WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN.

..., Washington, D.C., writes: I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article made of valuable remedies known to all, that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."-New York Baptist Weekly.

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 not too 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. 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 has survived a generation of men all but two years, and it is now what we may term an established fact.

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 tharge 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. 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 defend 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 hand for emergencies. It never fails to cure through her royal veins than this portionless still further enlarged and improved during or relieve. the coming year.

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

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 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 quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to sand 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 presure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rate 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.

Count von Moltke has gone to Drottningholm to pay a visit to the King of Sweden, who has invited him to spend a fortnight with him.

Sir Chas. Gavan Duffy is too old to organize a new Irish party even if it were wanted.

The Orillia (Ont.) Packet came to grief the other day. The editor had two local para-graphs—the one announcing a new preacher, and the other calling the Mayor's attention to assaults on street preachers—and the foreman mixed them in this way : Rev. Robert Moodie, of Stayner, will occupy the Presbyterian pulpit next Sunday, and the Mayor should direct the constable to take effective precautions to prevent our being disgraced by it. Religion has not much to gain from foulmouthed, profane, and egg-throwing chamn.egoka

EPPS'S COCOA-GRATHFUL AND COMPORTING-

M 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 dict 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 fertified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co... Homeopathic Chemists, London, England." Also makers of Epps's Chocolars Essence for afternoon use.

A SAFE REMEDY.

Many medicines check too suddenly attacks of Bowel Complaints, inducing dangerous inflammation, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, cleanses, strengthens and heals the diseased and weakened mucous surfaces of the Stomach and Bowels, and safely cures every form of Summer Complaint.

RICHMOND ITEMS.

The Dominion Tub Co., of Kingsbury, has shipped from this station during the preing the present season thirty-five thousand butter tubs to different parts of the Dominion.

Several of our citizens are daily training their nags on the Foster Trotting Park, near this village, and from appearances we may expect to have some good trotting at the Fall meeting, as some of the horses show signs of

The concert which was given at Windsor Mills, P.Q, on Wednesday evening, 18th instant, under the auspices of the congregation of the R.C. Church, proved a success the proceeds will go towards clearing off the

debt on the church. About one hundred of our Roman Catholic friends, accompanied by the Rev. P. Quinn, P.P., left here by special train on Sunday evening on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Anne. They were joined at Warwick, Kingsey and other stations by large numbers of people. all intending to pay honor to the holy saint. They return by special train train on Monday evening. We wish them a safe and fruitful journey.

One evening last week a stranger called at the residence of Mr. H. Morral, Sydenham Place, about seven miles from this village: he carried with him a hand organ, and, to all appearances, playing that instrument was als means of living. After treating the family of Mr. Morral to some very fine music he requested to remain over night, to which request Morral gave his consent, and in due time showed the stranger to his room. Here he divested himself of coat, vest, shoes and stockings, and turned down the bed covering, with the intention, it would seem, of retiring. After this he was heard to leave the house, but did not return when half an hour had elapsed. Mr. Morral, accompanied by Mr.

W. McAtee, who was also stopping at Morral's, went in search of the stranger, but, strange to say, no trace of him could be found, and up to the present nothing has been beard of him. It is feared that he has committed suicide by drowning, as the residence of Mr. Morral is very close to the St. Francis river. In the pockets of some of the clothing which he left in the room were found some papers, the contents of which we could not learn, but which may, to some extent, clear up what at present seems to be a strange occurrence.

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BE PREPARED. Many of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery and colic come suddenly in the night, and the most speedy and prompt means must be used to combat their dire effects. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the remedy. Keep it at

AMERICAN PAPERS ON THE LAND BILL.

(New York Sun, 29th August.) On the whole, this plan of reform, which has cost the British Legislature seven months of harrassing toil, and has involved a revolution in the forms of parliamentary procedure, does not promise to meet the main end for which it was devised, viz., to satisfy the bulk of the Irish tenantry. But it can hardly fail to leave the tenant-farmer in Leinster, Connaught, and Munster, it not in Ulster, better off than it found him. Now let the British Government suspend the execution of the Coercion Act, and see to it that the new reperly carried out. We are quite willing to could ever happen had happened; she was bridegroom quit his bride—no power on earth forms, such as they are, are promptly and probelieve that the intention of the Gladstone Cabinet was better than its performance, and there will be ample room in the course of the next few months for the demonstration of its good feeling.

