OTHER FELLOWS THINK SO TOO.

There's just one thing a man can have There's just one thing a man can have
In all this world of woe and strife.
That makes the business not too bad.
And that one thing's an easy wife.
Dost fancy that I love my girl
For rosy cheeks or raven hair?
She holds my heart because she laughs—
Because she laughs, and doesn't care.

I put my boots just where it suits,
And find them where I put them, too?
That is a thing you must allow,
A chap can very seldom do.
I leave my papers on my desk;
She never dusts them in a heap,
Or takes to light the kitchen stove
The very one I want to keep.

On winter nights my cozy dame
Will warm her toes before the fire;
She never scolds about the lamp,
Or wants the wick a trifle higher.
On Sandays she is not so fine
Bat what her ruffles I can hug;
I light my pipe just where I please,
And spill the ashes on the rug.

The bed is never filled with "shams"—
A thing some women vily plan
To worry servants half to death,
And spoil the temper of a man.
She lets me sleep to any hour,
Nor rai es any horrid din.
If it just happens, now and then,
To be quite late when I come in.

I tell you, Jack, if you would wed, Just get a girl who leis things run;
She'il keep her temper like a lamb,
And help you on to lots of fun.
Don't look for money, style, or show.
Or blushing beauty, ripe and rare;
Just take the one who laughs at fate—
Who laughs and shows she doesn't care.

You think, perhaps, our household ways
Are just perchance a little mixed;
Oh, when they get too horrid bad,
We stir about and get things fixed. What compensation has a man Who earns his bread by sweat of brow, If home is made a battle-ground, And life one long, eternal row?

## One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Ficming.

## PART II.

AT THE PLAY AND AFTER.

The first week of October there was brought out at a fashionable Broadway theatre a new play by an old actor and dramatist. The new piece, like all the new pieces by this popular playright, was stolen bodily from the French-so all the other players and playrights said at least—the mis en scene changed from Paris to New York. The little three-act comedy, sparkling with epi-grams, peppered with satire, rich with old jokes, juicily done over, and as full of capital situations as a pudding of plums, was an immense success. Whatever carping critics might say, the good-natured public were disposed to forgive many sins to the dramatist because he charmed much. The great man himself, just over from Europe, was to play the principal part, a fascinating old servingman; the scenery and effects were exceptionally fine, and the music-but everybody knews what the orchestra of that theatre is like.

The house was filled half an bour before the rising of the curtain, and packed at a quarter to eight. At eight there was not standing room—people had secured their seats a fortright ahead. A brilliant assemblage was there, the women beautiful, with that rare delicate beauty of America, to be no change in her. She wears her own abundsurpassed nowhere in the world, and the curtain arose before one of the most fashionable audiences the city could show. In one of the stage toxes sat a lady who

had attracted considerable attention before the rising of the curtain. This lady, tall, blonde, beautiful, very simply dressed, at-tracted for a few moments, a steady fire of lorgnettes, and was Mrs. Lewis Nolan. An- The recognition is mutual. For the space other lady a dashing brunette, much more of five seconds she france, brush in hand, her brightly arrayed, and wearing coral orna-ments, was Miss Kate Macgregor. Behind his wife sat Mr. Nolan, partly screened by her with her little part Other personages apchair surveying the house with a look of pear, the comic valet among them, who made amusement at the attention he and his party | the sort of love comis valets do make to singwere receiving. The young ladles  $g_{at}$  in full view, with that inimitable air of utter unconsciousness which comes so naturally to

blast with a grand march, and Mr. Nolan, for husband's—with an intensity that may be whom music had charms, resigned himself surprise, recognition, dislike—it is hard to deto listening and waiting for the rising of the curtain. Just then Mrs. Nolan, perusing her bill, uttered a little exclamation.

Well, Sydney, her husband said, 'what She glanced back at him, a startled ex-

pression in her eyes.
It is a name here in the play bill—a name

that I have seen before.' Nothing very startling in that, I should say. The names on your play-bill, one and all, should be tolerably familiar by this time.

Let me see.1

a name near the end of the last. He looks, and reads Dolly de Courcy.

