

WICKED FOR OLBERGEMEN.

Rev. Washington, D.C., writes: I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for...

A SAFE REMEDY.

Many medicines check too suddenly attacks of Bowel Complaints, inducing dangerous inflammation...

RICHMOND ITEMS.

The Dominion Tab Co., of Kingsbury, has shipped from this station during the present season...

Several of our citizens are daily training their nags on the Foster Trotting Park, near this village...

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...

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.

One evening last week a stranger called at the residence of Mr. H. Morral, Sydenham Place, about seven miles from this village...

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.

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.

On the whole, this plan of reform, which has cost the British Legislature seven months of harassing toil, and has involved a revolution in the forms of parliamentary procedure...

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.

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...

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 Orilla (Ont.) Packet came to grief the other day. The editor had two local paragraphs—the one announcing a new preacher, and the other calling the Mayor's attention to assassins on street preachers...

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...

THE CROPS DAMAGED IN GREAT BRITAIN. LONDON, Aug. 24.—Reports from various parts of the provinces state that the heavy rains did immense damage to the crops.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS. And none more so than to neglect the incipient stages of bowel complaints in infants or adults.

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

CHARLIE STUART 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 dimly; an evening to depress the happiest of hearts.

"He has left me—and he has left me!" Then there was silence again. The elder woman, her face buried in her hands and resting on the table, was crying silently and miserably.

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

"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, is the secret which has taken him from me."

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."

"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?"

"It is all folly and balderdash, this talk of his love for me. Don't let us have any more of it. No secret on earth should make a bridegroom quit his bride—no power on earth could ever convince me of it!"

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

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

"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—may I in some measure influence my own move?"

"What do you intend to do?" her ladyship brokenly asked. "That you shall hear presently. Just now the question is: Was your nephew here or not?"

"You are very good, but I would rather not be comforted. I have been utterly base and mercenary from first to last—a wretch who has richly deserved her fate. What has he done to me?"

"I don't venture to ask too many questions—I don't battle with my fate; I throw up 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 were mad, I can't understand why he deserted me."

"You think so?" the girl said, with a wistful, weary sigh. "Ah, well, perhaps so. I don't know. Just now I can realize nothing except that I am a lost, forsaken wretch; that I do hate him; that if I were dying or that if he were dying, I could not say 'I forgive you!'"

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ful question: a pause in which the beating of the autumnal rain upon the glass, the sighing of the autumnal gale sounded preternaturally loud. Then, brokenly, in trembling tones, and not looking up, came Lady Helena's answer:

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PART III.

CHAPTER I.

AT MADAME MIRABELLE'S OXFORD STREET. Half-past four of a delightful June afternoon, and two young ladies sat at two large, comfortable tables, overlooking a fashionable Mayfair street, alternately glancing over the books they held, and listlessly watching the passers by.

"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 wears daintily 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 flung 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 dull fair complexion, the same coffee of copper-gold, the same light, insane blue eyes.

"Well?" Lady Gwendoline says. "Gwen?" her sister exclaims—absolutely exclaims—"whom do you suppose I have met?"

Her Majesty back from Osborne, or the Man in the Moon, perhaps," retorts Lady Gwendoline. "Neither," laughs Lady Portia. "Somebody a great deal more mysterious and interesting than any of them. You never will guess whom."

"Being five o'clock of 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!"

"Ah! I thought the name would interest you. Sir Victor Catheron, my dear, alive and in the flesh, though, upon my word, at first 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 all, have I not?"

For Lady Gwendoline sat erect, her turquoise eyes open to their widest extent, a look akin to excitement in her ecstatic face. "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 a few 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 hearts," 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 wore a strangely sombre and vindictive look. Lady Portia, with her head on one side, set her bosom strings geometrically straight, and smiled maliciously.

"Ah, 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 passion, I remember, when it all happened. You don't know the romantic and mysterious story of Sir Victor Catheron, but?"

"I never heard the name before, that I recall," answered Miss Howard. "Then pine in ignorance no longer. This young hero, Sir Victor Catheron, of Catheron House, Cheshire, is our next door neighbor, down at home, and one year ago the handsome 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 handkerchief, and his obedient Chessmans would have flown on the wings of love and joy to pick it up. I grow quite eloquent, don't I? 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 matter of course, was eagerly accepted. She was an extremely pretty girl, that I will say for her—with a third-sidelong glance of malice at her passive sister—"and her manners, considering her station, or, rather, her entire lack of station, her poverty, and her nationality, were something quite extraordinary. I declare to you, she positively held her own with the best of us—except for a certain brusquerie and outspoken way about her, you might have thought her an English girl of our own class. He would marry her, and the wedding day was fixed, and Gwendoline named as chief of the bridesmaids."

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

"Patience, Gwen! patience one moment longer? Mary must hear the whole story now. In the Stuart family, I forgot to men-