20 DUS APPENDED 1887/1/2011

## TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

The TRUE WITNESS has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the TRUE WITNESS will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life, However, we may criticise Darwins theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The TRUE WITNESS has survived a generation of men all but two years, and it is now what we may term an established fact.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the True WITNESS is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still faculan enlarged and improved during

the coming year.
On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the TRUE WITNESS for one year.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the TRUE WITNESS; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on ap-

plication. We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfer-

The True Witness will be mailed to clergymen, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

ing with their legitimate business.

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; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and have observed that our paper is, if possible, way since the Franco-Prussian war. more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible presure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once. "POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.

741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

THE ARGENTEUIL ELECTION CASE. HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT UNSBATED.

LACRUTE, July 13.—After nearly a year's deliberation, judgment was given here, to-day, by Judge Belanger, in the Argenteuil Election case, unseating the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, with all costs, except those of Enquete, which are divided. The judgment declares the acts of the contractors, Goodwin, and their foreman, on the Grenville Canal, were corrupt. These corruptly influenced over 100 votes. He also held that corrupt intimidation had been practised on the canal, and also Richard White, of the Montreal Gazette, and handed by him to Boswell, who kept out or the way at the trial, were illegal and corrupt. There were other charges which the Judge did not go into, finding the above more than sufficient to unseat Mr. Abbott. Much surprise is expressed at the dismissal of the personal charges and at any part of the costs being put on the petitioners, in view of the airs. great extent of the corrupt practices proven ; and an appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court, to secure Abbott's disqualification and to set right the question of costs. Abbott's majority, at the last election, was about 60.

EPPB'8 COCOA-GRATEFUL AND COMPORTING-"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 cocos, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist any tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette, Sold only in packets labelled-"JAMES EPPS & Co.. Homosopathic Chemists, London, England." Also makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence for afternoon use.

Notwithstanding the apparent unanimity in his favor, Valentine Baker's re-election to membership in the Army and Navy Club was a close shave. Three hundred and ninety members took part in the ballot, so that thirty-nine black balls would have defeated the enterprise; and there were thirtyseven black balls.

HONORED AND BLEST.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were sceptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors. Democrat.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

The French intend annexing all Cochin China.

What are they doing with that unfortunate Land Bill?

No one knows where James Gordon Bennett is at present, and nobody cares. Patrick Duffy, a St. John, N.B, hotel-

keeper, is missing since the 1st July. The people of Ireland are beginning to laugh at Buckshot Forster's efforts to coerce

them. Why is Mr. Henshaw always on hand to quell riots, why also cannot he read out like a man?

It is rumored that Mr. Parnell's health is breaking down under the strain of the land bill in committee.

The \$250,000 to be collected towards the fund for President Garfield's family has been almost subscribed. The Duke of Sutherland will vote for the

Land Bill to prevent a collision between the Lords and Commons. The Prince of Wales has subscribed 100

guineas toward the national memorial to the Earl of Beaconsfield.

There were 58,000 volunteers present at the late review at Windsor Park. All the royal Princes marched past. Rapp moved in Cincinnati polite society:

yet it has been put in evidence that he kicked his wife out of bid because she had failed to polish his boots. A Chicago inventor has constructed a tri-

cycle that will climb a steep hill; of course the riders' legs do the climbing, but the machine will hold all the ground gained.

As the weather grows hotter, says the Philadelphia Press, the face of the summer hotel keeper grows broader until he outstrips the camera and has to have his photograph taken in sections.

The prospect in the Transvasl, if the country is given up to the Boers, is serious. The native chiefs in all parts of the country say that they will fight rather than acknowledge the supremacy of the Boers. A Parliamentary return, entitled "Evic-

tions (Ireland)" shows that during the quarter ended March 30th there were 1,732 persons evicted, of whom 181 were readmitted as servants, and 737 as caretakers.

