It is one of the most powerful and permanent perfumes prepared. A single drop will be found sufficient to scent a handkershiet of even a roun. bottles and sold by all perfumers and druggists

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO.,

MONTREAL

(SOLE AGENTS,)

FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three

- 1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
- 2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
- 3d. As a dressing.
- It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAPEY CRANE."

AVER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncteanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color. prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same ame, a very superior and deal one alreading

FIRMATIFD BY D.J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Smit op an Ornegists.

MULL ... J LANMAR'S GENUINE

WATER FLORIDA UNRIVALLED FOR THE TOILET AND BATH.

NO MORE NAUSEOUS PILLS! A LONG-FELT WANT SUPPLIED.



Campbell's Cathartic Compound is adapted for the cure of Liver Comorders, Acid Stomach, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appe-tite, Sick Headache, Constipation or Costiveness, and all complaints arising from a disordered state of the stomach or

Children like it! Mothers like it! Because it is agreeable to the taste, does not occasion nausea, acts without griping, is certain in itseffects, and is effective in small doses.

Sold by all Druggists and Medicine Dealers. PRICE, 25 CTS. PER BOTTLE. DAVIS & LAWRENCE COMPANY, Limited. Wholesale Agents, Montreal.

Walter Shaw, thirty-three, with a revolver in each hand, put two balls in his head at once in Brooklyn Sunday, and still lives.

To Remove Dandruff—Cleanse the scalp with Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap. A delig for the toilet. delightful medicated soap

The Presidio County News, of Texas, failed to receive its white paper a few days ago in time, and was obliged to print its edition on ordinary yellowish-brown wrapping paper.

There is no one article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Wood and Belladonna Backache Plasters. 8 tts

A midnight marauder put the contents of a hen house into a bag at Altoo, Mich., and was surprised next day, on dumping the fowls for sale at a market, to see that they consisted of two three-legged hens, a doubleheaded duck and a nearly headless goose. He had taken the stock of a travelling museum.

A Crying Evil.-Children are often fretful and ill when Worms is the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all Worms.

In a recent speech Cardinal Manning remarked that he was looking with much anxiety at the changes that were going on in his country. There was a time when the master and the man lived on the estate, and differently to what they did now. There was a time when patriarchial care, feeling of human sympathy, of human happiness, and of human services prevailed. There had, nowadays, grown up a new world—a world of money, of commerce, of manufacture, and a relationship between master and man that, unlike that of the time past, was not one of sympathy, or benevolence, or patriarchial care, but a relationship of so many shillings per week, paid on the Friday or Saturday. It would be well if this relationship, even in a degree of confidence, affection and service could be re-

National Pills is the Tavorite purga-tive and anti-bilious medicine, they are mild and thorough.

At the mineral exposition at Zacatecas, Mexico, is a piece of silver ore weighing 430 pounds, taken from the San Antonio mine and valued at \$2,500.

A misstep will often make a cripple for life. A bottle of Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment at hand, will not prevent the misstep, but used immediately it will save being a cripple.

Bedford Karl, of New York, attempted suicide with a large navy revolver because his wife refused to go for a pitcher of beer.

Worms often destroy children, but Freeman's Worm Powders destroy Worms, and expel them from the

The nails had all been pulled from the fingers of a man found dead in Dakota. Robbers had tortured before killing him.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. - BEWARE OF INITATIONS. Imitations and counterfeits have again ap-

peared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's is on the wrapper. None genuine without it.

Prince Krapotkine has written from Clair vaux prison accusing Ferry of preventing his reasons for wishing to keep Fitzroy to his liberation and claiming that Grevy is willing duty. Walter begged leave to meditate, that he should be released. The prince says

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

The next time Walter Clifford met Mary Bertley'ng was gloomy at intervals. The observant girl saw he had something on his mind. She taxed him with it; and asked him

tenderly what it was.

"Oh, nothing," said he.

"Do tell me," said she. "Mind, nothing escapes my eye. Come, tell me, or we are not

"Oh, come, Mary, that is hard."
"Not in the least. I take an interest in

you.

