IF WE KNEW.

Could we but draw back the curtains That surround each other's lives, See the nake t heart and spirit, Know what ap it the action gives, Often we should find it better. Purer than we ju tgo we should-We should love each other better If we only understood.

Could we judge all needs by motives, See the good and bad within, Often we should leve the sinner All the while we leathe in an, Could we know any powers working To c'erthriw integrity, We should judge erch other's errors With more patient charity.

If we knew the care and trials, Knew the effort all in vain. And the nitter disspoolatment, Understood the less and gain. Would the grim, external ronginess Seem, I won ler, just the same? Would we help where now we hinder ? Would we pity where we blame?

Ah I we judge each other harshly, Knowing not life's hidden force; Knowing not the front of sction Is less turbid at its source, Seeking not amid the evil All the golden grains of good ; Oh ! we'd love each other better If we only understood.

- Woman's Works.

LADY KILDARE

Or, the Rival Claimants.

CHAPTER X.

BASSANTYNE'S DEMANDS.

The guardians of the young Lady Kildare remained for an hour or more in close conversation with Mr. Wedburn, Sir Russel's lawyer, but the result of their private conference differed in no way from the other. The three gentlemen were equally convinced of the justice of Redmond Kildare's claims, but determined to proceed with the investigation as agreed upon, but merely for form's sake. The proofs which the new Earl had submitted in support of his claims were deemed incontrovertible.

The two guardians were united in thinking Nora's engagement to Lord O'Neil a wi'd folly, from the consummation of which the girl must be rescued, at whatever cost Sir Russel, grim and stern as he was, was honest to the core, and he believed. Nora would thank him at some future day for preventing the sacrifice of herself to a man who was not only poor, but burdened with debts. Michael Kildare expressed a similar sentiment. The two also agreed that with Redmond Kildare was desirable for the Lady Nora, and resolved to use all their in the same and authority to further and authority. fluence and authority to further such alliance.

These views the guardians imparted to the young heiress in a private interview, held with her in the pretty sea-perfor after their own conference had ended. They then repeated their promise that she should not be disturbed in her possession of the casale for the next fortnight. at the end of which period they would return, hoping to hear that she had decided to accept

the new suitor.
Subsequently Mr. Michael Kildare saw his young kinswomen alone, and in broken todes assured her of his love and sympathy, and of his care and protection in the future. poor young Lady Nora clung to him in her

storm of sorrows as to a firm support.
"I have no reason to complain, Michael," she said, smiling up at him through her tears.
"If I had lost a fortune, I have learned how true and steadlast are my friends. You and Kashleen are 'friends in need,' and 'friends indeed '! ... Michael Kildare kissed her sweet brow softly

and tenderly, as the seal of his promises of devotion.

"You know how clannish I am, Nora!" he said. "The old saying's true: Blood is thicker than water." And so it's through thick and thin I'll stick to you, my darling, my Lady Nors! But I could wish that you would look kindly on the young Earl. He has a good heart, and he'll make you a happy and a rich

But Nora shook her little head wilfully, while her young face grew grave and almost stern in its expression.

Think it over during the next two weeks You may change your mind, Nora. I won't bother you now, while your trouble is new to

He kept his word, saving not another word

about Redmond Kildare or the desired marriage.
The guests remained to dinner, which was

served at five o'clock. Directly after dinner their horses were brought to the door, and they mounted and rode away on their journey to Dunloy, whence they were to proceed by rail to Redmond Kildare made one of the party, and

Kildaro Castle was left to the peace and quiet-ness that usually enveloped it.

The step sisters drew a great breath of relief

when they found themselves once more alone. They watched the departing horsemen until they had disappeared down the elm-arched avenue, and they then tied on their broadbrimmed hats and went upon the rocks, where they remained a long time in conversation and

The sun was setting at last when they re entered the castle. They went up to the small sea-parlor and sat upon the balcony, and watched the lurid glow of the sunset upon the waves while they strove to plan their future. They were thus engaged when old Shane intruded upon their solitude, bearing a visitor's

card upon a small salver. A gentlemen to see the Lady Kathleen," he

said, presenting to her the card.

The Lady Kathleen's face changed as she took up the bit of pasteboard. It bore upon its surface, written in a bold and regular hand, the name of her deadly foe—Bassantyne!
"You may show the gentlemen up, Shane,"
she said calmly. "Shay! Take him into the

she said calmly. drawing-room— At this juncture the door was pushed oper widely, and the visitor stood revealed on the threshold.

hreshold.
"Pardon my boldness," he said, coming for-ard howing and smiling. "You can excuse ward bowing and smiling. "You can my impatience, I know, Kabhleen!" He fixed his bold gaze on Lady Nora.

