LADY KILDARE

Or, the Rival Claimants.

OHAPTER XXIII -Centinued. Bassantyne stooped over him, and lifted one of his arms, letting it fall. In dropped a dead

preight. Bassantyne's cheeks began to flush. He raised the battered, swollen head, and thrust his hand into the man's breast to feel if his heart

"He's dead!" Bassautyne mustered excited-ily, arising to his feet. "Well, that danger's over. You got more than the sen thousand pounds you asked for, Lame Bill! If you could have foreseen this, you might not have been so bold in your demands."

He listened with the quick start of guilt, for

some sound of approaching steps. But all that he heard was the music of the birds, the rustle of the wind through the leaves, the murmur of waters.

He breathed more freely.
"Dead!" he said to himself, spurning the body with his foot. "That danger is disposed of. And now how to meet this one? What am I to do with his body?"

I to do with his body?"

There was a deep pool of water on the estate, but it was half a mile distant. It would not be possible to drag the body to it in broad daylight without meeting some laborer who would give the alarm. But with the body once dropped into the depths of Black Pool, Bassantyne could be the state of the court of the court of the court of the same was as fell. feel sure that the secret of his crime was safely

buried forever.
"I must take it there," he thought agitated-Iy. "But how" There are men working in the vicinity now, trimming the trees. I must wait till night. Meanwhile I will hide the body in some safe spot, where it can remain till

He set about his search for a safe hidingplace, yet not daring to venture far from the little dell, where the ghastly object he meant to hide was laying, with swollen face upturned to the shower of suclight.

Presently he found what he sought—a little hollow, shut in and completely shadowed and darkened by a clump of thick growing fice. It was a covert for rabbits or other game, and the deal leaves heaped within it that had been blown from various quarters showed that the park keeper seldom peared into its recesses.

"The very spot!" muttered Bassantyne. "I will hide the body here till night, and then I will sink it in the Black Pool !"

He hastened to drag the inert figure to the little hollow, and flung it in, arranging the branches of the trees to hide the body. Then he sought to obliterate the traces of the

recent conflict in the little glade, which effort was partially successful.

His task completed, he hurried from the glade, wandering readlessly through the park until he had grown composed, paying an appar-ently idle visit to the Black Pool, and at last

sauntering back to the hall.

During the remainder of the day he was unearly and restless. He took a ride on his apirised hunter, but somehow the gaze of men was not so pleasant as usual to-day. At every curious glance he trembled, fancying that there might be some blood stain upon him he had overlooked, or some token of that conflict which had resulted so disastrously to his enemy. There were a few scratches and bruises upon him. These he magnified into gaping wounds, and finally, trembling and terrified, he returned to

He spent an hour or so in his smoking room. He took a bath, and dressed himself carefully in a new suit ordered from Dublin, and when the dinner bell rang, he descended to the drawing room scrapusously dressed, yetpale and worn

Bassantyne, despite his perturbation, ate a

In truth, he was sufficiently familiar with crime, and hardened by that familiarity, to feel crime, and hardened by that familiarity to feel a the success of relief at the turn affairs had attached a rusty tin cup.

"Ah! And taken. Lame Bill removed forever from his path, what had he to fear? Nothing—except, perhaps, the treachery of Murple. He would drink had a delicious taste to her which prepared by dangers one at a time, he thought, and the first part of th meet his dangers one at a time, he thought, and conquer them all.

After dinner, he went out into the garden to resume his smoking, and later he went into the

house, and to his own room.
"I must do nothing to excite suspicion." he thought. "Old Delaney has eyes like a hawk, and has set himself to watching me, I can see, I must not stir out until the house is silent for the night. I must be cautious—very

The hours crept on. The sounds died out of the house. It was growing late.

Bassantyne proceeded to change his light garments for old and dark ones. Then he ex-tinguished his light and looked out.

The night was suitable for his purpose, being monless and gloomy, yet not intensely dark. He could trace the objects on the lawn distinct. ly—the marble urns, a winged Mercury on a pedestal, and a rose hedge.

