February 1, '82

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOEIC CHRONICLE.

Musical Instruments, &c.

Grandfather's Clock.
Where Was Moses when the Light
Sweet By and By. [Went Out.
When, Emna. [Maggio.
When Fau and I were Young n, Emna. [Magglo. 2 vou and I were Young to Saw Swoot Neille Home. this Letter to bly Mether. del Love Letter,—comic cs race this better to ally Mother.

29 A Model Love Lotter,—comic.

20 Micols Commandments,—comic.

20 Husband's Commandments,

20 Little Old Log Cabin in the Lance.

20 Widow in the Cottage by the Sea.

20 Widow in the Cottage by the Sea.

20 Widow in the Heart.

21 The Faded Coat of Bine. [Night.

27 My Old Kentucky Home, Good.

4 Filb en all Smiles to Night Love.

21 Listen to the Mocking Bird.

3 Her Birgist Smile Haunts Mc Still

4 Sanday Night When the Parlor's

2 The Cay Swarming.

2 The But & Little Faded Flower.

4 Little Battoreup.

5 Eithe Battoreup.

1 Carry Me Back to Old Virginny. 106 Eithe Battoreup. 187 Carry Me Back to Old Virglany. 112 The O'd Han's Drunk Again. 110 I Am Welting, Essie Dear. 187 Take Me Back to Home & Mother 129 Come, Sir by My Side, Darling.

121 Kiss Me, Kis, Your Darling.
123 A Flower from Nother's Gravo,
124 The Old Log Gabia on the Hill.
130 Coming Thre't the Rye,
131 Must We, Then, Meet as Strangers
132 The Kiss Behind the Boor132 I'll Remember You, Love, In My
140 You May Look, but Musa't Touch.
150 There's Always a Soat in the Par167 for You.
152 I've no Mether New, I'm Weeping
153 Massa's in de Cold, Gold Ground.
155 Nay a Kind Word Wnen You Can.
155 I Cannet Sing the Old Songs.
155 Norah O'Neal. 153 Massa's in do Cold, Cold Ground.
159 Say a Kind Word When You Cun.
163 I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.
165 Norah O'Neal.
167 Waiting, My Darling, for Thee.
169 Jennot in Flower of Kildare.
170 I'm Lonely Sinco My Mother Died.
172 Tenting on the Old Canag Ground.
175 Don't You Go, Tommy, Don't Co.
180 Wello, Wo have Missed You.
182 Over the Hills to the Poor House.
185 Don't be Amgry with Me, Darling.
195 Ibn't be Amgry with Me, Darling.
196 Thou Hayt Learned to Love An.
293 Thords Nono Liko & Mether.
294 You Wore False, but I'll Forgive.
295 Wilsteen Sofic, Mother's Dyling.
201 Will You Love Me, Whem I'm Old.
295 Annie Laurie.
221 Come. Birdie, Ceme.
221 Come. Birdie, Ceme.
222 Cone. Birdie, Ceme.
23 yet of the reseasure for 10 cents; any

246 Poor, but a Gontleman Still, 246 Poor, but a Gontleman Still, 240 Nobody's Darling but Mino. 241 Put My Little Shees Away. 252 Darling Nellie Gray. 255 Little Brown Jug. 256 Bon Bolt. 256 Bon Bolt.
257 Good-Byo Sweetheart.
250 Sadio Nay.
250 Tim Finigan's Wake.
250 Tim Finigan's Wake.
250 Tim Finigan's Wake.
250 I've Only Been Down to the Club;
257 Kiss Ma Again.
250 The Yacant Chair.
250 The Steed Stant South 20) Poor Old Ned.
22) Man in the Moon is Looking.
235 Broken Down.
236 Broken Down.
236 My Little One's Waiting for Me.
236 My Little One's Waiting for Me.
236 Ho Bittle One's Waiting for Me.
237 The Bittle One's My Did Love Again
238 Where is My 190 Te-Night.
230 The Five Cont Shave.
236 Linger, Not Darling.
230 Dancing in the Sunlight.

