THE ANGLO-AMERICAN EDITOR'S OREED.

(Considerably) after Lowell. BY FANNY PARNELL.

I by believe in its dom's cause
Ex for away ex Turkey is;
I love to see the base Bashaws
An's ultans made to mind their biz;
T'was wal enough when 'gin the king
Riz up our vallant daddles,
But libbaty's a kind of thing
Thet don't agree with Paddles.

I du believe thet people loves I du believe thet people loves
Coercion Acts and rack-rents.
I want to see them suckin'-doves,
The landlords, git their back rents;
Fer I hev loved old England sence
Myeye-teeth cut their sockets,
An' Johnny Bull I reverence,
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe it's wise and good
To back up emigration;
We want white slaves for raisin' food,
And buildin' up our nation;
We want chesp labor everywhere,
We must hev lower wages,
An'so we bless the Lord whene'er
An Irish famine rages.

I du believe in special ways
O' benefitin' others,
An' he's a lyin' cuss who says
Them Irish is our brothers;
Onrglorious Anglo-Saxon blood
Blies over atsich gabble;
I guess we're made o' finer mud.
Than any Connaught rabble.

I du believe with all my soul
In our great Press's freedom
To pint the masses to the goal.
An' gently gull an' bleed'em;
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
Fersacred speculation,
And withered be the nose that pokes
Intera corporation. Inter a corporation.

I du believe thet Property
Hez rights of all most holy,
An' every man should bow the knee,
An' do it homsge so ely;
I du believe thet all o' me
Bears Mammon's superscription.
Brains, conscience, heart an' honesty,
And things o' thet description.

I don't believe in clamorous mobs,
An' Communistic rantin';
I du believe in rings an' jobs,
An' most in learned Cantin';
This lays oneasy thoughts to rest, While landlords raise and bless me, atricians hail mens a guest, And duchesses caress me.

I don't believe in change an' storm. An' kickin' up a ruction;
I du believe thet land reform
Means chaos and destruction;
I don't believe in any brand
O' blarsted agitator;
I think the nobles got the land
Straight from the land's Creator!

I du belleve the holdin' slaves
With black skins is improper,
An' so 'twas right them Southern knaves
Should git a fearful cropper;
We did not love so much the nigger,
Eut hated bard his owner.
An' if the South had grown much bigger,
North would have been agoner.

I du believe in rank an' caste.
An' England's constituotion;
I almost think George went too fast
With that-air revolution;
We can't do long without a court
An' Galaxies patrician,
Agin the mob to hold the fort
An's new us from perdition. An'save us from perdition.

So let us labor, brethren dear,
To combat low-born error.
An' strike each soshul mulineer
An' demagogue with terror;
The herd were made for us to thrash,
An' take it all as kindness, it is still the meanest trash That keeps men best in blindn s.

An' don't forgit thet Mammon rules,
An' Humbug is his prophet;
Thank Heaven fer a world o' fools,
An' take your pickin's of it;
So shelyou stray in pastures rich
'Mid all the big bugs' praises,
An' Rebs, an' iteus, an' itads, an sich,
hel go to tarnal blazes!

## **CHARLIE STUART**

AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

CHAPTER 111.-CONTINUED.

"And suppose, he is christened Victor Dobb Catheron, what then? It is an honest English name, of which none of my family have ever had reason to feel ashamed. My husband's mother may have been the daughter of a marquis-my son's mother is the daughter of a tradesman—the name that has been good enough for me will be good enough for him. I have yet to learn there si any disgrace in honest trade.

Miss Catheron smiled once more, a smile more stinging than words.

"No doubt. You have many things yet to She held a glass of iced champagne to the learn, I am quite sure. Victor, tell your wife that however dulcet her voice may be, it would sound sweeter if not raised so very Ethel mechanically drank. Then the high. Of course, it is to be expected; I make every allowance, poor child, for the failings of her—class. The dreseing bell is ringing, dinner in an hour, until then-au revoir." Still with that most insolent smile she

bows low once more, and in her gold silk, her Spanish laces, her diamonds and splendor, Miss Catheron swept out of the room. And this was Ethel's welcome home.

