Little Blick to Six and were

A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.

A good housewife, when she is giving he house its spring renovating, should beir in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more spreadons than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and missma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the puress and best of medicines. - Concord (N. H.)

## TRUE WITNESS FOR 1882.

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

This is the age of general improvement and the TRUE WITNESS will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of discase of the heart after a few years, while others, though The fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticise Darwins theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The TRUE WITHERS IS now what we may term an established fact, it is over 35 years in ex. istence.

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

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

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

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

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the TRUE WITNESS for one year.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 eash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy iree and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the TRUE WITNESS; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We want active intelligent agents throughcot Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our Interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The TRUE WITNESS will be mailed to clergyman, school teachers and postmasters at

\$1.00 per annum in advance. Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different sowns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible presure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their cisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.60 per annum in advance.

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

In cenclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once. # POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 OBAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

## ENGENIOUS INVENTION.

Some shrewd Yankee has invented a key that will wind any watch; it is a nest attachment to a charm, and it is said to work like a charm. So does that grand Key to Health-Burdock Blood Bitters, the greatest discovery of the age. It unlocks all the secretions, and claanses and invigorates the entire system. Sample bottles, 10 cents; large size, \$1.00 of ail medicine dealers. 31 2

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.

"BEOWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA' has no equal for relieving pain, both interpal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothashe: Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Re-Hever, and of double the strength of any other Blixir or Liniment in the world, should he in every family handy for use when wanted, "as really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. G26

C. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, N. Y., says : "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cured him of a bad Buffalo physicians, without relief; but the Olly cursed him? Heathinks it cannot be that falter never are dropping one by one, to recommended too highly warrant to slumber, perfect and serone. Diana, tired of light. case of piles of eight years' standing, having

By "THE DUCHESS."

UHAPTER XXIII-CONTINUED. MIN "Bats and grizzly owls on noiseless wings" flit to and fro, "and now the nightingale, not

distant far, begins her solitary song. Within, music is sounding, and laughter, and the faint sweet dropping of fountains. Clarissa, moving about among her guests, is looking quite lovely in a pale satin trimmed heavily with old gold. She is happy and quite content though her eyes in spite of her, turn anxiously, every-now and then, to the doorway.

Every one is smiling radiant. Even Dorian, who is waltzing with any one but the woman he desires, is looking gracious all through, and is creating havoe in the bosom of the damsel who has rashly intrusted herself to his care.

Cissy Redmond, in the arms of a cavalryman, is floating round the room, her unutterable little nez retrousse looking even more pronounced than usual. Her face is lit up with pleasurable excitement; to her—as she tells the cavalry-man without hasitation—the evening is "quite too awfully much, don't you know ?" and the cavalry-man understands her perfectly, and is rather taking to her, which is undoubtedly clever of the cavalry-man.

He is now talking to her in his very best style, and she is smiling—but not at him. Within the shelter of a door, directly oppo-

eite, stands Mr. Hastings, and he is answering back her smile fourfold. He will not dance himself-conscience forbidding-yet it pleases him to see his Cissy (as she now is) enjoying herself.

The band is playing "Beautiful Ferns' dreamily, languidly; and I think at this very moment Mr. Hasting's reverend toes are keeping excellent time to the music. But this, of course, is the barest supposition; for what human eye can penetrate leather?

The waltz comes to an end, and Dorian. having successfully rid himself of his late partner, draws Georgie's band within his arm and leads her into a conservatory.

Her late partner was a fat, kindly equire, who will dance, but who, at the expiration of each effort to eclipse Terpsichore, feels devoutly thankful that his task has come to an end. He is, to say the mildest least of him. exceedingly tiring, and Georgie is rather glad than otherwise that Dorlan should lead her into the cool recess where flowers and perfumed tountains hold full away. She sinks into a seat, and sighs andibly, and looks upward at her companion from half-closed lids. and then. letting them drop suddenly, plays, in a restless fashion, with the large black fan she holds.