He waited until the great house clock had rung out the nour of midnight.

All was still in the house. The servants had retired, and the hall lights were ex-

tinguished. He crept down the grand staircase like a burglar, listening, and coming to a halt now and then in a panic, fancying he heard the steps of Delaney, the steward. But no interruption occurred to his movements. He gained the front door, and softly undid its boits and bars and complicated fastenings, and opened the door, and crept out upon the

Then he glided down the steps and hurried into the shadow of the rose hedge.

But, fancying that hostile eyes might be looking out at him from the windows of the old

hall, he moved fleetly in the shadow until he had gained the edge of the park.

"Now I am safe!' he said to himself. "No

me. I have only to carry that thing to Black He moved swiftly along the lonely paths into the dep hs of the park, making for the hollow where he had concealed the body of Lame

He reached it and knelt down in the shade of the spreading firs, and groped in the hollow with his bands.

The hollow was empty !

Horrified and frightened, Bassantyne drew out his match case and struck a light. There was a pine cone on the ground at his elbow. He d this and flung it into the hollow. The body was in leed go ne !

Bassantyne uttered an ejaculation of horror

and terror.

"Gone !" he whispered incredulously.

"Gone! And where?" With the red light of the burning cone

playing on his baggard, convulsed visage, he searched the hollow for some token of the gause of Lame Bill's disappearance.

Presently he utbered a hoarse cry.

He had detected footprints, not his own, by the side of the hollow-footprints, which he

knew must have been made by his enemy.
"He was not dead, then?" be cried. "I had only stunned him! He has flad to bring the officers here. How many hours has be been gone? Curse him! Why did I not make sure of him? Fool that I am! I deserve my

For a moment he knelt there, with the face of as demon. Then he rose up, whispering to him-

"It's all up. I must see Kathleen at once l If I sink, she sinks with me !"
With glaring eyes and desperate soul, he hurried through the park toward the hall.

on, in the little swift-sailing aloop, under the And while he was thus engaged, the young England,

by Michael Kildare for his ward's destruction—
a trival reward, and considered only
because behind it lay the threat of a betrayal
into the hands of the law. On the other hand were riches and safety, Fogarty thought, with advantages and pleasures innumerable.

Lorg before the Lady Nora awoke, Fogarty

had decided that she should live, and live for his benefit.
"I'm out of the lawyer's reach here," he

mused. "I can hide where he can never find me. I have found a mine of wealth, and I shall be a fool not to work it. Why should I play into Michael Kildare's hands when my own packets are empty ?"

And with these thoughts came projects of gaining wealth for himself out of the coffers which be supposed might, after all, belong to

which he supposed the Lady Nora.

"My days as valet are over!" he thought exultantly. "Baseantyne will find that I am managed, by some legerexultantly. "Baseantyne will find that I am as clever as he lie managed, by some leger-demain, to induce an heiress to slope with him. I shall get money, and not be tied down to the whime of any fine lady!"

The morning broke at last over the watersa dull, gloomy, sunless morning, with a firm

The little sloop was heading her way gallantly to the North, and making fair progress.

Fogarly was contect, and ase his breaklast, which he produced from the basket, with a good appetite. He had no conscience to interfere with his digestion.

An hour or so later, the Lady Nora awakened. She aroused herself with a start, and looked around her with a frightened

gaze. "Oh, I had forgotten I was on my way to

England," she said, as the color slowly tinged her cheeks. "I fancied myself still in my prison at Yew Cottage. How glorious this free, strong air is! And we are out of sight of land? She stood up and surveyed the waters on

every side wish dilated eyes.

"Yes, my lady," returned Fogarty, "we're bowling along at eight knots au hour. as near as I can make out. The wind is shifty. We'll do

better when she settles."

"But there is no sun," said the Lady Nora,
looking up at the dun clouds. "How can you
tell our course! Have you a compass?"

