BY MISS MULOCK

CHAPTER XXXIII. HIS STORY.

My dearest my best of every earthly thing—whom to be parted from temporarily, as now, often makes me feel as if half myself were wanting-whom to lose out of this world would be a loss irremediable, and to leave behind in it would be the sharpest sting of deathbetter, I have sometimes thought, of late better be you and I than Treherne and

In all these letters I have scarcely mentioned Penelope-you see I am learning to name your sisters as if mine. She, however, has treated me almost like a stranger in the few times we hap-

pened to meet—until last Monday. I had left the happy group in the library-Treherne, tearing himself from his wife's sofa-honest fellow ! to follow me to the door-where he wrung my hand, and said, with a sob like a schoolboy, that he had never been so happy in his life before, and he hoped he was thankful for it. Your eldest sister, who sat in the window sewing-her figure put me somewhat in mind of you, little

lady-bade me good-by-she was going back to Rockmount in a few days. I quitted them, and walked alone across the park, where the chestnuttrees-you remember them-are beginning not only to change, but to fall; thinking how fast the years go, and how little there is in them of positive joy. forgot a small patient I have at the lodge gates, who is slipping so gradually, but a hill-top and a view of the sea. surely, poor wee man! into the world

A lady was waiting outside the lodge gates. When I saw who it was, I meant to bow and pass on, but Miss Johnston called me. From her face, I dreaded it was some ill news about you.

Your sister is a good woman and a

She said to me, when her explanations had set my mind at ease:

"Dr. Urquhart, 1 believe you are a man to be trusted. Dora grusts you. Dora once said you would be just, even to your enemies.

I answered, I hoped it was something more than justice that we owed, even to

"That is not the question," she said, sharply; "I spoke only of justice. I would not do an injustice to the meanest thing-the vilest wretch that crawls."

She went on:

"I have not liked you, Dr. Urquhart: nor do I know that my feelings are altered now-but I respect you. Therefore, you are the only person of whom I can ask a favor. It is a secret. Will you keep it so ?" "Except from Theodora."

You are right. Have no

from Theodora. For her sake and your own-for your whole life's peace-never, even in the slightest thing, deceive that poor child !"

Her voice sharpened, her black evesback into her usual self. I see exactly the sort of woman, which, as you say, she will grow into-sister Penelopeaunt Penelope. Every one belonging to her must try, henceforth, to spare her every possible pang. After a few moments, I begged her to

say what I could do for her. "Read this letter, and tell me if you

think it is true

It was addressed to Sir William Treherne; the last humble appeal of a letter's being brought in to terminate. broken-down man; the signature, "Francis Charteris'

show, and returned the letter, merely inquiring if Sir William had answered it-"No; he will not. He disbelieves the facts.

"Do you also?

always accurate in his statements."

Women are in some things, stronger river looks at night, with its two long and harder than men. I doubt if any lines of lighted shores, and other lights man could have spoken as steadily as scattered in all directions, every vessel's your sister did at this minute. While I explained to her, as I thought it right to above all things, was a large, bright do, though with the manner of one talking of a stranger to a stranger, the presclouds, into the clear, dark zenith, conent position of Mr. Charteris, she re- verting the town of Liverpool into a my determination to see him safe home. plied not a sylable. Only passing a fairy city, and the muddy Mersey into a felled tree she suddenly sank down upon it, and sat motionless.

could free him from his debts and grant him protection from farther imprisonment; that though, thus sudk in circumworld again, health permitting. His health was never good-has it

failed him ?"

"I fear so."

r rame now if you plase

Your sister turned away. She satere both sat-for some time so still that

a bright-eyed squirrel came and peeped and the little ones up in a tall sycal

the address ones more, and I would pe a visit, friendly or medical, as the ea-might allow, to Mr. Charteria on n way home to hight.

"Thank you, Dr. Urquhart."

I then rose and took leave, time

"Stave one word if you please. that visit you will, of course, say, if required, that you learned the address from Treherne Court. You will name no other names?" "Certainly not."