It has startled Sydney. In one instant the

scene changes, and it is a stormy November night, and she and mamma, Cyrilla and Bertie, are seated in the primitive playhouse, waiting for Lady Teazle. Five years ago only, and what great and saddening changes. Papa and mamma dead, Bertle murdered, Cyrilla worse than widowed, she alone of them all happy, and here, and again to see Dolly de Courcy. She had been happy then in a different way. Yes, positively happy, although she had not knew such a being as Lewis Nolan existed on earth. How impossible to conceive of any happiness now where he was not the central figure. She leans back and glances at him, a smile in the lovely eyss, and holds her hand for the

Are you committing it to memory, monseigneur? The curtain is rising-my bill

please.' The gravity that has left her face seems to have found its way into his. He hands her back the paper with no answering smile. 'Where uid you ever see this name before?' he inquires. 'It is her first appearance

here? 'I saw her over five years ago at a theatre

in Wychcliffe.' 'It is odd you should remember the name

so well after so many years.' ·It would be under ordinary circumstances,' Sydney says, in a low voice, 'but I knew her under rather extraordinary ones. I lost a very dear friend, and she was at one time supposed to be associated with his death. I will tell you all about it another time—it is impossible here.'

For Sydney, five months a wife, has not yet, in any outburst of connubial confidence, told her husband the story of Dolly De Courcy and Bertie Vaughan; the name of either, in fact, has not passed her lips. She has a vague theory, but men are averse to knowing that the woman they marry has had a former lover and actually been on the brink of matrimony with another man. And

even at this distant date, a black cloud of the past, that will only needlessly darken the sunlight of the present. Besides, they made a compact before marriage to let the dead past stay dead on both sides. She has told him she was once engaged, he that he was once before in love—disagreeable facts both, best forgotten.

They play goes on—it is very bright and witty, and Sydney laughs. The music is fine, the scenery and costumes perfection. It is a drawing-room comedy, one of the Charles Matthew's sort, in which people seem to behave themselves as they might in their own drawing-rooms at home---cnly such badinage, such repartee, such smart epigrams, such flashes of wit and wisdom, unhappily one rarely hears in conversations of everyday life. Mrs. Nolan lying back in her chair and enjoying it immensely, forgets all about Dolly De Courcy, and the memories the name brings, and at every telling hit glances back at her husband to see how he takes it He takes it all rather absently, Sydney thinks, his very answering smiles are distrait; thinking of his eternal (it she had been a man she would have thought infernal) law business, she thinks, half-impatiently. But it is not of law business Nolan is musing, for when the curtain falls he leans over his wife and resumes the subject of the ac-

You have made me rather curious, Sydney,' he says, 'by your remark. How was it possible for this actress to be in any way associated with the death of any friend of

'She was suspected at one time of having killed him,' Sydney answers, in a nervous tone. 'Don't let us talk of it, Lewis, please -at least not here.'

One more question: What was your friend's name?

There is something more than mere curiesity in the young lawyer's face, as he puts this question, but that face, in which Sydney's eye can read all changes, she cannot see as

'Are you trying to get up a case at this late day? His name was—' she pauses a second, with the strongest feeling of repug'Tell me all about it, Sydney,' he say nance to uttering it Bertie Vaughan.

'Sydney,' exclaims Katie, leaning forward, here comes Mr. Vanderdonck. I thought he would run us down before the evening

ended.' Her venerable lover enters as she speaks, makes his bow to the ladies, and accepts a seat beside his betrothed.

Another gentleman, a poet and journalist of halt a century, with a snowy beard and a dreamy brow, a professed admirer of beauti- | hand on his shoulder, she tells him all that ful Mrs. Nolan, follows, and takes a seat for the remainder of the performance by her

side. Conversation becomes general; but Sydney notices that although her husband drops a remark now and then, and so avoids notice, he is singularly silent, and that a sort of grayish pallor has come over his face.

'You're not looking well, Nolan, upon my life, you're not,' remarks Mr. Vanderdonck. Don't overwork yourself among the big books, my boy. Distinction will come soon enough. It never pays to burn the candle of life at both ends.'