The Lady Kathleen made a gesture to Shane to withdraw, and the old servitor obeyed.

"And this is my young step sister in law l, suppose?" exclaimed Bassantyne, his caze deepening into admiration as he surveyed the love-ly, saucy little face. "She makes you look to your laurels, does she not, my proud Kathleen? Be so good as to introduce me!"

And a sing " said Lady

"Nora, darling," said Lady Kathleen, "be kind enough to 'eave us. This man is no associate for you."

Bassantyne scowled like a demon but Nora,

paying no heed to him, went out; into the corridor, taking care, however, to remain within call, though beyond earshot of ordinary con-

"So I am not good enough to be introduced

to my wife's step sister!" ej-culated Bassantyne insolently. "Ah, well, go your own gait, Kathleen. 'Its a long lane that has no turn,'

Kathleen. 'Its a long lane that has no turn,' and I'll be even with you yet!"
"What do you want here?" demanded the Lady Kathleen, her blue eyes flashing.
"Ah, now you are vour old lovely self!" exclaimed Bassantyne, flinging himself indolently into a chair. "Do I need an excuse for coming to see my own wife? Kathleen, I love you a thousand fold more than I did in the old days. Your accordul, disdainful air is just what is She met his gaze unmoved.

Your accornful, disdainful air is just what is needed to give life and spirit to your blond beauty! What a dash I could make at the German baths with you at my side! Your blond beauty would bewilder men so that I could easily win from them their fortunes!"

"Your are still a gainbler, then?" asked the Lady Kathleen scornfully.

"Your are still a gainbler, then?" asked the fickle, you know. She don't always smile on the devotees, and one day I'm rich and the next.

She met his gaze unmoved.

"It makes no difference what the name was," to be known by his name. I Lord Tresham dropped her hand.

"I cannot understand, Kathleen," he said hollowly. "You hate the man, yet you take betray me. I think I'll be going. If you can space me ten pounds, Kathleen, I think I'll borrow it."

The Lady Kathleen scornfully.

"Yes, I am a soldier of fortune, and the jade is fickle, you know. She don't always smile on the mystery to you. I can only say that him, A few minutes later he took his departure.

I'm poor, and so rous this world away! Heigho !" But you sold me last evening that you were

"Did I! I must have been drawing on the future, or possibly I meant to imply that a man with such a wife as you is rich! But, pecuniarily and presently, I am not overburdened with

money."
"But you would sell yourself for it as readily as ever, I suppose :"
"How well you know me! Yet I could desire a greater delicacy of expression, Kathleen, Anything that I have or am which is market-

able I should be glad to convert into money. "No doubs. And besides being a gambler, what are you?"

"Anything you choose," said Bassantyne rly. "I learned a variety of trades out in airly. "I l Australia—"

"To which you were sent for twenty years as a punishment for counterfeiting! You were gone but seven years. How came you to return before the expiration of your term of sentence ?" "I ran away. I wrote an obituary notice of myseif, last year, and had it put into a Melbourne paper, and sent to you. I fancied it might please you and the rest of my friends. I was hired out to a farmer as his servant, and managed to escape into the bush with a confederate, and some months later we made our way to the coast, found at a small port an English trading vessel that was short of hards, and hired out on board of her. We worked our passage back to England. You notice I wear a long beard, and have darkened my skin. They make sufficient dieguise, I think!"
"They greatly change your appearance!"

"I thought so, and it is necessary they should. The police are looking for me in England, so I'm not safe there. You see, before I left my 'master,' in Australia, I took the precaution to help myself to money out of his hoards. I lost a good deal of it at cards in London, while I was looking for you. I had

hard work to find you-" "You must have had, considering the sort of people to whom you addressed your inquiries," said Lady Kathleen, with haughty scorn. "Gamb'er, counterfeiter and runaway con-

vist..."
"And husband of proud Lady Kathleen

"I wonder how you dare tell me all your story—how you dare confess to me that the police are looking for you! How do you know that I shall not betray you?"

"You dare not! I don't trust to your love,
but I do trust to your pride! If I am ever ar-

reated, I shalt proclaim myself your husband."
The Lady Kathleen's face fell.