"No, my lady," answered the pretended
sailor. "But I can tell our course by the wind.
And all night I told it by the stars. We're all

right, my lady. Tim Fogarby knows this 'ere channel as well as he knows the way to his The Lady Nora was reassured, yet for a long time she looked thoughtfully at both see and

sky. At last she asked:
"Ought we not to get to Liverpool by noon,
Mr. Fogarty?"
"With this wind. mylady?" asked Fogarty,
in apparent astonishment. "It's well we'll be
doing if we get there by sunset. But it's not
for Liverpool I'm making! Mr. Kildare, when
he discovers our flight, my lady, may send by eteamer, or telegraph, to Liverpool and Holy-head to intercept you, and so it would be better to put in to some small bay on the English coast near Southport, and you can take the train to Mauchester from Southport."

The Ludy Nora's face brightened.
"You are very thoughtful, Mr. Fogarty!"
he exclaimed. "You shall be well rewarded she exclaimed. "You shall be well rewarded for all your kindness to me, if I have to sell my jawelry to repay you. 1 am poor, you know. but if ever I should be rich, I shall know how to reward your goodness."

and haggard.

The Lady Kathleen was already in the drawing-room and the ill-assorbed pair descended to the dining room together.

There was an atmosphere of guilt about Bassantyne, fresh from his crime, that the pure instincts of the Lady Nora detected, but could not understand She shrank from all contact with him, and the meal was eaten in silence. It is worthy of remark that Bassantyne, despite his perturbation, are a silor's heart to look on calmly and see an innocent girl perfectled. But eat your break fast, my lady. This air makes sharp appetites? The Lady Nora, weakened by her meager prison fare, felt the need of complying with this suggestion. She got out the provision backet, and took from it a slice of bread and piece of cold meat, these being the chief edibles afforded. There was a large can of fresh afforded. There was a large can of fresh water, which had been placed in the half-cabin by the owner of the sloop, and to this can was

> Her breakfast over, she resumed her seat and the contemplation of the heaving, white capped

As the morning deepened, the clouds lifted.
At noon the sun thowed itself, and the chill
October air had a tinge of warmth imparted to
it. The young girl ceased to shiver under her

wrappings. "Are you sure we are going in the right direction, Mr Fegariy?" asked the Lady Nora, at length, when the tun had begun to descend the afternoon sky. "We do not seem to be

going east."
"We are all right, my lady," said Fogarty. "I shall tack presently. It's on the tack is m now. I've been wondering, my lady," he added, "why Mr. Kildare should have treated addeđ. you so ill. It's not altogether to make you marry a nobleman, I'm thinking!"

"No; that was not all he shut me up for," said the young heiress." "I happened to overhear a conversation in which he took part, the last evening of my stay at his house, and the discoveries I then made and the revelations I overheard were full of danger to him. He discovered my presence in the adjoining room, and that very night brought me to Yew Cottage, informing me that I should never be released until I agreed to marry Lord Kildare! A promise to do so would alone give him safety, after what I had overheard!"

And what was it you overheard, my lady?"

"And what was it you overheard, my lady?"

asked Fogarty, with pretended indifference.
"That I cannot tell you, Mr. Fogarty. I can tell no one until I have seen my principal guardian, Sir Russel Ryan."

Fogarty lo: ked chagrined. He had expected to find it an easy matter to induce the Lady Nora to tell him all she knew concerning her kinsman; but something now in the grave, sweet face and lovely resolute mouth one has seen me. No one will come out to watch sold him that she was not one to open her heart me. I have only to carry that thing to Black so every one. Not even the supposed service Pool, fill its pockets with stones, and sink it.

Then I shall be indeed safe."

He moved swiftly along the lonely paths

"If you was to tell me, I might help you,"

he suggested.
"The only help I need is in getting to Engand," said the Lady Nora, with a bright, warm smile. "You are rendering me the only and the greatest service now that you can, Mr. Fogarty. Once on English roil, I can take care of myself. Once with Sir Russel, he will take

care of me." And to you won't tell me?" said Fogarty, a livile sullenly.

