## SURE CURE KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES. PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY

"Kinney-West is the most successful removing lever used." Dr. P. C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt. "Kinney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. B. N. Clark, Sc. Here, Vt. "Kidney-West has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. M. Summerlin, Sun Hill, Ga. IN THOUSANDS OF CASES

it has event where all clue had fulled. It in mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmiess in all cases.

EF Its deanese the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Ridneys it restored. The Liver is cleaned of all disease, and the Bowels more freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are cradicated from the system.

PINCE, 61.00 LICTED OR BIT, SOLD BY DECCEPT Dry can be sent by right.
WELLS, RICHARDSUT & CO. Carlington Va. The second of th

PREPARE FOR THE ENEMY

## CHOLERA

COMINGI

The countries where Cholera prevails, as in India, China and Africa, Pain-Killer is consideral the sevest and safest of all known remedies, and the natives place the most perfecreliance in it.

Read the following extract from the letter of missionary in China :--

DEAR Shas: - I ought to have acknowledged long ago the box of Pain-Killer you had the goodness to send mo last year. Its coming was most providential. I believe hundreds of lives were saved, under God, by it. The Cholera appeared here soon after we received it. We resorted at once to the PAIN-KILLER, using a directed for Cholera. as directed for Cholera. A list was kept of all to whom the Pain-Killer was given, and our native assistants assured us that eight out of every ten to whom it was prescribed, recovered Believe me, dear sirs, gratefully and faithfully

> J. M. JOHNSON, Missionary to Swaton, China.

Beware'of Counterfeits and Imitations. Ask for the genuine Perry Davis' Pain-Killer and take no other.

TEACHERS WANTED for Belleville Sep A erate School: a Male Teacher, as Principal, holding a first or second class certificate, and a Female Teacher, holding a third class certificate. Duties to commence on the first of September, 1884. Application, stating salary, testimonials, &c., to be made to P. P. LYNCH,

Sec. Treas, S. S. Board. Belleville, July 12th, 1884.

TNFORMATION WANTED of Edward Maney, who left County Carlow, Ireland. about 53 years ago and came to Quelice, where he resided for some time with an uncle named Dalay. While in Ireland he was a car-driver, and drove from Mrs. Kelly's Inn, Borris, to Westmorris's Hotel, Carlow. Information with be thankfully received by Mary Maney, liox 64, Gardiner P.O., Ulster Co., N.Y., U.S. 49-3

Civil service reform is a thorough success on many railroads.

DIAMOND DYES. These wondrons Dyes create surprise And charm and gratify the eyes. They'll color aught one can devise, They've colored what you'd not surmise. Made Pigeons Birds of Paradise.

A Geneva organ-grinder has left a fortune of \$14,000 to his heirs.

A SEARCH WARRANT. If there is any lurking taint of scrofula in the system, Burdock Blood Bitters are war-

The schools of Jersey City can accommodate only 30 per cent of the school popula-

ranted to search it out.

FOR OLD OR YOUNG. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the remedy for Cholera, Diarrhum and Dysentery. No person is safe without it, . .

In Denmark the annual consumption of spirits is nearly fourteen gallons per adult

RESCUED AT LAST.

W. H. Crocker, druggist of Waterdown, says, when all other remedies fail for Bowel Complaints, then Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry comes to the rescue. . .

Y. C. Douglass, of Parker, Neb., thinks he will soon die, and advertises his body for sale for dissection.

PREJUDICED PEOPLE.

Many people are prejudiced against patent medicines but all who try Burdock Blood Bitters are compelled to acknowledge it worthy a patent as a valuable discovery.

An American painter of the pretty name of Boggs, has just received a prize at the Nice Art Exposition.

NO RIVAL IN THE FIELD. There is no rival for Dr. Fowler's Extract

of Wild Strawberry. It is the acknowledged champion for the cure of all Summer Complaints.

Lord Rupertswood, an Australian sheep and cattle man, lives in a \$4,000,000 house at Melbourne. :

changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McGale's Compound Butternut Pills will simulate the Liver to healthy action, tone appthe Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby Triving ure and vigor to the system generally.
For sale everywhere. Price, 25c per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—B. E. Worms, McGale chemist, Montreal 95 tf system.