But afterward you will write to me? "I will "

We shook hands, and I left her sitting there on the dead tree. I went on, wondering if anything would result from this curious combination of accidents; also, whether a woman's love, if cut off at the root, even like this tree, could be actually killed, so that nothing could revive it again. What think you, Theo-

But this trick of moralizing caught from you shall not be indulged. There

The train brought me to the opposite shore of our river, not half a mile's walk from Mr. Charteris's lodgings. They seemed "handsome lodgings," as he said: a tall, new house, one of many which, only half built, or half inhabited. make this Birkenhead such a dreary place. But it is improving year by year. Wrong this! and I know it; but, my I sometimes think it may be quite a busy love 1 sin sorely at times. I nearly and cheerful spot by the time I take a house here, as I intend. You will like

I asked for Mr. Charteris, and stumwhere he will be a child forever. After bled up the half lighted stairs into the sitting with him half an hour, I came wholly dark drawing-room. "Who the devil's there?"

He was in hiding, you must remember, as, indeed, I ought to have gone, and so taken the precaution first to send up my name, but I was afraid of nonadmittance. When the gas was lit, his state of apparent illness and weakness, made me cease to regret having gained entrance under any circumstances. Recognizing me, he muttered some apo-

"I was asleep; I usually do sleep after dinner." Then recovering his confused faculties, he asked with some hauteur, "To what may I attribute the pleasure of seeing Dr. Urxuhart? Are you like myself, a mere bird of passage, or a resident in Liverpool?" "I am a surgeon of —________ jail."

"Indeed, I was not aware. A good appointment I hope. And what jail did

I named it again and left the subject. If he chose to wrap himself in that thin cloak of deception, it was no business of a ruined man's most petty pride.

But it was an awkward position. You know how haughty Mr. Charteris can be; you know also that unlucky peculiarity ness, or what you please, my little English girl must cure if she can. Whether or not it was my fault, I soon felt that this visit was turning out a complete glittered a moment, and then she shrank failure. We conversed in the civilest manner, though somewhat disjoinedly, on politics, the climate and trade of Liverpool, etc; but Mr. Charteris and his real condition I learned no more of than if I were meeting him at a London dinner-party, or a supper with poor Tom Turtou, who is dead, as you know. Mr. Charteris did not, it seems, and his startled exclamation at hearing the fact was the only natural expression during my whole visit; which, after a few rather broad hints, I took the opportunity of a

Not, however, with any intention on my side of its being a final one. The I tried my best to disguise the emotion figure pf this wretched-looking invalid, which Miss Johnston herself did not though he would not own to illnessmen seldom will-lying in the solitary, fireless lodging-house parlor, where there was no indication of food, and a strong smell of opium, followed me all the way to the jetty, suggesting plan "I cannot say—the writer was not after plan concerning him.

You cannot think how pretty our dull rigging bearing one. And to-night, pleasant river, crossed by a pathway of there." And the poor fellow summoned silver, such as one always looks at with all his faculties, in order to speak ration-"What is he to do?" she said at last. a kind of hope that it would lead to ally. "You see, a gentleman in my cir-I replied that the Insolvent Court "come bright isle of rest." There was a cumstances-in short, could you recomsong to that effect popular when Dallas mend any place-a quiet, out-of-the-way and I were boys.

As the boat moved off, I settled myself I had suspected things were thus. And stances, a government situation was to enjoy the brief seven minutes of now, if I lost sight of him oven for future. hardly to be hoped for, still there were crossing-thinking, if I had but the lit. twenty-four hours, he might be lost per-

And now, Theodoro, I come to something which you must use your own the last place where creditors would judgment about telling your sister Pene-

Half way across I was attracted by the as he was, into my own rooms, and leave peculiar manner of a passenger, who had him fast askeep on my had,

leaped on the boat just as we were at us, stole a nut a few yards off, and shoved off, and now stood still as a carv- the influence I so seen cained, and kept; souttled away with it to Mrs. Squirrel ed figure, staring down into the foamy except that any person in his seven settrack of the paddle-wheels. He was so see always has power over another near-absorbed that he did not notice me, but ly out of them, and to a sick man there I recognized him at once, and an ugly is no autocrat like the doctor.