The curtain rises again, and a coquettish chambermaid is discovered dusting the furniture, and talking to herself, as is the way of chambermaids-on the stage-singing between whiles snatches of popular songs, in a very nice voice. The chambermaid is Dolly de Courcy. Sydney looks at her with interest. So far as she can see, years have made and black hair under a natty cap; and the plump figure, she can recaii, is as rounded and ripe as ever. But to Sydney the face is repulsively bold, the high color coarse, the

manner brazen.

Presently, as she dusts and sings, and vivaox, glances up, and stares full at Sydney. every other instant on the Nolan box. Not Presently the orchestra burst forth in full on Mrs. Nolan, but on the face behind-her fine what. She takes so little pains to conceal at whom she stares, that they all, perforce, notice it.

'Is that little soubriette an old acquaintance of yours, Nolan?' inquires old Vanderdonck, with an unctious chuckle. 'She doesn't seem able to take her eyes off you.'

She does watch you, Lewis, says Sydney, in wonder. 'I have seen her before,' Lewis answers.

quietly. 'To be sure you have,' says old Vander-donck. 'Don't be jealous, my dear Mrs. She hands him the play bill, and points to | Nolan; we have a'l been acquainted with pretty actresses in our day.'

What a horrid old man,' thinks Mrs. Nolan, disgusted. I jealous of Lewis-ab-

surd! But suddenly there returns the words, halfspoken by Dick Macgregor-she could hardly recall them, but something of a grande passion once entertained by Lewis for somebody. Was it for this actress, with whom Bertie Vaughan and Ben Word used to flirt? Lewis himself had owned to a former attachmentwas it for Dolly de Courcy? It seemed odd, indeed, if Dolly could twice cross her path as rival. She certainly did watch him in a very marked manner.

During that act and the next, the chambermaid was off and on in several of the scenes. Perhaps none in the house paid as much attention to the dashing little coquette as the party in that particular box. Mrs. Nolan looked and listened to her with a growing, and, very likely, unjust sensation of dislike. She was coarse, bold, vulgar; what could men see in her? what could Lewis, whose very instinct was fastidious and refined, see to attract him to a creature like this? In the annoyance of the bare thought, gentle Sydney absolutely called poor Dolly a creature, than which there exists no word of more bit-

ter contempt from one woman to another. The play ended delightfully; everybody was dismissed to happiness, the singing chambermaid and comic valet among the rest, and even the critics to whom gall and bitterness are the wines of life, went home and only mildly abused it. The two gentlemen made their adleus; Miss Macgregor went to Madison Avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. Nolan entered their carriage, and were driven

home. It was an exquisite October night, moonlight, mild, even the streets of New York | cases surmounted by busts of eminent lawyers looked poetical under the crystal rays. It and statesmen, portraits of sundry fathers of was still early, the city clocks were only | their country, a carpet like moss, the tube of striking eleven as they crossed their own

threshold. 'I must run and have a peep at my boy,' says Madame Sydney, tripping away. In the last month she has become the abavoids. It is an exceedingly painful subject | ing him as thoroughly and completely as any she is gone the pen drops from his fingers, and you cwying bout? Gimme some more woman's words; one thing she feels that for

doting mamma. With the fine discrimination of his years and sex, Teddy, on the other hand is indifferent to all Auntie's kisses and caresses, and has bestowed his juvenile heart on Uncle Lewis, at the sound of whose footsteps he precipitates himself down the stairs and into his legal coat sleeves with jubilant shricks of welcome. Ted is in his crib asleep, rosy, plump, lovely, a very cherub in outward seeming-alas! in outward seeming only, as his victimized nurs; but too well knew. She kisses him, throws off her wraps, and hastens to the apartment where she is prttty sure of finding her husband—a little gem of a room that is called the master's study by the household, and where he answers letters, etc., that he does sot find time for duing the day. He is there now, the gas is lit over the green table, but turned down to one minute point. It is the moonlight streaming between the curtains that lights the room, and Mr. Nolan sits near one of the windows gazing out.