LDISTINGUISHED JESUIT TO ATTEND THE

MONTERAL MERTING

The Rev. S. J. Perry, S.J., F.R.S., F.R. A.S., F.R. M.S., will, as we have already, stated, attend the approaching meeting in Montreal. We glean from the London Times the following information regarding this distinguished English scientist: Having studied arts at the English College, Douzy, and followed a course of mental philosophy at Rome, he entered the Society of Jesus in 1853, and studied high mathematics at Stonyhurst, London and Paris. In 1863 he was appointed director of the Meteorological and Astronomical Observatory at Stonyhurst. Elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1874, he has erved for several years on the councils of the meteorological and astronomical societies, is an honorary member of "La Societie Scientifique de Bruxelles" and corresponding member of "La Societé Geographique d'Anvers." In 1868-69 he made magnetic surveys of the West and East of France, and in the summer of 1871, a similar survey of Belgium, the results of which, together with several other papers by the same author, on Terrestrial Magnetism were published in the "Philosophical Transactions," and in the Proceedings" of the Royal Society. He was chosen by the English Government as head of the expedition to Cadiz sent to observe the total celipse of the sun in December, 1870, and in 1874 he received commission from the admiralty as chief of the government expedition sent to Kerquelin Island in the South Indian Ocean for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus; and here, as on the magnetic surveys of Belgium and France, he was accompanied by the Rev. W. Sidgreaves, S. J. In addition to the astronomical work, a long series of magnetic observations were taken on the Island of Kerquelin and at many stations on the way. 'Notes' of his 'Yoyage to Kerquelin' appeared in The Month of 1875-76, and the astronomical results of the expedition in the 'Account of Observations of the Transit of Venus, December 8th, 1874, made by of venus, December 856, 1874, made by authority of the British Government,' by Sir G. B. Airy, and 'A report of the meteorology of Kerquelin, by the Rev. S. J. Perry,' was published by the meteorological office in 1870. Again in 1882 the British Government sent out expeditions to observe the transit of Venus, the second in this century, and Fathers Perry and Sidgreaves joined H. M. S. Fawn at the Cape of Good Hope to take the necessary astronomical elservations in the northwest of Mada-gasear. The transit of the planet was observed by them under the most favorable circumstances, and also by Captain Aldrich, R. N., who determined very accurately the longitude of the station at Nos Vey. Magnetic observations at Madagascar formed part of the history of this interesting country received as much attention and study as leisure from astronomical work permitted. As simultaneous observations of solar, magnetic and meteorological phenomena are regularly carried on at Stonyhurst, it is hoped that the mass of accurate data in possession of the Rev. Father Perry will prove of service at the approaching meeting of the British Association in the cffort now being made to determine the connection between these three different classes

IN MEMORY OF FANNY PARNELL New York, July 22. - A memorial service in honor of the late foundress of the Ladies' Land League - Miss Fanny Parnell - washeld in the Court Room of the Sixth Judicial Distriet Court, Fourth Avenue, last night. The room was crowded. Mrs. Kata Diggs, Vice-President of the League, presided. The oration was delivered by Mr. Stephen J. Meany, and P. Gallagher, President of the Land League, gave an appropriate address. Mme. D'Erina played and sang appropriate selections of music.

of phenomena, the more so as the relation be-

tween them is to be the subject of formal dis-

cussion in the astronomical section this year.

To Remove Dandruff-Cleanse the scalp with Prof. Low's Masic Sulphur Soan. A delightful medicated scap for the toilet.

Buron Nathan Rothschild's new privat yacht, to be launched shortly, is the largest and costliest in the world.

A Crying Evil.—Children are often fretul and ill when Worms is the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all Worms.

San Francis: o has 3,000 Chimmen in cigar factories, and dealers are training white boys and girls to take their places.

If you are troubled with a "hacking Down's Elixir will give you relief at once. Warranted as recommended or

money refunded. The Louisiana & Texas Railroad has not

been able to do any business for six mouths on

Only one Speaker is now unrepresented in the gallery of portraits at Washington -Na thaniel Macon, of North Carolina. He was so averse to leaving his portrait to posterity that he in great anger ordered one destroyed which an artist had sketched as he sat in the Speaker's chair.