"Bless you for saying so." "And so, if you keep your troubles from

me, we are not friends nor cousins."
"Mary!"

"Nor anything else."
"Well, dear Mury, sooner than not be anything else to you, I will tell you—and yet I don't like. Well, then, if I must, it is that dear old wrong-headed father of muc. He

she is young, and beautiful, and rich, and it

'But I can't."

"Why not?"

"Can't you guess?"

Mary blushed and looked down. "Complimentary to Julia," she said.

pity her opposite, for Julia is a fine, highminded girl." "Ah, Mary, you are too clever for me.

"As ugly as she is pretty?" "No. But she is a dark girl; and I don't like dark girls. It was a dark girl that de-

ecived me so heartlessly years ago."

"Consin Walter, I thank you in the name of that small company."
"Until I saw you, and you converted me in one day.

"Only to the blondes." "Only to one of them. My sweet Mary, the situation is serious. You, whose eye no-

how I love you."
"Never mind what I have seen, Walter, said Mary, whose bosom was beginning to

heave. "Very well," said Walter, "then I will tell you as if you didn't know it. I admired you at first sight; every time I was with you. I admired you, and loved you more and more. It is my heaven to see you and hear you speak. Whether you are grave or gay, saucy or tender, it is all one charm, one witchcraft. want you for my wife, and my child, and my friend. Mary, my love, my darling, how could I marry any woman but you. And you -could you marry any man but me, to break

the heart that beats only for you.' This and the voice of love now ardent, now broken with emotion, was more than sweet, saucy Mary could triffe with; her head drooped upon his shoulder, and her arm went round his neck, and the tremor of her yield-Clifford without a word that she was won. He had the sense not to ask her for words What words could be so eloquent as this?

trembled with love and joy and triumph. She knew, too, that she had replied, and treated her own attitude like a sentence in rather a droll way.

"But for all that," she said, "I don't mean to be a wicked girl if I can help it. This is an age of wicked young ladies. I soon found that out in the newspapers; that and science are the two features. And I have made a solemn vow not to be one of them. (Query, i science or a naughty girl, making mischief

between father and son?")
"No more you shall, dear," said Walter. "Leave it to me. We must be patient, and all will come right."

"Oh, I'll be true to you dear, if that is all," said Mary.

"And if you would not mind just temporizing a little for my sake, who loves you! "Temporize!" said Mary cagerly. "With all my heart. I'll temporize till we are all dead and buried.

"Oh, that will be too lon; for me," said Walter.

So this day was another era in their love. Walter had spoken out like a man, and Mary had replied like a woman. They were happy and walked hand in hand purring to one

marching swiftly and haughtily up and down upon the terrace of Clifford Hall, and he could not help admiring the haughty magnificence of her walk. The reason soon appeared. She was in a passion. She was always tall, but now she teemed lofty, and to combine the supple panther with the erect peacock in her ireful march. Such a fine woman as Julia really awes a man with her carriage at such a time. The poor soul thinks he sees before him the indignation of the just, when very likely it is only what in a man would be called petulance.

"Anything the matter, Miss Clifford?"

any weatherock ever turned: "You are a good creature; why should I be rude to you? ought to be ashamed of myself. It is that

little wretch." "Not our friend Fitzroy?" "Why, what other little wretch is there about? We are all Grenadiers and May-poles in this house except him. Well, let him go. I dare say somebody else—hum—and Uncle Clifford has told me more than once I ought

him so." "That was cruel." "Don't scold me. I won't be lectured by a thousand pounds or two on the property, any of you. Of course it was, dear. Poor little Percy. Oh! oh! oh!"

