GET OUT DOORS.

The close confinement of all factory work, gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out of doors or use Rop Bitters, the purest and best remedy, especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. They cost out a trifle. -Christian Recorder.

MR. BIGGAR, M. P., ON FREE TRADE.

A Press Association telegram says :- Replying to a correspondent's query as to whether free trade benefitted or injured Ireland, Mr. Biggar, M. P., says :- "I believe free trade in corn has put money into the pockets of Irish landlords and injured the Irish tenants as a class. Cheap bread increased the consuming power of English large towns for butchers' meat and increased its price; this tempted the landlords of the best lands to depopulate large districts; this they did unmercifully, driving to destruction the cultivators of the soil; this, also, re-acted unfavourably on tenants of poor land, because it increased the demand and enabled landlords to extort an increased rent."

SCIENCE IN FULL PROGRESS.

Thousands cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis. Asthma and Lung diseases by Dr. M. Souvielle's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the parts effected. These wonderful instruments are used in all first-class hospitals, and are prescribed by leading physicians. Full by. directions for treatment sent by letter, and instruments expressed to any address. It is only since Dr. Souvielle's invention that lung diseases are no longer feared except in their wery last stage. Write for particulars to Dr. M. Souvielle, ex-Aide Surgeon of the French Army, 13 Phillip's Square, Montreal. Read the following notices :-(From the Montreal Gazette, December 24th,

1880.) We are pleased to notice that a great many of our best citizens have bought Dr. M. Souvielle's Spirometer, which is used for the cure of those terrible diseases known by the name of Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma, and it is so highly spoken of as if those instruments and preparations were infallible in the cure of such complaints, and, to satisfy our curiosity, we visited Dr. M. Sauvielle at his office, 13 Phillips' Square, Montreal, and gave a thorough examination of his invention, so that we can speak with our own authority of it. We think that such a method, which conveys medicinal properties direct to the organs affected by those distressing diseases, cannot fail to be a benefit to humanity, instead of pouring drugs into the stomach and deranging digestion. These wonderful instruments, with their contents, were invented by Dr. M. Souvielle after long and careful experiments in chemical analysis, and used in hundreds of cases treated by him in the hospitals of Europe. We find the Doctor a well learned gentleman, and he invites physicians and sufferers to try his instrument free of charge.

Common Sense in Medicine. (Montreal Star, January 5, 1881.)

Dr. M. Souvielle, the Parisian physician and inventor of the Spirometer for the scientific treatment of diseases of the lungs and mir passages, who recently took up his residence among us, is meeting with excellent success. Already the doctor has had hundreds of patients, who have given his system a trial, and, so far as we have learned, with both satisfaction and benefit. Dr. Souvielle makes a departure from the usual methods of treating diseases of the air passages. He handed the pail back. "He's a goner," contends that the proper mode of treating muttered the lad, as he walked thoroughly them is by inhalation and absorption, not by pouring drugs into the stomach and thus upsetting and disarranging one part of the system in the hope of benefitting another. This argument certainly has the advantage of being common sense, which is always the best kind of sense. The doctor certainly has the courage of his opinions and confidence in his system, for he gives a standing invitation to physicians and sufferers to visit him and test his instruments free of charge. His office is at 13 Phillip's Square, Montreal.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediatelydepend upon it; there is no mistake about it There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents [G26 a bottle.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthms, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHEBAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, 11-eow-G

CONSECRATION OF BISHOP O'FAR-

RELL. New York, Nov. 1 .- Rev. Father O'Farrell was consecrated Bishop of Trenton, this morning, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Cardinal McCloskey officiating. Canada was well represented. Among others, by Archbishop Lynch, Bishop Fabre, Rev. Fathers Singer and Toupin and Mr. F. B. McNamee. At the banquet, the President of St. Patrick's Society, Montreal, presented the Bishop with an address and a handsome present. He also bore a magnificent illuminated copy of Lassard's "History of Lourdes," from Hon. J. A. Mousseau, Canadian Secretary of State, to His Lordship. The attendance was immense, and the service impressive. The sermon was preached by Bishop Byan, of Buffalo.