HOPEFUL WORDS. Mrs. McArthur, of Hopeville, Ont., says she could not keep house without Hagyard's

and lung troubles. Paris is the Cincinnati of Europe. Of 300 men tried for murder during the past year only five were convicted.

Pectorial Balsam to cure prevailing throat

TIME TRIES ALL.

It is an indisputable fact that as time rolls along the fame of Kidney Wort is becoming greater as its large and increasing sale shows. It is well known and much used from Halifax to British Columbia. Those having Kidney, Liver or other kindred disorders should get it

A common complaint in Texas is that brass bands are addicted to drinking as well as to making hideous noises at night.

THE LATEST DYNAMITE HOAX.

It was known that a certain smart U. S.
young man had studied chemistry for six
months; had ordered a sectioned hand-bag
and sailed for England. It was subsequently ascertained that he had made several visits to a clock and watch maker before leaving. The cable was used to cause his arrest on arrival, and a tric of metaphysicians were summoned OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE.

All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more or less subject to derangement of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected in a cultars, 4 shirt collars, and a box of tooth-picks.— Hull Budget,

> A live pak tree at Indian River, Fla. measures (wenty-three feet ten inches in circumf-rende six feet from the ground.

Worms often destroy children, but the sly and to have to hide it reeman's Worm Powders destroy suspected of worse things."

Worms, and expel them from the suspected of worse things."

BY CHARLES READE.

Author of "Il's Never Too Late to Mend," "Griffith Caunt,""" Hard Cael," "Put Yourself in His Place," de., de.

CHAPTER IX. -Continued. "Leave the country?" said Mary, faintly. What good would that do?"

I den't know. Perhaps bring my father to his enses for one thing; and who knews?-perhaps you will listen to reason when you see I can't wait for the consent of two egotists-for that is what they both are -that have no real love or pity for you or

me."
"Ah," said Mary, with a deep sigh, "I sec even men have their faults, and I admired them so. They are impatient, selfish."

"Yes, if it is selfish to defend one's self against brutal selfishness; I am selfish; and that is better than to be a slave to egotists, and lie down to be trodden on as you would Come, Mary, for pity's sake decide which you love best-your father, who does not care much for you, or me, who adores you, and will give you a life of gratitude as well as love, if you will only see things as they are and always will be, and trust yourself to me as my dear, dear, blessed, adored

wife! "I love you best, ' said Mary, "and hope it is not wicked. But I love him too, though he does say 'wait.' And I respect myself, and I dare not defy my parent, and I will not marry secretly; that is degrading. And, oh, Walter, think how young I am and inexperienced, and you that are so much older, and I hoped would be my guide and make me better; is it you who tempt me to clandestine meetings that I blush for, and a clandestine marriage for which I should despise my-

Walter turned suddenly calm, for these

words pricked his conscience.
"You are right," said he. "I am a blackguard, and you are an angel of purity and goodness. Forgive me, 1 will never tempt nor terment you again. For pity's sake forgive me. You don't know what men's pas sions are. Forgive me !"

"'Vith all my heart, dear," said Mary crying gently. He put both arms suddenly round her neck and kissed her wet eyes with a sigh of despair. Then he seemed to tear himself away by a great effort, and she leaned limp and powerless on the gate, and heard his footsteps die away into the night. They struck chill upon her foreboding heart, for she felt that they were parted

## CHAPTER X.-THE GORDIAN KNOT.

Walter, however, would not despair until te had laid the alternative before his father. programme of the expedition, and the natural | H, did so, firmly but coolly. His father, ir ritated by the scene with Bartley, treated Walter's proposal with indignant scorn. Walter continued to keep his temper, and with some reluctance asked him whether he owed nothing, not even a sacrifice of his prejudices, to a son who had never disobeyed

him, and had improved his circumstances. "Come, sir," said he; "when the happiness of my life is at stake I venture to lay aside delicacy, and ask you whether I have not been a good son, and a serviceable one to

"Yes," Walter," said the Colonel, "with this exception." "Then now or never, give me my reward.

"I'll try," said the grim Colonel; "but I see it will be hard work. However, I'll try and save you from a mesalliance. "A mesalliance, sir? Why, she is a Clif-

ford. "The deuce she is!"