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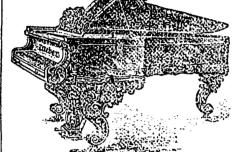
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FAITH

By "THE DUCHESS."

--:0:---CHAPTER IV .- CONTINUED.

"Some day you will regret encouraging that child in her folly," remarks Miss Scrope, 8everely. At which the child makes a saucy little grimuce unseen, and rises to her feet. "What a solemn warning!" says Scrope, with a shrug. "I hope," turning to Clariesa, you have taken it to heart, and that it will keep you out of imaginary mischief. It ought, you know. It would be a shabby

" My conduct from this day forth shall be above suspicion," says Clarissa. "Good-bye, Miss Scrope," stooping to press her fresh warm lips to the withered cross old cheek beneath her; "I am going to trend old ground with-James."

She follows him across hall and corridor, through two medern rooms, and past a portiere, into another and larger hall beyond. Here, standing before a heavy oaken door, he turns the handle of it, and, as it swings back slowly and sleepily, they pass into another room, so unexpectedly and so strangely different from any they have yet entered, as almost to make one start.

It is a large old-fashioned apartment, stonefloored and oak paneled, that once, in olden days, must have been a refectory. Chairs, carved in oak, and built like blahops' thrones line the walls, looking as though no man for many a hundred years has drawn them from their present position. Mussive cabinets and cupboards, cunningly devised by crafty hands in by-gone days, look out from ducky corners, the hideous faces carved upon them wreathed in their eternal ghastly smiles. From narrow painted windows great gleams of sunset from the gay world without pour in, only to look sadly out of place in the solemn gloomy room. But one small door divides it from the halls outside; yet centuries seem to roll between it and them.

In one corner a door lies half open, and behind it a narrow flight of stairs rups upward to a turret chamber above-a tiny stairway. heavily ballustraded and uncarpeted, that creates in one a mad desire to ascend and learn the secrets that may lie at its top.

Miss Peyton, scarcely noticing the monkish refectory, runs to the stairs and mounts them eagerly. Sir James tollowing her in a more leisurely fashion.

eisurely fashion.

"Now for my own room," she says, with some degree of quickness in her tone. She reaches the turret chamber as she speaks, and looks around her. It is quite a circle, and apparently of the same date as the one they have just quitted. Even the furniture, though of lighter make and size, is of a similar age and pattern. Ugly little chairs and unpleas antly solid tables are dotted here and there, a perfect wealth of Old-World work cut into them. Everything is carved, and to an unsympathetic observer it might occur that the carver must have been a person subject to fiendish visions and unboly nightmares. But no doubt the beauty of his designs lies in their ugliness, and his heads are a marvel of

art, and his winged creatures priceless. The high chimney plece is en rapport with all the rest, and scowls unceasingly; and the very windows-long and deep-have little faces carved on either side of them, of the most

Miss Peyton is plainly entranced with the whole scene, and for a full minute says no-

"I feel as though I were a child again," she presently, as though half regretful. Everything comes back to me with such a strange yet tender vividness. This, I remember, was my favorite table, this my favorite chair. And that little winged monster over there, he used to whisper in my cars more thrilling tales than either Grimm or Anderson. Have you never moved anything in all these years?

"Never. It is your own room by adoption, and no one shall medie with it. When I went abroad I locked it, and carried the key of it with me wherever I went; I hardly know why mysolf." He glanced at her curiously, but her face is averted, and she is plainly thinking less of him than of the many odd trifles scattered around. "When I returned, dust reigned, and spiders; but it has been made spick and span today for its mistrees. Does it still please you? or will you care to alter anything ?"

"No nothing. I shall pay a compliment to my childish taste by letting everything stay just as it is. I must have beer rather a nice child, Jim, don't you think? if one passes over the torn frocks and the shrewish tougue."

