(FOR THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS.)

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

DUST-CATCHERS.

A Very Prevalent Fault in Taste—Tidles and Shams — Parlor Ghosts — Grates vs. Tombstones-Over-Trimmings.

A VERY PREVALENT PAULT IN TASTE.

Perhaps it may be only in natural revulsion from the style that used to prevail not so many years ago of furnishing rooms, capecially those used for the reception of atrangers or guests, in the very plainest and severest manner possible, that we so often see the apartments devoted to this purpose overprowded with furniture and overloaded with ornaments.

The modern parlor it in danger of becoming a mere curiosity-shop in appearance, if in nothing else. Where else in all the world can so many objects of ait or vertu, or of both, be huddled together in so small a BDace ?

"How on earth does the servant ever get around to dust them all!" I once heard a lady say as she surveyed a parlor of this descrip tion. And no wonder that she should so exclaim. The walls were piled with bric-a-brac as well as the fragile tables that atood about here and there, and that one dare no more touch than a house of cards, lest they should fall apart, shattering all the brittle wares they carried. The tiny chairs, be-ribboned and unsteady, seemed scarcely made to be sat in, and were certainly suggestive of anything rather than security—that most indispensable of all requisites in a comfortable chair. But these were not made for comfert but for show, and had their use no doubt in the imagina-

tion of whoever first placed them there. And, as if to add to the general feeling of insecurity, rugs and mate of all conceivable and inconcelvable shapes and patterns were

gure, most likely marching off with a tidy rom some of the chairs hanging to her back! TIDIES AND SHAMS.

Two things in this world I never can and never did see the use of-chair-tidies and pillow-shams. They are fees to comfort, and as such should be hunted down. A pillow sham (well named indeed) bristling

with braided monogram-what auggestion of rest or reposs can there be in the sight? A tidy (what covert insinuation lurks in the very title) is a thing of horror to every one who loves a cosy chair to sit in. Slip-

ping, sliding, badly arranged, poorly deviced in the first place, they come tumbling down rom where they are meant to be of use, and fasten themselves to dress or bonnet, much to the annoyance of the wearer. It seems indeed little short of impertinence

on the part of lady hostesses to lay these gauzy nuisances around where their very touch must be unpleasantly remindful to the sensitive visitor of the reason for which, presumably, they were placed there.

PARLOR-GHOSTS.

Time was when the sanctity of the "best room" and the freshness of the best carnet were deemed best preserved by closed shutters, closed last the colors of the carpet should fade by exposure to sunlight.

Since then it has been found by actual ex-perience that the strong clear light, so detrimental to the looks of delicately tinted curtains and carpets, is extremely beneficial to human beings. So light and air are permitted to enter more frequently than formerly.

To- long strip of stair-linen that used to be rigueur. to obviate the effects of wear of the parlor carpet, has varished-forever let us trust. But the holland chair-covers stay longer, and still preserve the mummy idea tolerably well.

One lady keeps her lovely chairs of brocaded velvet covered in white linen all through the year thus : she dares not remove the coverings when visitors are expected, lest through the well-known carelessness of the casual visitor the chairs should be spoiled. and when the family are alone such a thing is out of question, as the children-those fearful vandals of the household-have to be considered. The result is, that in real utility, and even in looks, a well-made kitchen-chair that one may lift and carry about with one, without fear of damaging or soiling in the use, is far ahead of the sheeted ghosts in the parlor.

GRATES VS TOMBSTONES. Here let me say a word in favor of the white marble grate that has so often been denounced by critics in household matters as monumental." I can't conceive how such an idea ever came to be seriously entertained even by those very wise people aforesaid. Statues and busts of marble, even palaces of the beautiful and costly material, are not considered "monumental." Why should Why should considered "monumental." Why should grates? The white porcelain stoves in use abroad are considered beautiful objects-why should we not in our cold climate strive to make our hearths as beautiful and cleanly as

And marble is so clean, and requires so little care to keep it so, rapaying at once the slightest effort. Why should the beautiful slightest effort. Why should the beautiful material be made little of in popular estima tion simply to gratify the vagaries of a false taste and worse than fickle fashion?

OVER-TRIMMING. Speaking of overgrowding of furniture in reception rooms, making them look like nothing more than furniture warerooms, and of covering all wall space with plotures, suggesting photographic galleries or "art" store-rooms, I was reminded of what I once heard a lady say, who had just completed a costume for herself, much to her own satisfaction. "There," said she, as she at last surveyed it, finished, with a concluded sigh, "I've trimmed it pretty well I think. Wherever I could find room for a scrap of trimming I've put It on."

And just so it is with some people when they begin to furnish their parlors.

SACRILEGIOU'S BURGLARS.

A CATHEDRIAL VISITED BY MURDEROUS TREIVES

WHO FIRE ON THE PRIESTS. WHO FIRE ON THE PRIESTS.