That marvelous purifyer, BURDOOK BLOOD BITTERS, will speedily change the sallow face to one of freshness, health and beauty. It regulates the Bowels, acts promptly on the Liver and Kidneys and strengthens the system when broken down by Nervous or General Debility. Ask your Druggist for a

T.ST. 00.

"Hail beauteous," bounteous, Spring?—this was Mark Twain's prize poem—but the dire. diseases incident to Spring, spoil the romance. Burdock Blood Bitters is the prize remedy, the remedy prized by all who have tried it as the best Blood Purliying Tonic and System Regulator in the market. It cures all Blood Humors from the worst Scroiula to a common Pimple. Sample Bottles 10 Cents, for sale by all dealers in

WIT AND HUMOR.

4.3

medicine.

"I will not strike thee, bad man," said a Quaker, " but I will let this billet of wood fall on thee!" and at that precise moment the bad man" was floored by the weight of the Quaker's walking-stick.

"Now Susan, my boots. Do hurry with them. I am sure I have called for them a dozen times. "Yes'm; in a minute 'm. I heard you, and to save you time and trouble, I thought i'd button them for you before you put them on."

"I don't see," said one Philadelphia lady to another, "I don't see how you can live next door to a rolling mill. Doesn't the clamour annoy you at night?" "Not a bit," was the reply, "in fact it is rather soothing. It drowns the sound of my husband's snoring."

They are talking about ages. "And would you believe," said the lady; "that Mr. Thornton, there, took me for five years less than my actual age! Now, what would you take me for?" "For better or worse, my dear." exclaimed the gallant son of Erin. And he kept his word ere many weeks went

Just lovely! "My daughter's painting," said Bullibear proudly, stopping before an alleged work of art. "Beautiful, isn't it?" Yes," replied Frogg, slowly, " but what do you call it? what does it represent!" "Ah, well-yes-the fact is we have not decided what to call it yet; but isn't it lovely?"

"Who was George Washington?" asked Professor Stearns. "He was the greatest poet," said the slow boy in the further seat ; he was versed in war, versed in peace and ver-" But the professor interrupted him to say that he was the verst be ever heard, and just then the lightning struck the Baptist college.

They had been to see the tragedy of Julius Cæsar, and, on their way home, thoughts of the death of the great dictator seemed to affect her so much that she turned to Algernon and exclaimed, "Wasn't it sad to be cut up so horribly!" "Aw, yes," sympathetically responded Gerny; "and he probably had on his best clothes.

A professional gentleman of our acquaintance has hanging in his room a fine large colored engraving of the head of a quadruped, vulgarly known as a jackass. Not long since a friend of his dropped in, and stopping before the picture, gazed intently upon it for a few moments, and then sung out abruptly. and, as he imagined, very wittily-" Hello, doctor, is that your portrait!" "Oh, no," replied the doctor, cooly, "that's simply a looking-glass."

"Boy, do you know what that can contains?" said a man to a lad who was hurrying along with a tin pail full of beer. "Beer," responded the stripling promptly. "Exactly," continued the man; "and that beer contains glucose, coculus indicus, corn-starch, ricemeal and raw grape-sugar, all deadly poisons and enough to kill any man." The lad set the pail down and moved off a little from it, whereupon the man picked it up and was raising it to his lips when the boy interrupted him to say: "Ain't you afraid of it?" "Yes; its dreadful to die this way, but I don't care to live," and draining it empty he off, "what a narrer escape dad had!"

Can I see the lady quired a pedlar. "Well, yes, you can if you ain't blind!" snapped the woman who had answered the bell. " Oh, beg pardon, madam; you are the lady of the house, then?" I am ! What d'yer take me for? Did you think I was the gentleman of the house, or the next door neighbor, or one of the farm hands, or the cat or the ice-chest?" "I didn't know, madam, but you might be the youngest daughter." "Oh, did yer? "Well, that was nat'ral, too," replied the I. of the h. "What d'ye want, sir?" Then the pedlar displayed his wares, and when he leit that door-step half an hour later his face was full of pleasure and his pockets full of money.

HEADACHE.

