Medical

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

By "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER IX .- CONTINUED.

"I myself shouldn't hesitate about it, if I only got the chance. And indeed where could any one get a more charming husband than the dear vicar?"

"Well, well, it was a foolish match notwithstanding," says Mrs. Redmond, with a smile and a wan sort of blush; "though certainly at that time I don't deny he was very fascinating. Such a voice, my dear | and then his eyes were remarkably fine."

". Were '-are, you mean," says the crafty Clarissa, knowing that praise of her husband and that the surest means of reducing her to a pliant mood is to permit her to maunder on | me. uninterrupted about past glories, and dead hours rendered bright by age. To have her in her kindest humor, before mentioning the real object of her visit, must be managed at all risks. "Yours was a love-match, wasn't it?" she says, coaxingly. "Do tell me all | really it is bad for the children." about it." (She has listened patiently to every word of it about a hundred times before). "I do so like a real love affair."

"There isn't much to tell," says Mrs. Red-mond, who is quite delighted, and actually foregoes the charm of darning, that she may the more correctly remember each interesting detail in her own "old story;" "but it was all very sudden-very; like a tornado, or a whirlwind, or those things in the desert that cover one up in a moment. First we met at two croquet parties-yes, two-and then at dinner at the Ramsays', and it was at the dinner at the Ramseys' that he first pressed my hand. I thought my dear, I should have dropped, it was such a downright, not to be got over sort of squeeze. Dear me, I can almost feel it now," says Mrs. Redmond, who is blushing like a girl.

"Yes. Do go on," says Clarisso, who in reality, is enjoying herself intensely.

"Well, then, two days afterward, to my surprise, he called with some tickets for a coneert, to which my mamma, who suspected nothing, took me. There we met again, and it was there right, as one might say, under mamma's nose, he proposed to me. He was very eloquent, though he was obliged to speak rather disconnectedly, owing to the music stopping now and then, and my mamma being of a suspicious turn; but he was young in those days, my dear, and well favor ed, no doubt. So we got married."

"That is the proper ending to all pretty stories. But it is true," says Clarisea, with a wiliness really horrible in one so young, " that just at that time you refused a splendid offer, all for the vicar's sake ?"

"Splendid is a long word," says Mrs. Redmond, trying to speak carelessly, but unmistakably elated, "yet I must confess there is some truth in the report to which you allude. Sir Hubert Fitz Hubert was a baronet of very ancient lineage, came over with the Conqueror, or King Alfred, I quite torget which, but it was whichever was the oldest; that I know. He was, in fact, a trifie old for me, perhaps, and not so rich as others I have known, but still a baronet. He proposed to me, but I rejected him upon the spot with scorn, though he went on his knees to me, and swore, in an angulahed freezy that he would cut his throat with his razor if I refused to listen to his suit! I did refuse, but I heard nothing more about the razor. I am willing to believe he put some restraint upon his maddened feel. ings, and refrained from inflicting any injury npon himself."

4 Poor fellow!" says Clarissa, in a suspiclous choky tone.

"Then I espoused the vicar," says Mrs. Redmond, with a sentimental sigh. "One does foolish things sometimes."

"That, now, was a wise one. I would not marry a king if I loved a begger. Altogeth er, you behaved beautifully, and just like a

Feeling that the moment for action has arrived, as Mrs. Redmond is now in a glow of pride and vanity well mixed, Clarissa goes on sweetly.

"I have some news for you."

" For me?"

"Yes, for you. I know how delicate you are, and how unable to manage those two strong children you have at home. And I know, too, you have been looking out for a suitable governess for some time, but you have found a difficulty in choosing one, have you not?" " Indeed I have."

"Well, I think I know one who will just suit you. She was at school with me, and, though poor now, having lost both fatherand mother, is of a very good family, and well

connected. "But the salary?" says Mrs. Redmond, with some h situtien. "The salary is the thing. I hear of no one now who will come for less than sixty or seventy pounds a yeas at the lowest; and with Henry at school, and Rupert's college expenses, forty pounds is as much as we can afford to give."

