

ILL-WON PEERAGES OR AN UNHALLOWED UNION

By M. L. O'Byrne.

Little more remains to be told of our tale. Amid the splendors of their Transatlantic home, the young, with buoyant spirits, a-limned to their new sphere...

Florence Esmond did not many weeks survive the wreck of all her bright visions. She, too, struck by the same bolt that had shattered so many hearts, languished in cold, proud silence...

Fifteen years have passed away: many changes and events have befallen the land, and many vicissitudes altered the position of individuals. The lowly have been, many a one, exalted and the haughty have been humbled...

To the aged and infirm, the nourishing and invigorating properties of Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion give renewed strength and buoyancy of spirits.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections...

CAMPIOLA A GIRL WITH A FORTUNE BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY

CHAPTER II.—MRS. POLLEN. The church, the churchyard, the boats, the old inn with its stone steps, were well appreciated by the keen and observant eyes of Mrs. Isabel Pollen...

"Musha, never welcome them! what brings the quality?" cried Kitty, looking out disatisfied; "they must have a power of money! Look at the style of 'em, and the beauty of the children, an' their dresses!"

"I don't begin until I see what sort of person he is," she thought to herself. "He ought not to be a prosaic or commonplace sort of person in such a spot and with such a name."

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person," at least so they all say, and their husbands say so too!

In this country the degrees of heat and cold are not only various in the different seasons of the year, but often change from one extreme to the other in a few hours, and as these changes cannot fail to increase or diminish the perspiration, they must of course affect the health.

Garfield's statue, to be set up in San Francisco, has just been cast at Nuremberg.

more I shall like you; and I don't say a syllable. I am an egotistical, conceited, and I have been long accustomed to being complimented and my own ways, and I think you shall like me just now—we shall be friends, shall we?"

"All right; then you have the greatest opening for me. Now, just a word. I want to make an impression on this place; I want to get into people's confidence; I have a reason for it. I want to know all about everybody, men, women, and children. I am ready to play the part of lady patroness for anything else. How is it to be done best? Shall I make a splash; or grow on the place in modest quietness? Should I be vulgar, or modest it be better to go in for being refined, I could play the part, I think. At all events I could try."

"I didn't guess it; I saw it in your looks just as plainly as if it had been in print; but you are wrong all the same. I am coming to some point in every word I say, only you don't see it, and I don't want you to see it, just yet, at any rate. Well, what do you suppose I have come to this place for?"

"You shall see whether it is selfish or not. I have something on my conscience, Mr. Pilgrim. I was unkind and hard to one who had claims on me; and I owe his memory a reparation; I shall never pass a quiet day or enjoy a night of dreamless sleep until I have done something in that way. I see a chance of doing something of that kind here, and I fancy it may be in your power to help me. That's why I am here. The broken-down epicure who goes to some bath or cure to get rid of his gout or his dyspepsia is not one bit more selfish in his purpose than I am in mine. Do you believe me?"

"I believe you are speaking sincerely, madame, but in that sense a Christian's repentance would be only selfish."

"That is how I knew," she said. Mr. Pilgrim looked puzzled. There was a moment of silence.

"Perhaps mine was a general reflection; it may not have been a personal one; anyhow, I have never found a real woman-hater among men." Well, now about these women—the women here—I am curious.

"We have very few ladies. There is the Rector's wife. The Rector here is a great swell; he is an Honorable, the second son of some lord. His wife is a greater swell even. She is the daughter of an earl; they have a house here, but they don't live in it; they live in the West End of London; they come and stay here now and then; and he preaches a sermon or two, and she gets up charitable and amateur concerts. They have two daughters."

"Of course not, madame; I am a poor and humble man. My father was a working clock-maker; my mother was a dressmaker in a very small way."

"I give you my word of honor, Mr. Pilgrim,—and things are so mixed and upset of late years with women's rights and all the rest of it, that we women are getting into the habit of giving our word of honor, and even of keeping it—I give you my word of honor, I never heard of the young lady's existence until you spoke of her just now."

"I can't see it," he shook his head. "Can't you? I'll explain to you—so far as this matter is concerned. You said this young woman didn't look like a plebeian; I assumed that she must be tall and stately. You spoke of the other girl as a little pale, light-haired thing; I knew from that that the tall girl must be dark. You were very angry at the idea of the tall girl being called plebeian; I took it for granted that you had more interest in her than in the other; that you knew her better; and that she must be a friendly and sympathetic girl. Is there any wither in all that, Mr. Pilgrim? That's how it is done."

"I believe, madame, he has enough." "Indeed? Now I should by all means like to see the man who has enough. Will you ask him to speak to me, Mr. Pilgrim?" Mr. Pilgrim went and spoke a few words to his friend and then they came up together.