"A much a Clifford as I am." "That is news to me."

"Yes; an O'Ryan; not a trader; not a small-coal man." Like the Marquis of Londonderry, sir, and the Earl of Durham. Come, father, don't the old soldier more than all. He was sole sacrifice your son, and his happiness and his proprietor of the village, and every house sherince your son, and his applies and his propriets the life it, with the exception of a certain beer-world has outlived. Commerce does not house, fishked by an aere and a half of ground.

fower a gentleman, nor speculation, either, in these days. The nobility and the leading gentry of these islands are most of them in business. They are all shareholders, and often directors of railways, and just as much traders as the old coach proprietors were. They let their land and so do you, to the highest bidder, not for honor or any romantic sentiment, but for money, and that is trude. Mr. Bartley is his own farmer: well, so was Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, and the Queen made him a peer for it—what a sensible sovereign!

Are Rothschild and Montefore shunned for their daughters marry? Trade rules the National Fills is the favorite purgative and anti-billous medicine, they are mild and thorough.

| worm, and keeps it from stagnation. Genius writes, or paints, or plays Hamlet—for money; and is respected in exact proportion to the amount of money it gets. Charity holds world, and keeps it from stagnation. Genius fit, and nearly every new church is a trade speculation. Is my happiness and hers to be sacrificed to the chimeras and crotchets that everybody in England but you has out-

lived ?" "All this," replied the unflinching sire.
"I have read in the papers, and my son shall not marry the daughter of a trader and cad who has insulted me grossly; but that, I presume, you don't object to.

This stung Walter so that he feared to con-

tinue the discussion.
"I will not reply," said he. "You drive me to despair. I leave you to reflect. Perhaps you will prize me when you see me no

With this he left the room, packed up his dothes, went to the nearest railway, off to London, collected his funds, crossed the water, and did not write one word to Clifford Hull, except a line to Julia, "Loft England heart-broken, the victim of two egotists and my sweet Mary's weak conscientiousness. God forgive me, I am angry even with her,

but I don't doubt her love. This missive and the general consternation at Clifford Hall brought Julia full gallop to Mary Bartley ..

They read the letter together, and Julia was urious against Colonel Clifford. But Mary interposed.
"I am afraid," said she, "that I am the

person who was most to blame." "Why, what have you done?" "He said our case was desperate, and waiting would not alter it; and he should

le ve the country unless—"
"Unless what? How can I advise you if you have any concealments from me?" "Well, then, it was unless'I would consent to a clandestine marriage." And you refused-very properly."

"And I refused—very properly one would think—and what is the consequence? I have driven the man I love away from his friends. as well as from me, and now I begin to be very sorry for my properness."
"But you don't olush for it as you would for the other "The idea ! To be married on

the sly and to have to hide it from everyundy, and to be found out at last, or else be

no favors, no wedding cake, no bishop, no proper dress, not even a bridal veil fit to be seen! Why, it ought to be the great show of girl's life, and she ought to be a public queen, at all events for that one day, for ten

to one she will be a slave all the rest of her life if she loves the fellow." She pause for breath one moment.

"And it isn't as if you were low people. Why, it reminds me of a thing I read in some novel; a city clerk, or some such person, took a walk with his sweetheart into the country, and all of a sudden he said, 'Why, there is something hard in my pocket. What is it I wonder? A plain gold ring. Does it fathers an, but never have I felt it as now. If the father to die, and his son's hand I declare; then keep it till further orders. Then they walked a little further. 'Why, to pass between them as the poor old man what is this? Two pairs of white glove. Try the little pair on, and I will try the big ones. Stop! I declare here's a church, and the bells beginning to ring. Why, who told them that I've got a special liceuse in my pocket? Hallo! there are two fellows hanging about; best men, witnesses, or some such persons, I should not wonder. I think I know one of them; and here is a parson coming over a stile! What an opportunity for us now just to run in and get married! Come on, old girl, lend me that wedding ring a minute, I'll give it you back again in the church.' No, thank you, Mr. Walter; we love you very dearly, but we are ladies,

and we respect ourselves.' In short, Julia contirmed Mary Bartley in her resolution, but she could not console her

under the consequences. Walter did not write a line even to her; she couldn't but fear that he was really in despair, and would cure himself of his affection if he could. She began to pine; the roses faded gradually out of her checks, and .Mr. Bartley himself began at last to pity her, for though he did not love her, he liked her, and was proud of her affection. Another thing, Hope might come home now any day, and if he found the girl sick and pining, he might say this is a breach of contract.

