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By THE DUCHESS.

Ros. "By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty caths they are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I winthink you the most pathetical break promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most nuworthy ofher you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore heaver my censure, and keep your therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise." As You Like It.

By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong. -Merchant of Venice.

With Fancy to possess a happy thought means to be conversational. She must imly to listen to a fifteenth recital of how it was

No, it is too much; she cannot, indeed! There is a limit to all things, especially to hu-

undoubtedly quite everything it ought to have been-and did its work to perfection. No doubt it was the most perfect marvel of wit. and tact, and cleverness combined, that ever yet was penned; but now that she (Cyclamen) has chee fully and gladly acknowledged it to be such, surely there is nothing more to be said about it; and repeating things over and over again is very wearying to the constitution. Doesn't Fancy think so?"

person might feel who, having squandered a whole lifetime in an abyss of folly (here Fancy rises threateningly), at last achieves one small atom of good, and that by accident; still, modesty is an admirable quality; and it death has been rude enough to remove one's trumpeter it would perhaps be advisable at all hazards to secure the services of another, and not go rbout the world blazoning one's own fame, and—

"Cyclamen!" says Fancy, laying her hand on her shoulders, "another word and I shall shake you into little bits."

At which they both laugh, and Fancy for three hours afterwards smothers her desire for

Cyclamen had telegraphed to Arthur to an nounce their return to town the morning after smile as belies her words. Fancy's visit to Laxton. Yet two, three days have gone by since that, and neither tale nor tidings of Arthur have been recived. Fancy, at first surprised had then grown indignaut, and now has reached the secret though hon-estly anxious state of mind. It is unconceivable-nay, according to her experience, an unheard of thing-his silence and neglect. If indeed he has grown tired of her (here she frowns and flings her book impatiently aside) and found another he can love better (here the tears grow within her eyes), at least he might have the scant courtesy to write, and SBY EO.

This is the third morning since the telegram was sent, and still no sign. Fancy is sitting in Cyclamen's morning-room, pensive when the door opens, and lo! on the threshold appears the recreant knight himself in

to him long before he reaches her-with a view to keeping him at a proper distance-a most unfriendly hand. Her lips are unloving, her eyes are unkind.

different reception. He has heavily bribed the driver of the fleet hansom that conveyed him from the station to risk life and limb in a desperate effort to outdo the original Jehu and bring him swiftly into the presence of his beloved. Yet now that he is here he is conscious of a sense of disappointment almost overpowering. When a man has been for hours looking forward to a warm caress, a glad smile, a welcoming glance, and is met instead with a cold stare and the freezing pressure of lovely but unwilling fingers, I fancy it rather takes it out or him.

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We don't want your money until you are perfectly satisfied of their curative powers. If your life is worth saving, don't delay in giving these Powders a trial, as they will surely cure you. Price, for large box, \$3.00, sent to any part of the United States or Canada, by mail on receipt of price. Address, eves forbid his advancing even one step near. er), looking crushed and miserable, and filled with a vague wonder as to what may be going to happen next.

"I hope you have had some good hunting," says Mrs. Charteris, still awfully polite. "I was cruel to drag you up to town in the middle of it."

of her meaning; 'I came of my own free will because I was dying to come." "Did the southerly wind forsake you?" demands she, with malicious innocence.

"I never thought about the wind. I havenot been hunting for the last two days," returns he warmly. "What! did all your hunters come to

grief ?"-with a languid, provoking uplifting of her heavily fringed lids. "Did you receive my telegram?" asks he

quickly, some inspiration seizing i im. "I received neither letter, nor telegram, nor message of any description,"-coldly. "You

"A telegram from Lady Cyclamen-yes telling me of your arrival in town; and I answered it to you—to your house, thinking you were there. Did none of your servants send it to you?

