is."

the put her slight arms around him as be crying holplessly, and drew his head on to her breast, patting it, and hiding own to her breas, peace,
"So old—so old to us," she said, leeking
t me pleadingly. "He has done wickedly,
know"—and she laid her downy cheek on
its head; "but mamma was long ill, his
inter a constant trouble and temptation, I
care; and poverty is very hard—harder
than you think."

than you think."

"You know, Liee, your father is safe from my indignation," I returned, as Towerscourt crossed over to her sid with the safe is must hate his sin, and the but he with which it was persisted room."

"And I is are," I replied. "said his sister—"
She got off the ing outrasy.

and made I

She got off the ing curtasey.

"Thank you for boat ing curtasey.

"Thank you for boat ing for nearly four years. Thanks; but now I require the firm you make it ing for nearly four years. The form you—not even forgivenses. The ing for nearly for ing the from you —not even forgivenses. The ingest is ended—your airs of virtue fatigue me; this house is peu gas. I have given respectability a trial, and it wearies me—we annoy each ether. I think I have punished your brutal husband, so now I'll take my leave of you. Stop, though! You made a mistake jush now, ma chere; if I do not bear the name of your magnificent father, at least I do not bear that of the sot Massey. I was married this morning. The little singer is discenselate; and I shall leave you to deal with my crazy brother, and go beack to the Continents a thoroughly virtuous weman."

woman."

She stepped to the door, beckoned, and the next instant Mr. Cadman stumbled in, red-eyes, slinking, more than half tipsy—a curious stepping-stone to virtue for any

woman.

"You've kept me a deuced time kicking
my heels outside. Dashed if I wasn't half
inclined to be off without you!" he said,

"I had to take leave of my family, dearest husband," she replied, with a light laugh, and her eyes swam with delight—"don't begrudge me a few moments' affectionate farewell."
"I don't want to see any of the proud let. I didn't want to some here—you knew that; and, hang it, I'll have my own way for the future! You're a fine weman, but little Lalla now—"
Mrs. Cadman was silenced. I leoked at her—there was no need to speak. She lounged up to her brother, kinsed him carelessly, held out her hand to Eustace, who did not know how to refuse it, passed Lina without notice, and then, putting her hand on her busband's arm, came up to me.
"Well?" she said laughing.
I drew back a few paces.
"I shall send for my clothes to morrow; and now, Sylvia," succered the bold, bad woman, pressing nearer, "at the last mement, if I turned childish and whine and cling to that chit, have I a chance of for-

woman, pressing nearer, "at the last mement, if I turned childish and whine and cling to that chit, have I a chance of forgiveness?"

"Never from me!" I cried; and wrath filled every vein in my bedy. I started from her and looked steadily into her face, unable to preserve the silence I had intended. "Your sine are scarlet in my eyes," I said, in a low, distinct voice. "Where is your husband? He died in my arms, but his death came as clearly through you as if you had guided the weapon which took his life. Where are your children—those souls rutusted to your charge? I sake you for my mother, whose last days you embittered—my father, whose curse you were—the husband who loved me until you poisoned our happiness—the faithful woman whose death—another death—lies at your doer. Where, where are they? Would they condone your crimes? There's not a soul on whom your influence has not falles to highthe or destroy. Out of my presence, wretched woman! For, as you stend there, decked in pilfered garments—the outward signs of the luxury for which you have thus put your soul in peril—I know not a more degraded spectacle under heaven!"

Without a word she left the room. Standing together, we heard the house door close upon her and a carriage drive away.

From that day I never looked on her again.

CHAPPER XXVI.

again. CHAPPER XXVI.

CHAPPER XXVI.

