THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

aloud

UNFAITH. FAITH AND By THE DUCHESS."

OHAPTEB XXXIII .-- CONTINUED. "Do not," says Ruth, shrinking from her grasp; "I am not fit for you to touch. Re-

and the state of t

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member all that has passed." " Do you think I shall ever forget?" says Clarises, slowly. ["But for your father's sake.

be is ill perhaps dying. Come: For his sake you will surely return ???? "It is too late!" says the fill in a melan-choly voice. And then, again, "It is impos-sible." Yet it is apparent that a terrible struggle is taking place within her breast; how it might have ended, whether the good or bad angel would have gained the day, can never now be said; a sigh, a broken accent, decidad her.

"My head!" murmurs the sick man, feebly, drawing his breath wearly, and as if with pain. "Ruth, Ruth, are you there?" The quervious dependent tone rouses into instant lite all the passionate tenderness that is in Buth's heart. Having soothed him by a souch, she turns once more to Clarisas.

"He too is sick-perhaps dying," she says, feverishly. "I cannot leave him! I have sacrificed all for him, and I shall be faithful unto the end. Leave me; I have done you the greatest wrong one woman can do another. Why should you care for my salva-tion?" Through all the defiance there is bitter misery in her tone.

"I don't know why; yet I do," says poor

Clarises, earnestly. "You are a saint," says Ruth, with white lips. And then she falls upon her knees. " Oh, if it be in your heart," she cries, " grant me vour forgiveness !"

Olarissa bursts into tears.

"I do grant it," she says. "But I would that my tongue possessed such eloquence as tries to raise Ruth from her kneeling position.

"Let me remain where I am," says Ruth, timidly. "It is my right position. I tell you again to go; this is no place for you. Yet stay, you sweet woman,"-she cries, with sudden fervor, catching hold of the hem of Clarissa's gown and pressing it to her lips-"let me look at you once again! It is my final farewell to all that is pure; and I would keep your face fresh within my heart.

She gazes at her long and earnestly. "What! tears?" she says; "and for me?

Oh, believe me, though I shall never see you again, the recollection of these tears will soothe my dying hours, and perhaps wash out a portion of my sins !"

the sad Magdalen have knelt. Her whole hand upon her heart. body trembles with the intensity of her emotion, yet no sound escapes her. "Ruth, for the last time I implore you to him."

come with me," says Clarissa, brokenly And woman frame the words, " It is too late !"

closed again," and Clariesa has looked her last upon Ruth Annersley. How she makes her way down to the room

where Sir James sits awaiting her, Clarissa never afterward remembers.

"It is all over ; take me away !" she says, quietly, but somewhat incoherently.

"He isn't dead ?" says Sir James, who naturally conceives the worst from her agitation.

"No; it is even worse," she says. And then she covers her face with her hands, and zinks into a chair. "Ruth Annersley is here ?' When she has said this, she feels that is terrible." life has almost come to an end. How shall "Next we she make this wretched revelation to her father, to Georgie, to all the rest of the world ? As for Sir James, he stands at some dis-

She puts her hand to her throat, and leans, against a chair. " It is no bad news for you,"-says Clarissa,

betray her lover's falseners? wishes honestly that all things for her might now be at an end;

" Love, art thou bitter ? Sweet is death to me."

At this moment she would have gladly welcomed death.

"There are many things," she says, "bat this worst of all. He does not love me; he has never loved me. And there is some one else ; and----"

"Who is it?" asks Georgie, breathlesly. though the truth as yet is far from her.

"Ruth Annersley ! She was there-in his room ?" says Clarissa ; and, after this, there is a silence that lasts for several minutes.

The nnhappy truth is told. Clarissa, shamed and heart-broken, moves away, that her companion may not see her face. As for Mrs. Branscombe, at first intense wonder renders her motionless; and then, as the exact meaning of this terrible story breaks in upon her, a great and glorious gleam of unmistakable rapture lights all her face, and, sinking upon a prieu-dieu near her, she presses her hands tightly together. That Dorisn is exonerated, is her first thought; that he will drives all the blood from her cheeks, and the | ley?" gladness from her heart and brings her hack again to the emptiness and barrenness that | and tone. "Where is she?" have made life a wilderness to her for so many

months. Going over to Clarissa, she lays her arms gently round her neck. There seems to be a lr.