Just two hours later, a young man came walking briskly up the long avenue leading to the great portico entrance of Catheron Royals. The night was dark, except for the chill white stars-here under the arching oaks and elms not even the starlight shone. But neither for the darkness or loneliness cared this young man. With his hands in his pockets he went along at a swinging pace, bigamy—there must be a mistake. You are whistling cheerily. You could make out no my wife, and as such I claim you."
more in the darkness. "Ethel, you hear that," Sir Victor cried in

The great house loomed up before him, huge, black, grand, a row of lights all along the floor. The young man stopped his whistling, and looked up with a smile not plea-

ant to see. "Four years ago," he said, between his teeth, "you flung me from your door like a dog, most noble baronet, and you swore to is a monstrous lie. Victor! O, Victor, send lodge me in Cheshalm jail if I ever presume him away! It isn't true—it isn't, it isn't it to come back. And I swore to pay you off if | isn't!" I ever had the chance. To-night the chance has come, thanks to the girl that jilted me. You're a young man of uncommonly high stomach, my baronet, proud as the deuce and jealous as the devil. I'll give your pride and your jealousy a chance to show themselves

brought it down with a clang that echoed I'm your husband, if you can." through the house. Then he began whistling again, watching those lighted, lace-draped

"And to think," he was saying inwardly "to think of our little Ethel being mistress here. On my word it's a lift in life for the soap-boiler's pretty danghter. I wonder what they're all about up there now, and how Inez been the dickens to pay when she heard it her clasped hands to her husband, "hear me first."

The heavy door swung back, and a dignified elderly gentleman in broadcloth and silk thought he was drowned. I wanted to tell stockings, stood gazing at the intruder. The you all—I did, indeed, but papa and mamma young man steped from the outer darkness into the lited vestibule, and the elderly gen. tleman fell back with a cry: "Master Juan !"

Mister Juan, Hooper, if you please-Mister | lover then, years ago, in Scotland." Juan. William, my old cockalorum, my last FOSE of summer, how goes it?"

He grasped the family butler's hand wi th a jolly laugh, and gave it a shake that brought truth," tears of torture to its owners eyes. In the "Sile blaze of the hall chandelier he stood revealed, a big fellow, with eyes and hair raven black, and a bold bronze face.

"What Villiam! friend of my childhood's days, ' none knew thee but to lr, ve thee, none named thee but to praise'-not a word of welcome! Stricken dumb at sight of the prodi-gal son! I say! where's, the rest? The haronet, you know, and may sister and the new love? The day I was to return home, we exwife and kid? In the Lining-room?"

just able to gasp, as, with horror pictured on his face he falls back. "All right, then. Don't fatigue your ven-

He Lounces up the stairs, this lively young man, and the next instant, hat in hand, stands in the large, handsome, brilliantly lit diningroom. They are still lingering over the desand stand confounded. The young man

strikes a theatrical attitude.

"Scene-dining-room of the reprobate breaks into a rollicking laugh and changes stooped and kissed the tear wet, passionate, his tone for that of every day life. "Didn't pleading face. expect me, did you?" he says, addressing everybody. "Joyfulsurprise, isn't it? Inez, how do? Baronet, your humble servant and sit down." Sorry to intrude, but I've been told my wife is He placed he here, and I've come after her, naturally. And here she is, Ethel, my darling, who'd have thought of seeing you at Catheron Royals, an honored guest? Give ut a kiss my angel. and say you're glad to see your scapegrace husband back.

He strides forward and has her in his arms before any one can speak. He stooped his black-bearded face to kiss her, just as with a gasping sob, her golden head falls on his shoulder and she faints dead away.

DIES THE CHAPTER IV. 1 TOTAL "1'LL NOT BELIEVE BUT DESDEMONA'S HONEST."

With a cry that is like nothing human, Sir Victor Catheron leaps forward and tears his fainting wife out of the grasp of the blackbronzed, bearded, piratical-looking young

man. "You villain!" he shouts, hoarse with amaze and fury; "Stand back, or by the liv-ing Lord I'll bave your life! You scoundrel, how dare you lay hands on my wife !"

"Your wife! Yours! Come now, I like know. Don't call names, and do keep your temper—violent language is unbecoming a gentleman and a baronet. Increment the street of a thing is a marriage in twenty onet, this sort of a thing is a marriage in the street onet, this sort of a thing is a marriage in the street onet, this sort of a thing is a marriage in the street onet, this sort of a thing is a marriage in the street onet, this sort of a thing is a marriage in the street one that that! It's against the law of this narrowhe mean by calling Ethel his wife?" "She is his wife," Inez answers, her black

eyes glittering.
"Oh, but I'll be hanged if she is. mine-mine hard and fast, by jingo. There's some little misunderstanding here. Keep

your temper, baronet, and let us clear it up. I married miss Ethel Dobb in Glasgow, on the thirteenth of May, two years ago. Now, Sir Victor Catheron, when did you marry