The discovery se unexpectedly made had one result—before the morning Mr. Gilbert had a stroke of paralysis; and I may say here that he never wholly recovered from it, though he lived for a year afterwards, nursed by Lisa, and loved and honored by her in his decadence as he had never been in his prime. All her mere womanly feelings appeared then; I am sure nothing could have increased her lover's affection for her, or her conduct to her father would have increased her lover's affection for her, or her conduct to her father would have increased her lover's affection for her, or her conduct to her father would have increased her lover's affection for her, or her conduct to her father would have increased her lover's affection for her, or her conduct to her father much her being the present of the final the pucket in my father's handwriting lay in my deak untouched. I could not bring myself to look at it; implesse thoughts sprang up when I tried; there were moments when I even wished it had not heen discovered, so many threads of life were

asleop, for two volces were murmuring on the other side of a large strees when I woke up, and at first I took them for dream-wokes.

"She must work it out by herself! If she were only less unforgiving! Though perhaps I cought not to say that?"

"No, you shall not. See how much she has forgiven. When I saw her watching my poor papa last nights, I thought she leoked like an angel. But it is easier to pardon a persea one cares nothing for, whatever the injury, than to forget a hurrigiren by one we love."

"I shall she forget. Yos, she is magnanimous enough to importi her life for the benefit of any one, but not generous enough to forgive her husband, who was a fellow-suffarer. Well, we can only stand by and hope, and trust te time, and also to the soft touch of certain sweet lips whose magic power would be more gratefully appreciated and repaid if bestowed in another quarter."
That night I wrestled long with myself; when the morning came I had conquered. I read my father's letter of explanation—a letter from the dead—then folded and enclosed it in an envelope, put with it a short explanation of the way in which it had come to me, and sought Towerscourt.

"Eustace," I said, showing him the packes, "I was behind the acreea yesterday when I think you were speaking of me. I condition of the way in which it had come to me, and sought Towerscourt.

"Eustace," I said, showing him the packes, "I was behind the acreea yesterday when I think you were speaking of me. I come to me, and sought Towerscourt.

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"Eustace," I said, showing him the packes, "I was behind the acreea persent of the way in the land owner to me, and sought Towerscourt.

"I have not me to the part of the part of the land owner to me, and the him to the

"Nei go to Algiers inyself starting up.

"Ne; Sylvia, I will go. el two as fast as you, and traver.

I'll spare no pains, if you we. detly with Liss. Remember, though two norths is a long time to wait for a letter, we don't know how many he has sent which have never reached us. I will start this very

is a long time to wait for a lester, we done know how many he has sent which have never reached us. I will start this very day."

"You are very kind, Eustace, but how can I part you from Lies white she is in such trouble?"

"What does Lies say?" he asked, smiling with proud confidence.

"That after to-day she will never speak to Lord Towerscourt till he returns from Algiers with Mr. Fernley," she said, bravely; and he caught her in his arms and gave her a dozen kieses at least, some of which I am sure she returned. Peor things! They were going to be apart for weeks, for my sake, in the heyday of their mutual love.

I left them alone to talk over their parting, and wandered into the drawing-room, a prey to devouring fear and suspense. Oh, I must go to Algiers! How could I endure to wait weeks before I heard anything? The vell had dropped from my eyes; one thought had shown me clearly what Denis was to me still, and what he would always be. My hand was on the handle of the deer, and I was on the handle of the deer, and I was on the handle of the deer, and I was on the handle of the deer, and the saw—Denis or his spirit before m!

For one instant I thought it was the latter, eart to mock my despair, so pale, se hollow-checked, so altered was he. I shrieked aloud and sprang back, putting out my hands before me, and turning my head aside from his great burning eyes—and se he tood for a moment; then a low, very low voice faintly proneunced my name, and I knew it was no wrath, and in the weak-ness brought by this great relief tottered and fell upon the sefs, face downwarch.

I heard the doer, shut, I heard steps slowly approach and stay beside me, but for my life's aske I could not have lifted a finger.

"I have come back," said the faint, hollow voice. "from the brink of the grave to

slowly approach and stay beside me, but for my life's sake I could not have lifted a finger.

