BRIGHTS DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS DIABETES. No danger from these diseases if you use

## Hop Bitters; Besides, being the best family medicine ever made. Trust no other. THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1882.

The TRUE WITNESS has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also daim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the TRUE WITHESS Will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of discuse of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticise Darwins theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The TRUE WITNESS is now what we may term an established fact, it is over 30 years in exintence.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the TRUE WITNESS is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken sharge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efferts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still further enlarged and improved during the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the TRUE WITNESS for One year.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one oopy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the TRUE WITNESS; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the pub-Hishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The TRUE WITNESS will be mailed to clergymen, school teachers and postmasters at

\$1.00 per annum in advance. confine themselves to any particular locality | were many independent countries who had towns or districts; nor is it necessary to sand Belgium, Denmark, Greece, Portugal, Sweall the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladles, there-fore, to use the gentle but irresistible pres-ing, however, until it was what it was to-day. ure of which they are mistresses in our behalt on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties subscribing for the TRUE WITNESS between this date and the 31st December, 1881, will receive the paper for the balance of the year free. We hope that our friends or agents throughout the Dominion will make an extra effort to push our circulation. Parties requiring sample copies or further information please apply to the office of THE POST Printing and Publishing Company, 761 Craig street, Montreal, Canada

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

## Consumption Cured.

Styce 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula o that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East India missionary, and found so effective for the speedy permanennt cure of Consump. and Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in Ger-man, French or English.—W. A. Noves, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y. 16-13eow

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediatelysepend upon it; there is no mistake about it There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents [G2 . m bottle; Arm it to proce

TAKE CABE OF THE LITTLE ONES Children are the mother's idol, the father's pride; they are entrusted to your care to guide and protect, to fill positions of honor and trust. If you truly feel the responsibility of your trust and want to make the duties of your frust and want to make the duties of your office as light and pleasant as possible, don't allow a silight cold to prey upon the little ones, for even a single day or night may reveal the dreaded destroyer, Croup, but a few doses of DOWN'S ELIXIB, if taken in season, will banish it, as well as Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung affections. For sale by all dealers in medicine Price 25 cents and \$1 per bottle.

REST AND COMPORT TO THE

STEFFERING "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Sile Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Bheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panaces," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. [G26

THE INDEPENDENCE OF CANADA. AN EX-MINISTER PRONOUNCES IN FAVOR OF

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE-THE SENTIMENT

IS RECEIVED WITH ENTHUSIASM. At the first annual dinner of Le Club Nationale, held Tuesday were in the Windsor, the Hon. Mr. Mercier, in rising to respond to the toast of " Canada, Our Country," said he considered the present more than an ordinary event. It was an energetic and patriotic expression of the youth of the country, the youth who would have the future in their hands (cheers). The speaker here graphically recalled the history of the country after the conquest. The battles of the Plains of Abraham having been fought and won, the French gave their hands to the English and they became brothers and fought together for their country. This was the beginning and creation or the national sentiment, and this was the sentiment they should cherish. This sentiment having been created, what was their duty? The first duty of this nation was to aspire to independence, to take her place among the nations of the world. (Cheers.) He thought this was the expression of all their feelings. (Cheers.) Some said that this was all very well, but it was not a loyal sentiment. What was loyalty? He had profound respect for the person of Queen Victoria both as a woman and a Queen. But after they left their parent's house, did it follow that they must forget their parents. No; they separated, saying that they regretted the separation, but that the hour for it had come. So Canada had now become a man, the hour for her separation had come, and she was ready for separation. (Cheers.) The greatest loyalty they could practice was loyalty to their country. Europe, he would say without fear or hesitation, had no right to found kingdoms on this Continent, and play the master. Kingdoms had no place here and England was obliged to give us a practical republic. They styled this disloyalty and revolution. But this was not the case, as he could show. The speaker has quoted the words of the great English statesman Lord John Russell on Independence, who said: -He knew they were ready for independence, that it was the popular wish and that it would be obtained. But it was said again that they had not the means to make a nation, and that they could not exist without the protection of England. The first objection was trivial, as we had crators, Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to statesmen and poets already. Again there could have a great country. Canada had now a population of six millions; the United States had only three when they obtained But these were not the only independent countries in America. They had the Argentine, Bolivia and other republics, with not as large a population as curs, and these maintained themselves. And could we not then maintain ourselves. He thought so, and he considered that when they saw that these small countries could maintain themselves. they were late in bringing forward the question. He closed by an eloquent appeal