"Miss Broughton will, I think, be quite py, and at rest, and she will be all that with you and Cissy and Mr. Redmond. She is young, and it is her first trial, but she is very clever; she has a really levely voice, and Clarissa, apologetically. paints excessively well. Ethel has rather a taste for painting, has she not?"

were remarkable for their artistic tendencies, so she, doubtless, inherits it; and—yes, of course, it would be a great thing for her to have some one one on the spot to develop this marking his regretful tone; and then she bids ealent, and train it. Your friend, you say, is well connected?"

"Very highly connected, on her mother's side. Her fasher was a lieutenant in the navy, and very respectable too, I believe; though I know nothing of him."

"That she should be a lady is, of course indispensable," says Mrs. Redmond, with all the pride that ought to belong to soft-goods people. "I need hardly say that I think. But why does she not appeal for help to her mothor's relations?"

"Because she prefers honest work to beg. ging from those who up to this have taken no notice of her."

"I admire her," says Mrs. Redmond, warmly. "If you think she will be satisfied and now she is returning to it with her hope a with forty pounds, I should like to try what | certainty-bound, heart and soul, to the dearshe could do with the children."

"I am very glad you have so decided. I know no place in which I would rather see a his sudden paling when she had begged for friend of mine than here."

"Thank you, my dear. Then will you

write to her, or shall I?" "Let me write to her first, if you don't mind; I think I can settle everything."

" Mind ?-no indeed: it is only too good of you to take so much trouble about me. To which Clarissa says, prettily,-

"Do not put it in that light; there is no pleasure so keen as that of being able to help one's friends."

Then she rises, and, having left behind her three socks that no earthly power can ever again draw upon a child's foot, so hopelessly has she brought heel and sole together, she rious place it would be! says good by to Mrs. Redmond, and leaves the

Outside on the avenue, she encounters the vicar, hurrying home. Turn with me," she says, putting her hand through his arm. "I have something to say

"Going to be married?" asks he, gayly. "Nonsense!"-blushing, in that he has so closely hit the mark. "It is not of anything so paltry I would unburden my mind."

"Then you have nothing of importance to tell me," says the vicar; "and I must go. Your story will keep; my work will not. I am in a great hurry; old Betty Martin—" "Must wait. I insist on it. Dying! nonsensel she has been dying every week for three years, and you believe her every time.

Come as far as the gate with me." "You command, I obey," says the vicarwith a sigh of resignation, walking on beside his young parishioner. "But if you could is sweet to the soul of the faded Penelope, only understand the trouble I am in with those Bateson's you would have some pity for

"What! again?" says Clarissa, showing, and feeling, deep compassion. . Even so. This time about the bread

You know what unpleasant bread they bake, and how Mrs. Redmond objects to it; and "It is poison," says Clarissa, who never does anything by halves, and who is nothing

if not sympathetic. "Well, so I said; and when I had expostulated with them, mildly but firmly, and suggested that better flour might make better dough, and they had declined to take any notice of my protest-why, I just ordered my bread from the Burtons opposite, and-"

The vicar pauses. "And you have been happy ever since?" "Well, yes, my dear. I suppose in a way I have; that is, I have ceased to miss the inevitable breakfast lecture on the darkness and coarseness of the bread; but I have hardly gained on other points, and the Bateson's are a perpetual scourge. They have decided on never again darkening the church door (their own words, my dear Clarissa), because I have taken the vicarage custom from them. They prefer imperilling their souls to giving up the chance of punishing me. And now the question is, whether I should not consent to the slow poisoning of my children, rather than drive my parishioners into the arms of the Methodists, who keep open houses for all comers below the hill."

'I don't think I should poison the children," says Clarissa.

"But what is to become of my choir? Charlotte Bateson has the sweetest voice in it, and now she will not come to church. I am at my wits' end when I think of it all."

"I am going to supply Charlotte's place for

you," says Clarissa, shyly.

"Thank you, my dear. But, you see, you would never be in time. And, unfortuna ely, the services must always begin at a regular hour. Punctuality was the one thing I never could teach you—that and the Catechism."

"What a lib 1!" says Clarissa. "I should not malign my own teaching if I were you. I am perfectly certain I could say it all now, this very moment, from start to fluish, questions and all. without a mistake. Shall I?"

" No, no. I'll take your word for it," says the vicar, hastily. "The fact is, I have just been listening to it at the morning school in the village, and when one has heard a thing repeated fourteen times with variations, one naturally is not ambitions of bearing it again, no matter how profitable it may be."

