HOW AN ARTIST TREATED HIS

VISITOR. To the Editor of the Salem (Mass.) Register I would have accepted your kind invitation to visit you in your new quarters with pleasure before this, had not my old enemy, Mr. Rheumatism, pounce on me so suddenly. He arrived last Friday, and, without stopping to send up his card, rushed in and grasped me by the hand with such a grip that in a few hours my hand and wrist were so badly Mr. Rheumatism has been a constant visitor of mine for several years; always swells and puts on a great many airs and makes himself at home, devouring my substance and leaving me poor in flesh and pocket. Last winter he came and staid two months. I then made up my mind that the next time he came I would change his diet, as he has always

gobbled down everything set before him. was somewhat at a loss what to feed him with but finally concluded to give him three square meals a day of St. Jacobs Oil-morning, noon, and night. This fare he is disgusted with, and is packing up his trunk and will leave by to-morrow or next day; says he cannot stop any longer as he has pressing business elsewhere. He is a treacherous fellow, and I have no doubt he intends visiting some of our Salem friends; if he does just give him the same fare that I did and he J. S. LEFAVOUR. won't stop long.

## WIRE, SCISSORS AND PEN.

The inhabitants of St. Sauveur are organizing a lottery for colonization pur-

At Edmonton, Man., wheat is quoted at \$2, barley \$1.25, oats \$1, and potatoes \$1 per bushel.

Rev. Canon Carmichael, of Hamilton, Ont., has declined the position of Rector of Calvary Church, N.Y.

An effort has been made to deflect the line of the C. P. R. toward New Westminster, B.C., but without success.

The annexation of Yorkville to Toronto will likely be made an issue at the coming civic elections in the latter city.

Several students of Laval University have been overhauled by the authorities for taking part in the late local elections.

It is stated that a regiment of British troops will be stationed at Victoria, Vanconver Island, next summer by the Imperial authorities. The imports at Prescott in November

amounted to \$74,466, and exports to \$38, 759, both being increases over the same month of last year. A letter is published from C. O. Rockwell

for Mrs. Garfield, thanking the United States citizens resident in St. John, N. B., for their resolutions of sympathy. The absence of news from the balloon in

which Powell was carried to sea on Saturday causes a sensation. Powell aspired to cross the Atlantic in a balloon. The reduction of rates on grain and provisions from Chicago to Eastern points has become general, rates now being to Baltimore

12c, Philadelphia 13c, New York 14c, Boston The Onebec city by-law against the opening of hotels, taverns and other places where intoxicating liquors are sold on Sundays and ordering their closing between the hours of

11 p.m. and 5 a.m. on week days, has just been maintained by the Court of Appeals. The Chambers of Commerce at Paris, Lyons, St. Etienne, Rheims, Bordeaux, Marcon, Colmar, Rochelle, Montpellier, Grenoble, Angouleme, Bayonne, Naucy, Havre, Marseilles, have pronounced in favor of negotiations for a Franco-American treaty of com-

merce. The silk trade of Lyons now occupies some 120,000 looms, of which only 30,000 are within the city. Including those who work in the silkworm establishments there are 800,000 persons employed in the Lyons silk trade. In 1787 there were but \$0,000 and 18.-000 looms.

Diplomacy is a hereditary profession in England. Sir E. B. Malet, now coming into great prominence as British diplomatic agent in Egypt, is son of Sir A. C. Malet, long Minister of Frankfort. Sir E. Thornton's father was a diplomatist, and his son is now attache at Washington.

The St. James Gazette says: "There is much cause for reflection that Europe will have in future to regard the United States as having a foreign policy of their own, although the policy may only concern South America. Yet, considering the commercial treaties between South America and Europe it may cross and confuse the policy of European Governments in ways and to an extent now only faintly foreseen."

The President has adopted the following rules for the reception of visitors at the White House: On Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., the general public including members of Congress and other officials; Tuesdays and Fridays, Cabinet days, 10 a.m. to 12 a.m.; Senators and Representatives only. The President reserved Saturdays and Sundays for himself, and on those days will receive no one. He will hold his first public reception on New Year's Day.