"I have come back," said the faint, hollow voice, "from the brink of the grave to ask yeu, for very charity, to forgive me for the peat. I have so plea to arge in my favor; my only hope rests in that heart which I so wrung while it was mine, and so regretted when I lost it. I could not die, I should not rest in the ground, till I came to tell you that the last barriers of my pride are down. At last I know myself as a man false to his vows, neglectiful of the trust repeated in him, and, in following a stubborn prejudice of his nature, brutal against the truest instead of yeurs. Silence still? Well, perhaps that's best. Heaven known how often you have pleaded in silence to me, and I have been regardless! Now it is for you to decide to dismiss, but first hear my recantation—it may make your heart less hot within you at another time. My wife, the mist which blinded me so long is gone! I see, I know that, though by an acadest of birth you are the child of a disgreed woman, the angels in heaven are not more pure; and at this moment, if we were both free, I would somer have you for my wife with all the drawbacks than the fairest woman with the purest lineage, or I would become a begger te have yeu place your hand in mine and say, 'I will come back to yes and give you a chance of effacing the past.'"

beat to be before he knew all; he esmad, if he had received the packet abroad, that that would never have been.

And so we took up life together again, humbly, lovingly and trestfully. He was so remercial because of the past that only a sobergladness was ours for a time; yet I think that in that season of tender peace we graw entirely together, in such a manner as would have been impossible in brighter times, 3m, when such aby oams, all things grew suny again; Denis ence more lifted his head and walked eroot among men. He had neve abscheded in his fond care and devetion his proud trust in ms; but new the weight was lifted from off his spirit, and once mos Beschweed rang with merciment.

His mother and I are now reconciled; she dotes on lite Denis, and scarcely allows his brothe Eustace to have a charm. Her health is btter, but she will never whelly recover from the effect of the lung-past fearful right.

Need I sy that Lisa and Eustace Towerscourt are many? He has bought an estate near Beschwed, and there is no fear of our being dull wile they are near. We have already setted the marriage of our Denis to her little Syria; and Lisa has painted such a gigantic pure of the two families that she declarest must have a room built out for it.

Its Silly Catter Will Hurt Nobody.

One of the bat zealous of the Thompsonian organs the Hamilton Spectator, the paper whit recently described the Eeri of Aberdeen, it coming Gevernor-General, as "an acciate of thugs," bossue he is a Liberal air a Home Ruler. The Spectator descrees the great convention of Canadian Libers in Ottawa last week as "the French invention," and yet the Toria pretendiat they desire to see the Campon "walded into one harm hold "If it pleases Bir John cams to smeer at the corors gathering as "a Conveton," their silly chathall the nobody—excepting onch Canian Trey leaders. There seems French Canadians at the Convendings of the onvention. Hon. H. G. Wilfred Laurier bounded the policy of his party, and a liber of other French Ranadians address the assemblage. The creek of a gathering as "a conversation of the considering seems to be at French Canadian ottimes their of the considering energial to knew at their glasses anaece were represented idea seems to be at French Canadian ought not to the patients of the considering the seems to be at French Canadian of a Dominion be Pitted to take any part new Thompson Contition. If that is the it be announced. I loy, by all means let

The Thirteen superstition.

The thirteen superstition.

The thirteen superstition is eald to have originated in the tition is eald to have When the good British of King Arthur. Jameus Round Table, he in the enchanter, to arrange gluested Morlibrary and the the enchanter, to arrange gluested Morlibrary of Jesus Christ and the thir process of Jesus Christ and the thir traitor Judas. The first pied save by the knight traitor Judas. The first pied save by the knight was never occupied goes that a haughty a mass in seen ately swallowed up by the rich Evaledit was known as the "perilous seat," for the Round Table are said to have been not one

d Table are said had the courage to sit on the thirteenth chair, and the superstition against it still

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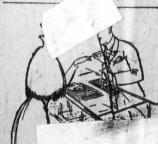
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