Suspicion estered my mind.

Now for his present condi-

perpetual warfare one with the other. This state—some people put poetical names upon it- but we doctors know that it is at least as much physical as mental, and that many a poor misanthrope, who loathes himself and the world, is merely an unfortunate victim of stomach and nerves, whom rest, natural living, and an easy mind, would soon make a man again. But that does not remove the pitifulness and danger of the case. While the man is what he is, he is little better than a monoman-

If I had not seen him before, the expression of his countenance, as he stood looking down into the river, would have been enough to convince me how necesis only time for the relation of bare facts. pary it was to keep a strict watch over Mr. Charteris.

When the rush of passengers to the angway made our side of the boat neary deserted, he sprang up to the steps of the paddle-vox, and there stood.

I once saw a man commit suicide. was one of ours, returning from the Crimea. He had been drinking hard, and was put under restraint, for fear of delirium tremens: but when he was thought recovered, one day, at broad noon, in sight of all hands, he suddenly jumped overboad. I caught sight of his face as he did so-it was exactly the expression of Francis Charteris.

Perhaps, in any case, you had better never repeat the whole of this to your Not till after a considerable struggle

did I pull him down to the safe deck once more. There he stood breathless. "You were not surely going to drown ourself, Mr. Charteris?

"I was. And I will." "Try, and I shall call the police to prevent your making such an ass of yourself.

It was no time to choose words, and in this sort of disease the best preventive one can use, next to a firm imperative will, is ridicule. He answered nothing -but gazed at me in simple astonish ment; while I took his arm and led him out of the boat across the landing stage.

"I beg your pardon for using such ass indeed who contemplates such a present, a helpless, hopeless, exacting nothing can hurt you without hurting thing; here, too, of all places. To be fished up out of this dirty river, like a mine to tear it off. Besides, one pities dead rat, for the entertainment of the I judge her countenance rightly, she is would write. magistrate's court to-morrow, and a firstrate paragraph in the Liverpool Mercury thing, sacrifice everything, and go back not understand. Besides, all this susdoubt, to be 'Found Drowned'-a mere body, drifted ashore with cocoa-nut husks and cabbages at Waterloo, or brought in as I once saw at these very stairs, one of the many poor fools who do this here yearly. They had picked him up eight miles higher up the river, and so brought him down lashed behind a rowing boat, floating face upward-" "Ah!"

I felt Charteris shudder.

You will, too my love, so I will repeat no more of what I said to him. But these ghastly pictures were the strongest arguments available with such a man. What was the use of talking to him af God, and life, and immortality? He had told me he believed in none of these things. But he believed in deaththe Epicurean's view of it-"to lie in cold obstruction and to rot." I thought, and still think, that it was best to use any lawful means to keep him from renesting the attempt Rest to save the man first, and preach to him afterward.

He and I walked up and down the streets of Liverpool almost in silence. except, when he darted into the first chemist's shop he saw to procure opium.

"Don't hinder me." he said, imploringly, "it is the only thing that keeps me

Then I walked him about once more till his pace flagged, his limbs tottered, moon, sailing up over innumerable white he became thoroughly passive and exhausted. I called a car, and expressed "Home? No, no, I must not go

place, where-where I could hide ?"

It was not difficult to persuade him that search for a debtor would be inside a

jail, nor to convey him, half stupefied

Now for his present condition try lodging, where an old woman I know will look after him. The place is humble nough, but they are honest people. He may lie safe there till some portion of bealth returns; his rent, etc.—my prudent little lady will be sure to be asking stray comments, not very flattering, on as little children, living entirely in the stray comments, not very flattering, on as little children, living entirely in the stray comments. after my "circumstances"—well, love, myself and my proceedings, but they present; content with each day's work his rent for the next month, at least, I troubled me little. I know that a man and each day's pleasure—and it was can easily afford to pay. The present is provided for—as to his future, heaven present circumstances, with opinions too