### their country. REVIEW OF BOOKS.

to the members of the Club to be true to

THE CATHOLIC WORLD, \$4.00 per annum; single copies, 35 cts. Sent free by mail on receipt of price D. & J. Sadlier, 275 Notre Dame street, Montreal.

The April number of this excellent monthly treats of a variety of subjects as interesting as they are ably discussed :- The Liberty and Independence of the Pope; the Revd J T Hecker. Dr Woolsey on Divorce; the Revd A F Hewit. Stella's Discipline; F O L. Dies Iræ; Joseph J Marrin. Si Patrick and the Isle of Lerin; the Revd H P Gallagher. A Practical View of the School Question; the Revd Walter Elliott. The Pilgrim of the Cross; S Hubert Burke. Before the Cross; Richard Storrs Willis. The Story of a Portionless Girl (continued) Mary H Allies. The Roman Primacy in the 2nd Century; the Revd A F Hewitt. The Irish Names in Casar; C M O'Keefe. The Influence of Faith on Art; Ella F Mosby. New Publications.

The article on Irish Names in Cæsar offers a curious study, which we recommend to students of the Celtic nation; while they will find in the other pages of the Catholic World subject matter for serious thought on matters which ought to interest them and upon which moderate educated men never should be bliged to confess ignorance.

EPPS'S COCOA-GRATEFUL AND COMPORTING. -" By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors bills. It is by the judicious use of such ar-If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. | ticles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many, a fatal shaft wish is law; yet the veriest beggar that by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."-Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boil-

RECONOLLED TO CATHOLICITY. Roks, April 11.—The famous Jesuit Padre Passaglia, who left the Catholic Church some years ago, has addressed a letter of retraction to Monsignor Guastaldi, Archbishop of Turin, and offered to make any public reparation demanded, as a condition of reconciliation to the Church. The efforts of one of his own pupils, the Polish Jesuit Rozyck, have induced his return to Catholicism.

THE PROPOSED AMALGAMATION OF THE G.T.B., AND G.W.B.

London, April 12 .- The cablegram of Mr. Osler to Messrs, Morton, Rose & Co., and his letter published in the Times, in reference to the construction of the Ontario and Quebec line have had no effect whatever in checking the movement for an arrangement between the Great Western and Grand Trunk companies, which has made such rapid headway as ts be now considered a certainty.

# Special Notice to Subscribers.

All subscriptions outside of Montreal will be acknowledged by change of date on address-label attached to paper.

By "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"The waves of a mighty sorrow Have whelmed the pearl of my life; And there cometh to me no morrow Shall solace this desolate strife.

"Gone are the last faint flashes, Set in the sun of my years, And over a few poor ashes I sit in darkness and tears.

GERALD MASSEY. ALL night the sain has fallen unceasingly now the sun shines forth again, as though forgetting that excessive moisture has inundated the quiet uncomplaining earth. The "windy night" has not produced a "rainy morrow; on the contrary, the world seems athirst for drink again, and is looking pale and languid because it comes not.

Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around: Full swell the woods."

Everything is richer for the welcome drops that fell last night. "The very earth, the steamy air, is all with fragrance rife;" the flowers lift up their heads and fling their perfnme broadcast upon the dying wind, And that same dew, which sometime within

buds
Was won't to swell, like round and Orient
pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowrets' eyes.
Like tears that did their own disgrace be.
wall."

Georgie, with scarcely any heart to see their beauty, passes by them, and walks on until she reaches that part of Hythe wood that adjoins their own. As she passes them, the gentle deer raise their heads and sniff at her, and, with their wild eyes, entreat her to go by and take no notice of them.