He asked Mary one day whether she wouldn't like a change.

"I could take you to the seaside," said he, but not very cordially. "No, papa," said Mary, "why should you leave your mine when everything is going so

prosperously? I think I should like to go to the lakes, and pay my old nurse a visit "And she would talk to you of Walter Clifford ?"

"Yes, papa," said Mary, firmly, "she would; and that's the only thing can do me any good."
"Well, Mary," said Bartley, "if she could

be content with praising him, and regretting the insuperable obstacles, and if she would encourage you to be patient. There, let me think of it." Things went hard with Colonel Clifford. He felt his son's desertion very bitterly,

though he was too proud to show it; he now found out that universally as he was respected, it was Walter who was the most beloved both in the house and in the neigh-One day he heard a multitude shouting, and soon learned the reason. Bartley had

struck a rich vein of coal, and tons were coming up to the surface. Colonel Clifford would not go near the place, but he sent old Baker to inquire, and Baker from that day used to bring him back a number of details, some of them especially galling to him. By degrees, and rapid ones, Bartley was be-

"Why, one of her parents was a Clifford, and your own sister. And one of mine was him for the slack, or very small coal, and flattered him. took it away gratis; they spoke slightingly of Colonel Clifford, which they had never ventured to do before. But soon a circumstance occurred which mortified This beer-house was a great eyesore to him; he tried to buy this small freeholder out; but the man saw his advantage, and demanded £1,500—nearly treble the real value.

Walter, however, by negotiating in a more friendly spirit, had obtained a reduction, and was about to complete the purchase for £1,. 150. But when Walter left the country the proprietor never dreamed of going again to the haughty colonel. He went to Bartley, and Bartley bought the property in five min-utes for £1,200, and paid a deposit to clinch the contract. He completed the man, and have knocked purchase with unheard of rapidity, their speculations by the nobility? Whom do and set an army of workmen to raise a pit village, or street of eighty houses. They were ten times better built than the colonel's cottages; not one of them could ever be vacant, they were too great a boon to the miners; nor could the rent be in arrears, with so sharp a hand as the mine-owner; the beer-house was to be perpetuated, and a nucleus of custom secured from the miners, partly by the truck system, and partly by the superiority of the liquor, for Bartley announced at once that he should brew the

All these things were too much for a man with gout in his system; Colonel Clifford had a worse attack of that complaint than ever : it rose from his feet to other parts of his

frame, and he took to his bed. In that condition a physician and surgeon visited him daily, and his lawyer also was sent for, and was closeted with him for a long time on more than one occasion.

All this caused a deal of speculation in the village, and as a system of fetch-and-carry was now established by which the rival magnates also received plenty of information, though not always accurate, about each other, Mr. Bartley heard what was going on, and put his own construction upon it.

Just when Mr. Hope was expected to re-turn came a letter to Mary to say that he should be detained a day or two longer, as he had a sore throat and fever, but nothing alarming. Three or four days later came a letter only signed by him, to say he had a slight attack of typhoid fever, and was under

medical care. Mary implored Mr. Bartly to let her go to him. He refused, and gave his reasons, which were really sufficient, and now he became more unwilling than ever to let her visit Mrs.

This was the condition of affairs when one day an old man with white hair, dressed in

groom, and asked, in an agitated voice if he might see Miss Mary Bartley.

Her visitors were so few that she was never refused on speculation, so John Baker was shown at once into her drawing-room. He was too much agitated to waste times agitated voice if he is staying at the lakes.

"No, no." said Mr. Bartley; she's staying at the lakes."

"No, no." said Mr. Bartley; she's staying at the lakes."

"Oh, my poor Walter, how pale and worn ing with her sister Gilbert; quite within a drive."

"Oh, Miss Bartley," said he. "we are in great distress."

"Are you are; but it's arm's length, and mourned over each other twenty miles, I believe, to where she is staying at the lakes."