sister Penelope, explaining where Mr. the aid of other and more influential my sister of Francis's having passed Charteris was, his state of health, and people, such a man must have enemies. the position of his affairs; also, my ad- Be not afraid, love—mine are few; you were hoping to obtain for him a situvice, which he neither assents to nor de- and be sure I have given them no cause ation as corresponding clerk. Pour clines, that, as soon as his health will for animosity. True, I have contra- Francis! all his grand German and permit, he should surrender himself in dicted some, and not many men can Spanish to have sunk down to the writ-London, go through the Insolvent Court stand contradiction—but I have wronged and start anew in life. A hard life, at no man to my knowledge. My conbest, since, whatever situation he may science is clear. So they may spread obtain, it will take years to free him what absurd reports or innuendoes they from all his liabilities.

Miss Johnston's answer I received this morning. It was merely an envelope containing a bank note of £20, Sir William's gift, possibly; I told her he had out of a little feeble-heartedness that has better be made aware of his nephew's abject state—or do you suppose it is tent my Theodora. from herself? I thought beyond your quarterly allowance, you had none of you much ready money? If there is anything I ought to know before applying this sum to the use of Mr. Charteris. you will, of course, tell me.

I have been to see him this afternoon. It is a poor room he lies in, but clean and quiet. He will not stir out of it: it was with difficulty I persuaded him to have the window opened so that we might enjoy the still autumn sunshine. the church bells, and the little robin's heart smote me with a heavy doubt as to what was to be the end of Francis Char-

will be months, years in recovering, even days—it is a long time to go about as is if he is ever his old self again-bodily, I mean: whether his inner self is undergoing any change, I have small means o judging. The best thing for him, both or better, one's love, may often quite

I need scarcely say I have taken every almost sick with fear. precaution that he should never see nor He has never named her, nor any one: past and future seem alike swept out of possible! But you are my Max; any strong language, but a man must be an his mind; he only lives in the miserable thing happening to you happens to me; invalid. Not on any account would I me. Do you feel this as I do? it so, have Lydia Cartwright see him now. If surely, under any circumstances you crowd; to make a capital case at the just the girl to do exactly what you Forgive! I meant not to blame you women are so prone to-forgive every- we never ought to blame what we can-- 'Attempted Suicide of a Gentleman.' to the old love. Ah! Theodora, what pense may end to-morrow. Max does lightly of woman's love, women's for

I am glad Mr. Johnston allows you hear you saying, "My little lady," as occasionally to see Mrs. Cartwright and distinctly as if you were close at hand, the child, and that the little fellow is so and had called me. Yet it is a year well cared for by his grandmother. If, since I have heard the sound of your with his father's face, he inherits his voice, or seen your face. father's temperament, the nervously Augustus says, of late, you have turn. sensitive organization of a modern ed quite gray. Never mind, Max! I like "gentleman," as opposed to the healthy silver locks. An old man I knew used animalism of a working man, life will be to say, "At the root of every gray hair is an uphill road to that poor boy.

Yesterday, I saw her stand watching the you would soon be ten years youngerline of female convicts-those with infants-as one after the other they filed you had a home to come back to, andout, each with her baby in her arms, and and me. passed into the exercising ground. Afterward, I watched her slip into one of demoralizing result of having been for a the empty cells, fold up a child's cap whole year loved and cared for: of that had been left lying about, and look knowing ourselves, for the first time in at it wistfully, as if she almost envied our lives, first objett to somebody! the forlorn occupant of that dreary nook, There now, I can laugh again; and so I where, at least, the mother had her child with her continually. Poor Lydia! she may begin and write my letter. It shall not be a sad or complaining letter, if I key, not on her house-hold bunch, but in a corner of her desk. lead astray must have been, and will always be, her affections.

little Frank. I wonder, does his father you remember, we had our celebrated ever think of him, or of the poor mother. He was "always kind to them," you tell These are putting out their leaves alme she declared; possibly fond of them, ready; there will be such quantities this so far as a selfish man can be. But how can such a one as he understand what it must be to be a father!