Autumn with his "gold hand," is

"Gilding the falling leaf, Bringing up winter to fulfill the year, Bearing upon his back the riped sheaf." All nature seems lovely, and, in coloring, intense. To look upon it is to have one's heart widen and grow stronger and greater as its divinity fills one's soul to overflowing. Yet to but can work up their quots from different not our resources, nor our richness, such as Georgie the hour gives no joy; with lowered head and dejected mien she goes, scarce heedden, Norway, Switzerland and others. And ing the glowing tints that meet her on every if they were willing to make sacrifices they side. It is as though she tells herself the side. It is as though she tells herself the world's beauty can avail her nothing, as, be

the day "Foul or even fair. Methinks her hearte's joy is stained with some

Crossing a little brook that is babbling merrily, she enters the land of Hythe; and, as she turns a corner (all rock, and covered with quaint ferns and tender mosses), she comes face to face with an old man, tall and lean, who is standing by a pool, planted by nature in a piece of granite.

He is not altogether unknown to her. At church she has seen him twice, and once in the vilage, though she has never been introduced to him, has never interchanged a single word with him; it is Lors Sartoris.

He gazes at her intently. Perhaps he too knows who she is, but, if so, he makes no sign. At last, unable to bear the silence any longer, she says, naively and very gently,--"I thought you were in Paris.

At this extraordinary remark from a woman he has never spoken to before, Sartoris lifts his brows, and regards her, if possibly, more curiously.

"So I was," he says; "but I came home yesterday." Then, "And you are Dorian's wife?"

Her brows grow clouded. "Yes," she says, and no more, and, turning aside, pulls to pleces the flowering grasses that

grow on her right hand. "I suppose I am unwelcome in your sight," says the old man, noting her reserve. if, at the time of your marriage, I held aloof,

it was not because you were the bride " "Did you hold aloof?" says Georgie, with wondering eyes. "Did our marriage displease you? I never knew, Dorian never told me." ness "Half measures are of no use. Why front her husband. did you not forbid the wedding altogether! That would have been the wisest and kindest

thing, both for him and me." "I don't think I quite follow you." savs Lord Sartoris, in a troubled tone. "Am' I to understand you already regret your marriage? Do not tell me that."

"Why should I not?" says Georgie, defiantly. His tone has angered her, though why, she would have found a difficulty in explaining. "You are his uncle," she says, with some warmth; "Why should you not know? Why am I always to pretend happiness that I never feel?"

"Do you know what your words convey?" says Sertoris, more shocked than he can ex-

"I think I do." says the girl, half passionately; and then she turns aside, and moves as though she would leave him.

"This is terrible," says Sartoris, in a low voice full of pain. "And yet I cannot believe he is unkind to you."
"Unkind? No," with a little scornful

smile ; "I hear no harsh words, my lightest crawls the road is happier than I am." "It seems impossible," Says Sartoris, quiet-

ly, looking intently at her flower-like face and lovely wistful eyes-" seeing you it seems impossible to me that he can do anything but

to continue, and presently says, in a broken voice, "Am I—the only yoman he has

Something in the suppressed passion of her tone tells Lord Sartoris that she too is in pos-session of the secret that for months has embittered his life. This discovery is horrible to him.

Who has been cruel enough to make you wise on that subject?" he says impulsively, and therefore unwisely.

Georgie turns upon him, eyes brilliant with despair and grief. "So," she says vehemently, "It is the world's talk. You know it; it is, indeed, norman process." indeed, common property, this disgraceful story." Something within her chokes her words; she can say no more. Passion overcomes her, and want of hope and grief, too deep for expression. The gentle wells that nature supplies are deadwithin her; her eyes, hot and burning, conceal no water wherewith to cool the fever that consumes her.