Oh! wise young judge! of what is your honor dreaming? his wife exclaims, standing behind him and clasping her fingers across his breast. 'To-morrow's business, I am certain. Whoever heard of a lawyer looking at the moon?"

Nolan smiles. 'I was neither thinking of to-morrow's business nor of the moon. I was thinking— will you wonder?—of the strangeness of your knowing Dolly de Courcy.'

'You know her, Lewis. It is not a question, it is an assertion, and as such he answers:

'Yes, well—too well, years ago. But this Bertie Vaughan' (how pat he has the name, Sydnsy thinks) 'what friend of yours was

She perches herself lightly on his knee, and lays her pretty golden head against his

Lewis, she says, caressingly, you will not care, will you? You will not mind. He was the person I was to marry.' There is a pause. The shadow of the cur-

tain throws that immobile expression over her husband's face, perhaps, but in the half 'Tell me all about it, Sydney,' he says.

'I would have told you long ago, Lewis-I often wished to—but I was afraid it might pain you ever so little, dear, to know that once before my wedding day was named, my wedding-dress on, and that I was ready and waiting to become the wife of another man. I was only tond of him as a brother, Lewis, but still, to please my father, I would have married him.

And then her arm around his neck, her strange, tragical story of the past—the mystery still unravelled of that night.

Whoever killed Bertie, if he were killed, committed a double murder, for he killed papa as well. But I cannot think he was murdered; he had no enemies, poor Bertie; and what motive could any one have for so dreadful a deed? It has changed my whole life-it brought on papa's death, as I say; it broke up our home. Papa certainly believed he had been thrown over the cliff, and on his death-bed, Lewis, made me promise to bring the assassin to justice, it it ever was in my power. 1 premised, and that promise troubles me sometimes, for I do nothing, of course, to discover the guilty person. If papa had lived be would never have given up

until he had done it.' 'But if you ever do meet him'-how hollow a sound has Lewis Nolan's voice-'you will keep that promise-you will deliver up this murderer of Bertie Vaughan?

Lewis! how hoarse you are?' She lifts her head, but she can only see that rigid outline of his face.

Well-what else can I do? My promise to my father binds me, and it would be only just. Still it would be a very dreadful thing to have to do. I hope I never may ciously says her lines, she approaches their | find him—it would be hard indeed to let him how deeply I felt about Mrs. Harland, how indignant I was with you for defending her? Well, I was not thinking of her at all, but of poor Bertie; thinking how I would abhor the lawyer who would stand up and defend his

assassin.' Even if he were thrown over the cliff, as Harland was shot, in a moment of reckless

passion?' Even so. To give way to reckless passion is in itself a sin-how can a lesser crime stand as excuse for a greater? What right has any one to give way to reckless passion and lift his hand against his brother's life, taking that gift which God gave, and which

all the power of earth cannot restore?' 'You are quite right, Sydney. If ever you find the man who killed Bertie Vaughan, you will be fully justified in giving him up to the punishment he has so richly earned. You think he was killed, then?

'I think so,' She remains still, her eyes fixed on the glory of moonlight on earth and sky, her head vaguely troubled.

'I hope I may never meet him,' she says I do not want to be an avenger. I wish papa had not made me give that promise. I believe I could not keep it after all-it would haunt me all my life to bring punishment on

He sits silent. She lifts her head and looks at him once more.'

'Lewis,' she says, uneasily, 'it has not vexed you, this story I have told, or my keeping it from you so long?" Vexed me? You vex me, my Sydney?"

Then he suddenly rises and gently puts her from him. 'It is almost twelve, and time you were asleep. You were dancing all last night,

remember. Don't sit up any longer.' He turns up the gas, floods the room with light, and begins assorting letters and papers

on the table. 'And you, Lewis? You are going to burn the midnight oil, as usual, I snppose, and have everybody telling you how badly you are looking, and that you are working yourself to death. People will begin to think your married life is so miserable that you are wearing away to a shadow.'

