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TRUE WITNESS FOR 1882.

The TRUE WITNESS has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also Halm a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the TRUE WITNESS will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticise Darwins theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The TREE WITHEST IS NOW what we may term an established fact, it is over 33 years in ex-Diames.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this jourmal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the TRUE WITHERS is without exception the chespest paper of its class on this continent.

it was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the sity, but the present proprietors baving taken sharge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the eld subscribers to retain it but new ones to earoli themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheep to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it; is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our effects are nded by our friends, this paper will be further enlarged and improved during ming year.

eceipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be to- receive the TRUE WITNESS for

> sending us the names of 5 new at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 eceive one copy free and \$1.00 new names, with the cash, one \$2.50. will oblige by informing their

above very liberal juducements or the TRUE WITNESS; also by e of a reliable person who their locality for the pubopies will be sent on ap-

intelligent agents throughid the Northern and Western e Union, who can, by serving our serve their own as well and add rially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The TRUE WITNESS will be mailed to clergymen, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up tacir quote from different sowns or districts; nor is it necessary to send ail the names at once. They will fuifil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible presare of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take appecriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousiness well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties subscribing for the TRUE WITNESS between this date and the 31st December. 1881, will receive the paper for the balance of the year free. We hope that our friends or agents throughout the Dominion will make an extra effort to push our circulation. Parties requiring sample copies or further intormation please apply to the office of THE POST Printing and Publishing Company, 761 Craig street, Montreal, Canada

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

*POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

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By THE DUCHESS. 1 1 1 1 1

CHAPTER XXI. CONTINUES.

Fancy pales perceptibly and shrinks from him. For an instant she raises her eyes to his and then lets them fall again, as though to conceal from him the triumph and satisfacion that fill them—and something else, pernaps, stronger, and purer than either of these.

"Do not turn from me," says Arthur, quickly. Let me speak, now, here I have so much to say; and yet impatiently—"I know not how to say it. I feel tongue-tied, incapable. But why need I bore you with mere words? The whole thing lies in one short sentence; I love you."

"Oh, no," says Mrs. Charteris, slowly - And now in her expressive eyes triumph has certainly gained the day. "You forget; how could you have imagined it possible to love that sort of person. ?"

Her victory is complete. His color darkens, deepens He drops her hands, nay, almost flings them from him; so that the poor pretty rose talls to the ground. Something in her face, in her manner, has betraved to him the truth.

"You mean-" he begins huskily. But she interrupts him with sudden haste "Nothing-nothing, indeed. And you "demurely-"I am sure mean just as little."

"I am not one to care about the quip courteous," returns he, sternly. "You know as well as I do what I mean. Tell the truth now at last. Have you led me up to this point only to refuse me? Are you so paitry that the mere satisfaction of a poor revenge could tempt you to wreck another's happiness, -the happiness, too, of one who trusted vou ?'

She is silent.

"Speak," cays Arthur, with increasing stern

ness. But still she remains speechless. Her hands-now empty of flowers-are clasped and hang loosely before her. Her head is bent; her face is white as snow that drifts in wincer. She is a little frightened for the first time in all her life, and her heart beats violently.

"Let us end it now forever, one way or the other," says Blunden, with sudden calm, "am I to understand that all your pretty looks and flattering words were lies ?-that from the first von calculated on this moment?"

"Yes-but-," confesses she, hurriedly, yet full of an eager anxiety to explain some thought, some feeling that rests deep down within her heart. But he will not listen.

"No; no more! it is too late!" he exclaims, with a gesture that has in it something of losthing; and turning from her, he lays his arms upon the sash of the window and hides his tace upon them.

A breathless silence toll ws. No one en ters; no living thing approaches their solitude. Even the music has ceased. The two in Laura Redesdele's pet boudoir are as utterly alone as though miles-instead of two rcoms-divide them from the laughing world beyond. A fear that is almost agony, (born of his last contemptuous look) chills Fancy's " Arthur-" she says at length, nervously

laying her hand upon his arm. But the overture is not received with kind-

"Don't touch me," he says roughly, with a juick indrawing of the breath, and shakes the soit delicate fingers from his arm as though they burnt him. The action, though natural, is discourteous, and, raising in Mrs. Charteris' mind faint feelings of in tignation, restores her to self control. And with self-control comes the knowledge that here is an opportunity not to be despised-one, indeed, to be seized upon by any true woman as a means of righting herself by plecing her opponent in the

"Oh I' murmurs she, in an accent that is almost a sob, " how you have nurt my poor hand." Arthur makes no sign.