"You are a stranger to me," she says presently. "Yet to you I have laid bare my. thoughts. You think, perhaps, I am one to parade my griefs, but it is not so; I would have you ----"

"I believe you," he interrupts her hastily. He can hardly do otherwise, she is looking so little, so fragile, with her quivering lips, and her childish, pleading eyes, and plaintive

voice. "Take courage," he says softly, "you are young; good days may yet be in store for you; but with me it is different. I am on the verge of the grave-am going down into it with no one to soothe or comfort my declining years. Dorian was my one thought; you can never know how I planned, and lived, and dreamed for him alone; and see how he has rewarded me! For youth there is a future, and in that thought alone lies hope; for age there is nothing but the flying present, and even that for me has lost its sweetness. I have staked my all, and-lost! surely, of we

two, I should be the most miserable." "Is that your belief?" says Mrs. Branscombe mournfully. "Forgive me it I say I think you wrong. You have but a little time to endure your grief, I have my life, and perhaps "-pathetically-"it will be a long To know I must live under his roof and feel myself indebted to him for everything I may want, for many years, is very bit-

ter to me." Sartoris is cut to the heart; that it should

have gone so far that she should shrink from accepting anything at Dorian's hands galls him sorely. And what a gentle, tender boy he used to be, and how incapable of a dishonest thought or action! At least, something should be done for his wife,-this girl who has grown tired and saddened and out of all heart since her luckless marriage. He looks at her again keenly, and tells himself she is sweet enough to keep any man at her side, so dainty she shows in her simple lined gown, with its soft Quakerish frillings at the throat and wrists. A sudden thought at last strikes him.

"I am glad I have met you," he says quietly. "By and by, perhaps, we shall learn to be good friends. In the mean time will you do me a small favor? will you come up to Hythe on Thursday at one o'clock?"

"If you want me to come," says Georgie, betraying through her eyes the intense surprise she feels at this request. "Thank you. And will you give Dorian

a written message from me?" "I will," she says again. And tearing a leaf from his pocket hook, he writes as fol-

lows: "When last we parted it was with the expressed determination on your part never again to enter my doors until such time as I should send for you. I do so now, and beg you will come up to Hythe on Thursday next at half-past one o'clock. I should not trouble you so far, but that business demands your

pressing her hand warmly, parts from her, and goes back again to Hythe.

presence. I give you my word not to de-

tain you longer than is absolutely neces-

When, in answer to his uncle's summons, Dorian walks into the library at Hythe on Thursday afternoon, he is both astonished and disconcerted to find his wife there before him. She had given the leater not to him, but to one of the men-servants to deliver to him; so that he is still fo utter ignorance of her meet-

ing in the wood with his uncle. "You here?" he says to her, after he has acknowledged Lord Sartoris's presence by the coldest and haughtiest of salutations.

She says, "Yes" in a low tone, without raising her eyes.

"I was not aware you and Lord Sartoris were on such intimate terms." "We met by chance iast Monday for the first time," returns she, still without troubling herself to turn her eyes in his direction.

"You will sit down?" says Sartoris, nervously pushing a chair toward him. Dorian is looking so pale and haggard, so unlike himself, that the old man's heart dies within him. What "evil days" has he not rallen on!

"No, thank you; I prefer standing. must, however, remind you of your promise not to detain me longer than you can help."

"Nor shall I. ( have sent for you to-day to let you know of my determination to settle upon your wife the sum of twenty thousand pounds, to be used for her own exclusive benefit, to be hers absolutely to do with as may seem best to her."

" May I ask what has put this quixotic idea into your head?" asks Dorian, in a curious tone.

Georgie, who, up to this, has been so astounded at the disclosure of the earl's scheme as to be unable to collect her ideas, now feels a sudden light break in upon her. She rises to her feet, and comes a little forward, and, for Then, with sudden unexpected bitter- | the first time since his entrance, turns to con-

> "Let me tell you," she says, silencing Lord Sartoris by a quick motion of the hand. "On Monday I told your uncle how-how I hated being indebted to you for everything I may require. And he has thought of this plan, out of his great kindness," turning her eyes dark with tears upon Lord Sartoris—' to render me more independent. I thank you," she says, going up to Sartoris and slipping her icy cold little hands into his, "but it is far-far too much."

"So you have been regaling Lord Sartoris (an utter stranger to you) with a history of all our private griefs and woes!" says Dorian, slowly, utter contempt in his tone and an ominous light in his eyes.