"I don't believe they know of my being in town "-in a tone the faintest degree more cordial-the very faintest. "I have not been to South Audley Street since my return."

exclaims he, eagerly, light breaking in upon him. "Let me explain. Did you think I wasn't in a hurry to see you again? Wat a thought! Last Tuesday, Duncan's boy-you know that pretty lad their hearts are so set on ?-came to utter smash on the huntingfield, knocked in some of his ribs, and broke his arm, and was carried home to his mother all but dead."

"Ob, poor, poor woman!" says Mrs. Charteris, growing pale, and drawing a step neur. er to him.

"There was no end of a sensation, as you

the poor little chap would live or die?" they do to you.

Could I do that ?" "I should never have forgiven you if you had," with impulsive warmth. "Go on.

He lives? He is better?" "Yes-better. I telegraphed to you the moment I had your message, and this morning, as the doctors pronounced him out of immediate danger, I ran up to town."

"Poor little fellow! How dreadful for Mrs. Duncan! Are you sure he will recover? asks she, full of pity, going quite close to him this time.

"Yes. I hope he will be all right in time I hope so. He is such a plucky little lad, and so lovable. What was it you thought, Fancy?"-taking her hands gravely. "That I did not care to come?"

"Well, something like that. At least I said to myself, 'Hunting hath charms.'" "As if I should name the best run I ever saw in the same day with five minutes of

"Shouldn't you?"—archly. "Then I have actually met with one man who can love me a great deal better than his horse, and immeasurably dearer than his dog! I'm flattered." "I love you a thousand times better than

anything on earth; and you know it," returns he, slowly, yet with exceeding warmth. "I don't. I can't bring myself to believe it," declares she, with a provoking glance up-

wards and a pretended pout, that renders her absolutely irresistible. "Why?" says Arthur, eagerly. "Because"-coquettishly-" you have been

here nearly ten minutes, and-" Yes ?"

"You have never once kissed me," murmurs she-most unfairly, considering all things.

"My darling, how could I, when every glance you gave threatened to slay me? Fancy, is this just, or honest, or even kind? "If I am unjust, and dishonest, and un-

kind, as your words seem to imply, I wonder you stay with me. Why don't you say a harder thing still and tell me I am ugly? And-I shan't have a whole bone left in my hand, you know, if you insist on holding it much longer."

"It's mine," says Arthur, audaciously; "I shall hold it as long as I like. And as to staying here, I am going to spend the day with you. I'm going to dine with you. Nothing on earth shall induce me to leave this house until the night is far advanced.'

"For what sin am I so beay ly punished?" demands she, in a deplorable voice. "What have I done that this burden should be laid upon me? Do you really mean it? Am I indeed fated to endure your society all day? Well, if so I suppose I most only make the test of the situation and be civil to you. To begin, then-you may kiss me once-only once, mind, or I warn you I shall be dreadfully angry.

But he has her in his arms by this time, and has kissed her, not once, but many times. Whereupon she says, promptly, on finding herself at length released,-

"Now consider me dreadfully angry." But she says it fondly, and with such a radiant

After this they draw their chairs close to the tire and each other, and begin a softly worded conversation about everything under the sun, and especially the intense misery

they imagined they endured while parted one from the other. Then she tells him she is going down to stay with the Brookes, at which he decides on putting in the next two weeks at the Blundens', who live about four miles from the Brookes. This will enable him to see her

"But I wish you and Lady Blunden were on better terms," he says, presently, in a rather regretful tone.

vited to stay with the Luttrells.

"Well, I'm sure she ought to regard me now with a favorable eye," says Fancy, with a light laugh. She has, of course, long ere this confided to him the entire story of the grand reconciliation scene, of the triumphant means by which it was effected, and of her own glorious part therein. "Just think, if you and I were to quarrel and separate all about some absurd matter, and---

"That is just what would never enter my brain. I could not think about it. It is too improbable. We shall never quarrel,never.