[N. Y. Herald August 22.] Mr. Gladstone's surrender to the House of Lords was selfish, looked at from any other point of view than that he is a Tory at heart. The issue pressed upon him by the Lords, and from which he shrank, will inevitably come again. It will only be following out the analogies of history if its revival should result from the encouragement and strength given to the Lords by the present compromise. Mr. Gladstone has evaded and postponed a duty which will devolve upon some at present unknown liberal Premier. As politics now tend Mr. Gladstone has lost so much of the confidence of the true Liberals that the future Premiership will represent political influences of an advanced and daring character. When this question again arises there will be an increase in the difficulties of settlement. For whatever disastrous incidents may attend the settlement the cowardice of Mr. Gladstone is alone to blame. To use a unique, but homely illustration, the Premier failed to strike the iron when it was hot. The smith who takes his anvil will have to deal much heavier blows to beat the chilled metal into shape. may be, as we have intimated, that the act of Mr. Gladetone in failing to carry the liberal policy to its logical conclusion was due to the stratum of ancient Toryism which underlies his long career as a Liberal leader. It may be that at his advanced age he is reluctant to undergo the turmoil of a new agitation. In either case the surrender impairs his fame in the history of British statesmanship, and swiftly coming years will show more clearly how his cowardice has damaged the cause of conservative liberalism in England and strengthened those element whose success Church and Crown and society alike antagonize and deplore.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

And none more so than to neglect the incipient stages of bowel complaints in infants or adults. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the most prompt and pleasant remedy to administer, and is always reliable to cure cholera infantum, dysentery, colic, cramps, and all summer complaints. For sale by all dealers. 22

THE OROPS DAMAGED IN GREAT BRI-TAIN.

London, Aug. 24.—Reports from various parts of the provinces state that the heavy rains did immense damage to the crops. There is great apprehensions for the harvest in Ireland, owing to the continous rain.

VIRTUE ACKNOWLEDGED.

Mrs. Ira Mulholland, Oakville, writes:-For several years I have suffered from oftrecurring bilious headaches, dyspepsis, and complaints peculiar to my sex. Since using your Bardock Blood Bitters I am entirely relieved.

George Witt eloped from Wrightsville, Ill., and next day his deserted wife went off similarly with a married neighbor.

AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXII. -CONTINUED. The afternoon set in wet and wild; the rain

fell ceaselessly and dismally; an evening to depress the happiest closed down. It was long after dark when there came a ring at the bell, and the footman opening the door, saw the figure of a man muffled and dis-

guised in slouch hat and greatcoat. He held an umbrella over his head, and a scarf was twisted about the lower part of his face. In a husky voice, stifled in his scarf, he asked for Lady Helena.

"Her ladyship's at home," the footman answered, rather superciliously, "but she don't

see strangers at this hour." "Give her this" the stranger said;

will see me." In spite of hat, scarf, and umbrella, there was something familiar in the air of the visitor, something familiar in his tone. The man took the note suspiciously and passed it to another, who passed it to her ladyship's maid. The maid passed it to her ladyship, and her ladyship read it with a suppressed cry.

"Show him into the library at once. will go down."

The muffled man was shown in, still wearing hat and scarf. The library was but dimly lit. He stood like a dark shadow amid the other shadows. An instant later the door opened and Lady Helena, pale and wild, ap-

peared on the threshold. "It is," she faltered, "it is-you!" She approached slowly, her terrified eyes

riveted on the hidden face. "It is I. Lock the door." She obeyed, she came nearer. He drew away the scarf, lifted the hat, and showed her the face of Sir Victor Catheron.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SECOND ENDING OF THE TRAGEDY. The morning dawned over Powyss-place-

dawned in with wind and driving rain stilldawned upon Edith, deserted more strangely than surely bride was ever deserted before. She had darkened her chamber; she had

forced herself resolutely to sleep. But the small hours had come before she had suc ceeded, and it was close upon ten when the dark eyes opened from dreamland to life. Strange mockery! it was ever of Charlie, and the days that were for ever gone she dreamed

For hours and hours she had paced her room the evening and night before, all the desolation, all the emptiness and loss of her life spread out before her. She had sold herself deliberately and with her eyes open, and this was her reward. Deserted in the hour of her triumph—humiliated as never bride was humilisted before—the talk, the ridicule of the country, an object of contemptuous pity to the whole world. And Charlie and Trixy what would they say when they heard of her downfall? She was very proud-no young princess had ever haughtier blood coursing American girl. For wealth and rank she had bartered life and love, and verily she had her reward.