Of course I will, "said Julia", "He is angry with Colonell Clifford for inch wishing him to stay here, and he is angry with me for normaking Uncle Clifford invite him to As it could. It should be ashamed to propose BY CHARLES READE. I could be used to be a shamed to propose further on the read case. The truth is he is a luxury flate, defeated the read of the read case. The truth is he is a luxury flate, defeated the read case. doors does not compensate him for the cook, ery at the Dun Cow. There—let him go." "But I want him to stay."

me, isn't he a little jealous?"

great harm if I were to say that nobody can see you without admiring you !-that if I have always respected his rights, but that if he abandons them "-

had not counted on. "Do you think I couldn't, sir " said she

will make Fitzroy my shield. I'm off to the

"Why, he must be mad," replied the recipiene, fluntly. She laughed at that, and he went straight to the Dan Cow. He found roung Fitzroy sitting rather disconsolate, and opened his errand at once by asking him if it was true that they were to lose him.

"What a pity," said Walter.
"I d-den't think I shall be ra-much a-missed," said Percy, rather sufferly. "I know two people who will miss you."

"I d-don't know one." "Two. I assure you. Miss Clifford and nyself. Come, Mr. Fizzroy, I will not beat about the bush. I am arraid you are mortified, and I must say justly mortified, at the coolness my father has shown to you. But 1 assure you that it is not from any disrespect to you personally."

"Oh, indeed," said Percy, ironically. "No, quite the reverse, he is afraid of von.

"That is a g-g-good joke."
"No, let me explain. Fathers are curious people. If they are ever so disinterested in their general conduct they are sure to be a little mercenary for their children. Now, you know Miss Clifford is a beauty who would adorn Clifford Hall, and an heiress whose money would purchase certain properties that

"Yes," said the little man, starting up in great wrath. "I understand, and it's about inable. I th—thought you were my friend, and a m-man of h-honor.'

"So Fam, and that is why I warn you in time. If you quarrel with Miss Clifford and leave this place in a pet, just see what risks we both run, you and I. My father will be always at me, and I shall not be able to insist on your prior claim; he will say you have abandoned it, Julia will take the huff, marry me."

"You forget, sir, you are a man of honor."
"But not a man of stone. Now, my dear Fitzroy, be reasonable, Suppose that peerless creature went in for female revenge, why the first thing she would do would be to make me love her, whether I chose or no. he wouldn't give me a voice in the matter She would flatter me; she would cajole me. She would transfix my too susceptible heart with glances of fire and bewitching languor from those glorious eyes."
"D-D-! Ahem! - ! Ahem !" cried Percy, turn-

man love her if she chose. "So she could," said Percy, respectfully.
"She made me. I had an awful p—p—prejudice against her, but there was no resist-

ing."
"Then don't subject, me to such a trial. Stick to her like a man.

"So I will; b-but it is a m-m-mortifying position. I am a man of family. We came in with the C—Conquest, and are respected by our country: and here I have to meet her on the sly, and live at the D—Dun Cow.

"Where the cuisine is wretched."

"A-b-b-bominable!" Having thus impregnated his mind with that soothing sentiment—jealousy, Walter told him he had a house to let on the estate, lated, with a fine lawn and garden, and hot-

amusement. You will become a rival potentate to my governor. You will take the shine out of him directly; you have only to give a ball, and then all the girls will worship you, Julia Clifford especially, for she could dance the devil to a standstill!"

eagerly. "In half an hour. I'll draw you a three months' agreement. Got any paper? Of course not. Julia is so near. What are those? Playing cards. What do you play? Patience,' all by yourself. No wonder you are quarrelsome. Nothing else to bestow your energy on.

Percy denied this imputation. The cards were for private practice. He shot daily at the pips in the yard. "It is the fiend ennui that loads your pis

tols and your temper too. Didn't I tell you 80 ? Walter then demanded the ace of diamonds and on its face let him the house and premises

the moisture of gratitude stood in his eyes

when they parted. told Julia all about it that same Walter

"Mary," said he gravely, "who was that

saw.you with just now?"
"Cousin Walter."

Mary turned red and white by turns, but

said nothing.

Bartley went on : "You are a good child, and I have always trusted you. I am sure you mean no harm." But you must be more discreet. I have just heard that you and that young man are looked upon as engaged lovers. They say it is all over the village. Of course, a father is the last to hear these things. Does Mrs. Easton know of this?"