"Then we shall be the dullest pair in Christendom. The sun would be unbearable, you know, but for the summer breezes. But to return; don't you think Lady Bounden ought to be very grateful to me? Considering her dislike to me was based from first to last on purely imaginary grounds, I feel she ought to be ready now, at any moment, to receive me with open arms. Don't you?

Of course he does. He entirely agrees with her on this and every other subject, as he would with equal empressement were she ntterly in the wrong.

"You see you are so much prettier than she is," he says, in an apologetic tone. The apology is meant for Kitty. Oh that Kitty could but hear him! Evidently, according to Mr. Blunden's lights, the fact of one woman's possessing more beauty than another is sufficient to cause everlasting rancor in the breast of her to whom Mother Nature has been least kind.

. Oh, no, I am not, indeed," profests Fancy, who is quite pleased nevertheless. "She is quite lovely; I am only pretty. Of course you, you silly boy, think me perfection,"with a benevolent smile. "But prejudiced opinion never counts. If Cyclamen was here she would sneer you down in no time."

"All the Cyclamens in the world could not change my opinion. In my eyes you are, and always will be, the 'queen rose.'"

"What did I say about prejudice a moment fingers fondly into his. "Few will agree with you. Cyclamen thinks Lady Blunden quite a vision of beauty-a thing to dream of, and so on. I'm so sorry, by the way, that you have missed Cis this morning. She had to go out early, and won't be back. I fear, for some hours."

the heart's core at this news, and lies fearful-.y--and, what is worse, unsuccessfully-in such expression.

"I don't believe you," says Mrs. Charteris, Yes, I did," says Dandy, stoutly, remov-with a merry laugh. "That's what I call a ing his arm from the mantel piece, and turn-

tarradiddle. "So it was. I confess it," says Blunden. 'A most unmitigated lie."

"Rude boy. Do you know"-glancing at the clock-"I must go into town myself presently? I have an appointment at my dressmaker's. I positively haven't a decent gown-not one fit to be seen in-in which to go to the Brookes." - bely

"I never knew a woman who had," says Mr. Blunden. "Well, take me with you, will you? I shall get into low spirits if you remay imagine; and in the middle of it came | move yourself out of my sight. I dare say I

then in their fear and agony, not knowing if getting measured, and chalked, or whatever "I don't mind if you do come," says Mrs. Charteris, graciously.

So he goes.

CHAPTER XLII.

Come, come, a hand from either Let me be blest to make this happy close; 'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes."

-Two Gentlemen of Verona.

DANDY DINMONT is at the Towers; Brandy Tremaine is at Laxton. "At daggers drawn," is a pleasing and truthful figure of speech in which to describe their relations towards each other. They have never been tace to face since that last uncomfortable night at Twickenham, when something momentous and analogous happened to both.

Sheer dislike to meeting his sometime friend has kept Dinmont, since his return to the country, from visiting Gretchen, who has been, and always will be, among those dearest your society!" replies he, with flattering to his heart. But one morning a stinging and well-directed remark from the unflinching Flora bearing boldly on the subject of cowardice, and heavily larded with the word 'afraid," sends him round to the stables and into the saddle, and well on the road to Laxton, almost before he knows what it is he intends doing.

Arrived there, he makes his way up-stairs and into a room, where, of course (it being just the sort of thing that would happen, Fate being of a mischievous turn, and so prone to play pranks with her poor helpless

Mr. Tremaine is lost in a perusal of the Times. He is half smothered in its dull and unpleasantly-scented sheets; but, hearing a sound behind him, and firmly believing the door has opened to admit Sir John, whom he has been expecting, he flings down the paper, and rising, turns to greet him with a

seraphic smile. Tablean! It is a smile of short duration In fact, it melts like dew beneath the morning sun. It is nowhere in no time. On seeing Dinmont, his whole expression -- erstwhile so benignundergoes a rapid change; indeed the sudden transition from "sweetness and light" to gloom and sourness is not only startling but almost tragic. The open dislike he would have shown at any time at his rival's presence is now increased tenfold by reason of his