Branscombe is stupidly silent; indeed, it hardly occurs to him that speech is necessary. He is gazing earnestly, tenderly, at the small tace beside him,---

"A face o'er which a thousand shadows go." self, and says, coquettishly .-

"How silent you are! What are you thinking of?" "Of you," says Dorian, simply. "What a

foolish question! You are a perfect picture in that black gown, with your baby arms and | "It is your fault that we are not dancing now. neck."

murely. "Yes. It also seems to me that you can

not be more than tifteen. You look such a little thing, and so young." "But I'm not young," says Goorgie, hastily. I am quite old. I wish you would remem-

ber I am nearly nineteen. "Quite a Noah's Ark sort of person—a fossil of the pre-Adamite period. How I envy you! You are, indeed, unique in your way. Don't be angry with me because I said you looked your; and don't wish to be old. There is no candor so hateful, no truth so un-

pleasing as age." "How do you know?" demands she, saucily, sweetly, half touched by his tone. You are not yet a Methuselah." Then, "Do you know your brother has come at last? He is very late, isn't be?"

" He always is, says Dorlan. "And he has brought a friend with him.

And who do you think it is?" "I haven't the faintest idea," says Brans combe, turning a vivid red.

" Why, my Mr. Kennedy!" "Your Mr. Kennedy?" reiterates he blank-

ly, his red becoming a crimson of the liveliest hue. "Yes-the dark thin young man I met at Sir John Lincoln's. I dare say I told you

about him?"

"Yes, you did," says Dorlan, grimly.
"I see him over there," pointing airily with her fan through the open conservatory door to a distant wall where many young men are congregated together.

"The man with the nose?" asks Branscombe, slightingly, feeling sure in his soul he is not the man with the nose.

"He has a nose," says Miss Broughton equably, "though there isn'l much of it. He is very like a Chinese pug. Don't you see him? But he is so nice."

Dorlan looks again in the desired direction. and as he does so a tall young man, with a somewhat canine expression, but very kindly, advances toward him, and, entering the conservatory, comes up to Miss Broughton with a smile full of delight upon his ingenuous countenance.

"Miss Broughton," he says, in a low musical voice, that has numistakable pleasure in it. Can it really be you? I didn't believe life could afford me so happy a moment as this."

"I saw you ten minutes ago," says Georgie,

in her quick bright fashion.

"And made no sign? That was cruel," says Kennedy, with some reproach in his tone. He is looking with ill-suppressed admiration upon her fair uplifted face... "Now that I have found you, what dance will you give me?"

"Any one I have," she says, sweetly. "The tenth? The dance after next-after

this I mean?" Branscombe, who is standing beside her, here turns his head to look steadfastly at her. His blue eyes are almost black, his lips are compressed, his face is very pale. Not an hour ago she had promised him his tenth dance. He had asked it of her in haste, even as he went by her with another partner, and she had smiled consent. Will she forget

"With pleasure," she says, soitly, gayly, her usual lovely smile upon her lips. She is apparently utterly unconsolous of any one except her old new triend. Kennedy puts her name down upon his card.

At this Dorian makes one step forward, as though to protest against something-some iniquity done; but a sudden thought striking him, he draws back, and, bringing his teeth upon his under lip with some force, turns abruptly away. When next he looks in her di-rection, he finds both Georgie and her par-

her ceaseless watch, is paling, dading, dying imperceptibly, as though feeling herself soon

to be conquered by the sturdy morn. Dorian, who has held himself carefully sloof from Miss Broughton ever since that last scene, when she had shown herself so un-mindful of him and his just claim to the dance then on the cards, now, going up to her,

says, coldly,...
"I think the next, is our dance. Miss Broughton.

Georgie, who is laughing gayly with Mr. Kennedy, turns her face to his, some surprise mixed with the sweetness of her regard. Never before has he addressed her in such a tone. "Is it?" she says gently. "I had forgot

ten; but of course my card will tell." "One often forgets, and one's card doesn't always tell," replies he, with a smile tinctured

with bitterness. She opens her eyes and stares at him blankly. There is some balm in Gilead, he tells bim-

self, as he sees she is totally unaware of his meaning. Perhaps, after all, she did forget about that tenth dance, and did not pur, osely fling him over for the man now beside per, who is grinning at her in a supremely idiotic fashion. How he hates a fellow who simpers straight through everythipg, and looks always as if the world and he were eternally at peace !

She flushes softly—a gentle, delicate flush, born of distress, coldness from even an ordinary friend striking like ice upon her heart. She looks at her card confusedly.