"Oh, yes, papa; and approves it." "Stupi d old woman! She ought to be shamed of herself."

"Oh, papa," said Mary, in deep distress, why, what objection can there be to cousin "None whatever as a cousin, but every ob-

"I don't know, papa. I suppose he does."
Does he seek your love?" "He does not say so, exactly."

jection to intimacy. Does he court you?"

"Come, Mary, you have never deceived me. Does he love you?"
"I am afraid he does; and if you reject
And so shall him he will be very unhappy. And so shall

"I am truly surry to hear it, Mary, for there are reasons wuy I cannot consent to an engagement between him and you."
"What reasons, papa?"

"It would not be proper to disclose my reasons; but I hope, Mary, it will be enough to say that Colonel Clifford has other views for his son, and I have other views for my daughter. Do you think a blessing will attend you or him if you dely both fathers?"
"No, no," said poor Mary. "We have been hasty and very foolish. But oh, papa, have you not seen from the first? Oh, why did you not warn me in time? Then I could the have obeyed you easily. Now it will cost me the happiness of my life. We are very unfortunate. Poor Walter! He left me so full of hope. What shall I do? What shall cut in pieces for it."

I do ?" It was Mary Bartley's first grief. She thought all chance of happiness was gone for-ever, and she wept bitterly for Walter and

Bartley was not unmoved, but he could not change his unture. The sum he had obtained by a crime was dearer to him than all his more honest gains. He was kind on the surface; was hard as marble.

"Go to your room, my child," said he. 'and try and compose yourself. I am not angry with you. I ought to have watched you. But you are so young, and I trusted to that woman."

Mary retired sobbing; and he sent for Mrs. Easton. "Mrs. Easton, for the first time in all these years I have a fault to find with you,' said he.

"What is that, sir, if you please?" "Young Clifford has been courting that child, and you have encouraged it. "Nay, sir," said the woman, "I have not done that. She never spoke to me nor I to

"Well, then, you never interfered."

"No, sir, no more than you did." "Because I never observed it till to-day." "How could I know that, sir? Everybody else observed it. Mr. Hope would have been the first to see it, if he had been in your place."

deal with than poor Mary.

"You can't bear to be found fault with Easton," said he craftily, "and I don't wonder at it, after fourteen years' fidelity to

me. "I take no credit for that," said the woman, doggedly. "I have been paid for it."
"No doubt. But I don't always get the thing I pay for. Then let bygones be bygones;

folly; it is wisest and best for all; and I can't make up my mind to lift a finger against

"Do you mean to defy me, then ?"

"No, sir. I don't want to go against you, nor yet against my own conscience, what's left on't. I have seen a pretty while it must come to this, and I have written to my sister Sally. She keeps a small hotel at the lakes. She is ready to have me, and I'm not too old to be useful to her: I'm worth my board I'll go there this very day if you please. I'm as true to you as I can be, sir. For I see by Miss Mary crying so you have spoken to her. and so now she is safe to come to me for comfort; and if she does, I shall take her part, you may be sure; for I love her as my own

Here the dogged voice began to tremble, but she recovered herself, and d him she would go at once to her sister Gilbert, that lived only ten miles off, and next day she would go to the little hotel at the lakes, and leave him to part the true lovers if he could, and break both their

Bartley asked a moment to consider. "Shall we be friends still if you leave me like that? Surely, after all these years, you will not tell your sister? You will not betray

me ?" "Never, sir,' said she. "What for? To bring those two together? Why, it would part them forever. I wonder at you, a gentleman, and in business all your life, yet you

all packed, and she could start in an hour. You shall have the break and the horses,' said he, with great alacrity.

Everything transpires quickly in a small house, and just as she had finished packing in came Mary in violent distress. "What, is it true? Are you going to leave me now my heart is broken? Oh, nurse!

Nancy Easton. sat down on her box, sobbing violently, Mary enfolded in her arms, and then they sat cry-

ing and rocking together.
"Papa does not love me as I do him, obbed Mary, turning bitter for the first time He breaks my heart and sends you away the same day, for fear you should comfort me.