"Certainly I did," he replies, promptiy. "But I could not allow your presence, however distasteful, to prevent my calling on

"I have yet to learn, sir, why my sister is to be considered as unfortunate,,'

"She is yours, isn't she?" asks Dinmont calmly. This is the "refort discourteous" with a vengeance. Brandy's color rises. "You always were first class at riddles, you

temptuous disgust. "Glad you are equal to my last," says Dandy, gazing pensively at a tiny tea cup belonging to the time of Queen Anne that rests on

a table near him. "I should be a poor lot if I wasn't equal to more than that," says Brandy. "I flatter myself I'm equal to most things; and I rather take it I'm more then a match for you, at all events. By the bye, it just strikes me I haven't seen you since that last night at Twickenham."

Here he stops, and, after an apparent strug-gle with good taste, gives way to wild mirth, -or at least a capital imitation of it.

"You seem amused," says Dandy, sadly

you were going to trip over it and measure your length on the ground. And that"mockingly-" would have been 'a dainty dish to lay before 'Mrs. Charteris. 1 can almost

"I did hear her laugh at you," returns Mr. Dinmont, mildly. "She wanted to know where you got your trousers, and if that fellow at Hengler's lent 'em to you. She said the clown's dress became you a merveille; and she made some remark, I remember, ahout your being 'to the manner born.' She is amusing when she likes, and can talk well, and to the point, which is everything.'
"And when did she say all this? And

where?" demands Brandy, black with rage, yet affecting a sneer. "Been to see her lately? She is home, I hear. You used to be very fond of calling on her at one time." "So I used."—with unruffled calm—"and

"So you used to say,"—unpleasantly, and with a shrug. "Not that I myself could ever see much of the open arms business about

"Oh, I never meant for a moment to insinuate that she was in the habit of embracing me," says Mr. Dinmont, with a slight grin, whose turn now it is to laugh grimly,

out leave." There is a pause. Brandy is making a vain but meritorious effort to bring his small fair mustache within reach of his teeth-with him an unfailing sign that he means mischief. He is evidently meditating on some crushing blow calculated to smash his rival. since! You are infatuated"-slipping her His rival, with his arm on the mantel piece and his eyes fixed gloomily upon the coals beneath, is as evidently preparing a crushing

Presently, Tremaine, turning so as to face

him, says, sneeriugly,—
"I think, if I remember rightly, that day before Lady Monckton's ball you told me you Mr. Blunden expresses himself grieved to meant to propose to Mrs. Charteris the following evening. Of course"—in a doubting tone, yet with some secret anxiety—" you

ing to face the fee with bayonets fixed.
" You—proposed to her?"

"I have said so,"—indignantly. "Didn't you hear me? By the bye, did you keep to your word that night? You too declared your intention of trying your luck."

with withering scorn. "No, I did not," exclaims Brandy, stung in to confession; "I too proposed to her that night, and-

positive air of one who knows-" she refused you too !" "Ignominiously," returns Mr. Dinmont

with a deep groan. "No! you don't say so?" says Brandy eagerly, forgetting his anger, forgetting every, thing, in his excitement; then, as though the quotation is forced from him, he says, dole. ully. "Oh, despiteful love -inconstant

womankind!" But Mr. Divmont is not to be outdone even in quotations.

"Ob, serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!" he murmurs, as though unconscious

Then follows a dead but eloquent silence and then their eyes meeting-as though unable to help it or control themselves-they

both break into hearty, healthy laughter. "Was she very bad to you?" asks Dandy, after a moment or two, during which they have drawn much closer to each other. Ther have grown solemn again, but active hostilities are plainly at an end, and the flag of truce is floating.

" Bad 'doesn't name it," says Brandy. shouldn't have believed it of her."