"What has become of your confederate!" she asked, "He may be tray you."
"Not so! I never lose sight of him. Be-"Not so! I never lise sight of thin. Besides he is in equal danger. The police want
him also? He is at present acting as my valet
over a Baliveastle. He's a rough fellow—not a
gendeman like one!"

"So you are a gentleman! The information is
surprises me!" exclaimed Lady Kothleen ironindly. "I didn't know a man could be a

gambles, a counterfeter, a convict, and a gen-theman all at once !" Bassautyne's swort chank thashed.

Bassactyne's swort chack floched.

"I suppose Lord Tresham is your ideal of a gentleman!" he succeed. "He's in a fine frenzy, is his for shir. He's been visiting these months at Glon O'Neil, I hear, and counterfeiting a great friendship for Wild Larry, as they call the begariy young for t, as a cover to his come shinol you. And to day no doubt, he's off to see the lawyers. Much good will they do him?"

"We won't discuss Lord Tresham."

But wo will, if I choose to?" interposed.

"But wo will, if I choose to!" interrupted
Bassantyne, scheling. "If I wish to talk of
my wife's lovers. I shall do so!"
The Lady Kathleen's face blanched.
"That is all over," she said. "Tresiant may

be my friend, but no longer a lover -

Unless the police will be kind enough to nab me and return me to Australia," interposed Bas sutyne grimly. "But to come to pusiness. I and my friend want suelter and hiding. There's no knowing at what minute the police will get on our track. I want you to receive me at Kildare Castle as your guest. No one would look for two escaped convicts in

"It's impossible! I can stay here but a fortnight myself. A rival claimant has arisen who will take the Kildare estates from the

Lady Nora."
"Whew! What is she to do?" "I shall provide for ner. When Redmond her guardians should refuse

her guardians should retuse—
"Ab, Yes! Your 'own house?! What place so fitting a refuge for your fugitive husband? I know your old house, Kathleen, and I must go there as your husband! In that way I shall escape all discovery! Our marriage must be roclaimed. The name of Bassantyne has never been dragged into my troubles. In fact, I haven's used it in over ten years. It was only chance ravealed it to you, Kathleen, as you remember. Basentyne is an honest, respectable name, and it won't hurt you to wear it. I'll have the notice of our marriage in the Belfast papers as soon as possible!"

I can't consent to this -" "I don't ask you to live with me on friendly terms," said isassautyne doggedly. "Let Lord Tresham think and plan as he will, you and I know we are honestly married, do we not?"

Yes, answered Kathleen, almost inaudibly "Then it is proper for us to live under the same roof. Of course you feel bal about Tresham and all that, but this is no time for sentiment. We have to face a hard necessity. If you refuse to shelter me, you give me up to the police, and yourself to ignoming and sor-Shelte me as I demand, and I solemnly promise not to obtrude my attentions upon you, or to molest you in any way. I know my promise isn's worth much, but I will keep this one! Will you make this bargain with me

"It is worse than death!" "I don't doubt it cuts deep, Kathleen-you are so infernally proud! But you'll have to

come to it !"

"I cannot. The affair is hard to manage."
"Not at all. I am an old lover that you knew in France. True enough that, Kathleen! We have loved each other for years. I came to see you at Kildere Castle; we renewed our vows; and made a moonlight flitting of it over to Scotland Simple and romantic! And we shall go over to your pleasant country house for our honeymoon. How natural! No one can wonder. No one can cavil. We will have our separate rooms at your house, but the world

will think us the happiest couple the sun shines on! This has got to be done, Kathleen, and you have got to do your share in it naturally!" It was a bitter draught to the Lady Kathleen. For some minutes she turned away her face and sat in silence. But apparently she recognized the fatal necessity for obedience, for at last she

each other, it is but a diemal pretence! And don't dare to talk to me of love! The word

sickens me when it comes from your lips? Bassantyne drew a sigh of relief as he thanked her, and promised to observe her commands. " How soon will you be ready to leave Kildare ?" he asked.

"Not under the fortnight. You must stay where you are till then. I cannot have you here. There will be danger for you here too, with the lawyers coming and going. Mr. Wed-burn is a keen lawyer, and may guess some-thing of your secrets. Keep in hiding till we leave here."

"And meanwhile I will visit you every day."
"By the way," said the Lady Kathleen, what is the name under which you were transported? That of Lord Kimsley. Bassantyne started, shooting a sudden glance of suspicion at the Lady Kathleen.