PETERBORO, Ont, May 9:—St Peter's Cathedral and residence of the Rev. Father McEvoy, parish priest and chancelor for Peterboro diocess, were visited last night by a bold and determined gang of burglars. This was the third burglary in a few days. The gang first forced open the door of the Cathedrial and rifled the poor box of a small sum and then proceeded to the room containing the safe, which was at once bored and blown open. The noise awoke Fathers McEvoy and Rudkins, who at once rushed downstairs. One of the burglars shouted, "Go back you—or I'll shoot," and imed, "Go back you—or I'll shoot," and im-meditely fired at Father Rudkins. The arm was deadly, but forturate y did not harm him. As number of other sains were fired, and after securing 5 in silver the thieves escaped by way of the parior window before any slarm could be min K . The man all the second

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SPHINX ECHOES.

Address correspondence for this Department to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine, U. S.]

174.—OBSCURE MEANINGS. Obscure meanings? Yes, a few, About a score perhaps will do, Italicized to give more clew. Italicized to give more clew.

I am the one you jeer and hoot at,
I am the mark you fax to shoot at;
And otherwise than that disclose
The metal ring upon a hose.
A timber's end I am, and, what
Seems rather strange, I am that not,
While called the object of an aim,
I'm, on the other hand, I claim,
A short size of unfurement land. A shart pisce of unfurrowed land, And thickest part of ox-hides tanned. A limit, end, or bound, I mean, And yet am as a vessel seen. A hush or thrust I am, and more, Perhaps you'll find me on your door. And yet I am, it may seem odd, The end of a connecting rod. If other meanings can be told, They're such as I shall not unfold.

NELSONIAN.

175.—A DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA. No "blossom" is more sweet, More "worthy" to be sung,

No "one I" love to greet
Like "thee," thou first complete,
Beloved since I was young. True" that thou lack toom. True thou hast many a two; But more than dowery plume, To beautify my room, I love thy spray to view.

ANISE LANC. 176.—A NAUGHTY GIRL'S MENAGERIE

HOW MANY ANIMALS HAS SHE HIDDEN? The book was so interesting I was loth to leave it. Still, I only had to pretend I did not hear and I might go on with it in peace. No common key would fit the lock, and mother would not think of looking for me here. It was a small room. One must be a very small person to occupy it, and not care if oxygen were rather lacking. "I hope she will be a reasonable woman and not call me again," I thought. But she continued to call, and it seemed so much spread here and there to trip the unwary.

The relief with which a visitor would take her departure from such a scene, thankful that no accident had resulted from incaution that was sure to look terribly like awkwardness, could only be equalled by the dismayed consciousness of having out a most ludiorous gure, most likely marching off with a tide of the results of the room. "I was at a pirate story and did not hear you at first," I said. But the did not look very gentile." O, the relief with which understanding the relief with which a visitor would take telling a fib, I soncrously called out. "Coming, ma," and opened the door. She was the pirate story and did not hear you at first," I said. But the did not look very gentile." "O, the relief with which understanding the relief with which a visitor would take telling a fib, I soncrously called out. "Coming, ma," and opened the door. I'll was at a pirate story and did not hear you at first," I said. But the did not look very gentile." "O, the relief with which understanding the relief with which a visitor would take the relief of the room. "I was the relief of the room." I said. But the did not hear you at first, "O, the relief of the room." I said. But the did not hear you at first, "O, the relief of the room." I said. But the did not hear you at first, "O, the relief of the room." I said. But the did not hear you at first, "O, the relief of the room." I said. But the did not hear you at first, "O, the relief of the room." I said. But the did not hear you at first, "O, the relief of the room." I said. But the did not hear you at first, "O, the relief of the room." I said. But the did not hear you at first, "O, the relief of the room." I said. But the did not hear you at first, "O, the relief of the room." I said. Bu

17 -A PHONETIC CHARADE.

Sir Slender called a doctor in Sir Stender called a doctor in
Said he, "Why do I grow so thin?
My appetite is good, I'm sure.
There a breakfast, dinner, lunch before—
A hearty meal I always make,
The very best of wine I take,
The very best of food I eat,
Tis strange that I am as complete. "Tis strange that I am so complete.

"Ah! yes! At what hour do you sup? Sir Slender saw the game was up;
"Last night, for instance, don't deny,
One, two, three, four a whole mince pie!"

178-A NUMERICAL ENIGMA. The 7 9 10 2 of this
My theme can scarcely be amiss;
4 5 10 6 7 2 me not,
Or I'll forsake it on the spot.
To 8 9 10 11 faces
3 4 1 2 of science traces; 1 to 11 does aver "The art of reading character."

179-A OROWN.

Across—1. A letter. 2. An exclamation. 3. A man of genius. 4. Put into a scabbard. 5. A species of rat. 6. Corrected. 7. To stop by

Down-1. To diffuse. 2. The inclination or deviation from the vertical of any mineral vein.

[Min.] 3. To give out. 4. To squander. 5.

Shreds, fragment and the like scattered on a floor or other clean place. 6. Washed. 7. The termination of many English words.

ODELL CYCLONE.