"But what did she do?" "She laughed! Positively laughed! At one point it may be said that she roared!" says

Mr. Tremaine gloomily. "She did the same to me," says Dandy, in low tone; and then they both feel there is no

thing left to forgive. "And for five months we have been be friends because of this woman!" says Brands regretfully, looking at the carpet. If you are as sorry for all that as I am, you

will let any ill feeling between us end her now, this moment," says Dandy, earnestly. "With all my heart," says Tremaine, warm ly, extending his hand, which, is gladly accepted. Indeed, being only boys still, they look as if they would dearly like to indulge in a good hug but for the shame of the thing

Yet now that peace has been restored, great restraint suddenly falls upon them an holds them speechless. "Look here, Tremaine," says Dandy, at length, growing very red. "There is some thing I should like to tell you; but I'm afraid

you will find it very hard to forgive." "Say on, old man. I feel as if I could fo give you anything just now." "Well (I'm ashamed to confess it), but I-the fact is, I said awful things of you to Mrs

Charteris," winds Dinmont, with a rush. "Is that all?" cries his friend, evidentl much relieved. "I am very glad to hear it Now you are bound to forgive me. Wh you never could have said half as bad thing to her of me as I said of you."

This is so eminently satisfactory that this time they ignore the shame and embrace each other on the spot.

"After all," says Brandy with enthusiasr one friend is better than twelve lovers.' "Than twenty! Better than forty, y mean. Better than forty thousand, says Ma Dinmont, with touching conviction. "She is going to marry Blanden, 1 hear

says Brandy. "She may marry any one she chooses, is me," says Dandy, calmly. "I've done wit her forever.

'If she slights me when I woo, I can scorn and let her go; For if she be not for me, What care I for whom she be?'

I think those very sensible verses. You don't catch me spooning after any woman again in a burry. The whole lot of 'em aren' worth half I've gone through. Give you me Lonor," says poor Dandy, growing pathet. "my clothes haven't fitted me for weeks!

This seems a crowning cross in Dandy's eye "I hardly ever saw a prettier woman," say Brandy, with a taint sigh for glories past. "Mere trick of the imagination," declare Dandy, stoutly, who, though apparently it most afflicted whilst the love-fever lasted, now the quickest to recover. "Blue eyes, is

"There was something about her eyes muses Brandy, still regretful.

"Eyelashes, I suppose?"
"Sometimes"—sadly—"she had tears them. They looked genuire; it is hard beliave they were the other thing." "Crocodile's tears; onions," retorts E

"And when she smiled-"To show her teeth-

"She looked as if she meant to say-". The better to eat you, my dear, like the "Do you know, Dandy, after all, I thin you are a right sensible fellow?" says Brand briskly, with a marvellous change of manus and a complete adieu to sentiment. "And

But what horrid fools we made of our "'To be wise, and love, exceeds man

begin to think we are both well out of it

might," says Mr. Dinmont, sententiously. "Come and let us find Gretchen," say Brandy, suddenly, "I dare say she is som where—in the next room, probably, with Ker He moves towards the door, and Dandy for lows him. About half way he pauses and no gards his friend earnestly. "Tell you whi it is, old man" he says, affectionately slippin his arm round Dandy's neck in the fashio that belonged to the early days of their & quaintance, "I'm right down awfully glad;

be friends with you again." "Not more glad than I am," says Dinmon with considerable fervor, meeting and press. ing warmly the hand that rests upon h

shoulder. "But look here," says Brandy, thoughtfull "we'll have to meet her again, you knowbound to in the spring, or perhaps sooner, as -what shall we do about that, eh? Aw ward, won't it? What?"

"Notat all," says Mr. Dinmont, undisms ed. "Simplest thing in the world. Crow ed room. Old dowager just in front of you Impossible to get at any one. Set up an er glass and swear one's sight is bad. The is so common now no one cares to investigate it. And eyeglasses do you know, lo rather form."