"Yes, the next is ours," she says, without raising her eyes; and then the band begins again, and Dorian feels her hand upon his arm, and Kennedy bows disconsolately and disappears amid the crowd. "Do you particularly want to dance this?"

ssks Dorian, with an effort. "No; not much." "Will you come out into the gardens in-

stead? I want—I must speak to you.' "You may speak to me here, or in the gar

don, or anywhere," says Georgie, rather frightened by the vehemence of his tone. She lets him lead her down the stone steps that leads to the shrubberies outside, and from thence to the gardens. The night is still. The waning moonlight clear as day.

All things seem calm and full of rest-that deepest rest that comes before the awakening. "Who is your new friend?" asks he, abruptly, when silence any longer has become

impossible. "Mr. Kennedy. He is not exactly a friend. I met him one night before in all my life, and he was very kind to me."

"One night?" repeats Dorian, ignoring the fact that she yet has sometaing more to say. One night! What an impression "-unkindly-" he must have made on that memorable ccasion, to account for the very warm reception accorded to him this evening i"

She turns her head away from him, but makes no reply.

"Why did you promise me that dance if you didn't mean it?" he goes on, with some-The small face, perhaps, objects to this thing in his voice that resembles passion, minute scrutiny, because presently it raises it mixed with pain. "I certainly believed you in earnest when you promised it to me."

"You believed right; I did mean it. Am not giving it ?" says Georgie, bewildered, her eyes gleaming, large and troubled, in the white light that illumines the sleeping world. I, for my part, would much rather be inside, "Anything else?" asks Miss Broughton, de- with the music, than out here with you, when you talk so unkindly."

"I have no doubt you would rather be any where than with me," says Dorian, hastily, and of course this new friend is intensely Interesting.

"At least he is not rude," says Miss Bronghton, calmly, plucking a pale green branch from a laurestinus near her.

"I am perfectly convinced he is one of the few faultless people on earth," says Branscombe, now in a white heat of fury. "I But yet I think you needn't have given him the dance you promised me."

"I didn't," says Miss Broughton, indignantly, in all good faith. "You mean to tell me you hadn't given me

the tenth pance half an hour before?" "The tenth! You might as well speak about the hundred and tenth! If it wasn't on

my card how could I remember it?" "But it was on your card; I wrote it down rayself."

"I am sure you are making a mistake," say Miss Broughton, mildly, though, in her present frame of mind, I think she would have dearly liked to tell him he is lying.
"Then show me your card. If I have

blundered in this matter I shall go on my knees to beg your pardon. "I don't want you on your knees,"-pettish-

"I detest a man on his kness, he siways looks so silly. As for my card "-grandly-"here it is."

Dorian, taking it, opens it, and, running his eyes down the small columns, stops short at

number ten. There, sure enough, is " D. B." in very large capitals indeed.

"You see," he says, feeling himself, as he

says it, slightly ungenerous. "I am very sorry," says Miss Broughton, standing far away from him, and with a little quiver in her tone. I have behaved badly, I now see. But I did not mean it." She has grown very pale; her eyes are dilating; her rounded arms, soft and fair and lovable as a little child's are gleaming snow-white against the background of shining laurel leaves that are glittering behind her in the moonlight. Her voice is quiet, but her eyes are full of angry tears, and her small gloved hands clasp and unclasp each other nervously.

"You have proved me in the wrong," she goes on, with a very poor attempt at coolness, and, of course, justice is on your side. And you are quite right to say anything that is unkind to me; and-and I hate people who are always in the right."

With this she turns, and, regardless of him walks hurriedly, and plainly full of childish rage, back to the house.

Dorlan, stricken with remorse, follows her. "Georgie forgive me i I didn't mean it.; I swear I didn't !" he says, calling her by her Christian name for the first time, and quite unconsciously. a Don't leave me like this; or, at least, let me call to-morrow and ex-

plain." "I don't want to see you to-morrow or any other day," declares Miss Broughton, with cruel emphasis, not even turning her head to him as she speaks.

"But you shall see me to morrow," exclaims he, seizing her hand, as she reaches the conservatory door, to detain her. "You will be here, I shall come to see you. I entreat, I implore you not to deny yourself to Raising her hand, he presses it with me." passionate fervor to his lips. Georgie, detaching her hand from his grasp,

moves away from him. ... Must is for the queen, and shall is for the king," quotes she, with a small pout, "and to-morrow—catch me if you can?"

