THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1882

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

This is the age of general improvement and the True Witness will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender in- if men would but learn itr" fancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticise Darwins theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The TRUE WITNESS is now what we may term an established fact, it is over 33 years in ex-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The TRUE WITNESS will be mailed to clergyman, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

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

between this date and the 31st December, gagements, you would remember my day." 1881, will receive the paper for the balance of the year free. We hope that our friends or agents throughout the Dominion will make ing her lips to her friend's cheek. "I want ties requiring sample copies or further intor- you." Then she acknowledges Mrs. Charteris mation please apply to the office of THE POST street, Montreal, Canada

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so meet.

cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and "W request those of them who have not, to follow

their example at once. "POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.

741 ORAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA. ENGLAND AND THE CAPE.

Private letters from the Cape declare that the people there are in a great state of alarm. believing that the English colonists will be driven out as a result of the Government's policy in the Transvael. In many well informed quarters it is believed that England will lose the Cape.

MPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMPORTING— "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocos, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist any tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maiadies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly pourished frame." - Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins lib and lb, labelled-JAMES EPPS & Co., Homosopathic Chemists. London, England." Also makers of Epps's CHOCOLATS ESSENCE for aftermoon use.

By THE DUCHESS:

To live

CHAPTER XX. CONTINTED.

"Poor darling " says Oyclamen; "I am ture a cup of tea will do you good. And now tell me of Arthur Blunden. Have you forgiven him?"

Not yet. I shall never forgive him until can cry quits with him. What, do you think I could so easily forego my revenge?" "You are more cruel than I believed you. What did you do to him last night? He looked like a condemned criminal. Did you refuse him too?" "No On my honor. He did not give me

"He wanted to?" "What a lawyer you would make! Well, perhaps he did. But the time and place and

the chance."

humor didn't suit me." : 2770 - 357u £ "I wonder you can behave so badly to him. I think him absolutely charming, and so de-voted, dear fellow."

-so dark, so patient, so adoring. He is, perhaps, just a little too devoted. A grave fault, "You surely like him, dear?"

"Immensely. I think him one of the nicest men I know, if not the nicest. Both his clothes and manners are irreproachable." "You praise him, yet you float him, to use an old-fashioned word."

"Well, hardly that; I'm sure I'm intensely pretty to him. But I have learned, dearest. that charming lovers make bad husbands. I prefer my freedom to any man's love. And yet you must not think I am a man hater. I esteem them highly, and they-as a rulewell, they all like me. There is scarcely a man of my acquaintance who does not burden me with a history of his griefs. They tell me of their debts; of their unfortunate attachments; of how heavily they were let in by the dark mare that was 'all their fancy,' could possibly paint her, but which [miserable animal] in the end was found to be never really meant; of their tailor's bills, and their maiden aunt's brutality, who would not ruin herself to keep them in cigars. All their grievances I know at the tips of my fingers. And yet after marriage I believe any one of these men would tire of my sympathy and carry his grievances elsewhere.

"Oh, Fancy !" " Forgive me if my speech sounds heretical It is simply my own experience, and limited. Yet I confess to you, Clssy, there are at present six married men who [if I would allow them] would bore me every day with a recital of their wrongs.

"Six bad men!" says Cyclamen. "I know many who would scorn to do it."

"It takes an exception to prove a rule-Ah, Olive! you little quiet child. How you creep into a room !- just like a small brown mouse. Give me a kiss then, and tell mammayou must come and spend to-morrow with Elsie and Blanche."

"How are your little nieces?" asked Cyclamen. "I see them so often I forget to ask for ithem. "Quite well, thank you. Why, Olive, what

a delicious little gown! Who gave it to "Mamma," says Olive. "It is the same as

mamma's—do you remember—her brown one." "I remember it because it is the solitary

becoming gown she possesses. By-the by, Cis, do you generally go about in your "Eh!' says Cyclamen, naturally some-

what startled.

"I really mean it. Do you?"

"Weil, not as a rule,"—mildly.
"I thought not dearest, knowing what an old prude you are; yet yetterday two or three people said to me, 'When your cousin Lady Cyclamen is dressed, she is the most elegant woman in London.' What could that mean? I really wish you would give up those pronounced colors and wear something respectable. Just think what people say of you. Undressed, they say. It is almost indecent."