" It is growing quite red," goes on the little witch in a still more tearful tone-without

evoking any sympathy. " I really think it is broken," cries she, at last, with a veritable sub this time that goes to his heart. A man as a rule, can stand a

good deal, but this is too much for Blunden " What a brute I am!" he says, wearily, rousing himselt, and, taking the small hand in question, examines it carefully. No bruise, no faintest mark, can be seen; nevertheless he appears etricken with remorse. Indeed, it would be impossible to feel otherwise with those lovely eyes, blue as the skies, and rich

with tears gleaming up at one. "I shan't see you for some time again." he goes on, hurriedly, gazing at her in a strange manner, as though he would imprint upon his brain each line of her fair face. " Never again, I think-I hope-"

" After to-morrow," interrupts she, quickly. You promised to bring me flowers for Lady Cardine's ball. Have you forgotten? You must not disappoint me "

"No. You shall have them."

6 And you will bring them to-morrow?* "Certainly I shall not," says Arthur, with a neavy frown. "What! is your game not yet played out? Have you no compassion? Is ny punishment so incomplete, then, that you desire to prolong it? No, you shall have your flowers, but I shall not bring them. 1 shall never"—with mournful certainty— | sweet.

bring you flowers again!" "Then do not send them. I refuse them. shall not wear them -- not if they were there smile. "How thoroughly you comprehend forever," says Fancy, in a little choked voice,

with a petulance that is almost childish. She is trifling with the leaves of a dark olant near her. Seldom has she looked so lovable, so sweet as now, when full of a grief, eal or feigned. How can be tell which it

"Do come to-morrow," she says, in a little whisper, taising her eves to his for a moment. They were drowned in tears. Her words are tender, her manuer is beseeching. Blunden, losing his head, stoops forward, and, taking her in his arms, kisses her once pussionately. Then he releases her, and, before she can re-Beauty half startled, half angry, and with her soft cheeks wet with the common signs of

Perhaps—though she would have died rather than confess it even to herself-her greatest grief lies in the discovery that he really is gone out of reach of all witcheries and enslaving arts. She dries her eyes with pensive care, and sinking into a cozy little chair, reviews the situation.

"Well at least I have had my revenge." strong enough to resist any tendency to she says, half aloud, tapping the back of one hand lightly against the palm of the other. Yes, a revenge. It is sweet, they say, especially to women. Why, then I can't be half is Lord Danvers now, and not a bit the worse a woman, so little sweet it seems to me. Perfortified mith pure blood and a properly haps I have not had revenge enough. That nourished frame."—Givil Service Gazette: Made may be it. And yet—Yes, I should like to make him propose to me a second time all over again; and-and-of course-of course until I turned away his anger with a soft an-"JAMES Errs & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, bondon England." Also makers of Errs's them."

CHOCOLATE ESSENCE for afternoon use.

past her, but looking rather into the realm of grief and bewilderment and quick love we call our hoarts. She has said some little thing, some light-

est word of warning, to Kitty about Cooll Launceston; but, gentle as the word was, it has been bedly received; and Gretchen, shrinking back into herself, is now pusaling her pure brain with an impossible problem, with eyes downcast and clouded. She has just begun to accuse herself of har-

boring base suspicions, when a voice address-ing her brings her back for the moment to a day long past. She starts slighly, and, raising her head, sees Scarlett-now Lord Danvers-standing beside her. "How d'ye do, Mrs. Dugdale?" he says,

bolding out his hand in a fashion ball supercilious, halffimploring. His face is very pale and Gretchen, as she returns his greeting and mechanically lays her hand in his, having believed him in Italy, a d because of that last scene in the morning-room at the Towers, which comes back to him and her with vivid force, hiushes distinctly -so distinctly that all the women standing near smile inwardly, and lift their fans meaningly, and look upon the ground, and tell each other presently in soft whispers that, after all, the most saint like are often the worst, and that no good ever came of that sort of thing. And what could one expect of a woman who had married a cripple for his money? And every one knew how it had been with her and Scarlett, and how she had calmly jilted him. And nowadays to blush! Such wretched form! Quite bud taste; almost indecent; and so on.