Why become a suffering martyr to Headache, when BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will surely cure the cause of all varieties of either Sick or Nervous Headache, cleanse the System, regulate the Secretions, relieve Constipation of the Bowels, purify the Blood, renovate the Liver and tone up the Nervous System, and distressing headache will be unknown? Sample Bottles 10 Cents, Large Bottles \$1.00.

CANADA'S CREDIT ABROAD.

The London Economist says that while the advantages of New Zealand are, in point of climate and soil, incontestably superior to those of Canada, yet, as the former owes to England a debt involving an annual payment of \$18.50 per head, while Canada has to pay but \$12.70 per head annually to England. the verdict of the London Stock Exchange in putting Canada four per cents ten per cent higher than New Zealand fours is sound. The Economist considers Canada's power of borrowing far from exhausted.

HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM is composed of the most healing balsams and gums. The Balsams, which enter into its composition, were used by the natives when America was first discovered, and are combined with other vegetable tonics, so blended together, that it is a specific for all affections of the throat and lungs. Thousands of bottles are used annually, and it is considered one of the standard preparations of the day.

HERESY. The Thomas heresy case, which created such a furore in Chicago among the ministers | self so badly—and the war has created a dullof the Methodist persuasion in that city; has been the cause of much excitement in the same church here. The Methodist Ministers' Association of Montreal have sent out a protest regarding the statement of the Rev- smile. The house in Belgrave Square is very erend Brother Dr. Burns, of Hamilton, who is | charming-all there is, indeed, of the most deaccused of going even further than Dr. sirable; and she is very happy-quite happy Thomas. It is reported that two members of the Montreal Association are in full accord with Dr. Burns and Dr. Thomas. If this is little time; and so on. true the citizens of the City of Churches will have another controversy here of the same | noun "l" than "we" in this letter than in kind which has just been inflicted on Chicago, the former ones, but still it is bright and joy-

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam; a few doses relieves the most distressing cough, and a Gretchen's heart a hope strong and precious, twenty-five cent bottle bus cured many a suiferer from Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Hoarseness and Soreness of the Chest. It is the grand specific for all throat | derfully clever, they tell me, about the spine. | mines to combat this obstinacy; and next | Blunden leaning over her chair. She is smil-Titol Bottle, the cost is only 10 Cents, Large and lung complaints leading to Consump-

CHAPTER XV .- CONTINUED. "Good-bye again, mamma," she says, following her mother into the grand old hall to give her a last caress. "I want to tell you, dear," she whispers hurrledly, "that I shall always remember how you never said a word against him, or spoke disparagingly of my choice, or dissuaded me in any way from my marriage."

Each word meant so kindly falls like a drop of molten lead upon the mother's heart. "Gretchen," she says, in a low, studied tone, that yet has in it a fear that amounts al-

most to passion, "try to be happy, if only for my sake. I hardly know what I have done. But if regret follows on this day it will kill me.

"Why, darling mamma, you forget," returns Gretchen, with surprise, "I have my heart's desire. I am quite—quite happy."

Then Brandy and Dandy (who is beginning to believe himself one of the family, on the strength of officiating at all these weddings) kiss her fondly. And Brandy bestows a last energetic slap upon her shoulder, and tells Ler to "keep up her courage," and then they all depart carrying Flora with them, who, "like Niobe, is all tears," and Gretchen returns to her husband's side.

"It is all over," says Kenneth.

"Yes, well over," returns she smiling. He is extremely pale, and, looks dispirited. How nervous it makes one-does it not?" she says, purposely, with a slight sigh. "A ceremony of any sort I mean. Once, I confess, I almost cried. You look upset too, Ken; but we must not be melancholy on our wedding day, must we? And see-even the afternoon is going to be good to us."

The day has indeed changed. The clouds have all dispersed and are quickly disappearing. From behind them the sun is peeping forth, and is sending a cold but welcome greeting to the cheerless earth. Through the window a pale gleam comes, and, lighting on the bride, "gives her good-morrow."

"Is not that a very delicate attention on the part of the sun?" she says, gayly. "We are going to have a charming evening. Do you feel as if you had just been married, Ken?-I don't a bit."