The richest person to-day upon the Sandwich Islands is Claus Spreckles of Honolulu. A few years ago he was laughed at when he purchased 10,000 acres of land for ten cents an acre, as the tract was at the foot of an extinct volcano, and covered with a crust on the surface like a flagstone walk. He broke up this crust, mixed the dust with a small quantity of vegetable mould, thoroughly irrigated the soil thus formed, and planted sugur cane. To-day he is a millionaire.

As an instance of the great abundance and variety of game and vermin in the vast country of New South Wales, Colonies and India quotes the shooting list of Mr. Hawthorne, one of the best shots in the colony, who has been striving his utmost to keep down the fauna of the country, which are inimical to the interests of the squatters. Mr. Hawthorne's bag consisted of 5,372 knngaroos, 1,-418 wallabtes, 257 wallaroos, 118 dingoes, 362 wildcats, bandicoots and rats, 204 eagle hawks and 167 snakes. The length of the time over which his campaign extended is, unfortunately, not stated.

Having returned from Paris, where he had a consultation with the Executive of the Land League, before whom he placed the cause of the laborers in whose behalf he has toiled so self-denyingly, Mr. Peter O'Leary left England for America on Wednesday. He is charged with communication to the men who are believed to represent the Irish cause there, and intends to avail himself of the opportunity thus afforded him to acquaint his countrymen in the greater Ire. land beyond the Atlantic with the wants and aspirations of a class whose condition has long been crying aloud for amelioration the poor farmer laborers of Ireland-Liver-

ool Ismes.

## BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS

## By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XXIX .- CONTINUED.

"Well, now you shall hear," says Fancy, appeased. "I happened to be passing the swollen and painful that I felt as though one schoolroom, when I heard within voices upof Mr. Hatch's coal teams had run over me. lifted, evidently in angry argument. In a rash moment I turned the handle of the door and went in. Poor Miss Walker was standing at the end of the room trying vainly to explain something with two small furies before her who were talking her down most successfully. When they saw me they ran to me, and declared their fixed determination never -never-never to be taught again by their governess, on the plea that she did not adhere to the strict truth. I declined to listen to such an accusation against the inestimable creature behind the table, whereapon Blanche undertook to enlighten me.

" She says the world is round, Lally, and that we are sticking on to it like little flies. And that might be true, Lally, I'm not disputing that, because flies do stick to ceilings, I've seen them; but pray,"—triumphantly—if it was true, where would the water be? don't you think the sea would all have dropped off long ago? Answer me that?'

"I didn't; I opened the door again and ran for my life. If anything frightens me, it is to be put through my facings by a child." Blunden laughs, and presently conversation grows brisker, and he deigns to ask her

how she enjoyed herself at the ball last night. "I always enjoy myself," says Fancy gayly, "especially when you are very good to me, and very near me; but last night," with a mischievous laugh, "I had rather more than my usual allowance of fun." " Hed you t"

"Yes. I don't know whether you have noticed it, but I have danced a considerable number of times with Lord Kenwick late-

"I have noticed it,"-with unpleasant emphasis.

"Ah! well. What do you think happened last night?" "Don't know. I'm sure."

"Then I shall tell you. He actually proposed to me." " And you refused him ?"

"Well, I don't know; not quite I think. He is a good fellow, you know, and that, and "You accept him then, I presume?"-pale

and wrathful, and with angry auxiety.
"Well, I'm not sure. I rather think I left the question in abeyance. I was taken though ashamed of the fond romantic fancy, by surprise, you see. In fact, I had no idea \_\_" I should like to disguise myself, and take what was going to happen until we went into that small conservatory off the supper room, -where you and I were the dance before, you remember?-and there he took my hand,

"He took your hand!" "Yes, dear: why?"

"And you allowed it ?"

"Yes, dear : why not?"-raising to his her lovely guileless eyes, blue as sapphires, and clothed in innocent surprise. "He didn't attempt to bite it, you know; and I didn't mind it the least little bit. Besides, he really was so impetuous I couldn't prevent him; and perhaps I never thought of doing so, either. There was no harm in it; of course. if I was engaged to, or going to be married to, another man, it would be wicked; but as it

She pauses, and pulls the kitten's tail, and thoroughly enjoys the situation, while Blunden, with his eyes fixed moodily upon the carpet, finds to his discomfiture that he has no right to bring her to task.