"When I spoke of alling Charlotte's place," says Clarissa, "I did not allude in any way to myself, but to ___ And new I am coming to my news."

"So glad!" says the vicar; "I may overtake old Betty yet." "I have secured a governess for Mrs. Red-

mond. Such a dear little governess! And I want you to premise me to be more than usually kind to her, because she is young and friendless and it is her first effort at teaching."

"So that question is settled at last, says the vicar, with a deep-if carefully suppressedsigh of relief. "I am rejoiced, if only for my wife's sake, who has been worrying herself for weeks past, trying to replace the inestimable -if somewhat depressing-Miss Prood."

" Has she ?" says Clariesa, kindly. " Worry is a bad thing. But to-day Mrs. Red-mond seems much better than she has been for a long time. Indeed, she said so."

"Did she?" says the vicar, with a comical, transient smile, Mrs. Redmond's maladies reing of a purely imaginary order.

"What are you laughing at now?" asks Clarisss, who has marked this passing gleam of amusement.

"At you, my dear, you are so quaintly humorous," replies he. "But go on; tell me of this new acquisition to our household. Is she a friend of yours "

"Yes, a great friend."

Then of course we shall like her."
"Thank you," says Clarissa. She is very pretty, and very charming. Perhaps, after all, I am doing a foolish thing for myself. How shall I feel when she has cut me out at the vicarage?"

" Not much fear of that, were she Aphrodite herself. You are much too good a child to be liked lightly or by halves. Well, content with that; she only wants to be hap good-by; you won't forget about the flannel for the Batley twins !"

"I have already-at least, half of it. How could I tell she was going to have twins," says

"It certainly was very inconsiderate of her," says the vicar, with a sigh, as he thinks "A decided talent for it. All my family of the poverty that clings to the Batley menage from year's end to year's end.

"Well, never mind; she shall have it all next week," promises Clarissa, soothingly, him farewell; and goes up the road again in the direction of her home.

She is glad to be alone at last. Her miseion successively accomplished: she has now time to let her heart rest contentedly upon her own happiness. All the events of the morning-the smallest word; the lightest intonation; the most passing smile; that claimed Horace as their father—are remembered by her. She dwells fondly on each separate remembrance; and repeats to herself how he looked and spoke at such and such moments.

She is kappy, quite happy. A sort of won-der, too, mixes with her delight. Only a few short hours ago she had left her home, free, unbetrothed, with only hope to sustain her,

est, the truest man on earth, as she believes. How well he leves her! She had noticed some deley before actually naming her "bry-dale day." She had hardly believed his love for her was so strong, so earnest; even she (how could she! with tender self-reproach) had misjudged him - had deemed him somewhat cold, indifferent; unknowing of the deep stratum of feeling that lay beneath the outward calm of his demeanor.

Dear, dearest Horace! She will never disbelieve in bim again; he is her own now, her very own, and she loves him with all her heart, and he loves her just the same, and ---Oh, if every woman in the world could only be as happy as she is to day, what a glo-

Not that it is such a bat place by any means, as some people would have one to imegine. Surely these are disagreeable people, misanthropists, misogamists, and such like heretics; or else, poor souls ! they are in a bad strait, without present hope and without any one to love them! This last seems, indeed, a misfortune.

Yet, why abuse a lovely world? How bright the day is, how sweet and fresh the knowing what to say, and feeling sorely agair, though evening is nigh at hand! She grieved in that he is compelled to say what hardly ever remembers a September so fine, so free from damp; the very birds-

Had he thought her unloving or capricious when she pleaded for a longer engagement? (Here the tears rise unbidden in her eyes.) Oh, surely not: he understood her thoroughly; for had he not smiled upon her after-

So he will always smile. There shall never be any cross words or angry frowns to chill their perfect love? Their lives will be a summer dream, a golden legend, a pure, fond | minds that you would marry Dorian, and

Thus begulling time with beliefs too sweet for earthly power to grant, she hastens home, with each step building up another storey in her airy house, until at length she carries a castle, tall and stately. into her father's house.

CHAPTER X.