The young beiress opened her sunny eyes more widely. Such pertinacity was as singular

as it was disagreeuble. as it was disagreeable.

"I cannot tell you!" she said gravely.

Fogarty scowled, but was silent. The
change in his looks impressed the young girl,
but she also was silent. Presently the man

spoke again.
"I beard Mr. Kildare say, as he went down you the stairs at Yew Cottage last night, that 'knew too much.' How did you know too much, my lady? You have got some hold upon him. You have got track of some secret of his, the disclosure of which will injure his repu-

"I cannot answer your questions now, my friend," returned Lady N.ra. "My confidence is due, first of all, to my guardian."

Fogarby scowled again. The role of virtue was becoming irksome to him. He was a reck-

was necoming interested to the the was a bear less, bad hearted fellow at best, and was capable of few good deeds, except when such deeds were likely to prove profitable. He began to think now that a disclosure of the facts in the case, and of her helplessness, might make his

With glaring eyes and desperate soul, he burried through the park toward the hall.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOGART BREE HOW TO MAKE MONTH.

For hours the young Lady Nora Kild-re slept in the little swift-sailing sloop. Under the little swift-sailing sloop.

dark night sky her small head drooped low on sch bosom; and for hours her fellow-voyager Fogarty sat at the tiller, watching her, and debating the fearful problem of what should he do with her?

On the one hand was the reward offered him by Michael Kildare for his ward's destruction—by Michael Kildare for his ward's destruction—lar?

lor?"
The young heiress started. She replied in

the negative.
"It's so," said Fogarty, smiling sullenly.
"You never heard of me, you said. My past
is nothing to boast on, and Kidare knows it.
He knows, too, that I am wanted out in the
colony. You see, I had an engagement to stay
there again number of years, and I broke there a certain number of years, and I broke the engagement and came home. Kildare knew that too.

The girl did not understand. She continued to regard him wish grave, innocent eyes, sweet and feerless, vaguely conscious only that there was something wrong.

"Well, you broke your engagement?" she said. a little impatiently.
"Yes; I broke it," exclaimed Fogarty, laughing boisterously. "And it's against the law to break an engagement of that sort. Kildare knew he had the whip-hand. And so he tries to make me do his dirby work. He has a ward, he, says that 'knows too much.' And he says he wants a bold fellow to dispose of her. How? says I. Here's your plan, says he, and you're the man to do it. And with that he says as how his ward is as innocent as a baby, having been brought up in the country. And is would be easy to get rid of her, and twenty pounds to the man that sinks her in St. George's Channel."

The young Lady Nora leaned forward, breathless, eager, panting. Her sunny eyes shone like stars from out of the whiteness of

"He wanted to kill me!" she ejaculated.
"Oh, Mr. Fegarty! You are not deceiving me? He really offered you money to drown me?"

me?"
He really did. Twenty pounds, and to go seet free. And if I didn't do it, a betrayal to the police on account of my past offenses."
"He wanted to kill me!" repeated the girl, in a piecous voice. "Oh, heaven! I have loved him so! The discovery of all his baseness and treachery wound me to the soul. Oh,

Michael! Michael!" Her voice broke down in a wild, wailing sob. "What did he say when you refused to fall in with his plans?" asked the Lady Nora, a little later, when she had grown calm again.

"I didn't refuse, my lady."
"Ah! You pretended to consider them! Your words gave me such a start then, Mr. Fogerty! You made Michael think you would kill me!"

"Yes, my lady."

"And how-how was it to be done?"

"I was to wait twenty-four hours, till last night, my lady, and then I was to go to your room. No-I am getting ahead of my story. Mr. Kildare was to send me a disguise yesterday morning, my lady—a suit of sailor's garments, so that I could pretend to you that I am a sailor—"
"But you are a sailor, are you not, Mr. Fogarty?"
"""

"No, my lady."
The young girl looked at her companion with two terrible eyes. They seemed to be burning, and they were op ned to their widest extens, giving them a wild look.

