CHAPTER I.

(CONTINUED.)

those who admire the swarthy sort, which I don't, and knows how to use those two black eyes of hers; but that the fair danseuse's motto.' dancer has never danced—were it the daughter of Herodias himself—who Burrard's tone. Evidently he was

danghter of Herodias himself—who could quicken my pulses by one heat.

'You're a cold-blooded animal, Dennison, I'm afraid,' responds Mr. Burrard. 'Your insensibility to all womankind has passed into a proverb. You always had the entree, too, when Felicia was in London.

There was some bitterness in borrard's tone. Evidently he wus one of the "cleaned out and thrown over." He arose as he spoke and looked at his watch.

"Have you dined, Dennison? Because I have ordered—'

Thanks—I dined two hours ago.

to blow each other's brains out Had the time come already for him to perhaps.

His own words came back to him small nours will oring the blow each other's brains out Had the time come already for him to perhaps.

Suddenly she starts. From a fiacre Two American uniform the starts out that the time come already for min to about her. There is an Austrian archduke, with five-and-twenty quar terings, an empty purse, and the him? He knew Eric well—knew how the tore every that has just drawn up a man leapened archduke, with five-and-twenty quare terings, an empty purse, and the him? He knew Eric well—knew how bluest of sang azure, ready, they say, at a moment's notice, to make her his wife. There is Prince Di Venturini who has come to his own again, since the young Italy party took the reins—the whom water, selfish to the core, of the word and settled; it's an regardless of all consequences where the young Italy party took the reins—
that affair is old and settled; it's an understood thing if she behaves herbis own fancies were concerned. And oh, to see any of them from homeelf she is to be Madame la princess, into the keeping of such a man as this, little Crystal's whole heart and old Belinda. What a long, long time it seems since her wedding-day!

somewhere for the honeymoon—so I to give tack his allegiance to his wife.

was told; found love among the roses, a week after matrimony, awfully slow her heart with impunity. a week after matrimony, awfully slow work; most men do in like cases; set the proprieties at defiance—couldn't testing feverishly on his bed, listening serve out his sentence; came to Paris, and fell, tike the greenest of all green goslins, straightway into the talons of that bird of paradise, Felicia. Bythe-hye, birds of paradise haven't talons, I daresay, but you know what I mean?

The February weather to blockly the first mightfall be was at Paris.

'And the Prince Di

*Hard hit as ever, dear boy, Terry Bays, lighting another regalia. 'I shought that was an old story—over and done with years ago—that you were clothed and in your right mind once more, and about to take unto yourself a wife of the daughters of the land. 'Have one?'

He presents his cigar case and box of Vesuvians, and Burrard gloomily selects and lights up.

'You know Felicia, Terry?' he ssks, after a smoky pause.'

Terry nods.

'You never were one of her victims though, were you?' the other pursues. 'Not I, old fellow,' Terry laughs good-humouredly. 'The role of quarry to any woman's hawk is not in my line. And I never could see, for craft of the same of the side of the sweet, the correct of the sweet, childlike, and target in the property of the sylvan regard of the property of the sweet, childlike, and the prince of the carry on like this? Wide latitude for a future princess, and tall palms stand dark under the glass roof, heedless of how she crushes, her pretty dinner dress of blue silk, when the princes, you must own. Accommodating sort of Neapolitan, this prince.'

'I deferstand me, Terry, says some of our own frisky matrons do. At first she is a outrance—she would firt with her own chasseur it no better game offered. Beyond that, scandal goeth not. Di Venturini is say felicia goes much further than some offered. Beyond that, scandal goeth not. Di Venturini is say felicia goes much further than some offered. Beyond that, scandal goeth not. Di Venturini is say felicia goes much further than some of our own frisky matrons do. It first she is a outrance—she would firt with her own chasseur it no terre game offered. Beyond that, scandal goeth not. Di Venturini is say felicia goes much further than some of our own frisky matrons do. It first she is a outrance—she would firt with her own chasseur it no terre from the court of the co my line. And I never could see, for the life of me, what there was it belle Felicia, that men should go down before her, like corn before the resper.