180.-WE'D NOT SEEK IT. Into many a house I go, Yet no welcome do I know Many curious arts are tried To drive me from the fireside. Faces blanch or hotly burn Wheresover I may turn. Strong men falter and grow weak When their company I seek; Tearless women tremble, fall, When on them I make my call. Yet my footstep is as light As the coming of the night, Yet my greeting is so soft I am unauspected oft. Fain am I to think myself Not a wholly baleful elf; Many patient grow and sweet Where my sway becomes complete, Many who have known me well, Yielding to my potent spell, Give their life to deeds of love Grief and misery to remove. To the aged oft I bring Friendly death—a longed-for thing. Thus, though seeming harsh, the wise Find my blessings through disguise.
ELLIE.

181.—A PALINDROMIC SQUARE. First's a town in Iowa; Two's a rodent, sir, I say; Three is Latin—"One's own share;" Fourth's a sailor, I declare. Forward read, you'll find the first, The same as second is reversed; The fourth reversed you'll plainly see If forward read in number three.

ANDERSON. DON'T WAIT TOO LONG. No lover of the riddles should fail to take part in the puzzle making competition, but must now hasten or be too late. The leading prizes— one hundred, twenty, ten and five dollars—are to be awarded for the best four lots of twenty original puzzles each, while such other lobs as may be selected will be paid for at the rate of one collar each. All favors must be in by May

25. Intending competitors who have not received or copied the "statement and assignment" form, to be signed and forwarded with the puzzles, should apply for it at once, as the delay of another week may lose for the tardy ones all chance of gaining a prize. If you would win send your address at once, so that your work may follow in good season.

APRIL'S AWARD. The prize for the best lot of April answers is won by Miss M. Farrell, Dalhousie street, Montreal. Her list was nearly equal to those of Dacle, Port Arthur, Ont.; M. Longhran, St. Gabriel Station, Que.; and R. J. Harvey,

> ANSWERS. 167—Point 168-Shakespeare. 169-PLUMBLINE. PORTERACE PICKTHANK PESTILENT POLEMARCH PENTECOST PLOWSHARE 170-Dare devil. 171—Soowl, cowl, owl.)
> 172—Teachers.
> 173—The teachers.

A tidy fortune—An orderly housewife,

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

CHAPTER XXIV.-Continued. the way-I was away from England I suppose

at the time of their marriage—who was she?"
His heart beat quickly as he asked the questien, but he concealed all emotion under a caraless smile.

"She was Lady Hutton's daughter," replied Bertie. "Lady Hutton—the Erskine heires, you remember—that is, she was her adopted daughter, inheriting her fortune and bearing her name. She alwaya passed as her child, but she was really only Lady Hutton's ward."

"Who were her parents then?" asked Paul Fulcop, his lips growing white as he spoke.
"I never heard," replied Bertie; "some relatives of Lady Hutton, I suppose. I must leave you now," added Bertie burriedly, for he caught a glimpse of a certain blue dress. and he had a glimpse of a certain blue dress, and he had been lying in wait for its wearer ever since breakfast time.

CHAPTER XXV.

When Bertie Carlyon left him Paul Fulton stood lost and bewildered in a storm of feeling and thought He knew not whether to be pleased or curse his fate. What a source of pride and joy for him, his daughter, his own child !—one of the lovellest and fairest women in England-gifted with grace and dignity fitting for a queen—married to a nobleman high in rank, position and wealth; one with whom it was an honor to associate. To be known as was an honor to associate. To be known as Lady Bayneham's father would be to secure at once position and standing. What a proud moment for him when he could speak of "my son in law, the earl," "my daughter, the countess?" He had been longing for prestige of rank; here it was, all thrust upon him. And yet cooler reflection told him that his own folly stood an impassable barrier between his child and himself. In claiming her he would lose far more than he could gain. He must proclaim himself to be the ex-convict. Stephen Hurst; no spurious statement would hold good in a matter so important. He must destroy the new reputation so proudly built on the wretched past. He must acknowledge to Lady Grahame that in telling her he had never been married he had been guity of a deliberate lie, and so lose all chance of making her his wife.

It maddened Paul Fulton to see so many and

such great advantages in his grasp, yet not to be able to reach them. His daughter, who could now reflect such honor and distinction upon him, was as far from him as though she were dead. He did not dare to claim her. Calm reflection told him such a step would bring nothing but disgrace upon him, for it would entail the revelation of his past life.

He never blamed himself. He felt no re-

morse for the sins and follies which separated him from his only child as much as death could have done. He said hard words; railing at his fate, 'reviling all and everything but himself. He had to bear the knowledge of his secret in silence; to have revealed it would have been to betray himself. But he knew how to keep his secret; with the strong force of his will be drove the thought from his wild. He his will he drove the thought from his mind. He refused to entertain it, and gave himself up to the amusement of others. Before long he was considered the life of the little party assembled. His droll stories, his inimitable mimicry, his vivid power of description, his brilliatcy and

wit, won upon every one.

