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place."

Out of place!-and she, whom he had loved so long, and believed to be free, was to have been his wife on the morrow! No need to remind him that she was lost to him. Men have died on the gack, yet suffered less than Sir Rupert Ducre in that hour.

"She is my wife, and I claim her," said Lyster Ayrton. "Who shall take her from me? I appeal to you, Sybil, Have I ever done anything which would justify the law in parting us?" She, the spoiled, indulged, petted shild, rose then into sublime majesty. "Those whom God hath joined," she said, "let no man put asunder." Father, I married Lyster Ayrton years ago of my own free will. I gave up all the world for him. He claims me—his claims are just. I must go with him! "It is madness." cried the squire. "It is right," she said. "If my heart breaks in the doing of it: it must be done. Memember always, I brought my own fate en myself."

They looked on her in astonishment. She who had been so delicate, so fragile, as tender of heart, stood exect and brave, no faltering in her voice, no quivering on her tips. She usclasped Irene's clinging hands, and went over to Lyster Ayton's side, while a smile of triump brightered his face, and the squire muttered an oath.

"It is right" she said, firmly. "No man has power to break my chain, or aet me free. Until death, I am Lyster Ayrton's wire."

They were too much bewildered to streak. They he anti-instant hem.

cries—anything but this sublime bravery.

"Perhaps," said Irene, in a cold voice, "Captain Ayrton, before taking advantage of my sister's high wrought feelings, will explain to us how he comes to be alive, when we—"

"Hoped he was dead," interrupted Captain Ayrton, with a smile and a how. "I shall be happy to oblige Miss Jotetyn."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"A WOMAN MAGNIFICENT IN HER DESPAIR

lingered with despair on the pale, brave face he loved so well: He said no word

friend, let me speak. I do not think duty calls you to go with this man."

"I am his wire," she said, slowly.

"What can part us but death?"

Looking at her, they thought the parting would soon come.

Once more the old squire interfered appealingly, his voice broken and his chest heaving in agonizing emotion.

"Stay with us, Sybil—stay with us," he cried.

remembering how they had parted one short hour ago. A bitter cry rose to her lips.

"Let me go," she said: "I can bear it no longer."

They crowded round her—the gray-headed father, the weeping sister, and the brave man whose wife she was to have been on the morrow. They prayed to her to remain in words that would have turned a heart of stone; but she never failtered or wavered in her resolution. In that hour she rose supreme—a woman magnificent in her despair. "There need be no hurry about it," and Lyster Ayrton.

"I can not hope," he continued, looking wistfully at the squire—"I can not hope that the hospitality of Glynn will be extended to me, but there is no med for my wife to leave her home at this hour of night."

"I go with you now," she said, steadily. "I would suffer anything rather than remain another night under my father's roof. Irene," she continued, turning to her sister, "iet what is mine be sent after m gone."

"A mad, foolish proceeding," said Lyster Ayrton. "A long walk to the station and a journey to London are not the most fitting things for you tenight. Sybil."

"Let me judge," she replied, and the sound of her voice awed even him.

She remembered afterward how the squire held her in his arms, how Irene ching to her, how Sir Rupert turned away with a shudder of heartfelt despair.

away with a shudder of heartfelt despair.

Then she was in the open air, walking through the park with Lyster Ayrton, and he was swearing in a cyuical fushion that there never had been, never would be, a woman so utterly foolish so herself.

"If you had only played your cards well," he said, "all would have gone on smoothly. Being true to me, and all that kind of thing is very well in its way, but I wanted to stay with you, not for you to come with me."

She made him to suswer; they heard the sound of her wild weeping die away on the summer night, and in another

on the summer night, and in minute she was out of sight.

No words can paint the despair those she left behind, with the mock of the morrow's wedding grandeur shout them—the flowers, the dress

shout them—the flowers, the dresses, the numerous preparations. The squire shut himself up in his room, and never left it for many long weeks. The whole burden fell upon Irene. It was she who had to tell the news—how Mrs. Ayrton's husband, whom every one be lieved dead, had suddenly returned: It was she who hore the brunt of all inquiries, answered all questions, tried to comfort the squire, and saved Sir Rupert from despair.

After a few weeks Sir Rupert went away from The Hilde. No one could have recognized in the haggard, strick en man, the brave and gallant loves whose iove had ended so fatally. A gloom, deeper and darker than night, fell upon Glynn, shutting out those who lived there from the light of day.

Two years passed, and ne chaige came. Sphil wrote eoccasionally, but there was nothing in her letters are love for them. She never shops of herealf, never named Sir Rupert, never said whether she were happy or misershie; they knew nothing of her; and though he leved her so dearly, the squire would rather she had died this life.

To be Continued.

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IS LESS COHERENT

Families of lo-day

Formerly—Sone Statistists That brow Light on the Subject—The Movement of Liberation the Cause.

marriage rate fell from 17.2 per cent. in 1851 to 15.2 per cent. in 1851, and from 1872 to 1888 the ages of men and women who married rose respectively from 25.6 and 24.2 to 26.3 and 24.7. The rise in the number of divorces, 1860-1885, was universal. In 1871 England and Wales show ene divorce in 1920.4 marriages; in 1879, ene in 480.83 From 1867 to 1886 divorces in the United States increased 157 per cent. While the population increased 60 per cent. One of the causes of change is the whole modern movement of liberation—of subjects from sovereigns, slaves from masters, wives from husbands, and children from parents. Another is the disappearance of the ecclesiastical view of marriage. A more special cause has been the growth of large cities, which completely alter the environment of the organism. Men become less dependent on women for their home needs, and women have resources and interests which the simple life of the country denies them. Then, too, attachments formed on slight acquaintance of underlying traits of character are less likely to prove lasting. The number of marriages among women of higher education is less than among the uneducated. Of 1,486 ex-students of the chief women's colleges of England only 20s married. The new economic opportunities for women of the middle class rival the domestic and social life which marriage affers, and also bring into the individual. Among the working class marriages are not less frequent; but the home is apt to be less comfortable on account of the tendency of women to go out to work. In the light of these facis it is held by many that the monegamic family is a relic of a decaying form of civilization.—Philadelphia Press.



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