"The old lady?" saked the mean.

"No," said Luke.

"Oh, that one with the red sour on her shoe," said the man, lowering his vede. "All right."

"Confound you i" said Luke, in a rage.

But the man had meant no redeness, nor had Fany heard him; but Luke was excited, confused, agitated. He hardly knew why then. They crussed the ferry tagetter, and he spake no word to her, nor she to him. He handled her, into the cars. Then he pressed her hand.

"Good-bye, until we meet," he said, and stepped to the platform.
There stood one of those white-bearded, red-cheeked old grattennen who are slaways meanteers of clube, who are always fast, to a certain degree, and who affect to be "judges of woman" in a way that is lessifing to every woman, since it places her on a level with wine and horses, haying nothing whatever to do with anything but her personal attractions.

"Ah, how do or" said this old gentleman, grasping Luke's hand. "Glad to see you, my hoy. Boing the gallant, I see. No relation!"

"No," said Luke.

"Thought not," said the old gentleman. "We let our sitters and cousins take care of them-

"No," said Lake.
"Thought not," said the old gentleman. "We let our sisters and cousins take care of themselves, for the most part. Fretty figure rather; good step; but constounded ugly red mark. A man wouldn't like that—oh, Luke ?" No," said Luke; "a man wouldn't like it." Something rustled at his elbow.
"I—i left my parcel, Mr. Robbins, "said a cold—little voice. Fanny stond there, so pale that the mark looked pure searlet. "Thanks. Don't trouble yourself."
But he went back to the

ble yourself."

But he went back to the car with her, and he would have pressed her hand once more, only she kept it from him somehow.

She had heard the speech, "A. man wouldn't like it."

She had heard the speech that ourseld his answer. And I leave you to judge, remem-bering how she loved him, what her feelings

were.

"She heard me," said Lake to himself, "She heard him—confound him."

And as he looked after the flying car, two tears came into his eyes. They trickled down upon his checks; he wiped them away. Suddenly he felt that he loved Fanny Rushton from his soul—that this cowardly sort of trouble that the remarks and glaness of strangers had caused him would never make him ashamed of him-relf again.

him would never make him ashamed of himmelf again.

Fanny, my darling," he said to himself —
"Fanny, my fove, your face is dearer to inc
for its bemish, and you shall know it before i
sleep. You should, were you a beggar. Fill hide
it from the world's cold eyes on my bosom, darling; and I'll love you all the more for it." And
but for the place in which he stood, he would
have sobbed aloud in his agitation.

He took the next train to Mill Hollow. He
walked up the gardem path in the twilight. He
asked for Miss Fanny.

"She hasn't dome yet," said the servant.
"They are so frightened about her — master
and missus — but I tell 'em she 'il turn up all
right."

Luke's heart stood still. A presentiment of
evil filted his mind. He had seen Fanny into
the car, and the train atopped within sight of

evil piled me minu.

the car, and the train stopped within sight of her father's door. So, in the gathering darkness, two anxious men went down to the depot, hop-

two anxious men went down to the deput, hop-ing against hope.

"She stepped out on the platform suddenly. Bither she was bewildered, or she did it on pur-pose. We were going full speed. She had a blue dress and a white het, and there's a red mark on her face. They'll know her by that,"

That was the conductor's story. That was the story that Luke and Fauny's father heard at

the story that Luke and Fanny's father heard at last.

Did she step out on purpose, or was she "be-wildered?" God only knows — no living being. Luke tried to believe that what she had heard him say had had nothing to do with it. But it was too iate new to tell her what he folt — to late its hide her sweet face on his heart. He could only stoop over her, as she isy in her cofte, and press the last kies hie lips ever offered to any woman upon the cold check that, even in the death hour, here still upon it that fatal red mark.

### TRUTH IN THE WELL,

BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

" Truth lies at the bottom of the well."

They told me Truth was in a well;
I looked to see your face so fair:
What disappointment me befell,
To find my face alone was there!

So you were false, while I was true; And then my life-dram passed away: Hope's visions, all of amber hue, Were broken—and the sky was gray.

Beneath that gray sky, reaming on, I pace the wide world round and round, The light of tife forever gene. And bearing one unhealing wound.

I look in all the lakes and wells, I gaze into the soundless sea; One face alone my sorrow tells, One only true—ab, mai ab, met

## HOW IT ENDED.

BY PRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

Mother, Mr. Hicarna says you can't have unything more, until you've paid what owe now-four deliars and ninety-four or see, he put it down for me to show you," see, he put it down for me to whow years, as he unitered his mother's room; and dropping the empty basket, sank on a stool, looking with a disappointed face up into hers.