"Pity you? no! There is no occasion for will forget ail this, and be happy in some

other way." "Shall I ?" says Clarissa, drearily. "But, portion of my sins !" Her head drops upon her hands. So might shall I fill the blank here?" She lays her

"He is a wretch," says Georgie, with sudden fire. "If I were a man, I should kill

"You should rather be thankful to him," once more the parched lips of the crouching | says Clarisss, with some bitterness. "My A moment after, the door is opened, and has been raised from Dorlan."

"Clarissa, if you speak to me like that you will break my heart," says Georgie, deeply grieved. "How could I know joy when you are unhappy? And—and, besides, there is no joy for me anywhere. Dorian will never for-give me. How could he? I, his wife, was the one who most heartily condemned him

and believed in his guilt." "When you see him, all will be well. But he should be told; you will see to that.'

"Of course, darling. He is coming home next week. But how shall I meet him and say all this to him? The very thought of it

"Next week ?--- so soon ?"

"Yes; I had a line from him this morning, -the only one he wrate me ince his depar- | trembling. ture; but that was my own fault.' I am al-

somewhat pervously. "Come in." His voice has been so long a stranger to her that she almost starts on hear-

"It is no had hew in you, be panede. faintly, "but for me?" Bhe panede. "Are you in trouble, dearest?" says Mrs. Branscombe, sadly. "I thought you the hap-plest girl alive. Is there nothing but misery in this wretched world?". "I chara wall have been been build be build b "I was in town yesterday," Olarissa begins, in the furious fashion men, as a rule affect. with an effort, and then stops. How is she to As she enters, he turns, and, putting down the brushes, regards her with undisguised surbetray her lover's faiseness "And you saw Horace and he is ill ?" says: "prise. Plainly, he has not expected her. Georgie, anxiously. "Tell-me all, Clarissa." "How dye do?" he says, presently. It is "It is so hard to tell," says poor Clarissa; and then she turns her face to the wall, and then she turns her face to the wall, and possibly have made her, considering all things; yet no sense of ridicule touches them. They are too near to tragedy to harbor a thought of comedy .----

"I did not expect you until five," says Georgie in a constrained voice. "If I had known, I should have been ready to receive you.'

"Pray do not apologize," he save, coldly. It is very good of you to come here now. I is more than I expected."

"I came," says Georgie, with an effort, " because I have something to tell you, that should be told without delay."

"What is it?" he asks, quickly. "Is my nncle well?" "Quite well, I saw him yesterday. It has nothing to do with him ; though of course, it

must touch him very nearly." "You will be tired," he says, with grave

but distant politeness. "Slt down while you tell me your news." "No; I prefer standing." She clasps one

band tightly over the other, and leans against the wall; she cannot, try as she will, remove her eyes from his face. "What I want to could induce you to leave this house. She never forgive her, is her second; and this say is this; I have heard of Ruth Anners-

"Have you ?" with an ominous calm in look

"With-your brother."

Dorian walks abruptly to the window, and stands there so that his face cannot be seen. He is distressed beyond measure. So his old new bond, born of grief, between them now. suspicions have proved true, after all, and "Do not pity me," says Clarissa, entreating- Horace's protestations were as basest lies. He feels sick at heart for his brother's honor -that miserable remnant of a once fair it. You are fortunate in having escaped such | thing, that costly garment, now reduced to a fate as was in store for you. In time you rags. After a while he forces himself to speak again. "Who found her there?" he asks huskily.

"Clarissa."

"Olarissa?" He is now thoroughly shocked. What cruel fate had made her the discover. ar ?"

"Chance. He was ill, and and she went to see him, out of pure love for him. She was iewarded by a sight of Ruth Annersley !"

" Poor girl !" says Branscombe, sadly. " So true-so trusting." Georgie draws her breath quickly. Are not

his words a reflection upon her ?-she, who has failed in faith and love? "I suppose that is all you have to tell me,"

says Dorian, presently, in an absent, weary way.