"I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so,"
SHAKSPEARE,
"WHERE is papa?" she asks, meeting one of the servants in the hall. Hearing he is out, and will not be back for some time, she, too, turns again to the open door, and, as though

the house is too small to contain all the thoughts that throng ber breast, she walks out in the air again, and passes into the garden, where antumn, though kindly and slow in its advances, is touching everything with the hand of death.

"Heavily hangs the broad sunflower Over the grave i' the earth so chilly; Heavily hangs the hollyhock Heavily hangs the tiger lily."

With a sigh she quits her beloved garden and wanders still further abroad into the deep woods that "have put their glory on," and are dressed in tender russets, and sad greens, and fading tints, that meet and melt into each other.

The dry leaves are falling, and lie crack-ling under foot. The daylight is fading, softly, imperceptibly, but surely. There is yet a glow from the departing sunlight, that sinking lazily beyond the distant hills, tinges with gold the browning earth that in her shroud of

leaves is lying.
But death, or pain, or sorrow, has no part with Clarissa to.day. She is quite happyutterly content. She marks not the dying of the year, but rather the beauty of the sunset. She heeds not the sullen roar of the ever increasing streamlets, that winter will swell into small but angry rivers; hearing only the songs of the sleepy birds as they croon their night-songs in the boughs above her.

When an hour has passed, and twilight has come up and darkened all the land, she goes back again to her home, and, reaching the library, looks in, to find her father sitting there, engrossed as usual with some book, which he is carefully annotating as he reads. "Are you very busy?" asks she, coming slowly up to him. "I want to be with you

ior a little while." "That is right. I am never too busy to talk to you. Why, it is quite an age since last I saw you !- not since breakfast; where

have you been all day?" "You are a pet," says Miss Peyton, in a loving whisper, rubbing her cheek tenderly against his, as a reward for his pretty speech I have been at the vicarage, and have pleaded Georgie's cause so successfully that I have won it, and have made them half in love with her already.'

"A special pleader indeed, Diplomacy is your forte; you should keep to it." "I mean to. I shouldn't plead in vain with you, should i?" She has grown somewhat

earnest. much self-contompt; "I have given up all that sort of thing, long ago. I know how much too much you are for me, and I am too wise to swim against the tide. Only I would

entreat you to be merciful as you are strong." "What a lot of nonsense you do talk, you silly boy!" says Clarissa, who is still leaning over his chair in such a position that he cannot see her face. Perhaps, could he have seen it, he might have poticed how pale it is beyond its wont. "Well, the Redmonds seemed quite pleased, and I shall write to Georgie to-morrow. It will be nice for her to be here, near me. It may keep her from being lonely and unhappy."

"Well, it ought," says George Peyton. " What did the vicar say?"

"The vicar always says just what I say," replies she, a trifle saucily, and with a quick

"Poor man! his is the common let." says her father; and then, believing she has told all she wants to say, and being filled with a desire to return to his book and his notes, he goes on; "So that was the weighty matter you wanted to discuss, ch? Is that all your

"Not quite," returns she, in a low tone, "No? You are rich in conversation this evening. What is it we are now to criticize?"

"The person you love best-I hope." "Why, that will be you," says George l'ey-

"You are sure?" says Clarissa, a little tremulously; and then her father turns in his chair and tries to read her face.

"No; stay just as you are; I can tell you better if you do not look at me," she whispers, entreatingly, moving him with her hands back to his former position.

"What is it Clarissa?" he asks, hastily though he is far from suspecting the truth. Some faint thought of James Scrope(why he knows not) comes to him at this moment, and not unpleasingly. " Tell me, darling. Anything that concerns you must, of neccessity, concern me also."

"Yes, I am glad I know that," she says, speaking with some difficulty, but very earnestly. "To-day I met Horace Brans-

" Yes?" His face changes a little, from vague expectancy fo distinct disapointment; but then she cannot see his face. "And he asked me to be his wife-and-I

said, Yes-if-if it pleases you, papa." It is over. The dreaded announcement is made. The words that have cost her so much to utter have gone out into the air; and yet there is no answer!

