly dropped the tureen in my husband's lap. My husband is a shy and reticent man, but he rose with a graceful movement to his full height, and killed her with the carving-knife, and kicked her gory remains under the table. After the inquest I got a hollow-eyed girl from Fort Collins. She was an orphan, with pale hair that she used to work up in the wash. She was proud and impulsive in her manner, and ate everything in the house. We used to hear her in the middle of the night fering around after cold pie and fragments of rich and expensive grub. She had singular yearning for jam and an impassioned longing for preserves that we never succeeded in quenching. When the jelly and fruit cake gave out, she would sadly turn her attention to cold ham and mustard, with smouldering ruins of baked beans and cold cabbage and vinegar. We stood it till

groceries came up so, and apples got to be \$7.50 a barrel, and we asked her to send in her resignation. Shortly after that my husband made an assignment. What I would like now is a good girl, not so much as a companion confidential promoter of financial ruin, but more to wrestle with manual labor in the kitchen, at so much per wrestle and board. I'm not difficult to please, but I don't want to pay the same salary that the cashier of a bank gets just for the sake of having a pampered maiden in the house who doesn't do enough work to drive away her ennui."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Marquis of Queensberry has written a letter to say that he declines to go in for an agitation to seat Mr. Bradlaugh, because he does not see the use of banging his head against a brick wall, which will by and by come down of itself.

LORD Y., whose popularity was not excessive in a certain Scotch town, having refused an importunate beggar, she renewed her application, "Now, my lord, if ye'd just gi' me a little saxpence, I could treat every friend ye have in the town."

UNREAD authors should take heart of oak from this good story going around about the Duke of Cambridge; a military report being sent to him, he directed his secretary to send the following reply: "His Royal Highness has read with much pleasure the report forwarded to him, a report highly creditable to the army in every way."

THE report read that there were 158 cases of disorderly conduct, 56 desertions, 48 of dishonesty and more cases of dissolute conduct and drunkenness than had ever before come under notice.

THE number of English residents, now passing the winter at Wiesbaden, is greater than during any previous year. This is especially noticeable during the services at the English church, St. Augustine's Chapel, which is planned to hold three hundred persons, but which is now always so over-filled that an extension will have to be built as soon as possible.

It is rumored that the Canadians are desirous of absolute independence in the matter of copyright, and that the Hon. William Macdougall will introduce a bill on the subject in the present session of the Dominion Parliament. The complaint of the Canadians is that English books are too dear; yet our sixpenny editions are cheaper than any which you can produce yourselves or import from the United States.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Duchess of Argyll is dangerously ill.

PRINCE WILLIAM has been proclaimed King of Serbia.

MARTIAL law is to be proclaimed in Clare county.

MR. BEECHER'S illness is attributed to the bad water of Chicago.

THE steamship *Chilkan* has been wrecked at Salamanca Island.

MR. BRADLAUGH intends to present himself again in the House on Tuesday.

EMINENT physicians state that MacLean's insanity is of long standing.

LARGAN beat Gookin, an American, recently, over the Thames course, for £100 a side.

HOBERT PASHA has been specially charged to look to the efficiency of the Turkish fleet.

MR. FORSTER has declined to appear and give evidence before the Lords' committee on the Land Act.

THE Prussian Chamber has appropriated the necessary funds for the establishment of a Legation at the Vatican.

HAZARD, the winner of the six days' international pedestrian tournament, receives besides the trophy, \$21,750.

THE House of Lords has read for the first time Lord Redesdale's measure for excluding atheists from both Houses of Parliament.

THE Russian Government has ordered that foreign correspondents shall be prevented from holding telegraphic communication with their newspapers.

THIRTY-THREE thousand Jewish colonists are to be evicted from Crown Lands in Russia, on the ground of their not engaging in agriculture.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discovered. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electric city is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.