"Will you not speak to me?" says Scarlett. quietly, but with evident agitation. "I am gled to see you," says Gretchen,

very gently. "Are you honestly? I suppose "-with an unlevely laugh-"I am not yet forgiven my heinous crime, as your tone belies your words."

There is an expression in his handsome

face-not so much dissipation as discontent -that makes her sorry for him. "You mistake me," she ways, with kind ear-

nestness. "I am indeed glad to see you looking well." Perhaps he had madly hoped for more enthusiesm in her reception, or this sudden

meeting with her killed all saper resolutions. Be that as it may, a dark shade crosses his "You modify your first words," he says, determined to misconstrue ber meaning. "You were always, if I remember rightly, candor itself. 'Glad to see me' and 'Glad to see

me well' bear different meanings. You would, perhaps, have been even nearer the truth had you gone a little farther and said you would be glad to see me-well, at a distance." " How changed you are, Tom!" says Gretchen, with sweetest repreach. And then Tom gives in, and takes her down to her carriage

in utter silence, but with a heart filled to overflowing. So does she transform—by one tender speech—a possible enemy into a lifelong friend Steeling past Kenneth's door on tiptoe (baving dismissed her sleepy maid from further attendance). Gretchen is brought to, a

stand-still by hearing her name called "Is that you, Gretchen? Come in; I am wake," says Dugdale. And, opening his door, she enters. Flinging her opera-clock to

one side, and goe up to his bed.
"It is too bad," she says. "I knew if I went out you would not sleep, but would lie awake listening for my footsteps. Waiting a result have plainly agreed to a final outor expecting anything destroys rest. Now your head will ache to-morrow, and I shall have myséli to blame tor it."

"Then it shan't ache," replied he, laughing. What a little fidget you are! Forget me. and tell me all about Laura's ball. Was it a as when you left home this evening. Did you

dance much ?" "Not very much."

"Whore did you dance with?"

"I denced a quadrille with Jack, for one" 'A quadrille! That was slow for you, who are so fond of waltzing, and Jack such a good fellow at that! Whom else did you dance

"To tell you the truth, darling, I did not dance with any one else," says Gretchen, blushing until the tears stand in her eyes I couldn't Don't send me to any more balls, Ken : I don't enjoy them : I hate them. How could I dence when I know you are here lonely, all by yourself, and when I am longing to be with you?"

Dugdele's expression changes and grows sad. He flings one arm impatiently above his bood and sighs heavily.

"It neems hard on you," he says wistfully.
'You used to love all that sort of thingdoncing, I mean, and balls, and amusement of all kinds. And now I wonder you don't hate me, Gretchen. It is your ill-fated marriage with me that has stolen from you your youth,

or at least your enjoyment of it." -Gretchen tices not answer immediately; she kesitates for a little while, to scan his tace, as though she would read his inmost heart. This is one of Gretchen's pretty ways, to pause at unexpected moments, as if desir ous of making her reply all it should be-and it has its charm. There is a restfulness, a sense of peace about her, a blessed lack of baste that suggests calm, and is essentially

"Solon had not half your wisdom," she says, at length, with a soft but mocking the real facts of the case, and how rude you can be! My youth (in spite of your vile insinuations) has not departed.

Only to night I overheard many people saying all kinds of flattering things about this old lady,"-laying her hands lightly on her bosom-"and twice I heard myself called Pretty Mrs. Dugdale' Do you hear that, sir? 'Pretty Mrs. Dugdale'

"It was too weak a word; you are too lovely to be merely pretty," returns he, fondly. Yet I wish you had come home to tell me von had danced all night and had found pleasure in it. How is it you have lost all beart. cover her self-possession, is gone, leaving for it?: I sometimes fear you let sad thoughts all the world." of me distress your gayest hours; and the idea renders me miserable."

"And I fear I shall have to run away to bed and leave my news unfinished if you persist in talking nonsense. Who was it said the other day he was never going to indulge, in morbid thoughts sgain. And I have such a funny thing to tell you, Whom do you think I met to-night? You could never guess; so I shall tell you. Little Tom Scarlett, rather

"No!" says Dugdale, without meaning disbelief.

bigger than ever."

"Yes, indeed,"-laughing. "You know he of it. He came up to me, and quite took my breath away, his address was so rapid and incoherent. He was rather ill-tempered, I thought, just at first, and inclined to be bitter, swer. After that we made friends.'