"No, my dear, said Mrs. Easton, "you are wrong; he does not send me away; I go by

was worth her weight in gold ten times over. Tather has been very good to me, and I am his Walter had brought the keys with him, so debtor. I must not stay here and help you to he drove Percy over at once and gave him the world be ungrateful; and possession, and to do the little fellow justice yet I can't take his side against work and the moisture of gratitude stood in his over I can't take his side against work. has got reasons why you should not marry Walter Clifford—"

"He told me so himself," said Mary. Ah, but he didn't tell you his reasons.

They, and told devaluable of the second or the special orders. He even obliged her wind the second orders of the second orders. He even obliged her wind the second orders of the second orders. He even obliged her wind the second orders of the second orders. He even obliged her wind the second orders of the second orders. He even obliged her wind him with the second orders. He even obliged her wind the second orders. He even obliged her wind him with the seco reasons, why you should not marry Waiter.
Clifford are my reasons why you should marry
no other man."

"Oh, nurse! Oh, you dear good angel?"

"So when friends differ like black and
white tis best to part. I'm going to my sister Gilbert this afternoon, and to morrow to
my lister Sally, at hor hotel."

Oh, nurse, must you, must you? I shall have not a friend to advise or console me till. Mr. Hope comes back. Oh, I hope that won't be long, now."

Mrs. Easton dropped her hands upon her kness, and looked at Mary Bartley. "What, Miss Mary, would you go to Mr. Hope in such a matter as this? Surely you

would not have the face?" "Not take my breaking heart to Mr. Hope," cried Mary, with a sudden flood of tears. "You might as well tell me not to lay my trouble before my God. Dear, dear Mr. Hope, who saved my life in those deep waters, and then cried over me, darling dear. I think more of that than of his courage. Do you think I am blind? He loves me better than my own father does; and it is not a oung man's love, it is an angel's. Not cry to him when I am in the deep waters of affliction? I could not write of such a thing to him for blushing; but the moment he returns I shall find some way to let him know how happy I have been, how broken-hearted I am, and that papa has reasons against him, and they are your reasons for him, and that you are both afraid to let me know these curious reasons; me, the poor girl whose heart is being made a football of in this house. Oh! oh! oh!"

"Don't cry, Miss Mary," said Nurse Easton, tenderly; "and pray don't excite yourself so. Why, I never saw you like this before."

"Had I ever the same reason! You have only known the happy, thoughtless child. They have made a woman of me now, and my peace is gone. I must not defy my father, and I will not break poor Walter's heart, the truest heart that ever beat. Not tell dear other." Mr. Hope? I'll tell him everything, if I'm

And her beautiful eyes flashed lightning through her tears.
"Hum," said Mrs. Easton under her broath

and looking down at her own feet. "And, pray, what does 'hum' mean? asked Mary, fixing her eyes with prodigious keenness on the woman's race.
"Well, I don't suppose 'hum' means any

thing," said Mrs. Easton, still looking down "Doesn't it?" said Mary, "with such a face as that it means a volume. And I'll make it my business to read that volume." "Hum:"

"And Mr. Hope shall help me."

CHAPTER IX.-LOVERS PARTED.

Walter, little dreaming the blow his own love had received, made Percy write to Julia ar apology, and an invitation to visit his new house if he was forgiven. Julia said she could not forgive him, and would not go. Walter said :

"Put on your bonnet, and take a little drive with me.'

"Oh, with pleasure," said Julia slyly. So then Walter drove her to the new house without a word of remonstrance on her part, and Fitzroy met her radiant, and Walter slipped away round a corner, and when he came back the quarrel had dissolved. He had brought a hamper with all the necessaries of life. Tablecloth, napkins, knives, forks, spoons, cold pie saind and champagne. They lunched beside the brook on the lawn. The lovers drank his health, and Julia appointed him solemnly to the post of "peace-maker," "for," said she, "you have shown great talent that way, and I foresee we shall want one, for we shall be always quarrelling;

shan't we, Percy?"