"Not quite all," she says, with a trembling voice. She forces herself to come nearer to him, and now stands before him like a small pale culprit, unable to lift her eyes to his. "1 want to tell you how deeply I regret the in-

justice, the____" "No'no," interrupts he, impatiently. "Let nothing be said about that. It would be worse than useless. Why waste words over what can never be undone ?" Still she perseveres bravely, although her

breath is coming quicker, and her lips are

"I must tell you how sorry I am " she says, with a suppressed sob. "I want to ask you,

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful In the contempt and anger of her lips," Twelfth Night:

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THE dark day is growing colder and more drear. The winds are sighing sadly. A shivering sobbing breeze, that rushes in a mournful fashion through the naked twigs; tells one the year is drawing to a close, and that truly it is "faint with cold, and, weak with old."

Olariesa, riding along the forest path that leads to Sartoris, feels something akin to pleasure in the sound of the rushing torrent that comes from above and falls headlong into the river that runs on her right hand.

There is, too, a desolation in the scene that harmonizes with her own and thoughts. She has watched the summer leaves and flowers decay, but little thought her own hopes and longings should have died with them. Is she never to know peace, or joy, or content again? On her "rests remembrance like a ban;" she cannot shake it off.

"Rest! rest! Oh, give me rest and peace !" she cries aloud to her soul, but no rest cometh. The world seems colorless, without

"Ourselves we cannot recreate. Nor get our sculs to the same key... Of the remembered harmony."

THE past-that is, her happy past-seems gone; the present is full of grief; the fature has nothing to offer. This fact comes to her, and with her eyes full of tears, she turns the

corner and finds herself face to face with Horace Branscombe. The old smile is on his face; he comes to her and holds out both his hands to take hers. He is worn and thin, and very handsome.

"I am too fortunate to meet you so soon," he says. "Yet I hardly think I should shake hands with you." Evidently, some thought unknown to her is in his mind.

"I am glad you have come to that conclusion," she says, "as there is no desire whatever on my part that our hands should meet." He is plainly puzzled

"What a strange welcome!' he says, re-proachfully. "My letters during the past week should have explained everything to vou. "I have had none," says Clarissa, shortly.

"No? Was that why I received no an swers? I have risen from a sick-bed to come to you, and demand the reason of your sllence.'

"I am sorry you troubled yourself so far, Ruth Annersley could have given you the an swer you require

His face blanches perceptibly ; and his eves in their usual stealthy fashion, seek the ground.

"What have I to do with her?" he says sullenly.

"Coward !" says Miss Peyton, in a low tone Do you, then, deny even all knowledge of the woman you have wronged ?"

"Take care! do not go too far," cries he passionately, laying bis hand upon her bridle, close to the bit. "Have you no fear ?" "Of you? none?" returns she, with such open contempt as stings him to the quick.

Bemove your hand, sir." "When I have said all I wish to say," returns he, coarsely, all his real brutality com-

ing to the surface. "You shall stay here just as long as I please, and hear every word I am going to say. You shall ____ "

" Will you remove your hand ?" "When it suits me," returns he; "not be-

fore." her to grief once more. Passionate indignation conquers her selfcontrol. Raising her arm, she brings down

"You have been to Pullingham?" exclaims she with a little gasp. "Horace, do not blame me, What was I to do? When she came in here, and saw me-" Clarissa, here?"

"Yes, here. I was atraid to tell you of before, you seemed so weak, so fretful. Last Tuesday week-the day you had the sleepingdraught_from Dr. Gregson_she came; she entered the room, she came near you, she touched you, she would"-faintly-"have klassed you. But how could I bear that? I stepped forward just in time to prevent her lips from meeting yours,"

"And so," he says, with slow vindictiveness, taking no notice of her agony, "for the sake of a mere bit of silly sentimentality you

spoiled every prospect I have in life." jected it. Ishall leave this country in a "Horace, -do not look at me like that," she ing, as you are determined to cast in your lot entreats, painfully. "Remember all that has with mine, I shall marry you." passed. If for one moment I went mad and forgot all, am I so much to be blamed? You had been mine-altogether mine-for so long your wife! Ob, no! you don't know what you that 1 had not strength in one short moment to relinquish you. When she would have kissed you, it seemed to me more than I are saying." She trembles violently, and her head fails somewhat heavily against his arm. could endure."

"Was it? It is but a little part of what you will have to endure for the future," he tint or purpose. She would gladly forget, if says brutally. "You have wilfully runned that might be, but it seems impossible to her. me, and must take the consequences. My marriage with Clarissa Peyton would have set me straight with the world once more, and need not have altered our relations with each other one iota."

