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Mrs. Wilson and Child. Twelve long weary years I suffered greatly from Uterine Derangement and at last was given up by my physician to die.

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FLORENCE O'NEILL

The Rose of St. Germain; or, THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

By AGNES M. STEWART. Author of "Life in the Cloister," "Grace O'Halloran," etc.

CHAPTER III. MERVILLE GRANGE.

Towards the close of a drear October evening two travellers, spent with a long day's toilsome journey, wended their way across a fertile tract of land on the borders of Gloucestershire.

The closing in of the late autumn day was, indeed, wild and black enough to authorize the far from causeless fears entertained by the travellers.

An exclamation of gratified surprise burst from the lips of Sir Reginald, as, allowing the reins of his horse to fall over its neck, he let it canter slowly up the avenue which led to the principal entrance of the mansion.

"At the Grange at last, then," said Reginald, "for surely this must be Merville, the place I have often heard Lady O'Neill describe, as that in which she spent some time of her widowhood.

As he finished his soliloquy he found himself at the bottom of the steps leading to the grand entrance of the mansion, and, dismounting, he rang the heavy bell, the summons being at once answered by the hall porter.

It was in the power of Sir Reginald to procure a speedy audience of the baronet at whose mansion he had introduced himself, by means of a sealed packet which he placed in the hands of the servant, and a moment later he found himself seated with Sir Charles in that same apartment, the windows of which had shone so cheerily without.

"It is a great shame to drag my old bones so far," burst forth the testy old man. "I wonder why you did not put up at the White Bear; it was a comfortable inn, good enough for jaded man and beast."

RUN DOWN WITH DYSPEPSIA

STOMACH AND LIVER Affected. Almost in Despair but Finally CURED By Taking AYER'S PILLS.

"For fifteen years, I was a great sufferer from indigestion in its worst forms. I tested the skill of many doctors, but grew worse and worse, until I became so weak I could not walk fifty yards without having to sit down and rest."

AYER'S PILLS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

ter with purse as well as counsel, and instruct him of much that he ought to know, if all report says be true."

"May be as you say," replied the old man, copying the example of his companion, who set spurs to his horse and galloped briskly onwards.

At this moment a sharp turn in the road brought them to a fence, enclosing what, in the fading light of the October evening, rendered still more dim by the thick mist that was now falling, seemed to be thickly wooded park, whilst between the branches of the fine beech and chestnuts, which lined the avenue, appeared the red brick walls, with copings of freestone, of a fine old mansion, built probably about the Elizabethan era.

An exclamation of gratified surprise burst from the lips of Sir Reginald, as, allowing the reins of his horse to fall over its neck, he let it canter slowly up the avenue which led to the principal entrance of the mansion, whilst Benson, with sundry exclamations of impatience, followed, moodily, behind his companion.

"At the Grange at last, then," said Reginald, "for surely this must be Merville, the place I have often heard Lady O'Neill describe, as that in which she spent some time of her widowhood.

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Habited in an evening robe of pale blue silk brocade, the sleeves, according to the fashion of the time, narrow at the shoulders where they were fastened with loops of ribbon, widening as they descended, and turned up at the cuffs, to show the under sleeves of rich point, the neck, also, heavily trimmed with point.

"Your fair niece, Sir Charles, and my humble self are old friends, or, not to use such a term where Florence is concerned, I would rather say my betrothed, and tell you, if you are ignorant of our secret, that we spent together much of our early childhood, especially during part of the widowhood of Lady O'Neill, who was my own mother's warmest friend. Delighted, indeed, am I to meet Florence here,

for I believed her to be at St. Germain's."

It were hard to say whether Florence was pleased or not to meet with St. John, for the smile that had lighted up her countenance on the recognition that had taken place had so soon faded away.

"I will speak to you to-morrow, Sir Reginald, about this matter," said Sir Charles, as he refolded the letter; "we will have no business conversation to-night; you are fatigued and weary, and shall partake of such hospitality as the Grange can furnish. Yours must have been dreary travelling for some hours past, and your aged friend looks, too, as if he sorely needed both rest and refreshment."

Weary enough was Benson; but had the poor baronet been cognizant of all that was passing in the mind of his guest, he would have known that it was the evil passions which filled his mind far more than natural exhaustion, that gave to his countenance that restless, distracted expression.

Then words of scorn rose to her lips, which she would not repress, as she spoke contemptuously of those worthless ones who had risen on the wreck of their own fathers' fortunes, of her deep, unswerving love of the Stuart race, of her resolution, if needs be, to give up her life's dearest hopes and affections for them, and to shed her blood, if necessary, in their service.

It was in vain that by sundry impatient gestures, and again by an impetuous "psaw," that he attempted to allay the storm which was rising in the breast of the excitable Florence. In her own heart she ridiculed the timid fears of the old man, though respect for his age and the tie which existed between them, kept her silent where he was concerned.

A weird-looking gloomy chamber was that into which St. John was at length ushered, together with the extutor, after having passed up a spacious stone stair-case with heavy oaken balustrades, and crossed several long corridors with apartments branching off both to right and left: but the cheerful blaze of a bright wood fire which burned in the ample stove gave an appearance of comfort, and the small inner apartment, communicating with that of the knight, had also been duly attended to.