"You wrong her, Dorian," says his uncle, gently. "It is not as you represent it. It was by the merest chance I discovered your wife would feel happier if more her own mistress.

"And by what right, may I inquire, do you seek to come between my wife and me?" says Doriau, white with anger, standing, tall and strong, with his arms folded and his eyes fixed upon his uncle. "Is it not my part to not mine? I wish to know why you, of all men, have dared to interfere."

"I have not come between you; I seek no Co., Homospathic Chemists, London, England, Also makers, of Epps's Chocolars ("Do not profane the words," she says, should had had things been different." Then she pauses, as though afraid should have done on her marriage morning that. I know I feel all will come right in the

"It seems to me that Lam brought up here as a criminal before my judge and accuser," says Branscombe, very bitterly. "Tet me at least have the small satisfaction of knowing of what it is I am accused wherein lies my crime. Speak," he says, turning suddenly to his wife.

She is awed more than she cares to confess by his manner, which is different from anything she has ever seen in him before. The kind hearted, easy-going Dorlan is gone, leaving a stern, passionate, disappointed man in his place.

"Have I ill-used you?" he goes on, vehe-mently. "Have I spoken harsh words to you, or thwested you in any way? Ever since the first hour that saw you my wife have I ever refused to grant your highest wish? Speak, and let us hear the truth of this matter. I am a bad husband, you say so infamous that it is impossible for you to receive even the common necessaries of life at my hands! How have I failed in my duty toward you?"

"In none of the outward observances," she says, faintly. "And yet you have broken my heart?"

There is a pause. And then Dorian laughs aloud—a terrible, sneering, embittered laugh, that strikes cold on the hearts of the hear-

"Your heart!" he says, witheringly. Why, supposing for courtesy's sake you did possess such an inconvenient and unfashionable appendage, it would be still absurd to accuse me of having broken it, as it has never been for five minutes in my possession."

Taking out his watch, he examines it leisurely. Then, with an utter change of manner, addressing Lord Sartoris, he says, with cold and studied politeness.—

"If you have quite done with me, I shall be glad, as I have appointment at three.' "I have quite done," says his uncle, wistful ly, looking earnestly at the handsome face before him that shows no sign of feeling whatsoever. "I thank you much for having so

far obliged me." "Pray do not mention it. Good morn-

"Good-morning," says Sartoris, wearily. And Branscombc, bowing careless!y, leaves the room without another word. When he has gone, Georgie, pale and trem-

bling, turns to Sartoris and lays her hand upon his arm. "He hates me. He wili not even look at me," she says passionately. "What was it he said, that I had no heart? Ah! what would

not give to be able to prove his words

true ?' She bursts into tears, and sobs long and bit-

terly. "Tears are idle," says Sartorie, sadly. Have you yet to learn that? Take comfort from the thought that all things have an

CHAPTER XXX.

Oh that the things which have been were not now
In memory's resurrection! But the past
Bears in her arms the present and the future."

Or course it is quite impossible to hide from Clariesa Poyton that everything is going wrong at Sartoris. Georgie's pale unsmiling face (so different from that of old,) and Dorian's evident determination to absent himself

from all society, tell their own tale. She has, of course, heard of the uncomfortable gossip that has connected 8uth Annerley's mysterious disappearance with Dorian, but—staunch friend as she is—has laughed to scorn all such insinuations: that Georgie can believe them, puzzles her more than she cares to confess. For a long time she has fought against the thought that Dorian's wife can

think aught bad of Dorian; but time undeceives her. To-day, Georgie, who is now always feverishly restless, tells herself she will go up to him, and altogether his behavior is highly Folding up this note, he gives it to her, and Gowran and see Clarissa. To her alone she suggestive of fits.

her worst extremity will support and comfort

her. The day is warm and full of color. Round her "flow the winds from woods and fields with gladness laden;" the air is full of life. The browning grass rustles beneath her feet. The leaves tall slowly one by one, as though loath to leave their early home; the wind, cruel, like all love, wooes them only to their doom.