"You would have been false to your wife?" murmurs she, shrinking back from him. "Oh, no ! that would have been impossible !" He laughs ironically.

this step?" she says, carnestly, even at this supremely happy moment placing his happin-"I tell you candidly," he says, with reck less emphasis, "I should have been false to one or the other of you, and it certainly would not have been to you."

"You malign yourself," she says, looking at him with steadfast love.

"Do 1? What a fool you are!" he says roughly. "Well, by your own folly you have Surely, just then, the one moment of utter separated us irretrievably. Blame yourself for this, not me. My affairs are so hopelessly entangled that I must quit the country without delay. Your own mad act has rolled an ocean between us."

He turns, and goes toward the door. Wild with grief and despair, she follows him, and lays a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Not like this, Horace " she whispers, desperately. "Do not leave me like this. Have pity. You shall not go like this ! Be merciful ; you are my all !" "Stand out of my way," he says, between

his teeth ; and then, as she still clings to

him in her agony, he raises his hand and de-

liberately strikes her. Not violently, not se-verely, but still with sufficient force to make

her stagger tackward and catch hold of a

He is gone; and she, stunned, quivering

half blind with nervous horror, still stands by the chair and tries to realize all that has

passed. As she draws a deep breath, she

places her hand, with a spasmodic move-

ment, to her left side, as though to quell

action brings back consciousness, and that

saddest of all things, memory. "He did not mean it," she whispers to

herself, with white, set lips. "It was not a

blow; it was only that he wished to put me

to one side, and I was in his way, no doubt;

I angered him by my persistency. Darling i How could I think that he would hurt me?"

Languld, heart-broken, she creeps to her

bed, and, flinging herself upon it, undressed as

she is, sleeps heavily until the morn, " diffus-

ing round a trembling flood of light," wakes

some darting pain that lies there.

chair to keep her from falling.

her and takes one of her small ioy cold hands in his.

"Did you see her ?" " Yes."

"The scoundrel !" says Sir James, in a low tone. Then, "Is he very ill ?" There is nnmistakable meaning in his tone.

"Yery." And here she falls to bitter weeping again.

It is a cruel moment : Sir James still holds her hand, but can find no words to say to comfort her; indeed, where can comfort lie?

At this instant a heavy footfall resounds along the passage outside. It warns them of the sylph-like approach of Mrs. Goodbody. Bir James, going quickly to the door, intercepts her.

" My-my sister is quite upset," he says. nervously. o" Mr. Branscombe was-was worse than expected to find him."

"Upset!-and no wonder, too," says Mrs. Goodbody, with heavy sympathy, gazing approvingly at Miss Peyton. "There's no denying that he's so worn out, the poor dear, as it's quite dispiriting to see him, what with his general appearance and the fear of a bad turn at any minute. For myself, I take my meals quite promiscuous like, since he fell ill-just a bit here and a bit there, it may be, but nothing regular like. I ain't got the heart. However, 'Hope on, hope ever," is my motto, miss ; and we must always hope for the best, as the saying is."

"Just so," says Sir James, who doesn't

know, in the very least, what to say. "A good whee, sir, I always say, is half the battle; and that lady up-stairs, she is a reg-

the cab that is awaiting them, For a long time she says nothing; and just as he is beginning to get really anxious at her determined silence, she says, with some difficul-

" Anything," says Jim.

"Then never again allude to this day, or to anything connected with it; and never again mention-his-name to me, unless I first apeak to you." "Never!" returns he, fervently. " Be sure

ofit"

cab, she cries long and bitterly.

. . . . OHAPTEB XXXIV.

"Our doubts are traitors, And make us lose the good we oft might win." "The day goeth down red darking, The moaning waves dest out the light, And there is not a star of hope sparkling On the threshold of my night." GERALD MASSEY.

asking her to come to her without delay. The ing only just heard of her husband's arrival, each other. Then the other man holds out secret that is within her heart weight heavily, she not having expected him for some time his hands beseechingly.

power to move. The second state of the se

tance from her, literally stunned by the news. most sorry he is coming now," says Mrs. Words seem to fail him. He goes up to her Branscombe, nervously. "I shall dread the look in his eyes when I confess to him how readily I believed in that false rumor."