"I do," says Dugdale. "We are marriedirretrievably so."

"What a dismal tone," says Gretchen, with merry laugh. "I don't think you are a very flattering bridegroom, And, now I am your wife, I warn you I shall be a fearful tyrant, and I shall forbid any tones but those of the sweetest description. I think I shall run out and see if there are any violets in your-in my garden. Oh, I wonder where Hardy put my garden-hat this morning? I hope she hasn't forgotten it. You see,"-saucily-" I am making myself quite at home."

" Havo you really no regret?" asks he, earnestly, as though in secret wonder, yet evidently greatly cheered by the brightness and gladness of her manner. "No longing for something in your old life that I cannot give

you?" "Well, to make an humble confession, there really is one thing," says Mrs. Dugdale demurely; "I have a solitary regret, but it is a supreme one; I left a whole box full of the most enchanting burnt almonds upon my dressing-table this morning that Daudy brought me from town, and I know I shall never see them again, as Brandy and Flora will eat them. Is it not heart-rending? When I think of it I could almost weep my spirit from my eyes.'"

"You certainly are an afflicted being," says Kenneth, and then they both laugh, and Gretchen begins to wonder when luncheon will be ready, as she really ate nothing at the dejeuner an hour ago, and is now very hungry indeed.

So tenderly, so sweetly, so merrily does she play her part that Dugdale's heart revives, and | But before you go will you give me those a blessed peace and happiness beyond all drops on the table over there as you have words fill his breast.

CHAPTER XVI.

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings; Kings it makes gobs, and meaner creatures

kings. And time but increases his happiness. For Gretchen's love and care and sweet content grows daily, showing no sign of weakness or

Winter has been conquered and lies low and Spring usurps the throne, casting abroad its universal amile April has laughed and wept its merry hour

away, and it is now May,-'The flowery May, who from her green lap

The yello w cowslip and the pale primrose.', Deep in the hedgerows these latter flowers

are sbining in great clusters like myriad stars, emitting a delicate perfume that pervades the soft wind as their frail leaves open. "Songbirds are winging Through the balmy air"

their tender notes of praise and triumph and delight making still sweeter the fragrant breath of morn. "The sun looks on the world with a glorious eye," and all living things seem to bask and grow and ripen un der its touch.

The clock on the chimney-piece has just chimed nine strokes; and Gretchen, with an early cup of chocolate on a small table near her, is leaning back in a chair before her bedroom fire, "gowned in pure white," and with

the post upon her lap. A letter from Kitty is open in her hand, the contents of which have plainly interested her in a more than ordinary degree, as her face is full of thought, and her eyes though apparently intent upon the glowing coals, see nothing visible, but are travelling far away into the

misty future. Lady Blunden's news is varied and diffuse. She and Sir John are now in London; and the session being well commenced, she has plenty of gossip to disseminate.

Arthur Blunden is on his way home from the East, and may be expected in town at any moment. Brandy is stationed near town and, as Dandy is staying with his aunt at South Kensington, the inseparables are happy. The season is pretty fair so far, but not so well as usual, the weather is behaving it ness-and Her Royal Highness-etc, etc. Georgie Harcourt is to marry the duke, they say, but no one quite believes it yet -she is so extremely plain, in spite of her lovely -but might be even more so if she could only have her dearest Gretchen near her for a

There is, perhaps, a greater use of the proend comes the passage that has roused in -a hope so terrible in its greatness as to cause its possessor pain.

"There is in town just now a doctor wou-

BEAUTYS DAUGHTERS! least he has completely dured that boy of she says, suddenly, without looking at wainscots who was considered, you may re him "Ken, do you know I think I should like member, a hopeless case." When I hear him "Ken, do you know I think I should like spoken of I cannot help thinking of poor "A faint pause ensues. There is the rusta blessed thing it would be for you, my dar-ling girl! It appears he has studied the subject deeply-has, in fact, given up his whole time to it and has some method of his own for strengthening diseased spines learned in some German school. Why not bring Kenneth up to town, if only to see him? I would say have him down; but if Kenneth were on the spot atways it would be better. Think it over, dearest; but do not be too sanguine-

to the state of th

ere, so much worse than the original evil." Gretchen's hand crumples the letter almost unconsciously. Oh, if he could be cured. If this young man could only give him back his health and strength-nay, even some of his strength-how grateful, how passionately thankful, she would be!

disappointment afterwards is always, so sev-

All day she carries the letter in her bosom, not showing it to Dugdale, but vaguely dreaming of its contents, and weaving plans that perhaps may never come to maturity, but still "sweet in sowing."