She met his gaze unmoved.
"It makes no difference what the name was,"

Lady Kathleen, in horror, when he had gone. "God pity me! Poor, poor Barry!" Bassantyne went down to the spot where he

had left his small boat on the beach, and an evilly exultant smile lit up his swarthy face.

"So I have provided a safe retreat for myself!" he muttered. "Kathleen fears me, and
it is well! The police may search the whole
realm in vain, while I rule in her house as master, and control the strings of her purse. And se to making love to her, I'll see about

waste away and drop off, leaving me an interest ing widower with plenty of money. By Jove! There's an idea! I wonder if I couldn't make is work !"

He pushed off his boat, stepped in, and sailed away, a strange deep thoughtfulness, that was full of sinister meaning, obscuring his features.
"It will be one of the two!" he said to himself at last in a whisper. "She'll become loving and tender after a little, or she'll leave me a widower and the heir to her fortune! I wonder which it will be !"

CHAPTER XL

BASSANTINE SEEKS SAFER QUARTERS.

The days drifted by at Kildare Castle, after the visit of the guardians of the Young Lady Nora, and, despite the girl's heavy cares and auxieties, every day had its share of sweetness

and joy.

This was not to be wondered at, for Nora's over, Lord O'Neil was a daily visitor at Point

There was another daily guest, Nicol Bass-antyne, but the young nobleman rarely encount-ered him, the Lady Kathleen's husband choos-ing to conceal himself from observation, and ending hours in lounging alone in the park

On the day subsequent to the departure of the Lady Nora's guardians and that of Redmend Kildare, Bassantyne took occasion to an nounce his marriage to the Kildare chaplain, tenantry, and servants.

And on the fourth day thereafter appeared in the Belfast papers, under the caption of 'Ro-manuc Marriage in High Life," an announce-ment of the union of the Lady Kathleen Connor, of Ballyconror, Wicklow, daughter of the late Lord Connor, and st-p-daughter to the late Evrl of Kildare, of Kildare, Castle, to Mr. Nicol Bassautyne! The announcement stated that the marriage was a hasty Scottish one but the engagement of which it was the finale had been of long standing, the Lady Kathleen having plighted her troth to her galland suite that a vou cannot listen to my protestations of love without pain, I must not utter them. But I shall devote my life to watching over you unseen. Should you ever need help or comfort or a fair-all watering plighted her troth to her galland suite. ing plighted her troth to her gallant suiter some years before. It was understood that Mr. Basantyse had spent some years in India, whence he had recently returned, and where he had ac-

cumulated a handsome fortune.

It is needless to state that this florid notice had been written by Bassantyne himself, and that its insertion had been liberally paid for.

On the day after the publication of this announcement Lord Tresham arrived at the martle, riding in hot baste, and demanded to see

the Lady Kathleen. He was shown into the great drawing room, on told Shane hastened to summons her lady

ship. Lird Tresham looked haggard and worn, as if he had known days of anxiety and mights of sleeplessness since the night of the fatal marrings between the Lady Kathlee, and her mys-

terious enemy.
Norvous and restless, he strode to and fro the long and ground apartment with a quick stride. His eyes looked almost wild in their expression. His mouth was drawn into an expression of settled anguish.

Presently the door opened and the Lady Kathleen slowly entered.

How she had changed during the past days! She looked thin and wan and woeful. There were dark lines under her beautiful azure eyes, and her face was almost ghastly in its pallor. But unaterd of the quick and nervous restlessness

was calm and cold, as if her sorrows had turned her to atone. Lord Tresham stretched out his arms to

which characterized Lord Tresham, her manner

her.
. " Kathleen!" he said, in a hellow voice. Kathleen made a swift movement, as if to obey his call and sprang to his embrace. But, remembering herself, she recoiled, and looked up at him piteously.

Lord Tresham's face darkened. He drew from

his pocket a Belfast paper containing the announcement which we have described, crumbled it to his hands, and torsed it on the table fierce

That is true, then? The fellow is your old suitor, and you have acknowledged him as your husband? Fool that I was, to believe in the love and honor of a woman !' The Lady Kathleen shrank further from Lord

Tresham, as if she had received from him a inortal hurt.
"I—I have seen the notice," she said, in a tone scarcely above a whisper. The paper was just brought to me. My marriage was acknowl-

edged by my consent."

"It was!" Lird Tresham's eyes blazed, while his face grew stern in its white avguish.

"O Kathleen! till this moment I have trusped I thought the announcement was that vou. villian's work. And it is only a few nights since you told me that you loved me. Love! you never knew the meaning of the

The Lady Kathleen put up her hand, as if to The Lady Kathleen put up her hand, as it to defend herself from an actual blow.