A fashionable lady at one of the resorts had a jewellery box made in imitation of a I grieve to relate it, but that was the identi-Bible. soon after and carried off the silverware, but going to pop, as sure as I live!" left what they supposed was an ordinary Bible.

A headless statue, believed to represent Hygeia, the daughter of Asculapius, has been discovered close to the proscenium in the theatre at Epidaurus. It is declared to be it at all," went on Sir Victor, looking embarthe work of Polyclitus, the architect of the theatre.

The girl baby recently born to Sir Evelyn Wood ,the English General of South African fame, is well off in the matter of godmothers. The Queen is one, the Empress Eugenie is the other. The infant bears the name of "Victoria Eugenie."

An English visitor to Tunis reports that amounts until the club is completed. We the French troops have not improved in any manner? What's he afraid of? Refusal, inare younger men, and are very slovenly in drill. On the other hand, the Italian army is in splendid condition.

At Lisbon, ordinarily the calmest of capitals a panic lately took place, alleged to have been caused by cries of "Vive la Republique," when the King and his staff passed. Many of the priests and brotherhoods fled, and the procession was obstructed. Troops with fixed bayonets restored order.

A scheme has been broached at Winchester. Mass., to cover a tract of land with handsome residences in which will be no kitchen or cooks. The cooking is all to be done in a central building, where each family can have its own dining room if desired. The experiment is to be made on a large scale.

A clergyman was once forced to say to a congregation that persisted in depositing buttons in the contribution box: "Brethren who wish to contribute buttons will please not hammer down the eyes, for while that process does not increase their value as coin it does impair their usefulness as buttons. - Boston Post.

Adam Wilkes is not ugly, yet he has a mania for hiding his face. He engaged a potter to enclose his head in an earthenware globe, which fits rather snugly around his neck, and has apertures corresponding with that the acts of giving railway tickets to his eyes, nose and mouth. Wearing this voters from Montreal, which were bought by protection against the gaze of the people, he has for a month wandered through Indiana.

> At a dance recently given by Lady Julia Wombwell, the Prince and Princess of Wales remained till 3 a.m. The Princess received from Sir George Wombwell a magnificent bouquet of exotics, in the centre of which, half hidden with the flowers, was a mechanical bird, which warbled several charming

> The awful and wonderful amount of leg exhibited by young ladies up to 14 is being severely animadverted on in London. The French call the fashion mode a la valet de pied, because lackeys alone display the shape of their leg to the knee. The young Princesses of Wales do not adopt the prevailing mode. Their dresses reach just above the ankle.

M. Godefroy Cavaignac, who has been gazetted Master of Requests at the Council of State in France, is that only son of General Cavaignac who has never been heard of since, when a student in 1869, he made a sensation by refusing to answer to his name at the Sorbonne when called upon to receive a prize from the hands of the Prince Imperial.

The Czar, Alfonso, the Prince of Wales. and ex-Queen Isabella are cigarotte smokers the Pope and King Humbert smoke Cavour cigars; Emperors William and Francis Joseph smoke big porcelain pipes; Grevy Gambetta, and Queen Victoria don't smoke at all; Bismarck and the Sultan indulge in a pipe occasionally, and both prefer Turkish tobacco.

Official returns show how vast are the flocks of sheep owned in the Australian colonies: The New Zealand and Australian Land Company owns 300,000 sheep; Mr. Robert Campbell, 386,000; Mr George Henry Moore, 90,-000; Messrs, Dagetty & Co., 208,000; Sir Dillon Bell, 82,000; the Hon. William Rob-500,000.

## CHARLIE STUART

AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

PART II.

CHAPTER VIII .- CONTINUED. White moonlight, and black shadows, islands overrun with arbutus, that "myrtle of Killarney," and frowning mountains on every hand. The words of the girl's gay song came over the water.

"The time I've lost in wooing, In watching and pursuing, The light that lies In woman's eyes Has been my heart's undoing.

I scorned the lore she brought me; My only books Were woman's looks, And folly's all they've taught me.