Sir Victor made no answer; his face, as he stood supporting his wife, was ghastly with rage and fear. Ethel lay like one dead; Juan Catheron still eminently good-humored and self-possessed, turned to his sister:

"Look here, Inez, this is how it stands; Miss Dobb was only fifteen when I met her first. It was in Scotland. We fell in love with each other; it was the suddenest case of spoons you ever saw. We exchanged pictures, we vowed vows, we did the 'meet me by moonlight alone' business—you know the programme yourself. The time has come to part-Ethel to return to school, I to sail for the China Sea-and the day we left Scotland we went into church and were married. There! I don't deny we parted at the church door, and have never met since, but she's my wife; mine, baronet, by Jove! since the first marriage is the legal one. Come now! You don't mean to say that you've been and married another fellow's wife. 'Pon my word, you know I shouldn't have believed it of Ethel."

"She is reviving," Inez said. She spoke quietly, but her eyes were shining like black stars. She knew her brother for a liar of old, but what if this were true? what if her vengeance were here so soon?

white lips.
"Drink!" she said authoritatively, blue eyes opened, and she stood erect in Sir Vic-

tor's arms. "Oh, what is it!" she said. "What has happened?"

Her eyes fell upon the dark intruder, and with a cry of fear, a shudder of repulsion, her hands flew up and covered her face. "Don't be afraid my darling," Sir Victor

said holding her close, and looking with flashing defiant eyes at his enemy; "this coward has told a monstrous falsehood. Deny it, my love. I ask no more, and my servants shall kick him out."

"Oh, shall they !" said Mr. Catheron, "well, we'll see. Now, Ethel, look here. I don't understand this business, you know. What does Sir Victor mean by calling you his wife? It isn't possible you've gone and committed

a voice of agony; for Heaven's sake speak! the sight of this fellow—the sound of his voice is driving me mad. Speak and deny this horrible charge."

"She can't," said Juan Catheron! "I can! I do!" exclaimed Ethel, starting up with flushing face and kindling eyes; "it

"Hold on, Sir Victor," Mr. Catheron interposed, "let me ask this young lady a question or two. Ethel, do you remember May, two years ago, in Scotland? Look at this picture, t's yours, isn't it? Look at this ring on my little finger; you gave it to me, didn't you? Think of the little Glasgow presbytery where He lifted the massive brass knocker, and | we went through the ceremony, and deny that

But her blood was up—gentle, yielding, ti-midshe had yet a spirit of her own, and her share of British "pluck.

She faced her accuser like a small fair faced lioness, her eyes flashing blue fire. "I do deny it! You wretch, how dare you come here with such a lie?" She turned her back upon him with a scorn under which takes it. I should think there must have even he winced. "Victor!" she cried, lifting and forgive me if you can. I have done wrong-wrong-but 1-I was afraid, and I were afraid—afraid of losing you, Victor, I told you a falsehood about the photographbe, that wretch, did give it to me, and-" her face dropped with a bitter sob-i he was my

truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the

"Silence, sir?" Lady Catheron cried, "and don't dare call me Ethel. I was only fifteen, Victor—think of it a child of fifteen, spending my holidays in Glasgow when I met him. And he darad to make love to me. It amused him for the time—representing himself to me as a sort of banished prince, a robleman in changed pictures and rings, and he took me "In the dining-room," Mr. Hooper is but out for a last welk. He led me into a solitary chapel, and made me join hands, and pledge myself to be his wife. There was not a soul in the place but ourselves. As we left erable shanks preceding me. I know the it we met papa. We shook hands and partway. Bless you, William, bless you, and be ed, and until this hour I have never since set eyes on his face. Victor, don't blame me too much-think what a child I was-remember I was afraid of him. The instant he was out of my sight I disliked him. He wrote to me
—I never answered his letters, except once, sert, and with a simultaneous cry, and as if and then it was to return his, and tell him to by one impulse, the three start to their feet trouble me no more. That is all. O Victor! don't look like that I I am sorry-I am sorry. Forgive me or I shall die."

He was ashen white, but there was a dig-Don Glovanni'—tremulo music, lights down uity about him that awed into silence even enter statue of virtuous Don Pedro." He the easy assurance of Juan Catheron. He

> "I believe you," he said; "your only fault was in not telling me long ago. Don't cry,

He placed her in a chair, walked over, and

confronted his cousin. "Juan Catheron," he said, " you are a slanderer and a scoundrel, as you always were. Leave this house, and never, whilst I live, set your foot across its threshold. Five years ago you committed a forgery of my name for three thousand pounds. I turned you cut of Catheron Royals and let you go. I hold that forged check yet. Enter this house again, repeat your infamous lie, and you shall rot in Chesholm jail! I spared you then for your sister's sake-for the name you bear and disgrace—but come here again and defame my wife, and I'll transport you though you were my brother. Now go, and never come back."