"You frighten me. To-morrow you shall call for meand take me into town and get me some clothes. I feel I have been too long decolletee."

Here the door is thrown open, and Kitty Blunden enters, followed by Brandy, who is evidently in great form. Arthur Blunden, arriving a few moments later, is vague in manner, and has a suppressed air of expectation about him that dies as his eyes rest lightlyonly for an instant-on Fancy Charteris, and he sees "the beauty that is dearest to his

heart." His mind of late has not been unclouded. Jealousy that fell destroyer of one's peace, has had possession of him, and, keeping c'osely at his cloow, has rendered his hours joyless, take subscriptions from themselves and their his meals tasteless, his pleasures too sad to be accounted such.

"So giad to see you, dear," says Cyclamen Parties subscribing for the TRUE WITERSS to Kitty. "I hardly hoped, with all your en-"A desire for gossip and your society has

brought me," says Kitty, laughing, and pressan extra effort to push our circulation. Par- to go through the chat of the fair with presence very coldly. Cyclamen she likes. Printing and Publishing Company, 761 Craig | Most people do. Cyclemen, like Gretchen Dugdale, is a general favorite—a sort of person one not only wants but is in a hurry to

"What a charming day !" says Brandy, who has been lucky enough to secure a low seat near Mrs. Charteris.

"Yes," replies Fancy. "'A day to res in a golden grove or to bask in a summer sky;' hardly a day for a weary bown."

"Yet I wouldn't leave this town for all the golden groves in Europe," says Mr. Tremaine, enthusiastically. "Catch me at it. I can't say I'm very keen about groves '-unless, indeed,"-rentimentally-" one had the person one fancied with one."

"What a singular remark !" says Mrs Charteris, laughing. "How many ones did you as we found ourselves oppposite 'Louise's' put in it? Oh!"—a little nervously, as some she said she was tired and could not stir anates himself into her arms.

"It's only the 'Curlew,'" says Brandy, with a light laugh; whereupon Mr. Dinmont-for it is he—treats him to an annihilating glance. But Brandy is not to be annihilated. He is quite above all that sort of thing, and goes on genially, if a little maliciously, enjoying his rival's confusion.

"Did you ever hear that story, Mrs. Charteris about Dinmont's curlew, vou know?that marvellous bird he introduced into poor Guy's Elegy? No? Then I shall tell it to

"You can amuse her [if you can] with the sweepings of your brain," says Dandy, wrathfully; but I assure you, Mrs. Charteris, the story has nothing to do with me. I am quite innocent of the Elegy's murder, I assure

you" "Dear me! it promises to be what Toddy would call a very bluggy' story," says Mrs.] Charteris. "But may I hear it Mr. Din- tell me, Cis?"

mont? Horrors have a strange fascination for me."

"Hear it, by all means," says Dandy, with an air of some strength of the constitution. It is an interest you as shrewdly sh his late friend to another, each—as told by him—funtier than the last. Dandy, gloomy Fancy Charteris, it authors firmly there. and entaged, draws nearer, listening to bim, "I think she says the oddes things," K and watching his opportunity to crush him. "He went a regular perisher, you know," Brandy is saying gayly, "and made a most horrid ass of himself. But some fellows

never know where to draw the line. "I know a Jellow could draw the ! line,!".
says Dandy, viciously, with a malignant smile that ends in a fend chuckle at his own wit,could draw it to any amount, and get complimented in glowing language (language that regularly seared and burned) by the colonel afterwards. Been to dine with the 61st lately, Tremaine?" (The old familiar "Brandy t

has been long since dropped. No; have you?" asks Brandy, indignantly; and, a wordy war being imminint, Arthur Blunden, who is near, comes to the rescue. "Talking of the 61st reminds one of the 60th," he says, somewhat absurdly, " in that it instantly remind every one of the young men who wished to enter the 14th, to be near his brother, who was in the 25th. And that reminds me of your cousin, Mrs. Charteris.—Jim Lisle, I mean, I saw him to day. He is looking very well indeed; and they all tell me he is much improved; in fact, never-never