"I wish it had been Dorian," he says, impulsively. Then she takes her hand from his shoul-

der, as though it can no longer rest there in as though at some ridiculous recollection. comfort, and her eyes fill with disappointed tears. "Why do you say that?" she asks, with

some vehemence. "It sounds as if-as if you undervaiued Horace! Yet what reason have you for doing so? What do you know against him?" "Nothing, literally nothing," answers Mr. Peyton, soothingly, yet with a plaintive ring

in his voice that might suggest the idea of his being sorry that such answer must be "I am sure Horace is very much to

sounds untrue. 1 Yet it can't be. What could He is so profound, and earnest, and serious, any one say against Horace?"

" My dear, I said nothing." "No, but you insinuated it. You said Dor-

ian was his superior." "Well, I think he is the better man of the two," says Mr. Peyton, desperately, bardly must hurt her.

"I cannot understand you , you say you know nothing prejudicial to Horace (it is impossible you should,) and yet you think Dor-ian the better man. If he has done no wrong, why should any one be a better man? Why draw the comparison at all? For the first time in all your life, you are unjust."

"No, Clarissa, I am not. At least, I think not. Injustice is a vile thing. But, somehow, Sartoris and I had both made up our

He pauses.

"Then your only objection to poor Horace is that he is not Dorian?" asks she, anxiously, letting her hand once more rest upon his shoulder.

"Well, no doubt there is a great deal in that," returns he, evasively, hard put to it to answer his inquistior with discretion. "And if Dorian had never been, Horace

would be the one person in all the world you would desire, for me?" pursues she earnestly. George Peyton makes no reply to thisperhaps because he has not one ready. Claries», stepping back, draws her breath, a little quickly, and a dark fire kindles in her eyes.

n her eyes, too, large tears rise and shine. "It is because he is poor," she says in a low tone, that has some contempt in it, and some passionate disappointment.

"Do not mistake me," says her father, speaking hastily, but with dignity. Rising, he pushes back his chair, and turning, faces her in the gathering twilight. "Were he the poorest man alive, and you loved him, and he was worthy of you, I would give you to him without a murmur. Not that,"—hurriedly—
"I consider Horace unworthy of you, but the idea is new, strange, and——the other day, Clarissa, you were a child."

"I am your child still-always." She is sitting on his knee now, with her arms round his neck, and her cheek against his and he is holding her svelte lissome figure very closely to him. She is the only one he has to love on earth; and just now she seems unspeakably-almost painfully-dear to him. "Always, my dear," he reiterates, some-

what unsteadily. "You have seen so little of Horace lately," she goes on, presently, trying to find some comfortable reason for what seems to her her father's extraordinary blindness to her lover's virtues. "When you see a great deal of him, you will love nim. As it is, darling, do-do say you love him very much, or you will break my heart!"

"I love him very much," replies he,, ebediently, repeating his lesson methodically while feeling all the time that he is being compelled to say something against his will, without exactly knowing why he should feel

"And you are quite pleased that I am going to marry him?" reading his face with her clear eyes; she is very pale, and strangely

"My darling, my one thought is for your bappiness." There is evasion mixed with the affection in this speech, and Clarissa notices "No; say you are glad I am going to mar-

ry him," she says, remorselessly. "How can you expect me to say that," exclaims he, mournfully, "when you know your wedding-day must part us?"

"Indeed it never shall!" cries she, vehemently; and then, overcome by the emotion of the past hour, and indeed, of the whole day, she gives way, and bursts into tears. "Papa, how can you say that? To be parted from you! We must be the same to each other always; my wedding-day would be a will you tell him all about it?" other always; my wedding-day would be a miserable one indeed if it separated me from

Then he comforts her, fondly caressing the pretty brown head that lies upon his heart, as it had lain in past years, when the slender girl of to-day was a little lisning motherless child. He calls her by all the endearing names he had used to call her then, until her sobs cease, and only a sigh, now and then, tells of the storm just past.

"When is it ?" he asks her, after a little while. "Not too soon, my pet, I hope?"

"Not for a whole year. He said something about November, but I could not leave you in such a hurry. We must have one more Christmas to ourselves."

"You thought of that," he says tenderly. "Oh, Clarissa, I hope this is for your good. Think of it seriously, earnestly, while you have time. Do not rush blindly into a compact that must be binding on you all your

" I hope it will be for all my life," returns she, gravely. "To be parted from Horace would be the worst thing that could befall me. Always remember that, papa. I am bound to him with all my heart and soul."

