

by their greater frequency, but by the altered tone that I fancy breathes in every line of them, that when I do return to Canada it will be to claim, at last, the most precious treasure life has to offer me—my darling's love!"

So Jack, seated in the comfortable old library of his beautiful English home, wrote to his little Canadian sweetheart in her humble home in a quiet Canadian village.

And she—reading his words by the fading light of that wild March afternoon, kneeling by the low casement in her own pretty bedroom—blushed crimson, and pushed the letter away with an impatient movement, like a child that has been offered a gift it does not want. After all, did Judith know her own heart? Perhaps not just at that moment.

Presently there came a low tap at her door.

"Come in," she cried, rising from her kneeling posture.

"Miss Judy," said Susanuah, entering, Mr. Thorpe is downstairs and would like to see you, private. I hope Miss, there's nothin' wrong with Miss Augusta, leastwise Mrs. Thorpe?"

"I do not think so, or we would have heard," answered the girl, scarce knowing what she said, as she left the room with a sinking heart. What was she going to hear about Dorothy?

On Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Thorpe, contrary to his usual habit, lounged into his house about four o'clock in the afternoon, and hearing voices in the drawing-room and not wishing to be bothered by his wife's fine lady visitors, turned into a small apartment which Augusta had fitted up exclusively for her own use, and in which she wrote her letters, looked after her household accounts, and usually sat in when alone. Here Clarence very seldom intruded, as his wife refused him permission to smoke there, and the couple were not on those terms which render a tete-a-tete in a small apartment at all pleasant or desirable.

I cannot afford space in which to give a detailed description of the room, save to say that it was tastefully, and even luxuriously furnished, and contained everything a fine lady could desire, or that could conduce to her comfort and pleasure in leisure hours.

In a shallow niche near the window stood a handsome writing desk. Generally, Augusta kept this locked when she was absent from the room. But to-day as Mr. Thorpe lounged in, the first thing he noticed was the desk wide open and strewn with letters and papers. A careless oversight, Mrs. Thorpe! One which is likely to prove your undoing!

As may be surmised, Mr. Thorpe was not possessed of any very delicate scruples with regard to other people's letters, least of all his wife's. So having nothing better to engage his attention, he seated himself in Augusta's leather writing chair and proceeded to carelessly turn over the mass of old letters which littered the top of the desk. For Augusta had that unfortunate habit of keeping letters, which had so much better have been destroyed. Surely it is a senseless thing to hoard those scraps of writing, good, bad and indifferent which our friends may see fit to send us, and which are really of no use nor interest after having been received and read, to either writer or recipient. He only is safe who reads and destroys, for then there is nothing for prying eyes to discover.

When he had carelessly scanned the contents of several letters that seemed of any interest, Mr. Thorpe pulled open a small drawer in the inner part of the desk, it having also been left unlocked. There were several letters lying at the bottom of this drawer, all in the same bold handwriting, which he knew to be Donald Standfield's. He gave a low whistle as he took them out and read the superscriptions one by one. There were five letters in all; four of them were addressed to "Miss A. Laurie, Bonny Dale." The fifth—and a gleam of malice and triumph shot into Clarence's shifty eyes as he read—was addressed to "Miss Dorothy Brown, Bonny Dale."

He read the contents of those addressed to his wife. They were all merely brief acknowledgments of presents which Augusta had made and sent to the writer on various occasions. How mortified she would have been could she but have witnessed the grim amusement with which the recipient of these favors regarded them. That he ever wore the elaborate smoking cap, and slippers over which the lady's fingers had lingered so fondly, were extremely doubtful.

"Now for Miss Brown's letter," murmured Clarence, as he drew it from the envelope. It was, as he had suspected, the letter which poor Dorothy had waited and watched for so vainly, nearly ten years ago. The letter which Donald Standfield, in the passion and fervor of his young manhood had written to the girl he loved—the girl whose lips he had so passionately kissed that day in Bonny Woods. On the pity of it! Even Clarence Thorpe, coarse though he was, felt some faint compassion for the suffering his wife's treachery must have caused to these two hearts. For that she had intercepted this letter Clarence felt positive; and his legal mind, sharpened by long contact with human nature in its many garbs, in his dealings with crime and petty treachery (for his steps had trodden only the lower paths of his profession) quickly penetrated the motives which had prompted Augusta to do this thing, and the means she had used to accomplish her object—the separation of Donald and Dorothy. Of course, Clarence had heard the story of Mr. Standfield's supposed faithlessness to the girl he had made violent love to for a whole summer; he had often heard his wife speak of it, calling Donald a jilt and Dorothy a senseless little dupe. As he sat there thinking of all this, his bitter dislike for Augusta deepened into disgust. Yet withal, there was a certain triumph for him in this discovery of her treachery. She had by virtue of her wealth, ridden over her husband with a high hand. Exulting with all the puny force of an ignoble mind, in the superiority her money gave her over the man she had sworn to honor and obey. Obey! She laughed to scorn his attempts to enforce her obedience on certain points in which he undoubtedly had reason on his side. Honor him! She despised him; because, in very truth, he was as ignoble as she.

So now with the intercepted letter in his hand and a malicious gleam in his eyes he promised himself revenge. It was then he wrote that letter to Judith, which the reader has seen. Sitting there in his wife's room, at her desk, with her very pen in his hand, he agreed to expose her treachery to another. Not, it must be borne in mind, from any desire to amend a wrong done but out of downright hatred and malice toward the woman he had married only half a year before. The letter writt, he enclosed it in an envelope and placed it in an inner pocket of his coat, and presently lounged into the next room from the window of which he watched the departure of the visitor who had engrossed his wife's attention for the last half hour. His face darkened ominously as he saw the dashing, vulgar-looking woman step into her carriage and drive away.

[To be Continued.]

We Should be Laughed at.

THE gentleman on the left, Kate—do you know him? He has looked frequently toward you."

"Has he?"

"Who is it?"

"I cannot tell. I have not seen him."

"Suppose you look?"

"I prefer not. I came to see the play. Is not Helen Faucet superb?"

"So, so. I wish you would tell me who that gentleman on the left is. I am sure he knows you, and he is strikingly handsome."

"At present the stage interests me. Besides, if men are rude enough to stare at strangers, there is no occasion for us to imitate them."

"Your ladyship has no curiosity?"

"Not any; I exhausted it some time ago."

Her ladyship was not telling the truth; she was intensely curious, but it pleased her at the time to pique the honorable Selina Dorset. That strange sympathy that makes us instantly conscious of a familiar glance, even in a crowded building had selected her regard just as Selina had advised her of it