"The waves, along the forest home," beat on her face and head, and half cool the despairing thoughts that now always lie hidden

deep down within her breast. Coming to Gowran and seeing Clarissa in the drawing-room window, she beckons to her, and Clarissa, rising hastily, opens the hall door for her, herself, and leads her by the hand into another cozier room, where they may talk without interruption.

It so happens that Georgie is in one of her worst moods; and something Clarissa says very innocently brings on a burst of passion that compels Clarissa to understand (in spite of all her efforts to think herself in the wrong) that the dissensions at Sartoris have a great deal to do with Ruth Annersley.

"It is impossible," she says, over and over again, walking up and down the room in an agitated manner. "I could almost as soon believe Horace guilty of this thing!"

Georgie makes no reply. Inwardly she has conceived a great distaste to the handsome Horace, and considers him a very inferior person, and quite unfit to mate with her pretty Clarissa.

"In your heart," says Miss Peyton, stopping before her, "I don't believe you think Dorian guilty of this thing." "Yee, I do," says Mrs. Branscombe, with

dogged calmness. "I don't ask you to agree with me. I only tell you what I myself honestly believe." She has given up fighting against her fate by this time.

"There is some terrible mistake somewhere," says Clarises, in a very distressed voice, feeling it wiser not to argue the point further. "Time will surely clear it up sooner or later, but it is very severe on Dorian while it lasts. I have known the dear fellow all my life, and cannot now begin to think evil of him. I have always felt more like a sister to him than anything else, and I cannot believe him guilty of this thing. "I am his wife, and I can," says Mrs. Brans-

combe, icily. "If you loved him as you ought, you could not." This is the one rebuke she cannot refrain from.

Georgie laughs unpleasantly, and then, all in a little moment, she varies the performance by burst ng into a passionate and most unlooked for flood of tears.

"Don't talk to me of love!" she cries, miserably. "It is useless. I don't believe in it. It is a delusion, a mere mockery, a worn-out superstition. You will tell me that Dorlan loved me; and yet in the very early days before our mairiage, when his so-called love support and keep her? Whose duty is it, if must have been at its height, he insulted me beyond all forgiveness."

"You are making yourself, wretched about nothing," says Clarissa, kneeling beside her, such ungracious part," replies Sartoris, with and gently drawing her head down on her quiet dignity. "I am enly doing now what I shoulder. "Don't, darling-don't cry like end. Indeed, unless Dorian were to come to

me and say, 'I have done this hateful this I should not believe it."

"I would give all the world to be able say that from Mr. heart," said Mrs. Bray combe, with excessive sadness.

Try to think it. Afterward belief will easy. Oh, Georgie, do not nourish ha thoughts; tear them from your heart, and h and by, when all this is explained away, this how glad you will be that, without proof, yo had faith in him. Do you know, unless in own eyes saw it, I should never for any rea lose faith in Horace."

A tender, heavenly smile creeps round he beautiful lips as she says this. Georgie, se ing it, feels heart-broken. On that she con have falth like this!

"It is too late," she says, bitterly; "and deserve all I have got. I myself have bee the cause of my own undoing. I maria Dorian for no other reason than to escape the drudgery of teaching. Yet now"-with a te smile "I know there are worse things that Murray's Grammar. I am justly punished Her lovely face is white with grief. "Than tried, tried, traire to disbelieve, but nothin will raise this cloud of suspicion from my breast. It weighs me down and crushes me more cruelly day by day. I wish-I wish". cries poor little Georgie, from her very soul. that I had never been born, because I she never know a happy moment again."

The tears ran silently down her cheeks on by one. She puts up her small hands to de fend herself, and the action is pitiable in the extreme.

" How happy you were only a month ago says Clarisss, stricken with grief at the sigh of her misery.

"Yes, I have had my day, I suppose," say Mrs. Branscombe, wearily. "One can always remember a time when

## 'Every morning was fair, And every season a May;'

But how soon it fades!" "Too soon for you," says Clarissa, with tears in her eyes. "You speak as though you

had no interest left in life." "Yes, I have," says Georgie, with a faint smile. "I have the school-children yet. You know I go to them every Sunday to oblige the dear vicar. He would have been sorry if I had deserted them, because the grew fond of me, and he said, for that reason I was the best teacher in the parish, because didn't bore them." Here she laughs quit merrily, as though grief is unknown to her but a minute later, memory returning, the joy fades from her face, leaving her sadder than before. "I might be Irish," she says, "emo tion is so changeable with me. Come down with me now to the village, will you? It h my day at the school."