"Gets drunk?" questions Fancy, calmly Why mince matters? We all know what Jimmy was—a perfect nuisance. I'm sure I'm very glad to hear your news-if it be true. We used to call him our Liquid Jim.' I can't endure that sort of person myself. One is never sure whether he isn't coming to see one in a state too hourible for description. Still, I am glad to hear good of him, and that he is 'himself again,' like that unpleasant R chard. When Jimmy was sober he was very nice indeed, and I was quite fond of him." "I wish to goodness I was Jimmy, even

with all his peccadiloes on his head," says Brandy, fondly gazing at Mrs. Charteris. "Don't be rash," says Mrs. Charteris. You are much more desirable as you are. When I think of Jimmy I always remember the last night I saw him in Belgrave Square. You know that is where the dear duchess lives. It was a musical affair; and, as they always do that sort of thing as cheaply as possible, they get their friends to assist them. They haven't many friends, so they fell back on me. 'Mrs. Charteris will you play some thing?, said Lady Jane, addressing me in her most frigid style. I know I don't go down palatably with Lady Jane, in spite of my being something of a musician," says Mrs. Charteris, modestly, who is an absolute genius where the harp and plane are concerned. " With pleasure, I said, innocently shutting up my fan with a little click. I confess I felt unamiable that night. 'Is it to be whist

or loo? You should have seen her facs! Whist!' echoed she, with a horrified start, looking even leaner than usual. 'I am thinking of music-the harp-the piano!' 'I am sorry,' returned I, as demurely as I could [because I was shaking with laughter], 'but I really cannot oblige you. As you probably know, I never play anything out cards.' Poor Lady Jane sailed away without another word, piety and disguit finely mingled in her cour-

As she finishes this little story, she laughs gayly, and glances at Arthur Blunden, to see and prison fare."

"Sne understood, of course, what you meant—that you wouldn't play?' asked he. "Yes. But she hid her knowledge. I suppose she thought-like the old play-that where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be other-

The room has filled gradually. Every one is talking of every one else to their nearesc neighbor in the softest tones, that belie the severity of the remarks made. Cyclamen. wearying of old women, and sage talk, and company manners in general, comes over to Fancy presently, and sinks down upon a chair near her, with a heavy sigh bern of mental ex-

haustion. Kitty Blunden, who is close to her, smiles. "Do you find your duties too onerous?" she asks. "You look done up. I think it is all the different conversations one goes through -trying to suit each person's mind-that is the strain. The sudden change from grave gay, from lively to severe, is very try-

"It is, to me especially, who by nature am indolent. Sometimes I feel it so much that I doubt I'm growing old."

"Oh. Cis, how rude of you!" says Fancy, breaking into the discussion with a charming

pout; "when you know you are two years older than I am." "But I look and feel five years older. You

might be pointed as 'perennial Spring,' my dear; you look barely eighteen.' "Flatterer I" says Fancy.

"I never flatter,"-simply. "You know tradesmen and those kind of people invariably call you ' Miss.'"

"Yes,"-with a little shrug; "it is really borrible. Somehow it offends me. I'm sure I paid for my title as dearly as any one, there-

fore why shouldn't I get it?" "You should take one of the children about with you," says Cyclamen, alluding to Fancy's

lwo little nieces.

"Ah!" says Fancy; and then she laughs, as one might who is amused at some quaint recollection. "Did I never tell you of my disastrons defeat?" she says, mercily. "I quite thought like you, you know, that a child would be a sort of patent of respectability and age; and all that, until one day some months ago, when I took Blanche out with me. We went down Regent Street-her one great desire (in fact, the dream of her life is to go down Regent Street.) So we went. But just one trips over a footstool and almost precipitiother step. I left my carriage at Lady ates himself into her arms.

Other step. I left my carriage at Lady ates himself into her arms. was crowded. I stepped into the cab first and then beckened to the man to put Blanche in also. He was evidently of a genial disposition. He smiled. "I was near forgetting your baby, miss? said he. I gave in then. I acknowledged Blanche a failure; and I leaned back in the cab and maintained a demure silence until I reached Lady Biount's." [Fancy is always delightfully vague.] Cyclamen laughs heartily, so does Brandy Tremaine; Arthur Blunden smiles; Kitty looks disgusted, and, pretending not to have but I wish you would not dance again with heard, lays her hand on Arthur's arm and Blunden." compels him by a gesture to accompany her