"Well," goes on Fancy, cheerfully, "as I was telling you, he took both my hands, an

said---" "I don't want "-savagely-"to hear what

he said, or did either." "No?"-reproachfully; "and you told me you would be my friend. And what is the use of a friend, except to be one's confident?

I must tell my secrets to somebody." "Not to me, then."

"Then you are not my friend." "No, I am sure I am not," returns he angrily; and with ruffled brow and set lips he

takes up his hat and leaves the house. CHAPTER XXX.

"Oh, would it were
Delusion! but I fear some greaterill.
I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom
My heart were torn in fragments."
—Magico Prodigioso.

The week has taken to itself wings and flown away; it has hastened with all its might, unmindful of those who, with outstretched arms, would have detained it. Per he ps in mercy it has sped, to end suspense and shrinking expectation; and Gretchen, standing on the vanishing edges of it, with empty hands and desolate heart, knows herself berett of her chief good. He is gone-"her joy, her sorrow!" nay, her love, her husband-and day seems merged in night.

Just at the very end, when the final fare well had to be uttered, she had fallen on her knees beside him and had begged of him one | too deep for words." last promise.

"If an hour should come, Kenneth, when you feel even a shade worse, promise me faithfully you will not keep me in ignorance of it for an hour. You will write to me at the mo ment, then, without delay?"

"1 promise. I-"You will not say to yourself, 'I shall delay until the morrow; the day may bring relief? You will wait for nothing, you will not hesitate, whatever that-that man may ad-

"Have I not given my word, darling? Even now, at the very last, if it makes you suffer so much, let me give up this idea and stay at home with you."

"No, no; rather go now, while I have strength to part from you." So he is taken from her, and she, with her face hidden in her hands, remains motionless in the centre of the room; too wretched almost for thought. She has not gone down stairs to the hall with him, lest the man she counts her enemy-inasmuch as he has been instrumental in enticing Kenneth from hershould mark her pallid lips and dry, miserable eyes. She hardly knows how long she remains there without movement, but presently she sways a little and would perhaps have fallen but that a sound from the world with. out arouses her. It is the scrape of a wheel

the click of horses' feet. Oh, to see him once again! to hear his voice! A sickening fear that never more shall her eyes rest on his overwhelms her. Rushing to the window she gazes eagerly downwards, but too late; the brougham is out of sight, has disappeared round the corner. He is judged gone.

She turns away, feeling if possible, more forlorn than a moment since. Why had she ling the little note from him (that Gretchen not gone to the window sooner? Perhaps, had sent through him, and the fond hope that when in the carriage, he had looked up, and it might cause some kindly words to be spokhopeful to see her, and been disappointed. en between them), she deliberately turns her How selfish, how heartless, he must consider back on him, and begins to read it. Whereher and now he is beyond reach, and she upon Sir John, finding her eyes occupied, cannot tell him ever-ever-of the anguish of raises his head, and, changing his tactics spirit that had deadened and crushed all looks at her a good deal.

thought within her. Where is he now, at the station? Not yet, surely; but where then? And-and where is she? and what is the matter with the walls? How they close and draw together!

With a last natural effort of self-preservation she puts out her hand, and sinks into a so long ago had only smiles and tender low chair beside her.

Five minutes later Kitty (who has calculated almost to a nicety the time of Kenneth's departure), enters the room, and finds her senseless, pale and wan as a snowdrop born of last night's dew, with her hands h.nging life. lessly at her sides.

Scenes of every description being abhor-rent to Lady Blunden, she torbears to sumn mon gaping servants. From a vase on table near she procures some water, and, having administered divers pattings and shakings and an unlimited supply of eau de kind to bring it yourself; but Minton could cologne, gradually restores Gretchen to con- have spared you the trouble." sciousness.

"What is it?" she asks, faintly, putting her lingers to her eyes in a vain endeavor to re- curtly. collect. "Did I faint? How foolish of

"Well, yes, I really think so-very foolish, returns Kitty, who, like most people, is a lit-tle angry because very frightened. "I But, thought you had more common sense. of course at such a time you should not have

been left alone." The last word recalls everything. The soft flickering touch of color that had come so un willingly to Gretchen's cheek now flies from it again, to seek refuge in her aching heart.