He smiles, but he does not look at her. 'No one will ever think that, my princess, but 1 promise not to write long to-night.' Mr. Nolan has retained a bad habit of an-

swering a dozen or more letters every night, when he should be viriuously asleep. With his countryman, Tom Moore, he believed that "The best of all ways to lengthen your days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear."

and all expostulations to combat this vicious custom was futile. She lingers a moment at the door to watch him as he begins work. It is a picture she recalls with what pain and bitterness it would

be vain to tell in later days. The cozy room, rich in every costly and elegant appointment, the well-filled bookgas pulled down to the table, and the rapid hand dashing over the sheet. It is a scene that stands out vividly to the day of her

death. neither pauses nor looks round. Only when dy, opening his brown solemn eyes. Was horrible meaning lies beneath this wreiched

he takes it up no more. His elbows on the table, his face bowed in both hands, so he sits, heedless of time. The mellow morning hours pale and pass, the little brown English sparrows in the trees outside twitter and talk as the pink dawn breaks, and up-stairs Sydney lies asleep, an innocent smile on her lips. But Lewis has not slept, has hardly stirred the night through.

CHAPTER XIV.

A VISIT AND A GOLDEN WEDDIXG. Five days after this, on Wednesday, the eleventh of October, an event of very considable importance in certain circles was to transpire-the golden wedding celebration of the famous Mr. and Mrs. Ten Eyck. Mr. Ten Eyck (so let us call him, although of course we dare take no such liberty with his highly respectable name as to introduce it into those pages) is a man whose invitations, like those of royalty, are equivalent to commands. No man dreams of refusing. Lewis Nolan even, who is indifferent to most invitations, and rarely cared to court favor, does not consider it derogatory to accept promptly and with pleasure this card for Wednesday night. In certain political dreams which this aspiring young man has dreamed, Mr. Ten Eyck's favor and patronage may be of immense advantage, for among the rulers who sit at the gates and administer wisdom and equity his name has been a tower of might. A mighty sachem in the wigwams of the pale-faces; an old-time Democrat as to politics, ex-governor of a State, owner of a line of ocean steamers, and whose millions no man presumes to count—that is Mr. Ten

Eyck.
'You really will go, then, Lewis?' says Mrs. Nolan, with pleasure, when the cards arrived, for Lewis had an adroit way of slipping out of unwelcome invitations at the eleventh hour. 'I may count upon you for the golden wedding?'

'Who refuses Ten Eyck? Not I!' laughs Nolan. 'Little men must bow down before great ones. I expect to ask a favor or two of the great T. E. before very long.'

This had passed on the day preceding the theatre-going, and no mention had been made of the subject since that night when Mr. Nolan had still further recklessly risked his health by falling asleep over his odious papers, as Mrs. N. indignantly found out. He had been more absent, more silent, more serious, more preoccupied, than she had ever seen him since. Once or twice—quite a new thing—he had not come home to dinner, and when he did return, he looked so haggard, so weary, that Sydney was growing seriously alarmed. His was a countenance that told but little of what was passing within; but something more than ordinary-something more than mere press of business, was weigh-

ing upon him now. 'Do you still intend to go to the Ten Eyck's, Lewis?' she asked on Wednesday

morning at breakfast. She asked it half timidly, for something in her husband's looks and manner of late almost awed her. She was growing bewildered and frightened, poor child, by the change in him; in spite of her clinging affection he seemed slipping away from her; there were places in his life, it seemed, and shoughts in his heart, she could not share, and her cup of felicity was not quite without alloy, at last.

'Do you still intend to go?' she repeats. You have accepted, you know.'

Ho looks across from the morning paper he holds, with eyes whose depth of tenderness she cannot doubt, and wet with something besides she does not understand.

I will go, Sydney-I shall not fail you to

night. The answer is simple enough, surely, but somehow it makes Sydney vaguely uneasy. 'I shall not fail you to night.' It sounds Sydne oddly as though he had added. 'It is for the quietly. go unpunished. Do you remember, Lewis, last time.' She looks wistfully at him, but he has gone gravely back to his paper. How worn that dear face grows! Oh! what is this that is coming between them, this dark vague cloud that has neither shape nor name? She De Courcy. goes with him to the door, lingering beside him as he puts on his light overcoat, still silent, still wistful, still troubled. Is it a presentiment that this is the last time she will ever so linger? Does he feel it, too, or is it some secret knowledge that makes his parting embrace so tender?

