"THE DUCHESS."

A pause.
You do object to it? I don't see that I have any right to object, the promise once given, says she object, the promise once given, says she object, that It restlessly. 'But—I do for all that. It was my father's doing. He thinks Sir Ralph perfection.' She shrugs her shoulders, then suddenly turns to him : Fancy!' says she vehemently—' Fancy a girl being told she must marry a man whether she likes him or not!

I can fancy a girl being told to do it. I can't fancy a girl doing it,' returns he

You mean ' (hotly). Never mind what I mean just now

You tell me it was your father's doing?"

That is enough for me. But Anke-"He knows nothing. He proposed to me through my father. I hated that '— rebelliously. "Why couldn't he have come to me direct?"

Why indeed ?' · He said he was afraid when I asked him,' says the girl, with a frowning brow, and speaking as if addressing her

self only. 'But-afraid!' He must be a fool, says Eyre, with conviction; and might have said more perhaps, if the dark blue eves had not suddenly raised themselves to his with a rather menacing expression in them. Didn't he guess?' asks he hastily.
What?—that I didn't love him?

No. There was nothing to guess about.'
'You didn't tell him?' 'I told him I had no love to give

him 'says Dulcinea.

·He asked me then if I loved any one.'
'Well?'

· Well-I said I didn't.'

Then?' significantly. When he heard I didn't love any one

he seemed quite convented.' But, did it never occur to him that in

the future you-er-you might love some one? Eh? There is so seldom "some one'

here,' returns she, with a sigh. At this moment the door is thrown

'Miss Dulcinea!' says Mrs. Driscoll. appearing on the threshold in her best hib and tucker and her worst temper. Sir Ralph wants to see ye. He's just cidden over from The Towers.

Behind her appears Sir Ralph. Well-here I am, says Dulcinea coldly. She rises with a perfect calm, int in spite of herself a hot blush springs to her cheeks. She walks with

a touch of defiance to the door. 'You want me, Sir Ralph?' 'Not here—net now," returns he, his lone ten times colder than her own. 'If you will give me five minutes byand by in the drawing-room it will do.

Pray don't let me take you away from your guest now! He pauses, and lock ing towards Eyre compels himself to be 'Very glad to see you looking so much better,' says he, with a ghost of a smile.

They have of course met during the past month). Thanks, says Eyre, not too graciously.

I can come now, if you want me,' aya Dulcinea perceiving her betrothed turn to the doorway, as if to go away. Thank you! An hour bence will

do very well,' replies he coolly; and closes the door behind him. 'There!' says Dulcines, looking at

Eyre, with angry eyes full of tears; what do you think of that? I'm sure I offered to go with him, didn't I? and you see how he treated me You saw it, didn't you?

I saw it indeed. Dulcie, why think of him at all? Why care? He is be neath your notice.' 'Oh! he is more than that. He is a

wretch. I hate him?' cries Dulcie venemently. She stamps her small foot upon the ground, and then suddenly, for no such great reason certainly, she covers her face with her hands and bursts into a storm of tears.

IV.

"O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O stay and hear! Your true love's coming That can sing both high and low

Trip no further pretty sweeting. it is in a distinctly aggressive mood that she goes to the drawing-room an hour later, to keep her appointment with Sir Ralph. She finds him there, lounging in a big chair, with his hands clasped behind his head, gazing moodily into the fire. There is a frown upon his

brow that he does not attempt to get rid of, as he gets slowly on to his feet to receive her.

'You did not trouble yourself to hurry,' says he unpleasantly.

'You gave me the impression that any time would do,' retorts she, with a little shrug of her pretty shoulders. 'No time would have suited you, I

daresay.' says he bitterly.
'Much better, if you are going to be in a bad temper,' with a touch of temper on her own mart.

Anketell looks at her intently for a moment. There is a curious light in his eyes—a quick fire. He even moves his lips as if he would have spoken, but by a strong effort controls himself.

'Is my temper the only thing against me?' asks he presently with a smile that, it still resentful, is also very sail. I have made no complaint,' returns she icily.

'Then I wish you would!' cries he fiercely, his late control flung to the winds, and a very storm of passion shaking him. What! do you think I am a stone, or a fool, that I can't see how you treat me? Find your fault! State it! Let me see where I fail!

'If,' says Miss McDermot, laying her hand on the back of the chair nearest her.- if it was to-to roar at me you

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But I must tell you all that' (with

asked me to meet you here, I think you invitation.'

She is very pale as she thus defies him, but her lovely head is well thrown up, and battle declares itself in every fea-

'Well—I beg your pardon,' says Anke-tell, with the air of a man who, finding the matter hopeless, gives in. 'Let us grimly—presume I have no fault.'
'By all means,' acquiesces she de

mureiv. 'There were some papers to be signed with regard to our marriage, says he: 'that was why I asked you to come here; but you delayed so long that 'Well-what?'