She suffered horribly as she paced up and down, her whole face was distorted with the torture within. She flung herself into a seat and tried to still the ceaseless, gnawing maddening pain. In vain! She could neither sit still, nor think, nor deaden her torment; and when at last she threw herself face downward on her bed, it was only to sleep the spent sleep of utter exhaustion. But she was "pluck" to the backbone. Next day, when she had bathed and made her toilet, and de- eyes scended to the breakfast-room, the closest observer could have read nothing of last night idy now to live and die game.

Lady Helena, very pale, very tremulous, very frightened, and helpless-looking, awaited her. A large, red fire burned on the hearth. Her ladyship was wrapped in a fluffy white shawl, but she shivered in spite ot both. The lips that touched Edith's cheek were almost as cold as that cold cheek itself. Tears started to her eyes as she spoke to her.

"My child," she said, "how white you are; how cold and ill you look. I am afraid you did not steep at all.

"Yes, I slept," answered Edith; "for a few hours, at least. The weather has something to do with it, perhaps; I always fall a prey to horrors in wet and windy weather." Then they sat down to the fragrant and

tempting breakfast, and ate with what appe-

tite they might. For Edith, she hardly made a pretence of eating—she drank a large cup of strong coffee, and arose. "Lady Helena," she began abruptly, "as I came out of my room, two of the servants were whispering in the corridor. I merely

caught a word or two in passing. They stopped immediately upon seeing me. But from that word or two, I inferthis—Sir Victor Catheron was here to see you last night.

Lady Helena was trifling nervously with her spoon-it fell with a clash now into her cup, and her terrified eyes looked piteously at her companion.

"If you desire to keep this a secret too," Edith said, her lips curling scornfully, " of course you are at liberty to do so-of course I presume to ask no questions. But if not, I would like to know--it may in some measure influence my own move."

"What do you irtend to do?" her ladyship brokenly asked. "That you shall hear presently. Just now

the question is: Was your nephew here or not? "He was."

She said it with a sort of sob, hiding her face in her hands. "May Heaven help me," she cried; "it is growing more than I can bear. O, my child, what can I say to you? how can I Comfont you in this great trouble that has come upon you?'

be comforted. I have been utterly base and his rank and rent-roll. There, at least, you mercenary from first to last-a wretch who need not be disappointed. The settlements has richly deserved her fate. What has be | made upon you before your marriage were, as fallen me I deserve. I married your nephew you know, liberal in the extreme. In addi-without one spark of affection for him, he tion to that every farthing that it is in his was no more to me than any laborer on his power to dispose of he intends settling upon estate-I doubt whether he ever could have you besides. His grandmother's fortune, been, I meant to try-who knows how it which descends to him, is to be yours. You would have ended? I married Sir Victor Ca- | may spend money like water if it pleases you theron for his rank and riches, his title and rent-roll--I married the baronet, not the man. ded are still yours. For himself, he intends
And it has ended thus; I am widowed on my to go abroad—to the East, I believe. He rewedding day, cast off, forsaken. Have I not | tains nothing but what will supply his travelearned my fate?"

She laughed drearily-a short, mirthless bitter laugh.

"I don't venture to ask too many questions my arms and yield at once. But this I would like to know. Madness is hereditary in his family. Unworthy of all love as I am, I think Sir Victor loved me, and unless he be be mad, I can't understand why he deserted ful, weary sigh. "Ah, well, perhaps so. I me. Lady Helena, answer me this, as you don't know. Just now I can realize nothing will one day answer to your Maker; Is Sir

Victor Catheron sane or mad?"