'Good bye, my princess,' he says, and is

gone. She wanders about the house, that vague, restless trouble still haunting her. What is the matter with Lewis-what secret has he Has he had trouble with Mr. Graham?losses, disapointments in business? Oh, how foolish to trouble about such trifles, and they so rich. She tries to read and fails; attempts fancy work and throws it aside in disgust; no time to waste.' sits down to practice a new song Lewis has brought her, and fancies she can't sing. She goes to the nursery and proposes a game of carriage with his bonne, and loftily declines. Shall she go down town and see Lucy, and so pass the dragging hours? No, she is too listless to go out of doors-she must dawdle about as best she may until dinner hour brings Lewis, and dressing time. An intense longing to see him again takes possession of her; she will put her arms around him, and beg him to tell the trouble between them. Her entreaties, her tears, he can never resist; whatever the cloud is, it shall be dispelled. Why has she not thought of this before?how silly to go on wondering and fretting when a few words would have broken down the barrier of reserve. So strong does this longing grow, that once she rises and stretches forth her hand to order the carriage own fixed and white. and drive down to the office immediately. But she stops and laughs at her own impaclerks; and Lewis' look of silent wonder and would wait until evening and drive down for him then.

'I grow worse and worse every day,' muses Mrs. Nolan. One would think I was mar-mind to hunt him up and just scare him a ried yesterday, and could not bear Lewis out little; but I didn't think,' cries Dolly, with a of my sight. I will do nothing so ridicularity tragic air, I didn't think he would have lous; I will wait; only I wish it were five dared to marry you. instead of eleven o'clock.'

Half-past twelve is luncheon hour. As Mrs. Nolan sits down with Teddy to that sorbed and gazing at Dolly, and listening to mid-day refection, a boy from the office comes | Dolly. with a buff envelope addressed in Mr. Nolan's none to legible hand:

'MY DEAREST: Do not wait for me this evening; I shall be detained, and will probably not reach the house until after eleven. Go at your own hour-we will meet there.

actually cried over this note! She had made up her mind to have that explanation, to go would put in an appearance after midnight, wasn't the square thing, and that I mean to or perhaps not at all.

Was the matter, Auntie Syd?' pipes Ted-

chicken pie. Was you cwying for? I ain't done nossin, has I?', Auntie Syd wipes away those rebellious tears, and laughs and helps Ted to chicken-

Was I cwyin' 'bout-what, indeed! Auntie Syd is only an overgrown baby, after all, Master Ted, not half as much of a hero as yourself. Auntie won't cry any more.'

She keeps her word, but the afternoon is utterly spoiled. She takes a book, les down in her own room, darkens it, and tries to read herself asleep. She succeeds, and the slanting, yellow lances of sunshine that makes the way in, tell her when she wakes that it is her pocket. late. She looks at her watch—past five. She sits up refreshed, and buoyant once more, for the troubles of her waking life bave not followed her into dreamland. She goes down saw any one prettier and rich, and respect. stairs at once towards the dining-room, and able, and everything. He isn't handsome\_ at the hall-door hears bell-boy Jim in magis- at least I dont think so. Never could hold a terial discussion with somebody who wants | candle to Bertie Vaughan.' admission.

. : Master ain't home, I tell ver; and if he was, why don't you go round to the airy door. He ain't home, and I dunno when he will be, and you can leave your name, and call again'

'I can't call again what's more I won't,' replied a shrill feminine voice. 'I want to door, indeed! I knew Mr. Lewis Nolan ever tell your husband you were going to he when he had neither areas nor hifalution houses, nor impudent little niggers like you. 'What's this?' says the gentle tones of Mrs. Nolan, and bell-boy Jim clothed in a little brief authority,' falls back before his

'It's a young woman, missis, wants to see master. I've told her he ain't home yet, but she won't go.'