"Dn't, Barry!" she pleaded. "I do not love this man who is my husband—"

"Not love him, Kathleen, you love me?"

"Yes, Barry. Oh, God help me! I do love you," she answered, with a wailing cry.

Lord Tresham's dark face lighted up with a glow like suchine. A great joy glowed in his atormy eyes. He moved toward her swiftly and impetuously, and seized in his

strong, fevered clasp her cold and trembling "O Kathleen! You love me!" he cried, in a tremulous voice. "Then there is hope for us yet. I have been closeted with the Belfast lawyers these four or five days. I told them the whole story; that the marriage was the result of a base, vile fraud, the man succeeding in his schemes only by personating me. It seems that a Scotch marriage is a queer thins. When you said you took this man to be your wedded husband, you took the man under any and every alias, and were married to the man despite the alias. So some of the lawyers contend. But others say they think the marrage can be broken, especially if you have refused to acknowledge the man as your husband from the

said in a husky voice:

"Well. It shall be as you say. Put the
notice in the Belfast papers. I will shelter you.
But remember that though we seem friendly to
the marriage all over Point Kildare. The chaplain and the chaplain's wife have called to wish me joy," and her sweet voice became broken, while her eyes flashed in a sort of stern horror. "And that is not all. The tenantry kindled honfires the night before last, and set the chapel bell to wringing; and they came up to the castle, and - and Bassantyne and I went out on the balcony while they cheered us. And Bassantyne made a speech. Oh, it was terrible!
You see it was too late."

The glorious sunshine faded from Lord Tres

The glorious sunstitue takes from Leve ham's face and eyes.

'Kathleen," he cried, with a fierce and sudden jealousy, "you have deceived me, after all! You have received this man as yourflusband! You love him, or you would not have thus acknowledged him. 'I acknowledged him because I was com

pelled to. But he is nothing to me. I have and loathe him. And yet I am compelled to be his wife in name, to speak of him as my husband,

"And I am tied to this man!" thought the which I gave you a hint. Had I known that Bassantyne lived, I should never have con-sented to marry you. I thought him dead. I read a notice of his death in an Australian paper

"What is the mystery between you and him?" cried Lord Tresham passionately. "Tell me, Kathleen. Let us share the secret together.

Lord Tresham took a hurried turn about the room, struggling with a fierce agitation. Presently he came back, and said:

those blue eyes of yours mirror a pure and noble soul. But how dark the whole case looks. You cling to a man you hate, and deliberately wreck

caped! Your proud old name remains unsullied, and your heart is spared a deeper anguish than it now knows. And I-heaven only knows the terrors, the awful fears, the constant appre-hensions, I would have been called to endure! Better that the blow should fall sharply as it

and shrubberies, or else accompanied by the marry you No. Barry, you must leave me to man who had escaped with him from Australia, and who was now serving as his valet.

—but only in name! He has no claims upon my love or tenderness. He will go with me to my home in Wicklow, and we shall bury our-selves from the world. And you must forget

> are the one greatobject of my life. I know that you love me. I know that you are in the power of a villair. If you ever needed a friend in your life, Kathleen, you need one now I mean to be that friend. I will not intrude upon you; I will not force my attention upon you. I will remember that as you cannot listen

The tears flooded the Lady [Kathleen's eyes. The chivalric tenderness of her lost lover went to her soul. His terrible despair almost broke her heart. The stony calmness of the few last ays was broken up, and a passionate grief filled

sacrifice of your life to me. It is better that you have me utterly I have brought all my sorrows on myself. Leave me to bear them alore. Do not cause me the added anguish of knowing that I have wrecked your life also." Lord Tresham, coming near, took her hands

again in his.
"I am not utterly hopeless, Kathleen," he said, more calmly than he had yet spoken. "I shall seek to deliver you out of this source into which you have fillen. As you refuse to fell me the mystery which links you and this villain Baseantyne together, I must, as I said once of fore seek its solution moself. And I shall be

He was standing beside her, still clasping her cold hands, still looking with eyes of passionate sorrow into her despairing face, when the drawing-room door opened and Nicol Bassantyne

earlier than usual, and had entered the castle with the air of an honored inmate. In bruth, he had come to demand of Lady Kathleen that he should be domiciled at Kildare until his departure with her ladyship for Ballyconnor.

his velvet waistcoat having a brilliautly colored flowered pattern, and his handsome black scarf being richly embroidered in gold thread. A diamoud pin gluttered in his shirt front, and a diamoud single state of the state of t diamond ring sparkled on one of his little "I shall provide for her. When Redmond at him pitcously.