CHARLIE STUART of the autumnal rain upon the plass. the soughing of the autumnal gale sounded preternaturally loud. Then, brokenly, in tremb ling tones, and not looking up, came Lady Helena's answer:

> "God pity him and you-he is not mad." Then there was silence again. The elder voman, ber face buried in her hands and resting on the table, was crying silently and miserably. At the window, the tall, slim figure of the girl stood motionless, her hands clasped loosely before her, her deep bright eves looking out at the slanting rain, the low-lying lead-colored sky, the black trees blown aslant in the high October gale.

"Not mad!" she rapeated, after that long pause; "you are quite certain of this, my lady? Not mad—and he has left me!"

"He has left you. O my child! If I dared only tell you all; if I dared only tell you how it is because of his great and passionate love for you, he leaves you. If ever there was a martyr on this earth, it is my poor boy. If you had seen him as I saw him last nightworn to a shadow in one day, suffering for the loss of you until death would be a relief—even you would have pitied him."

"World I? Well, perhaps so, though my heart is rather a hard one. Of course, I don't understand a word of all this—of course, as he said in his letter, some secret of guilt and shame lies behind it all. And yet, perhaps, I could come nearer to the 'Secret' than either you or he think,"

Lady Helena looked suddenly up, that terrified, hunted look in her eyes.

"What do you mean?" she gasped. "This," the firm, cold voice of Edith said, as Edith's bright, dark eyes fixed themselves pitilessly upon her, "this, Lady Helena Powyss: That the secret that has taken him from me is the secret of his mother's murder the secret which he learned at his father's death-bed. Shall I tell you who committed

that murder?" Ler Ladyship's lips moved, but no sound came; she sat spell-bound, watching that pale, fixed face before her.

"Not Inez Catheron, who was imprisoned for it,; Not Juan Catheron, who was suspected of it. I am a Yankee, Lady Helens, and consequently clever at guessing. I believe that Sir Victor Catheron, in cold blood, mur dered his own wife!"

There was a sobbing cry-whether at the shock of the terrible words, or at their truth, who was to tell?

"I believe the late Sir Victor Catheron to have been a deliberate and cowardly murderer." Edith went on: "so cowardly that his weak brain turned when he saw what he had done and thought of the consequences; and that he paid the penaltly of his crime in a life of insanity. The motive I don't pretend to fathom—jealousy of Juan Catheron perhaps; and on his dying bed he confessed it all to his

With face blanched and eyes still full of terror, her ladyship looked at the dark, contemptuous, resolute speaker.

"And if this be true-your horrible surmise; mind, I don't admit that it is-would that be any excuse for Victor's conduct in leaving you?"

"No!" Edith answered, her eyes flashing, none! Having married me, not one thousand family secrets should be strong enough to make him desert me. If he had come to me, if he had told me, as he was bound to do before our wedding-day, I would have pitied him with all my soul; if anything could ever have made me care for him as a wife should care for a husband, it would have been that pity. But if he came to me now, and knelt before me, imploring me to return, I would not. I would die sooner!"

She was walking up and down now, gleams of passionate scorn and rage in her dark

"It is all folly and balderdash, this talk of bis love for me. Don't let us have any more in the fixed calm of her face. The worst that of it. No secret on earth should make a could ever convince me of it:

"And yet," the sad, patient voice of poor Lady Helena sighed, "it is true." Edith stopped in her walk, and looked at

her incredulously.

" Lady Helens," she said, " you are my kind friend-you know the world-you are a woman of sense, not likely to have your brain turned with vapors. Answer me this-Do

vou think that, acting as he has done, Sir Victor Catheron has done right?" Lady Helena's sad eyes met hers full, Lady Helena's voice was full of pathos and earnest-

ness, as she replied: "Edith, I am your friend; I am in my sober senses, and I believe in my soul Victor has done right."

"Well." Edith said after a long pause, during which she resumed her walk. "I give it up! I don't understand, and I never shall. I am hopelessly in the dark. I can conceive no motive-none strong enough to make his conduct right. I thought him mad; you say he is sane. I thought he did me a shameful irreparable wrong; you say he has done right. I will think no more about it, since, if I thought to my dying day, I could come no nearer the truth."

"You will know one day," answered Lady Helena-"on his death-bed; and, poor fellow, the sooner that day comes the better for him.

Edith made an impatient gesture. "Let us talk about it no more. What is done is done. Whether Sir Victor Catheron lives or dies can in no way concern me now. I think, with your permission, I will go back to my room and try to sleep away this dismal

day. "Wait one moment, Edith. It was on your account Victor came here last night to talk over the arrangements he was making for your future."

