THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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MR.P. J. SMYTH AGAIN. Mr. P. U Smyth has addressed the following letter to Mr. T. English, one of the

Tipperary Town Commissioners :-April 4. The Freeman's Journal Irish Times and Express of to-day contain reports of a meeting of the Town Commissioners at which you presided, and at which a resolution appears to

been adopted censuring my "recent. Parliamentary action." and calling upon me to resign. So far as I am personally concerned, your resolution affects me not in the slightest degree : but inasmuch as it concerns matters of great public interest, we will procoed, if you please, with all due calmness and deliberation, to find out what is in it, or if there be anything at all in it. That this action of yours is not spontaneous I know. It has been dictated from without by men once held by Tipperary in scorn. My recent Parliamentary action comprises three

1st. My statement of the case of Ireland for Repeal of the Union.

2nd. My speech showing that the horrible condition of Ireland is traceable directly to the Land League and its diabolical opera-

3rd. My cloture vote. Now, without meaning to slight your intelligence and that of your confreres, may I ask do you understand in the least what cloture is? I put the question, because I assume that it you had formed an opinion upon it you would have had the courtesy to communicate with me before the division. Are you aware that it existed in the old Irish Parliament, and that it exists at the present day in every free country in the world? It is not a "gag." It is not the suppression of free discussion; it is the very reverse. It is the guarantee of free debate, and the protection of mejorities against the tyranny of a blatherumskite minority. I voted for it with pleasure; and, despising the clamours of the ignorant and the threats of the vile, I will, please God, do so again.

Mr. O'Brien (Denis, I presume) quotes a sentence from a speech of mine during the election campaign to the effect that "with all my heart I would support the active party in everything they did or attempted for the good of Ireland." Just so; I presume he Juotes me correctly, and I abide by those

" For the good of Ireland!" Yes; but not for the injury and disgrace of Ireland! "For the good of Ireland!" Yes; but not for a policy based on no rent, and its attendant, crime, and on money obtained by false

pretences. "For the good of Ireland!" Yes; but not for a line of action that has shaken in the minds of many patriotic Irishmen and of disinterested friends of Ireland a belief in the capacity of lrishmen for self-government. You prate of promises. Mine, voluntarily, offered, have been fulfilled to the letter.

Look now to your own. "Tipperary will never condemn you unheard." Ah! you remember it well; and how have you redeemed it? Answer your bullet shot from behind the hedge of a board of guardians; answer your stab in the back, under the cloak of a town commission! Mr. Lowther, with questionable tastes, taunted me in the House of Commons with not having addressed my constituents during the recess. If Tipperary feared to face the truth as I would have given it to her, the responsibility is hers, not mine. Let her give me a fair field and fair play (I ask no favor), and I'll meet her whenever and wherever she pleases.

FiGo to, and cease your babbling about things you do not understand. Look around. and, if you are not utterly lost to every sense of patriotic and humble feeling, weep for a the poor and honest man shot down in his cabin in the midst of his little ones; see the land reduced to a condition of savagery. See gentle and blameless lady massacred in her carriage; see these things, and reserve your curses for that Lesgue of Hell that has brought all this ruin, all this shame and dishonor upon our nation.

P. J. SMYTH.

QUEBEC, April 20 .- In the St. Sauveur murder trial now going on here, one of the parties first arrested on suspicion, J. B. Laprise, was -called into the witness box and said: "While under arrest and in gao! I had a conversation with the prisoner. Said Pierre Bobert to his brother: 'Joseph, you know I am innecent; why keep me here Joseph replied, "If I declare myself guilty now I shall be hung, as Genest is dead. If I was sure I was going to be hung I should poison myself." Begeau, the other prisoner. who is also their brother-in-law, said: "Since you have begun the story I will finish it. I was with Marcoux when Genest came up. Joseph went up to him and struck him. He then came back to me and said: "Bezsau, I have done to Genest what I did to the others, but he has fallen." The case for the crown is now closed, and the defence is going on this morning.