'I fancied you were very happy where you were, and so I would not have you disturbed. I told your father I could come again to-morrow, and so could the solicitor. You see, satirically, 'I have

always your interests at heart.' You are too good!' returns she, with a satire of her own—so fine, that his einks into ineignificance. Then, quite suddenly, she turns to him, and crossing the room, reaches the hearthrug on which he is standing. What is it all about?" asks she, with a change from finesse to utter straightforwardness. Something has vered you. What?"

yourself to discover,' says he, with a harshness that she is clever enough to know is born of grief. Something! How many things? I wonder. My life for the past month has been a hell. Because I don't say much, you think I can-not feel at all. What do you think I felt on that first cursed evening, when that fellow came beneath your roof-when you told old Bridget that you were

tired of hearing of Sir Rulph?" She is standing opposite to him, with the firelight illuminating her face. A little quick shiver seems to pass over son.' her; but beyond that she makes no

I suppose you mean—that you wish -to break-our engagement, says she, her voice coming from her in little broken pieces.

'That! No. That is the last thing I should mean.' 'And yet, if you believe me tired of

you surely you would wish to ---

'I should not'—(coldly).
'Not even then! Tired of you! You heard me say that, and still ——' 'I shall never break off my engagement with you,' says he slowly. 'Never'

I shall leave the breaking of our engagement to you.' 'You mean, says she, in a little chok ing voice, 'that you will leave all the

odium of it upon me? 'I mean that I shall never break with

you until you break with me.' You are a tyrant!' cries she sudden-'You don't care for me, yet you will ! hold me in spite of me!

'Is that your reading of it?' 'Yes, that is what I think-what I honestly think. Do you know' (looking straight up at him, her charming angry face brilliant with emotion), 'I believe that in your heart you hate me and that the punishment you have laid

out for me is to marry me? 'Is that what you tnink, Dulcinea?' A step takes him to her, and a moment gives him to catch her firmly by both arms, and so hold her that he can compel her to meet his gaze. 'You think that of me? And why? Look here? (with sudden passion), 'how dare you so thirk of me? You! whose sole delight seems to be to ruin an houest man's happiness, how dare you so mirjudge me? There!' (releasing her). 'Go! I am a fool to

auffer as I do? He thrust her from him, and, walking towards window, flings it up, and steps into the growing night.

"Thou didst delight mine esr Ah! little praise; thy voice Makes other hearts rejoice, Makes all ears glad that hear."

Miss McDermot, thus abandoned, stands for a full minute motionless Doubtless her first feeling is astonishment, in that this heretofore abject love of hers has now proved so masterful. But the next is rage-pure and simple.

To treat her like that! He! Ralph! who had been so humbly glad when she had fallen in with her father's views about him, and permitted him to be engaged to her. The world must be coming to an end!

She is staring through the window that has seen him depart. He hands are hanging to her sides. Her tall, slight figure has grown rigid.

The world must be coming to an end; but whose world? His, or hers? Who is to tail in this encounter? Which of

them will be counted amongst the Not she, at all events. Despite the

wild throbbing in her throat, she commands herself so far as to forbid the tears that are struggling for an opening He may still be there-out there in the chill of the exquisite early night, and her might see. He! Tyrant! And to this man ber

father has given her! A man, who, on the smallest provocation, has showered insult upon insult on her head. Well, he shall see! Father or no father, she will never marry him! Oh, we shall

She grinds her little lovely white teeth together, and with a last defiant glance at the window leaves the room.

In the hall she checks herself. An thoughtful, troubled, prevents him. idea-a thought of vengeance has occurred to her. This other-this stranger; he loves her, at all events. In him lies a chance of rescue! Rescue from marriage with this detestable man, who has told her so many horrible things all about herself. and all, naturally, untrue.

She opens the door of the old school room, and enters it with a vehemence that can harly be misunderstood.

Something has happened,' says Eyre, getting on to his feet with some diffi-

culty. 'What is it, Duncie:
'Oh, he has behaved abominably,' says
'the said the she, her eyes ilushing, 'He said the most cruel things.'

' Never mind him, darling. Come and sit down by me, and let us try to find a way out of our difficulties.'
'But I must mind him!' cries she in-

dignantly. 'Why, I can't tell you all he said.'

'I'm so glad of that,' puts he in sooth-

charming inconsistency). 'I remember would have done better to reserve your every word. They seem burned into my brain. Oh! he was so mide! Fancy his telling me I had rained his life! 'It seems to me that he is trying to ruin yours.'

Mine?' She gazes at him a moment, as if not quite understanding this, and then: 'You don't understand,' says she. 'How could be unin mine?' But never mind that,—that's tolly! Just hear the other dreadful things he said: He be gan by telling me—'Dulcie?"—he checks her by a waiving

hand—"After all, you know, he can't have wanted me to hear him. We needn't go into details, need we? It is enough for me to know that he has been—well, beastly to you."