"I remember it all now," she says, tremuiously. "He is gone, Kitty-gone! aud"clasping her fingers tigntly together on her knees and bending rather forward-"some horrible thing tells me I shall never see him again."

"Every one thinks that at the hour of part ing. It is all nonsense," says Kitty, briskly. Why should you not see him again, and stronger and better too than you have ever seen him? My dear, don't be morbid. It upsets one so, and doesn't do the least good."

" If I might only have gone with him." Well, you know, in your place," says Lady Blunden, with determination, " I should certainly pack up my things and follow him. I have no patience with that young man's airs, separating people from their husbands. I think he must be out of his mind."

"He is such a strange man, that one hardly dares to oppose him; and then he may be successful. I really believe, were I to adopt your advice, he would pack up his things and return to England in the evening. And then how I should blame myself! But I have often thought, Kitty," very timidly, as rooms in the German town, and watch each day until I got one glimpse of him."

"I wonder how old you are ?" asks Kitty, scornfully, but with tears in her eyes; "one hundred and fifty, or five? Such ideas, my dear child, are utterly exploded, if indeed they ever existed. You must be very weak and nervous to talk so like 'the London Journal.' Tell me, do you still intend going down to Laxton?"

"Yes. I shall go this evening. I could not stay in this house longer than can be helped. I almost hate it." " You must get mamma, then, or Flora to

stay with you." "Not just yet. I shall be better by myself for a few days. And, besides, I should bore them with my bad spirits. It would be unfair to afflict them with them."

"Dear Gretchen, do try to think of yourself sometimes. I only wish I could go down with you; but I am bound to attend this ball at Lady Monckton's on the 27th. "You must not miss that. It cannot fail

tessly-"though I confess a masked ball will be a novelty; but, you see "-tapping the slender fingers of one hand rather impatientiy on the back of the other-" I have promised to go to it."

"Whom have you promiesd, Kitty?" "Oh, many people," says Kitty, but without letting her eyes rest on Gretchen's. The latter regards her anxiously. "At least," she says, presently, speaking

very gently, and with the sweetest intent, " if I cannot have you with me on the 27th, I shall know you are keeping me in your thoughts all night-"

Kitty, turning, kisses her somewhat impulsively.

"As a talisman to keep out all less holy thoughts?" she says, with a poor attempt at lightness; " Very well, darling; that shall he so. And afterwards I shall run down to Laxton, to see how you are getting on. Indeed," -slowly-"I think I shall not go abroad at all this autumn; I shall stay at home and look after you." "That would be too great a sacrifice; and

what would Jack say to it?"
"Sir John?"—with a slight quick frown and an unlovely laugh. "I thought I had explained matters to you sufficiently to make that remark unnecessary. He will doubtless thank Kenneth devoutly for his timely de-

parture, and look upon my absence as a relief

CHAPTER XXXI.

" and if ye love me not

I cannot bear to dream you so forsworn; I had liefer ye were worthy of my love, Than to be loved again of you "
—Pelicas and Ettarre. "Come in," says Kitty, quietly.

She is standing before her glass, adding one or two last finishing touches to the already charming picture it reveals. So lovely is it, that involuntarily her lips part, and she smiles at it, as though honestly in lovewith her own beauty. It is almost a pity, she tells herself, to hide so fair a face beneath the small mask lying on the couch beyond.

Her maid tired of admiration, which, though of the silent order, she takes care shall be felt, has left her. She is at this moment quite alone.

Sir John, opening the door, comes in, and closes it behind him. So many weeks have come and gone since those happy days when he would seek her room to sit and talk to her during her toilet, that Kitty, pausing in her occupation, stares at him expectantly, and colors very distinctly. There is in her expression a marked surprise, hardly complimentary.