"Though wisdom oft has sought me,

"And folly's all they've taught me!" Charlie says at length. "Come what may, it is better that I should have spoken and you should have answered. Come what maythough you marry Sir Victor to-morrow-I would not have the past changed if I could.

"And you will not blame me too muchyou will not quite despise me?" she pleads, her voice broken, her tace hidden in her hands. "I can't help it, Charlie. I would rather die than be poor.

He knows she is crying; her tears move him strangely. They are in the shadow of Torc Mountain. He stops rowing for a moment, takes her hand, and lifts it to his lips. "I will love you all my life," is his an-

Thts is how two of the water-party were enjoying themselves. A quarter of a mile farther off another interesting little scene was going on in another boat.

Trixy had been rattling on volubly. It was one of Trixy's fixed ideas that to entertain and fascinate anybody her tongue must go like a windmill. Sir Victor sat and listened rather absently, replied rather dreamily. and as if his mind were a hundred miles away. Miss Stuart took no notice, but kept on all the harder, endeavoring to be fascinating. But there is a limit even to the power of a woman's tongue. That limit was reached; there came a lull and a pause.

"The time I've lost in woolng," began the English girl in the third boat. The idea was suggestive; Trixy drew a deep breath, and made a fresh spurt—this time on the late Thomas Moore and his melodies. But the young baronet suddenly interposed.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Stuart," he began hastily, and in a somewhat nervous voice; "but there is a subject very near to my heart on which I should like to speak to you this love. He asked me if there was any previous

Trix sat straight up in the stern of the boat, as if she had been galvanized. Her heart gave one great ecstatic bound. "Oh." thought Miss Stuart, "he's going to pop! Thieves entered her apartments soon | cal way the young lady thought it. "He's

There was a pause—unspeakably painful to Miss Stuart. "Yes, Sir Victor," she faltered in her most dulcet and encouraging accents.

"I had made up my mind not to speak of rassed and rather at a loss for words, "until we reached England. I don't wish to be premature. I - I dread a refusal so unspeakably, that I almost fear to speak at all."

What was Miss Stuart to say to this? What could any well-trained young lady

"Good gracious me!" (this is what she thought), "why don't he speak out, and not go beating about the bush in this ridiculous Stuff and nonsense!

"It is only of late," pursued Sir Victor Catheron. "that I have quite realized my own feelings, and then when I saw the attention paid by another, and received with evident pleasure, it was my jealousy first taught me that I loved."

Trixy; "he's jealous of him, as sure as a gun. How lucky we met him at Macroon."

"And yet," again resumed the baronet, with a faint smile, "I don't quite despair. I am sure. Miss Stuart, I have no real cause." "No-o-o, I think not," faltered Miss Stuart.

"And when I address myself to your father and mother-as I shall very soon-you think, Miss Stuart, they will also favor my suit?"

"They favor his suit?" thought Trixy good Heaven above! was ever earthly modesty like this young man's?" But aloud, still in the trembling tones befitting the occasion. " I—think so—I know so, Sir Victor. It will be only too much honor, I'm sure."

"And-oh, Miss Stuart-Beatrix-if you will allow me to call you so-you think that when I speak—when I ask—I will be accepted!"

"He's a fool!" thought Beatrix, with an inward burst. "A bashful ridiculous fool! Why, in the name of all that's namby-pamby, doesn't he pop the question like a man, and have done with it? Bashfulness is all very well-nobody likes a little of it better than I do; but there is no use running it into the ground."

"You are silent," pursued Sir Victor. Miss Stuart, it is not possible that I am too late, that there is a previous engagement?" Miss Stuart straightened herself up, lifted her head, and smiled. She smiled in a way that would have driven a lover straight out of

his senses. "Call me Beatrix, Sir \ ictor; I like it best from my friends-from-from you. No, there is no previous engagement, and " (archly this) "I am quite sure Sir Victor Catheren need never fear a refusal."

