POOR COP

. Million many starte

LILIAN. THE HEIRÈSS.

A mournful bitter laughs breaks from ecilia, a laugh that ends swiftly, tune

old land, as be is starting for England almost immediately. And so on, and on, and on. But Cecilia, then or afterwards, never read another line. Her first thought was certainly not of Cyril. It was abject, cowering fear--a horrow of any return to the old loathed should fling her again into her husband's power. Then she drew her breath a little hard, and thought of Trant, and then of Cyril; and then she told herself with a strange sense of relief, that at least one can die. But this last thought passed away as

with a strange sense of relief, that at least one can die. But this last thought passed aways did the others, and she knew that death seldom comes to those who seek it; and to command it—who should dare do that? Hope dies hard in some breasts ! In Cecilia's the little fond flame barely flickered, so quickly did it fade away and vaniah altogether before the fierce blast that had assailed it. Not for one moment did abe doubt the truth of the statement lying before her. She was too happy, too certain; she should have remembered that some are borne to misfortune as the sparks fly upward. "She had lived, she had loved," and here was the end of ti all!

critain; she should have remembers that some are borne to infortune at the second of the second se



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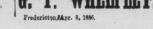
in the beloved face sobers him imme-diately. It is vivid enough even at a first glance to fill him with apprehension; hastening to her as though eager to succor her from any harm that may be threak sening, be would have taken her in his arms, but she, with a little quick shudder, putting up her hands, prevents him "Be it so," she answers, with a sigh: "it

"No," she says, in a low changed tone, "not again !" "Something terrible has happened," "would not be altogether displaced from your mind."

"Something terrible has happened," Cyril says, with a conviction, "or you would not so repulse me. Darling, what is it?" "I don't know how to tell you," replies she, her tone cold with the ourious calmness of despair. "I cannot be so very bad," nervously; "rothing can signify greatly, unless it separates you from me." "Something terrible has happened," would not be altogether displaced from your mind." She lays her hand upon his head as he site?" She lays her hand upon his head as he site has her tone cold with the heavy, dry sob breaks from him. This parting is as the bitterness of death. To them it is death, because it is forever. [Te be Continued.]

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