Kildare comes into possession here, Nora will "Don't tento; me, Barry," she whisper. Singers. His long beard had been crimped and beave. I shall take her to my own house, unless ed. "It's all over between us now—all over long wavy noing upon his breast. His hands were delicately gloved, and he carried a carved

vory walking stick, He halted just within the door, opening his eyes widely as he regarded the pair he had so foully wronged.

Ah l' he said smoothly, although his eyes

glittered with a dangerous light. "This is a pleasant speciacle for a fond husband's eyes! riad I less confidence in my lady wife, or were I inclined to jeslousy, I might fancy that Kathleen was coquetting with her discarded

Lord Tresham's face flushed. He let fall Kathleen's hands, and confronted Bassantyne

with imperious sternness. "I will repeat to you the substance of what I was saying to the Lady Kathleen," he said, with something of threatening in voice and manner, and with a look in his dark eyes before which Basantyne qualled. "I know that a dark future lies before her whose fortunes have been so fraudulently linked to yours, and I have vowed to myself to protect her should she need protection, and to aid her should she need aid. warn you, Nicol Bassantyne, that my eye will be upon you. Should you attempt to wrong or harm this unhapy lady, the hand of vengeance will be swift to tall upon you."

(To be continued.)

MY DAUGHTER.

My little daughter grows apace: Her dolls are now quite out of date; It seems that I must take their place We have become such friends of late. We might be ministers of state. Discussing projects of great peril Such strange new questionings dilate The beauty of my little girl.

How tall she grows! What subtle grace Doth every movement animate:

Young Arcemis, when she was eight Among the myrtle bloom and lancel— I doubt if she could more than mate The beauty of my little girl.

Till in her features I can trace Her mother's smile, serene, sedate. 'Tie something at the hands of fate To watch the onward years unfurl Each line which goes to consecrate The beauty of my little girl.

BAILEY REFLECTOR COMPANY. Gentlemen :- We have now used your Reflec-

Very respectfully, J. H. Holmes, Jhn. Bidg. Com. 3d Cong'l Church.

(Letter from the Pastor.)

placed in our church gives entire satisfaction.
It is ornamental and gives a brilliant light.
It is really a marvel of cheapness, neatness and brightness.

Very sincerely yours,

G. H. Grannis,

Pastor of 3d Cong'l Church, of St. Louis, Mo

Gaiety is nature's garb of health.

a year ago."
"Then he was an old suitor of yours?"
"Yes."

Perhaps I can help you—"

"It is impossible!" returned the Lady Kathleen despairingly. Had he been dead I could
never have told you, Barry. And now that he
lives, I dare not!"

Lord Tembers took a hurried turn about the

Kathleen, I trust you still. I know that

your own life and mine—"

"Yet it is better as it is," said Lady Kathleen, lifting her pale face, with a desperate
smile on her quivering lips, to his. "Suppose
we had been married and he had come back!
Oh, Barry, you know not what you have es-

fell."
Lord Tresham uttered a groan.
"It seems to me," he said, "that I could have borne any sorrow if you had only been my wife. Kathle-n, is it all over? Will you not apply for a divorce?"
She shook her head sorrowfully.
"I cannot!" she answered. "And if I did, a divorce would do me no good. I could not marry you. No. Barry, you must leave me to

me!"
"Never!" cried Tresham passionately. "You

her being.
"Barry," she said brokenly, "truest and tenderest of lovers. I must not permit this

faithful to you unto death, Kathleen.

came swaggering in.

He had come over from Ballycastle a little

As u-ual, Bassantyne was elegantly dressed, but the style of his attire bordered on loudness,

With garments gathered for the race She stands, a goddess slim and straight,

The baby passes from her face. Leaving the lines nore delicate,

Lord! hear me, as in prayer I wait,

Thou givest all; guard Thou my pearl; And, when Thou countest at the Gate Thy jewels, count my little girl. Sr. Louis, Mo., March 23, 1889.

tor about three months. It is very satisfactory.

Our audience room is 50x60 ft., with ceiling 30 ft. Your 60 inch Reflector lights it admirably.

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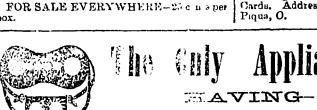
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