"You hardly deserve pity," says Clarissa, suddenly turning upon her with some just anger. "You undervalued him all through. Instead of going 'down on your knees to thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love,' you deliberately flung it away. How different it has been with me! I trusted blindly, and see my reward! Even yet I cannot realize it. It seems like some strange horrible nightmare, from which I must awake. Yesterday 1 was so happy; ----" She kneels down, and bursts into bitter

weeping.

Georgie throws herself on her knees before her.

"Is this your luggage, sir? Glad to see you back again, sir." "Thank you, Jeffers. Yes, that is mine.

All right at home, I hope? Your mistress is quite well?"

Quite well, sir. She is at home, awaiting you."

Dorian turns away, with a bitter smile. "At home, awaiting him!" What a wretched fool he once was, when he used to really pic sure to himself a fair fond woman waiting and longing for his return, whenever fate had called him from her side!

Arriving at Sartoris he runs up the stairs to his own room, meeting no one on his way. He smiles again-the same unlovely smileas he tells himself that Jeffers exaggerated the case a little-as, plainly, Georgie has taken special pains to be out of the way to

anecting to witness. Good-morning sir-thank you, sir. I'll see to him, you be bound; and, with his good lady above, there ain't the smallest "" Sir James, opening the hall door in de-spair, literally pushes Clarissa out and interview. spair, literally pushes Clarissa out and into looked into. A glorious fire is burning in the the balcony half an hour ago, and has held grate. A delicate Bohemian vase is filled with some rare sweet flowers.

Whose hand had gathered them ? If it was one of the servants, it was very thoughtful. He is very fond of flowers He moves listlessiy about, wondering vaguely how everything can look, after some months' absence, so exactly as if he had seen it only yesterday, when

a small object lying on a side table attracts his notice. It is a little gray glove, solled, finger-press-

ed, warm as if its owner but just a minute since had drawn it from her hand. It is yet "Thank you," she says, like a tired child ; almost a part of the white, soft fissh it had and then, standing back in her corner of the ovvered. His brow contracts, and a pained expression crosses his face. 'Taking it up, he lays it in his open palm, and regards it esrnestly; he hesitates, and then, as though unable to prevent himself, he raises it and presses it passionately to his lips. An instant later, with a contemptuous gesture and an inward anathems upon his own weakness, he

flings it far from him through the open window down on the balcony beneath-where it flutters to Mrs. Branscombe's feet. The morning after her unfortunate visit to Mechanically she stoops and picks it up. town, Clarissa sends for Mrs Branscombe, She has been hurrying toward the house, hav- they pause and look with uncertainty upon

and Georgie must be told. Yet, now, when the deor opens, and Georgie stands before her, and is deor opens, and Georgie stands before her, the deor opens, and Georgie stands before her, and is deor opens, and Georgie stands before her, and is deor opens, and Georgie stands before her, and is dear at Pullingham being none of the most? "I have come to demand your forgiveness," and is dear opens, and Georgie stands before her, and is dear at Pullingham being none of the most? "I have come to demand your forgiveness," and deor opens, and Georgie stands before her, and is dear at Pullingham being none of the most? "I have come to demand your forgiveness," and deor opens, and Georgie stands before her, and is dear at Pullingham being none of the most? "I have come to demand your forgiveness," and deor opens, and Georgie stands before her, whole expression changes. She is beneath grant it?-I am very old----" bis window ; was it his hand flung it so dis-bis window ; was it his hand flung it so dis-the says, joyfully; ្មាយប្រជាជាស្រុះស្រុះ សារស្រុងសេសស្ថិតដូកទាស់ ដែ<mark>វដីដីស្រីអាយីលាល ប្រជាជាមួយ អ្</mark>រីការអាយីលា អ្នកស្រុកអាយីលាន សេសស្ថិតដោយសេសសារ ដែលស្រុកសេសសេសស្ថិតស្ថិតសេសសែសារ សេសសារ អាយីលាយ សេសសារ សែស សម្តេចសេសសារ សេសសារ សេសសារ

if possible, to forg "Believe me, it will be better to leave all this unsaid," he interrupts her, gravely.

"Then you do not care to hear how I have regretted the wrong I did you, and-

"As you ask me the question, I will answer you. No, I do not. Had you, at any time, felt one particle of affection for me, you could never have so misunderstood me. Let things now remain as they are. Though I think that perhaps, for the short time 1 shall remain at home, it will be better for your sake that we should appear before the world, at least as friends."