He walked to the door and flung it wide. Juan Catheron stood and looked at bim, his admirable good humor unruffled, something like genuine admiration in his face."

" By Jupiter!" he exclaimed, "who'd have thought it! Such a milk-sop as he used to be! Well, baronet, I don't deny you got the upper hand of me in that unpleasant little affair of the forgery, and Portland Island with a chain on my leg and hard labour for twenty tural she should prefer the owner of Catheron Royals and twenty thousand per annum, to a poor devil of a sailor like me; but all the same, it's hard lines. Good-bye, Inez-be sisterly, can't you, and come and see a fellow. I'm stopping at the 'Ring o' Bells,' in Chesholm. Good-bye Ethel thou hast learned to love another, thou hast broken every vow, but thou might shake hands for the sake of old times. You won't—well, then, good-bye without. The next time I maray I'll make sure of my wife."

He swaggered out of the room, giving Sir Victor a friendly and forgiving nod, flung his wide-awake on his black curls, clattered down the stairs and out of the house.

"By-by, William," he said to the butler. "I'm off again, you see. Most inhospitable lot I ever saw-never so much as offered me a glass of wine. Good night my daisy. Oh river! as they say in French. Oh river!"

The door closed upon him. He looked back at the lighted windows and laughed. "I've given them a rare fright if nothing

else. She went off, stiff at sight of me, and he-egad! the little fair-faced baronet's plucky after all-such a mollycoddie used to be. Of course her being my wife's all bosh, but the scare was good fun. And it won't end here-my word for it. He's as jealous as the Grand Turk. I hope Inez will come to see me and give me some money. If she doesn't, I must go and see her, that's all. He was gone-and for a moment silence

reigned. Lights bnrned, flowers bloomed, crystal and silver shone, rare wines and rich fruits glowed. But a skeleton sat at the Juan Catheron had done many evil feast. deeds in his lifetime, but never a more dastardly deed than to-night.

There was a flash of intolerable triumph in the dark eyes of lnez. She detested her brother, but she could have kissed him now. She had lost all, wealth, position, and the man she loved—this girl with the tangled yellow hair and pink and white face had taken all from her, but even her path was not to be altogether a path of roses.

Ashen pale and with eyes averted, Sir Victor walked back and resumed his seat at the table. Ashen pale, trembling and frightened, Ethel sat where he had placed her. And no one spoke-what was there to be said?

It was a fortunate thing that just at this juncture baby should see fit to wake and set up a dismal cry, so shrill as to penetrate even to the distant dinner-room. Lady Ca-theron rose to her feet, uttered a hasty and incoherent apology, and ran from the room.

She did not return. Peace reigned, the infant heir of the Catherons was soothed, but his mamma went downstairs no more that night. She lingered in the nursery for over an hour. Somehow, by her baby's side she felt a sense of peace and safety. She dreaded to meet her husband. What must he think of her? She had stooped to concealment, to falsehood-would he ever love her or trust her again?

She went at last to her room. On the the window and looked out at the starlit sky, at the darkly-waving trees of the park. "to find in my husband's house my rival and enemy, whose first look, whose first words are insults. She is mistress here, not I. And go one step too far." that fatal folly of my ohildhood come back. That horrible man!" satalone. "Ah, why did I not tell, why did mamma beg me to hide it from him? was so afraid he would have gone-so afraid her daughter would miss a baronet, and I—I was weak and a coward. No, it is all over- | good morning." he will never care for me, never trust me

again." He came in as she sat there, mournful and alone. In the dusk of the chamber, the little half-hidden white figure caught his eye, the golden hair glimmering through the

dusk "Ethel," he said, "is that window open? Come away immediately-you will take cold ia the draught." He spoke gently but very coldly, as he had

him with a great sob. "Oh, Victor, forgive me," she said. He was silent for a moment. He loved her with a great and passionate love; to see her weep was torture; to see her suffer, misery. She had never been dearer than in this hour. "Ah!" quoted Mr. Catheron, "truth is Still he stood aloof, torn by doubt, racked by mighty and will prevail! Tell it Ethel; the jealousy.