"Thanks." And precisely as another young gentleman was doing in the shadow of the 'Tore," Sir Victor did in the shadow of the " Eagle's nest." He lifted his fair companion's hand to his lips, and kissed it.

After that of course there was silence.

Trixy's heart was full of joy-pure, unadulterated joy, to bursting. Oh, to be out of this, and able to tell pa and ma, and Charlie, and Edith, and everybody! Lady Catheron! "Bestrix—Lady Catheron!" No—I can't describe Irixy's feelings. There are some joys too intense and too sacred for the Queen's English. She shut her eyes and drifted along in that blessed little boat in a speechless, ecstatic trance.

An hour later, and, as the clocks of Killarney were striking ten, Sir Victor Catheron helped Miss Stuart out of the boat, and led her up-still silently -to the hotel. At the entrance he paused, and said the only disagreeable thing he had uttered that night. "One last favor, Beatrix," taking her hand and gazing at her tenderly, "I must ask. Let what has passed between us remain between us tor a few days longer. I had rather you did not speak of it even to your parents. My aunt, who has been more than a mother to me inson, 68,000; Sir Cracroft Wilson, 40,000; is ignorant still of my feelings—it is her right her arms and kissed her. Mr. Kitchen, 80,000, and Mr. Allan McDean, that I inform her first. Only a few days more, "I was stupid and out and then all the world may know."

"Very well, Sir Victor." Beatrix answered I was surprised I don't mind owning that demurely; "as you please, of course. I shan't

speak to pa or ma. Good-night!"

May I tell it, Miss Stuart actually gave
the baronet's hand a little squeeze? But gave over now, and I do wish you joy and happi-But ness from the bottom of my heart. You're were they not engaged lovers, or as good? and isn't it permitted engaged lovers to squeeze each others right hands? So they parted. Sir Victor strolled to smoke a cigar in the moonlight, and Miss Stuart, with a beautiful face, swept upstairs, her high-heeled New York gaiters click-cliching over the ground. Lady Catheron, Lady Catheron! Oh, what would Fifth

Avenue say to this!
Sleep was out of the Question—it was open to debate whether she would ever sleep again. She would go and see Edith. Yes, Edith and Charlie had gone home before her-she would go and see Edith. She opened the door and went in with a

swish of silk and patchouli. The candles Miss Darrell still wearing her hat and scar-

let wrap, sat at the window contemplating the heavenly bodies. "All in the dark, Dithy, and thinking by the sweet silver light of the moon?" C.

Edie! isn't it just the heavenliest night?" "Is that what you came in to say, Miss Stuart?" "Don't be inpatient, there's a dear! I wanted to teil you how happy 1 am, and what a delicious—de-li-ci-ous," said Trix, dragging out the sweet syllables, 'sail I've had. O

Edie! how I've enjoyed myself! Did "Immensely!" Edith answered, with brief bitterness, and something in her tone made

"Why, Edith, I do believe you've been crying ?" "Crying! Bosh! I never cry. I'm stupid -I'm sleepy-my head aches. Excuse me,

Trixy look at her more closely.

Trix, but I'm going to bed." "Wait just one moment. O, Edith," with a great burst, "I can't keep it! I'll die, if I don't tell somebody. O Edith, Edith! wish me joy, Sir Victor has proposed!"

"Trixy !" She could just say that one word—then she sat dumb.

"O yes, Edith-out in the boat to-night. O, Edith? I'm so happy-I want to jump-I want to dance-I feel wild with delight! Just think of it -think of it! Trixy Stuart will be My Lady Catheron!"

She turned of a dead white from brow to chin. She sat speechless with the shocklooking at Trixy-unable to speak or move. "He's most awfully and aggravatingly modest," pursued Beatrix. "Couldn't say plump, like a man and brother, 'Trixy Stuart, will you marry me?' but beat about the bush, and talked of being refused, and bearing a rival, and speaking to pa and ma and Lady Helena when we got to England but perhaps that's the way the British aristocracy make engagement, and any fear of a refusal, and that rubbish. I don't see," exclaimed Trixy, growing suddenly aggrieved, "why he could-'nt speak out like a hero, and be done with it. He's had encouragement enough, goodness knows!"