'Beastly! he has been that,' says she, with quite unexpected fervor. Beastly is a vulgar word. He has been horrid I' (with a decision that carries a frown with it) 'don't deny that; but he

has never been beastly!" You are a generous foe, says Eyre, smiling. Her generosity, indeed, strikes him as being something out of the way, something beyond words—charming. It would have been so easy to her to abuse this tr ublesome—this so evidently undesired lover. And yet she cannot bring herself in her integrity to deny any 'Ah! so much you have troubled small virtue he may possess. 'Well purself to discover,' says he, with a then, we will let him slide if you like; no use talking about a low sort of hound like that '

'What shominable language you use!' says she, 'Even if Sir Ralph has behaved unkindly to me, I don't see why you, a stranger, should call him a-a-er-bad names."

'You are quite right, and I am wrong.' says Eyre, giving in delightfully. 'But surely—now, after all you have told me, you don't still feel bound in duty's chains to marry that disagreeable per

'Certainly not,' says she, with a firm compression of her mouth. 'If there is one thing on earth about which I have quite made up mind, it is that I shall never marry Sir Ralph.'

'And a good thing too,' says he. 'You mean it ?'

'Can't you see that I mean it?' turning to him an extremely pale and unhappy face.

'I can't,' says he, gazing at her regretfully. 'I can see only one thing, and that is that you are unhappy' 'Of course I'm unhappy, after the scold-

ing I have just undergone. Why, father never scolded me as he did Can't you forget him?" eays Eyre im

ploringly.
I can't. It is very hard to forget the people one hates. However, whether I forget or remember him, my mind is made up: I shall never marry him ' 'Marry nie instead!' says Eyre,

hoblity. You? It would be impossible to describe the amount of astonishment the has thrown into this word.

'Yes. Why not? You know-I have told you-how I love you. Give yourself to me. Let me rescue you from this tyranny that is oppressing and destroy-

ing your life.'
"Tyranny!' repeats she as if struck by
the word. Yes, he is a tyrant, isn't O't, never mind him. By all accounts

e's not worth a thought,' eays Mr. Eyre. with sovereign contempt Whose accounts?

'Y urs.' * Mine

'Well, haven't you abused him to me? Haven't you had cause to do so?"

On, cease!' says she. She grows silent, and stands near him with gaze hent upon the ground and brows drawn together. Suddenly she looks up at him. and he can see that her eyes are full of

'Dalcie,' cries he, impulsively, 'you are unhappy. Why should any one be unhappy? We have so short a time to live that it is folly not to make the best of every hour of it Forget all this. Throw up your engagement, and marry

'Oh!' (faintly), 'I couldn't.'
'What! Will you stay here and marry that man?

Never! Never! 'Why not let him see at once, then, impertinent lecturing can be directed at somebody else not at you?

'I should like to let him know that certainly," say she, her eyes flashing vindictively. Let me speak to your father, then.

'He-would be so angry.' says she hesitatingly. 'And' (quickly) 'it would be of no use either.' You look as if you were glad of

that. 'Why should I look glad? I'm not glad about anything," says she sadly, so

sadly that he forgets his suspicion of her, and goes back to his first thought. 'Let me try your father, at all events. Let me tell him how miserable you are; that you can't bear to marry Anketell and-

You may certainly tell him that !'vehemently. 'I shall never marry Sir Ralph, not if he lived to be a thousand years old.'

'I may try your father, then. You authorize me?' 'Yes'-slowly-'you can try.'
'Dulcie!' says he quickly, 'do you

know what that permission means? Do you, darling? He has caught her hand, and would have drawn her to him, but something

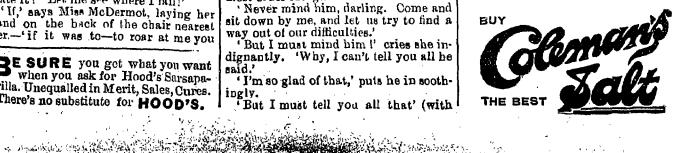
'Let me tell you something,' says she; 'that, though we are engaged, Sir Ralph never once called me that?

Called you what?

Darling. 'On he's a fool!' says Mr. Eyre, with conviction. 'But do you understand, darling? If I speak to your father with your permission, it means that, it I succeed with bum, you will marry me.'

'Does it?' says she, with a sigh. Well,' einking into a chair, and chaping her knees with her slim fingers. 'you won't succeed; father will never give in.3

'It certainly couldn't if I were Anke





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tell's inferior,' says the young man judicially; 'but my prospects are as good as his any day.'