With a feeling of weariness and dissatisfaction, Sir Reginald threw himself into a chair beside the fire, and, folding his arms, remained for some time lost in a gloomy

reverie, not noticing the observant air of Benson, who, desirous of imparting to his companion the good advice he so much needed, now determined to abide by Sir Reginald as closely as in the days of his boyhood.

Do not suppose, however, that St. John put himself willingly under the surveillance of Benson, or patiently bore the infliction of his advice: the fact simply was, that he paid him that amount of respect and deference which one is wont to yield to those under whom we have been placed for a series of years, ranging from early youth to mature age.

It was, indeed, to sound the opinions of the ease-seeking, comfort-loving, timorous old baronet, that St. John had been deputed by the king with a gracious message, commanding his presence at Kensington, and, likewise, was bade to express a hope that, in the event of his aid being required, should there be real cause for apprehension of a rising in favor of James, that he would not fail to be ready both with men and money, according as circumstances might require.

William was cognizant of far more of his favorite Reginald's intentions, than the latter was at all aware of, for Benson had apprised the king of his long-cherished attachment for Florence O'Neill; thus it was then, that the knight was closely watched, for the advancement of a certain purpose in view, had Benson been requested openly by the king to accompany him into Gloucestershire, and his proud spirit continually chafed under the infliction of the constant presence of one for whom she was fast ceasing to feel the slightest regard.

Long and patiently did Benson regard the man whose disposition he so well knew, and the feeling of whose heart at that moment, he could so clearly read; so deep, however, was the abstraction of the latter in his own melancholy musings, that his attention was at last only roused by a movement purposely made by his companion.

"Are you grieving, man, because the Papist girl with the fair face will not have you; you, the favored friend of our gracious king," said the fanatic, in harsh, low accents, "what can you be thinking of to seek a mate from such a nest as this? Did I not see to-night, with my own eyes, the Romish priest, Lawson, pass swiftly through the apartment by another door than that at which we entered, and I know he recognized me too, for we were school-mates together before he had anything to do with Rome and her corruptions? That he was once my friend, matters not, for his superstitious creed makes him now my foe. And this fair-faced girl with the mawkish blue eyes," he added, his voice sinking to a whisper, "it is a pity but that the gracious Mary knew not the treasonable things I have heard her say this night. I warrant me the Papist crew at St. Germain's would stand little chance of beholding her again; but as to you, the favorite King William, and the beloved son of my adoption, you can surely think of her no more, for the Lord loves not to see his chosen ones wed with the daughters of Belial."

"Silence, Master Benson," said Reginald, rising as he spoke, his handsome countenance full of indignation, "remember I am no longer the boy whom you can lecture as your fancy pleases, but a man who does not choose to regard or listen to offensive speeches; I tell you there lives not in the Court of Mary and William, a more pure or noble woman than she of whom you dare speak so lightly. Do not presume to mention her name again, and please to keep your fanaticism, do not trouble me with it, nor meddle about affairs with which you have nothing to do."

"Verily," replied Benson, rising and taking a lamp from the table in order to withdraw to the inner apartment destined for his own, "I tell you, St. John, you do not know what is for your own good, and in your mad fondness for this girl, treat very ill one who loves you as well as I do; I fancy you must be aware King William will not long show you his favor if you aim no higher than to win the hand of this girl of a Papist brood, who is devoted soul and body to the miserable and besotted James."

"How dare you presume to taunt me with the interference of the king," exclaimed St. John, his temper now gaining complete mastery over him, "now understand once for all, Joshua Benson, our long friendship ends from this moment if you continue by word or action to presume to interfere with my affairs."

"Well then, dear St. John, pardon me if the love I bear you has made me too zealous. I promise you I will not give you offense again, but at the same time, I shall strive with the Lord earnestly before I seek my rest this night. I will wrestle with Him in prayer, that you may escape the perils which I am certain will fall on you if you dally a moment longer than is requisite in this abode of Satan."

Benson spoke thus as he withdrew from the room, but entering the inner chamber he closed the door, stood for a moment warming his withered hands over the fire, and then said in a low voice: "I cannot help loving the man as I loved the boy. The evil which I feared years since has come to pass, and out of the very affection I bear him, I will place a barrier in his way which he will not be able to remove."

He would not let me force him when a youth, surely not now; but never fear, I know how to gain my point by other means; once in London I can easily gain speech of the king, and if I do not mistake, all his fine plans will soon end in nothing."

Thus trying to gloss over his villainy under the specious pretence of affection for his benefactor and former pupil, Benson betook himself falling asleep whilst cogitating over the means he should adopt to carry out his schemes.

THE SUCCESSOR OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has before him a somewhat difficult, delicate, and embarrassing task. The year 1897 will be the thirteenth-hundredth anniversary of the landing of St. Augustine in England, and it is proposed by the Protestant Church to celebrate the commemoration by what is called a Pan-Anglican Conference, in which Dr. Benson will be the leading figure.

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It may save you time and money to be informed that, when you need a blood-purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the kind most in favor with the medical profession. It is the standard and, as such, the only blood-purifier admitted at the Chicago World's Fair.