

We may join in the decades of glory With angels and saints ever

THE RIVAL CLAIMANTS.

The late Earl of Kildare, the father of the Lody Nora, had inherited the title and estates of Kildare somewhat late in life, and had lived to enjoy his honors and pas essions only three of four years. At the date at which w than a year.

daughters childLood. He had married again. a year after coming into his title his second wife being the widow of an Irish peer, with a daughter some atter her union with him.

Connor, the step-sister for whom the Lady Nora had sent to attend her during her conference with the mysteriou

While the strange interview between the rival claiments was proceeding in the breezy senside parlor, the Lady

to the water side, and being absorbed in her own thoughts. The Lady Kathleen was in the prim of a magnificent and statuesque beau'y

She was tall and fair and large, with queenly figure and slow and stately ements. Her complexion was dazzing white, rendered fairer by con trast with the black lace shawl she had flung carelessly over her light brow: hair Her eyes were blue-of the deep rich, lovely blue only to be found now

seen never to be forgotten She had been educated in France an

had mingled for years in English society, but a year after her mother's marriage Lord Kildare she had come to the castle, where she had since re mained, to the great surprise of he fashionable friends, who wondered that one so fitted by nature to adorn society could bear to bury herself in the seclusion of a lonely Irish castle on a

cheeks

clusion of a londy lrish castle on a n.w. Kathleen. I am going to stay londy lrish coast. Despite the differ-ence in the ages of the two step-sisters. The Lady Kathleen struggled to free return before you will be missed. The lonely Irish coast. Despite the differ with you, my love ! my bride !' fervid attach am his ambro

sham, clasping her to his heart with a udden and uncontrollable impulse of the rocks whispered aollowly. 'Yes.' answered Lord Tresham, firmtive. "But I am not going to India 1.ve. "But I am not going to mann n.w. Kathleen. I am going to stay with you, my loss limy brids!' old Soottish church. We can go and

the bridegroom stole his arm around the bride's slender waist, and pressed apon her lips the bridal kiss.

November 13, 1889.

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