"N--o; n-never again." "Then you mustn't be jealous." "I'm not. I d-despise j-jealousy. I'm above it. "Oh, indeed," said Julia, dryly.

"Come, don't begin again, you two," said Walter "or-no "Now, what a horrid threat!" said Julia. "I'll be good, for one." In short they had a merry time, and Walter drove Julia home. Both were in high

spirits. In the hall Walter found a short note from Mary Bartley: "DEAR, DEAR WALTER, -I write you with a bleeding heart to tell you that papa has only just discovered our attachment, and I am grieved to say he disapproves of it, and has forbidden, me to encourage your love, that is dearer to me than all the world. It is very hard. It seems so cruel. But I must obey. Do not make obedience too difficult, dear

Walter And pray, pray do not be as unhappy as I am. He says he has reasons, but he has not told me what they are, except that your father has other views for you; but, indeed, with both parents against us what can we do? Forgive me the pain this will give you Ask yourself whether it gives me any You were all the world to me. Now everything is dull and distasteful. What a change in one little day! We are very un fortunate. But it cannot be forever. And if you will be constant to me, you know I shall to you. I could not change. Ah, Walter, I little thought when I said I would temporize, how soon I should be called on to do it. I can't write any more for crying. I do nothing but cry ever since papa was so cruel; but I

must obey. Your loving, sorrowful, "MARY." This letter was a chilling blow to poor Walter. He took it into his own room and read it again and again. It brought the tears into his own eyes, and discouraged him deeply for a time. But, of course, he was not so disposed to succumb to authority as the weaker

vessel was. He wrote back:
"My own Love:—Doo't grieve for me. I don't care for anything so long as you love me. I shall resist, of course. As for my father, I am going to marry Julia to Percy Fitzroy, and so end my governor's nonsense. As for your father, I do not despair of softening him. It is only a check; it is not a defeat. Who on earth can part us if we are true to each other? God bless you, dearest! I did not think you loved me to much. You letter gives me comfort for ever, and only disappoints for a time. Don't fret, sweet love. It will be all right in the end.

"Your grateful, hopeful love, till death,

WALTER. Mary opened this letter with a beating heart. She read it with tears and smiles and utter amazement. She knew so little about the male character that this way of receiving a knock-down blow astonished and charmed her. She thought to herself, no wonder women look up to men. They will have their own way; they resist, of course. How sensible; we give in, right or wrong. What a comfort I have got a man to back me, and not a poor, sorrowing, despairing, obeying thing So she was comforted for the minute, and

settled in her own mind that she would be good and obedient, and Walter should do all the fighting. But letters soon cease to satisfy "Oh, so much."

The yearning hearts of lovers unnaturally separated. Walter and Mary lived so near listen to me. Hothers sometimes delay each other yet now they never met. Bart ley took care of them He told Mary she it; they don't go and break her heart as sometimes not walk out, without a maid or ride without a servant; and he gave them both to have coher own way brings Landher without a servant; and he gave them both to have cherriown way brings Landher without a servant and he gave them both to have cherriown. settled in her own mind that she would be

and asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, nothing that would interest you said he, rather sullenly.

"Excuse me," said she. "I am always interested in the troubles of my friends, and have been a work friend to me."

you have been a good friend to me," then, yes, I am unhappy. I am crossed in love.

"Is it that fair girl you introduced me to when out riging !"

" Yes."

"She is lovely." ... "Miss Clifford, she is an angel." "Ha! ha! We are all angels till we are found out. Who is the man?"

That she prefers to my good Walter. She deserves a good whipping, your angel." Much obliged to you, Miss Chiford; but she prefers no man to your good Walter, though, I am not worthy to tie her shors,

your friend, as you will see. Make me your confidents. Explain, please. How can you be crossed in love if there's no other man;"

"Her father!" said Julia contemptatously.
"Is that all? That for her father! You shall have her in spite of fifty fathers. If it

s id Walter, with his eyes flashing. "Be quiet Walter; os it is not al nor, nor even a mother, you shall have the girl; and a very sweet girl she is. Will you gave purine

is good of you! Of course it will be a great blessing to us both to have your sound the and assistance."