"Ethel," he cried out, "why did you deceive me? I thought I could have sworn you were all truth and innocence, stainless as a lily, white as an angel. And to think that another man-and of all men Juan Catheron. No. I can't even think of it—it is enough to

drive me mad !" She fell down on her knees before him and

held up her clasped hands. "I was only a child, Victor. I knew no-thing of him, nothing of love. I have done wrong, shamefully, sinfully wrong, in con-cealing the truth, but you were so exacting, so jealous, and I was so afraid of losing you. I loved you so—I loved you so. O, Victor, forgive me or I shall die!"

He looked down at her, the hatred that is twin sister to love in his eyes.

"And I was a baronet. Had that anything to do with your fear of losing me; or was the deception, the talsehood, caused wholly by love ?"

It was the first cruel thing he had ever said to her, repented of as soon as said. She arose to her feet and turned away.

"I have deserved it," she answered. told you a falsehood once-why should you believe me now? I have no more to say. The woman who had ever known Juan Catheron could be no wife of yours-that was your sentence—was I likely to confess after hearing it? I hid the truth for fear of losing you-attribute the motive to what you fit. Send me away if you like. It will be phew.

no more than I deserve." She stood with her back toward him looking out into the night. He was standing also quite still, listening and watching her. Send her away. She knew him well; knew that it was utterly impossible he could let her go, could live without her, as that she could reach up and remove one of those shining stars.

"Send you away," he repeated; "send you away, Ethel! my love, my wife!"

She was in his arms, held to him in strained embrace. She trembled, she shrank in his grasp. That fierce impetuosity of his love frightened her at times.

"Then you do forgive me?" she whispered. "Oh, Victor, I am, I am sorry. Indeed, indeed, my darling, it was because I loved you I dared not tell. You forgive me, I know, but let me hear you say it."

"Forgive you! Ethel, is there anything in the world I would not forgive? I have heard of men who went mad and died for women. laughed at them once-I can understand t now. I should die or go mad if I lost you. I forgive you, but—if you had only told me before."

There was a little sob, and her head lay on

his shoulder. "I tried to once or twice-1 did indeed, but you know what a coward I am. And mamma forbade my telling-that is the truth. She said I had been a little fool-that was all over and done with-no need to be a great | Don't be too hard on ker, my dear-it isn't her were married, and I saw you jealous of every | more than I. But not that that blue-eyed man I looked at-you know you were, sir!-I was more scared than ever. I thought Juan Catheron was dead. I never wrote to him. I had returned all his letters. I knew that I had done so very wrong in knowing him at all, until that day in Russell Square. But \ictor—husband—only forgive

me this once, and I'll never, never have a secret from you again as long as I live." She was little better than a child still—this pretty youthful matron and mother. And the sweet, pleading, the big blue eyes swimming with tears, the quivering lips, the pathetic voice, he did what you, sir, would have done in his place-kissed and forgave her.

> CHAPTER V. IN THE TWILIGHT.

"No words can be strong enough to reprehend your conduct, Victor. You have acted disgracefully: you are listening sir---dis gracefully, I say, to your cousin Inez. And you are the first of your line who has blurred the family escutcheon. Dukes' daughters have entered Catheron Royals as brides. It was left for you to wed a scap-boiler's daugh-

Thus spoke Lady Helena Powyss, of Powyss Place, to her nephew, Sir Victor Catheron, just one fortnight after that memorable night of his wife and heir's coming home. The young man stood listening in sullen anger, the red blood mounting to his very temples. His cousin Inez had managed during the past two weeks to make his existence as thoroughly uncomfortable as a thoroughly jealous and piteful woman can. He had flown at last to his aunt for comfort, and this is how he got

"Lady Helena," he burst forth, "this is too much! Not even from you will I bear it. A soap-boiler's daughter my wife may be -it is the only charge that can be brought against her. I have married to please myself, and it does please me enormously. Inez, confound her, badgers me enough. I didn't expect. Aunt Helena, to be badgered by you. "I have no wish to badger you. I bring no charge against your wife. I have seen her but once, and personally like her excessively. I believe her to be as good as she is pretty. But against your conduct I do and will protest. You have cruelly, shamefully wronged your cousin—hamiliated her beyond all telling. I can only wonder—yes, Victor, wonder -that with her fiery nature she takes it as

quietly as she does.' "As quietly as she does! Good Heavens!" burst forth that "badgered" baronet. "You should live in the same house with her to find out how quietly she takes it. Women understand how to torture—they should have been grand inquisitors of a Spanish inquisition, if such a thing ever existed. I am dressing-table wax lights burned, but the afraid to face her. She stabs my wife in fifty bedroom was unlit. She seated herself by different ways fifty times a day, and I—my different ways fifty times a day, and I-my guilty conscience won't let me silence her. Ethel has not known a happy hour since she And this is my welcome home," she thought, entered Catheron Royals, and all through her infernal serpent tongue. Let her take careif she were ten times my consin, even she may

"Does that mean, Victor, you will turn her She shuddered as she from Catheron Boyals?"

