

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

The True Witness has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is any true flattering it may also claim 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 infancy, 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.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal 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 something 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.

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.

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 copy 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 application.

We want active 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 clergymen, 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 quota 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 other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible pressure of which the true witnesses in our bosoms, on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from ourselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Bate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO., 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

HONORED AND BLESSED. When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were sceptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors.

THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT WIMBLEDON. For some time during the competition for the Queen's Prize at the rifle meeting it seemed highly probable that one of the Canadian team, Sergeant Walker, would carry off the gold medal and £250 presented by Her Majesty. He was among six others who had an aggregate of 56 over the two first ranges, that being the highest on the register. He rather fell off at the 1,000 yards, though his chances of success were brilliant at the first two or three shots. He finished with 75, which falls into the tenth place, being eleven less than was ever known in the history of the competition and twelve more than was made last year. The name of the winner is Private Beck. He belongs to the 3rd Regiment of Devon volunteers. His score was 86.

EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING—"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 cocoa, 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 maladies 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 nourished frame."

—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled—"JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England." Also makers of EPPS'S CHOCOLATE ESSENCE for afternoon use.

The College Record says of an undergraduate: "X—takes a concave mirror to look at his mustache."

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

PART II. CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

A well known figure in a gray suit, stood a few yards off, pacing restlessly about and smoking. He flung away his cigar and hurried up to her. One glance at her smiling face was enough, his own flushed with rapture. "I have come for my answer," he cried. "O Edith, my darling, don't let it be 'No.'"

CHAPTER X. HOW TRIX TOOK IT.

It was half-past twelve by all the clocks and watches of Powys Place. Miss Stuart sat alone, in the pleasant boudoir or sitting-room, assigned her, her foot on an ottoman, a novel in her hand, a frown on her brow, and most beautifully dressed. In solitary state, at half-past ten, she had breakfasted, waited upon by the trimmest of handmaidens in smiles and lace cap. The breakfast had been removed for over an hour, and still Miss Stuart sat alone.

Her mamma had called to see her, so had Lady Helena, but they did not count. She wanted somebody else, and that somebody did not come. Her novel was interesting and new, but she could not read; her troubles were too many and great.

First there was her ankle that pained her, and Trix did not like pain. Secondly, it was quite impossible she could venture to stand upon it for the next three days, and who was to watch Sir Victor during those three days? Thirdly, next week Lady Helena gave a large party, and at that party it was morally and physically impossible she could play any other part than that of wallflower; she who was one of the best waitresses, and loved waiting better than any girl in New York.

The door opened and Edith came in. "At all times and in all array, Miss Darrell must of necessity look handsome. This morning in crisp muslin and rose-colored ribbons, a flush on her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes, Miss Darrell was something more than handsome—she was beautiful. Something, that was more the memory of a smile, than a smile itself, lingered on her lips—she was so brightly, pretty, so fresh, so fair, that it was a pleasure only to look at her."

"Good morning, Trix," she said. "How is your poor dear ankle? It doesn't hurt much, I hope?"

She came up behind Miss Stuart's chair, put her arms around her neck, stooped down and kissed her forehead. The frown on Trix's face deepened—it was the last straw that broke the camels' back, to see Edith Darrell looking so brightly handsome, privileged to go where she pleased, write she was chained to this horrid chair."

"It does hurt," Trix responded crossly. "I wish I never had an ankle, sooner than to sprain it this way. The idea of horrid floors like black looking-glasses, and slippers that on a skating-rink. Edith, how long is it since you got up?"

"Now for it!" thought Edith, and the smile she strove to repress, dimpled her sunny face. Luckily, standing behind Trix's chair, Trix did not see it.

"How long? Oh, since nine o'clock. You know I'm not a very early riser."

"Did you go straight down to breakfast?"

"The breakfast hour was ten. It doesn't take me all that time to dress."

"Where did you go then?"

"I walked in the grounds."

"Edith!" with sudden sharpness, "did you see Sir Victor?"

"Yes, I saw Sir Victor."

"Where? In the grounds too?"

"In the grounds too; smoking a cigar."

"Edith!" the sharpness changing to suspicion and alarm. "You were with Sir Victor?"

"O Trix," she twined her arms still closer around her neck, and laid her cheek coaxingly alongside of Miss Stuart's. "There has been a horrid mistake. All the time in that boat on Killarney's lake he was talking of me?"