"I don't think I ever saw a tear in your frocks," says Sir James simply, "and if your tongue was shrewish I never found it out." Miss Peyton gives way to mirth. She sits down on a wretchedly uncomfortable, if delightfully reedieval, chair, and laughs a good deal.

" Oh, wad some power the giftle gie us To see oursels as others see us!"

she quotes, gayly. "Those lines, meant by poor Burns as a censure on frail humanity, rather fall short at this moment. Were I to see myself as you see me, Jim, I should be a dreadfully conceited person, and utterly un-bearable. What a good friend you make !"

"A bad one, you mean. A rea! friend, according to my lights, is a fellow who says unpleasant things all round and expects you to respect his candor. By and by, when I tell you a few home truthe, perhaps you will not like me us you do now.

"Yes, I shall always like you," says Clarissa. "Long ago, when you used to soold me, I nver bore malice. I suppose you are one of those rare people who can say the ungracious thing in such a manner that it doesn't grate. But then you are old, you know. .!im. very old—though, in appearance, wonderfully young, for your years. I do hope papa, at

your age, will look as fresh." She has risen, and has slipped her hand through his arm, and is smiling up at him gayly, and with a sweetness irresistible. Sir James looks as pleased as though he had received a florid compliment.

"What a baby you are!" he says, after a pause, looking down at her admiringly. Judging by his tone, babies, in his eyes, must possess very superior attractions. "There are a good many bables in the world, don't you think?" he goes on, presently. " You are one, and Geoffrey Branscombe is another, I don't suppose he will ever quite grw up.

"And Horace," said Clarissa, idly, "is he another?" But Sir James, though unconsciously,

recents the question. "Ob, no!" he says bastily. " He does not come within the category at all. Why," with a faint smile, "he is even older than I am! There is no tender, buby nonsense about

him." "No, he is so clever-so far above us all. where intellect is concerned," she says ab. sently. A slight smile plays about her lips, and a light that was not there a moment since, comes to life within her eyes. With an effort she arouses herself from what were ing-

plainly happy day dreams, and comes back to the present, which, just now, is happy too.
"I think nature meant me to be a nun," she says, smiling. "This place subdurs and touches me so. The sombre lights and shadows are so impressive! If it were indeed mine (in reality), I should live a great part of my time in it. Here I should write my pleasantest letters, and read my choicest books, take my afternoon tes, and make welcome my dearest friends -you among them. In fact, if it were practicable," needing her pretty head emphatically, "I should steal this room. There is hardly anything I would not do 30 make it my own."

Scrope regards her ownestly, with a certain amount of calm inquiry. Is she a co quette, or merely unthinking? If, indeed, the thing to bring down public censure on the face be the index of the mind, one must nohead of one who has so nobly espoused your count her free of all unworthy thought or frivolons design. Hers is

"A countenance in Which do meet Sweet records, promises as sweet."

Her eves are still smiling up at him; her whole expression is full of a gentle friendliness; and in his heart, at this moment, arises sensation that is not hope, or gladness, or despair, but yet is a faint wild mingling of all three.

As for Ciarissa, she stands a little apart, unconscious of all that is passing in his heart, and gazes lovingly upon the objects that sur round her, as one will gaze now and then on things that have been founly remembered through the haze of many years. She is happy, wrapped in memories of a past all sunshine and no shade, and is ignorant of the meaning he would gladly attach to her last

"While I stay here I sin-that is, I covet," she says, at length, surprised by his silence, "and it grows late. Come, wait with me a little way through the park; I have not yet seen the old path we used to call the 'short cut to ' to Gowran, long ago."

So, down the dark stairs he follows her, across the stone flooring, and into the hail outside, that seems so brilliant by contrast, and so like another world, all is so changed, so different. Behind, lie silence, unbroken perfect, a sid and dreamy light, Old-World grandour; here, all is restless life, full of unertain sounds, and distant footsteps, and voices faint but positive.