across the room. "Dear me! says Fancy, blushing a little, as she sees Arthur's departure—not knowing it you need take me to task. And, besides, I is enforced—and notices the coldness of Kit- | didn't ask you." ty's expression, "I am afraid I have horrified Lady Blunden. I quite forgot she and—and -her cousin were so near. Why didn't you

amour propre. Indeed, Brandy is evidently comes in to tell ner of some suppid story or genuine admiration very prettily done. "As in his element, and goes on from one tale of silly bit of scandal heard at his club. Pres- for me, I know nothing that has passed; and his late friend to another, each—as told by ently the conversation drifts, untill reaching it can hardly signify to me whether I dance "I think she says the oddest things," Kitty

says, unable to resist censuring the woman she abhors and fears. And then she tells him in her severest manner of Fancy's little story about the undiscerning cabman, "And she said it all without a smile, just as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world. It was to Cyclamen she told it, but Arthur and Brandy and I heard every word of it."

Sir John sits down and gives way to, irrepressible laughter. pressible laughter.
... Well, you must confess she is amusing."

he says. "I think her horrible," returns Kitty, reproachfully. . To tell such a risque story, and out loud too, before half a dozen men. It was abominable."

"I dare say she didn't mean them to hear." "Perhaps not. But she should have thought of it. That is just what I object to in her. She is full of a thoughtfulness that might well be termed recklessness. I believe if half London had been at her side she would have told that story just the same."

"I shouldn't wonder," says Sir John, still palpably amused "But after all, there wasn't very much in it."

"Quite too much. It certainly wasn't

"How did Brandy behave under the trying circumstances (" "Need you ask? He laughed immoderate-Nearly as much"-slowly-"as you laugh now."

"And Arthur?". "He smiled."

"And Cyclamen?"

"She-she laughed too," confesses Kitty, who would have given anything to be able to say truthfully that Cyclamen was as onenly disgusted as she was. But she is too honest to Hе.

"I thought Cyclamen, was your pattern "I must say she surprised me. It was very

unlike Cyclamen. I saw nothing to laugh "Shall I tell you something, Kitty?" says Sir John, clasping his hands behind his head and regarding his wife quizzically. "Mrs. Charteris has been unfortunate enough to offend you in some way, and therefore she couldn't amuse you. You are prejudiced against her. Confess, now, you don't like

"Well, I don't," says Kitty. She looks at him wistfully, and wonders if indeed he is ignorant of the reason for her dislike. "I wish you didn't like her either," she says, a little

"If it would please you, I wish I didn't," returns he, with a faint yawn. "But, unhappily, our likes and dislikes are beyond our control. I think her a very charming woman, and good natured too. I wonder what it is she has done to annoy you?"

"Nothing,"—hastily, vexation and a touch of hanteur in her tone. "It is quite impossible she would ever annoy me. But I am not singular in this dislike. She appears to me to have few friends; and I hear she treats her little nieces, her poor dead sister's children,

very cruelly." "What an awful charge? What does she do to them? You open visions of birch rods

he neglects them She does not take them driving or walking.

or-"She evidently took the child Blanche for

walk. Don't wrong her too bitterly." "She never speaks of them, poor children that should be as dear to her as her own."

"She hasn't any of her own; so I suppose they are dearer. Do you know I think she has acted very admirably towards those children? They are left without a penny, and she even refused to give them up to the father's family-the Melrose people-because she said to me, they were too poor to do them any justice, and she couldn't let Alice's children want for anything"

"She talks very prettily," says Kitty, bitterly, "and certainly she has a staunch defender in you. I am dressed, Jack. We shall be late"-coldly-"if you sit there any longer singing Mrs. Charteris' praises."

CHAPTER XXI.

Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved.
When women cannot love where they're be

THE band is playing Mon reve softly and with exquisite meaning. Pretty women are waltzing lightly and smiling sweetly, and doing all the damage that lips (false but perfect] can do. The rooms are crowded. Here and there great banks of greenest moss make beds for roses that lie upon them in all their cream and pink and crimson beauty, sleepily bringing forth their perfume.

Lady Blunden, is the acknowledged belle of Mrs. Redesdale's, ball. Rarely has "handsome Kitty Tremaine" looked so handsome. There is in her large eyes a deeper shade, in her cheeks a richer color, in her whole sir an increase of gayety, charming yet undesirable. She is, too, a little kinder to Cecil Launceston than she has ever been before, and dances with him and openly permits his attentions (which are, if the most respectful, bien entendul in a manner hitherto foreign to her. parts.