My love, I must cease writing now. It is midnight, and I have to take as much sleep as I can; my work is very hard just at present; but happy work, because, through it, I look forward to a lately. I conclude some controversy, in

Your father's brief message of thanks more firmly than usual. Or new "ene-Your father's brief message of thanks for my telegram about Mr. Treherne was mies"—business foes only, of course, brated where it is known for the cure of in Liverpool clerkships and mercantile opportunities, in which any person so opportunities, in which any person so of fond of, the little hand to keep opportunities, in which any person so of fond of, the little hand to keep opportunities, in which any person so of fond of, the little hand to keep opportunities, in which any person so opportunities, and the person so opportunities opportunities, and the person so opportunities opportunities oppor way you consider would be most pleasing grieve; you will live down any passing—that is, least unpleasing to him, from animosity. It will be all smooth

od on the boat just as we were Yet, even now, I cannot account for letter, though not, I trust, with the most off, and now stood still as a care the influence I so soon gained, and kept; important fact therein. Though I reopened my letter to inform you of it, you yourself chose, to wh lest you might learn it in some other way, I consider it of very slight moment, and only name it because these sort of small says, "Max, tell me!" unpleasantnesses have a habit of growing like snowballs every yard they roll.

Our chaplain has just shown me in this morning's paper a paragraph about myself, not complimentary, and decedly ill-natered. It hardly took me by surobstinate and manners too blunt to get to dwell on the future or revert to the only knows.

I wrote, according to promise, to your these aims carried out, as many do, by

> will-I shall live it all down. My spirit seems to have had a douche bath this morning, cold but salutary. This tangible annoyance will brace me been growing over me of late; so be con-

I send you the newspaper paragraph. Read it, and burn it.

Is Penelope come home? I nee scarcely observe, that only herself and of the circumstances I have related with respect to Mr. Charteris.

> CHAPTER XXXIV. HER STORY.

A fourth Monday, and my letter has not come. Oh, Max, Max! You are not ill, I know; for Augustus saw you on song. Turning back to the sickly drawn Saturday. Why were you in such haste face, buried in the sofa-pillows, my to slip away from him? He himself even noticed it.

For me, had I not then heard of your well-being, I should have disquieted my self sorely. Three weeks-twenty-one there were a stone lying in the corner of one's heart, or a thorn piercing it. One may not acknowledge this: one's reason mentally and physically, would be a fend argue it down; yet, it is there. This good woman's constant care; but that he morning, when the little postman went whistling past Rockmount gate, I turned

Understand me not with one sort of hear anything of Lydia, nor she of him. fear. Faithlesaness or forgetfulness are -well, with you they are-simply im-

a cell of wisdom." How will you be His mother's heart aches after him able to bear with the foolishness of this orely at times, as I can plainly perceive. me? Yet all the better for you. I know looks and all-if, after your hard work,

See how conceited we grow! See the

pring is coming n tast. I never re-

member such a March. Buds of chest-Perhaps, as the grandmother cannot nuts bursting, blackbirds singing, prim-Perhaps, as the grandmother cannot write, it would be a comfort to Lydia, if roses out in the lane, a cloud of snowy Frost Bites and Chilblains. your next letter enabled me to give to wind-flowers gleaming through the trees her a fuller account of the welfare of of my favorite wood, concerning which, battle about the blue-bells and hyacinths. year. How I should like to show you my bank of-ahem! blue-bells! Mischieveous still, you perceive. Ob-

stinate, likewise; almost as obstinate as

Augustus hints at some "unpleasant Obtain it of your druggist. ousiness" you have been engaged in which you have to "hold your own" animosity. It will be all smooth sailin

self gave her place and rights, who comes to you with her heart full of love and

Now, no more of this, for I have much

to tell you—I tell you everything.
You know how quietly this
has passed away with us at Rocky how, from the time Penelope returned, she and I seemed to begin our lives answ past, except when, by your desire, I told through the Insolvent Court, and how ing of a merchant's business letters, in a musty Liverpool office! Will he ever bear it? Well, except this time, and once afterward, his name has never been mentioned, eithe. by Penelope or me.