"You are leaving home again ?" see asks. timidly. Now, as he stands hefore her, so tall. and strong, and unforgiving, with this newborn dignity upon him, she fully realizes, for the first time, all she has recklessly resigned. He had loved her at one time, surely, and she had trampled on that love, until she bad crushed out of it all life and sweetness;

"For it so falls out That what we have we prize not to the worth While we enjoy it; but, being lacked and lost, Wny, then we rack the value; then we find The virtue that possession would not show us While it was ours."

"Yes, as soon as I can finish the business that has brought we back. I fear that will keep me two months at least. I wish 1 could hasten it, but it would be impossible. He grows slightly distralt, but after a moment, rouses himself with a start, and looks at her. "Am I keeping you?" he asks, courageously. (To her the courtesy is a positive cruelty.) Do not let me detain you any longer. Is there anything more you wish to say to me?" "Nothing." His last words have frozen within her all desire for reconciliation. Is he

indeed, in such great haste to be gone? Without another word, she goes to the door, but, as she puts out her hand to open it, something within her grasp becomes known to her. It is the glove she had picked up on ever since almost unconsciously.

"Was it-was it you that threw this from the window?" she says, suddenly; for the last time raising her beautiful eyes to her husband's face.

"Yes. This was no place for it," returns he sternly.

Going down the staircase, full of grief and wounded pride, she encounters Lord Sartoris. "He has come?" asks the old man, in an agitated manner, laying his hand on her

erm. "He has. If you wish to see him, he is in his own room," replies she, in a singularly hard tone.

"Have you told him everything?" asks Sartoris, nervously. "It was a fatal mistake, Do you think he will forgive me?"

"How can I say ?" says Mrs. Branscombe, with a bitter smile. "I can only tell you he has not forgiven me."

"Biess me !" says Lord Sartoris; "then, I suppose, I haven't a chance."

He is disheartened by her words, and goes very slowly on his way toward his nephew's room. When they are once more face to tace.

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her riding-whip, with swift and unexpected violence, upon his checks The blow is so severe that, for the moment, he loses his presence of mind, and, swaying backward, lets the bridle go. Clarissa, finding herself free, in another moment is out of his reach and on her

way to Bartoris. As she reaches the gate, she meets James Scrope coming out, and, drawing rein, looks at him strangely.

"Have you seen a ghost ?" asks he, slip ping from his saddle, and coming up to her. Your face is like death."

"I have, the ghost of an old love, but, oh. how disfigured! Jim, I have seen Horace." She hides her face with her hands. She remembers the late scene with painful distinctness, and wonders if she has been unwomanly, coarse, undeserving of pity. She will tell him-that is, Scrope-and, if he condemns her, her cup will be indeed full.

Sir James-who, as a rule, is the most amiable of men-is now dark with anger. "Branscombe-here ?" he says, indignantly.

"Yes. He had evidently heard nothing. But I told him; and-then he said things he should not have said; and be held my reins; and I forgot myself," says poor Clarissa, with with anguish in her eyes; 'and I raised my whip, and struck him across the face. Jim, if you say 1 was wrong in doing this thing, you tion in his tone. will kill me."

"Wrong ?" says Scrope. "Hanging would be too good for him. Oh, to think you should struck like a dying knell upon her heart. She have been alone on such an occasion as that ?"

"But it was a bateful thing to do. Wasn't it ?" says Miss Peyton, faintly.

"Hateful? Why? I only wish you had laid his cheek open," says Sir James, venemously. But of course this peor little hand could not manage so much. Stooping involunterily he presses his lips to the hand tust rests upon her knee.

"That wasn't the hand ai all," says Miss his tone and manner.

"Wasn't it? Then I shall kiss the right one now," says Sir James, and caresses the other hand right warmly. "I can't go on to Sartoris to-day," says

Clarissa, in a troubled tone, checking her horse in the middle of the avenue. "No; come home instead," says Scrope;

silently, back to Gowran. • .