He made the Counters of Bayneham laugh more in one week than she had ever done before. Any one who felt dull or out of spirits immediately sought Mr. Fulton. He avoided Lady Hilda, and if he could help it he never looked into the lovely, pure young face; he never conversed with her, never sought her society as he did others. with He tried all means in his power to lay the ghost that haunted him, but in vain.

"His own, only child!" the words were ever ringing in his ear. He heard them above the ordinary converse of every day life; they were mover out of his ears.

and gentle lady who was his only child. When the election was ended he determined to leave and never come near Bayneham for some time, The election did end at last, and Albert Carlyon, Esq., was returned by a triumphant majority, thanks to the untiring energy of Lord Bayneham and Mr. Fulton. Then the guests who had been together began to speak of leaving. Baytic had duting he must no. Mr. Fulton. ing. Bertie had duties—he must go, Mr. Ful-ton declared that he had imperative business, 8. A but he yielded to his host's entreaties, and promised to remain for four days longer.

That promise altered Paul Fulton's life, and brought years of sorrow and misery to his innocent daughter. He began to love her; mea may be blind, foolish, or cruel, but Nature must speak; there were times when the strong, false man longed for one word from his daughter's lips; longed to clasp her in his arms and tell her she was his own, only child. He rayed as himself for the thought. Should be wreck the reputation he had so carefully and assignment. reputation he had so carefully and assiduously won by one moment's weakness? No, he would leave danger and Bayneham far behind him.

That very afternoon Lord Bayneham and Bertie Cariton had gene out for a ramble together, and Mr. Fulton had been assisting Miss Earle in transplanting some very choice slips given to her. By some unknown accident he contrived to inflict a pretty severe wound upon one of his fingers while Lady Hilds was standing

The wound, slight though it was, bled pro fusely. Mr. Fulton, like many other people, could hear pain, but the sight of blood unnerved him. He turned sick and faint, and leaned against the wall for support.

"I have some adhesive plaster," said Barbara
Earle. "I will fetch it in a moment." And

she disappeared as she spoke.

Lady Hilda gazed pityingly at the handsome face blanched with fear.

"Let me bind it up for you," she said, "until

Miss Earle returns. She went up to him and took the wounded hand in her own. As she stooped to fasten the handkerchief round her, he golden hair touched him, and the contact was like an electric stock him, and the contact was like an electric shock to him; the warm, soft fingers held his own so gently, the fair face was so sweet with its pitying look—and she was his own, only child. He forgot all danger and everything else in the world, says that she was the little child whom he had held in his arms; he bent down and kiesed the bad decoping roughly. golden head drooping near him. Then his heart died within him when he found what he had

done. Lady Hilda started up, her face glowing with a burning blush, her eyes full of indignant fire; but it was no look of love that met hera; Mr. Fulton's face was unutterably sad. She was about to exclaim, when he said, "Huah, my dear, as you value your own happiness be silent. I—I knew her mother years ago, and you look like her then."
Miss Earle returned before Lady Hilds had

time to speak. She looked with amaze at the strange expression of that fair young face, but made no remark; she bandaged the wound care-fully and then both ladies withdrew, leaving the perplexed Mr. Fulton to find a way out of his difficulties.

his difficulties.

"That I should have been so mad !" he cried;
"but how could I help it? She looked so fair and winning, so like poor Magdalen; and after all she was my own child. But what shall I do? I must explain all to her, or she will tell Bayneham, and we shall have a scene.

Lady Hilda was dismayed; the secret her mother had kept so well was then known to this content of the secret had been secret to the secret had been secret

handsome stranger, who had made himself universally liked. But she had no time to collect her thoughts; there was a grand dinner-party that evening, and she had much to arrange.

Mr. Fulton wished a thousand times over that

he had gone away as he intended; he saw but

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He wrote the note, never thinking that there would be any difficulty in giving it to her, but he found it impossible. In the drawing-room she was surrounded by visitors. Sir Henry Atleigh, of Comble Abbey, took her down to diener. After diener she held a little court, and there seemed to be no room for him in the and there seemed to be no room for him in the group. He never realized before the difficulty of doing anything underhand.

At last his opportunity came. Sir Henry Atleigh spoke of a photograph he had seen lately from one of Ary Scheffer's finest pictures. "We have one like it, I believe," said Lady Hilda, rising and moving toward the large table on which books and rare engravings lay scat-

*Let me assist you in looking for it," said Mr. Fulton, who had long been waiting for this chance. He followed her to the table, and in

giving her the photograph she sought laid his note upon it. He read the hesitation in her face as she half threw it from her. "For your own sake," he whispered, "for your husband's sake," and her hand closed over it. It was advoitly managed, but it happened unfortunately that the Countess of Bayneham witnessed the little transaction, unseen by them. She was seated in her own favorite chair, at

some distance from the large table; but she was watching Mr. Fulton as he rose, and saw him plainly offer the folded note to her son's wife. Her first impulse was to rise and demand to see it; her second was to laugh at her own folly. It might be a memorandum, or a thousand other things; why should she suspect anything wrong? She smiled, and blamed herself for her unjust suspicion and folly.