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.
"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA

has no equal for relieving pain, both interral and external. It cures Pain in the Sile Back or Bowels, bore Throat, Rheumatism. Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Housebold Panacea." being acknowledged as the great Pain Re-Hever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. [G26

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will solieve the poor little sufferer immediately depend upon it; there is no mistake about it There is not a mother on earth who has ever need it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child. operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

A DUEL.-The challenged man had fired and missed! Said his antagonist, presenting his pistol, "Your life is in my hand, but before I fire I should like to know your last thought?" "Well," tranquilly said the other, "I was thinking that if I were you I would not pull that trigger!" That trigger was not pulled.

BRIGHTS, DISEASE, DIABETES, KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY DISEASES.

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and pretended cure.

ANOTHER CANAL PROJECT.

PARIS. April 19 .- A Cabinet council has approved of the scheme of De Lesseps for a canal through the hackland, dividing Gulf of Gabes from Salt Marshes and low lying Parts of the district of Sahara south of Tunis at is expected that the sea will in virtue of this outling, once more fill up Sahara. The political advantage of the scheme will be in sulation of Tunis and Algeria by erecting a water barrier between them and Tripoli. The cost of the canal is estimated at 65,000,000 irancs.

SAVED FROM THE POORHOUSE.

For years David Allingsworth suffered with rheumatism, and notwithstanding the best medical attendance, could not find relief. He came to the Sciota County Poorhouse, and had to be carried into and out of bed on account of bis helpless condition. After the failure of all the remedies which had been applied, the directors of the Poorhouse reolved to use the celebrated German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, and this was a fortunate resolution; for, with the trial of one bottle, the patient was already better, and when four bottles had been used upon him he could again walk about without the use of a cane. The facts, as above stated, will be verified by the editor of the Portsmouth (Ohio) Correspondent.

FROM QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, April 18 .- The following are the particulars of the dreadful story received from the barren and inhospitable shores of Labrador. A letter received from Pointe des Monts, several hundred miles below Quebec,

dated 22nd March, and signed L. F. Faffard, states that on account of the violent storms which prevailed from the 25th September last to the end of the autumn fishermen were unable to lay in any supplies for the winter, the entire means of subsistence of the poor people being thus cut off. To add to the horror of the situation the establishmen of Messrs. Ouellette & Croteau, at Pentecote, containing a quantity of supplies, was burned with its contents in December. The winter hunting expeditions failed completely. Several people left at Pentecote by those who took to the woods have been found dead. Among these were the heads of the families of Laurent and Pierre Crepeau, and one each of their children. Their families were found dying of inanition. The sufferings of the survivors were increased by a descent of the Indians from the woods, whose means of subsistence had en-tirely given out. The poor settlers had nothing to offer them but some flesh and oil of seals, which they ravenously devoured. If navigation does not open early scores of people will die of starvation before aid can possibly reach them. There is already fear that inhuman crimes may be committed in the terrible struggle for life. The same story comes from Isle aux Ocuis.

A CYCLONE IN MISSOURI.

SEVEN PERSONS KILLED AND TWENTY OTHERS INJURED -GREAT DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., April 19.-A cyclone occurred at Brownsville, Mo., yesterday af-afternoon, when the entire business portion was demolished, seven persons killed and twenty badly injured. The first intimation of the storm the people had was a sudden roaring sound, and immediately a large black funnel-shaped cloud appeared coming from the southwest at the rate of 100 miles an hour. The cloud, when first noticed; was apparently two miles distant and hung fifty yards above the earth. When it reached the western part of the town it dropped down almost to the ground, and seemed to draw everything within a radius of several ste in its path; ness houses were picked up like straws and whirled and twisted shapeless. The ruins of frame buildings were carried some distance and dropped, smashing them into fine kindling wood. Heavy timbers were carried several hundred yards through the air, and falling end downward, struck several feet into the ground. The storm lasted less than two minutes, but 20 business houses and dwellings were levelled. People in the streets were picked up and carried various distances, and hurled to the ground dead or bruised almost beyond recognition.

Bleeding of the Lungs.