"I did not think it was so much. I would not have seen to ask for further oredit if I had."

"I would not have the awayents of see next."

not have sent to sak for further oresit: if I had. I know he hove? "Here the amount-to-genuter-tre delicate. Saturday night, when I am paid. I always pay Mr. Mtearns. I suppose he is worsted because I was not up to time. But you know how sick I was," answered the boy's mother, turning to a woman who sat braide her, busity engaged sewing buttons on a shirt.

"Well, I'd just write him a line, and tell how it was, if I was you," said her companion.

"Yes, yes, you are right. I will. But I will not ask him for sredit again until I pay, binn. I'd be sorry to have him thinked was not as good as my word. And I'm sorry I can't give

gued as my word. And I'm sorry I can't giv-

Bito was intercupted by for friend, saying the latter of the saying the latter of the saying saying the saying the saying saying the saying saying the saying saying the saying the saying saying the saying saying the saying saying saying the saying say

At the ferry there was a crowd. Luke had passed Fanny in first, and stopped to pay the hrv.

"Two," said he.

"Two," said Luke.

"Oh, that one with the red sour on her face," is aid the man, lowering his wider. "All right."

"Confound you!" said Luke, in a rage.
But the man had meant no rudeness, nor But the man had meant no rudeness, nor troubled.

but for another and einter Neille his heart was troubled.

"Oh! why can't I think of some way to make enough money. to buy, some tea and togat?" he kept saying to himself. And then he went on counting the cost. "Six cents will get a drawing of tea, I know. Then the sugar; four cents for that. Nobody will sell me a quarter of a pound for less. Oh, if only could buy it by the large—a whole pound—I'd get it for thirteen cents. Well, I can't help it; must buy as I can pay. What heat? Bread, six cents; and butter, quarter of a pound again. Oh, deer, ten cents more! Oh, when I am rich! will always buy sawise large—a whole pound every time. Now, how much does all comes to? Six and four, that's ten i and six, sixteen; and ten again, twenty-six cents. Yes, that's what the tea and toast will cour. But where can I raise so melow."

The boy's face told plainly how his young bean was working over the great difficulty, and

no muon money? I must; indeed, I must, somehow."

The boy's face told plainly how his young-brain was working over the great difficulty, and trying to overcome it. Suddenly his brow cleared, the cleared lips parted with a hopeful smile, and he jumped up, exclaiming:

"Hurry, mamma, dear. I have only three quarters of an hour to attend to business before achool time."

"Yes, I've finished now. It is no long since I have written a note, it is more difficult than it used to be. But, darling, you can't go without some breakfast," Mary Grey answered, handing the note to her boy.

Willie caught it from her, and sang out, itt a cheary voice:

white caught it from nor, and saug out, it is object voice.

"No matter about breakmut for me.—Pea.all-right. I'll be hungry in time for our dinner: A kies is enough just now. Good-bye,"
He caught his bat, snatched a hasty kies, and was out of the door a moment after.

"What a blessed boy!—Many would have gone off with a different face," said Mrs. Grey's

friend.

"He is a great comfort. Oh, I've two cents
I must call him; he will be hungry, I know
I will tell him to buy two rolls as he passes the

baker's." Mrk Grey, in her haste to call Willie back, week from the little table the cover and everything unit. She was out on the door-step, and heard not the exclamation of sharm from the little woman, who enatched up the ink-stand. When Mrs. Grey came in, a few minutes after, and caught sight of her-triend's face, absorbed with the happened. What alls you have?

Her companion held up two shirts, across the

had fallen.

"Heaven help me!" cried Mary Grey.

"Troubles never come singly. What shall I do

"Troubles never come singly. What shall I do now?"
Jane Andrews' lips parted. She looked to-ward-her friend, who orded out:
"Bon't, fog'pity's sake. I know what you want to say, Jane—what you always say, no matter what happens."
While the women stood bewaiting the dreadful eccidont, little Nollie had caught the shirts from Mrs. Andreys and plunged them into a pall of water.
"Well, it is awful bland to see it sometimes; but still I believe it is all for the best," said Jane, in a determined voice.
One would scarcely believe it possible for the mild, gentle eyes of Mary Grey to flash forth such a look of indignation. After which they filled with tears, as she cried:
"Best!—best that my children should go hungry—best that I should be deprived of the means to keep them from starving! Fest know Mr. Dyson. Every one knows be is a hard man to work for. I know he will make me pay for those shirts, or discharge me; perhaps both."
Hoth women rubbed away diligently, and the deprending agus falled slightly; but it was useless

Both women rubbed away diligently, and the

haps both."