"It means that if you like. Inez is my cousin, Ethel is my wife. You are her friend, Aunt, Helena; you will be doing a friendly action if you drop her a hint. I wish you

He took his hat and turned to go, his handsome blonde face sullen and set. "Very well," Lady Helena answered; "I

will. You are to blame-not that poor fairhaired child. I will speak to Inez; and, Victor, I will try to forgive you for your mother's sake. Though you broke her heartshe would have forgiven you. I will try to do as she would have done—and I like the little thing, You will not fail me on Thursday next? If I take up your wife all the neighborhood will, never spoken to her before. She turned to you may depend."

"We are not likely to fail. The invitation must. is like your kindness, Aunt Helena. Thanks very much ?"

His short-lived anger died away; he gave his hand frankly to his aunt. She was his wife's friend—the only one who had taken the slightest notice of her since her arrival, couldn't really couldn't call on the soapboiler's daughter.

Sir Victor Catheron had shocked and scandalized his order as it had not been shooked and scandalized for half a century. A bank- all? er's daughter, a brewer's daughter, they were prepared to accept—banking and browing are ner good-humoredly, it isn't worth that despendent of things: But a soapboiler?—

Spairing face. Just put on one of your pret. genteel soit of the secret |—and a baby born in and married in secret |—and a baby born in lodgings?—and Miss Catheron jilted in cold your pearls. Be your own simple, natural, dear little self, and there will not be a lady at No, they could not call upon the new Lady Catheron-well, at least until they saw whether the Lady Helena Powyss meant to take

her up. Lady Helena was the only sister of the young baronet's late mother, with no children of her own, and very strongly attached to both Sir Victor and Inez. His mother's dying desire had been that he should marry his her veins, but no young peeress, born to the cousin. He had promised, and Lady Helena's strongest hopes in life had been to see that promise fulfilled. The news of his low marriage felll upon her like a thunderbolt. She was the proudest of dowagers—when had a Catheron made a messalliance before? No; she could not forgive him-could never receive his wife.

But when he came to her, pale, sad, appealing for pardon she relented. It was a very tender and womanly heart, despite its pride of birth, that beat in Lady Helena's bosom; and jolly Squire Powyss who had seen the little please. I am yours to dispose of as you see | wife at the Royals, took sides with his ne-

> "It's done, and can't be undone, my dear," the squire said, philosophically; " and its always wise to make the best of a bad bargain; and 'pon my life, my love, its the sweetest little face the sun ever shone upon! Gad I'd have done it myself. Forgive him, my dear-boys will be boys-and go and see his wife."

Lady Helena yielded-love for her boy was stronger than pride or anger. She went; and there came to one of the dusk drawingrooms of the Royals, a little white vision, with fair, floating hair, and pathetic blue eyes—a little creature, so like a child, that the tender, motherly heart of the great lady went out to her at once.

"You pretty little thing!" she said, taking her in her arms and kissing her as though she had been eight rather than eighteen. "You are nothing but a baby yourself, and you have got a baby they tell me. Take me to see

him, my dear." They were friends from that hour. Ethel. with grateful tears in her eyes, led her up to the dainty berceaunette where the heir of Catheron Royals slept; and as she kissed his velvet cheek and looked pityingly from baby to mother, the last remains of anger died out of her heart. Lady Helena Powyss would "take Lady Catheron up."

"She's pretty, and gentle, and good, and a lady if ever I saw one," she said to Inez Catheron; "and she doesn't look too happy. fool, telling my own folly. And after we fault. Victor is to blame. No one feels that child-try to forgive her, Inez my love. A

little kindness will go a long way there. Inez Catheron, sitting in the sunlit window of her own luxurious room, turned her face thought I had destroyed his picture; I never | from the rosy sunset sky full upon her aunt.

"I know what I owe my cousin Victor and his wife," she answered steadily, "and one

day I shall pay my debt."