If the countess could have seen the burning

indignation on Lady Hilda's face as she read those few lines she would have judged her more charitably hereafter. No, certainly-a thousand times over, she would refuse to meet the stranger who a month ago was unknown to her. Why should she? If he knew anything of her parents, let him tell it to her husband. At least her suspense would be ended then, and lived lately with a sword susper

over her head. She tore up the note contemp-tuously and flung it to the winds. That night Mr. Fulton sat until late in the library, but Lady Hilda did not come near,

and he grew deperate.

"I must see her," he said to himself; "she will betray me; how madly I have acted! She must see me and know who I am." This was more easily said than done. Lady Hilda carefully avoided him the next day. She

had not decided what course to pursue. She longed to tell her husband all, but dared not. Then Paul Fulton wrote again.
"I must see you," he said; "reasons, both sacred and important, compel me to speak to you. I ask you, for your dead mother's sake, to meet me to-night; not in the house, where I cannot perhaps speak to you alone. Go after dinner to the Lady's Walk, I pray you, and let

me see you there."
With this note carefully folded, he haunted the drawing rooms, but no Lauy Hilds appeared. Fortune, however, favored him again. Going up the grand staircase he met the counters with her daughter in law. He passed them with a deep salutation and some jesting words, plac-ing the note in Lady Hilds's hand as he did so, unobserved, he believed, but seen again by the watchful eye of Lady Baynebam. She made no remark, resolving to know soon what this mysterious correspondence meant.

When Lady Hilds read the second note she was almost in despair. What could be know of her paren's, this strange man whom she dreaded? Why should be summon her for her dead mother's sake? She must go; there was no help for it.

They dined alone that evening, and only Lady Bayneham's watchful eyes saw how worn and anxious was the expression of that young face, on which a new shadow had

Lord Bayneham left the ladies early: he had aver out of his ears.

Paul Fulton resolved to fly. He had met and conquered all his enemies; but one stole upon him unawares, and that was love for the fair and gentle lady who was his only child. When was both elegant and costly, one that he had presented her with soon after their marriage presented ner with soon after their marriage—delicate pearls set in pure, pale gold. "That is the prettiest bracelet you wear, Hilda," said Lord Bayneham. "I flatter myself I am a good judge of pearls; these are fine ones, are they not, mother?" he said, appealing to Lady Bayneham.

The came forward, and looked at the brace-

let. Lady Bayneham could never again be cordial with her son's wife, until she knew why she re-

ceived notes from a gentleman who was almost a

It was still early; the fragrant summer evening had given place to a dim. cool night. With a strong distaste for the interview awaiting her, Lady Hilda hashly put on a large, dark shawl, which shrouded her figure, and went out to the Lady's Walk. She could reach it by the staircase which led from her own private suite of rooms. In the distance she saw the tall figure of Mr. Fulton coming quickly toward her.
"It is sorely against my will that I am here,"
she began; "but you asked me to come for my
mother's sake. Tell me what you have to

"Much," ne replied, "that cannot be hastily uttered. Lady Hilds, do not fear me. Look at my face. Have I the appearance of a man who sought this interview for any foolish, vain reason of his own?

She looked at him ; there was a faint gleam o light coming from the moonlit sky, and by it she saw that the handsome face, usually so careless and gay, was sad and full of deep emotion. Her calm eyes dwelt upon it, but they read

"You may trust me," he said; "you might trust me with your life. Let us walk down the path; you will be cold if you remain standing." nothing there.

They then went down the path together "My time is very precious," said Lady Hilda coldly. "I run great risks by remaining

here."
"I know it," he replied. "I asked you to come for your mother's sake. Do you know who she was, and what was her story?"

"I know it all," said the young girl sadly.
"My mother's fate has clouded my life." "Thank Heaven, I am spared that long explanation," he replied. "I half feared you might still believe you were Lady Hutton's

daughter."
"I never thought that," she replied; "and one must not ever so lightly blame the dead; but I must not ever so lightly blame the dead; but I wish I had been left to share my mother's fate. I should have brightened her life, and have been saved all the sorrow and shame of feeling myself half an impostor."

"It was done for the best," he said, dreamily.

"I suppose so," she replied; "but this is not what you wanted me for. You knew my presents—what have you to say of them to me?"

parents—what have you to say of them to me "You speak of your mother," he continued;
did you never hear of your father? Did no

one ever mention him to you?" My mother,
"Yes," she raplied bitterly. "My mother,
on her death-bed; told me of him."
"May I ask what she said?" he inquired.

"May I ask what she said!" he inquired.
"Some people do not possess the art of painting an agreeable portrait."
"That cannot posselly concern you," she replied. "Tell me your business quickly and let; me go. My father's name, brings no music to my ears. Perhaps before now he has met my mother and rendered her justice." She raised her pure, calm face to the night skies as she spoke; and Paul Fulton stood abashed and humbled before the serene innocence and dignity of his child.
"Hilds," he said, "has it never struck you

he had gone away as he intended; he saw but one way out of his trouble; he must see Lady Hilda, tell her all, and rely upon her fears for observing the secrecy necessary for him. He wrote a note, as follows:

"I i pray you to keep silence over the little incident that occurred this afternoon until I see you. I can explain it. The honor of a family—my life almost—depends upon your silence. Will you grant me an interview? I knew your parents, and have much to say to you. Will you meet me in the library after

spirit more than any living being.