She is silent and distrait during the evening, sometimes hardly hearing Kenneth when he addresses her. Once or twice he surprises her with tears in her eyes—eyes fixed upon him with wistful longing. It may be that all her hopes and fond fancies are but dreams, fated to melt with the first dawn of day, but at least they yield her for the time being "a dear delight," and make her pulses throb and her heart beat quickly.

"Sorrow may reign for a night." The words haunt her and pursue her from room to room. What if her sorrow should cease some

night "and joy come up with the day?" Tossing in her bed, counting the weary hours, Gretchen lies awake, still thinking of this new star that has arisen in London. With night has come a touch of despair. Now she wonders how she shall persuade Kenneth to see this doctor, and again asks herself whether any good will-or can-come of the attempt if made. It will only torment and worry him to take him up to town, if indeed he even consents to go; and yet-

At this particular moment a faint moan reaches her ear. Her door is open. Starting up in bed, she raises the night-lamp beside her, and listens attentively, with beating

Again the sound comes to her, made louder by the awful stillness of the might aud, spring ing from her bed, she thrusts her naked feet into her slippers, flings a dressing-gown over her, and taking up the lamp, enters the passage that divides her room from Kenneth's. His door is partly unclosed; inside a faint light burns dimly; and as with soit footfalls she crosses the threshold, she can see that he is awake, his arms flung above his head.

He is deadly pale; great drops of dew lie upon his forehead; one of his hands is clenched.

"Kenneth," murmurs she, in a terrified tone hastening to his side. Opening his eyes with a start, be turns his face towards her.

"My darling, is it you?" he asks, with evident surprise. His voice is like his own, but weaker. Plainly the paroxysm is past. "Yes-yes. The doors were open, and I

neard you moan," returns she' deeply agitated. What is it, Ken?" What can I do for you ?" "I am ell right again. It was the old pain

in my back, and rather sharper than usual,"with a sigh of exhaustion. "It goes as suddenly as it comes." "But to suffer all alone! Why did you not

ring for Barker?" "I hate bother-and Barker on such occasions," says Kenneth, with a languid smile. I have been so much better of late, I have got out of the way of calling him. My dearest child, I am sorry I disturbed you; but I thought all the doors were fastened. Don't look so frightened; the pain has almost gone. come to do one good?"

"Why did you not call me sooner?"__reproachfully.

"What, wake you from your sleep?" Better Barker a thousand times. Do you think J would give you so much trouble?"

"Kenneth," exclaims she, deeply pained, when will you learn to regard me as your wife? Can there be trouble in helping those we love? Do you think I should hesitate to give you trouble if I were in pain? No; I should say to myself, 'It will be his joy to comfort me."

There are tears in her soit eyes; her hand trembles slightly as she holds out to him the glass containing the desired drops.

"But then consider how little I can do for you. The bargain is not equal," returns he,

She shakes her head in dissent, and watches him in silence as he drinks eagerly what she measured out for him.

"You are really better?" "Quite better. Go back to bed, darling; you are catching cold standing there."

"I thought those attacks had left you forever," she says wistfully, a sore trouble tug-

ging at her heart-strings.
"I thought so too. But it is nothing. I may not have another attack for a long time again. Forget it, Gretchen, and return to

dream-land." " Dreams are madness when one must face reality, however horrible," says she, with a quickness that has something in it of despair. She has placed her lamp upon the table, and is standing with her small white hands clasp. ed before her, her snowy cashmere gown embroidered in pale blue hanging in straight

some mediæval saint wrapt in grief. Going nearer to him she gently removes his pillow, shakes it, and returns it to its place beneath his head. But for this action which somewhat relieves her, she feels she must give way to the emotion that is choking her.

folds around her, yet hardly concealing the

dainty naked feet beneath. She looks like

"Try to sleep," she says, tremulously, kiss ing him. "If only to please you," he promises with a

amile. Shall I lower your lamp?"