CHAPTER XXIV

But aweeter still than this, than these, than Te first and passionate love; it stands alone."

BYRON. Next day is born, lives, grows, deepens; and, as the first cold breath of even declares itself, Dorian rides down the avenue that leads to Gowran.

Miss. Peyton is not at home (he has asked for her as in duty bound), and Miss Broughton is in the grounds somewhere. This is vague. The man offers warmly to discover her and bring her back to the house to receive Mr. Branscombe; but this Mr. Branscombe will not permit. Having learned the direction in which she is gone, he follows it and glides into a region wherein only fairles should have a right to dwell.

A tangled mass of grass, and blackberry, and fern; a dying sunlight, deep and tender soit beds of tawny moss. Myriad bluebells are alive, and, spreading themselves, far and wide, in one rich carpetting (whose color puts to shame the tall blue of the heavenly vault above), make one harmonious blending with their green straight leaves. Far as the eye can reach they spread, and

grace, and fling forth perfume to him with a lavish will. The solemn trees, that " seem to hold mystical converse with each other," look down upon the tranquil scene that, season after season changes, fades away and dies, only to

return again, fairer and fresher then of

as the light and wanton wind stoops to caress

them, shake their tiny bells with a coquettish

The fir trees tower upward and gleam green-black against the sky. Upon some topmost boughs the birds are chanting a pwan of their own, while through this "wilderness of sweets"-far down between its steep banks (that are rich with trailing ivy and drooping bracken)-runs a stream, a slow, delicious, lazy stream, that glides now over its moss grown stones, and anon flashes through some narrow ravine dark and profound. As it runs it babbles some love song to the pixies that, perchance, are peeping out at it, through their yellow tresser, from shady curves and sunkissed corners.

It is one of May's divinest efforts, a day to make one glad and feel that it is well to be alive. Yet Branscombe, walking through this fairly glen, though conscious of its beauty, is conscious, too, that in his heart he knows a want not to be satisfied until Fate shall again bring him face to face with the girl with whom he had parted so unamiacably the night before.

Had she really meant him not to call today? Will she receive him coldly? Is it even possible to find her in such an absurd place as this, where positively everything seems mixed up together in such a hopeless fashion that one can't see further than one's nose? Perhaps, after all, she is not here, has returned to the house, and is now-

Suddenly, across the bluebells, there comes to him a fresh sweet voice, that thrills him to his very heart. It is here; and there, in the distance, he can see her, just where the sunlight falls athwart the swaying ferns.

She is sitting down, and is leaning forward, having taken her knees well into her embrace. Her broad hat is tilted backward, so that the sunny straggling hair upon her forehead can be plainly seen. Her gown is snowwhite, with just a touch of black at the throat end wrists; a pretty frill of soft babyish face caresses her throat.

Clear and happy, as though it were a free bird's her voice rises on the wind and reaches Branscombe, and moves him as no other voice ever had-or will ever again have-power to move him.

"There has fallen a splendid tear From the passion-flower at the gate; She is coming, my dove, my dear; She is coming, my life, my fate."

The kind wind brings the tender passionate leve-song to him, and repeats it in his oar as it hurries onward : " My dove, my doar." How exactly the words suit her! he says them over racein to himself, almost losing th rest of the music which she is still breathing day." forth to the evening air.

"My life! my fate!" Is she his life, -his fate? The idea makes him tremble. Has he set his whole heart upon a woman who perhaps can never give him hers in return? The depth, the intensity of the passion with which he repeats the words of her song astonishes and perplexes him vaguely. is she indeed his fate? He is quite close to her now; and she turn-

ing around to him her lovely flower-like face, starts perceptibly, and, springing to her feet, confronts him with a little frown, and a sudden deepening color that spreads from chin to brow. At this moment he knows the whole truth.

Never has she appeared so desirable in his eyes. Life with her means happiness more than falls to the lot of most; life without her, an interminable blank.

Love lights upon the hearts, and straight we feel More worlds of wealth gloam in an upturned eye Than in the righ healt or the miser sea."