BOWMANVILLE, ONT., Nov. 8, 1872.

Messis. Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston: Gentlemen -I have been troubled with bleeding of the lungs for a long time. About two years ago I took a severe cold which made my lungs very sore, but after using one bottle of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Chebry the pain and cough disappeared and have not troubled me since. I believe the BALSAM is the best medicine in use, and well worth the price asked for it.

Yours truly, 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by dealers generally.

TAKE CABE OF THE LITTLE ONES. Children are the mother's idel, the father's pride; they are entrusted to your care to guide and protect, to fill positions of honor and trust. If you truly feel the responsibility of your trust, and want to make the duties of your office as light and pleasant as possible, don't allow a slight cold to prey upon the little ones, for even a single day or night may reveal the dreaded destroyer, Croup, but a few doses of DOWN'S ELIXIR, if taken in season, will banish it, as well as Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung affections. For sale by all dealers in medi-

cine. Price 25 cents and \$1 per bottle.

A LAWYER'S FEE. -One of the most learned and dignified members of the Austin bar got a terrible rebuff from old Uncle Mose last week. The old man had Jim Webster hauled up before Justice Gregg for stealing his Spanish chickens. As Jim Webster has political influence he was defended by two prominent lawyers. Uncle Mose was put on the stand, and made out a bad case against Jim Webster, testifying to having found some of the chickens in Jim's possession, and identifying them by the peculiarities of the breed. The prominent lawyer then undertook to make Uncle Mose weaken on the cross-examination. " Now, Uncle Mose," said the lawyer, " suppose I was to tell you that I have at | home in my yard haif-a-dozen chickens of that identical same breed?" "What would I say, boss?" " Yes, what would you say if I was to tell you I've got that same kind of chickens in my yard?" ," I would say, boss, dat Jim Webster paid up yer fee wid my chickens," and a pensive smile crept around under the old man's ears, and met at the hack of his head.

While a pretty mulatto girl was at worship in a Louisville church, two athletic negroes -rivals for her hard-repaired to a stable near by for a prize fight. The winner was to cure the worst cases, even when you have escort the girl home. But both were so terbeen made worse by some great puffed up ribly pounded that they had to be carried for strict economy, manage to retrieve my away in an ambulance.

MAD RIVER, IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS."

A-MOUNTAIN STREAM'S STORY.

Boston, April 15.—The title of Mr. Long-fellow's last contribution to the Allantic is "Mad River, in the White Mountains." It is a dialogue between a traveller and the mountain stream, the lines of the contribution of the lines. stream—the iman questioning, the river reply-ing, and at last giving us its history thus:—

-A prooklet, nameless and unknown, Was I at first resembling
Althochild that all alone
Comes yenturing down the stairs of stone,
Thresolute and trembling.

II. Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted;
Out of the forest, dark and dread,
Accoss the open fields I, fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.

THE THE I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending;
With thunder from the passing cloud;
The wind the forest bent and bowed,
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call. Imploring and entreating;
Drawn onward o'er this rocky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,
A tollsome life I follow;
Compelled to carry from the bills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something eyer cheers and charms.
The rudeness of my labors;
Dally I water with these arms.
The cattle of a hundred farms.
And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me mad, and well they may;
When full of rage and trouble
I burst my bapks of sand and clay
And sweep their wooden bridge away
Like withered reeds or stubble.

VIII. Now, go and write thy little rhyme
As of thine own creating;
Thou see'st the day is past its prime,
I can no longer waste my time,
The mills are tired of waiting.

By "THE DUCHESS." ---:o:---

CHAPTER XXXI .- CONTINUED. "Patience, I must go at once to Sartoris,"

he says, looking pale and distressed. "To see that mad boy?" "To see Dorian Branscombe."

"That is quite the same thing. You don't call him sane. do you? To marry that chit of a girl without a grain of common sense in her silly head, just because her eyes were blue and her hair yellow, forsooth. And then to go and get mixed up with that Annersley

" My dear Patience." "Well, why not? Why should I not talk? One must use one's tongue, if one isn't a dummy. And then there is that man Sawyer, be could get no one ont of the whole country but a creature who---"

"Hush!" says Sir James, hastliy and unwisely. "Better be silent on that subject," Involuntarily he lays his hand upon the letter inst received.