"Is it not like a dream?" says Clariusa. stopping to point backward to the turret they have just climbed.

"The past is always full of dreams," replies he, thoughtfully.

CHAPTER V. "A violet by a mossy stone
Had hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."
Wordsworth.

The baby morn has flung seide its robes, and grown to perfect strength. The day is well advanced. Already it is making rapid strides toward rest and evening; yet still no cooling breeze has come to refresh the heart ot man.

Below, in the quiet fields, the cattle are standing knee-deep in water, beneath the spreading branches of the kindly alder. They have no energy to eat, but munch, sleepily, the all-satisfying cud, and, with gentle if expressionless eyes, look out afar for evening and the milkmaid.

"Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun Darks on the head direct his forceful rays O'er heaven and earth, far as the wanging eye. Can sweep, a cazzling deluge reigns; and all, From pole to pie, is undistinguished blaze. Distressful Nature pants!
The very streams look languid from afar Or, through the unsheltered glade, impatient, seem

To hurl into the covert of the grove."

A tender stillness reigns over everything. The very birds are mute. Even the busy

millaheel has ceased to move. Bright flushes of light, that come and go ere one can catch them, dart across the gray walls of the old mill-that holds its gaunt and stately head erect, as though defying age -and, slanting to the right, fall on the cottage, quaint and ivy-clad, that seems to neetle at its feet. The roses that climb its walls are drooping; the casements all stand wide. No faintest breath of air comes to flutter Ruth's white gown, as she leans against the justic gate.

All miller's daughters should be pretty. It is a duty imposed upon them by tradition. Romance of the most floral description, at once attaches itself to a miller's daughter. I am not at all sure it does not even cast a halo round the miller himself. Ruth Annersley at least acknowledges this fact, and does her duty nobly; she gives the lie to no old legends or treasured nursery superstitions she is as pretty as heart can desire,-

Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair. She is small, piquante, timid, with large almond-shaped eyes and light-brown hair, a rounded supple figure, and hands delicately white. Perhaps there is a lack of force in ber face, an indefinable want, that hardly detracts from her beauty, yet sets one wondering, vaguely, where it lies, and what it can be. The mouth, mobile and slightly parted, betrava it most.

Her lashes covering her brown evec, are very long, and lie a good deal on her cheeks. Her manner, without a suspicion of gaucherie, is nervous, almost appealing; and her smile, because so rare, is very charming, and upt to lingerin the memory.

She is an only child, and all through her young life has been petted and caressed rather more than is good for any one. Her father had married, somewhat late in life, a women in every way his enperior, and, she dying two years after her marriage, he had fallen back for consolation upon the little one left to his sole care.

To him, she ras a pride, a delight, a creature precious beyond words, on whom the sun musi shine gently and the rain fall not at all.

A shy child from the first, Buth had declined acquaintance with the villagers, who would. one and all, have been glad to succor the motherless girl. Perbays the little drop of gentle blood inharited from her mother had thriven in her veius, and ibus rendered her distant and somewhat repellant in her manuer to those in her own rank of life. She had been sent early to a private school

had been carefully educated far above her position, and had come home ugain to her father, pheasantswith all the pretty airs and unconscious softness of mannor that, as a rule, belong te good

& She iswarm-hearted, passionate, impulsive, and singularly reserved—so much so that few guess at the terrible power to love, or hate, or suffer, in silence, that lies within her. She is | ing ?" a special favorite with Miss Peyton and the vicarage people (Mr. and Mrs. Bedmond and their five children), with those at Bythe, and indeed with most of the county people, Miss Scrops excepted, who gives it freely as her opinion that she will come to no good " with her books and her high society and general fiddle-faddling." Nobody knows what this last means, and every one is afraid to ask.

Just now, with her pretty head tare, and her hand shading her eyes, she is gazing down the dusty road. Her whole attitude denotes expectancy. Every feature (she is off her guard) expresses intense and hopeful long"Fiery Titan, who;

——with his peccant heat

Has dried up the lusty liquor new.