"Well, then," said Julia, "begin by telling me-have you spoken to her father?

done. Come, order our horses. We will file over directly. I will call on Miss Bertley, and you on Mister. Now mind, you must ignore all that has passed, and just rich his permission to court his daughter. Whilst you are closeted with him, the young lady and I will learn each other's minds with a celerity you poor slow things have no idea

Walter turned to the stables without an other word, and Julia flew up stairs to put on her riding habit. Bartley was in his study with a map of the farm before him, and two respectable but rather rough men in close conference over it. These were practical men from the county of Durham, whom he had ferreted out by means of an agent, men who knew a great deal about coal. They had already surveyed the farm, and confirmed Hope's opinion that coal lay below the surface of certain barren fields,

Bartley was heart and soul in this, and elevated by love of gain far above such puny considerations as the happiness of Mary Bartley and her lover. She, poor girl, sat forlors in her little drawing-room, and tried to draw a bit, and tried to read a bit, and tried to reconcile a new German symphony to her car as well as to her judgment, which told her it was too learned not to be harmonious, though it sounded very discordant. But all these efforts ended in a sigh of despondency, and a

prospect which, to her youth and inexperience, seemed a wilderness robbed of the sun. Whilst she sat thus pensive and sad, there came a sudden rush and clatter of hoofs, and Miss Clifford reined up their horses under the

verv window. Mary started up delighted at the bare sight of Walter, but amazed and puzzled. The next moment her quick intelligence told her this was some daring manouvre or other, and

it, affecting a cold ceremony.
"Miss Bartley, I have brought Miss Clifford to call on you at her request. My own visit is to your father. Where shall I find him? "In his study," murmured Miss Bartley.
Walter returned, and the two ladies looked at each other steadily for one moment, and took stock of one another's dress, looks,

visitor to a seat, and waited. Miss Clifford made her approaches obliquely at first. "I ought to apologise to you for not re-

You are most welcome. Miss Clifford," said Mary, warmly. "Now the ice is broken, I want you to call me Julia." " May I?"

Mary returned this fixed look with such keen intelligence that her gray eyes actually scintillated. "Mary, I seldom waste much time before I come to the point. Walter Clifford is a good fellow; he has behaved well to me. I had a quarrel with mine, and Walter played the peacemaker, and brought us together again

" Oh, yes."

Mary clasped her hands, but said nothing. Julia flowed on: "And the next thing is to comfort you.

No sooner said than done. Mary's head on Julia's shoulder, and Julia's arm round Mary's

" What man ?"

Why; we are devoted to each other." "Well, you needn't fly out at me. I am

It's her father. He has discovered our love. and forbids her to speak to me.

had been a lover, now." "I should have talked to him, not be you."

"Oh, Miss Clifford," said Writer, "abis

"Then that is the very first Courto be

"I see one thing," said Walter, "that I am a child in such matters compared with you. What decision! what promptimie!" "Then imitate it, young man. Order the horses directly;" and she stamped her foot

impatiently.

and the question now was as to the exact spot where it would be avisable to sink the first

her heart beat high. Walter opened the door and stood beside

character, and souls with supernatural rapidity. Then Mary smiled, and motioned her

turning your call before this. At any rate, here I am at last."

"You may, and you must, if I call you Mary. Why, you know we are cousins; at least I suppose so. We are both consins of Walter Clifford, so we must be cousins to each other, Mary." And she fixed her eyes on her fair hostess in a very peculiar way.

without wounding my pride. By-and by I found out Walter himself was in grief about you. It was my turn, wasn't it? I made him tell me all. He wasn't very willing, but I would know. I see his love is making him miserable, and so is yours, dear."