"Don't let me disturb you, says Blunden, in a tone cold and forced; " I found this note from Gretchen, directed to you, in my pocket; it came enclosed in a letter to me this morning, but I quite forgot to deliver it until

His voice is suggestive of indifference. He barely glances at her as he speaks, and betrays not the faintest abadow of admiration. What woman could stand such evil behavior? Kitty's lips tighten and her blush fades. Tak-

By her impetuous movement she has placed herself in front of a large mirror. In it he can see each line of her face and figure, can mark the haughty, beautiful features, the long dark lashes that cast faint shadows on her cheeks, the perfect mouth that once and not own doing. If any harm arises from it, blame

words for him. Her bosom, beneath the amber satin of her gown, rises and falls in quick pulsations with some hidden agitation, surely caused by a feeling stronger than could be created by the mere perusal of Gretchen's letter. Yet, sweet as is the vision in the mirror, Sir John tells himself she is-than it-"as much lovelier as herself is lovelier than all others."

Looking up in a minute os two, she meets his ayes in the glass, and, slowly turning, confronts him.

"Thank you," she says icily; "you were

Minton is the maid. "I never give open notes to servants"-

"I dare say you are right"—carelessly; "so for the future I shall ask Gretchen to direct my letters to myself. I can't think what she meant by enclosing it in yours."

" Possibly she saw nothing strange in sending a note to a wife through her husbaud"with a slight sneer; "she has much to learn."

"She has indeed. She has not been fortunate enough to secure so willing a mentor as I have. But pray do not let me detain you longer. Are you coming with me to Twickenham to-night ?"

The almost inselence of her tone irritates him past endurance.

"I really don't know whether I shall be in the way or not," he returns bitterly. " Which of your friends is coming?"

Kitty's large eyes blaze. Her lip curls. For a full minute she gazes at him intently, as though too possessed with scorn for speech. And it is at this unlucky moment that the door opens, and Minton, entering with a rare and exquisite bouquet, presents it to her mis-

"With Mr. Launceston's cempliments, my lady," she says; after which, scenting battle in the breeze, she retires discreetly. Kitty bolding the fragrant blossoms to her

face, inhales their perfume slowly. "How delicious!" she says to herself, with a pleasure greatly exaggerated. "How thoughtful to send them. They are my fav-

orite flowers." There is a rather lengthened pause, and then Blunden says, in a curiously changed tone, so calm it is, and so carefully suppress-

ed,-"Do you permit Launceston to send you flowers?" "I certainly have not forbidden him to do

80.11 "He is then in the habit of sending them?"

"These are not the first he has sent, if you mean that."

"They shall be the last "-quietly. "You mean you will desire me not to accept them ?"

"Certainly not. I should not presume to dictate to you on any subject "-bitterly. shall speak to Launceston.

" How like you that will be!" -- with a contemptuous shrug of her fine shoulders; "it will be in exact keeping with all your conduct to make your wife's name a by-word. Speak lightly of me, by all means. No doubt I have deserved it at your hands. But first answer me one question: Is it worse for me to receive these flowers than for you to send them?"

"You allude to those I sent Mrs. Charteris. The cases are widely different; mine were given merely as payment of a debt."

"You are quite right to give it a decent name. Well, let us then say that these flowers from Mr. Launceston are for payment of another debt."

"You trifle,"-sternly. "I have not spoken on this subject before, but now you shall listen to me. This man follows you wherever you go, haunts your footsteps, betrave in a thousand ways the passionate admiration be plainly feels for you, and has felt for some time past, vet, knowing all this you encourage his attentions, and accept the

homage that can be only an insult." Kitty's hands tighten on the flowers she is holding, and her lips pale. She is an intensely proud woman, one whom nature would compel to reject with quick indignation advances from any man except her hisband. To hear Sir John now accuse her of encouraging Launceston's attentions is exceedingly bitter to her. Yet, rather than forego her revenge, she accepts the situation as it stands, and, refusing to permit herself a

reply to his last speech, says, calmly-"And you? Were there then no passages between you and Mrs. Charteris in the old days before we met? Take care, Sir John; people living in glass houses should be careful to thrown no stones."