Something ludicrous in the last words struck Edith-she burst out laughing. But somehow the laugh sounded unnatural, and her lips felt stiff and strange.

" You're as hourse as a raven and as pale as a ghost," said Trix. "That's what comes of sitting in draughts, and looking at the moonshine. I'm awfully happy, Edith; and when I'm Lady Catheron, you shall come and live with mealways-always, you dear old darling. just like a sister. And some day you'll be my sister in reality, and Charlie's wife

She flung her arms around Edith's neck, and gave her a rapturous hug. Edith Darrell unclasped her arms and pushed her away.

" I'm tired, Trix; I'm cold." She shivered from head to foot. "I want to go to bed." "But won't you say something Dithy. Won't you wish me joy.

"I-wish--you joy." Her lips kept that strange feeling of stiff. ness-her face had lost every trace of color.

Oh, to be alone and free from Trix! "You say it as if you didn't mean it," said Trix, indignantly, getting up and moving to "He means Captain Hammond," thought the door. "You look half frozen and as white as a sheet. I should advise you to shut the

window and go to bed.' She was gone. Edith drew a long breath -- a long, tired, heavy sigh. So! that was over-and it was Trix, after all.

Trix, after all! How strangely it sounded -it stunned her. Trix, after all, and she had made sure it was to be herself. He had looked at her, he had spoken to her, as he had never looked or spoken to Trix. His color had risen like a girl's at her comingshe had felt his heart bound as she leaned on his arm. And it was Trix after all!

She laid her arm upon the window-sill, and her face down upon it, feeling sick-sickthat I should have to write it!-with anger and envy. She was Edith Darrell, the poor relation, still-and Trix was to be Lady

"A pretty heroine!" cries some "gentle reader," looking angrily up; "a nasty, envious, selfish creature. Not the sort of a hero ine we're used to. Ah! I know that-none better; but then pure and perfect beings, who are ready to resign their lovers and husbands to make other women happy, are to be found in—books, and nowhere else. And thinking it over and putting yourself in her place—honestly, now—wouldn't you have been envious yourself?

## CHAPTER IX. ALAS FOR TRIX!

And after to-night we will all bave a rest, thank heaven! and my pilgrimage will come to an end. A fortnight at Powyss place before you go up to London, my dear Mrs. Stuart—not a day less."

Thus Lady Helena Powyss, eight days later. seated luxuriously in the first class carriage, and flying along by express train between Dublin and Kingstown, in route for Cheshire. They had "done" the south of Ireland, finished the Lakes, spent a pleasant half-weel in Dublin, and now, in the light of the May

afternoon, were flying along to meet the Chan

nel boat. Captain Hammond was of the party still, and included in the invitation to Powyss place. He sat between Lady Helenz and Sir Victor now-Miss Stuart, in charming travelling costume, in the suony seat next the window. On the opposite seat, at the other extreme end, sat Edith Darrell, her eyes rivi-

ted upon the pages of a book. Since that night in the boat Miss Stuart had quietly but resolutely taken entire posession of Sir Victor. He was hers; she had the right. If a gentleman is modest to a fault mayn't a lady overstep by an inch ortwo the line that Mrs. Grundy draws, and meet him half way? There is an adage about helping a iame dog over a stile; that work of mercy is what Trixy was doing now.