Gretchen-who has been actually driven to this hall by Kenneth-regards her with an anxiety that puzzles herself, and, though unable to account for her uneasiness, wishes secretly she would not make berself quite so remarkable with Mr. Launceston.

Sir John, happily oblivious of everything but the passing moment, is dancing rather more often than is good for him with Fancy Charteris-so often that Arthur Blunden's frown deepens, and his breath comes a little | them?" hard; and a stade falls and settles upon his "It is impossible she can mean it," he mut-

ters, in a miserably uncertain tone; and then he goes over to Fancy and claims her for the next dance which is his. When it is over, she glances at him mischievously.
"What misfortune has befallen you?" she asks. "You remind one of a man in a pic-

ture by somebody called 'Doleful Dumps.' " Man is born to misfortune, -you know that,,' returns he, with a half smile. "But-

"With whom? Blunden? Do you mean yourself? I'm sure"—in an aggrieved tone-I haven't danced so very often with you that There is sufficient truth in all this to irri-

tate him. "Nonsense." he says, a little brusquely. "You know I mean bir John."

with Sir John or not. And if it pleases him to that. A fellow can't help being fond of you, dance with me, poor fellow [I dance very can be?" well],"—innocently—"I don't see how I can refuse him,

"It is rather unkind to Lady Blunden, is it not?" says he, in a very low tone, without tentness that makes his pulses throb. looking at her.

"I don't understand,"—coldly. "And Si John of course, knows what is best. I should

not dream of dictating."

"At least it is unkind to me," says Arthur dance with him again, for my sake."

Mrs. Charterle changes color. "Now, why did you not say all that be fore?" she says, with a very sweetsmile, that: lingers on him, and which, in conjunction with the blush, renders her lovely. "It is quite another thing... Yet, to please you, I promise not to dance again with Sir John to-

"Fancy," says Arthur, his heart beating quickly at this unexpected surrender, "if I

dared hope--" What he dares is lost, as Brandy at this instant makes his presence felt; and at his heels, hard following, comes Dandy.

"Ah! Mr. Tremaine, is it really you?" says Fancy, pleasantly, smiling a welcome at the infatuated Brandy; "and you too, Mr. Dinmont?" directing another smile no whit less sweet at the devoted Dandy. "I had no idea little."
I should have the good fortune to meet you Then both to-night. But the gods are kind. Have you been here long?

"Yes-that is, rather. I thought-You are late, aren't you?" returns Brandy, hastily and incoherently, fearing his rival may cut in before him and gain the advantage of a smile or look that might be intercepted. "I meant to be early," says Fancy contrite-

"I can't think how it is I am always late. Perhaps"—with a little glance at Brandy-"I might have hurrled myself had I known who was awaiting me."

Brandy is in the seventh heaven, Dandy in the lowest lepths of despair. Mrs. Charteris has been too long a practiced coquette not to be aware of the smothered rage and jealousy on her left hand.

"Why did I not see you yesterday?" she as a Dinmont, addressing him suddenly. "I rye," says Brandy, reflectively; whereat Mr. quite expected you up to five o'clock, but you Charteris laughs and shakes her blonde head never came. Better employed, no doubt." "Did you expect me?"—rapturous!y. "I didn't know. I wasn't sure. May I call to-

morrow?"... "Ob, you must call to-morrow, or I shall never torgive your neglect," says Mrs. Charteris. with a faint laugh.

"Do not let us waste any more of this music," Blunden breaks in, half impatiently; and Mrs. Charteris, laying her hand on his arm, moves towards the ball-room. Yet she caunot resist a parting shaft.

"Mr. Dinmont, may I trouble you to hold my fan until I return? But perhaps—no doubt you will be dancing-and-"No, no, indeed; I do not care about danc-

ing," says Dandy, eagerly, taking the fan, casting at his late friend a glance of undisguised triumph. "I shall stay here until you come back.' "Thank you so much,"-sweetly. Then,

turning to Brandy, who is scowling at the lucky Dinmont, "Mr. Tremaine, keep my card safely, will you? I can't tell you how it forments me; and I know you will take care of it."