" Recriminations are worse than useless," coldly,-" and we have gone into all that before. You only play with the question. Kitty, you will not wear those flowers to-

night, "I certainly shall, as you will see later

on.' "That is unlikely. I shall not go to Lady Moncton's if you persist in your determina-

tion." "No?"-with a quick start. Then, controlling all emotion. "You will please yourself about that, of course. But, I think, considering what a pronounced ball it is likely to be, and how the world talks, and how from being above suspicion is our domestic felicity, that, no matter how distasteful the task may be, it is your duty to accompany

me." "You seem very clear about other people's duties; it is a pity you can't see your own." "I do see it. But for a mere whim of yours am not going to behave ungraciously to Cecil Launceston. There is no harm in what ton's. I am doing. I never knew it was wrong to accept a simple bunch of flowers from a friend."

"Your taking them, after all I have said .after all you know, -is a deliberate insult to

"You will not come with me, then?" demands she, deliberately, confronting him with a cold and steady light in her eyes. She moves a step nearer to him, and in the gleam of the wax candles that illumine the room her clinging satin gown shimmers softly. Some diamonds are glittering in her hair and sparkling on her neck. Just now, with the passionate defiance and reproach upon her face she looks like a queen.

Blunden, almost as handsome in his own way, stands at a little distance from her his tace black with anger, and, though acknowledging her beauty, is quite unmoved by it. "I have told you my condition," he replies,

immovable determination in his tone. "And I have refused to comply with it." Sir John bows. "That settles the queslion," he says gravely. "You positively refuse to come with me l"

"I positively do." Kitty, raising one hand, lays it impulsive ly upon her bosom. There is majesty and other hand rests, as though seeking support, upon the arm of the chair near her. "That ends it" she says, in a low,

yourself-" "What do you mean by that?" demands he,

hastily. "Is it a threat?".

"Whatever you like. Go; you are wasting your time here-"

"The carriage is ready, my lady," says Minton, opening the door; and Blunden, feeling himself dismissed, with her last words ring ing in his ears, leaves the room unwillingly, and, descending the stairs, finds Arthur awaiting him in the library below.

"You here?" he says, wearily, sinking into a chair. "What is it, Arthur!"

"Not much," says that young man, scanning his cousin's features anxiously but secretly. " The fact is I never meant to go to this ball, but at the last moment I have changed my mind, and now" with a laugh "my going seems to me a matter of life or death."

"Then go." "But I haven't a domino. A wild hope that you might be able to lend me one has brought me here. We are so much the same height and figure, I dare say yours would suit me. I know you used to do a great deal of masquerading one winter in Rome, and it co-

curred to me you might have a second." "No, I have only one 'ut you can have it." says Jack, with his eyes fixed absently "pon the paper-knife he has taken from the

"Yours, my dear boy? No; not that. Surely you are going to Twickenham your-

self? "Surely I am not"-smiling. "I, too, have changed my mind at the last moment." "But what a sudden decision! There is

something wrong with you Jack."
"Very likely. There is something wrong with most people, is there not? Say I have got a headache, neuralgia, a fit of the spleen what you will-I don't care what name you give it. I shall not go to this mad dance tonight."

"You refuse to confide in me?" Says Arthur, gently, perhaps a little hurt at the

other's tone. "Well, and if [ do? What then? There are things a man must grin and bear in silence, and-I hate whiners myself, and so do you. You are going, Arthur? Wait; let me

send for the domino." There was a short pause while the servant comes and goes and returns again, with the soft fawn colored garment in question.

'You were right in your surmise," says lack, glancing at it with some small interest. The last time I were this domine was in Rome, during one of the liveliest nights I ever put in. See the red cross on the shoulder; it was stitched on for a purpose. To morrow, if not too done up, drop in and tell me how you get on. Though I doubt whether you will have as much fun out of it as I had in

those good old days in Italy." "Are not your present days better?" asks his cousin, regarding him gravely. "Why should you look back with such regret upon your past? You are certainly happier now?" "Beyond all doubt"—with a queer laugh.
"Ten thousand times happier. I have liter-

ally nothing left to wish for. Money, a title, the world's respect (what married man is without that?), and—a wife who adores me."