Before she left her room on the ensuing morning following that never to be forgotten night, Edith had entered and taken Trixy in "I was stupid and out of sorts last night,

in no marked manner, perhaps, but she had avoided him. He should pour no more family confidences into her ear, that she resolved. He belonged to Trix-let him talk to Trix, then; she wanted no other girl's lover. If he felt this avoidance, he showed no sign. Porhaps he thought Miss Stuart had dropped some hint-girl's, despite their promises, have been known to do such things-and this change was becoming maidenly reserve. Sir Victor

liked maidenly reserve-none of your Desde-

monas, who meet their Othellos half way, for

him. Trixy's unremitting attentions were sis-

fifty different ways, when he meant to marry

Trix? What a fool she might have made of

herself had she been a whit less proud than

she was. Since shen she had avoided him.

deserve your fairy fortune."

terly, of course. He felt grateful accordingly, and strove to repay aer in kind. One other thing he observed, too, and with great complacency—the friendship between Miss Darrell and her cousin Charlie had come to an end. That is to say, they rather kept aloof from each other-beyond the most ordinary attention, Mr. Stuart seemed to have nothing whatever to say to his cousin. This was as it should be; certainly Beatrix must be my wife?" have dropped that very judicious hint. He

was glad he had spoken to her. They reached Kingstown in the early twilight, and embarked. It was rough crossing, of course. Trix was seized with agonies of mal de mer once more. Edith waited upon her assiduously. Mrs. Stuart and Lady Helena had a stewardess a piece. Happily, if severe, it was short; before midnight they were at Holyhead, and on the train once more. Then off-flying through Waleswhirling by mountains—illuminated glass stations—the broad sea to their left, asleep I love you! What more can I say? You are under the stars, the spray at times almost in the first my lips have ever said it to—the their faces. Past villages, ruins, castles, and cottages, and at two in the morning thunder-

ing into the big station at Chester. Two carriages awaited them at the Chester station. Into one entered Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, Sir Victor and Beatrix; into the other, Lady Helena, Edith, Charlie, and Captain Hammond. They drove away through quiet, quaint Chester, "rare old city of Chester," with its wonderful walls, its curious old streets-looking like set scenes in a theatre to American eyes—glimpses of the peaceful Dee, glimpses of Curson Park, with its stately villas; away for miles over a country road, then Chesholm at three in the morning, silent and asleep. Presently an endless stretch of ivied wall appears in view, enclosing a primeval forest, it seems to Edith; and Lady Helena sits up rubs her eyes, and says it is Catheron Royals. The girl leans forward and Your cousin assured me that when I spoke the strains her eyes, but can make out nothing in answer would be favorable. I spoke to her the darkness save that long line of wall and that night in Killarney—I did not mention waving trees. This is to be Trixy's home, she thinks-happy Trixy! Half an hour more of rapid driving, and they are at Powyssplace, and their journey is at an end.

They emerge from the chill darkness of dawning day into a blaze of light-into a vast and stately entrance-hall. A long file of servants are drawn up to receive them. And 'Welcome to Powyss-place," Lady Helena says with kind courtesy. "I can only wish, your visit may be as pleasent to you as you made mine in New York."

Without changing their dresses, they are ushered into a lofty and handsome dining- child had made! room. More brilliant lights, more silent, respectful servants, a round table luxuriouusly spread. They sit down; forget that they are Bleeba drink, and are merry and it is five, and quite day, before they are shown up to their rooms. Then, basty disrobing, hasty lying down, and all are at peace in the land of dreams.

Next day, somewhere about noon, Miss Stuart, clicking along in her narrow-soled, preposterously high-heeled boots, over a polished oaken corridor, as black as ebony, and several degrees more slippery than ice, lost her footing as might be imagined, and came down, with an unearthly screech, on one ankie. Of course the ankle was sprained; of course every one flew to the rescue. Sir Victor was first on the field and in Sir Victor's arms Miss Stuart was lifted, and borne back to her room. Luckily it was near, or even Sir Victor's chivalry and muscular development would not have been equal to it, for Trix was a "fine woman." The ankle was bathed and bandaged, the invalid's breakfast brought up every thing done for her comfort that it was possible to do; and in the midst of their fussing, having cried a great deal. Miss Stuart suddenly dropped off asleep. Edith came out of the roomlooking pale and tired. In the slippery passage she encountered Sir Victor waiting. "I have waylaid you on purpose, Miss Dar-

rell," he said, smiling, " lest you should meet with a mishap too. A carpet shall be placed here inmediately. You look pale, are you

There was a solicitude in his face, a tremulous, suppressed tenderness in the commonplace question, a look in his eyes that had no business in the eyes of another young lady's betrothed. But Edith felt too fagged and spiritless just at present to notice.