A curious smile came over Edith's lips. She was looking once more back at the windows, looking out at the rain-beaten day. "My future?" she slowly repeated; "in what possible way can my future concern Sir

Victor Catheron?

"My child, what a question! In every way. You are honest enough to confess that "You are very good, but I would rather not you married him-poor boy, poor boy-for

—the title and the wealth for which you wed ing expenses. He cannot meet you-if he did, he might never be able to leave you. O. Edith, you blame him, you hate him; but if you had only seen him, only heard him last -I don't battle with my fate: I throw up | night, only knew how inevitable it is, how he suffered, how bitterer than death this parting is to him, you would pity, you would forgive

> "You think so," the girl said, with a wistexcept that I am a lost, forsaken wretch; that I do hate him; that if I were dying or that if

As to his liberality, I never doubted that; I | hind,"—one last upward glance at Lady Hel have owned that I married him for his wealth and station. I own it still; but there are compensate for. To desert a bride on her wedding-day is one of them. I repeat, Lady Helena, with your permission, I will go to my room; we won't talk of my future plans and prospects just now. To-morrow you shall know my decision."

She turned to go. The elder woman look ed after her with yearning, scornful eyes.
"If I knew what to do—if I knew what to

say," she murmured helplessly." "Edith. 1 loved him more dearly than any son. I think my heart is breaking. O, child, don't judge him—be merciful to him who loves you while he leaves you -- be merciful to me, whose life has been so full of trouble." Her voice broke down in a passion of tears

Edith turned from the door, put her arms around her neck and kissed her.

"Dear friend," she said; "dear Lady Helena, I pity you from the bottom of my heart. I wish—I wish I could only comfort you" "You can," was the eager answer. 'Stay with me, Edith; don't leave me alone. Be a daughter to me; take the place of the son 1 But Edith's pale, resolute face did not soft-

en.

"To-morrow we will settle all this," was the reply. " Wait until to-morrow."

Then she was gone-shut up and locked in her own room. She did not descend to either luncheon or dinner-one of the house-maids served her in her dressing-room. And Lady Helena, alone and miserable, wandered un-easily about the lower rooms, and wondered how she spent that long rainy day.

She spent it busily enough. The plain

black box she had brought from New York, containing all her earthly belongings, she drew cut and packed. It was not hard to do, since nothing had went into it but what had belonged to her then. All the dresses, all the jewels, and the costly gifts that had been given to her by the man she had married, and his friends, she left as they were. She kept nothing, not even her wedding-ring; she placed it among the rest, in the jewel casket, closed and locked it. Then she wrote a letter to Lady Helens, and placed the key inside. This is what she said:

"DEAR FRIEND: When you open this I shall have left Powyss-place forever. It will be quite useless to endeavour to bring me back. My mind is made up. I recognize no authority-nothing will induce me to revoke my decision. I go out into the world to make my own way. With youth, and health, and ordinary intelligence, it ought not to be impossible. The things belonging to me when I first came here I have locked in the black box; in a week you will have the kindness to forward it to the Euston station. The rest I leave behind-retaining one or two books as souvenirs of you. I take nothing of Sir Victor Catheron's—not even his name. You must see that it is utterly impossible; that I must loose the last shred of pride and selfrespect before I could assume his name or take a penny belonging to him. Dear kind in the flesh, though, upon my word, at first Lady Helena, good-bye. If we never meet again in this world, remember there is no thought in my heart of you that is not one of affection and gratitude.

" EDITH." Her hand never trembled as she wrote this letter. She placed the key in it, folded, sealed, and addressed it. It was dark by this time. As she knelt to cord and lock her trunk, she espied the writing-case within it. She hesitated a moment, then, took it out, opened it, and drew forth the packet of Charlie's Stuart's letters. She took out the photograph and looked at it it with a half tender half-sad smile.

"I never thought to look at you again," she said softly. "You are all I have left

She put the picture in her bosom, replaced the rest, and locked the trunk, and put the key in her purse. She sat down and counted She was the nossessor of twelve tmoney sovereigns-left over from Mr. Stuart senior's bounty. It was her whole stock of wealth with which to face and begin the world. Then she sat down resolutely to think it out. And the question rose grim before her. "Wbat am I to do?"

