

THE OLD RELIABLE. The remedy that has stood the test of time... THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

PART II. CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

Mrs. Stuart rushed in with a scream, and found her husband lying on the floor... Captain Hammond had made an appointment with Charlie to dine at St. James' Street that evening...

Charlie Stuart's face, a light in his gray eyes, very rare to see. He only bowed and stood aloof. "I have surprised you, I am sure—interrupted you, I greatly fear. You will pardon both, I know, when I tell you what has brought me here."

proposed to Trixy. And Trixy, surprised and grateful and liking him very much, had hesitated, and smiled and dimpled, and blushed and objected, and finally begun to cry, and sobbed out "yes" through her tears.

her. A second after there was a sort of sobbing gasp—a heavy fall. Every body started, and arose in consternation. Miss Darrell had fallen from her chair, and lay on the floor in a dead faint.

a different farewell to that other only two short weeks ago. She tried not to think of that—honestly and earnestly; she tried to forget the fact that haunted her, the voice that rang in her ears, the warm hand-clasp, the kisses that sealed their parting.

THE TRUE WITNESS has, within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and its testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering...

CHAPTER XVIII. THE SUMMERS. The sun was just rising over the million roofs and spires of the great city...

CHAPTER XIX. AT POPULAR LODGE. Half an hour had passed and Sir Victor did not return, Edith still remained at the piano...

CHAPTER XX. The young man made a wry face—much as he used to do when his good aunt urged him to swallow a dose of nauseous medicine.

CHAPTER XXI. In three weeks My dear Lady Helena, what are you thinking of? We are to be married the first week of September.

CHAPTER XXII. "What has happened?" she asked quickly. "Lady Helena's despatch contained bad news. It is nothing"—she caught her breath—nothing concerning the Stuarts?