"So be it," says George Peyton, solemnly

A sigh escapes him. For some time neither speaks. The twilight is giving place to deeper gloom, the sitting bolt upright beside her, as solemn as night is fast approaching, yet they do not stir. What the girl's thoughts may be at this mo- how she shall begin to tell James about it. ment, who can say? As for her father, he is motionless, except that his lips move, though ultra grave mood, that as a rule, leads up to no sound comes from them. He is secretly his finding fault with everything, and picking praying, perhaps, for the welface of his only things to pieces, and generally condemning child, to her mother in heaven, who at this time must surely be looking down upon her | Clarissa is a little unfair in her secret comwith tenderest solicitude. Clarissa puts her lips softly to his cheek.

that we think-"

" Yes?" "We should like it kept quite secret. You will say nothing about it to any one?" "Not until you give me leave. You have

acted wisely, I think, in puttide off your marriage for a while." Almost unconsciously he is telling himself how time changes all things, and how many plans and affections can be altered in twelve months. "But surely you will tell James Scrope," he goes on, after a while; "that will not be making it public. He has known you and

been fond of you ever since you were a baby ; and it seems uncivil and unfriendly to keep him in the dark." "Then tell him; but no one else now papa. I quite arranged for James, he is such an old friend, and so nice in every way."

" Here she smiles involuntarily, and, after a little bit, laughs outright, in spite of herself, "Do you know," she says, "When I told Horace I thought I should like Sir James to know of our engagement, I really think he

felt a little jealous! At least, he didn't half like it. How absurd!-wa n't it? Fancy being jealous of dear old Jim!" "Old !-old! He is a long way off that, Why, all you silly little girls think a man past twenty-nine to be lowering on the brink of the grave. He cannot be more than thirty-

three, or so." "He is very dreadfully old, for all that," says Miss Peyton, wilfully. "Ile is positive-"How you say that !"-- reproachfully, "It by ancient; I never knew any one so old,

"What on earth has he done to you that you should call him all these terrible names?" says Mr. Peyton, laughing.

"He scolds me," says Clarisss, "he lectures

me, and tells me I should have an aim in life. You have been my aim, my darling, and I have been very devoted to it, haven't

"You have, indeed. But now I shall be out in the cold, of course." His tone is somewhat wistful. "That is all one gains by lavishing one's affection upon a pretty child and centering one's every thought and hope upon her." "No, you are wrong there; it must be

something to gain love that will last forever.' She tightens her arm around his neck. "What a borrid little speech! I could almost fancy James diotated it to you. He is a skeptic; an unbeliever, and you have imbibed his notions. Cynical people are a bore. You wouldn't, for example, have me fall in love with James, would you?"

"Indeed I would," says George Peyton, boldly. "He is just the one man I would choose for you—' not Launcelot, nor another.' He is so genuine, so thorough in every way. And then the estates join, and that. I really wish you had fallen in love with Scrope."

"I love you dearly-dearly," says Miss Peyton; "but you are a dreadful goose! James is the very last man to grow sentimental about any one—least of all, me. He thinks me of no account at all, and tells me so in very polite language occasionally. So you see what a fatal thing it would have been if I had given my heart to him. He would have broken it, and I should have died, and you would have put up a touching and elaborate tablet to my memory, and somebody would have planted snowdrops on my grave. There would have been a tragedy in Pullingham. with a Jim for its hero."

"You take a different view of the case from mine. I believe there would have been no broken heart, and no early grave, and you

would have been happy ever after." "That is a more comfortable theory, certainly, for me. But think what a miserable life he would have had with me forever by his side.'

"A very perfect life, I think," says Mr. Pevton, looking with pardonable pride upon the half-earnest, half-laughing, and wholly lovely face so near him. "I don't know what more any fellow could expect." "You see I was right. I said you were a

she pats his hand, in the very sweetest manner possible, as she says it. Then she goes " Horace said he would come up to-morrow

goose," says Miss Peyton, irreverently. But

to speak to you." " Very well, dear. That is the usual delay, I suppose. I hope he won't be long-winded, or lachrymose, or anything that way. When a thing is done it is done, and discussion is so unnecessary." "Promise me to be very kind to him."

