

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE.

II.

For a long time Mrs. Brekbellow sat staring at the handsome man... A faint smile crossed her lips... "Here it comes," he thought with a slinking heart.

stanzas, and about what is my duty in the matter? ... "Here it comes," he thought with a slinking heart... "Did you hear, Harry? And when will you write to your uncle?"

spirits; in such spirits that her exhilaration seemed to have communicated itself to the very help, and to have bred among them a state of glee that anywhere else might have been considered quite demoralizing.

Then Ordette drew a chair forward so that he might see himself very close to Carnew, and opening the breast of his coat, he took out the leather case that contained the articles which were to prove so much.

Was Ned's innocence proven, and was she restored to her husband, that would not be quite such a weight upon his heart, but he would be to the precious packet of her letters each one as it came from her with such a trembling hand, and now, with such a quivering sigh.

and a sister two years younger, found themselves orphaned and almost penniless in the wilderness of New York. Their few Irish neighbors were kind and sympathetic, but their own daily cares crowded their lives, and while they were grateful for the help that came from their hearts, they were sorry for their trouble.

Bolton, would you take up a month without the work of your girls? ... "And do you really like housework?" ... "It is quite different, my dear, but I'm sure you'll find it a great help to you."