

months of this sort of thing, and then—and then there was a son.

“You have no relations living but your cousin, Victor,” she said to him, more coldly than she had ever spoken in her life.

“You are afraid of this Miss Catheron, who writes you such long letters (which I never write) that you dare not take your wife home?”

“This secret has lasted long enough,” Lady Catheron said, a resolute-looking expression crossing her pretty, soft-cut mouth.

“The time has come when you must speak. Don't make me think you are ashamed of me, or afraid of her. Take me home—it is my right; acknowledge your son—it is his. When there was only I, it did not so much matter—it is different now.”

“The life—of one baby's dots of hands, and kissed it. And Sir Victor, his face hidden in the shadow of the curtains, his voice husky, made answer:”

“You are right, Ethel—you always are. As soon as you both can travel, my wife and child shall come home with me to Catheron Royals.”

Just three weeks later, as the August days were ending, came that last letter from Inez, commanding his return. His hour had come. He took the next morning train, and went forth to meet the woman he feared and had wronged.

The afternoon sun drops lower. If Sir Victor returns from Cheshire to-day, Lady Catheron knows he will be here in a few minutes. She looked at her watch a little wearily. The days are very long and lonely without him.

“My darling!” he exclaimed, and you need only hear the two words to tell how rapturously he loves his wife. “Let me look at you. Oh! as pale as ever, I see. Never mind! Cheshire air, sunshine, green fields, and new milk shall bring back your roses and your son and heir, my lady, how is he?”

“At last! Oh, Victor, when do we go?” “To-morrow, if you are able. The sooner the better.”

“And your cousin? Was she very angry?” she asked, wistfully; “very much surprised?”

“Well—yes—naturally, I am afraid she was both. We must make the best of that, however. To tell the truth, I had only one interview with her, and that of so particularly unpleasant a nature, that I left next morning. So then we start to-morrow? I'll just drop a line to Ethel to apprise him.”

“He catches hold of his wife's writing-table to wheel it near. By some clumsiness his foot catches in one of its spidery claws, and with a crash it topples over. Away goes the writing case, flying open and scattering the contents far and wide. The crash shocks baby's nerves, baby begins to cry, and the new-made mamma flies to her angel's side.

“I say!” Sir Victor cries. “Look here! Awkward thing of me to do, eh, Ethel? Writing case broken too. Never mind, I'll pick 'em up.”

“Ethel!” Sir Victor says, his voice stern, what does this mean?”

“What does that mean? Hush-h-h, baby, darling. Not so loud, Victor, please. I want to get baby asleep.”

“How comes Juan Catheron's picture here?”

“She catches her breath—the tone in which Sir Victor speaks is a tone not pleasant to hear. She is a thoroughly good little thing but the best of good little things (being women) are ergo dissemblers. For a second she dare not face him; then she comes bravely up to him and looks at him over her shoulder.”

“I thought I had lost it centuries ago.” “Good Heaven!” she exclaims inwardly; “how could I have been such a fool!”

“My dear Sir Victor,” with a little pout, “don't be unreasonable. I should have something to do if I put you as a count of all my acquaintances. I know Mr. Catheron—slightly,” with a gasp. “Is there any crime in that?”

“What then?” He is white to the lips with jealous rage and fear. “This then—you should never again be wife of mine!”

“Victor!” she put out her hands as if to ward off a blow, “don't say that—oh, don't say that! And—and it isn't true—he never was a lover of mine—never!”

“He never was your lover? You are telling me the truth?”

“No, no—never! never. Victor—don't look like that! Oh, what brought that wretched picture here? I knew him slightly—only that—and he did give me his photograph. How could I tell he was the wretch you say he is—how could I think there would be any harm in taking a picture? He seemed nice, Victor. What did he ever do?”

“He seemed nice!” Sir Victor repeated bitterly, “and what did he ever do?” What has he left undone, you had better ask. He has broken every command of the decalogue—every law, human and divine. He is dead to us all—his sister included, and has been these many years. Ethel, can I believe—”

“I have told you, Sir Victor. You will believe as you please,” his wife answers, a little sullenly, turning away from him.

“Oh, Ethel, forgive me!” he says; “I did not mean to wound you, but the thought of that man—fugh! But I am a fool to be jealous of you, my white lie. Kiss me—forgive me—we'll throw the snake in the grass out of the window and forget it. Only—I had rather you had told me.”

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“The heir of Catheron Royals,” she said, “and a fine baby no doubt, as babies go. I don't pretend to be a judge. He is very bold and very dabby, and very fast just at present. Whom does he resemble? Not you, Victor. O, no doubt the distaff side of the house. What do you call him, nurse? Not christened yet? But of course the heir of the house is always christened at Catheron Royals. Victor, no doubt you'll follow the habit of your ancestors, and give him his mother's family name. Your mother was the daughter of a marquis, and you are Victor St. Albans Catheron. Good customs should not be dropped—let your son's name be Victor Dobb Catheron.”

“The proprietor of Burdock Blood Bitters” challenges the world to produce the record of a medicine that has achieved a more wonderful success or better credentials, in so short a period of time as has this great Blood Purifier and System Renovator.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS, MAGAZINES & NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

That reader must be hard to please indeed who in the diversified contents of the North American Review for June should find nothing to win his attention. First we have an article by Hon. Hugh McCulloch on “Our Future Fiscal Policy” treating of the problems of refunding, the remonetization of silver, and the restoration of the United States to their just rank among the maritime nations of the world.

George B. Loring writes of “The Patrician Element in American Society,” but the reader need apprehend no glorification of artificial rank, for in the author's estimation the patrician element here is simply the strongest popular element—that portion of the people, whatever their lineage, who are engaged in developing the mental, moral and material wealth of the Republic.

Dr. Austin Flint discusses the benefits of vaccination; J. M. Mason asserts the lawful power of the government to regulate railway charges; and finally, Prof. E. S. Morse sets forth the evidences of the existence of man upon this continent in prehistoric times.

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