"Of—you?" The two words dropped from Trix's ashen lips. "Of me, dear, and he thinks at this moment that you understood him so. Trix—don't be angry with me—how could I help it! He proposed to me yesterday afternoon," Trix repeats the words like one who has been stunned by a blow, in a dazed sort of tone. "And you—refused him, Edith."

"Accepted him, Trix. I said yes to Sir Victor Catheron this morning in the grounds."

There was a pause. The ticking of the little Swiss clock, the joyous warble of the thrushes, the soft rustle of the trees preternaturally loud.

Beatrice Stuart sat white to the lips, with anger, mortification, amazement, disappointment. Her eyes covered her face with her hands, and burst into a vehement flood of tears.

"Trix!" dear Trix! Edith exclaimed, shocked and pained; "good Heaven, don't cry! Trix, dearest, I never knew you were in love with him."

"In love with him!" cried Trix, looking up, her eyes flashing through her tears, "the odious little wretch! Washy, drawing coxcomb! No, I'm not in love with him—not likely! No, but what business had he to go talking like that, and hemming and hawing, and hinting, and—oh!" cried Trix, with a sort of shriek, "I should like to tear his eyes out!"

"I dare say you would—the desire is both natural and proper," answered Edith, smothering a second desire to laugh; "but, under the circumstances, not admissible. It was a stupid proceeding, no doubt, his speaking to you at all, but you see the poor fellow thinks you understood him, and meant it for the best."

"Thought I understood him!" retorted Miss Stuart, with a vengeful glare. "Oh, shouldn't I like to make him understand me! The way he went on that night, kissing my hand, and calling me Beatrice, and talking of speaking to me, and meaning you all the time, is enough—enough to drive a person stark, staring mad. All Englishmen are fools—there!"

Miss Stuart, sparks of fire leaping up her cheeks, and Sir Victor Catheron's the biggest fool of the lot?"

"What for! For wanting to marry me?"

"Yes, for wanting to marry you. You, who don't care a bad cent for him!"

"How many bad cents did you care, Miss Stuart, when you were so willing to be his wife?"

"More than you, Miss Darrell, for at least I was not in love with any one else."

"And who may Miss Darrell be in love with, pray?"

"With Charlie," answered Trix, her face still aflame. "Daisy it is; I love with Charlie, and he with you."

She was looking up at her rival, her angry gray eyes so like Charlie's as she spoke, in everything but expression; that for an instant Edith was disconcerted. She could not meet them. For once in her life her own eyes fell.

"Are you going to quarrel, Trix? Is it worth while, for a man you have decided we neither of us care for—we who have been like sisters so long?"

"Like sisters!" Trix repeated bitterly. "Edith, I wonder if you are not scheming and deceitful!"

"Beatrice!"

"Oh, you needn't! Beatrice, me! I mean it. I believe there has been double dealing in this. He paid attention to me before you ever came to New York. I believe if I hadn't been sea-sick he would have proposed to me on the ship. But I was sea-sick—it's all ways my luck to be everything that's miserable—and you were with him night and day."

"Night and day! Good gracious, Trix, this is awful!"

"You know what I mean?" pursued Trix loftily. "You got him in love with you. Then, all the way to Killarney you flirted with Charlie—poor Charlie—and made him jealous, and jealousy finished him. You're a very clever girl, Edith, and I wish you a great deal of joy."

"Thank you you say it as if you did. I don't take the trouble to deny your charges; they're not worth it—they are false, and you know them to be so. I never sought out Sir Victor Catheron, either in New York, on board ship, or elsewhere. If he had been a prince, instead of a baronet, I would not have done it. I have borne a great deal, but even you may go too far, Trix. Sir Victor has done me the honor of falling in love with me—for he does love me, and he has asked me to be his wife. I have accepted him, of course; it was quite impossible I could do otherwise. If at Killarney, he was stupid, and you made a blunder, am I to be held accountable. He does not dream for a moment of the misunderstanding between you. He thinks he made his meaning as clear as day. And now I will leave you; if I stay longer we may quarrel, and I—I don't want to quarrel with you, Trix."

Her voice broke suddenly. She turned to the door, and all the smallness of her own conduct dawned upon Trix. Her generous heart—it was generous in spite of all this—smote her with remorse.

"Oh, come back, Edith!" she said, "don't go! I won't quarrel with you. I'm a wretch. It's dreadfully mean and contemptible of me, to make such a howling about a man that does not care a straw for me. When I told you, you wished me joy. Just come back and give me time to catch my breath, and I'll wish you joy too. But it's so sudden, so unexpected. O, Dithy, I thought you liked Charlie all this while?"