"I feel well enough; nothing is ever the matter with me; but I am rather stupid. Stupidity," she said, with her old laugh, " is fast becoming my normal state." "You will come with me for a walk, will

you not?" he asked. "The park is very well worth seeing. To-morrow, Miss Stuart's sprain permitting, we will all visit Cathe on Royals. Do come Miss Darrell; it will do you a world of good." She hesitated a moment, then went. What difference did it make? Trix wouldn't be

jealous now. What difference did anything make, for that matter? She was dull and low-spirited; she needed a walk in the fine fresh air. So they went to that fateful walk; that walk that was to be like no other in all Edith Darrell's life. It was a perfect May day, an English May day; the grass, green beyond all ordinary greenness, the fragrant hawthorn hedges

scenting the air, the thrush and the linnet

singing in the trees, cowslips and daisies dot-

ting the sward. A fresh, cool breeze sweeps over the uplands, and brought a faint trace of life and color into Edith's dark pale cheeks. "This is the Lime Walk-the prettiest a Powyse-place, to my mind. This was the young baronet's first commonplace remark. If you will ascend the eminence vonder. Miss Darrell, I think I can point out Cathe-

ron Royals; that is, if you think it worth the

trouble." It was all the same to Edith-the Lime Walk, the eminence, or any other quarter of the park. She took Sir Victor's arm, as he seemed to expect it, and went with him slowly up the elevation. Pale, weary, listless, she might be, but how charmingly pretty she looked in the sparkling sunshine, the Trixy," she had said. "IfI seemed hurlish, soft wind blowing back the loose brown hair,

kindling into deeper light her velvetty bron I ask your pardon, dear, with all my heart. eyes, bringing a sea-shell pink into eac creamy cheek. Beautiful beyond all ordinar and pechaps a little, envious. But all that is beauty of womanhood, it seemed to Sir Vict Catheron.

"It is a wonderfully pretty place, she said the best and the dearest girl in the world, and "I should think you English people, whose ancestors, time out of mind, have lived an And she had meant it. Trix was one of the died here, would grow to love every ivy cla best and dearest girls in the world, and if Sir Victor preferred her to herself, what right had stone, every brave old tree. If I were no Alexander I would be Diogenes-if 1 wer she to grudge her luck. Against the baronet not an American girl, I would be an Englis herself, she felt anger deep and strong still. How dared he seek her out as he had done, miss." select her for his confidente, and look love in

She laughed and looked up at him, h spirits rising in the sunshine and the fre fresh air. His eyes were fixed upon her isc passionate admiration, passionate love, wil en in them far too plainly for any girl o earth not to read. And yet—he had propose to Trix.

"You would?" he eagerly exclaimed "Miss Darrell, do I understand you to sa you could live in England all your life—give up America and your friends, and pass you

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It would be no great sacrifice. Apart from my father, there isn't a soul in all wid America I care a farthing for, and your Eng lish homes are very charming."

The last barrier broke down. He had no meant to speak—he had meant to be verprudent and formal---to tell Lady Helena first to refer the matter to Mr. Stuart next. Nov all prudence and formality were swept away Her hands were in his—he was speaking with his whole heart in every word.

"Then stay and share an English homeshare mine, Edith, I love you—I have love you, I think, since I saw you first. Will you

Alas for Trix!—that was Edith's first thought. To burst out laughing-that was Edith's first impulse. Not in triumph or exultation—just at this moment she felt neithe but at the awful blunder Trix had made for Trix had made a blunder, that was clea as day, else Sir Victor Catheron had never said these words.