"Ha!" says Miss Scrope, triumphantly, with astonishing sharpness. "So I was right, was I? So that pitiful being has been exposed to the light of day, has he? I always said how it would be: I knew it?-ever since last spring when I sent to him for some cucumber-plants, and he sent me instead (with wilful intent to insult me) two vile gourds. I always knew how it would end." "Well, and how has it ended?" says Sir James, with a weak effort to retrieve his posi-

tion, putting on a small air of defiance. "Don't think to deceive me," says Miss Scrope, in a terrible tone; whereupon Sir James flies the apartment, feeling in £18 heart that in a war of words Miss Scrope's match is vet to be found.

Entering the library at Sartoris; he finds Dorian there, alone, indeed, and comfortless, and sore at heart.

It is a dark dull day. The first breath of winter is in the air. The clouds are thick and sullen, and are lying low, as if they would willingly come down to sit upon the earth and there rest themselves—so weary they seem, and so full of heaviness.

Above them a wintry sun is trying vainly to recover its ill temper. Every now and then a small brown bird, flying hulriedly past the windows, is almost blown against them by the strong and angry blast. Within a fire is burning, and the curtains

are half drawn across the windows and the glass door, that leads, by steps down into the garden. No lamps are lit, and the light is sombre and severe.

"You have come," says Dorian, advancing eagerly to meet him. "I knew I could depend upon you, but it is more than good of you to be here so soon. I have been moping a good deal, I am afraid, and forgot all about the lamps. Shall I ring for some one now to light them?"

"No; this light is what I prefer," says Scrope, laying his hand upon his arm. "Stir up the fire, if you like." "Even that I had not given one thought

to," says Branscombe, dreamily. Sitting here all alone, I gave myself up a prey to evil thoughts. The word "alone" touched Sir James inex-

ressibly. Where was his wife all the time. that she never came to him to comfort and support him in his hour of need? " is everything as bad as you say?" he asks

presently, in a aubdued tone. "Quite as bad; neither worse nor better. There are no gradations about utter ruin. You heard about Sawyer, of course? Harden has been with me all last night and to-day, and between us we have been able to make out that he has muddled away almost all the property-which you know, is small. As yet we hardly know how we stand. But there is one claim of fifteen thousand pounds that must be paid without delay, and I have not one pauny to meet it, so am literally driven to the wall."

"You speak as if-"No. I am speaking quite rationally. I know what you would say; but if I was starying I would not accept one shilling from Lord | turn." Sartoria. That would be impossible. You can understand why, without my going into that infamous scandal. I suppose I can tell Sartoris, and pay my—that is, Sawyer's debta; but that will leave me a beggar." Then, in a low tone. "I should hardly care but for her. That is almost more than I can

bear?". say this debt of filteen thousand pounds is the one that presess natees? ? I come in "Yes. But for that I might, by going in present position in a year or two."

"I wish you would explain more fully," For the second time Branscombe turns and says Sir James; whereupon Dorlan enters into an elaborate explanation that leaves all "I must say I think your wife quite right," things clear

"It seems absurd," says Scrope, impatiently,

"I hardly think my wealth unlimited;" says Branscombe: "there is a good deal of property not entailed, and the ready money is at my uncle's own disposal. You know, perhaps, that he has altered his will in favor of Horace-has, in fact, left him everything that it

is possible to leave." "This is all new to me," says Sir James, indignantly. "If it is true, it is the most in-

iquitous thing I ever heard in my life." "It is true," says Branscombe, slowly. "Altogether, in many ways, I have been a good deal wronged; and the money part of it has not hurt me the most."