Not a sailor ?' "No, my lady. The character is put on with the clothes.' There was a long silence. The young Lady Nora covered her face with her hands. At last

she spoke again.

"Go on, she said in a strange voice. Yes, my lady. Mr. Kildere said that I must steal the key to your room, and not let my mother know of your intended escape. He did not want her to know his plan. He's a cautious man is Mr. Kildare, He said I was to open the door and go in and offer to rescue you out of pity. He said you would be sure to fly with me. Then I was to take you to the sea coast, where I was to have a boat hired and in

This boat is hired, then? It is not your "No ; it's not mine. I hired it yesterday of

the man we found on board last night. Mr. Kildare gave me the money to pay him."

"Ab! And what else?" "On reaching the boat we were to go on coard. We were to set sail estensible for

"We are not headed for England, then?" sai the Lady Nora, still in that strange voice.
"No. Mr. Kildare said you would be wearied and worn, and would soon fall asleep. While you were asleep, I was to toss you overboard! I was then to return to Dublin and keep silence, while he would make loud inquiries after you and loud lamentations about your

The terrible gloom on the girl's fair brown lifted. Into her despairing, hornfied eyes crept a quick gleam of light. A heavenly smile

gathered about her lovely mouth.
"You rescued me as he ordered," she said "You rescued me as he ordered," she said;
"you took me to sea in a boat—I fell asleep—
and you did not drown ma! You have let me
live. You have even betrayed to me all the
plans of your would be employer! Oh, Mr.
Fogarby, I dered to doubt you while you were
telling me this story! I feared and dreaded
and despaired! But you pretended to obey Michael Kildare only that you might save me! You knew that he would find some other way to destroy me if you naterly refused to do his bidding! And while pretending to carry out his villainous schemas, you are befrierding me

and taking me to my gardian?"

She draw near to him in a glow, of gratitude, and raising one of his bairy, dirty hands from the tiller, she clasped it in both her own dainty

Fogarty drew his hand away with some con-"I'm not so good as you think," he said roughly. "I don't mean to kill yon, my lady. But I am a poor man, and I can't afford to lose

by you. I want to make my fortune out of The girl retreated a few paces.
"I am poor and friendless," she said. "My jewels are in Michael Kildare's house. They are

valuable, but they are beyond my reach."
"Just so!" said Fogarty, coolly. "And you've

got no money? got no money?

"Only a livide in my pocket."

"You've got a rich lover, may be?"

"No," replied the Lady Nora, her face as pale
as the dead. "My lover is poor—poorer than I,

because he is in debt." "Sir Russel Ryan is rich, perhaps?"

"No; and he has a large family dependent on him. He has nothing to spend on me."

'Then there's only one way you can pay me for letting you live. You must tell me this secret of Michael Kildare's. He has got money, and I will get a share of it by trading on his aecret. And if I bell you ?"

"You may live."
"And you will take me to England."
"Yes. I will land you at Southport."

The girl hastened, spurred on by her terrible fears, to tell her enemy of the secrets she had learned—how, when she was hidden in the little alcove off Michael Kildare's library, he had come in with Redmond Lord Kildare-how the two had talked, and how the lawyer had talk the new Earl that he knew of a flaw in the claims of the latter, by virtue of which the earldow and estates might be wrested from him and

restored to the Lady Nors.
"What is that flaw?" demanded Fogarty. "I don't know. But my guardian, Sir Russel Ryan, will use every exertion to discover it and to restore to me my rights."

to restore to me my rights.

"Hum! your knowledge can only benefit you and not me," said Fogarty.

"The secret don't amount to much, after all, to an outsider.

Michael Kıldare would laugh in my face if I went to him trying to herrow money on the ground of a flaw in Lord Kildare's claims.

