

opines that her sudden accession to wealth is a very great trial to her, yet she bears it with the fortitude of a martyr.

They return down-stairs to the room used as the living room of the family, which is, in fact, the servants' hall.

Archer is disgusted, and it is as much as he can do to conceal his feelings in silence. That this fine old place should come to such people as the Turnbells, people who cannot appreciate its refinements, whose vulgar tastes only desecrate its beauty—this is bad enough; but that his old love, Madge, whom, whatever he may have thought of herself, he believed to be in full possession and enjoyment of the luxuries of life—that she should be living with these people, and daily have her finest feelings outraged—as she must have—by what was going on around her, maddened him.

He would ask her now to be his. He would entreat for her love. And here his thoughts paused with a bitter sense of remorse. Would she be willing still?

"Now then, mother, let's have tea," exclaims Mr. Turnbull, briskly. "It's quite half a day's job getting the run of this place—eh, Mr. Darrell? I speculated first whether I shouldn't let it out in lodgings; but there! lodgers don't pay, and I don't want their money. Peggy! Jupiter! where's that girl? Come and help the missis get tea. Not she! That girl's enough to provoke—Ah, I forgot, Mr. Darrell—yes, yes!"

This break-off is caused by Mr. Turnbull's suddenly catching sight of Archer's pale, stern features.

After this the ex-contractor sits moodily abstracted for a while, and his wife prepares tea submissively, and as if she might be expected every moment to burst out crying.

Meanwhile Madge makes no appearance. Every five minutes that he remains in the house is purgatory to Archer; but he must wait to see her.

Tea is duly announced, and he endures it, though he doesn't want any; and Bobby and Dick, who have bundled into the room, will persist in pawing him all over with greasy fingers.

Still no Madge. At last he can endure no longer, and rises to go, resolved to see her first, despite whatever construction may be put on it.

"Before I leave, Mr. Turnbull, I should like to see Miss Grey a few minutes," he says, coldly.

"What! Peggy? Of course you can, if you can find her. Mother, what's Peggy doing?"

"In the wash'us, I expect," responds Mrs. Turnbull, with a sigh. "She's taking her turn at the wash to-day. Ah, Mr. Darrell, pride's had a fall there!"

"Washing!" cries Archer, excitedly. "You don't mean to say that you force her to do washing?"

"And why not?" asks Mr. Turnbull, a little nettled at last. "My missis does washing; why shouldn't she?"

Archer turns away with open contempt.

"Will you be so good as to send for her?" he says, calmly, to Mrs. Turnbull.

"There's the wash'us, across the yard!" shouts Mr. Turnbull, warmly. "We don't keep servants here. Go for her yourself."

Restraining himself, Archer goes out into the yard, and crosses to the spacious, cleanly laundry on the other side. He looks in. It is quite empty; there are no signs of anyone having been there.

"What can have become of her?" he wonders, as he retraces his steps.

Suddenly a terrible suspicion flashes across his mind. Are they keeping her from him—detaining her by means of force—against her will, perhaps? His opinion now of that man Turnbull is that he is fit for anything. How does he (Archer) know there was any second will? Why shouldn't Turnbull have fabricated the account of it, come in, made himself master of the place, and now be keeping Madge locked up, so that she shouldn't tell the tale of it? For the moment he overlooks that he has seen her. It is possible—nay, such things have been done.

His brain swims as the ideas flood in. He can see nothing clearly. A minute he stands at the entrance to the yard, debating whether he shall seek further, go for the nearest constable or enter, and violently wring the truth out of Mr. Turnbull.

At that instant he feels a light touch on his arm, and a low voice from behind that sends a sweet thrill through him, says, "Do you wish to speak to me, Mr. Darrell?"

(To be continued.)

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid: among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.

THREE EVENINGS IN A LIFE.