"If seven thousand pounds would be of any use to you," says Scrope, gently, delicately, own good fortune?' he says. "See how it is "I have it lying idle. It will, indeed, be a favoring you. You will get rid of me for great convenience if you will take it at a reasonable---"

"That is rather unkind of you," says Dorian interrupting him hastily. "Don't say another word on that subject. I shall sink or swim without aid from my friends-aid, I mean, of that sort. In other ways you can help me. Harden will, of course, see to the estate; but there are other, more private matters, that I would intrust to you alone. Am I asking too much?

"Don't be unkind in your own turn," says Scrope, with tears in his eyes. "Thank you," says Dorian, simply. His

heart seems quite broken. "What of your wife?" asks Sir James, with some hesitation. "Does she know?"

"I think not. Why should she be troubled before her time? It will come fast enough. She made a bad match, after all, poor child! But there is one thing, I must tell you, and it is the small drop of comfort in my cup. About a month ago, Lord Sartoris settled upon her twenty thousand pounds, and that will keep her at least free from care. When I am gone, I want you to see to her, and let me know, from time to time, that she is happy and well cared for."

"But will she consent to this separation from you, that may last for years?"

"Consent?" says Dorian, bitterly. is not the word. She will be glad, indeed, at this chance that has arisen to put space between us. I believe from my heart that

"What is it you believe?" says a plaintive voice, breaking in upon Dorian's speech with curious energy. The door leading into the garden is wide open; and now the curtain is thrust aside, and a fragile figure, gowned in some black filmy stuff, stands before them. Both men start as she advances in the uncertain light. Her face is deadly pale; her eyes are large, and almost black, as she turns them questioningly upon Sir James Scrope. It is impossible for either man to know what she may, or may not, have heard.

"I was in the garden," she says, in an agi-tated tone, "and I heard voices; and some-thing about money; and Dorian's going away; and-" (she puts her hand up to her throat) " and about ruin. I could not understand, but you will tell me. You must."

"Tell her, Dorian," says Sir James. But Dorian looks doggedly away from her, through the open window, into the darkening garden beyond.

"Tell me, Dorian," she says, nervously going up to him, and laying a small white trembling hand upon his arm.

"There is no reason why you should be distressed," says Branscombe, very coldly, lifting her hand from his arm, as though her very touch is displeasing to him. "You are quite safe Sawyer's management of the estate has brought me to the verge of ruin; but Lord suffer."

She is trembling violently.

"And you?" she says. "I shall go abroad until things look bright-Then, he turns to her for the first time, and, taking her hands, presses them passionately. "I can hardly expect forgiveness from you," he says; "You had, at least, a right to expect position when you made your unhappy marriage, and now you have nothing."

I think she hardly hears his cruel speech. Her thoughts still cling to the word that has gone before "Abroad?" she says, with quivering lips.

"Only for a time," says Sir James, taking pity upon her evident distress. "Does he owe a great deal?" asks she, feverishly. "Is it a very large sum? Tell me

how much it is. Scro e who is feeling very sorry for her explains matters, while Dorlan maintains a de-

termined silence. "Fifteen thousand pounds, if procured at once would tide him over his difficulties," says Sir James, who does her the justice to divine her thoughts correctly. "Time is all

he requires.' "I have twenty thousand pounds," Georgie, eagerly. "Lord Sartoris says I may do what I like with it. Dorian,"—going up to him again-"take it-do, do. You will make me happier than I have been for a long

time if you will accept it." A curious expression lights Dorian's face. It is half surprise, half contempt; yet atter all, perhaps there is some genuine gladness in

"I cannot thank you sufficiently," he says, in a low tone. "Your offer is more than kind; it is generous. But I cannot accept it.

It is impossible I should receive anything at your hands." "Why?" she says, her lips white, her eyes large and earnest.

"Does that question require an answer?" asks Dorian, slowly. "There was a time, even in our short married life, when I believed in your friendship for me, and then I would have taken anything from you—from my wife; but now I tell you sgain, it is impossible. You yourself have put it out of my power." He turns from her coldly, and concentrates

his gaze once more upon the twilit garden. *Don't speak to me like that at lenst now," says Georgie, her breath coming in short quick gasps. "It burts me so! Take this wretched money, it-if you still have any love for me."