How like Charlie's the handsome dark gray eyes were; Edith Darrell could not meet them; she turned and looked out of the window.

"I like him, certainly; I would be very ungrateful if I did not. He is like a brother to me."

father would detest him, and your father isn't the heavy father of the comedy, to rage through four acts, and come round in the fifth, with his fortune and blessing. Charlie and I have common sense, and we have shaken hands and agreed to be good friends and cousins, nothing more."

"What an admirable thing is common sense! Does Sir Victor know about the hand-shaking and the cousinly agreement?"

Don't be sarcastic, Beatrice; it isn't your forte! I have nothing to confess to Sir Victor when I am married to him; neither your brother nor any other man will hold the place in my heart (such as it is) that he will. Be very sure of that."

"Ah! such as it is," put in Trix, cynically; "and when is it to be, Dithy—the wedding?"

"My dear Trix, I only said yes this morning. Gentlemen don't propose and fix the wedding day all in a breath. It will be ages from now, no doubt. Of course Lady Helena will object."

"You don't mind that?"

"Not a whit. A grand-aunt is—a grand-aunt, nothing more. She is his only living relative, he is of age, able to speak and act for himself. The true love of any good man honors the woman who receives it. In that way Sir Victor Catheron honors me, and in no other. I have neither wealth nor lineage; in all other things, as God made us, I am his equal!"

She moved to the door, her dark eyes shining, her head erect, looking in her beauty and her pride a mate for a king.

"There is to be a driving-party to Eastlake Abbey, after luncheon," she said; "you are to be carried down to the tarouche and ride with your father and mother and Lady Helena—Charlie and Captain Hammond for your cavaliers."

"Sir Victor drives me."

"Alone of course?" Trix says, with a last little bitter sneer.

"Alone of course," Edith answers coldly. Then she opens the door and disappears.

CHAPTER XI. HOW LADY HELENA TOOK IT.

But the driving-party did not come off. The ruins of Eastlake Abbey were unvisited that day, at least. For while Edith and Trix's somewhat unpleasant interview was taking place in one part of the house, an equally unpleasant, and much more mysterious interview was taking place in another, and on the same subject.

Lady Helena had left the guests for awhile and gone to her own room. The morning post had come in, bringing her several letters. One in particular she seized, and read with more eagerness than the others, dated London, beginning "My Dear Aunt," and signed "Lucas." While she sat absorbed over it, in deep and painful thought evidently, there came a tap at the door; then it opened, and her nephew came in.

She crumpled her letter hurriedly in her hand, and put it out of sight. She looked up with a smile of welcome; he was the "apple of her eye," the darling of her life, the Benjamin of her childless old age—the fair-haired, pleasant-faced young baronet.

"Do I intrude?" he asked. "Are you busy? Are your letters very important this morning?"

"Not important at all. Come in, Victor. I have been wishing to speak to you of the invitations for next week's ball. Is it concerning the driving-party this afternoon you want to speak?"

"No, my dear aunt; something very much pleasanter than all the driving-parties in the world; something much more important to me."

She looked at him more closely. His face was flushed, his eyes bright, a happy smile was on his lips. He had the look of a man to whom one great good fortune had suddenly come.

"Agreeably important then, I am sure, judging by your looks. What a radiant face the lad has!"

"I have reason to look radiant. Congratulate me, Aunt Helena; I am the happiest man the wide earth holds."

"My dear Victor?"

"Cannot you guess?" he said, still smiling; "I always thought female relatives were particularly sharp-sighted in these matters. Most I really tell you?"

"I have not, indeed," but she sat erect, and her fresh-colored, handsome old face grew pale. "Victor, what is it? Pray speak out."

"Very well. Congratulate me once more; I am going to be married."

"He stopped short, for with a low cry that was like a cry of fear, Lady Helena rose up. If he had said "I am going to be hanged," the consternation of her face could not have been greater. She put out her hand as though to ward off a blow.

"No, no," she said, in that frightened voice; "not married. For God's sake, Victor, don't say that!"

"Thank heaven she has accepted me—without her my life would not be worth the having."

"Who is she?" she asked, without looking up. "Lady Gwendoline, of course."

"Lady Gwendoline?" He smiled and lifted his eyebrows.

"No my dear aunt a very different person from Lady Gwendoline. Miss Darrell."