Horace, rousing himself after his encounter with Clarissa, puts his hand impulsively to his face, the sting of the blow still remaining. His illness has left him somewhat prostrate and weak; so that he feels more intensely than he otherwise would the pain that has arisen from the sudden stroke. A bitter execration rises to his lips; and, then, feeling that all hope of reconciliation with Olarissa is at an end, he returns to Langham Station, and with a mind full of evil thoughts and

bitter revenge, goes back to town. Wild and disturbed in appearance, he breaks in upon Ruth as she sits reading alone are dead to me. In all this wide, miserable in the very room where she had last seen world I have only you!" Clarissa. As he enters, she utters a glad lit. "Only me !" he cohoes, with a short bitter in the very room where she had last seen

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

Have mind that eild aye follows youth; Death follows life with gaping mouth; Sen ardly joy abidis never, Work for the joy that lastis ever; For other joy is all but vain, An erdly joy returns in pain." W. DURBAN W. DUNBAR.

Something within her knows he will return. Yet all the next day long she sits in terrible suspense, not being certain of the end. Toward noon he comes, sullen, disdainful and dark with depression.

de sinks into a chair, looking tired and oareworh.

"You have over-fatigued yourself?" she says, gently, going over to him and touching his hand lightly.

"No. I have been to Pullingham again and back; that is all."

"There again ?" she says. "And you 54 W-

"Only Dorian. Don't trouble yourself about Clarissa," he says, with an unpleasant laugh : "that game is played out. No, Dorian, alone, 1 went to see." He shades his face with his hand, and then goes on : "There are few like him in the world. In spite of all that has come and gone, he received me kindly, and has given me what will enablo me to commence life afresh in a foreign land." There is remorse and deep admira-

But Ruth makes no reply: she cannot. Those last words, "a foreign land," have watches him in despairing silence, as he walks restlessly up and down the room in the uncertain twilight.

Presently he stops close to her.

"I suppose there is some orthodox way of breaking bad news," he says, "but I never learned it. Ruth, your father is dead." The girl shrinks back and puts her hand to

her forehead in a dazed, pitiful fashion. "Not dead !" she says, imploringly, as though her contrition could bring him back Peyton, feeling inexpressively consoled by to life. "Not altogether gone beyond recall.

Sick, perhaps-nay, dying-but not dead !" "Yes, he is dead" says Horace, though more gentiv. "He died a week ago."

A terrible silence falls upon the room. Presently, alarmed at her unnatural calm, he lays his hand upon her shoulder to rouse her. " There is no use fretting over what cannot "No; come home instead," says Scrope; be recalled," he says, quickly, though still in and turning, they go slowly, and almost his gentler tone. "And there are other things I must speak to you about to-night. My remaining time in this country is short. and I want you to understand the arrangements I have made for your comfort before leaving you.

"You will leave me?" cries she, sharply. Adagger seems to have reached and pierced her heart. Falling upon her knees before him, she clasps him, and whispers, in a voice that has grown feeble through the intensity of her emotion. "Horace, do not forsake me." Think of all the past, and do not let the end be separation. What can I do? Where can I go?-with no home, no aim in life! Have pity 1 My father is dead ; my friends, too,

laugh'. what folly you are talking, I give you a sold readily at that price, and \$132 was real. "So soon returned?" she says, joyfully; chance of escape from me-an honorable lised for a charity.

d her, yet who, in his own way, has loved her, too.

'82

May 3,

chance, where a new home and new friend

"I want no friends, no home." (She is still clinging to his knees, with her white earnest face uplifted to his.) "I et me be your slave, -anything; but do not part from me. I can-not live without you. It is only death you

ofter me." "Remember mytemper," he says warning-ly. "Only last might l struck you. Think of that. I shall probably strike you again.

Be advised in time, and forsake me, like all the

"You torture me," she says, still in the

same low parting whisper. "You are my very heart my life. Take me with you. Only let me see your face sometimes, and hear your voice. I will not trouble you, or

hinder you in any way; only let me hear

you."- She presses her pale lips to his hand

"Be it so," he says, after a moment's hesita-tion. "If ever in the days to come you re-

pent your bargain, blame yourself, not me.