She's a monstrous fine woman for the work of the work, cleans them out, and throws them over, with as little remorse as I

You always had the entree, too, when You always had the entree, too, when Felicia was in London.

'I had the good fortune to be of and good night.'

At this name he sits suddenly upright, on her wedding-day. "If you ever staring with round, startled blue eyes. "Wio?" he asks sharply and friend, promise to send for me." She are ever in troub "Who I be asks sharply and suddenly.

"Dynely—know him, don't you? On, by the-bye, yes—you and he are connections, aren't you? Married at Christmas—country parson's daughter, didu't he, all on the quiet? Well, my word, he's going the pace now, I can tell, you.

"Burrard, do you mean to say Dynely is in Paris?"

"Been there the past three weeks. Went to Brittany or? Normandy, or somewhere for the honeymoon—so I to give back his allegiance to his wife.

The February weather, so bleakly I mean'
The color has faded out of Terry's face, leaving him very pale. Mr. Burrard, with whom the handsome dancer was evidently a sore subject, and who is suffering evidently from an attack of the green-eyed monster, goes aggrievedly on:

Never saw a 'ellow so far gone iu so short a time—give you my bonor.

The February weather, so bleakly caw hole lives." They had been happy in a more moderate degree, on Eric's parkling with crisp, clear frost here bois and Champs Elysees may be leadless, but the hoar frost sparkles in the early sunshine like silver, the carly sunshine like silver, the cicles glitter like pendant jewels, and the bright, glad life, that never under the Parisian sky grows dull, is at its

humored ace before. It is set and stern, the genial blue eyes gleam like the brilliant, busy quadrangle below, But he speaks very quietly.

But he speaks very quietly.

d the Prince Di Venturini and tall palms stand dark under the

> neath. All the sweet, childlike, surprised innocence of the soft fair face, that made half its charm, is gone, its peach-like dimpled outline as grown sharp, the pearly fairnes has grown to fixed pallor-its delicate wild rose bloom has entirely faded—the tender, turquoise eyes have taken a look of patient despair, very sad to see. Not six weeks a bride, and the see. Not six weeks a bride, the sad, wife's despair shining from the sad, sweet eyes already.

Her cheek is pressed against the cool glass; her hands—from one of which her wedding-ring stips, so wasted it has grown—are loosely clasped in her lap; her tired eye watch listlessly the crowds that pass the many vehicles that flash up to the "That the good fortune to be of some slight service to her on one occasion, and, like all women, she magnified a mole bill into a rountain. So she is still as fatal as ever—who is the last unhappy being who has fallen into her clutches?"

"Their name is legion. There are two American millionaires over there, the name is legion. There are two American millionaires over there, the name is legion. There are two American millionaires over there, the name is legion. There are two American millionaires over there, the name is legion. There are two American millionaires over there, the name back to him to small hours will bring Eric home—perhaps.

Suddenly she starts. From a flactor two hours—two weeks it seems to her. She does not care to read, she cannot go out, she cannot call in her maid and talk to her, and there is no one she knows. For Eric—well, the largest of the small hours will bring Eric home—start two American millionaires over there, the name back to him. great doorway, and flash away

And last, but by no means least in the fair Felicia's eyes—since the bracelets, and rings, and rubbish of that sort he gives her, they say would fill a Rue out between his set teeth. Til kill bim with my own hand. Only one young Lord Dynely.'

Terry has been lying back in his chair, dreamily watching the clouds of smoke curl upward, and taking but a languid interest in the conversation.

At this remembered his words to ber all these weeks she bas never thought of them before.