"Thank you. Good night, my gentle "Good night, my dear," whispers she,

world of tenderness in the common old fash. ioned term of endearment; and then they kiss each other again, and she walks away from him, lamp in hand; while he watches silently her lissom figure, clad in its trailing draperies, and likens her in his heart to some fair angel of old, with her soft brown hair half unbound, and her light burning; until at last she steps beyond his sight, and the perfect picture is lost to him.

This symptom of increasing weakness on ous and full of affection. Then, just at the to seek for him new advice. Hitherto he has but none so enchanting and (by the power of disheartening opinion given by a doctor on Fancy Charteris. the spot at the time of his accident) has obstinately refused all medical and surgical treatment and examination. Gretchen deter-He is quite young, and has started up from no morning, when they are both in the room they ing, and displaying all her perfect teeth, and one knows where, but is very talented; at most affect—the room where first he saw her gazing into Sir John's eyes with unmistak-

without looking at

ling as of a hastily turned leaf-a quicklydrawn breath-no more. Has it come so soon, then? Has weariness at last made itself feit?

After awhile, with his face averted, he says,

kindly---

reads him like a book. Where will you go ?-to your mother, or

to Kitty? Kitty will be better fun." "To neither," with pretty raised brows of astonishment. "Why should I? Have 1 not your house in Berkeley Square you have so often described to me? I quite long to see it. Why need I trouble any one, when I women are lovelier. Mrs. Charteris is, 1 think, the prettiest creature I ever saw." to ?"

"True. But I fear it will be lonely for you. Such a big house, and no one in it but yourself. You will find it dull." "Am I ever dull with you dearest?"gentle malice.

"With me,"-turning to look at her as she sits on the favorite low seat beside him, her arms embracing her knees, her eyes gazing innocently into his. "What shall I have to do | this concert for the conversion of the Zulus." with it?"

"Why, you will be with me, of course."

"You mean me to go to London too?" "Naturally. Should I go without you? should feel lost-utterly undone. Why, you are part of myself; I cannot do without you. You must come, Ken."

The almost agony of regret that had grown and fragile. within his eyes vanishes at her words. A happy light shines there instead, and yet he answers, impulsively,---

"Oh, Gretchen, impossible!" "Is it?" quietly. "Very well, then we can stay at home and enjoy our spring and summer in the sweet country. What shall I read you now?"

"No, do not read," interrupts he quickly, laying his hand upon the open page that rests upon her knee. "I want to talk—to think."
Gretchen obediently closes the volume and gazes meditatively out of the window. She lets the faintest shadow of disappointment show itself on her brow, knowing that he is earnestly regarding her, and, with the mean intention of rendering him still more uneasy, sighs profoundly, but with seeming unconsciousnees.

"You want to go to town," he says, at last, breaking the silence.

"Just a little. Not so badly that I cannot content myself at home, if you will not go." "Why not go without me, if only for two months? I should not miss you much. At least I should manage to get on without you; to live until your return.

"I never knew you unkind to me before," retorts she, her eyes filling with tears. " I was foolish enough to think you would miss me-that you could not get on without me. I flattered myself, it seems." Taking her hand he presses it to his lips.

"Forgive my lying," he says sottly. dion't mean a word of it. I should be miserable if left one day without you; but I want ! you to enjoy yourself."

"Yet you will not help me to it,"-represchfully. "Do Inot? I say go."

"And I say I cannot enjoy myself without you; so there is no use in going."

"Must I gothen?" "No. We can stay here and be quite hap-

"On the contrary, we can go there and be quite bapyy. You shall take me where you like, Gretchen, as it seems I am necessary to you. You will never know how proud and thankful that thought makes me. Yes, we shall go to town, my dearest, and I shall find pleasure in hearing your praises said and

".gapa "It is a bargain!" cries she, clapping her hands joyfully. "It is my victory, Kenneth, but the reward shall be yours."