The large, lustrous Spanish eyes turned once more to the crimson light in the western sky. Some of that lurid splendor lit her There is music. A certain Lord Verriker, the dark, colorless face with a vivid glow. Lady Helena looked at her uneasily—there was a clal status, monopolizes Lady Catheron. He depth here she could not fathom. Was Inez

"taking it quietly," after all?
"I-1 don't ask you to forgive him, my dear," she said, nervously—"at least, just yet, I don't think I could do it myself. And of course you can't be expected to feel very kindly to her who has usurped your place. But Ethel's cheek—the laugh is at her perfor1 would let her alone if I were you. Victor mance, she feels. is master here, and his wife must be mistress, and naturally he doesn't like it. You might

go too far, and then-" He might turn me out of Catheron Royals -is that what you are trying to say, Aunt Helena!"

"Well, my dear-" "Victor was to see you yesterday. Did he tell you this? No need to distress yourself -I see he did. And so I am to be turned from Catheron Royais for the soap-boiler's daughter, if I don't stand aside and let her reign. It is well to be warned-I shall not

Lady Helena was at a loss. What could she say! What could she do? Something in the set, intense face of the girl frightened her. She rose hurriedly to go.

"Will you come to Powyss Place on Thursday next?" she asked. "I hardly like to press you, Inez, under the circumstances. For poor Victor's sake I wan't to make the best of it. I give a dinner party, as you know; invite all our friends, and the present Lady Catheron. There is no help for it. If I take her up, all the country will; but if you had rather not appear, Inez-"

There was a sharp, quick, warning flash

from the black eyes. "Why should I not appear? Victor may be a coward—I am not. I will go. I will face our whole visiting list, and defy them to pity me. Take up the soap-boiler's heiress by all means, but, powerful as you are, I doubt if even you will be able to keep her affoat. Try the experiment—give the dinner party

—I will be there." "It's a very fine thing for a tradesman's daughter to marry a rich baronet, no doubt," commented Lady Helena, as she was driven home; "but, Inez for my rival, I shouldn't care to risk it. I only hope, for my sake at least, she will let the poor thing alone next

Thursday," The "poor thing" indeed! If Sir Victor's life had been badgered during the past fortnight, his wife's had been rendered nearly unendurable. Inez knew so well how to stab, and she never spared a thrust. It was wonderful, the bitterest, stinging things she could say over and over again in her slow, legato tones. She never spared. Her tongue was a two-edged sword, and the black deriding eyes looked pitilessly on her victim's writhes and quivers. And Ethel bore it. She loved her husband—he feared his cousin—for his sake she endured. Only once after some trebly cruel stab, she had cried aloud in her passionate pain:

"I can't endure it, Victor-I cannot! She will kill me. Take me back to London, to Russell square, anywhere away from your

dreadful cousin!" He had soothed her as best he might, and riding over to Powyss-place, had given his

aunt that warning.
"It will seem a horribly cruel and inhuman thing to turn her from the home whore she is absent still. He rings the bell angrily and had reigned mistress so long," he said to himself. "I will never be able to hold up my head in the country after-but she must let Ethel alone. By fair means or foul she

The day of Helena Powyss' party came-a terrible ordeal for Ethel. She had grown miserably nervous under the life she had led for the past two weeks-the ceaseless mockery of

What if she made some absurd blunder, be traying her plebeian birth and breeding? What if she mortified her thin-skinned husband? Oh! why was it necessary to go at

My dear child," her husband said, kissing Aunt Helena's able to shine you down." And when, an hour after, she descended, in

a sweeping robe of silvery blue, white lilies in her yellow hair, and pale pearls clasping her slim throat, she looked fair as a dream. Inez's black eyes flashed angrily as they fell upon her. Soap-boiler's daughter she might be, with the blood of many Dobbs in

purple, ever looked more graceful, more re-For Miss Catheron herself, she was quite bewildering in a dress of dead white silk, soft laces, and dashes of crimson about her as usual, and rubies flashing here and there-She swept on to the carriage with head held haughtily erect, a contemptuous smile on her lips, like anything on earth but a jilted

maiden. Lady Helena's rooms were filled when they entered; not one invitation had been declined. Society had mustered in full force to see Sir Victor Catheron's low-born wife, to see how Miss Catheron bore her humiliation. How would the one bear their scruting, the other their pity? But Miss Catheron, handsome, smiling, brilliant, came in among them with eyes that said: "Pity me if you dare!" And upon Sir Victor's arm there followed the small, graceful figure, the sweet, fair face of a girl who did not look one day more than sixteen-by all odds the prettiest girl in the rooms.