"I am very glad of it," says Dugdale, heart-

Meanting night is vening, and the hours of Well that was all. He took me sown to are flying onwards, herrying with swift strides my carriage, and said he should like to only towards the unknown.

Grotches who has refused to dance all stood the reconstilation was complete. You night, with saidlened face is standing all will see figure 1 shall. Poor old Searisti I next hat her but looking rather into the velocity wonder he cut up rough at losing you.

don't wonder he cut up rough at losing you. And you might have been Lady Denvers now had you listened to him, O most improvident

"I might and the most wretched of her sex too; O most stupid of men! New goodaight. You have been quite too long awake already, and I am only doing you an injury by remaining."

"Don't go yet. I told them to bring up some wine and some sandwiches for you, as knew you would want something before go ing to bed. Do have a glass of wine here, and wait a few minutes. I am not in the least tired." entreas Kenneth, with all the eagerness of a boy. Whereupon Gretchen, who can refuse him nothing, reseats herself, and settles down for another cozy tete-a-tete.

"But only for a moment or two, you dissipated boy," she says, patting his cheek tenderly. And then, lounging lazily in all the glory of her rich ball-gown, that brings out delicately the pale pink and cream of her complexion, she tells him all that has come and gone at Laura Redescale's balliff

CHAPTER XXII.

" Well he had ' ' ! Ome golden hour-of triumph, Soluce at least."—TENNYSON. 89y?

Ir in her heart—spite of all that has passed -Fancy really expects Arthur to call next morning, she is disappointed. True to his word, he does not put in an appearance. Not, though she waits in for him for an hour beyond her usual time, and grows pale and irritable and full of a fear that will not be controlled.

At half-past five she flings aside the book she has been pretending to read, and, ordering her carriage, goes to the Park-more because it is the common banut of man, and therefore Blunden may be there (though she would have recorned to confess to this motive), than from any strong love for that wearlsome row, full of ill built vehicles. Yet it is with a heart almost hopeful she visits Vanity Fair.

Hers is not a "hopeless hops," there indeed she does see him-long before he sees herthough, to tell the truth, he bas been wandering up and down for a good hour before the endless line of chairs, gazing at the slowlypessing carriages, in desperate expectation of eceing her, if only once again, before leaving Europe.

She comes presently, seated in the daintiest of phatous, driven by the palest of pale-cream ponies, and with the most marvelous thing in tiny grooms behind her.

All the world is abroad. The sun, half med with adulation, is flinging his portly person broadcast upon the earth ere he retires to rest. The weather, up to this, has been terri fic, so every one is out and about to-day, and tries to think it is a charming thing to feel half reacted, because of the novelty of the sensation.

Mrs. Charteris's ponies, however, distinctly object to Apolio's tyranny, and presently grow restive. She has drawn up to the railings for s few minutes to "give and take" a little gos sip with a delicious old colonel, who looks fit for nothing on earth but the British Museum -- when stuffed--and, having said all the prety things she knows to him in five minutes and asked a thousand impossible questions about the Zulus, bows him off and prepares to start afresh. But the ponies decline to start afresh. During the late pause they have evidently teen laying their beads together, and as burst of spleen. Rising on their hind legs, they give their mistress to understand in a very emphatic manner that they will either run away or upset her, whichever suits her best. She has only to express a wish; it is quite the same to them, but a row they will

The matter is decided in two seconds. Before the tiny groom can descend to argue with thom politely, but feebly—only to get smashed for his pains—Arthur Blunden has cleared the railings, has seized the refractory little creatures' head-, and, by the power of a will superior to their own, has reduced them to order.

It is all over before Mrs. Charteris has time to do more than grow a little white, and wonder vaguely where Arthur could have aprung from. "Just like him, deer fellow! So like a Dovel, too! or a romance, or a poem by that charming (Bab Ballada ' man," etc.

"I shall see you home," says Arthur, sulkily, not looking at her, but preparing to enter the phasion and take the reins. Now, Mrs. Charteris bates not to be looked at!

"It is kind of you, races kind," she says coldly, "but I am sure I shall be able to manage them now by myself. Don't let me trouble you to come to Eaton Square. It is fearfully out of your way! "I shall see you home," repeats he dogged

"There is no necessity to."

"I think there is," coolly, and, flinging the pretty rug to one side, he seats himself beside her rein in hand, and goes slowly up the drive.