In a bright and pleasant drawing-room on Sherbrooke St., Montreal, a young girl was standing one winter afternoon. It was the last day of the old year—and as she stood looking down into the glowing coals with fixed abstracted gaze, her thoughts were busy with the past and what it had brought to her. Joy, all joy, she could think of nothing else just now, with her lover's words sounding in her ears and filling her heart. Life seemed too bright almost, and in such new and complete happiness she thought with a vague pity of those to whom married or single, that crown of woman's existence, a true and perfect love, had been denied. Isabel Hamilton was the only and petted daughter of a rich man; her short life had never known a care, hardly even an ungratified wish. She was very beautiful, tall, almost too slight, but the graceful lines of her figure wanted only greater fullness to be perfection, and in the fair, sweet face with its large, soft violet eyes, and tender mouth, few were critical enough to discern a certain weakness of expression. In her first season she had met Arthur Verner, an officer in one of her Majesty's regiments then stationed in Montreal. His frank ways and pleasant words completed what his handsome face had begun, and before they had known each other many months, they had both quite forgotten that this matter-of-fact world requires to make what is called a suitable marriage, something besides a large store of mutual affection. Their dreams of bliss, would probably have lasted some time longer, but Mr. Verner had been called home to see his mother, who was dying in England, and he had gone with the happy confidence of a young man and an Englishman to ask Mr. Hamilton for his daughter, and Isabel was waiting in the fire-light, her pretty lips curling in involuntary smiles as she pictured the coming meeting. As the door opened slowly, she raised her head, and the glad look of welcome changed to one of perplexity and distress when she saw the cloud that rested on the handsome face of the newcomer.

"Well, Arthur," she said quickly. Without answering he put his arms around her and smoothed back her soft fair hair. "Well," she repeated, "Is it all right, what did papa say?"

"How can I tell you, my darling," he said in a low unsteady tone. "He says, your father says, that it must be all over between us, you must forget me as soon and as completely as you can."

"Forget you!" she repeated, drawing herself from his embrace, and standing upright. "Forget you! It is rather too late for that. What does he mean?"

"He means simply this," said Arthur, "that he will never let you marry me. He says plainly enough he will give no child of his to a beggar."

"But you are not a beggar," said Isabel, opening her blue eyes to their widest extent. "Is that a reason? What nonsense!"

"No great nonsense, Isabel, dearest. I am very poor as you know well, and I told your father I could not give you the luxuries you had all your life been accustomed to unless he provided them, and he was angry at such plain speaking. God knows I don't want the money for myself."

"But, Arthur, could we not do without them altogether?"

"I am willing to try, my own darling," he said, bending to kiss the fair face raised to his in such perfect trust and confidence. "I am afraid you have small idea of what poverty really means."

"I suppose it sounds very sentimental, like a girl in a novel, but truly, Arthur, I don't think I would mind it, if you did not," she added after a pause.

Arthur looked her with his heart in his eyes. "I wonder what in the world a fellow would mind with you for his wife, my sweet. But we have not even a choice. Your father is going to forbid you positively to have anything more to do with me. I am only here now to say good-bye forever."

At the last words, Isabel's face grew very white, and the large eyes dilated with pain and wonder. "He cannot be so cruel," she gasped rather than spoke. "You are trying me, Arthur!"

"Indeed, it is only too true," he said. "Unless—but that would be folly and only lead to misery in the end." Then half to himself, he added, "I dare not tempt her to that. Poor sweetheart," he said aloud, and drew the pretty, slight figure nearer to him. "You are a delicate little flower and not fit for knocking about in the world."

The long silence that followed was broken by the soft strokes of a little old-fashioned clock in the room beyond. "The train leaves at eight, I must go now, Isabel, my darling." There was no answer, only two living arms pressed closer round his neck. "It is hard lines to leave you," he went on, "if the poor old mother were not so ill, I would stay and risk Mr. Hamilton's anger, and I dare say some other fellow will be luckier than I have been. I don't like to think of that, I wonder how long it will be before they make you forget me, Isabel?"

"I shall never forget you," she cried in a low tone. "But oh, Arthur, I cannot, oh I cannot, let you go. Why can't I speak to papa? surely he must listen to me, oh, do let me, dearest."

"No, Isabel, no. I'll take nothing from your father now. He has said words that cannot be

recalled, but if he will give you to me—you without a penny—I will gladly accept the gift, and I'll do all in my power to make you happy. But I won't ask you to come to me against his will. Some day you would reproach me, and hard as this is to bear, that would be harder still. But for now it must be good-bye. A long good-bye I am afraid."

"I cannot say it, Arthur. It is like tearing my heart out."