He turns deliberately away from the small pleading face. "And leave you penniless," he says.

"No, not that. Some day you can pay me back, if you wish it. All these months you sire, let me now make you some small re-

Unfortunately this speech angers him deeply. "We are wasting time," he says, quickly... Understand once for all, I will receive no-

thing from you."! 4. (数:00) 不利国际 "James," says Mrs. Branscombe, impulsively, going up to Scrope and taking his hand. She is white and nervous, and, in her agitation, is hardly aware that, for the first time; called him by his Christian name. "Persuade him. Tell him he should accept this money. Dear James, speak for about giving it.
me; I am nothing to him."

"Let me advis

says Scrope, energetically. She wants you to take this money, your not taking it dis-"that you, the heir to an earldon and unlimit; tresses her very much, and you have no right ed wealth; should be made so uncomfortable in the world to marry a woman and then for the sake of a patry fifteen thousand make her unhappy." This is faintly quixpounds." nobody says anything, "You ought to save Sartoris from the hammer no matter at what price-pride or anything else. It isn't a fair thing you know, Branscombe, to lift the roof from off her head for a silly prejudice." When he has finished this speech, Sir

James feels that he has been unperdonably pertinent.

"She will have a home with my uncle," says Branscombe, unmoved-"a far happier and more congenial home than this has ever been." A faint enser disfigures his handsome mouth for a moment. Then his mood changes, and he turns almost fiercely upon Georgie. "Why will you fight against our years, perhaps—I hops—forever, and you will be comfortable with him "

" No I shall not," says Mrs Branscombe; a brilliant crimson has grown upon her pale cheeks, her eyes are bright and full of anger, she stands back from him and looks at him with passionate reproach and determination in her gaze. "You think 1 will consent to live calmly here while you are an exile from of little importance, this cough has now ad your home? In so much more you wrong noyed her for at least a fortnight, and shake me. When you leave Sartoris, I leave it too -to be a governess once more.

"I forbid you to do that," says Branscombe. "I am your husband, and, as such, the law allows me some power over you. But this is only an idle threat," he says, contemptuonsly. "When I remember how you consented to marry even me to escape such a life of drudgery, I cannot believe you will willingly return to it again."
"Nevertheless I shall," says Georgie, slow-

ly. You abandon me; why, then, should you have power to control my actions? And I will not live at Hythe, and I will not live at all in Pullingham unless I live here."

"Don't be obstinate, Dorian," says Sir James, imploringly. "Give in to her; it will be more manly. Don't you see she has conceived an affection for the place by this time, and can't bear to see it pass into strange young, yet, alas! so frail!

hands? In the name of common sense, ac
"You will go somewhere, for change

or shall he not consent to this plan? Is he (though doubtless pleasanter) when I am really behaving as Scrope has just said, in an unmanly manner?

A lurid flame from the fire lights up the room, and falls warmly upon Georgie's anxious face and clasped hands and sombre clinging gown, upon Dorian's bowed head and motionless figure, and upon Sir James stand-ing tall and silent within the shadow that covers the corner where he is. All is sad, and drear, and almost tragic

Georgie, with both hands pressed against her bosom, waits breathlessly for Dorian's answer. At last it comes. Lifting his head, he says, in a dull tone that is more depressing

than louder grief,— "I consent. But I cannot live here just yet. I shall go away for a time. I beg you both to understand that I do this thing against my will for my wife's sake-not for my own. Death itself could not be more bitter to me than life has been of late." For the last time he turns and looks at Georgie. "You know who has embittered it," he says. And then,