With this she leaves; and the rivals with their backs to the wall, await her coming again in utter silence. "What a wicked little thing you are!" says

Blunden, half reprovingly. "'It is my nature to," replies ene, so plaintively that an instant finish is put to all scold-

Seeing Sir John coming towards them at the close of this dance, as they stand together in a conservatory, Arthur says, hurriedly,— "Remember your promise." "Do you distrust me?" returns she, with a

little frown so full of reproach that as Sir John reaches her Arthur moves away to a distance that places him quite beyond hearing, and leaves her her freedom to accept or reject his cousin's attention. Yet Sir John, for once, pleads in vain for a

dance. "Her card is full,-quite fall. No, he need not look; he must believe her when she says so. It is so strange, then, that no vacant place should be seen on her programme?" and so on. Bir John accepts defeat, but lingers idly,

talking to her, until she almost loses patience

"What a charming dress yours is!" he save. presently, a genuine note of admiration run ning through his tone, as though he feels him self compelled to offer homage to the robe in question. "All the other women's dresses ook paltry and in bad taste when compared with yours, ... You are like an old picture."

"Am I?" murmurs she, with saucy prompt ness. "Shall I tell you something? Old pictures look better at a distance. One gets a his eyes. (It is almost as nice to be called a more satisfactory view. Go to the other end of "sad filrt" as a "wicked young man" when the room, now, and see it I'm not right." "Is that a dismissal?" demands he, with a

little laugh. " If you wish to think so," retorts she, with a faint grimace. And, being at times master of some wisdom, he takes the hint and de-

He has hardly disappeared when Dandy and Brandy, who have both been watching their opportunity, saunter up to her, to Arthur Blunden's disgust. "I see you have two dances still disen-

gaged," says Brandy, restoring her card and speaking with the becoming diffidence of a young man who is hopelessly enamored of the object addressed. "May Inhave one of "What is it?" Lancers?: Certainly," says

Mrs. Charteris. "But it is a square dance, and you may not care for it are. "Oh, shan't I!" says Tremaine, glowing with delight. He is about to be effusive; when Dandy [who has pushed his way, with considerable pluck and much want of breeding, through a crowd of dancers, with her huge fan held conspicuously in his hand]

says, hurriedly,— "Won't you give me one dance, Mrs. Charteris?". His tone is miserable; he is filled | bad to worse, from one evil course to another, with anguish at his rival's success.

"If I have one," says Fancy, who is kindness itself, to some per ple. "Yes-here it is; but it is a quadrille. Is that too slow for you? Too great an infliction? We can sit it out, you know, which will be even pleasanter, and certainly cooler."

She never bestows fast dances upon tyros, and Dandy she believes inexperienced in the art of the divine Terpsichore. "Thanks awfully," says poor Dinmont,

deeply grateful for this small mercy.

"The next has begun, and it is ours," says Brandy, proudly offering her his arm; where upon, in spite of Blunden's impatience and Dandy's misery she has to depart. Perhap she rather enjoys both in her secret heart. says to Brandy, during a pause in the dance. At twenty-tour to be called " wicked " is in

At twenty-rour to be caned. Wicked "Is in expressibly sweet. Tremaine at all events is intensely flattered. The really, you know," he says. "You mustn't, mirjudge me; but I can't bear to see you talking to Dinmont, or—or any fellow, if that is what you mean; so I burried you away. You can't blame me for

"Yet I think I can see something malicious in your eyes," says Fancy, gazing into the foolish boy's handsome eyes with a quiet in-

"You mistake me," he says, soitly; "I am the most amiable fellow alive; at least I used to be, you know, before before I met you. How can I be otherwise just now? When one is intensely happy there is seldom room for discontent, and discontent alone creates wickedness."

"Thank you. I know no one who make me such pretty speeches as you do." "I wish 'I dared believe all you say. D

you want to turn my head?" says Brandy eagerly, or introduction she, so softly, and with such parpable meaning in her tone, that Brandy says, still mote eagerly,"

NewWhyale! and The "Because, as you now are, you can look a me, and-I can look at you; and "-says this arch flirt caressingly-" if you turned your head ever so slightly all such enjoyment would be at an end."