"Oh, my poor Walter, how pale and worn ing with her sister Gilbert; quite within a drive."

"You are thing was, they held each other arm's length, and mourned over each other twenty miles, I believe, to where she is staying at the lakes."

"Oh, my poor Walter, how pale and worn ing with her sister Gilbert; quite within a drive."

"You are the lakes."

"Are you are; but it's arm's length, and mourned over each other twenty miles, I believe, to where she is staying at the lakes."

"Oh, my poor Walter, how pale and worn ing with her sister Gilbert; quite within a drive."

"You are the latest thing was, they held each other arm's length, and mourned over each other tree in the latest thing was, they held each other arm's length, and mourned over each other tree in the latest thing was, they held each other arm's length, and mourned over each other arm's length, and mourned over each other tree is the latest the latest thing was, they held each other arm's length, and mourned over each other arm's length, and mourned over each other arm's length, and mourned over each other tree is the latest the lat Her visitors were so few that she was never refused on speculation, so John Baker was shown at once into her drawing room. He was too much agitated to waste time was the Hall. Mr. Walter has cone and not left his address and my room master is dying!"

Mary uttered an unfeigned exclamation of horror.

"And that we may never part again, was the old man, "God bless little stipend as before; how surprised you of the reach of acute as the mary at once, and put lour happiness of the reach of acute as the mary at once, and put lour happiness of the reach of acute as the mary at once, and put lour happiness of the reach of acute as the mary at once, and put lour happiness of the reach of acute as the mary at once, and put lour happiness of the reach of acute as the mary at once, and put lour happiness of the reach of acute as the mary at once, and put lour happiness of the reach of acute as the mary at once, and put lour happiness of the reach of acute as the mary at once, and put lour happiness of the reach of acute as the mary at once, and put lour happiness of the reach of acute as the mary at once, and put lour happiness of the reach of acute as the mary at once, and put lour happiness of the lour happiness of the reach of acute as the mary at once was the mary at the lakes."

"And that we may have a stay in the lakes."

"And that we may have a stay in the lakes."

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"And that we may have a stay in the lakes."

"And that we may have a stay in the lakes."

"And that we may have a stay in the lakes."

"And that we may have a stay in the lakes."

"And that we may have a stay in

"Never you mind child, your swomauly you; you feel for us II mind on the old instinct is better than knowledge or experience, and it has guided you straight? If you had consented, I should have lost my respect for you."

And then, as the small view of a thing is apt to enter the female head along with the big view, she went on, with great animation:

"And then for a young lady to sneak into a miss; we don't know what country he is into that is all; but, in course, that is all; but, in course, from Dover, but that is all; but, in course, he writes to you—that stands to reason; you'll give me his address, won't you? and

we shall all bless you." "Mary turned pale, and the tears streamed

down her eyes. "Oh, sir," said she, "I'd give the world if I could tell you. I know who you are; my poor Walter has often spoken of you to me Mr. Baker. One word from you would have been mough; I would have done anything for you that I could. But he has never written to me at all. I am as much deserted as any of you, and I have felt it as deeply as any not in his; no looks of love and forgiveness leaves this world, its ambitions and its quarrels, and perhaps sees for the first time how mall they all are compared with the love of those that love us, and the peace of God.' Then this ardent girl stretched out both

her hands. "O God, if my frivolous life has been innocent, don't let me be the cause of this horrible thing; don't let the father die without comfort, nor the son without forgiveness, for, a miserable girl who has come between them and meant no harm.

This eloquent burst quite overpowered poor old John Baker. He dropped into a chair, his white head sunk upon his bosom, he sobped and trembled, and for the first time showed his age.

"What on earth is the matter?" said Mr Bartley's voice, as cold as an icicle, at the door.

Mary sprang toward him impetuously. "Oh, papa!" she cried, "Colonel Clifford is dying, and we don't know where Walter is : we can't know." "Wait a little," said Bartley, in some agi-

tation. "My letters have just come in, and I thought I saw a foreign postmark.' He slipped back into the hall, brought in several letters, selected one, and gave it to

Mary. "This is for you, from Marsoilles." He then retired to his study, and without the least agitation, or the least loss of time, returned with a book of telegraph forms.