Unon the herbs in the greene mead,"

has plainly fallen in love with her to-day, as

he has clothed her in all his glory, and seems reluctant to pass her by on his homeward journey.

The heat has made her pale and languid but just at this moment a faint delicate color springs into her face; and as the figure of a young man, tall and broad-shouldered, turns the corner of the road, she raises her hand to her cheek with a swift involuntary gesture. so near that the face is discernible, she pales ngain, and grows white as an early snow-

"Good morning, Ruth," says Dorian Branscombe, with a smile, apparently oblivious of the fact that morning has given place to noon many hours agone.

Ruth returns his salutation gently, and lets her hand lie for an instant in his.

"Tols is a summer's day, with a vengennee," says Dorian, genially, proceeding to make himself comfortable on the top of the low wall near which she is standing. He is plainly making up his mind to a long and exhaustive conversation. "Tulk of India!" he anva disparagingly; "this beats it to fits!" Ruth acquiesces amiably.

. It is warm-very," she says, calmly, but indifferently.

"'Ot I call it-werry 'ot," returns he, making his quotation as genially as though she understands it, and, plucking a little rose-bud from a tree near him, proceeds to adorn his

coat with it.

"It seems a long time since I have seen you," he goes on, presently; and, as he speaks, his eyes again seek hers. Something in her face touches some chord in his careless kindly nature.

"How pale you are!" he says, abruptly. "Am I? The heat no doubt,"-with a

faint smile. "But thin, too, are you not? And-and-" "Anything wrong with you, Rath?"

"Wrong? No! How should there be! retorted she, in a curious tone, in which fear and an oyance fight for mastery. Then the storm dies away, and the startled look fades from ber pretty face. "Why should you think me unhappy, be-

cause I am a little pale?" she asks sullenly, Branscombe looks surprised. "You altogether mistake me," he says, gen-

a headache, or any of those small ills that we are all subject to? I beg your pardon, I'm eure, if I have offended you.' He has jumped off the wall, and is now standing before her, with only the little gate between them. Her face is still colorless, and she is gazing up at him with parted lips,

ly round the angle of the road, sees them. Ruth lowers her eyes and some slight transient color creeps into her cheeks. Sartoris, airy laugh, "as my thoughts were running coming quickly up to them, makes some con- away with me, and Phobus Apollo is in the

nephew. ". Where are you going?" he asks, coldly. "I was going to Hythe," returned the young man, easily. "Just as well I didn't,

Should have found you out." "Found me out-yes," repeats his uncle, looking at him strangely. How long—how long it takes to find out some people, on whom our very hearts are set. "I am going to the village.'

"Then so am I." says Branscombe. Though, I should think it would run the this, Good-bye, Ruth." He holds out his hand; and the girl, silent

courtesy to Lord Sartoris. There is no servility, but some nervousness, in the slight situation. "How is your father, Ruth?" asks he, detaining her by a quick movement of the

hand. "Quite well, thank you, my lord." Some timicity is discernible in her tone, caused by the unmistakable reproof and sternness in

"I am glad to hear it. There is no wor thier man in all the parish than John Annerslev. I hope nothing will ever occur to grieve or sadden that good old man."

"I hope not, my lord," returns she, steadily. although his voice has meaning in it. In another moment she is gone.

"How does your farming go on, Dorian?" asks Lord Sartoris, presently, rousing himself from a puzzling reverie. "Quite in the model line," says Dorlan cheerfully. "That Sawyer is an invaluable

fellow. Does all the work, you know-which is most satisfactory. Looks after the men, pays their wages, and takes all trouble off my shoulders. Never could understand what s perfect treasure he is till I got him. Every one says I am most fortunate in my choice of a steward. "I dare say. It is amazing the amount of

information people possess about other people's servants. But you look after things vonreelf, of course? However faithful and trustworthy one's hirelings may be, one's own eyes should also be in the matter."