"I wonder, if you mean half what you say ?" says Brandy, bewildered. "I should," says Mrs. Charteris, with some faint satire that falls harmless; "I say so

Then the dance is over and the music ceases, and those Lancers—so far beyond all other Lancers that were ever danced-come to an end, and Dandy joins them, and Arthur Blunden too. Arthur is distrait and silent to a fault, until Sir John Blunden, sauntering up presently, compels him to speech. Fancy amuses Sir John, indeed, it is with difficulty he keeps himself from her side when she is present, though indelence prevents him from

actually seeking her society.
"Have you seen Lady Jace?" he ask, addressing Fancy. "She looks rather done " Passe you mean, perhaps?" Arthur break

in hurriedly. "The word hardly applied Any one might look done up, however young. "Well, 'the bloom' can't be always on the at him reprovingly, which so far encourages Mr. Tremaine that he goes on exuberantly:

one of his ghostly group, she is so lean. Do you remember them ?--'Strange and uncouth; dire faces, figures dire; sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too, With long and ghostly shanks; forms which

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"She reminds me, don't you know," he says,

"of those lines of Wordsworth. She might be

Could never be forgotten!" "What on earth is a shank?" asks Sir John; but nobody heeds him. "Really, Tre-

maine, you know, you ought to think before you speak." "Yes, that's the worst of Lady Jane," says Fancy, pensively; "one can't forget her. How one wishes one could. But really "-with generous emphasis—" she looks older than she is. How can she be fresh at night, when she will get up at five o'clock in the morning, because that handsome curate at St. Mathias's tells her it is good for her morals, or her di-

gestion, or something?" "'The early bird catches the worm,"

marks Arthur, sententiously. " Horrid thing a worm," says Mr. Dinmont who has been silent for some time; "goes wriggling, you know, all over the place, and looks so joily uncomfortably slimy all the time. Wouldn't have it at any price. Got to offer me something pleasanter than a won to make an early bird of me,"

"Awfully clever fellow, Dinmont," says Brandy, with unaffected enthusiasm; "make such original remarks; only I hope he wasn't describing Lady Jane's pet curate. It's valgar to call names, you know, and (slimy' isn' pretty word "

"Yet, I think it quite expresses Mr. Mild may," says Fancy, calmly, coming to Din mont's rescue. "I wish Lady Jane could hear you," say

Brandy, unabashed. "By the bye, if she doesn't propose to him soon she will be treating the poor man very badly, don't you think?-downright dishonorably. She has shown him the greatest attention-the most particular-all the season." " She doesn't mean anything by that," says Blunden. "It is only a little way she has."

"Yes," murmurs Brandy, sotto voce. "She

is such an artless thing.'

"Better that than a heartless thing," says Mr. Dinmont, with deep meaning, casting a glance that is almost tragic at Mrs. Charteris who catches it, plays with it awhile, and then flings it back to him daintily gilded. "I doubt you are a sad flirt," she says t him, in a soft whisper inaudible to the other that brings the quick light of gratification to

one is under thirty.) "I thought she rather affected Launceston, says Arthur, alluding to Lady Jane; "she used to make much of him at one time."

"Until he told that little story about the

naughty boy and the apple-tree," says Fancy

You know it? No? Then you must held Cecil was growing rather tired of her altentions, and one day, when she was showing him off before a very select goody-goody at dience as a reformed young man, he began to tell her a small tale that sounded in the be ginning like something out of a Sunday mag-azine. Every one settled down to listen. B was Jane's protege, and should be heard; and Cecil, seeing how rapt were the listeners, was ed eloquent. It was all about a very bad little boy named Robert, who would not give his pennies to the Church missionaris Cecil dwelt, upon his misdemeanors in a too too awful to transcribe, until, as he approach ed the point that was to show the fearful and that overtook this graceless lad, his voice such to a solemn whisper. Every one was delight ed, and Lady Jane was absolutely reveling in the sensation created by her convert when Occil wound up his tale. I'm sure he had learned it by heart: And so he went from until October came, and the leaves began to fall. Then-he-fell-too.' He paused and sighed. 'Into fresh sin?' interrupted Lady Jane, dismally, but with evident enjoyment. Not exactly, said Occil, calmly; 'it was from the top of a high apple tree he was success fully robbing he fell; and—he didn't break

his arm !' You should have seen their faces. His tone betrayed him, rand the glance he could not help casting at me-for I was present. Lady Jane never forgave him. Shelf

[Continued on Third Page.]

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