"If in the time that is coming, yo are ever in trouble, it you ever need a friend, will you send for me? All our lives we have been as brother and She had laughed in her happy in

credulity then—ah, how true hi words had come. But she could never send for him, or for any one or could only take to the good God, Halone could befriend her here. How had the change come about ?—was shot blame? She could not tell. He mind went over, in a dazed, helple sort of way, all her brief married li and the fault had not been hers—that she knew. They had been so happy in Brittany, so intensely happy-with a happiness that, as a quain English writer says, "Spread out thin might have covered comfortably their whole lives." They had been happy

at the Jockey Club, of which he was a member. After dinner, with a couple of friends, he went to the Varieties, to see Felicia in her new piece, "The Golden Witch." He went, and Crystal's doom was sealed. 'It's rather odd,' Eric said, as he and his friends took their places in their stalls (that I've never seen this their stalls, 'that I've never selebrated Felicia. She had finished her engagement and left London be-

fore I came. Is she really the great irresistible she's called ?'
'Ah, wait until you see,' one of his companions answered. 'If you are made of anything like that in flaumable material I wot ot, one flash from her black eyes will finish

Eric laughed.

'We have changed all that. I have outlived my taste for black peauties, and can defy all the corceresses that ever bounded before

the footlights.

There was a glow at his heart as he said it. A vision rose up before him. of the pure, aweet face, crowned with ts halo of pale gold hair, that he had eft at home. Ah yes! these dark laughters of the earth had had their day—ne was his little white white for ever now. Then the curtain rose, and the "La Soiciere d'Or," in a triumphant burst of music, bounded before them. The lights flashed up a thunder of welcome shook the house, their favorite was smiling and the control of the

kissing hands to her friends. Eri Dynely looked with critical eyes Her scant drapery was as it woven o loth of gold—she seemed robed in a numburst. Her magnificent black pair fell in a rippling shower to her lim waist, clasped back with brilliants The great, dark Southern eyes seemed outflash the Diamonds.

one seem a day over eighteen.

By Jove! Eric said, his breath airly taken away; 'she's handsome, 'rgvll!'

Argvll smiled.

'Look out for your counter-charm 'd fellow. The fair Felicia slavs, and spares not, She is handsome es, as a tigress or panther is hand She danced-it was the very

petry of grace and motion. She sans —and her magnificent contralto filled the building. It was the merest trifle of a play, but she threw herself with wonderful abandon and passion into her part, carrying her audience with her. At the close, when the "Golden Witch" is tried, condemned. and found guilty of witchcraft, when she is sentenced to be bound to the stake, when the sacrificial fire is kindled about her, when, with wild agony and despair in the beautiful, weird death song, a silence that is painful and oppressive fills the house. The mimic flames mount high—the death song dies out in an unearthly wail of anguish as the curtain falls.
The "Golden Witch" has been burned alive.

'Best thing they could do with her, growls Argyll; 'it's a thousand pities they don't try it in reality. There are a good many belle dames suns merci in this one city, but I'll take my oath she's the wickedest woman

The theatre shook was a feet of a plause. "Felicia!" a name of H. B. Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously devised names in smothness of motton, a supple grace, that was very picturesque. A shower that was very picturesque. A shower that was very picturesque. A shower that was very picturesque. mile she vanished, and everybody

and who is suffering evidently from an attack of diego garged monates.

An early ensystem the size of the wide, the same root appecked so the wide of the wide. He was a food of Cystal as every, no doubt, but of the but of Cystal as every, no doubt, but of the control of the first of the but of the control of the first in third of the control of the first in third of the control of the first in third of the control of the first in the control of the first in the control of the control of the first in the control of the c

The little one mopes at home. I wouldn't say all this, Dennison, you understand, says Mr. Burrard, fearing the had gone too far, 'but it is public talk in Paris. Dynely's infatuation is patent to all the world.

WIFE.

PART THIRD.

The little one mopes at home. I wouldn't say all this, Dennison, you understand, says Mr. Burrard, fearing the had gone too far, 'but it is public talk in Paris. Dynely's infatuation is patent to all the world.

The lace of Terry has settled into an expression Horace Burrard has never seen on that careless, good humored sace before. It is set and set and set are set.