"Go out into the world and work for your daily bread. Face the poverty you have feared so much, through fear of which, two days ago, you sold yourself. Go to London -it is the centre of the world; lose yourself, hide from all who ever knew you. Go to London. Work of some kind can surely be had by the willing in that mighty city. Go to London."

That was the answer that came clearly. She shrank for a moment—the thought of facing life single-handed, poor and alone in that great, terrible, pittless city, was over-whelming. But she did not flinch from her resolve; her mind was made up. Come woe,

come weal, she would go to London. An "A. B. C." railway guide lay on the table-she consulted it. A train left Chester for London at eight o'clock A. M. Neither Lady Helena nor any of her household was stirring at that hour. She could walk to Chesholm in the early morning, get a fly there, and drive to the Chester station in time. down at home, and one year ago the hand-By four in the afternoon she would be in Lon-

No thought of returning home ever recurred to her. Home! What home had she? Her step-mother was master and mistress in ber father's house and to return, to go back to Sandypoint, and the life she had left, was as utter an impossibility almost as though she should take a rope and hang herself. She had not the means to go if she had desired, but that made no difference. She could never go back, never see her father, or Charlie, or Trixy more. Alone she must live, alone she

The flood-gates were opened; she suffered this last night as women of her strong, self-

contained temperament only suffer. "Save me, O God! for the waters are come into my soul!" That was the wild, wordless ive and die alone, that was her fate!

So the black, wild night passed, hiding her, | sidering her station, or, rather, her entire lack

was creeping over the far-off Welsh bills as and outspoken way about her, you might Edith, in shawl and hat, closely veiled, and carrying a hand-bag, came softly down the stairs and out of a side door, chiefly used by the servants. She met no one. Noiselessly chief of the bridesmaids." she drew the bolt, opened the door, and look-

blowing, but it had ceased to rain. As she There was a pause as she asked the dread he were dying, I could not say 'I forgive you.' clock. "One long, last, lingering look be- now. In the Stuart family, I forgot to men-

ena's windows. "Good-bye!" the pale lips whispered; then some things not the wealth of a king could she passed resolutely out into the melancholy autumn morning and was gone.

PART III. CHAPPER I.

AT MADAME MIRABEAU'S OXFORD STREET. Half-past four of a delightful June alter. noon, and two young ladies sit at two large, lace-draped windows, overlooking a fashion able Mayfair street, alternately glancing over the books they hold, and listlessly watching the passers by. The house was one of those black West-End houser, whose outward big, darkness and dismalness is in direct ratio to their inward brilliance and spleudor. This particular room is lofty and long, luxurious with softest carpet, satin upholstery, pictures, flowers, and lace draperies. The two young ladies are, with the exception of their bonnets, in elegant carriage costume.

Young ladies, I have said; and being unmarried, they are young ladies, of course. One of them, however, is three-and-thirty, counting by actual years—the Peerage gives it in cold blood. It is the Lady Gwendoline Drexel. Her companion is the Honorable Mary Howard, just nineteen, and just "out," Lady Gwendoline yawns drearily over her book - Algernon Swinburne's latest - and

pulls out her watch impatiently every few minutes. "What can keep Portia?" she exclaims, with irritation. "We should have been gone

the last half-hour." The Honorable Mary looks up from her Parisian fashion-book, and glances from the window with a smile.

A minute later the door is finng wide by a tall gentleman in plush, and Lady Portia Hampton sweeps in. She is a tall, slender lady, very like her sister, the same dully fair complexion, the same coiffure of copper-gold, the same light, insane blue eyes. The dull complexion wears at this moment an absolute flush; the light, black-lustre eyes an absolute sparkle. There is something in her look as she sails forward, that makes them both look up expectantly from their books.
"Well?" Lady Gwendoline says.

. Gwen?" her sister exclaims--absolutely exclaims-" whom do you suppose I have met?"

"The Czarina of all the Russias, Pio None, Her Majesty back from Osborne, or the Man in the Moon, perhaps," retorts Lady Gwendoline. "Neither," laughs Lady Portia. "Some-

body a great deal more mysterious and interesting than any of them. You never will guess whom." "Being five o'clock of a sultry summer day, I don't intend to try. Tell me at once, Portia,

and let us go." "Then-prepare to be surprised! Sir Victor Catheron!"