Sydney looks, then recoils with a strange shrinking; for the young woman, pert of aspect, loud of dress, is Dolly De Courcy.

There is a moment's silence; even audacious Dolly seems taken aback, but not for

'I want to see Mr. Nolan,' she says with a defiant toss. 'He lives here, don't he? I've had trouble enough hunting him up, Lord knows; I ain't going back without seeing

him now.' 'Mr. Nolan is not coming to dinner-will not return until eleven, probably. If it is anything I can do in his place-

Will you see me?' says Dolly with a certain incredulity in her tone. 'Undoubtedly,' if it is anything I can at-

tend to as well. 'I don't know but that you can,' says Miss De Courcy, with a disagreeable little laugh : perhaps better than Lewis-oh, beg pardon! mean Mr. Nolan.

the blood to Sydney's cheeks, and her manner changes from gentleness to cold for-'Will you walk this way? And I must beg you to make your business brief, for I am

Something in the tone of the speech brings

very much occupied this evening. 'I won't keep you long,' is Dolly's answer. 'She follows Mrs. Nolan into one of the

smaller reception rooms, and gazes in undisguised wonder and admiration at the stately magnificence. 'Ain't this just splendid! Dolly says halfaudilly; and all his! Well it's better to be born lucky than rich. I guess he ain't sorry,

when he looks at all this, that I didn't marry him when he wanted me to.' The color deepens in Sydney's face. Can it be, indeed, that Lewis—her Lewis—has ever loved and wished to marry this woman? In the thoughts there is unutterable pain and humiliation. In the pure, piercing light of day, without stage paints or powders, the actress looks haggard and repulsive, on her unblushing front a brand there's no mistak-

Sydney shrinks a little, but she waits

'What do you want?' see asks.

They both still stand; Mrs. Nolan canno quite ask her to sit down.

'I saw you at the theatre last week.' 'He saw me, too, didn't he ?-Lewis, you know. Oh! I beg pardon again; of course

day, it is evident, has sunk pitifully below the Dolly of five years ago. 'Mr. Nolan saw you, and recognized you, lone quarter of an hour; fill the cans as I believe. He said he had known you be

fore. Did he say he wanted me to marry himthat he was dead in love with me-that he from her? Is he ceasing to love her? No, she was jealous of-no matter who-that he does not doubt that, whatever she doubts. prayed and begged me to marry him, and that I wouldn't? Did he tell you that?' insolently demanded Dolly.

Will you tell me your business?' says Mrs. Nolan with a stately coldness. I have

With such as me, I understand. mind, you offered to see me yourself-I didn't come to see you. I never expected to speak romps; but Teddy is going out in his great to you. But it's queer oh, 'good Lord!' it's the queerest thing I have ever heard ofthat you, you of all people, should go and marry him!

Sydney stands looking at her—the color fading from her face.

'I knew you the minute I set eyes on you, pursues the actress and I declare, it almost knocked me over. I had heard Lewis had married a New York heiress, but never heard her name; and if I had I wouldn't have thought it was that Miss Owenson. Why it's horrid of him to deceive you so, because, if you knew, I don't believe you would have

married him.' What is this? Sydney stands quite rigid, holding a chair, her eyes on Dolly's face, her

Of course he knew, pursues Dolly, and it's what I wouldn't have expected of him, betience. Mr. Graham will be there, and the cause, with all his flery temper and jealousy, he isn't like that. But I suppose he thought disapprobation would be terrible. No, she it a great thing to carry off a beauty, and an heiress, and a fine lady. He doesn't think I know as much as I do, and the minute I heard he had married rich, I made up my

Still Mrs. Nolan stands fixed, white, every faculty of mind and body seeming to be ab-

What I want is money, pursues the actress, coming briskly back to business. (Its what I've come after, and what I must have. I am going to leave New York, and I want two or three thousand for a suitable wardrobe, and that Mr. Lewis has got to give me, Affectionately, Or—well, never mind what, now. If you'll will it be believed—she has been married let me wait, I'll wait till he comes; he won't nearly half a year, remember-Mrs. Nolan refuse so old a friend,' Dolly laughs again. And besides I want to congratulate him. Why, it's like one of our pleces exactly, his to the golden wedding in a golden glow of doing what he has done, and then marrying you, peace, proud and happy on her husband's and me turning up, knowing everything. doing what he has done, and then marrying you, arm, and now she must go alone, and he But he ought not to have married you—it

tell him.' Sydney wakes from her trance. Whatever

some misdemeanor of the past she intends to annoy and torment Lewis Lewis who is sufficiently annoyed by business already She takes out her pocket-pook.

