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BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS! By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XLII. "By my truth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty canons they are not dangerous."

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.

No, it is too much; she cannot, indeed! There is a limit to all things, especially to human forbearance, and she simply won't bear any more of it.

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

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

"I am so sorry you made such great haste," she says, in a tone unobscured by politeness.

"I hope you have had some good hunting," says Mrs. Charteris, still awfully polite.

"What did all your hunters come to grief?"—with a languid, provoking upturning of her heavily fringed lids.

"I don't believe they know of my being in town"—in a tone the faintest degree more cordial—the very faintest.

getting measured, and chalked, or whatever they do to you." "I don't mind if you do come," says Mrs. Charteris, graciously.

"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."

"I love you a thousand times better than anything on earth; and you know it," returns he, slowly, yet with exceeding warmth.

"For what sin am I so heavily punished?" demands she, in a deplorable voice.

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positive air of one who knows—"she refused you too!" "Ignominiously," returns Mr. Dimmont, with a deep groan.

"No! you don't say so?" says Brandy eagerly, forgetting his anger, forgetting everything, in his excitement; then, as though the quotation is forced from him, he says, dolefully. "Oh, despicable love—inconstant woman-kind!"

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

DANDY DIMMONT 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.

"I should never have forgiven you if you had," with impulsive warmth. "Go on. He lives? He is better?"

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