I have offered to you liberty, and you have re-

week's time; so he prepared. But before go-

"Marry me ?" she says faintly. "Make me

"It isn't worth a fainting fit," he says, haz-

tily enough; but his arm, as he places it

round her, is strong and compassionate. " Can

anything be more absurd than a woman! Sit

down here, and try to be reasonable. You

must be quick with your preparations, as we start on Tuesday. I will see about a special

license, and we can get the marriage cere-

mony over to-morrow. I know a fellow who

"You are quite sure you will never regret

"I don't suppose so. If it is any satisfac-

tion to you to know it," he says, with a shrug,

"you are the only woman I have ever loved

and probably the only one I ever shall love."

happiness, that they tell us is all that is ever

allowed to poor mortals, is hers. It is

broken by the clock of a neighboring church

go. Until to-morrow, Ruth, good-by."

"So late !" says Horace hurrledly. " I must

"Good-by !" She places her hands upon

his shoulder. and, throwing back her head,

gazes long and earnestly into his face, as

though reading once again each line in the

features she loves with such devotion. "Be-

fore you go,"she says, solemnly, " call me what I shall be so soon. Say, Good-by, my

"Good-by, my wife !" returns he, with more

She presses her lips passionately to his, and

His rapid footsieps descend the stairs. She

listens to them until they have ceased and all

is still. Then she goes to the window, and

presses her forehead against the cold pane,

that she may once more see him as he cross-

es the street. The lamps are all alight, and a lurid glare from one falls full upon her as she

stands leaning esgerly forward to catch the

Presently she sinks into a seat, always with

her eyes fixed upon the spot where she last

has seen him, and sits motionless, with her

fingers twisted loosely in her lap; she is so

quiet that only the red gleam from the world

Once her lips part, and from them slowly, ecstatically come the words, "His wife." Evi-

dently her whole mind is filled with this one

thought slone. She thinks of him and of

him only-of him who has so cruelly wrong-

without betrays the fact of her presence.

last glimpse of him she loves.

again, for the last time, breathes' the word

love in his accents than she has heard for

A smile--radiant, pertect-lights her face.

with desperate entreaty.

She starts to her feet.

will manage it all for me."

ess before her own.

clanging out the hour.

wife l'"

months.

The

Farewell !"

await you."

others."

The moments fly, and night comes on apace, clothed in her "golden dress, on which so many stars like gems are strewed;" yet still she sits before the window silently. She is languid. yet, happy-weak and spent by the excitement of the past hour, yet strangely full of peace. Now, and again she presses a hand with a gesture that is slmost convulsive to her side; yet whatever pain she feels there is insufficient to drown the great gladness that is overfilling her.

and it is bringing her renewed hope, freth life, restored honor! He will be hers forever? No other woman will have the right to claim him. Whatever she may have to undergo at his hands, at least he will be her own. And he has loved her as he never loved another. Oh, what unspeakable bliss lies in this certainty! In another land, too, all will be unknown. A new life may be begun in which the old may be swallowed up and forgotten. There must be hope in the good future.

"When we slip a little Out of the way of virtue, are we lost? Is there no medicine called sweet mercy?"

Only this morning she had deemed herself miserable beyond her fellows, now, who can compete with her in utter content? In a few short hours she will be his wife ! Oh that her father could but----

Her father! Now, all at once, it rushes back upon her; she is a little dazed, a good deal unsettled, but surely some one had said that to her -her father-was-dead !

The lamps in the street die out. The sickly winter dawn comes over the great city. The hush and calm still linger; only now and then a dark phantom form issues from a silent gateway and hurries along the pavement, as though fearful of the growing light. Ruth has sunk upon her knees, and is doing fierce battle with the remorse that has come to kill her new-born happiness. There is a terrible pain at her heart, even apart from the mental anguish that is tearing it. Her slight frame trembles beneath the double shock ; a long shivering sob breaks from her ; she throws her arms a little wildly across the couch before which she is kneeling, and gra-No dually her form sinks upon her arms. other sob comes to disturb the stillness. An awful silence follows." Slowly the cold gray morning fills the chamber, and the sun-

"Eternal painter, now begins to rise, And lime the heavens in vermillion dyes."

But within deadly silence reigns. Has peace fallen upon that quiet form ? Has gentle sleep come to her at last?

(To be Continued.)

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, KIDNEY, LIVER OR UBINARY DISEASES.

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great puffed up pretended cure.

The bride at a Bay Oity (Mich.) wedding y me !" he cohoes, with a short bitter would submit to kisses only on condition "A prize, surely, 'You don't know that they were paid for at \$1 each. They

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