'What's Lord Kildare to me?' he would ask.

'And if there's a flaw, find it, prove it?' Is this all the secret there is?"

"You; it is all." "That lawyer didn't mean to kill you for overhearing that. He's got other ressons. ()r one there's something beatind all this I can't use. Marvelous ours. Treatine and \$2.00 trial understand. But, my lady, I can't take you to bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931

"Not take me to England? You prom-

ised—"
"What's a promise? A breath of air. I am
not such a fool as to let loose a witness who
could see upon me the house of the law. Besides, I have other plans. I can make more Besides, I have other plans. I can make more money by keeping you in my possession. Michael Kildare, so long as he knows you are alive and in my keeping, will be under my thumb. Your secret is not merchantable, but you are, my lady. I may make a big thing one of this business by simply keeping you my prisoner, and I will do it!

He set his lips together grimly. The Lady Nora's heart, brave though it was, sank to the debts of an awful despair.

debts of an awful despair,

CHAPTER XXV.

GUILT CONFRONTED. As we have said, the dog care which the young Lady Nora had seer, and had so nearly encountered, in her flight with Fogerty from Clondalkin, was occupied by her lover and her

maid, the faithful Alleen Manon. After her secret visit of inspection to Yew Cottege, on the night of Michael Kildare's latest visit to his imprisoned ward, Alleen had walked back to Dublin, and had, at the earliest possible moment, made her way to a telegraph office, from which she had dispatched a message of the most urgent description to Lord O'Neil, bidding him hasten to the rescue of her

young mis'r as. It had so happened that the major dome of Castle Ruin-the consequential OL farty-was in the little town when the message arrived, and it had been transferred to him by the usual messenger, who was only too glad to be relieved of the hard ride to Glen O'Neil. O'Lafferty had returned home at his horee's heat speed, and delivered the telegram to his young master, and the latter had set out for Dunloy with scarcely an instant's delay, happily arriving in time to catch a slow train to Belfast. From Belfast he had come on to Dublin by the mail train, and had arrived at a late hour of the same evening—the evening of the Lady Nora's pretended rescue by

Fogary,
On alighting at the station, he looked A around him sharply and anxiously, in the hope line around nim energy and anxiously, in the hope that Alleen would be there to meet him.

This hope was realized, for even while he looked, with increasing anxiety, a shrinking, very dark-robed figure, which had been standing long one

among the distant shadows, a little apart from the crowd, came timidly forward, accosting him shyly.

It was Alleen Mahon, but so worn and wan given points, and auxious that Lord O'Neil scarcely recog.

For instance

nized her until she spoke.

"Alleen!" he cried, in a tone of relief, yet full of apprehension. "I was looking for you.

You expected me on this train?"

"Yes, my lord. I was sure you would be

hour. hour."

'And the Lady Nora, Alleen?" exclaimed it is a dimanaged. The O'Neil looking at the girl with anxious, burning gaze. "I could make nothing of your telegram, except that your young mistress is in terms of this country; the other laws.

Onme, my lord !" Lord O'Neil, silent and amazed, followed his guide from the station into the street. guide from the station into the street.

Here a deg-cart, in charge of an eld man, was found to be in waiting. His lordship dis covered that Allien had made all due arrangements for the use of horse and vehicle, and as the driver descended to the ground,

or Neil assisted Alieen to a seat, and followed her, driving down the atreet.

"Which way shall I go, Alleen?" he asked.

"Toward Mountjoy Square?"

"No, my lord. You must drive atraight to Cloudalkin. Do you know the road?"

"I know it well," answered his lordship.
"But why are we going to Cl. ndalkin? What is all this mystery. Alleen? Why do we not

O'Neil assisted Alleen to a seat, and followed

is all this mystery, Alleen? Why do we not go directly to the Lady Nors?"
"My lord," said Alleen, "I wrote you a letter over a week since..."
"I have received no letter from you, Alleen,

"I have received in loster from you, I have received in loster from the Lady Nora!"

