

stunning effect, and it was sometime before she recovered from the shock she had sustained.

At length the recollection of Maud flashing in upon her, roused her to exertion, and she arose to return to the house.

As she emerged from the darkness into the illuminated walks she again saw the Templar in a Turkish tent partaking freely of champagne. Night had vanished. Feeling the need of some refreshment in her weak and trembling state, Edith entered the tent and gladly accepted a glass of wine offered by an attendant.

The Templar gave a slight start as his eye fell on the graceful figure of the Duchessa. He instantly recognized his wife, and approaching, he asked in a harsh whisper where was Maud, and why she was there alone?

The sternness of his manner, and the harshness of his voice—so different from the honeyed tones in which he had addressed Pauline—stirred the spirit of resentment in the heart of Edith, and steeled it against the weakness of which she had just been guilty—mourning for the loss of such a man's affection. Was it not really worthless? Thus she reasoned, and the answer came in spirited tones such as Mr. Castonell had seldom heard from his gentle wife.

"Maud is enjoying herself in the ball-room, and I am here alone because it suits my purpose."

"And what is that purpose?" The thought suggested itself that she had been watching him and Pauline.

Edith vouchsafed no reply, but the conscience-stricken man felt sure she had discovered his guilty secret.

Turning coldly away from the Templar, Edith returned to the house.

On reaching the ball-room she found Maud still dancing with the Austrian officer, and "enjoying herself exceedingly," as she declared when she joined her mother.

It was now late, the supper-hour was approaching, and Mrs. Castonell declared it was time to go.

Frank Mordaunt remonstrated:—"Surely she would stay for supper, and allow Maud to have another gallop. Besides, she had not been in the garden yet, and it looked so well illuminated."

Maud's bright eyes pleaded for a prolonged period of enjoyment, but her mother was obstinate, she would not remain any longer in Mrs. Grant Berkeley's house. She felt as if the atmosphere of those splendid rooms was polluted, contaminating. How little, she thought, did people know the character of the hostess! But they were not as ignorant of it as Edith in her guilelessness imagined. Society, though censorious, is sometimes blinded by self-interest. A lady who could give such magnificent entertainments must not be judged too harshly. Maud Castonell was obliged to relinquish the happiness of stepping any longer to the enchanting music, and accompany her unhappy mother from the scene of festivity to her humble home.

They found that Mr. Castonell had already returned. A cab was at the door, and he was busily engaged packing a portmanteau as if for a journey.

To his young daughter's eager question where was he going he curtly replied:—"To Toronto on business."

A few minutes afterwards he left the house without taking any notice of Edith. He kissed Maud, however, lingering a moment as he held her affectionately in his arms; then, saying he must hurry to catch the night-train, he turned abruptly away.

His sudden departure surprised Mrs. Castonell, but believing what he told Maud, she simply supposed he was returning to Toronto seeking employment of some kind, hoping, perhaps, to procure a curacy in Western Canada.

The topic of conversation for the following day in the fashionable world of Montreal was the fancy ball given by Mrs Grant Berkeley.

On the next day, however, the interest this subject excited was entirely lost in the excitement produced by an event startling and unexpected—the elopement of Mrs. Grant Berkeley with the Rev. Mr. Castonell.

The blow fell less heavily on the forsaken wife than people imagined, for, knowing of her husband's attachment to Pauline, this sad end to the drama that had been acting unnoticed by her, did not add much poignancy to the grief she was already suffering, and she felt that living with him when his heart was given to another would be a kind of living death, and could be productive only of misery to both. Still the certainty of his elopement with Pauline was a severe shock, for she did not think either of them capable of such wickedness. How she mourned over the reproach her husband's conduct cast upon the Church, and the deep infatuation which had plunged him and Pauline into the depths of sin. If Mrs. Castonell had been much attached to her husband she could not have taken his desertion so calmly, but his own coldness and heartless treatment of her for years had chilled the love she had once experienced towards him.