"No one has ever before presumed to drive me without invitation," says Fancy, her eyes

full of indignant tears. "I'm not going to see you kill yourself under my eyes for the sake of a miserable bit of etiquette," returns he, calmiy. "I told you to sell these heteful animals a month ago. I. no one to share it with us, don't you see?" shall insist on you getting rid of them before -before 1 go abroad."

"I shan't sell them," says Fancy, with determination; and then. "When do you go abroad ?" "Next week, I hope."

"With what fervor"-bitterly-"you say that. 'Are you then so anxious to be gone' The East must have a strange attraction for you, and Afghanistan is of course your destination. It was most rash your risking your life as you did just now. Only consider,"flippantly,-"had you made a false step you might never have seen Cabul."

"I have seen it," replies he, quietly; " but that doesn't count. To-day I exerted myself to save the life that is most precious to me in After this rebuke a silence falls upon them

that lasts until they reach ber door steps, "Come up," she says peremptorily; "I have somethin. I must return you;" and, thus admonished, he obeys her. Flinging the reins to the groom, he follows her up-stairs into the drawing-room.

Here are your flowers," she says, pointing a to lovely mass of snowy blossoms, pure and precious, that lie on a table near. Without looking at them, she waves her hand reluctantly in their direction. By this gesture, simple, yet almost tragic, she insinuates that no earthly consideration could ever tempt her to touch them, to say nothing of enjoying them.

"I told you I should not accept them un less you brought them," she says, gravely." Will you be so very kind as to take them away with you?"

"If you ring for one of your servants, I dare say they will rid you of them without further trouble," replies he, dejectedly.

"No,"-with deep emphasis " they migh

claims be, with a frown, and a sigh that is almost a groun. "Anything but that. It is bad enough to have to remember it forever;

tone. "How can Thelp it? It is nothing to And the discussion ends. Nevertheles you, of course. You don't even seem to feel regret for your conduct; but I cried straight through natil this morning, and didn't sleep one wink.

"We you were not the only one who lay awake cursing fate."

He is not looking at her now. He has leaned his arm upon the mantel-piece, and is gazing, into an imaginary fire beneath, him, where in reality can be seen nothing but a picturesque wilderness of ferns and flowers. "I beg your pardon, I was not cursing any thing!!"-with dignified reproof. "I never do

that sort of thing. I was only unhappy. To

-with a vivid blush-"-kies me without

permission, it was horrible!" He is silent. "Are you not sorry you did it?" demands she faintly surprised.

"No, I am not," returns he calmly. "Not in the least. I am very glad I kissed you. It will be something to remember when everything olse is lost."

"I think you hight to be ashamed of your-self," says Mrs. Charterle, in trembling tones. There is a sespicion of tears about the tone that rouses him and brings to the surface

some small lingering signs of grace. "Yes, yes, of course I behaved abominably, no doubt. I beg your pardon" says poor Arthur, vaguely. "But surely there was some excuse. You should be the first to acknowledge that. And, besides,"-westily-"you may be well pardon me, anthis is probably the last time I shall ever trouble you. I shall go abroad. I wish I had never returned home! I was happier in India than I shall over be

again, or ever have been "
"Thank you,"—softly. "Then during these past few weeks—since you have known mo-you have been wretched?"-

"You know better then that. But the mad dream I encouraged then does not compensate me for the despair I feel to-day. However," -turning to her with a melancholy assumption of obserfulness-"don't let me bore you any longer with my woes. Good-bye,"-holding out his hand. "I shall go to the world's end and try to forget."

"You can't go there this instant," says Fancy, miserably.

"I can begin my preparations for my journey; why persuade me to remain! I cannot stry here when my heart is broken."

"Stay here and let me heal it," cries she. tremulously, going very close to him-so close that, ber fair head almost touches his arm ...I am very sorry for all I said last night. I didn't mean it. I And here, for the first time for three years, Mrs. Charteris bucate into bitter tears.