"My darling, be brave, don't make it worse for me, give me one kiss before I go, of your own sweet will."

She raised her lips to his obediently, and he strained her close to his heart for a moment, short indeed, but touching in that brief time the bliss and torment of an eternity, and then putting her gently from him with one last look at the slender form buried in the wide, low crimson chair, her white dress and bowed golden head, looking like a lily bending before the storm, he turned and was gone.

One year had passed, and robed in white satin, her golden hair crowned with orange blossoms, Isabel Hamilton stands, Isabel Hamilton no longer, a bride of an hour. Her lovely face is calm and serene, and only a very close observer would notice when her flickering smile dies away, the sweet lips have a mournful downward droop, and the violet eyes have lost that bright outward glance that only belongs to the very young or very happy.

It is evening, but the wedding has been by special license at six o'clock, and Mr. and Mrs. Murray are to leave by the 8 o'clock train for their wedding journey. Drawing off her gloves, she sinks wearily into a low chair beside the fire while the maid lays out her travelling suit, and numerous cousins and bridesmaids stand round, chatting, laughing and teasing each other as only gay, light hearted girls can do. There was a knock at the door, and a maid entered with some letters on a small salver.

"These are yours, Miss Isabel," that habit getting the better of the girl. "They came this morning; I gave them to Miss Alice," turning to one of her consins, but she must have forgotten, for I found them on the mantle-shelf in the little sitting-room."

"Oh, yes, to be sure," said the young lady addressed. "They are the English letters. I gave Aunt Matilda hers and put yours aside for you."

Isabel took them listlessly, but even as she took them, that strange magnetic influence which so often warns us of something about to happen, thrilled through her, and it scarcely seemed a surprise when she saw the straight, firm writing of her old love. It was enough to send the blood from her cheeks however, and her hands shook as she tore it hastily open. The letter was long and closely written, but the first few words were sufficient, and Isabel sat as if turned to stone.

Delicate and fragile as she looked, she was not given to fainting, or she would have done so then, for she learned that the love she had mourned as lost—the man she had believed married to another—was still her own, and now with riches and honours newly gained, ready and longing to claim his promised wife. How she did it she never knew, but she rose quickly from her seat, and saying in a low, constrained tone—

"Tell mamma I want her immediately, Ann," she crossed the wide hall and went straight to her mother's room. When her mother came, Isabel handed her the letter in silence. She read it and looking at the face of absolute despair before her, trembled for the consequences.

"Isabel, my darling, you must not think of this now, what is done cannot be undone." "Did you know of this?" was the only answer she got. "Do you believe such a thing possible, my daughter?"

"Where is papa? I must speak to him," and she moved toward the door.

"No, no!" said her mother, standing before her. "Not now. You would say what you would repent of later, you must make the best of it now, you have a good husband—"

Her words were cut short. "Mother," said Isabel, in a low deliberate tone, "I never will be his wife—his wife in name I must be—but in reality, never—you can tell him that, and my father, too. Tell him he has ruined my life. I believed him when he said Arthur was married. I believed that lying paper, God help me, what a blind fool I have been." And the unhappy girl covered her face with her hands. Her mother looked on in silent misery.

"Dear Isabel," she said at last, "it is a trial harder to bear than even death, but it has to be borne, my own darling child, if I could only suffer for you, how gladly would I do it, but each one must bear her cross alone. This great sorrow has been sent for some wise purpose I am sure, and you will accept it bravely."

"Mother, I cannot, indeed I cannot, do it, I don't wish ever to see Mr. Murray again."

"But, Isabel, be reasonable, think of the scandal."

"What do I care for that?" interrupted Isabel, raising her head, her beautiful eyes flashing through her tears. "When everything you care for in the world is lost, do you think you mind what people say?"

"But what good will it do you?" urged her mother. "You cannot marry Mr. Verner now."

"Why not," said Isabel sharply. "Such a marriage as mine is a mockery."

"You can't do that, my child, and if you could it would be no use. Arthur Verner is too proud to marry a divorced woman."

Slowly but surely the words sank into Isabel's

heart. She knew too well the truth of what her mother said, and for the first time the utter hopelessness of her situation burst upon her with the force of a revelation. The shock seemed almost like a physical blow, something seemed to snap within her and she fell forward unconscious at her mother's feet.