"I dare say,"—pensively. "One can sways bow, too, and pass on, if recognition inevitable. She has behaved hanged badly us," says Brandy, a deep sense of injury re dering his tone stern; "and if ever I have to misfortune to meet her anywhere, nothing earthly shall induce me to be civil to her."

"You're right," replies Dandy, applauding ly. "I like your spirit; I feel just like the myself. If"-says Mr. Dinmont, with slog malice "I was in a room with her foreven shouldn't dream of opening my mouth

Almost as these defiant words pass the lips they enter the next room through tolding doors. And there—seated on a lo chair near Kenneth's couch, smiling and gi as of old-to their everlasting chagrin the behold-Mrs. Charteris!

Both young men change color. There a decided pause, and then Brandy's face I laxes into its usual charming smile. Dinmont follows suit. Beauty's eyes and h little, flattering start of pleased recognition have proved too much for both.

"So awfully gla to see you, don't y (Continued on Third Page.)

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CHAPTER XLI.

MRS. CHARTERIS, having for once in her life essayed to do a good action and succeeded therein, is naturally oppressed with a sense of her own virtue. At present she is very honestly in love with herself and her politic treatment of what she is pleased to term an "unlikely situation," and plainly regards berself in the light of a wily diplomat.

part it. And, as she is staying with Cyclamen for the few days they both intend to remain in town preparatory to their flight into the country, the latter has rather a bad time. Indeed, when she has for the fourteenth time discussed amicably, and with a futile hope that it will be the last, the subject of Lady Blunden's reconciliation with her husband, she loses all patience, and refuses indignant-

man forbearance, and she simply won't hear any more of it. No one can feel more heartfelt joy than she at the cessation of hostilities between dear Kitty and Sir John, but really it is quite within the borders of possibility to hear too much of even a good thing
And of course that letter was admirable—

Also she can fully uuderstand how proud a

conversation on the all engrossing topic.

ly wondering what on earth it can all mean.

mopria persona. Fancy flushes warmly, and, rising extends

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Price, for large box. \$3.00, or 4 boxes for \$10.00, sent by mail to any part of the United States or Canada on receipt of price, or by express, C.O.D. Address, "I am so sorry you made such great haste," she says, in a tone ominously polite. Now, Arthur has been dreaming of a widely

Mr. Blunden at all events is awe stricken, and standing literally at arm's length (her

"I wasn't dragged," says Arthur, uncertain

had mine, of course?"

"Then you don't understand anything?"

your telegram; and how could I leave them shall be able to put in mytime whilst you are

victims), he finds Brandy alone.

having been cheated into welcoming him

with a smile. "You! I thought you knew I was here," he says, wrathfully, regarding Dandy with indignant eyes. And that young gentleman takes fire on the spot.

your unfortunate sister."

know," he replies, with a fine show of con-

"I don't hope for much, knowing the quardaily and take her for long delightful tete-a. "I don't hope for much, knowing the quartete rides, and so on, until they can go down ter it comes from, but may I ask why you to Wiltshire, where they have both been in- laugh?" "Pray pardon me," says Brandy, with hair, creamy skin, rose lips, Greek noseopen satire, " but, do you know, I have quite the same thing any day." a horrid trick of laughing when I am amused. Odd, isn't it? So uncommon! I was thinking of your costume and your figure generally on that last festive occasion when I had theer-pleasure of seeing you. If I were you. you know," with another and a still more offensive chuckle, "I shouldn't go in for "Crocodile's tears Royalty again. It didn't fit you. I expect friend, unrelentingly. you aren't destined to grace a throne; so, if you are wise, for the future chuck it up. Your sceptre didn't by any means show the temporal power.' Several times as I watched it and you my blood ran cold. I thought

hear her laugh."

was always received by her wery kindly."

his companion's temper being "absent with

rlow for him.

kept your word?" "Yes, I did," says Dandy, stoutly, remov-

Tremaine hesitates. "Oh, you funked it, did you?" pays Dandy,

"She refused you." "She did,"—desperately -and "-with th