"What an oracular speech. Why, you might be a pricetess of the gods, your words are so difficult to read. Yours the victory, but mine the wreath. Well, so be it."

CHAPTER XVII.

BOTTOM—" Arewe all met?"
QUINCE—" Pat, pat; and here's a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal."
—Midsummer Night's Dream.

The rooms and staircases are crowded. Sweet flowers give forth their richest perfumes ere they perish. Only this morning they raised their heads to smile upon a country sun; now, plucked ruthlessly by careless hands, they have reached the town but to die. Some one is singing in the distance, and every now and then the clear notes come to those outsiders unhappy enough to be almost be-

yond hearing.

Her Grace of Shropshire is " at home" today, and all the world of London is assembled in her house. She is a short, emphatic old woman of about sixty-five, acknowledged by all to have the bluest blood and the vilest temper in Christendom; indeed, no one disputes the fact that she is the rudest old person in England, or out of it. Lady Jane, her only daughter, plain and unpleasant as herself, is quite after her own heart in every way, and is a terror to the society in which they mingle. They both go in heavily for charity, and Methodism, and so torth, and are univer-sally detested. The duke is an honest, kindhearted gentleman, who never lives with his wife unless when he can't help it, and who when in "durance vile" is hardly recognizable by his intimates, so crushed and forlorn does he appear, morally and physically.

For a moment the music has ceased, and the sound of voices and subdued laughter makes itself heard. Pretty women are smiling and coquetting, darting barbed arrows disguised in honey at luckless men who hardly know what a mauvais quart d'heure is in store for them when the end comes; and the prettiest of them all is seated at the very end of one of the long rooms in a chair that might almost be mistaken for a throne, so surrounded is it by satellites and courtiers.

She is small, and fair, and lovely, and so young as to make one hesitate whether to call her child or woman. Her eyes are sapphire blue, her hair golden; her parted lips, gay with smiles, are rich and ripe as cherries. There is an innocence of expression, a childish playfulness and petulance about her, that bewitches and ensuares and torments in a breath.

She is in reality twenty-two, but, in spite of being wife and widow, looks only eighteen. and holds more hearts to play with in the hollow of her small white hand than any other the part of Dugdale frightens Gretchen, and woman in London. There are many handstrengthens her in her half-formed resolution somer, a few perhaps, more strictly lovely, been recklessly despairing, and (after the first | her witcheries and diableries) so dangerous as

One or two men, feeling themselves, perhaps, de trop drop away, and presently Mrs. Charteris finds herself alone with Sir John able kindness; and Sir John is returning the glance with interest, as Lady Blunden sweeps up the room towards Gretchen, who in a window is listening with sweet attention to a dreadful old woman, who will tell her all about the ill-fated grandnephew billed in the unfortunate affair at landula. (As a rule, people always inflict their grievances upon Gretchen—which is somewhat hard on her.)

Kitty's mouth grows a little hard, and her color fades, as she notes Mrs. Charteris's kindly—
"Certainly darling. It will do you good to escape from this stupid place for a little time; you will come back all the happier for the change."

Change."

Gretchen, equably, who driving her from the field with small delay, "sava Gretchen, equably, who driving her from the field with small delay," "You have just come?" savs Gretchen. "I have been looking for you for half an

"Yes; I had to go to inquire for Aunt Mand before I came here. She is better. Are you enjoying yourself?"

"The music is lovely; and some of the "She is very fast. And the very lowest form," says Kitty, strangely.

"Is she?" returns Gretchen, surprised. But I don't think she looks like that, does

"I know nothing about her; I only tell you what all the world has told me," says Kitty, shortly. "Will you come with me, Gretchen? I want to ask the duchess about They move away, and at the same moment Mrs. Charteris, rising, bows off Sir John, and crossing the room, sinks into a low seat beside her cousin and bosom friend, Lady Cyclamen Browne.

Lady Cyclamen is a widow also, and three years Fancy's senior. She is tall, and pale.