"Oh, of course," acquiesces Dorian, still cheerful. "Nothing like personal supervision, and so on. Every now and then, you know, I do look after the accounts, and ask a few questions, and show myself very learned in drainages and so forth. But I don't see that I gain much by it. Horrid stupid work, too,"-with a rawn. "Luckity, Sawyer is one of the most knowing fellows in the world, or Lanppose I should go to smash. He is up to everything, and talks like a book. Quite a pleasure, I give you my word-almost privilege—to hear him converse on shorthorn; and some eccentric root they call

mangels. " It is possible to be too knowing," says his uncle, depreciatingly.

"Eh? oh, no; Sawyer is not that sort of person. He is quite straight all through. And be never worries me more than he can help. He looks after everything, and whatever he touches (metaphorically speaking) turns to gold. I'm sure anything like those

"Yes, yes, I dere say. But pheasents are not everything." "Well no; there are a few other things,"

sort of fellow," says Sartoris, unhesitatingly.

says Dorian, amicably-"notably grouse. Why this undying hatred to Sawyer, my dear Arthur? In what has he been found want-"I think him a low, under-hand, sneaking

"I should not keep him in my employ half an hour. However," relentingly, and somewhat sadly, "one cannot always judge by ap-Degrances. They have reached the village by this time and are walking leisurely through it. Almost as they reach the hotel that adorns the centre of the main street, they meet Mr. Redmond, the rector, looking as hearty and kindly as usual. Lord Sartoris, who has come

down on purpose to meet him, having asked

his question and received his answer, turns

again and walks slowly homeward, Dorlan

still beide him.

As they again catch a sight of the old mil Sartoris says, quietly, with a laudable attempt at unconcern that would not have decoived the veriest infant, but is quite successful with Dorian, whose thoughts are far away-"What a nice girl that little Ruth has

"Awfully pretty girl," returns Dorian, care

lessly.

"Yes"—gravely—"very pretty; and I
think—I hope—upright, as she is beautiful, lot. Far too well educated to associate with A moment later, as the figure comes clos.r, those of her own class, she is still cut off by the laws of caste from mixing with those above her. She has no friends, no mother no sister, to love and sympathize with her." "My dear Arthur, how you do agonize your. self!" says Dorian. "She has her father, and

about us comfortable a time altogether as know of." "She reminds one of some lowly wayside flower," goes on the old man, musingly, heed less of the brilliant interlude, " raising its lit the head sadiy among gay garden-plants that care not for her, whilst beyond the hedge that bounds her garden she can watch her owa species grow and flourish in wild luxuriance, Her life can scarcely be called happy. There must always be a want, a craving for what can never be obtained. Surely the one that could bring sorrow to that pure heart, or tears to those gentle eyes, should be——"

"Asphyxiated," put in Dorian, idly. H yawns languidly and pulls the head off a tal dandelion, that adorns the wayside, in a some what desultory fashion. The color in the older man's cheeks grows a shade deeper, an a gesture, as full of impatience, as of displeasure, escapes him.

"There are some subjects," he says, with calm severity, "that it would be well to place beyond the reach of ridicule."

"Am I one of them?" says Dorian, lightly Then, glancing at his uncle's face, he checks himself, and goes on quickly. "I beg you pardon, I'm sure. I have been saying some thing unlucky, as usual. Of course I agree with you on all points, Arthur, and think the man who could willfully bring a blush to Ruth Annersley's cheek's neither more nor less than a wretch pure and simple. By the bye, that last homely phrase comes in badly there, doesn't it? Rather out of keeping with the vituperative noun, eh!"

"Rather," returns Sartoris, shortly. H drops his nephew's arm, and walks on in silence. As a rule, Dorian's careless humon tly. "I never associated you in my mind | suits him; it amuses him and adds a piquand with unhappiness. I merely meant, had you to a life that without it (now that Dorian society has become indispensable to him would prove "flat, stale, and unprofitable." But to-day, he hardly knows why-or, per haps, hardly dares to know why-his rephew's easy light-heartedness jars upon him vexing him sorely.