"I meant to have spoken to Lady Helen and Mr. Stuart first," Sir Victor went on "but that is all over now. I can't wait long er. I must take my sentence from your lin first my heart has ever felt it for. Edith tell me, may I hope?"

She stood silent. They were on the summit of the hill. Away, far off, she could see the waving trees and tall chimneys of a state ly mansion—Catheron Royals no doubt. looked a very grand and noble place; it migh be her home for life-she who, in one sense was homeless. A baronet stood beside he offering her rank and wealth—she penniless pedigreeless. Edith Darrell! All the dream of her life were being realized, and in thi hour she felt neither triumph nor elation, She stood and listened, the sunlight on he gravely beautiful face, with vague wonder at herself for her apathy.
"Edith!" he cries out, "don't tell me I am

too late—that some one has been before me and won your heart. I couldn't bear it your name, but she understood me immediate ly. I told her I meant to speak as soon as we reached England. I asked if she thought there was hope for me, and she-"

The passionate eagerness, the passionate love and fear within him checked his words suddenly. He stopped for a moment, and turned away.

"O Trixy! Trixy!" was Edith's thought and ridiculous and out of place as the emotion was, her only desire still was an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh outright. What a horrible-what an unheard-of blunder the She stood tracing figures on the grass with

the point of her parasol, feeling strangely apathetic still. If her life had depended on it, she could hardly have accepted Sir Vi then. By-and-bye she might feel half wild with exultation-not now.

He waited for the answer that did no come. Then he turned from her, pale with

"I see how it is," he said, trying, not quite successfully to steady his voice: "I am to late. You love your cousin, and are engage to him. I feared it all along. The brown starry eyes lifted slowly from

the grass and looked at him. "My cousin? You mistake, Sir Victor I am engaged to no one. I"-she set h

lips suddenly and looked away at the tree

and the turrets of Catheron Royals, shining

in the brilliant sun'-" I love no one." "No one, Edith! Not even me?" "Not even you, Sir Victor. How could I Why should I? I never dreamed of this." "Never dreamed of this?" he repeated, it amaze; "when you must have seen-must

have known--She interrupted him, a faint smile curling

"I thought it was Trixy," she said. "Miss Stuart! Then she has told you no thing of that night at Killarney--I really imagined she had. Miss Stuart has been my kind friend, my one confidente and sympa thiser. No sister could be kinder in her encouragement and comfort than she."

"O, poor Trix-a sister!" Edith thought, and in spite of every effort, the laugh she strove so hard to suppress dimpled the corners of her mouth. "Won't there be a scene when you hear all this?"

"For pity's sake, Edith, speak to me!" the young man exclaimed. "I love you-my life will be miserable without you. If you are free, why may I not hope? See! I don't even ask you to love me now. I will wait I will be patient. My love is so great that i will win yours in return. O darling! say you will be my wife."

Her hands were in his. The fervor, the passion within him almost frightened her. "Sir Victor, I-I hardly know what to say. I wonder that you care for me. I wonder yo want to marry me. I am not your equal;

have neither rank, nor wealth, nor descent. "You have the beauty and the grace of goddess—the goodness of an angel; I ask nothing more. You are the mate of a prince and I love you. Everything is said in that."

"Lady Helena will never consent." "Lady Helena will consent to anything that will make me happy. The whole happiness or misery of my life lies in your hands. Don't say no, Edith-don't, for Heaven's sake. I could not bear it --- I cannot lose you; will not?" he cried, almost fiercely.

She smiled faintly again, and that lovely rose-pink blush of hers deepened in her cheeks. It was very nice indeed to be woold in this fiery fashion. " Fortes fortuna us favat," she said, laughing.

"I learned enough Latin, you see, to know that fortune assists the brave. People who won't have 'no for an answer must have ves.' of course." "And it is 'yes! Edith-"

"Be quiet, Sir Victor, it is not yes just yet, neither is it 'no.' You must let me think all this over; my head is giddy with your vehemence. Give me-let me sec-until to-morrow. I can't answer now."

"But Edith-"