Fancy." cries Arthur. And then be takes her in his arms, and holds her there against his beart, and there is a dience for many minutes, more elequent than words. And Fancy is perfectly happy, and cries to her heart's content in her lover's arms, and

dries her eyes in her lover's bandkerchief, and is altogether utterly satisfied. Presently, however, the deluge ceases, and a smile, tenderer and sweeter than has ever before illuminated her lovely face, makes it-

self known. BOO BAYS, DOTTING Ar thur's cheek with a little touch of approbation. "But for them we might never have had this explanation. So sweet of the dear things to run away. After all, Arthur, I don't think it would be nice to sell them, would it? It would seem ungrateful. But I shall never drive them again, never without

"I shall get you another pair," a thousand times prettier," says Arthur, " and you shall send those dear little scape, races down to the

country, to grow fat." "Then I may keep them?"-with adorable

humilisy. "You are to have everything your own way, or course,"—with all the proper amount of imbedility.

"Am I?"-awestiy. "Then I know one thing I should like my own way. I should like"-with a swift upward glance-" our engagement to be kept quite secret. Shouldn't you ?"

"I don't think I see the use of it," snys Ar-

thur, uncertainty. "No, really?"-with a suspicious amount of surprise. "How strange of you! Don't you see how oppressive it would be to have oue's friends and enemies congratuiating one all over the place?"

"I don't," says Arthur, stopidly.

"Oh, well, I do," says Fancy, with increasing sweetness; "and so will you after a time And you will promise me now "-coaxinglyto let us have our little secret all to our own two selves, for just a little while? That will be delicious, will it not? All our own, with Arthur is dazzled by his brilliant prospect He laughs and kisses her, and victory is again

her own. "You won't tell your cousin, Sir John, or any one?" she says, a little anxiously. "Why Sir John particularly?" asks be, quickly.

Fancy smiles, and then laughs out-right. Her laugh is like music. It is a little run-ning scale, sweetest as it reaches its summit. "What! justous already? And of such an old friend? How stupid!" she says, slipping. her hand into his. "You mustn't, you know, But you know dear Sir John, don't you? He is quite a good fellow, all that, but if he hears anything in the morning, all the world knows it by noon."

Arthur is satisfied, nay, almost pleased. Has she not very nearly disparaged Sir John? So he keeps their secret religiously, and the world is none the wiser; and people just shake their heads, and shrug their shoulders, and wonder how that pretty Mrs. Charteris does it, and count upon their fingers all the adorers she has had since the season began. terminating with Arthur Blunden., And they groan, and canvass the fresh victim, and tell each other they thought Blunden was too clever a man to be taken in by such an arch

coquette. Kitty is a little augry, about it, Arthur being an especial favorite of here, and once or twice speaks of Fancy to him in a rather slighting fashion.

"I shouldn't have thought you would have liked her so much, she says to him one, evening.
"How, do you know I do like her so

nuch ?'"
"I don't know, of course; you never speak much?" of her! But one can see. One isn't blind. You are slyays with her; and that puzz ne.o'l didn't believe you could have ca

keep them somewhere in the house."

"Her ling there out of the window."

"I couldn't bring myself to touch them, returned she, in a low but eignificant tono
Yesterday he would have laughed at this burst of childles anger on her part, to day, all is different; not even the most frugal of smiles better upon his lips. He is quite too far gone for that,

"Are you not going to say something?"
asks Mrs. Charteris, severely, after a panee.
"I quite thought you might wishto applogine about—about last night.

"Don't let us talk about last night," exclaims he, with relating the present her, she say, "I saint she might in a little to all the charming obstacting you relating the say in the say of the charming obstacting to resemble her, she say, "I saint she might is all the charming obstacting to a charmon, but that it is all the charming obstacting to a charmon, but that it is one way and a sigh that is all the charming obstacting the charmon of t

one," says Arthus, keeping his temper admit ably. "Surely you misjudge her, or else yo but to talk of it is beyond me."

But I must talk of it,"—in an aggrieved beart of any woman I know." do not know her. She has the tendere

her words rankle in his breast, until a thou sand times a day he finds himself wonderin why it is he has never seen the little ones in question.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"All things rejoice the youth and love." Ar length-hating this inward doubt of he

he loves-one day, sitting in her drawingroom, he says, abruptly-"
"And your little nieces, are they well?" In his tone there is something faintly, un pleasant. She notices it, and smiles—a littl smile so quick as to be almost impalpable.

"Quite, thanks. By the bye, you hav

sure it will not bore you? I should like yo to know them." reality adores children and is adored b

nover seen them. . If I ring for them, are yo

them. "They need only delay you a few minutes and you can go to your olub later on," says Francy, with a slight surug of apology, and,

ricing, rings the bell bereulf. Dyer, tell name Mr. Blunden wishes to see the children," she says, as her summons is answered. Fr. 50 1200 3 "Yes, 'om.