"True, you have all that. Kitty surely loves you." "I said adores me. You put it too weakly," says Blunden, still with that odd laugh. "My good Arthur, don't give yourself the habit of staring people out of countenance. It is execrable form. Go. You are late as it is. The woman who doubtless tells you she adores you is suffering agonies of suspense all

this time." With a gentle, friendly push he guides him

to the door. "Well, good night, old man. I'm awfully obliged, do you know," says Arthur, gratefu!-Then he hesitates even on the threshhold, and says again, " I wish you were com-

"Don't be hypocritical," replies Sir John, with a smile, pointing to the domino. "My going now would, I dare say, reduce you to despair. Good-night. I hope that red cross will bring you luck."

CHAPTER XXXII.

BEAT. "I was about to protest I loved you." "And do it with all thy heart."
"I love you with so much of my heart,

To swear in the morning by all the gods that nothing should induce him to go to this ball; to protest with even more earnestness, if less bad language, to the same effect at ncontide, to waver towards evening, to give in and get possessed with a maddening desire to go to it at nightfall—thus had Mr. Blunden's mind been exercised all day, from "morn to dewy eve."

Unfortunately, vesterday he had met Mrs. Charteris: and whether she thought he look ed too happy to be let go in peace, or whether she had been listening to some little false story about him, retailed by a dearest friend, I know not, but she was certainly unkinder to him then usual, and sent him from her calm outwardly but with a determination never to see her again. He would be no woman's slave—so he told himself (they all tell themselves that, you know, at intervals). And as to going down to Twickenham to meet her to-morrow night, no earthly consideration

should bring him to do it. He played rather high at night, and won everything before him, which annoyed him a good deal. In his then frame of mind it would have solaced him to lose, as giving him another chance of railing against adverse fortune. But he won, and heavily, and went nome and slept not at all, and, rising in the morning unrefreshed, found himself still faithful to his vow not to go to Lady Monck-

At four he went to see Laura Redesdale, and there found Fancy, so sweet, so radiant, so utterly oblivious of having wronged him in thought, word, or deed that he was fairly bewildered. She was almost tender to him, and so honestly distressed at his resolution not to see her in the evening that, though he left her for once victor, his heart was melted within him.

Yet for his word's sake he clung to his purpose all through the evening, and sat silently smoking at his club, until, as ton o'clock struck, he rose up, and, filinging his olgar far from him, declared to himself he must and would see her again to-night or perish in the attempt. Perishing, as we have seen, was not upon the cards, Sir John's domino baving fallen to his lot as it were a fairy gift.

Walking through the brilliant, sweet-perfumed rooms at Twickenham an hour later, with the conspicuous red cross upon his shoulder, and only the lower part of his face seen, bis resemblance to Sir John is so remarkable that even he himself cannot refrain from smiling as he marks it in a passing mirror.

Once or twice a mutual acquaintance accosts him by his cousin's name; and three something like despair in the gesture. The times in moving to and fro he is puzzled by

the earnest gaze of two large dark eyes that follow him intensely as he goes. The reflection that the owner of these carnest eyes pressed voice, that somehow, in spite of his is clad in satin of a golden shade, that glitters bravely in the gay light, crosses his mind, but he fails to recognize Kitty, so eager in his search for a mignonne figure and a small proud head crowned with yellow hair.

Yet a whole hour passes without result of any kind except failure; and, almost giving up hope, he leans against the door of the conservatory that opens on to the gardens from a veranda outside, and wonders vaguely whether he shall seek her on the terraces or come to the conclusion that she has not put in an appearance to-night.

What if she had staid away because he had declared his intention of not being present? His heart beats quickly at this thought. If

he could dare to believe that-if-"Sir John," says a low soft voice at his elbow. He starts violently, unable to control himself as the accents so dear to him reach his ear, and looks round. Yes, it is she; close

to him, looking up at him with laughing, wielst eyes that no mask could change, and pretty parted lips. "Fie!" she says, lightly, "to betray yourself so ingeniously! to start and turn at the first mention of your name! I gave you credit for more savoir-faire, greater chic. But tell me.

is your cousin, is—Arthur here to-night? Blunden makes no spoken reply, lest his voice should betray him. He shakes his head. "No? Not really?" Surely something comes up from her heart and dims for the mo-

ment the lustre of her eyes. Her little counded chin quivers ever so slightly. "Where is he, then?" she asks, half petulantly, half plaintively. "Where should he be but here?" says Ar.

thur, almost roughly. "Can I keep away from you? I am your property; you can do with meas you will." "But how like Sir John you are?" says Fancy, for once utterly taken aback. "I tried to stay away," goes on Arthur, tak.

ing almost a savage pleasure in his self abase.

ment. "I swore to myself a hundred times

I would not see you again; yet here I am!

was looking over an old Shakespeare to-day. and came upon some lines that I think, sul; my abject case. Do you know them?-Being your slave, what should I do but tend Upon the hours and times of your desire? I have no precious time at all to spend, Nor services to do, till you require.