Mrs. Branscombe (with Clarissa) reaching the school-house just in time to take her class the latter sits down in a disconsolate fashion upon a stray bench, and surveys the scene be fore her with wondering eyes.

There sits Georgie, a very fragile teacher or so rough a class; here sits the vicar with the adults hefore him, deep in the mysteris of the Thirty-nine Articles.

The head teacher is nearly in tears over the Creed, because of the stupidity of her pupils; the assistant is raging over the Ten Com mandments. All is gloom! Clarissa is rather delighted than otherwise, and, having surveyed everybody. comes back to Georgie she being the most refreshing object on view

At the top of the class, facing the big window, sits John Spriggs (mtat ten) on his hands. He has utterly declined to bestow his body in any other fashion, being evidently imbued with the belief that his hands were made for the support of the body-a very cerrect idea, all things considered.

He is lolling from side to side in a reckless

Lower down, Amelia Jenkins is making ion, but in her inmost soul—as to one who at surreptitious cat's cradle, which is promptly put out of sight, behind her back, every time her turn comes to give an answer; but, as she summarily dismisses all questions by declar ing her simple ignorance of every matter connected with Biblical history, the cradle propresses most favorably, and is very soon fit to

Mrs. Branscombe, having gone through the seventh chapter of St. Luke without any marked success, falls back upon the everlasting Catechism, and, swoops down upon Amelia Jennings with a mild request that she

will tell her her duty to her neighbor. Amelia, feeling she has no neighbors at this trying moment, and still less Catechism, fixes her big brown eyes on Mrs. Brans combe, and, letting the beloved cradle fall to the ground behind her back, prepares a blub-

ber at a second's notice. "Go on," says Georgie, encouragingly. Miss Jennings, being thus entreated, takes heart, and commences the difficult injunction in excellent hope and spirits. All goe "merry as a marriage bell," until she come to the words "Love your neighbor as yourself," when John Spriggs (who is not by nature a thoroughly bad boy, but whose evil hour is now full upon him) says andibly, and without any apparent desire to torment, "and

paddle vour own cance." There is a deadly pause, and then Amelia Jennings giggles out loud, and Spriggs follows suit, and, after a bit, the entire class gives itself up to merriment.

Spriggs, instead of being contrite at the flagrant breach of discipline, is plainly elated with his victory. No smallest sign of shame disfigures his small rubicund countenanco. Georgie makes a praiseworthy effort to ap-

pear shocked, but, as her pretty cheeks are pink, and her eyes great with laughter, the proiseworthy effort rather falls through. At this moment the door of the schoolhouse is gently pushed open, and a Low-

comer appears on the threshold; it is Mr. Kennedy. Going up unseen, he stands behind Geor gie's chair, and, having heard from the doorway all that has passed, instantly bends over and bands the notorious Spriggs a shilling.

"Ah! you again?" says Mrs. Branscombe, coloring warmly, merely from surprise. "You are like Sir Boyle Roche's bird; you can be in two places the same moment. But it is wrong to give him money when he is bad. It is out of all keeping; and how shall I manage the children if you come here, anx-

ious to reward vice and foster rebellion?" She is laughing gayly now, and is looking almost her own bright little self again; when lifting her eyes, she sees Dorian watching her. Instantly her smile fades; and she returns his gaze fixedly, as though compelled to do it by

some hidden instinct. He has entered silently, not expecting to find anyone before him but the vicar; yet the very first object his eyes meet is his wife, smiling, radiant, with Kennedy beside her. A strange pang contracts his heart, and a terrible amount of reproach passes from his eyes

to hers. He is sad and dispirited, and full of melancholy. "His whole life has proved a failure; yet in what way has he fallen short?

(Continued on Third Bage.)