As they turn the corner of the road, and g down the hill, they meet Horace, coming to as though she would fair may something difficuit to form into satisfactory speech. At ward them at a rapid pace. As he sees them this moment, Lord Sartortis, coming sudden- he slackens his speed and approaches mor "Just as well I met you," he says, with a

ventional speech to her, and then turns to his ascendant; veritably he rules the roast This up-hill work is trying on the lungs." "Where have you een?" asks Dorian, jus because he has nothing ose to say, and it is

such a bore to think. "At Gowran." "Ah! I'm going there now. You saw Clariesa, then?" says Sartoris, quickly When do you return to town, Horace?"

"To-morrow, I think-I hope," says Horace, and, with a little nod on both sides, the part. But when the bend in the road again hides him from view, it would occur to original deserted one close on such a day as | casual on looker that Horace Branscombs thoughts must once more have taken his ply vers into captivity, as bis BICBI DO ly returning the warm pressure, makes a faint ens, until it grows even swifter than it wa

before. Sartoris goes leisurely down the hill, with Dorian beside him, whistling "Nancy Lee! in a manner highly satisfactory to himself no doubt, but slightly out of tune. Sartoris can bear this musical treat no longer he breaks hurriedly into speech of a descrip-

tion that requires an answer. "What a pretty girl Clarissa Peyton don't you think so?" When Dorian has brought Miss Lee to triumphant finish, with a flourish, that wou have raised murderous longings in the break of Stephen Adams, he says, without undue

thusiasm .-

"Yes, she is about the best-looking wom: I know. "And as unaffected as she is beautiful That is her principal charm. So thoroughly bred, too, in every thought and action. never met so lovable a creature!"

"What a pity she can't hear you!" say Branscombe. "Though perhaps it is as we she can't. Adulation has a bad effect some people." " She is too earnest, too thorough, to be "

set by flattery. I cometimes wonder if the are any like her in the world." " Very few, I think," says Dorlan, genial Another pause, somewhat longer than t

tion, "Do you never think of marrying, D rian ?" "Often" says Branscombe, with an amu "Yet how seldom you touch on the matt

Why, when I was your age, I had seen least twenty women I should have marrie had they shown an answering regard mo. "What a blessing they didn't !" says But combe. "Fancy, twenty of them! You

have found awkward in the long run, wo n't you? And I don't think they'd have lit it, you know, in this illiberal country. glad you thought better of it." "I wish I could onen see you as honest

-with a slight, almost unconscious, stress the word-"in love as I have been scores times.' "What a melancholy time you must be put in! When a fellow is in love he go to skin and bone, doesn't he? slights his ner, and refuses to find soluce in the

to one's friends. I doubt you were a sue tible youth, Arthur, I'm not." "Then you ought to be," says Sartoris, some anger "All young men should their hearts beat, and their pulses quicken

the sight of a pretty woman." My dear fellow," says Branscombe, settly, removing his glass from his right to left eye, as though to scan more carefully uncle's countenance, "there is something matter with you this marning, isn't the You're not well, you know. You have tal something very badly, and it has gone to morals; they are all wrong—very unsort indeed. Have you carefully considered nature of the advice you are giving the Why, if I were to let my heart beat every is I meet all the pretty women I know, I she

be in a lunatic asylum in a month." " Seriously, though, I wish you would f the matter some thought," says Lord Sark earnestly; "you are twenty-eight, old eno

to make a sensible choice." Branscombe sighs. "And I see nothing to provent your de

so. You want a wife to look after you (Continued on Third Page.)

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ye an last, and then Sartoris says, with some hesi ha a l gei

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tha dan diffi YOU "Yt You ton lkı cigar. It must be trying—very; especia will

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