She sat erect and gazed at him—stunned. "Miss Darrell! Edith Darrell—the American girl—the Victor, is this a jest—"

"Lady Helena, am I likely to jest on such a subject! It is the truth. This morning Miss Darrell—Edith—has made me the happiest man in England by promising to be my wife. Surely, aunt, you must have suspected—must have seen that I loved her."

"I have seen nothing," she answered blankly, looking straight before her—"nothing. I am only an old woman—I am growing blind and stupid, I suppose. I have seen nothing."

There was a pause. At no time was Sir Victor Catheron a fluent or ready speaker—just at present, perhaps, it was natural he should be at a loss for words. And her ladyship's manner was the reverse of reassuring.

"I have loved her from the first," he said, breaking once more the silence—"from the very first night of the party, without knowing it. In all the world, she is the only one I can ever marry. With her my life will be supremely happy, supremely blessed; without her—but no! I do not choose to think what my life would be like without her. You, who have been as a mother to me all my life, will not mar my perfect happiness on this day of days by saying 'no' to me."

"But I do object!" Lady Helena exclaimed, with sudden energy and anger. "More—I absolutely refuse. I say, unless you are too young to want to marry at all. Why, even your favorite Shakespeare says: 'A young man married, is a man that's marred.' When you are thirty it will be quite time enough to talk of this. Go abroad again—see the world—go to the East, as you have often talked of going to Africa—anywhere! No man knows himself or his own heart at the ridiculous age of twenty-three!"

Sir Victor Catheron smiled, a very quiet and terribly obstinate smile.

"My extreme youth, then, is your only objection?"

"No, it is not—I have a hundred objections—it is objectionable from every point. I object to her most decidedly and absolutely. You shall not marry this American girl without family or station, and of whom you know absolutely nothing—with whom you have not been acquainted four weeks. Oh, it is absurd—it is ridiculous—it is the most preposterous folly I ever heard of in my life."

His smile left his face—a frown came instead. His lips set, he looked at her with a face of invincible determination.

"Is that all?" he demanded. I will answer your objections when I have thoroughly heard them. I am my own master—but that much is due to you."

"I tell you she is beneath you—beneath you!" Lady Helena said vehemently. "The Catherons have always married well—into ducal families. Your grandmother—my mother—was, as I am, the daughter of a marquis."

"And my mother was the daughter of a soap-boller," he said with bitterness. "Don't let us forget that."

"Why do you speak to me of her? I can't bear it. You know I cannot. You do well to taunt me with the plebeian blood in your veins—you, of all men alive. Oh, why did you ever see this designing girl? Why did she ever come between us?"

She was working herself up to a pitch of passionate excitement, quite incomprehensible to her nephew, and as displeasing as it was incomprehensible.

"When you call her designing, Lady Helena," he said, in slow, angry tones, "you go a little too far. In no way has Miss Darrell tried to win me—'tis the one drawback to my perfect happiness now that she does not love me as I love her. She has told me so frankly and bravely. But it will come. I feel that such love as mine must win a return. For the rest, I deny that she is beneath me; in all things—beauty, intellect, goodness—she is my superior. She is the daughter of a scholar and a gentleman; her affection would honor the best man on earth. I deny that I am too young—I deny that she is my inferior—I deny even your right, Lady Helena, to speak disparagingly of her. And, in conclusion, I say, that it is my unalterable determination to marry Edith Darrell at the earliest possible hour that I can prevail upon her to fix our wedding day."

She looked at him; the unalterable determination he spoke of was printed in every line of his set face.

"I might have known it," she said, with suppressed bitterness; "he is his father's son. The same obstinacy—the same refusal to listen to all warning. Sooner or later I knew it must come, but not so soon as this."

The tears coursed slowly over her cheeks, and moved him as nothing she ever could have said. "For heaven's sake, aunt, don't cry," he said hurriedly. "You distress me—you make me feel like a brute, and I—really now, I don't think you ought to blame me in this way. Miss Darrell is not a Lady Gwendoline, certainly—she has neither rank nor wealth, but in my sight their absence is no objection whatever. And I love her; everything is said in that."

"You love her?" she repeated mournfully. "Oh, my poor boy, my poor boy!"

"I don't think I deserve pity," Sir Victor said, smiling again. "I don't feel as though I did. And now tell me the real reason of all this."

"The real reason?"

"Certainly; you don't suppose I do not see it is something besides those you have given. There is something else under all this. Now let us hear it, and have done with it."

He took both her hands in his and looked at her—a resolute smile on his fair blonde face.