"I thought I told you not to come," says Miss Broughton, still frowning. "I am sure you did not," contradicts he eagerly; "you said, rather unkindly, I must confess,-but still you said it,- Catch me if you can.' That was a command. I have obeyed

it. And I have caught you." "You knew I was not speaking literally," says Miss Broughton, with some wrath. "The idea of your supposing I really meant you to catch me! You couldn't have thought it." "Well what was I to think? You certainly

said it. So I came. I believed "-humbly-"it was the best thing to do." " Yes; and you found me sitting-ar-I was, and singing at the top of my voice: How 1 dislike people," says Miss Broughton, with

unawares "

"I didn't steal, I regularly trampled," protests Branscombe, justly indignant, "right over the moss and ferns and the other things, as hard as ever I could. If bluebells won't crackle like dead leaves it isn't my fault, is it? I hadn't the ordering of them!"

"Oh, yes, it is every bit your fault," persists she, wilfully, biting, with enchanting grace largely tinctured with violousness, the blade of grass she is holding Bilence of the most eloquent, that lasts for

full minute, even until the unoffending grass is utterly consumed. "Perhaps you would rather I went away."

saye Mr. Branscombe, stiffly, seeing she will not speak. He is staring at her, and is apparently hopelessly affronted. "Well, perhaps I would," returns she,

coolly, without condescending to look at

', Good-by,'-icily.
"Good-by,'-in precisely the same tone. and without changing her position half an inch. Branscombe turns away with a precipitancy that plainly betokens hot haste to be gone.

He walks quickly in the home direction, and gets as far as the curve in the glon without once looking back. So far the hot haste laste, and is highly successful; then it grows cooler; the first deadly heat dies away; and,

Though honestly disgusted with his own want of firmness, he turns and gazes fixedly at the small white-gowned figure standing, just as he had left her, among the purple bells. Yet not exactly as he had left her; her lips

are twitching now, her lide have fallen over her eyes .... Even as he watches the soft lips part, and a smile comes to them-an open, irrepressible smile, that deepens presently into a gay, mischievous laugh, that rings sweetly, musically upon the sir.

It is too much. In a moment he is beside her again, and is gazing down on her with angry eyes. "Something is amusing you," he says. "Is

it me ?" "Yes, says the spoiled beauty, moving

back from him, and lifting her lide from her laughing eyes to cast upon him a defiant glance. "I dare say I do amuse you," exclaims he.

wrathfully, goaded to deeper anger by the as though it were the merriest jest in the mockery of her regard. "I have no doubt you can find enjoyment in the situation, but I cannot! I dare say "\_parsionately—"you think it capital fun to make me fall in love. with you.- to play with my heart until you can bind me hand and foot as your slaveonly to fling me aside and laugh at my absurd infatuation when the game has grown old and flavorless."

He has taken her hand whether she will or not, and, I think, at this point, almost unconsciously, he gives her a gentle but very decided little shake.

"But there is a limit to all thinge," he goes on, vehemently, "and here, now, at this mo-ment, you shall give me a plain answer to a plain question I am going to ask you."

He has grown very pale, and his nostrils are alightly dilated. She has grown very pale, too, and is shrinking from him. Her lips are white and trembling; her beautiful eyes are large and full of an undefined fear. The passion of his tone has carried her away with it, and has subdued within her all desire for mockery or mirth. Her whole face has changed its expression, and has become sad and appealing. This sudden touch of fear and entrenty makes her so sweet that Dorian's anger melts before it, and the great love of which .t was part again takes the upper hand.

Impulsively he takes her in his arms, and draws her near to him, as though he would willingly shield her from all evil and chase the unspoken fear from her eyes.

"Don't look at me like that," he says, earnestly. "I deserve it I know. I should not have spoken to you as I have done but I could not help it. You made me so miserable—do you know how miserable?—that I forget myself. Darling, don't turn from me; speak to me; forgive me!"

This sudden change from vehement reproach to as vehement tenderness frightens Georgie just a little more than the anger of a moment since. Laying her hand upon his chest, she draws back from him; and he, seeing she really wishes to get away from him, instantly releases her.

As if isscinated, however, she never removes her gaze from his, although large tears have risen, and are shining in her eyes.