"Have you never thought of me," he said,
"or wondered who I was?"

"or wondered who I was?"

"Never," she replied.

"Would you not care to see your father,
Hilda? With all his faults, he loved you."

"My father broke the sweetest and truest
heart that ever beat," she replied, passionately;

"how could I wish to see him."

"Hush, child!—hush!" he said sadly; "your
words stab me. Try to care for me, Hilda. I
am your father, Stephen Hurst, and I place my
life in your hands."

Her fair face grew even more deadly pale.

fe in your hands."

Her fair face grew even more deadly pale,
"My words of greeting to you, father," she
aid, "are that I wish I had died when I was a child, before I knew my hopeless, dreary fate. "Can you say nothing kinder, 'Hilda?" he asked; and for once there was real dignity and

true feeling in his words. "I have not been a saint; but you are my child, and I love you." She walked on unheedingly, her fair hands clasped passionately. The fate her dying mother had predicted and feared had come to "What have I done?" she said wildly, look-

what have I tone? see said wardy, how ing up to the still, serene heavens. "Why should this fate have fallen upon me?"

"Hush, Hilda," said Paul Fulton, "I shall do you no wrong, child; we can keep each other's secret. I do not want to interfere with you. I should not have said one word, but I teared you would tell Lord Bayneham about what occurred the other afternoon; you looked what occurred the other afternoon; you looked so like your mother when I saw her first that I could not help it."

At her husband's name a low cry came from Hilda's lips. What a web of sorrow, shame and diagrace was woven round ber, and he knew nothing of it.

"Will you tell me bow and when you saw your nother, Hilda?" asked Paul Fulton,

humbly,
She told him the story of her mother's death, Through the hard, worldly nature some sharp

sting of remorse pierced him.
"Great heavens!" he cried; "to think that
I came here seeking my new life, and find my wife's grave and my living child !"

"She gave me one message for you," said Lady Hilda, gently. "It was to sell you that, dying, she blessed and forgave you."
"Did she say that?" asked Paul Fulton, hoarsely, while his eyes grow dim with tears.
"Poor Maggie, she loved me dearly and well!"

That moment's softening touched his daugh ter more than any words could have done.

"I have been a bad man," he said; "but I think I am punished when I stand here abashed and humbled before my own child. It is a strange world for all of us."

He drew his daughter's hand in his own.

There was no warmth in her manner, and he felt some keen disappointment, yet acknow

ledged it was just.
"Would you care to hear the history of a black sheep, Hilds?" he said, and something of his old gay manner came back to him. "I am very black, indeed, but perhaps you may think more gently of me if you hear all that I have to say. You need not be ashamed of me; by birth, as well as everything else, I am a gentle-

man."

A gentleman," repeated his unhappy daughter, with an inflection of scorn in her voice that she could not control. "Do gentlemen usually trample upon the heart that loves them best, and go about the world under a false name-He bit his lips, listening to her indignant

words.
"Hilds," he said, "do not rouse all that is bad in me. I wronged your mother; I repaid her love with ingratitude; I spurned her from my door and broke her heart. I own it all, and am sorry for it. Can mortal man say more? am sorry for it. Can mortal man say more?"

She made no reply, and he continued:—"You love her. I could feel jealous that of two unknown parents you cling to one and regret the other. But you say she died blessing me; would she like to know that you, my daughter, were my bitter enemy—that you could not re peat her love and her pardon?"

Paul Fulton knew human nature; he had touched the right spring at last. "For your mother's sake, say to me that we

are friends. He waited for her answer, but hot anger and fierce, bitter sorrow were warring in her heart. The quiet stars, with their pure, holy eyes, shone down upon her, and the night wind, laden with the fragrant breath of sleeping flowers, whispered sweet messages of peace to her; she saw again the clear, beautiful face the cold, still lips that even in dying had whispered of

He felt again the bitterness of his punishment; his fair young child so near him, her golden head drooping under the weight of sor-row he heaped upon her, her sweet face wet with tears, her soft hand touching his own. He did not dare to do as other fathers do; he dared not clasp the weeping, sorrowing girl in his arms and comfort her; he felt that in her sweet innocence and guileless purity she was far above him. He could have knelt at her

feet, but he dared not clasp her in his arms.