"I shan't eat him, if you mean that," says Mr. Peyton, half irritably. "What do you think I am going to say to him? 'Is thy father an ogre, that he should do this thing? But have you quite made up your mind to this step? Remember, there will be no undo-

'ng it.' "I know that, but I feel no fear." She has grown pale again. "I love him. How should I know regret when with him? I believe in him, and trust him; and I know he is worthy of all my trust." Mr. Peyton sighs. Some words come to his

memory, and he repeats them to himselfslowly, beneath his breath,-There are no tricks in plain and simple faith!" Truly, her faith is pure and simple, and free

from thought of guile. "I wonder what James Scrope will say to it all?" he says, presently.

"No; tell him yourself," says her father, in a curious tone. "There is the dressing-bell," says Clarissa, getting up lazily. "I don't feel a bit like ent-

ing my dinner, do you know?" "Nonsense! The love-sick role won't suit you. And people who don't cat dinner get pale, and lose all their pretty looks. Run away, now, and don't be long. I feel it would be injudicious to put cook into a tantrum again to-night, after last night's explosion.

So go and make yourself lovely." "I'll do my best," says Clarisso, modestly.

CHAPTER XI.

"I cannot but remember such things were; That were most precious to me.

Oh I could play the woman with mine eyes.' MACBETH. "To tell him berself' has some strange attraction for Clarissa. To hear, face to face, what this her oldest friend will say to her engagement with Horace is a matter of great anxiety to her. She will know at once by his eyes and smile whether he approves or disap-

proves her choice. Driving slong the road to Scrope, behind her pretty ponies, "Cakes" and "Ale" with her little rough Irish terrier, "Secretary Bill" half a dozen judges, she wonders anxiously

She hopes to goodness he won't be in his things to pieces, and generally condemning the sound judgment of others. (As a rule, ments on James Scrope's character.) It will be so much better if she can only come upon "Our engagement will be such a long one, him out of doors, in his homeliest mood, with a cigar between his lips, or his pipe. Yes, his pipe will be even better, Men are even more genial with a pipe than with the goodliest

havana. Well, of course, if he is the great friend he professes to be-heavy emphasis on the verb and a little flick of the whip on "Cake's quacters, which the spirited but docile creature resents bitterly—he must be alad at the thought that she is not going to leave the country-is, in fact, very likely to spend most of her time still in Pullingham.

· Not all of it, of course. Horace has dutler and though in her secret soul she detests town: life, still: there is a joy in the thought: that she will be with him, helping him, encouraging him in his work, rejoicing in Lis successes, sympathizing with his fal-, but no, of course there will be no fallures! How stupid of her to think of that, when he is so

clever, so learned, so-Yet it would be sweet, too, to have him fail once or twice (just a little, insignificant, net worth speaking about sort of a defeat), if only to let him see how she could love him even the more for it.

She blushes, and smiles to herself, and turning suddenly, bestows a most unexpected caress upon " Secretary Bill," who wags his short tail in return—that is, what they left him of it—lovingly, if somewhat anxiously, and glances at her sideways out of his wonderful eyes, as though desirous of assuring himself of her sanity.

Ob, yes, of course James will be delighted. (Continued on Third Page)

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FEBRUARY BULLETIN

AT ONCE!

Floods and Rains Coming "MA



CEALED TENDERS, marked "For Mounted Police Provisions, Forage and Light supplies," and addressed to the Hon, the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa will be received up to noon on WEDNESDAY, 1st MARCH.

Printed forms of Tender, containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application at the Department.

partment.

No Tender will be received unless made on such printed forms.

Each Tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian Bank Cacque for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party making the tender declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the service contracted for if the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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having been first obtained
LINDSAY RUSSELL,
FRED. WHITE,
Deputy Minister
Of the Interior Comptroller.
Ottawa, January 21st, 1892. of the Interior.

INFORMATION WANTED. INFORMATION WANTED.—
Information is wanted of Mrs. Edward Lynch, maiden name Catherire Leavy, oldest daughter of Michael Leavy and Mary McGan, of Mulienganstown, Co. Westmeath, Ireland. She was married about the year 1810, came to America immediately aiter and settled in Montreal, Canada. She had two sisters, Margaret and Mary, and a brother William who came to America afterwards. Any information of her may be sent to the editor of the Catholic Tribune, St. Joseph, Missouri, or may be left at the office of The Post and True Witness.

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