Meanwhile Mary tore the letter open, and read it caperly to John Baker.
"Grand Hotel, Novilles, Marseilles, May 16.
"My own Dear Love,—I have vowed that will not write again to tempt you to any thing you think wrong; but it looks like quarrelling to hide my address from you.
Only I do beg of you, as the only kindness you can do me now, never to let it be known

by any living creature at Clifford Hall." WALTER." "Yours till death, WALTER."
Mr. Bartley entered with the telegraph forms, and said to Mary, sharply;

"Now, where is he?"

Mary told him. "Well, write him a telegram. It shall be at the railway in half an hour, at Marseilles theoretically in one hour, practically in

Mary sat down and wrote her telegram : " Pray come to Clifford Hall. Your father s dangerously ill." "Show it to me," said Bartley.

gram. Don't frighten him too much; leave him the option to come or stay.' He tore it up, and said :

And on perusing it: "A woman's tele-

'Now write a business telegram, and make sure of the thing you want." "Come home directly-your father is

dying.',
Old Baker started up:
"God bless you, sir," says he, "and God bless you, miss, and make you happy one bless you, miss, and make you happy one."
"" myself, as my trap is at the

He bustled out, and his carriage drove away at a great rate. Mr. Bartley went quietly to his study to business without another word, and Mary leaned back a little exhausted by the scane, but a smile almost of happiness came and tarried on her sweet face for the first time these many days; as for old John Baker, he

told his tale triumphantly at the Hall, and not without vanity, for he was proud of his good judgment in going to Mary Bartley. To the old housekeeper, a most superior woman of his own age, and almost a lady, he said something rather remarkable which he

was careful not to bestow on the young wags "Mrs. Milton," says he, "I am an old man, and have knocked about at home and abroad, and seen a deal of life, but I've seen something to-day that I never saw before." "Ay, John, surely; and whatever was

"I've seen an angel pray to God, and I have seen God answer her."

From that day Mary had two stout, faithful

partisans in Clifford Hall. Mr. Bartley's views about Mary now began to waver. It occurred to him that should colonel Clifford die and Walter inherit his estates, he could easily come to terms with the young man so passionately devoted to his

daughter. He had only to say: "I can make no allowance at present, but I'll settle my whole fortune upon Mary and her children after my death, if you'll make a

moderate settlement at present. And Walter would certainly fall into this. and not demand accounts from Mary's

trustee. So, now he would have positively encouraged Mary in her attachment, but one thing held him back a little; he had learned by ac-cident that the last entail of Clifford Hall and the dependent estates dated two generations back, so that the entail expired with Colonel Clifford, and this had enabled the colonel to sell some of the estates, and clearly gave him power now to leave Clifford Hall away from his son.

Now, the people who had begun to fetch and carry tales between the two magnates, told him of the lawyer's recent visits to Clifford Hall, and he had some misgivings that the colonel had sent for the lawyer to alter his will and disinherit, in whole or in part, his absent and rebellious son. All this taken together made Mr. Bartley resolve to be kinder to Mary in her love affair than he ever had been, but still to be guarded and cautiouŝ.

"Mary, my dear," said he, "I am sure you'll be on thorns till this young man comes

look Mary Why I'm not like that old col-one, intelerant of their deciles views, when they advance them trilly. That woman they advance them civilly. That woman helped me to save yourgline in a very great danger, and i or many years ahe has been as careful as a nother, and we are not so to say, at a ggers drawn bout Walter Clifford W by I only demand a little prodenceand part ince noth from you and from her. Now, telk might is there proper accommoda-tions for you at Mrs. Gilbert's house?"

Oh, yes, papa it is a farmhouse now but it was a grand place. There's a beautiful space rooms a ith an oriel window."

Well, th en, you secure that, and write to day to h ave a blazing fire, and the bed properly are d as well as the sheets, and you half go to morrow in the four wheel; and you can take her her little stipend in a letter."

This sudd en kindness and provision for her health and happiness filled Mary's heart to overflowing, and her gratitude gushed forth upon Mr. Be rtleris neck.

The old fox blandly absorbed it, and took the opportruity to say :

"Of course it is understood that matters are to go no further between you and Walter Clifford. Oh, I don't mean that you're to drive him to despair; only insist upon his being patient like yourself. Everything comes sooner or later to those who know how to wait."