"You don't hate me? I won't believe that," says Branscombe, wretchedly. "Say you will try to love me, and that you will surely marry me." At this-feeling rather lost, and not know-

ing what else to do -Georgie covers her face

with her hands, and bursts out crying. It is now Branscombe's turn to be frightened, and he does his part to perfection. He is thoroughly and desperately frightened. "I won't say another word," he says, has-

tily; "I won't, indeed. My dearest, what have I said that you should be so distressed? I only asked you to marry me." "Well, I'm size I don't know what more

you could have said," sobs she, still dissolved in tears, and in a tone full of injury. "But there wasn't any harm in that," protests he, taking one of her hands from her face one sione had been lorgotten. He has ner and pressing it softly to his lips. "It is a

sort of thing " (expansively)

"Do you do it every day?" "No; I never did it before. And" (very gently) " you will answer me, won't you? No answer, however, is vouchsafed.

" Georgie, say you will marry me." But Georgie either can't or won't say it;

and Dorien's heart dies within him. "Am I to understand by your silence that you far to pain me?" he says, at length, in a " 1s it impossible for you to love me? Well do not speak. I can see by your iace that the hope I have been cherishing for so many weeks has been a vain one. Forgiv me for troubling you; and believe me I shall never forget how tenderly you shrank his affections upon her governess, seems from teiling me you could never return my

love. Again be presses her hand to his lips; and she, turning her face slowly to his, looks up shock to her narvous system, she lays dor at him. Her late tears were but a summer the inevitable sock she is mending, and sa shower, and have taded away, leaving no as follows.

traces as they passed. "But I didn't mean one word of all that," she says, naively, letting her long lashes fail

once more over her eyes. "Then what did you mean?" demands he, with some pardonable impatience. "Quite the contrary, all through ?"

"N-ot quite,"-with hesitation. "At least, that some day you will be my

wife?" "N-ot altogether." "Well, you can't be half my wife," says Mr. Branscombe, promptly. "Darling, darling, put me out of my misery, and say what I

want you to say." "Well, then, yes." She gives the promise soitly, shy, but without the faintest touch of any deeper tenderer emotion. Had Dorian sincerely pleased. The fact that the full been one degree less in love with her, he Lady Sartoris is at present an inmate of fine disgust, "who steal upon other people been one degree less in love with her, he could have hardly falled to notice this fact. house is a thought full of joy to her.

As it is, he is radiant, in a very seventh o You are a very happy and a very

heaven of content. "But you must promise me faithfully never to be unkind to me again," says Georgie, in-

pressively, laying a finger on his lips. "Unkind?" Yes; dreadfully unkind; just think of all the terrible things you said; and the way you said them. Your eves were as big as halfcrowns, and you looked exactly as if you would like to eat me. Do you know, you reminded me of Aunt Elizabeth !"

"Ob. Georgie !" Bays Branscombe, reproachfully. He has grown rather intimate with Aunt Elizabeth and her iniquities by this time, and fully understands that to be compared with her hardly tends to raise him in his beloved's estimation.

There is silence between them after this, that lasts a full minute-a long time for lovers freshly made.

"What are you thinking of?" asks Dorlan presently, bending to look tenderly into her downcast eyes. Perhaps he is hoping eagerly that she has been wasting a thought upon him.

"I shall never have to teach those horrid lessons again," she says, with a quick sig relief. If he is disappointed, he carefully conceals

it. He laughs, and lifting her exquisite face, and to-morrow Clarises will go down to the

vicatage and bring you up to Gowran, whe you must stay until we are married. "I shall like that," says Georgie, with

sweet smile. "But Mr. Branscombe."
"Who on earth is Mr. Branscombe?" asks Dorian. "Don't you know my name yet?"

1 do. I think it is almost the pretiles namo I ever heard-Dorlan."

" Darling ! I never thought it a nice name before; but now that you have called me by it I can feel its beauty. But I dare say if had been christened Jehosaphat I should under these circumstances, think just the same. Well, you were going to say—?" "Perhaps Clarissa will not care to have m for so long."

"So long? How long? By the by, per. ter be married as soon as ever we can." "I haven't got any clothes," says him Broughton; at which they both laugh gayly

world. "You terrily me," says Branscombe. "La me beg you will rectify such a mistake a soon as possible."