The fourth evening was windy and wet; she bad a slight headache, and wet; she bad a slight headache, and sould not go out. Eric was to dine "Four-in-hand Fossbrooke" himself. The brillant smiles and glances are showered on Lord Dynely once more rather crouches, on the wide velyet-cushioned window sill, overlooking.

Yaristies to see Fair in the English Embassy, to a ball at the English Embassy, to a ball at the English Embassy, to a ball at the English Embassy, to a dinner at the Earl of Albemaile's.

The fourth evening was windy and wet; she bad a slight headache, and wet; she bad a slight headache, and black Arabs, handling the lines like gorgeous snite of rooms, Lady Dynely on horseback, Felicia in a fairy charied to wet should not go out. Eric was to dine "Four-in-hand Fossbrooke" himself.

The brillant smiles and glances are couple of friends, he went to the in dazzling profusion—he becomes her in the Bois—Lord Dynely on horseback, Felicia in a fairy charied and wet; she bad a slight headache, and wet; she bad a slight the little one mopes at home. I at home, he wonders? is she? and her to the Louvre, to the Tuileries, to the east. Next morning-is it by THE ELEGAN -a work of art in itself -behind a seen this eighteen—no more. Her violet difinished velvets, her rich sables, set off her dusk beauty well; all eyes follow her, very audible French exclamations of admirations teach her gratified ears. Hats fly off at her approach—gentlemen innumerable salaam before her, and the graceful head bows like a queen to it all. Ladies look on the other side, it is true—but what will you! she is a dancer, and men adore er-two unforgivable sins in their eyes; a coquettee of the first water—farther than that slander itself will not go. The sheep dog—the demure-faced curate's widow—occupies the other side, as they fly along down the

> Soulogne.
> And little Crystal's doom is sealed! Neglect, coldness, impatience—there was nothing left her but these. Evening after evening, upon one pretext or nother, he was absent; evening after evening she sat while the long, traggling, miserable hours wore by and waited, waited, waited, for one and waited, waited, waited, for one who did not come. Many madnesses of this sort had held him before, but none so utterly, recklessly mad as this. What did it mean? What had snedone? She could not understand the shange in him. Was Eric growing treated by a pleasery? The children. ired of her already? The childish wildered pathetic questioning, the childish lips would quiver. He could not meet those glances. He avoided er more and more-her meck, un emplaining patience was the keenes eproach she could make. Then the wildered questioning died out of her yes, and a dark despair took its Even to her, secluded as a nun, vague rumors of the truth came. Eric had tired of her—another woman had caught his eye and fancy. All was over for her—to her it was death -her life had come to an end-just

She sits alone this evening as usual she is always alone now. She ccepts no invitations—she receives o visitors. But there is a visitor for ner to-night, however, a tall gentle-nan, at whom Marie, the maid, castlances of admiration as she announces im. Crystal rises, bewildered, from he window-she has not caught the Under the light handelier her visitor stands, and a ery of amaze and delight fills the

'Terry !' she cries ; 'oh, Terry !' (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Bad and Worthless

are never imitated or counterfeited This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy imitated is of the highes As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world the Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth many imitations sprang up and began to steal the notices in which the pres and people of the country had express n Paris. Wake up, Dynely. On my word, the fellow's in a trance!

The theatre shook with its thurders

The theatre shook with its thurders of bouquets were flung upon the lieve they were the same as Hop Buttage—then with a last brilliant ters. All such pretended remedies or will you come behind and be presented, Dynely? his friend said; you rather look as if you'd like it. I have the entree. There's to be a supper, and Felicia's little suppersare things to dream of. She and I see old acquaintances, he laughs as he lights his cigar; 'any word of mine is sure of a welcome.' cures, no matter what their style or

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at open for their regalements everything eatable in the the pantry and you will seem out. These precaution hese precaution of a good cat, exterminate Wet rovide. oned in our hey are so apt to die bralls and produce annoyan Aphorisms.

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