There was no happy leave-taking that evening, and the bewildered guests went to their homes to tell the strange story with a thousand conjectures and rumours. In the long days and nights of mortal sickness that followed, the mother's task was a hard one, for in her delirium Isabel had her lover's name forever on her lips, sometimes coupled with bitter reproaches for leaving her, sometimes in tones of tenderest entreaty, that made the loving heart listening to her bleed with bitter self reproach, and even in the short moment that the new-made husband was allowed to stand beside the bed, words were uttered that were hard to explain away and that were laying, up as she well knew, a bitter harvest of doubt and jealousy, that would have to be reaped hereafter.

When Isabel rose from that bed of sickness, there were streaks of white in the gold of her hair, and the once soft yet brilliant color had faded to return no more. But she never recurred to the rash resolve of that night, and with a sweet and touching resignation, took up the burden laid upon her, and bore it bravely. Her position and her wealth shielded her from impatient remarks, but she well knew people talked, and the remembrance of this was a constant sting to the proud and jealous nature of her husband. Other people's troubles are however soon forgotten, and after a while even this faded into oblivion, and when strangers wondered why a woman who seemed to be fortunate above all others, should have her beauty shaded by such a look of sadness, her friends said: "She has had a story, some old love affair before her marriage, and she has never quite recovered it." So easily are the tragedies of real life skimmed over by the world which has no time to look below the surface of the ever moving, hurrying stream of existence.

A good many years after that unhappy bridal day, a lady and her maid entered the waiting-room of one of the great London stations. It was a winter's night, thick, and foggy, as such nights in England alone can be, and the lady, wrapped in furs though she was, shivered and came close to the fire, putting out her hands to try and gather some heat from the blaze which leapt up every now and then, only to make desolation more complete, when it flickered and went out.

"I don't think we will have many passengers, ma'am," the maid ventured to remark after five minutes of dreary waiting.

"No," answered her mistress, abstractedly, then rousing herself from her thoughts. "I suppose most people are too well employed to travel on New Year's eve, Joyce, but we should not have been any better occupied if we had stayed at home."

"No ma'am," responded Joyce, obediently, but not very cordially. She had her own ideas on the subject.

At this moment the porter came to inform them time was up, and a tall man who, his hands deep in the pockets of a long dark overcoat and his hat well pulled down over his eyes, had been walking up and down the platform outside, glanced curiously at the two travellers. But a long crepe veil covered the lady's face and only a knot of golden hair was visible under the heavy crepe bonnet.

Even experienced travellers take some time to settle down for a long journey, but after a while our passengers have safely disposed of their numerous traps and wraps, and having the carriage to themselves, prepared to try and obtain what rest was possible. Joyce had a great deal of philosophy in her composition, and her mind set at rest about dressing cases and shawls, she lost no time in lamenting the vanished delights of New Year's eve supper, but straightway composed herself to sleep, where perhaps, in her dreams they re-appeared more fascinating. But, alas! even more fleeting than the reality. Her mistress was less fortunate try as she might, sleep would not come, a restlessness unusual to her seemed to pervade every nerve; her limbs, forced to be still, revenged themselves on her mind, which, against her will, searched the past, and brought before her with startling reality scenes she had fancied almost forgotten, or at least put out of sight. Two New Year's Eves long gone by came before her, and all she had suffered then, and a longing for the unattainable, the most painful while it lasts of all sensations, came over her with irresistible force. Lost in the past she forgot the present. The solitary, objectless life, the changed home to which she, widowed and childless, was hastening; and though hours had passed, it seemed only a few minutes after they left the station, when something—a swaying motion of the carriage—roused her from her dreams, and in another second everything seemed to have changed places. The seats had taken the place of the roof, and she lost sight and sense together. When Isabel Murray woke again to life with a sound of rushing waves in her ears and a dimness before her eyes, she thought she must still be dreaming, for over her was bending, not stern, as she had always seen it, but full of tenderest pity, the very face memory had brought back from the past and which tormenting conscience had transformed into the relentless ghost of a "might have been." But that this was real flesh and blood was very plain, and whatever Capt. Verner might have felt had he met