'If you are poor, she says, 'I will help you. If you have any claim upon my husband's kindness, it will not be disregarded. I will tell him you have been here, and he will know what is right to be done. Meantime take this from me, and do not return Leave your address, and you shall hear from

Dolly looks at her curiously, but she takes the bills, counts them over, and puts them in

What did you marry him for, I wonder she says, as if to herself, with a puzzled look at Sydney. 'You're awfully pretty-I never

Sydney recoiled at the sudden sound of tha

name. 'You never found out who killed him did you? He was thrown over the bank, you know, and they suspected me.' Here Miss De Courcy laughs with a certain savage light in her black eyes. 'He was a sneak and a liar anyway. It was good enough for him see Mr. Nolan, and I'll wait till I do. Area telling lies to you and lies to me. Didn't you married to him?

'I don't know what you mean.' (To be Continued.)

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

FRECKLE LOTION .- Muriate ammonia, one dram; cologne water, two drams; distilled water, seven ounces; mix and use as a wash. It contains nothing injurious.

TOMATO SAUCE - Eight pounds of tomatoes, one quart vinegar, three pounds sugar, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one of cloves, one of English mustard, and one of red pepper; boil down till quite thick.

CARAMELS .- Of grated chocolate, mild, New Orleans molasses, and sugar, one cup each; a lump of butter the size of an egg, Boil until it drops hard—say about three-quarters of an hour-stirring to prevent burning; run in buttered tins.

COLD CATSUP .- To half a peck of ripe tomatoes, three green and three red peppers, and a large bunch of celery, all cut fine, add three pints vinegar, one teacup salt, one teacup mustard-seed, one teacup grated horse-radish, and two tablespoonfuls black pepper; mix well and bottle. CREEPING CHARLIE.-To arrange " creeping

charlie" to grow luxuriantly in a vase, place some broken pieces of charcoal in the bottom of it, with some beach sand on it to the depth of two inches; place the stems of the plant in this sand, and fill the vase with water. Place in the coolest corner of the room.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Two eggs, six tablespoonfuls sugar, one cup cream; beat the mixture thoroughly and flavor strongly with lemon, unless some other flavoring is preferred. Then take a teacupful of stewed apples, mash them, and add them to the other ingredients; make crust and bake same as egg custards. They are delicious.

CANNED PEACHES -The best way of canning peaches, pears, apricots, and all small truits: Pare, cut in half, and take out the stones, when there are any; lay the fruit in a stone jar; the fruit should be in every instance ripe and of the richest flavor; make a syrup of half a pound of granulated sugar (some persons allow only a quarter of a pound) and one gill and a half of water to each pound of truit; when it boils, skim well and pour boiling over the fruit in the jar; let it stand until next day, then put all over the fire and boil slowly for one-quarter of an hour. Put in

cans and screw on the cover. CANNED PLUMS .- To one pound of fruit, which should be ripe, allow one half-pound of sugar and a gill and a half of water; prick each end of the plums quite through with a 'You know who I am?' demands Dolly | darning-needle; wash and put in a stone jar; make the syrup, skim and pour boiling over the plums, and turn a plate over them to keep the plums under the syrup, and let stand until the next day; pour the syrup from the I mean Mister Nolan.' A toss of the head, an plums and let boil again, returning to the insolent giggle. The Dolly De Courcy of to-plums; repeat this process three days; then put the syrup over the fire, and when it comes to a boil add the plums and let cook slowly the can to keep it from breaking; take the spoon out, of course, and screw the top on.

## IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE

that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu. Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do, but when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer. See other column.

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