"You do not know, then, that my poor young mistress has disappeared?"

"Disappeared!" schoed Lord O'Neil, in a G. P. & T. A., St. tone of horror. "Disappeared?"
"Yes, my lord. I wrote you about it, but the letter muss have been intercepted. I see it

all now!" said Alleen, her thoughts recurring to the treacherous housemaid at Mr. Kildsre's.
"My lady has been gone nearly three weeks!"
The surprise and consternation of Lord O'Neil at this announcement are beyond description. But not yet could be realize or fully comprehend the enormity of the girl's communi-

Has the Lady Nora left Dublin?" he

asked.
"Yes, my lord. I'll tell it as it happened. One afternoon, nearly three weeks are, my lady went out for a walk around the square. She took a lutter with her to post—a letter to you, my lord. The day was dull and grewsome, but my lady was bright and cheerful, as she always was. She went down the states singing, and I ran to an upper window to look after her as she

went down the street, so slender and graceful and beautiful that everybody turned to look at And that's the last I ever saw of her, my Lord O'Neil nearly dropped the reins, in his

astonishment and horror.

"She never returned to her guardian's, then?" be demanded, his face growing white. "Yes, my lord; she came back just at dusk, but the house maid didn't see her. She didn't come up to ner room, and must have dropped into the library, where she spent a good many hours while Mr. Kildare was at his office. No onesaw her go into the library, and no one saw her come out. But the house-maid says that Mr. Kildare and Lord Kildare-the new and, you know-came in and went up to the the library soon after the drawing-room was lit. And the house-maid says that, a while after. the liberary bell rang sharp for Mrs. Liffey, the housekeeper, and Mrs. Liffey went up. And it must have been an hour after that, that Mrs Liffey came to me and said that the Lady Nora would sit up late, and that I was to go to bed, which I did, supposing my lady had ordered it. A little before midnight I was awakened by hearing a light step in my lady's room. I supposed it was my lady, especially as my door was closed softly, as if to prevent my awaken ing. It was like my lady's thoughtful kindner. The staps died out after a little, but about mid-

night I heard a cab go away from the house. I supposed that Lord Kildare was taking his departure, and so turned over and went to sleep.
"Oh, if I had only guessed the truth—that my lady was in the cab?
"In the murning, when I got up as usual and went out into Lady Nora's room, I found it unoccupied. Her bed cad not been slept in. Her clothing was littered about in confusion, and one of her trunks was gone from the closes. ran down stairs, bewildered and half frantic. Mrs. Liffay came out of her room, cold and domineering, as usual, and asked the cause of my excitement. And then she said that my lady had been summoned at a late hour by a

telegram to her step sister at Ballyconnor, and that she had set out immediately and alone ! (To be continued.)

The disagreeable sick headsone, and foul stomach, so frequently complained of, can be speedily relieved by a single done of MoGALE's Butternut Pilis.

Artful Dadger-" Quite a spell we're having t" Officer (putting on the handouffs)-"Yes, quite a cold enap.

FITS. All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline of Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's Arch St., Phil Pa.

A NATURAL REMEDY



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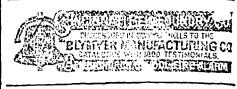
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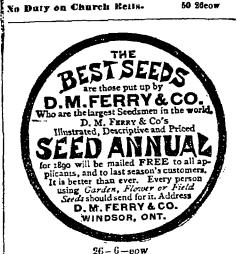
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PROVINCE OF QUEBRO DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT, No. 2663 DAME MARY ELIZABETH FEATHERSTON, wife of James Cuningham, both of the City and District of Montreal, Plainbiff, and the said JAMES CUNINGHAM, Defendant An action on scoura NINGHAM, Defendant. An action en separation de bien has this day been entered by Plain-

tiff against Defendant.

Montreal, 10th February, 1890.

MACLAREN, LEET, SMITH & SMITH, Attorneya for Plaintiff.



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