'I don't care about prospects,' says Miss McDermot; 'what I want is to feel free. I can't bear being ordered to News finds a sensational revelation redo things. You said you could imagine | garding the Franco-Russian Treaty in a a girl being told to marry a man, but that you could not imagine a girl doing it. You remember?

'Against her will.' "On! that's the same thing,' says she 'If she wanted to marry him, she wouldn't want to be ordered to do it.'

'True,' says he. 'To be ordered to do a thing is at once to want not to do it. That is true also, isn't it?" says sbe.

Nothing truer., 'Well, you thought me weak and de testable when I told you I had promised to marry Sir Ralph.

'I thought then '-distinctly-' just what I think now, that no woman should marry any man unless she loved him. It is an injustice both to him and to herself; and you-you don't love

Anketell.' 'I have told you that I hate him, save she, making no direct answer; but if 1 were to break with him! You' (litting her eyes to his)—' you don't know father; he —— I don't really know what would happen, if he heard I did not want to marry Sir Rolph.

Why, your marriage with me,-that is the first thing that would happen'- with a smile. He takes her hands and carries them to his lips. I love you. You know that, Dulcie, don't you? You do know it:

'Oh, yes' I know it,' says she, with a

quick, long sigh, and a droop of her pretty head. This cam acknowledgment of his passion for her strikes. Eyre with a sort of sheek. Involuntarily he glances at her; and xamination of that lovely face disarms unkind criticism. The poor child is so unhappy that she has forgotten to dissemble. Girls of the sort he has been accustomed to meet in town and fashionable country houses, would have pretended to doubt his love with a view to stronger expression of it; but with the soft, sunny, nut brown curls laid bare! What one amongst all those

perfect flower of country growth? {To be continued.}

HOUSEKEEPING.

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FRANCO-RUSSIAN TREATY.

An Alleged Revelation Concerning 1s, A Parris correspondent of the Daily speech made at a banquet by M. De Schanel, vice-president of the Deputies who, it is believed, aims to succeed M.

Hanotaux as minister of foreign atlairs We are indebted to M. De Schanel, says the correspondent, 'for raising the corner of the veil of the mysterious treaty. It provides for no less an eventuality than the breaking of the Austrian monarchy, it being believed that at the death of Emperor Francis Joseph the German provinces will return to the German Empire '

The paragraph in M. De Schanel's speech to which the correspondent re-ters runs thus: The first fifty years of the twentieth century must witness by the effect of natural vicissitudes in Austria a decisive drama. It is easy, even now, to foresce at any rate the prologue and the first acts. The par France will play is traced out before hand. The book of destiny lies open to our eyes, but to act our pert well we must begin our preparations at once.

But how will we do so it France is absorbed and distracted by miserable quarrels? The springs of her policy should, to be successful, tend to intervention when those natural vicinatodes have ripened the Austrian emestion. That intervention should be ner great present aim, but again, is we shall we

'If internal dissensions go on, with the instability and weakness that must be the conveyance of such assensions they will have statesmen without the power to develop the new France 10.5 sian policy, which is nold in gorn in the treaty of alliance, or to drow ir in that agreement all the consequence teat the two great mutions expect for their own graideur and the general good of civilization.1

NOW IS THE TOET

this poor little girl is too hardly pressed. To purify your blood with blood's serby circumstances, and is too altogether saparith. March, April, May are the a child of Nature, to hide her honest be trying months of the year. At this sea liefs. So much the better. And what a son your blood is caded with in parities charming little head it is, bent like that, which have accumulated during the winter, and these impurities must be wandering over the broad forehead, and immediately expelled. Hood's Screethe delicate contour of cheek and chin parilla is the one True Blood Purifier. It is the medicine which has accompolished women of the world of whom plished many thousands of remark dile ne has just now thought, could compare | cures of all blood diseases. It is want in grace and breeding with this sweet the millions take in the spring to build up health and ward off sick ress.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found the only complete report of patents granted this week If a woman is in good heath there is to inventors by the United States and prepared specially for this paper by Mesers. Marion & Marion, solicitors of

> AMERICAN PATENTS. 500821-James E. Adkins, London,

509701-Olivier Bellefeuille, Monurcal, 599699-Arthur Deadman, Fort Will-

iam, Con. nut lock.

599997 - Levi Fisher, Brantferd, Can., gang punch. 599776-Isaie Frechette, Montre d

599936-John Jones, et al, Toronto, Can, street sweeper. 599937-John Jones et al, Toronto 599938-J hn Jones, et al, Toronto,

strect sprinkler 599868-William H. Russell, Neweastle Can, electric car trolley. 600130-Thomas R. Woodard, Kings bury, and A. J. Essouff, Richmond. Can., cloth measuring machine.

CANADIAN PATENTS money message 59149 - Jos. Onelette, et al, St

Hyscinthe, stop motion for knitting machine. 59161-Walter Shiers, Melbourne, Ont.,

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