" And, Dyer, say they are to come just as they are. Nurse is not to trouble about putting on fresh ribbons, or unything that way." "You must not expect the children to be everything of the most desirable," says Fancy to Blanden as Dyer retires. She speaks with

some hesitation, and lowers her eyes, to hide the gleam, half mocking, half mailclois, that lurks within themis of From being so much confined to their aurnery, and seeing so little of me, they are naturally reserved—shy. I cannot account for the constraint that seems to overpower them when in my presence." "Perhaps associating with them more fre-

quently might have the desired effect of melting their reserve," suggests Arthur, gently. "Do you think so? Perhaps you are right At all events, I have prepared you, so you will not be surprised at any eccontricities in their behavior, that in other more pampered children might---

At this moment a sound of pattering footsteps, the quick sweet treble of children's voices, a merry laugh, rings upon the ear. The door is flung wide very unceremoniously, and two children, almost angelic in their beauty, dressed in rich black velvet frocks and plain but snowy pinafores, rush into the

room. Pausing for a short moment to contemplate with grave eyes the stranger, they again coninue their ruch, and fling themselves bodily

upon their aunt. "Little vandals," cries she, laughing, " have you no proper sense of the fitness of things? Elsie, Blanche, let me introduce you to Mr.

Biunden." The children, advancing slowly, with all the calm trust of babyhood, present each: (with a certain amount of condescension) a small hand to Arthur. Both, I regret to say, on this occasion, and in many others, give him the lost hand—Elsie, because her right one is tight'y clasped over some invisible but doubtless valuable object, Blanche, because she evidently considers one hand equal in

value to the other. Blunden lifts Elsie upon his knee, whilst the elder, Blanche, goes back to cross-exam-

ino Mrs. Charteris. "What did you bring us, Lally?" asked she,

in a distinct tone. " Mycelf; is not that sufficient." "But you said you would bring us sweet-

ies,"-in an aggrieved tone.

" How can I always think of your sweetles? And you had sugared almonds yesterday. And you know how nurse scolds poor Lally when she brings you conbons." "But the almonds are all gone. Nurse had some-though she says they are poison-and Elsie and I stayed awake for hours to see if she

would die, and she didn't," says Miss Blanche, who plainly considers she has been done out of a good thing. " That was very rude of nurse," save Mrs. Charteria, while Arthur laughs. "But surely that great box of almonds is not quite finished? If so, I shall feel it my duty to send for

the doctor. " Well, Mitchell had some besides nurse, and so had Dolly and Crinkle" (the long-suffer-ing cat), and there is still"—with a seraptic emile—"one up stairs keeping for you—under my pillow! I slept on it, lest the fairles should steel it away."
"Sweetest! She never forgets her Lallly."

says Fancy, fondly kissing first the blueveined lids that hide the agure earnest eyes, and then the top of the golden head. Meantime Blunden has succeeded in unfastening Elsie's pink little fist, in which lies a tiny china doll, in a most shameless state of nakedness. Elsie gives it to be understood, that she is proud of this immodest doil, as she

holds it up and flourishes it aloft with an unmistakable air of triumph. " What is it?" demands Blunden, vaguely, feeling unequal to any cleverer remark, and adjusting his eyeglass carefully, as though preparing for another and closer examination of

the treasure in question, walle Mrs. Charteris looks on amused.

"My dolly! I have two more big ones, but this is my nicest. Nurse says sue, is a naughty dolly, and ought to have clothes on her, but I like her best this way, because I can wash her in my bath in the morning. Do you have a bath in the morning ling mode

"I do," says Arthur.
"And do you ever wash a dolly in it?"
"No," confesse Mr. B' unden, growing absolutely confused beneath the child's calm
gaze. "I, you see I haven't a dolly."
"I will give you one," says Blanche, who
has crept nearer, and is evidently growing interested and in a degree sad, as she notices the stranger's apparent regret at not being the proud possessor of a "dolly". I have three and you shall have one of them. Mine are very pretty pretter than Elsics and one of them floats! Did you ever see a floating one?

Blunden confesses his ignorance. 'a No? Then I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll lend you my floating one, if you'll promise to bring her back again to morrow " " #Loiso !!!

"1t's awfully kind of you," says Arthur, overpowered by this generous offer. But (Continued on Third Roge.)