"Oh, papa," cried Mary, "you've said more to comfort me than Mrs. Laston or any body can; but I feel the change will do me good. I am, oh, so grateful !" So Mary wrote her letter, and went to Mrs. Easton next day. After the usual embraces, she gave Mrs. Easton the letter,

and was duly installed in the state bedroom. She wote to Julia Clifford to say where she was, and that was her way of letting Walter Clifford know. Walter bimself arrived at Clifford Hall

aext day, worn, anxious, and remorseful, and was shown at once to his father's hedside, The colonel gave him a wasted hand, and sant:

" Dear boy. I thought you'd come. We've had our last quarrel, Walter. Walter burst into tears over his father's hand, and nothing was said between them

about their temporary estrangement.

The first thing Walter, did was to see two professional nurses from Derby, and seeme his father's constant attention night and day, and, above all, nourishment at all hours of the night-when the patient would take it. On the afternoon after his arrival the colonel fell into a sound sleep. Then Walter ordered his horse, and in less than an hour was at Mrs. Gilbert's place.

CHAPTER XI.

THE KNOT CUT, -ANOTHER TIED. The farmhouse the Gilberts occupied had been a family mansion of great antiquity with a most around it. It was held during the civil war by eastout loyalist, who armed and garrisoned it after a fashion with his own servants.

This had a different effect to what he intended. It drew the attention of one of Cromwell's generals, and he despatched a party with cannon and petards to reduce the place, whilst he marched on to join Cromwell in enterprises of more importance. The detachment of Roundheads summoned the place. The royalist, to show his respect for their authority, made his kitchen wench squeak a defiance from an upper window, from which she bolted with great rapidity as soon as she had thus represented the valor of the establishment, and when next seen it was in the cellar, wedged in between two barrels of beer. The men went at it hammer and tongs, and in twenty-four hours a good many cannon-balls traversed the building, a great many stuck in the walls like plums in a Christmas pudding, the doors were blown in with petards, and the principal defenders, with a few wounded Roundheads, were carried off to Cromwell himself: whilst the house itself was fired, and blazed away

merrily. Cronwell threatened the royalist gentleman with death for defending an untenable

"I didn't know it was untenable," said the gentleman. "How could I till I had "You had the fate of fortified places to instruct you," said Cromwell, and he promised faithfully to hand him on his own

ruius. The gentleman turned pale and his lips quivered, but he said :
"Well. Mr. Cromwell, I've fought for my

royal master according to my lights, and I can die for him."
"You shall, sir," said Mr. Cromwell. About next morning Mr. Cromwell, who had often a cool fit after a hot one, and was a very big man, take him altogether, gave a different order. "The fool thought be was

doing his duty; turn him loose." The fool in question was so proud of h battered house that he left it standing there bullets and all, and built him a house else

where. King Charles the Second had not lauded month before he made him a baronet, and one tenant after another occupied a portion of the old mansion. Two state-rooms were roofed and furnished with the relies of the entire mansion, and these two rooms the present baronet's surveyor occupied at rare in tervals when he was inspecting the large properties connected with the baronet's

estate. Mary Bartley now occupied two room connected by folding doors, and she sat pensive in the oricl-window of her bedroom Young ladies cling to their bedroom soung ladies cling to their bedrooms ospecially when they are pretty and airy Suddenly she heard a scurry and patter of horse's hoof, reined up at the side of the house. She darted from the window and stood panting in the middle of the room. The next minute Mrs. Easton entered the sitting room all in a flatter and healens. sitting-room all in a flutter, and beckene

her. Mary flew to her.
"He is here." "I thought he would be." "Will you meet him down stairs?"

"No, here." Mrs. Easton acquiesced, rapidly closed th olding doors and went out, saying:
"Try and calm yourself, Miss Mary."

Miss Mary tried to obey her, but Walte rushed in impetuously, pale, worn, agitated yet enraptured at the first sight of her, an Mary threw herself round his neck in a m ment, and he clasped her fluttering bosom his beating heart, and this was the nature atist Destouches, improving upon Horace, that in England his immortal line is given Moliere. "Chassez le naturel, il revient