"Hilda," he said, gently, " you are an angel
to me; if you had sent me from you in disgust,
I should have gone straight to the bad, for I am a reckless man. You have saved me. I will try—it is never too late—I will try and be more worthy of you; I will not shame you again. I told you it was my life you held in your hands. told you it was my life you held in your hands. Now, hime presses. Listen to me. We must both preserve our secret. I have entered upon a fresh life. I am rich, and men respect me. I am going to marry; nay, do not etart from me, child; that cannot hur your mother now. I am going to marry one who will do great things for me. I see honor and rank and the good word and praise of men before me: I see a better and higher life but all this depends upon a better and higher life, but all this depends upon you. I suffered, Hilds; no one knew it. Shame and disgrace cankered my very soul. I believe I hated your mother because her loyal heart ever found excuses for me. I could not suffer shame again. If our secret should become known, were I to say you are my child, or if you were to call me father, my story must be known; men must know that I am Stephen Hurst, the ex convict; and if this should come to pass (mind, I hate heroics, I say it calmly) if this ever gets known, I will kill myself. I shall not wait for scorn and contempt to destroy me. You see I leave my life in your hands."

"I have no wish to make it known," she re-"I have no wish to make it known," she replied sorrewfully; my happiness is destroyed. I cannot endure to look in my husband's face, and know that I have deceived him. I have no business here; my place is among the poor and shame-stricken. If Lord Bayneham knew my story, I believe he would send me from him. If I conceal it, it will kill me. Where am I to look for help? Who can aid me?"

"Those are false, sentimental notions." said Paul Fulton, more touched than he cared to own by her sorrowful face and despairing words own by her sorrowful face and despairing words.

"You have done no wrone; you are a gentleman's daughter. Lady Hutton made you a
lady in every sense of the word. Keep your
secret, and you will be happy enough."

"I did not expect you to understand me,"
she said; "it is the concealment I hate. But
we must not linger. What more have you to

"Nothing," he replied. "You know I leave here early in the morning. I shall never re-turn, Hilds. We must remain as strangers, turn, Hilda. We must remain as strangers, and do not forget that you hold my life in your hands. I shall avoid you—it will be less painful than seeing you, and not daring to claim you as my child. Are you willing?"

"Yes," she replied in the same hopeless tone;

"it will be best so; only promise me one thing—if I die first, you will tell the whole truth to my husband; he will never betray you."

He promised without the least intention of ever keeping his word, and they turned toward the house.

the house. "Hilds," said Paul Fulton, "you are my wu child. Let me hear my name once. Say God blers you fasher, libefore we part."

She turved her fair, sad face to him, and he never forgot it as he saw in then. The breath

never forgot it as he saw it then. The breath of the summer wind was not more sweet and faint than the voice that said, "God bless you, father." Good by."

"If I had kept her with me," said Paul Hilton, as through the mist of warm bears he watched Lady Hilds enter the house. "The should have been a different man."

dinner this evening? I will not detain you faint light of the moonbeams she resembled at upon the old castle, there was one beneath its upon the old castle, there was one beneath its roof who seemed to die a living daath. That night a fair young face lost its radience and youth; a pure, loving heart rebelled wildly against dark, stern fate; a golden head tossed wearily to and fro; and in the darkness there came to her again those column terrible word. "I visit the sins of the fathers upon the children." dren.

The young, beautiful, and ibeloved lady of Bayneham prayed for death; life had grown too painful to bear,

CHAPTER XXVII.

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LADY BAYNRHAM had been thinking—a mental exercise she did not too often indulge in. This world for her was but a path of roses in which she had found few thorns, and she had nothing much that required thought; but this night, when a young heart near ther was breaking with sorrow, Lady Bayneham could not aleep for she was thinking.

She knew the world well; its strange ways were old legends to her. She had heard many attended to the world prided himself upon winning the liking of a beautiful young wife. The whole artillery of firtation was a well known business to Lady Bayneham. Her son's wife was very lovely, and no fairer face had ever shone in those old halls; she was also very young and id-like; often enough had the counters artified the

halls; she was also very young and child-like; often enough had the countess smiled at her native remarks, for the world was a sealed book to her. She was as unnocent, guilaless, and unsuspicious as a child. Mr. Fulton was a man of the world; handsome and fascinating; old, it is true, but with a charm and grace of manner true, but with a charm and grace of manner more winning even than the freshness of youth. She suspected nothing serious. He dared not She suspected nothing serious. He dared not attempt to make love to her son's wife under her son's roof; but in all probability he had amused himself by trying to get up a sentimental friendship with her. How else account for those notes? And she was so young and inexperienced, it was impossible to guess what she would do. If a note had been claudestinely slipped into Lady Bayneham's hand she would calmly and quietly have torn it in pieces before supped into Lady Daymenana a mano ane would calmly and quietly have torn it in pieces before the witer's face without the trouble of words. She had seen how Hilda blushed and trembled when she received the note; and the brilliant,

experienced woman of the world felt something experienced woman or the world felt something like pity for the young novice.

"I have no doubt," said Lady Bsyncham to herself, "that she is dreadfully puzzled what to do over the matter. Poor child—she is so simple, and so sweet. I think I must tell Claude—he will know insh what to do and if Claude—he will know just what to do; and if speak to her, she may consider it interfer

The countess believed she was performing a The countess believed she was performing a kindly, motherly action in seeking her son, and telling him what she had seen; accordingly she was the first in the breakfast-room. Mr. Fulton, in accordance with his arrangements on the previous evening, left while the morning was still dawning. Barbara Earle had taken breakfast and sone out into the grounds. Lady Hilda was in her room, hence the countess had a clear field; and when her son entered, she went into action at once. With her second one of the shear at once. With her second cup of tea she com-

menced a preamble.