" Well, what mischief have you been doing now?" asks Lady Cyclamen, with a smile, removing her skirts so as to make room for Mrg. Charteris beside her. "You always remind me of 'bonnie Lesley,' because 'the hearts of men adore thee,' and you seem ever ' to spread your conquests farther.' I do believe you have had more proposals in this, the beginning of the season, than any one else can count in

mid Angust." "Well, they're all very nice to me, you know," says Fancy, with a little modest smile.
"I suppose, like Marie Stuart, I may say 1 have been greatly loved. But I doubt I'm growing old, Cyclamen. My two last lovers are mere boys. Do you know them? Brandy

Tremaine and Dandy Dinmont." "I know all the Tremaines intimately," says Cyclamen. "And I know of your flirtations too. You will make bad blood between

those two boys, won't you?" "Oh, no, dear. Discipline is good for boys, and experience better."

"I wish you would cease your flirtation with Scrope. The duchess doesn't like it, and you know how unpleasant she can ba. She has a terrible long tongue And you have heard how anxious sho is to marry him to Lady Adelaide Stowell. I wish you would give him up, if you don't intend to marry

"Marry Scrope! No, thank you! I should die of ennui in a week. He is quite too ugly, and quite too like his sister Jane, and almost as goody goody. It will give me joy to re-fuse him when the moment comes, he fancies bimself so intensely. And "-with a mali-cious little laugh-" I like vexing the dear duchess, too; she is so studiously uncivil to me, and so afraid of me. Look at her over there in that fearful gown. I always wish she would do something really wicked; she would be such a charming addition to Madame Tussaud's rooms. Indeed, she might be there now, her complexion is so waxy."

"Who are those people just entering the room?" asks Cyclamen, glancing towards some new—some very new—arrivals.

"Where? Oh, there! My dear, how can you evince curiosity about such people?" "Their hideousness has its attractions. That tall girl's hair is very distressing in warm weather. In January, perhaps, one might re-

gard it with admiration." "The hue is hot," says Mrs. Charteris "They are from my part of the world, and came into some money of late years, which has had a most unhappy effect upon them."

" How so?" "A very sad story, I assure you. The poor creatures quite lost their heads through it, and, what is worse, their memories."

"You are in one of your satirical moods." "My dear child, no. Anything but that I speak the simple truth, as you will believe when I tell you that the moment they found themselves tolerably well to do they completely forgot the people they had known all thir lives. Now, is it not a mournful story?
And I believe there is no cure for that sortof

disease." Lady Cyclamen laughs. "Go on," she says; "that sort of being amuses me immensely." "Does it? It annoys me more than I can

say-so much so, that when I found they meant to ignore their poorer neighbors, I ignoted them." "I admire your principles." "Well, I hate breeding of that sort," 8878

shrug of her pretty shoulders. "It reminds me '-with a faint sigh-" Manchester-and —Mr. Charteris." "Quite so, dear," says the friend, sympathe-

the dainty Fancy, with a little disdainful

tically. "They were very, very civil to me, on account of the Honorable, you know, that goes before my name, and my money, and that. But I really couldn't see it. Their name was

Townley."
" Was ?" "Yes. It is Townleigh now; though why they changed it no one can discover. There was some talk about a Lord Townleigh; but no one ever heard of him until they came in for their fortune"

"It reads longer on a card," suggests Cyclamen. "Well, I dare say there is something in that. I confess I am surprised to see them

here. I should have thought the duches would have cared for them." "I don't suppose she knows them. I dan say they begged the invitation through some

one." "Old Lady Tullamore took them in hand, I hear—coached, tutored them, and all that, 100 know; even gives their balls for them; and excellent balls they are, they say-unexcep tionable form in every respect, and, in fact, all Tullamore and no Townleigh all through One concludes, of course, the dear old lad does it for a consideration. One never know about that sort of arrangement; but when Spendley's debts were paid last autumn even one asked every one else how it was done, and

nobody could say." "Perhaps, it isn't true ?" says Cyclamen. arrangement myself. Old madam gets more, and the Townleighs get guests (though, in tain won't bow to them next day). Still, dare say it pays them. And Spendley is quilt a new man since, and our dear Lady Tulk more is none the worse. Altogether, it sub our times, don't you think?"

(Continued on Third page.)