"Go; I wish to be alone!" Scrope, taking Mrs. Branscombe's cold hand in his, leads her from the room. When outside, she presses her fingers on his in a grateful fashion, and, whispering something to him in a broken voice—which he fails to hear-she goes heavily up the staircase to her

own room. When inside, she closes the door, and locks it, and, going as if with a purpose to a drawer in a cabinet, draws from it a velvet frame. Opening it. she gazes long and earnestly upon

the face it contains: it is Dorian's. It is a charming, lovable face, with its smiling lips and its large blue honest eyes. Distrustfully she gazes at it, as if seeking to discover some trace of duplicity in the clear open features. Then slowly she takes the photograph from the frame, and with a scissors cuts out the head, and lifting the glass from a dull gold locket upon the table near her, carefully

places the picture in it. When her task is finished, she looks at it once again, and then laughs softly to herself—a sneering, unlovable laugh, full of self-contempt. Her whole expression is unforgiving yet suggestive of deep regret. Somehow, at this moment his last words come back to her and strike coldly on her heart; " I wish to be

"Alone!" How sadly the word had fallen from his lips! How stern his face had been. how broken and miserable his voice! Some terrible grief was tearing at his heart, and there was no one to comfort, or love him, or

She gets up from her chair, and paces the room impatiently, as though inaction had ceased to be possible to her. An intense craving to see him again fills her soul. must go to him, if only to know what he has been doing since last she left him. Acting on impulse, she goes quickly down the stairs, and across the hall to the library, and enters with a beating heart.

All is dark and dreary enough to chill any expectant mind. The fire though warm and glowing still, has burned to a dull red, and no bright flames tlash up to illuminate the gloom. Blinded by the sudden change from light to darkness, she goes forward nervously until she reaches the hearth-rug; then she discovers that Dorlan is no longer there.

CHAPTER XXXII. 'Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows;
And when we meet at any time again;
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain."

Nor until Mrs. Branscombe has dismissed her maid for the night does she discover that the plain gold locket in which she had placed. Dorian's picture is missing. She had (why she hardly cares to explain even to herself) hung it round her neck; and now, where is

After carefully searching her memory for a few moments, she remembers that useless visit to the library before dinner and tells herself she must have dropped it then. She will go-and find it. Slipping into a paleblue dressing-gown, that serves to make have given me everything I could possibly de- softer and more adorable her tender face and golden hair, she thrusts, her feet into slippers of the same hue, and runs down stairs for the

third time to-lay, to the library.

Opening the door, the blilliant light of many lamps greets her, and standing by the fire is her husband, pale and haggard, with the missing locket in his hand. He has opened it, and is gazing at his own face with a strange

expression.

"Let me advise you to take this out of it,"

he says, coldly, politting to his picture. "It being here must render the looket valueless. What induced you to give it such a place?" "It was one of my many mistakes," return she, calmly, making a movement as though to leave him; "and you are right. The locket is, I think, distanteful to me. I don't want it anymore; you can keep it."

"I don't want it either," returns he, ha tily; and then, with a gesture full of passion he flags it deliberately into the very heart

A ANT A CAROL MATERIAL MARK STRONG

the plowing fire. There it melts and grown black, and presently sinks, with a crimson coal, utterly out of sight. "The best place for it," says he, bitterly "I wish I could as easily be obliterated an

forgotten." 1s it forgotten? She says nothing, make no effort to save the fated case that holds his features, but, with hands tightly clenched watches its ruin. Her eyes are full of tears but she feels benumbed, spiritless, withou power to shed them.

Once more she makes a movement to leave him

"Stay," he says, gently; "I have a few things to say to, you, that may as well be go over now, Come nearer to the fire; you mus be cold."

She comes nearer, and, standing on th hearth-rug, waits for him to speak. As at does so, a sharp cough, rising to her throat distresses her sufficiently to bring some quick color into her white cheek. Though in itself her slight frame with a vehemence.

"Your cough is worse to-night," he says turning to regard her more closely.