"Would you do this, Victor? Would you have strength to give up the girl you love? My boy, my son, I don't want to be hard on you, I want to see you happy, Heaven knows, and yet—"

"I will be happy—only tell me the truth and let me judge for myself."

He was smiling—he was incredulous. Lady Helena's mountain, seen by his eye, no doubt, would turn out the veriest molehill.

"I don't know what to do," she answered, in agitated tones. "I promised her to tell you if this day ever came, and now it is here and I—oh!" she cried out passionately, "I can't tell you!"

He grew pale himself, with fear of he knew not what.

"You can, you will—you must!" he said resolutely. "I am not a child to be frightened of a boggy. What terrible secret is there hidden behind all this?"

"Terrible secret—yes, that is it. Terrible secret—you have said it!"

"Do you, by any chance, refer to my mother's death? Is it that you knew all these years her murderer and have kept it secret?"

There was no reply. She covered her face with her hands and turned away.

"Am I right?" he persisted.

She rose to her feet, goaded, it seemed, by his persistent questioning into a sort of frenzy.

"Let me alone, Victor Catheron," she cried. "I have kept my secret for twenty-three years—do you think you will wring it from me all in a moment from me now? What right have you to question me—to say I shall tell you or shall not? If you knew all you would know you have no right whatever—none—no right to ask any woman to share your life—no right, if it comes to that, even to the title you bear!"

He rose up too—white to the lips. Was Lady Helena going mad? Had the announcement of his marriage turned her brain? In that pause, before either could speak again, a knock that had been twice given unheard, was repeated a third time. It brought both back instantly from the tragic to the decorum of every day life. Lady Helena down; Sir Victor opened the door. It was servant with a note on a salver.

"Well, sir," the baronet demanded abruptly. "What do you want?"

"It's her ladyship, Sir Victor. A lady to see your ladyship on very important business."

"I can see no one this morning," Lady Helena responded; "tell her so."

"My lady, excuse me, this lady, said your ladyship would be sure to see her, if your ladyship would look at this note. It's the lady in mourning, my lady, who has been here to see your ladyship before. Which this is the note, my lady."

Lady Helena's face lit up eagerly now. She tore open the note at once.

"You may go, Nixon," she said. "Show the lady up immediately."

She ran over the few brief lines the note contained, with a look of unutterable relief. The letter, it was signed "Lucas."

"Victor," she said, turning to her nephew and holding out his hand, a forgive me if in my excitement and haste I have said what I should not. Give me a little time, and everything will be explained. The coming of—in this lady—is the most opportune thing in the world. You shall be told all now."

"I am to understand then," Sir Victor said coldly, "that this strange, this mysterious lady, is in your confidence; that she is to be consulted, before you can tell me this secret which involves the happiness of my life?"

"Precisely! You look angry and incredulous, but later you will understand. She is one of our family—more at present I cannot say. Go, Victor; trust me, believe me, neither your honor nor your love shall suffer at our hands. Postpone the driving-party, or make my excuse; I shall not leave my room to-day. To-morrow, if it be possible, the truth shall be yours as well as mine."

He bowed coldly—annoyed, amazed, and went. What did all this mean? Up to the present, his life had flowed peacefully, almost sluggishly, without family secrets or mystification of any kind. And now all at once here were secrets and mysteries cropping up. What was this wonderful secret—who was this mysterious lady? He must wait until to-morrow, it appears, for the answer to both. "One thing is fixed as fate," he said to himself; "he let the room, I won't give up Edith for ten thousand family secrets—for all the mysterious ladies on earth! Whatever others may have done, I at least have done nothing to forfeit my darling's hand. The doctrine that would make us suffer for the sins of others, is a mistaken doctrine. Let to-morrow bring forth what it may, Edith Darrell shall be my wife."

CHAPTER XII. ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

As he descended the stairs he encountered Nixon and a veiled lady in black ascending. He looked at her keenly—she was tall and slender; beyond that, through the heavy crape veil, he could make out nothing.

"Mysterious, certainly!" he thought, "I wonder who she is?" He bowed as he passed her; she bent her head in return, and then he hastened to seek out Edith, and tell her an important visitor had arisen for Lady Helena, and that the excursion to Eastlake Abbey would be postponed.

He was but a poor dissembler, and the girl's bright brown eyes were sharp. She smiled as she looked at him.

"Listen, you know I could tell fortunes, Sir Victor? Hold out your hand and let me tell you the past. You have been upstalls with Lady Helena; you have told her that Edith Darrell has consented to be your wife. You have asked her sanction to the union, and have been naturally, indignantly, and perpetually refused."