"I think you know me too well, Claude, ever to suspect that I could be capable of any impertinence or interference; is it not ro?"

The earl assured his mother that she possessed all the cardinal virtues, and no faults. "I am speaking seriously, my son," continued the lady. "I have a sincere liking and affection for your beautiful wife; but she is very young and knows nothing of the world. She is so innocent and simple that I mention to you a circumstance I have observed, which in another

so innocent and simple that I mention to you a circumstance I have observed, which in another would not have excited my attention.

"What has Hilds been doing?" asked Lord Bayneham, with a smile. "Has she broken some terribly severe law of stiquette?"

"No," replied the countess; "Lady Hilda's manner is perfect. It is not that, but our late visitor, Mr. Fulton, was a very handsome man, and one who could fascinate where he chose."

"Well, what can that possibly have to do with Hilda's shortcomings?" demanded Lord Bayneham quickly.

Bayneham quickly.

"If you will allow me time, Claude, I can explain," said the countess with dignity. "On the first evening of his arrival we all remarked the hist evening of his arrival we all remarked how much he seemed struck with Hilda. Mind, I insinuate nothing against him; he is only a man of the world; but I believe he has been trying to get up a sentimental kind of friendship with her."

"What makes you think so?" asked the young earl indifferently, for he saw nothing remarkable in any one admiring his wife.

"I noticed a little circumstance that struck me rather unpleasantly," replied Lady Bayneham. "I saw him on two occosions slip a note into her hand,"

"You must have been mistaken, mother," said her son quickly, his tace flushing hotly. "My wife would never receive a letter from any one.

"It is true," continued the counters; "I do not say there was anything in them; for knowing Hilda to be one of the purest as she is one of the loveliest of women, I am sure there could be nothing wrong about it. I would speak to her myself, but it is a delicate matter to interher myself, but it is a delicate matter to interfere with; but with a few well-chosen words you can put her on her guard; she is so very young; and inexperienced."

"You are very kind, mother," said Lord Bayneham, rising hastily; "but I cannot understand how a note could have nothing in it.

I must see Hilds and sak her about it."
"Do not be rash or foolish, Claude," said his mother; "there is no necessity for any scene

or any emotion. Speak to your wife quietly, for perhaps there is nothing in it. dilds never even sees any one but you. Do not force me to regree that I have treated you like a sensible man,"
"I must have it explained," said Lord Bayne-ham quietly but firmly; "I must see those actes, or know what they were about. None

shall either mault or act impertmently to my wife."

"I do not think any one will ever 'ry it,"
said Lady Bayneham; "be prudent and sensible, Claude. Suppose, after all, there was nothing on the paper but the name of a book or

a song?'
"Tell me how they were given," he said, "and I can judge for myself."
Lady Bayneham, who began to repeat of her undertaking, then told him of the two little scenes she had witnessed, and his face

grew dark.
"If that man dared to write nonsense to my wife, I would follow him to London and thrash him!" he cried. "I can see how it is Hilda did not tell me; she was afraid I should quarrel

with him." "Nothing of the kind," said Lady Bayne ham, frying to allay the rempet she had aroused. She very likely never thought of naming it at all; she cannot run to you every time any one either speaks or writes to her. "Then why have you named it?" asked Lord Bayneham impatiently. "If there is nothing wrong, extraordinary, improper, wonderful, or anything else in it, why did you come to me?"

"Claude, I quite despair of you," said the countess haughtily, "I have explained my motives. Your wife is young, beautiful and untrained in the world's ways; it is your place to warn her, and see that her very innocence and simplicity do not cause her to act imprudently." Lord Bayneham sighed; he was not quite clear as to what his mother really meant. He saw one thing plainly; she was not actuated by any unkind feeling toward Hilds, but before he had time to reply Barbara entered, her face glowing with exercise, and her hand filled with

choice fern leaves. "See, aunt," she said, touching Lady Bayneham's face-with her fresh red lips, 'I have found all these treasures; they will make your collection complete. Good-morning, Claude; you look well, not one half as bright as the

morning. The base of the motion of the uneasy expression of both faces. A state and a second this is not well this morning," she continued. "Pauline tells me he has not left her room; so I will go and see her. Tilyoù are not otherwise lengaged, Olaude,"

"If I had kept her with me," said Paul Hill said Lady Bayneham, sa Miss Earle quitted the ton, as through the mist of warm bears he room; perhaps you would go with me round watched Lady Hilds enter the house. "It the thrubbery I should like sa short walk be should have been a different man."

That sight, while darkness and silence fell the thrubbery I should like a short walk be should be should like a short walk be foreign heat of the day comes on the should like a short walk be should like a short w