" Portia!" "Ah! I thought the name would interest you. Sir Victor Catheron, my dear, alive and sight I almost took him to be his own ghost. Look at her, Mary," laughs her sister derisively. "I have managed to interest her after

ail, bave I not? For Lady Gwendoline sat erect, ber turquoise eyes open to their widest extent, a look akin to excitement in her apathetic

"But, Portia-Sir Victor! I thought it was an understood thing he did not come to

England?" "He has, it appears. I certainly had the honor and happiness of shaking hands with him not fifteen minutes ago. I was driving up St. James-street, and caught a glimpse of him on the steps of Fenton's Hotel. At first sight I could not credit my eyes. I had to look again to see whether it were a wraith or a mortal man. Such a pallid shadow of his former self. You used to think him rather handsome, Gwen-you should see him now! He has grown ten years older in as many months-his hair is absolutely streaked with gray, his eyes are sunken, his cheeks are hollow. He looks miserably, wretchedly out of health. If men ever do break their bearts, said Lady Portia, going over to a large mirror and surveying herself, "then that misguided

young man broke his on his wedding-day." "It serves him right," said Lady Gwendoline, her pale eyes kindling. "I am almost

glad to hear it." Her faded face were a strangely sombre and vindictive look. Lady Portia, with her head on one side, set her bonnet strings geometrically straight, and smiled malicious-

"Ab, no doubt-perfectly natural, all things considered. And yet, even you might pity the poor fellow to-day, Gwendoline, if you saw him. Mary, dear, is all this Greek and Hebrew to you? You were in your Parisian pensionnat, I remember, when it all happened. You don't know the romantic and mysterious

story of Sir Victor Catheron, Birt." "I never heard the name before, that I re-

call," answered Miss Howard. "Then pine in ignorance no longer. This young hero, Sir Victor Catheron, of Catheron Royals, Cheshire, is our next door neighbor, some happy, honored representative of one of the oldest families in the county. His income was large, his estates unincumbered, his manners charming, his morals unexceptionable, and half the young ladies in Cheshire"-with another malicious glance at her sister-"at daggers drawn for him. There was the slight drawback of insanity in the family-his father died insane, and in his infancy his mother was murdered. But these were only trifling spots on the sun, not worth a second thought. Our young Sultan had but to throw the handkerchiet, and his obedient Circassians would have flown on the wings of love and joy to pick it up. I grow quite elequent, don't 1? In an evil hour, however, poor young Sir Victor-he was but twenty-three-went over to America. There, in New York, he fell in with a family named Stuart, common rich people, of course, as they all are over there. In the Stuart family there was a young person, a sort of cousin, a Miss Edith Darrell, very poor, kept by them out of charity; and lamentable to relate, with this young person poor Sir Victor fell in love. Fell in love, my dear, in the most approved old-fashioned style-absurdly and insanely in love-brought the whole family over to Cheshire, proposed to little missy, and, as a mat-

at her passe sister-"and her manners, conof station, her poverty, and her nationality, were something quite extraordinary. I declare to you, she positively held her own with The gray dawn of the dull October morning | the best of us-except for a certain brusquerie have thought her an English girl of our own class. He would marry her, and the wedding day was fixed, and Gwendoline named as

> "It is fifteen minutes past five, Portia," the cold voice of Gwendoline broke in. "If we are to drive at all to-day-"

"Patience, Gwen! patience one moment stood there, seven struck from the turret longer? Mary must hear the whole story

prayer of her heart. Her life was wrecked, her heart was desolate; she must go forth a beggar and an outcast, and fight the bitter battle of life alone. And love, and home, and Charlie might have been hers. "It might have been?" Is there any anguish in this world of anguish like that we work with our own hands?-any sorrow like that which we bring upon ourselves? In the darkness she sank down upon her knees, her face covered with her hands, tears, that were as dreadful as | ter of course, was eagerly accepted. She was tears of blood, falling from her eyes. Lost— an extremely pretty girl, that I will say for lost | all that made life worth having. To her " with a third sidelong glance of malice as miserable a woman as the wide earth

ed out. It was raw and cold, a dreary wind still