Lady Helena who, when she did that sort of thing, did do it-took the little wife under her wing at once. People by the score, it seemed to the bewildered Ethel, were presented, and the stereotyped compliments of society were poured into her ear. Sir Victor was congratulated, sincerely by the men, with an under-current of pity and mockery by the women. Then they were all at dinner-the bride in the place of honor-running the gauntlet of all those eyes on the alert for any solecism of good manners.

She went through it all, her cheeks flushing, her eyes kindling with excitement, growing prettier every moment. Her spicits rose she would let these people and Inez Catheron see she was their equal in all things save birth. She talked, she laughed, she took captive half the male hearts; and when the ladies at length sailed away by the drawing-room, Lady Helena stooped and kissed her, almost with motherly pride.

"My dear," she whispered, " let me congratulate you. Nothing could be a greater success. All the men are in love with you—all the women jealous. A most excellent beginning indeed!"

She laughed pleasantly, this kindly dowager; and passed on. It was an unspeakable relief to her to see her nephew's low-born wife face society so bravely and well. And better still. Inez had not launched one single poisoned dart. But the evening was not ended yet. Inez's time was to come. Enter the gentlemen presently, and flirtations are resumed, tete-a-tetes in quiet corners recommenced, conversation becomes general, youngest man present, and the greatest in soleads ber to the plano, and she sings. She is on trial still, and does her best, and her best is very good-a sweet Scotch ballad. There is quite a murmur of applause as she rises, and through it there breaks Miss Catheron's soft, sarcastic laugh. The flush deepens in

And now the hour of Inez's vengeance comes. Young Captain Varden is leaning over her chair; he is in love with Miss Catheron, and hovers about her unceasingly. He talks a great deal, though not very brilliantly. He is telling her in an audible undertone how Jack Singleton of "Ours" has lately made an object of himself before gods and men, and irretrievably ruined himself for life, by marrying the youngest Miss Potter, of

Potter's Park.
"Indeed!" Miss Catheron, responds, with her light laugh, and her low, clear voice per fectly distinct to all; "the youngest Miss Potter. Ah, yes! I've heard of them. The paternal Potter kept a shop in Chester, didn't he—a grocer, or something of that sort, and having made money enough behind the counter, has retired. And poor Lieutenaut Single ton has married the youngest Miss Potter! Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." A very charming girl no doubt, as sweet as the paternal treacle and as melting as her father's butter. It's an old custom in some families-my own, for instance-to quarter the arms of the bride on the family shield. Now, what do you suppose the arms of the Potter family may be-a white apron and a pair of scales?"

And then, all though the room, there is a horrible suppressed laugh. The blood rushes in a flery tide to the face of Sir Victor, and Lady Helena outglows her crimson velves gown. Ethel, with the youthful Lord Verriker still hovering around her, has but one wild instinct, that of flight. Oh! to be away from these merciless people from that bitter dagger-tongued Inez Catheron! She looks wildly at her husband. Must she bear this? But his back is to her-he is wilfully blind and deaf. The courage to take up the gauntlet of his wife, to make a scene, to silence his cousin, is a courage he does not posess.

Under the midnight stars Lady Helens's guests drive home. In the carriage of Sir Victor Catheron there is dead silence. Ethel. shrinking from her husband almost as much as from his cousin, lies back in a corner, pale and mute, Inez Catherons dauntless black oyes look up at the white, countless stars as she softly hums a tune. Sir Victor sits with his eyes shut, but he is not asleep. He is in a rage with himself, he hates his cousin, he is afraid to look at his wife. One way or other, he feels there must be an immediate end of this.

The first estrangement that has parted him

and Ethel has come. He hardly knows her to-night-her cold, brief words, her averted face, her palpable shrinking as he approaches. She despises him, and with reason—a man who has not the

courage to protect his wife from insult. Next day Lady Catheron declines to appear at either breakfast or luncheon, and when five minutes before dinner, Sir Victor and Miss Catheron meet in the dining-room, she demands where she is.

"My lady has gone out," the footman answers. "She went half an hour ago. She had a book with her, and she went in the direction of the laurel walk." "I will go in search of her," Sir Victor says,

taking his hat; " let dinner wait until our return. Ethel has gone, because she cannot meet

Miss Catheron's soft, scornful tones, the silent | Inez Catheron again—never again break contempt and derision of her hard black eyes. bread at the same board with her pitiless for the resident gentry had decided that they! What should she wear? how should she act?! enemy. She cried herself quietly to sleep-