Georgie, suddenly glancing at the sun, that i almost sinking out of sight behind the solem fire. "It hasn't been ten minutes," says Mi

"We have been here a long time," say

Branscombe, conviction making his tone n brilliant. "Oh, nonsense!" says Georgie. "I am

sure it must be quite two hours since yo came. As it has been barely one, this is rather

difficult to endure with equanimity.

"How long you have found it," he say with some regret. He is honestly pained and his eyes grow darker. Looking at him she sees what she has done, and, though ignorant of the very meaning of the word "love knows that she has hurt him more than h cares to confess.

I have been happy-quite happy." sh says," sweetly, coloring wormly as she says it "You must not think I have found the tim you have been with me dull or dreary. Only

I am afraid Clarissa will miss me." "I should think any one would miss you, says Dorian, impulsively. He smiles at he as be speaks; but there is a curions mingling of sadness and longing and uncertainty in ble face. Laying one arm round ber, with his other hand he draws her head down upon his

breast. "At least, before we go, you will kiss m once," he says, entreatingly. All the gayer—the gladness—has gone from his voice only the deep and lasting love remains. Ex says this, too, hesitatingly as though had afraid to demand so great a boon. "Yes; I think I should like to kiss you

says Georgie, kindly; and then she raises he

self from his embrace, and, standing on the

toe, places both hands upon his shouldersan with the utmost calmness lays her lips his. "Do you know," she says a moment lake in no wise disconcerted because of the warmt of the caress he has given her in exchange hers—"do you know I never remember kis

ing any one in all my life before, except po papa, and Clarisso, and you." Even at this avowal she does not blush Were he her brother, or an aged nurse, she could scarcely think less about the favor the hal just conferred upon the man who is stant ing silently regarding her, puzzled and diss pointed truly, but earnestly registering a von that sooner or later, if faithful love can a

complish it, he will make her all his own, heart and soul. Not that he has ever yet gone so deeply to the matter as to tell himself the love in on his own side. Instinctively he shrin from such inward confession. It is only whe he has parted from her, and is riding quiet homeward through the wistful gloaming, the he remembers, with a pang, how, of all thousand and one things asked and answere

desired of her whether she loves him.

CHAPTER XXV. Love set me up on high; when I grew van Of that my beight, love brought me don again.

The heart of love is with a thousand wees Pierced, which secure indifference no

"The rose are wears the silent them at hea And never yet might pain for love depart." Takken. WHEN Mrs. Redmond, next morning, made aware of Georgie's engagement to D ian Branscombe, her curiosity and exciteme knew no bounds. For once she is liters struck dumb with amazement. That Doris who is heir to an earldom, should have fin Mrs. Redmond like a gay continuation of Arabian Nights' Entertainment." Wh she recovers her breath, after the first gre

"My dear Georgina, are you quite sure meant it? Young men, nowadays, say many things without exactly knowing why more especially after a dance, as I have be

told." "I am quite sure," says Georgie, ilushi hotly. She has sufficient self-love to rem this doubt very unpalatable.

Something that is not altogether rem from envy creeps into Mrs. Redmond's heaf Being a mother, she can hardly help contra ing her Cissy's future with the brilliant carved out for her governess. Present however, being a thoroughly good soul, conquers there unworthy thoughts, and wh next she speaks her tone is full of hearting and honest congratulation. Indeed, she

o You are a very happy and a very fork ate girl," she says, gravely. in a low tone, but with perfect columns

There is none of the blushing happiness abo her that should of right belong to a you girl betrothed freshly to the lover of heart. " ()f course you do," says Mrs. Redmo missing something in her voice, though hardly knows what. " And what we are to without you, I can't conceive; no one to sig

to us in the avening, and we have got so Poustomed to that." "I can still come and sing to you som times," says Georgie, with tears in her of

and roice. "Ah, yes sometimes. That is just the part of it; when one has known an 'alway one does not take kindly to a sometime And now here comes all my governess to bles back upon my shoulders once mo Don't think me selfish, my dear, to think that just now in the very morning of your is happiness, but really I can't help it. I be been so content with you, it never occurred

me others might want you too." "I will ask Clarists to get you some dise nicer than me," says Georgie, soothing "Will you?" Yes, do, my dear; she will anything for you. And, Georgina,"-" ing on earth would induce Mrs. Redmond call her anything more frivolous—" tell he

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