Nor dare I question with my jestous though: Where you may be, or your affairs suppose, But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought Save where you are, how happy you make those."

You are strong, yet you have no mercy.

have no doubt my insane infatuation is no-

thing to you unless a thing to make merry "Ah! now indeed I know it is you," says Fancy, her manner changing as it by magic, and a warm smile curving her lips. "There is always a healthy glow, a charming amount of candor, about your little speeches, not to be surpassed. I always say you are better than a tonic, and quite as bitter. Yes, I knew you would come even at the last moment And surely after all you were wise. It pleases me to think you are happier here than you

could be elsewhere; and now I am happier "How readily sweet words come to your lips! Yes, it is quite as well I should be here, for this reason, that absence does me no good Even when away from you I cannot dissever

myself from you." "You cannot 'dissever your soul from the soul of the beautiful Annabel Lee," quotes she, gayly. "Well, this Annabel Lee"—laping her hand lightly on her bocom—"rather likes that thought. Come, don't let us quarrel to-night, Arthur. I am in such a pretty

temper it is a shame to ruffle it." "Come into the garden," aays Blunden. "This place is stifling; the air outside may change my ugly mood.

The night is heavenly fair. The soil breeze that fans to sleep the drowsy flowers in warm and fragrant. All down the gardenwalks and underneath the trees great Chines lanterns light the way; while above in the thin ethereal blue floats with languid grace That orbed maiden, with white are laden, Whom mortals call the moon."

It is a "moon with promise of large light on woods and ways;" and, growing silent be neath its influence or the teaching of their ow bearts, they wander past the nearest walks into a garden rich with the tragrance of dropping rose leaves. All is quiet. Now and then a faint sobbite note from the band within breaks on the still ness; but as they wander farther even this plaintive sound is lost to them. A mem

laugh once stirs her calm, but it too dies away as the owner of it passes onward to the house The silence is complete. Nothing disturb Save that one rivulet from a tiny cave

Came lighte, ing downward, and so split led Among the roses, and was lost again. Her hand, hanging listlessly at her side, touches his. His fingers close upon it, and the mute spell is broken.

"I wonder if you are ever glad to see me? asks he, bending to read her face. " Are my eyes so dull, then, that you can not read them ?"

"What am I to understand by that?" " Anything you like." "Do you mean what your words imply?" "I am afraid I do "-with a would be sig but a very lovely smile.

Lifting the hand he has imprisoned, Arthu raises it fondly to his lips. "You give me hope that means life,"

says, earnestly. ' Yet stay, my friend," murmurs she, with drawing her hand and glancing at it, a though his caress still rests on it in invisible form. "Consider. Is that last act of you an act of friendship? Surely it is too prononce—too—too—you know what I mess You ameze me, Arthur, after all your pr mises. Have you forgotten our compact "There are things one hates to remember And, besides, just now how can I remembe anything beyond the sweet fact that we a

together ?" "You are incorrigible," she says, with swift glance that is hardly cruel. "It is us less my expostulating with you. I fear you

are no longer my friend."
"That is true," rejoins he eagerly; "I no longer act the part. It is too cold, meagre. I was mad when I thought (if ever did think it) that I could sink from ing your lover into a conventional well-wis Darling, restore me to my old position. "What was that ?-my slave?"

"Something very like it, I fear,"fully . But you are that now. So you have position you crave."...

How heartless you are! I wonder if ever guess at the millionth part of the mis you make me endure daily?",
"Well, but did I never warn you? confess the truth, now; how often have It you I am the coldest woman alive?"

"You may have said that, but you hi looked the contrary." (Continued on Third Page.)