"No, not worse." "Why do you walk about the house so in sufficiently clothed?" asks he, angrily, glanc ing at her light dressing-gown with great disfavor. "One would think you were seeking ill-health. Here, put this round you." H tries to place upon her shoulders the cash. mere shawl she had worn when coming in from the garden in the earlier part of the

evening. But she shrinks from him.
"No, no," she says, petulantly; "I am warm enough; and I do not like that thing It is black—the color of Death." Her words smite cold upon his heart.

terrible fear gains mastery over him. Death: What can it have to do with one so fair, s cept this chance of rescue, and put an end to air?" he says, entreatingly, going up to he unhappy business.

and laying his hand upon her shoulder. "I Dorian leans his arms upon the mantel- is of this, partly, I wish to speak to you. You piece, and his head upon his arms. Shall he, will find this house lonely and uncomfortable

gone. Let me write to my aunt, Lady Monc-

ton. She will be very glad to have you for a time." "No; I shall stay here. Where are you

going ?" "I hardly know; and I do not care at all "How long will you be away?"

" How can' I answer that question, either There is nothing to bring me home." "How soon do you go? Her voice al through is utterly without expression, or

emotion of any kind. "Immediately," he answers curtly. "Are you in such a hurry to be rid of me?" Be satisfied, then; I start to-morrow. Then, after an unbroken pause, in which even he breathing cannot be heard, he says, in a curious voice, "1, suppose there will be no occasion for me to write to you while I am away ?"

She does not answer directly. She would have given half her life to be able to say, freely. "Write to me, Dorian, if only a bare line now and then, to tell me you are alive," but pride forbida her.

"None, whatever," she says, coldly, after her struggle with her inner self. " I dare say I shall hear all I care to hear from Clarissa o Sir James.

There is a long silence. Georgie's eye are fixed dreamily upon the si His eyes are fixed on her. What a child she looks in her azure gown, with her yellow heir falling in thick masses over her shoulders. So white, so fair, so cruelly cold! Has she no heart, that she can stand in that calm thoughtful attitude, while his heart is slowly

breaking? She has destroyed all his happy life, this amber witch," with her loveliness, and her pure girlish face, and her bitter indifference, and yet his love for her at this moment is stronger, perhaps, than it has ever been. He is leaving her. Shall he ever see her agein? Something at this moment overmasters

him. Moving a step nearer to her, he suddenly catches her in his arms, and, holding her close to his heart, presses kisses (unforbidden) upon her lips, and cheek and brow. In another instant she has recovered herselt, and placing her hands against his chest,

irees herself, by a quick gesture, from his em "Was that how you used to kiss her?" she says in a choked voice, her face the color of death. "Let me go; your touch is contam-

ination." Almost before the last word had passed her lips, he releases her, and standing back corfronts her with a face as livid as her own.

In the one hurried glance she casts at him, she knows that all is, indeed, over between them now; never again will he sue to her for love or friendship. She would have spoken again-would, perhaps, have said something to palliate the harshness of her last wordsbut by a gesture he forbids her. He points to the door.

"Leave the room," he says, in a stern commanding tone; and, utterly subdued and silonced by his manner, she turns and leaves

CHAPTER XXXIII. A goodly apple, rotten at the heart. Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!" Merchant. of Venice. "No hinge nor loop To hang a doubt on."

Othello. DORIAN has been two months gone, and It is once again close on Ohristmas-tide. All the world is beginning to think of gifts, and tender greetings, and a coming year. Clarissa is dreaming of wedding garments white as the snow that fell last night.

The post has just come in. Clarissa, waking, stretches her arms over her head with a little lazy yawn, and fely turns over her letters one by one. But presently, as she breaks the seal of an envelope, and reads what lies inside it, her mood changes, and, springing from her bed, she begins to dress

herself with nervous rapidity.

Three hours later, Sir James, sitting in his library, is startled by the apparition of Clar-less standing in the door-way with a very miserable face. "What on earth has happened?" says Si

James, who is a very practical young man and always goes at once to the root of a mystery.
"Horace is ill," says Miss Payton in a tone
that might have suited the occasion had the

skies just fallen. W.Oh. Jim, what shall I My dearest girl," says Borone going up w

to him. "Did you come to look for it?"

"Yes. She holds out her hand to receive "Yes, he's yery ll!!" I had not heard from it from him, but he shows some lesitation him for a forthight, and was growing wretch edly uneasy, when to-day a letter came from

(Continued on Third Page.)