Edith did not want for friends in this time of trial. As she was now left destitute, something was necessary to be done to support her-

self and Maud. A school was therefore procured for her by some sympathising ladies who interested themselves in her affairs, and in this way there gleamed a little sunshine through the cloud of adversity which had descended so suddenly and so darkly on the head of Mrs. Castonell and her daughter.

To be continued.

An individual at Bangor declares that it's the working between meals that's killing him.

Why will the Parisians, when the siege is over, be the most intelligent people in the world?—because all the Asses in Paris will have been eaten.

An Empty Head.—Of a light, frivolous, flighty girl, whom Jerrold met frequently, he said, "That girl has no more head than a periwinkle."

A would-be wit asked his uncle if the tolling of a bell didn't put him in mind of his approaching end. "No, sir," he replied "but the rope puts me in mind of yours."

That old lady, 100 years old, who knits all the stockings for the neighborhood, and brings in all the family wood, is just now in New Hampshire. She is an orphan!

A Wisconsin editor was called out of bed one night to receive a subscription. After that he sat up nights for over a week, but the offence wasn't repeated.

Toronto.—When Lord Eldon resigned the Great Seal, a small barrister said, "To me his loss is irreparable. Lord Eldon always behaved to me like a father."

"Yes," remarked Brougham, "I understand he always treated you like a child."

A pedlar calling on an old lady to dispose of some goods, inquired of her if she could tell him of any road that no pedlar had ever travelled? "Yes," said she, "I know of one, and only one, which no pedlar has ever travelled, (the pedlar's countenance brightened), and that's the road to heaven."

"You can do anything if you have patience," said an old uncle, who had made a fortune, to his nephew, who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve if you only wait." "How long?" asked the petulant spendthrift, who was impatient for the old man's death. "Till it freezes," was the cold reply.

Beecher has no beard to stroke, no moustache to caress, and he has not yet contracted the Congressional habit of thrusting his hands in his own pockets—or other people's—nor of sliding them in his bosom, nor hanging his thumbs from the armpits of his jacket. There are times when the text demands no gesticulation, and then comes in the full power of the handkerchief. Automatically the busy fingers roll up a corner, measure the hem, tug at the texture, and the next moment the hand swallows the whole square of cambric in one energetic, clinching gesture. It is transferred from one hand to the other; it is caressed, crushed, unfurled, and may safely be called the banner of the Plymouth pulpit.

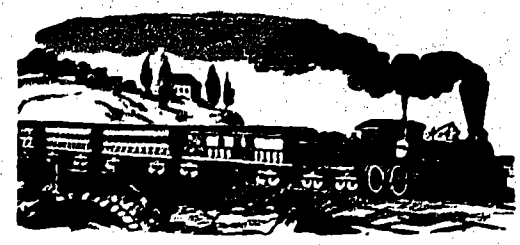
Some people have such a delicate way of hinting their meaning that it is not always readily taken, but others speak more plainly. We read of an old man, the other day, who was in the habit of going to bed promptly at nine o'clock, but being kept up by company after that hour, he became sleepy. Finally, seeing the clock marked half-past nine, he turned, yawningly, toward the partner of his joys and sorrows, and said: "Wife, hadn't we better go to bed? These folks want to go home." It is hardly necessary to add that the aged couple were not kept out of bed long after that announcement.

A brave officer, who had been wounded with a musket-ball in or near his knee, was stretched upon the dissecting-table of a surgeon, who, with an assistant, began to probe and cut in that region of his anatomy. After a while, the "subject" said: "Don't cut me up in that style, doctor! What are you torturing me in that cruel way for?" "We are looking after the ball," replied the senior operator. "Why didn't you say so, then, before?" asked the indignant patient; "I've got the ball in my pocket!" said he, putting his hand in his waistcoat, and taking it out. "I took it out myself," she added; "didn't I mention it to you?" "I meant to?"

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