"So I took it on me to advise him. I have made him call on your father. Fathers sometimes pooh-pooh their daughters' affections; but when the son of Colonel Clifford comes with a formal proposal of marriage, Mr. Bartley cannot pooh-pooh him."

you seem to want a good cry, dear."
"Yes, I d- lo." "Then come here and take it."

waist: o was you better, dear?"

he is dying of anamia and sourvy. the honor to confide the grievance to him.

wants me to marry Julia Clifford." Mary turned pale directly.
"I guessed as much," said she. "Well, is your duty to obey your father."

"Oh, yes, you can, if you try."
"But I can't try."

"Well, then, I love another girl -as opposite to heras light is to darkness.

Of course, I mean the opposite in appear-

"And made me hate the whole sex." "Or only the brunettes ?"

thing escapes, you must have seen long ago

He just held her to his manly boson, and

"Oh, never do things by halves," said the ready girl. If his tongue had been as prompt as hers he might have said that "temporizing" was doing things by halves; but he let her have the last word. And perhaps he lost nothing for she would have had that whether or no. 🕫 Girls, after a time, are not content to see they are beloved, they must hear it too; and now

another, instead of sparring any more.
On his return home, Walter found Julia

said he, obsequiously.

"No, sir," (very stiffly).

"Can I be of any service?"

"No, you cannot." And then, swifter than

to look higher. I couldn't well look lower than five feet nothing. Ha! ha! ha! I told

And, after all this thunder, there was a little rain, by a law that governs atmosphere and woman impartially. Seeing her softened, and having his own reasons for wishing to keep Fitzroy to his possible, and asked her if she would do him

., : ..y

But I want mm so say.

Frenthet is very kind of you."

And I wast inke him stay somehow. Now, tell

me, saute no a little jealous?

"A little jealous! Why, he is eaten up with it; he is petrie de jealous!?."

"Then," said Walter, timidly, and hesitating at every word, "you can't be angry if I work on him a little. Would there be any

Julia caught it in a moment, she blushed and laughed heartily.
"Oh! you good, sly thing," said she,
"and it is the truth, for I am as proud as he

is vain, and if he does leave me, I will turn round that moment and make you in love with me." Walter looked queer; this was a turn he

Bharply. "It is not for me to limit the power of beauty," said Walter, meekly.
"Say the power of flattery. I could cajole any man in the world—if I choose."
"Then you are a dangerous creature, and I

"You are a duck," said this impetuous heauty. "So there --" The took him round the neck with both hands, and gave him a most delicions kiss.

Percy replied stiffly that it was true

join ours. You understand?

and you know beautiful women will do ing frame, and the tears of tenderness that strange things, mad things, when once pique flowed slowly from her fair eyes, told Walter enters their hearts. She may turn round and

> ing green. Walter had no mercy. "I heard her say once she could make any

quite a gentleman's house only a little dilapi house, only neglected into a wilderness. "But all the better for you," said he. 'You have plenty of money and no occupation. Perhaps that is what leads to these little quarrels. It will amuse you to repair the crib and restore the lawn. Why there is a brook runs through it; it isn't every lawn has that, and there used to be water lilies floating, and peonies nodding down at them from the bank—a Paradise. She adores flowers, you know. Why not rent that house from me. You will have constant occupation and

Percy's eyes flashed.
"When can I havethe place?" said Fitzroy,

on a repairing lease for three years—rent five pounds a year, which was a good bargain for both parties, since Percy was sure to lay out

night, and her eyes were eloquent too.

The next day he took a walk with Miny The Steel manches maistrea und and are a line has

This sudden thrust made Bartley wince and showed him he had a tougher customer to

but just assist me now to cure the girl of this folly."
"Sir," said the woman firmly, "it is not

hearts; she should wash her hands of it.

don't seem to see through the muddy water as I do, that is only a plain woman. She then told him her clothes were nearly

nurse !" This was too much, even for stout-hearted "Oh, my child, my child !" she cried, and

my own wish."

"Oh, nurse, you desert me; then you don't know what has happened."

"Oh, yes, I do; I know all about it; and

Barrio caracta as a marca and survey.