The second time happened thus-I did not tell you then, so I will now. When our Christmas bills came in-our private ones, my sister had no money to meet them. I soon guessed that—as, from your letter, I had already guessed where her half-yearly allowance had gone. I was perplexed, for, though she now confides to me nearly everything of her daily concerns, she has never told me you are asquainted, or will be, with any that. Yet she must have known I knew -that you would be sure to tell me.

At last, one morning as I was passing the door of her room, she called n

She was standing before a chest of drawers, which I had noticed, she always kept locked. But to-day the top drawer was open, and out of a small jewel-case that lay on it, she had taken a string of pearls. "You remember this?"

Oh! yes. But Penelope looked steadily at it: so, of course, did I.

"Hove you nny idea, Dora, what it is worth, or how much Sir William gave

I knew; for Lisabel had told me herself, in the days when we were all racking our brains to find out suitable marriage presents for the governor's

"Do you think it would be wrong, or that the Trehernes would be annoyed if 1 sold it?" "Sold it!" "I have no money-and my bills must

be paid. It is not dishonest to sell what is one's own, though it maybe somewhat painful. I could say nothing. The pain was

keen-even to me. She then reminded me how Mrs. Granton had once admired these pearls, saving, when Colin married she should like to give her daughter-in-law just such another necklace.

"If she would would not mind asking her-"No, no !"

"Thank you, Dora."

She replaced the necklace in its case, and gave it into my hand. I was slipping out of the room, when she said: "One moment, child. There was something more I wished to say to you. Look here.

She uulocked drawer atter drawer. There lay, carefully arranged, all her wedding-clothes, even to the white silk dress, the wreath and veil. Everything was put away in Penelope's own tidy, over-particular fashion, wrapped in silver paper, or smoothly folded, with sprigs of lavender between She must have done it leisurely and orderly, after her peculiar habit, which made us, when she was only a girl of seventeen, tease Penelope by calling her "old maid." Even now, she paused more than once

to refold or rearrange something-tenderly, as one would arrange the clothes TO BE CONTINUED.

Yellow Oil is unsurpassed for the cure of Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Wounds, Frost Bites and Chilblains. No other medicine required in the household. It is for internal as well as external use. Every bottle is guaranteed to give satisfaction. All medicine dealers sell it.

Cure that Cough! You can do it speedily, safely and surely with Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. Now is the season to guard against colds:

If you would present Cough. vent Comsumption neglect not the mos vent Comsumption neglect not the inter-trifling symptoms. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam will never fail you. It cures Croup, Asthma. Bronchitis, Whooping-Cough and all Putmonary complaints.

ZOPESA FROM BRAZIL -As a result of the new commercial enterprise just resuming importance with Brazil, is the Zopesa comes to us highly endorsed and real by-and-by. But in the meantime, why Organs, its certainty to relieve and cure its winderful amounty to the Digestive And now farewell—farewell, my only not tell me? I am not a child—and am Dyspe, sia and Constitution, makes this And now farewell—larewell, my only to be your wife, dax,

to be your wife, dax,

The company make sample bottles at the trifling cost of 10 cents, to be had of F. Jordan, Druggist, Goderich.

HORTIC

The Strat its report of Society mee the followin

Verbenas. single class ation out of be my choic range of co with the exc anium. In of trailing h by heavy ra dom. It be few inches destroyed b not putting do, as it wil uninjured, the cooler d part of May soil, thus er the scorchi of June. I to have a throughout bena, in c should hav not particul or sandy r and well dr Geraniun entitled to ers, for no general ut plants that entire year window, th

preferable i vice in the ing the wir pect a plan to continue summer. for the ver geranium, early planti of bloom be cut off, for seed, is s powers of usually gro bedding pu bound. If grown in a ter satisfac the roots w ing order, ke kindly new ro to be gaine working or plant that

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