Both women rubbed away diligently, and the dreadful spots faded slightly; but it was useless to hope to get them out that day. It would certainly require many hours of hot aun to entirely obliterate them.

"What shall I do? I was to have returned them finturiary. They are to be delivered at moon to-day—a special order," groaned Mary.

"Put your trust in the Lord, and go earry home the four. That's all you can do now," Janc Andrews said, and longed to conclude with her favorite maxim. But remembering Mary's look, she refrained.

Willie, after receiving the two cents, hurled along, mether stopping at the bakery, nor Mr. Stearns. On he wont, many streets further, until he came to a pretty, near-tooking cottage. Opening the gate, in-rang file bell. It was soon answered by a picusant, motherly looking woman, who asked:

What is it, my little man ?"

an, who asked : «What is it, my little man f" "Please, ma'am, I hoard you offer Jim Barnes thirty-five cents to clear up your yard Saturday afternoon. I will do it for twenty-siz, if—[[...]]

"Well, if what? Speak out. You are Willie Grey, aren't you?" asked the smiling woman. "If you pay me now, and let me do it after school, I will be here ten minutes after school closes."

If looked with such an appealing expression for her eyes, that uithough she said: "Why, child, that would be a little risky, woutin't it?" she looked kindly on him, and Willie felt he had much to here for.

Willie felt he had much to hope for.

"No, mu'ant. It is a safe bargain. I'll do. it, if I live till this afternoon. If you

no said, the appealing look deepening in the cyon.

"I will do it," the good woman said, and stopped Willic's thanks by asking, "How is it, when Jim wanted fifty cents, you are willing to take about half as much ?"

"More than half, a "little. Oh, Jim don't know the warth of seemy. He don't know how much twenty-six cents will buy. To don't know how to spend it right," Willie said, with a munity look. Closing his little hand over his prize, he bowed, smight, and was about running off, when the little woman called

out: "Wille, I hope you will spend it rightly."

He turned. The eyes that were dancing, the
face beaming, grew carnest, and so full of love,
as he said softly:

us he sam sortry:
"For mother, ma'am," and hastened away.
"Gil bless him!" she said, and was still
standing on the dear-step when a buggy stopped
before it, and a gentleman jumped out. Coming

before it, and a gentioman jumped out. Coming up, he said:

Mrs. Lavering, I feel rather uneasy about the children. The woman I have to take oars of them has not much expert use. Will you came with me and see what alle them, and it than need a physician?

"They used a mother's care, poor little clears! Certainly I will go, and be 'ready in two minutes," answered Mrs. Lovering, hurrying in.

could spare the time from number m street anything else.

True to her word, Mrs. Lovering was ready in the mentioned time.

Willie tirry was just coming out of Mr. Sisterus' with his little bundles at they passed. He tooked up, smiled, and raised his hal.

"Tiest's the best boy I,-know," Mrs. Lovering said; and when Mr. Iyaon saked:

"Who is he?" she answered:

"Why, the widow tirey's non. She works for rots."

you."

Bleange, yel so It was, that to both Mr. Dyson

that the themselt that the and Mr. Lovering came the thought that the widow tirey would be a good mother for the motheriess children.

widow Grey would be a good mother for the motheries children.

Mrs. Lovering related the incident which occurred just before Mr. Dynow's arrival, and by that time they were before his door.

The little children Mrs. Lovering found really lik. The physician was mismoned, and propounced the malady, what the good woman feared—scarlet-fever.

Ten minutes or nine, Willie stood—smilling before his mother. Seeing her troubled face, thrusting his parcels into her hands, he said, in a glad volce:

"It is all right. You will be stronger when you get a good cup of tea. It's my treat. All paid for. I must run, the belief in rights. Lovering. Good-bye."

Again he was off, with blessings following him.

him.

Nellie prepared the tea and teast by the time her mother and Mrs. Andrews had finished the

hor mother and Mrs. Anurows are abstra.

Willie would have been sadly disappointed, could be have seen the grave faces that gathered round his treat. However, when she areas from the table, Mrs. Grey said:

"Willie was right, dear boy! I do feel stroiger in mind, as well as body. Mow I must get ready. Oh, mercy! I would agour face a canson's mouth than Mr. Dyson. Exnow he will be in an ill-humor before I get there; and when I do."

The pale face grew pater with thoughts of the

when I do—"
The pale face grew paler with thoughts of the dreaded interview.

dreaded interview.

Just then they heard a vehicle of some kind stop in front of the house. Mrs Grey, looking out of the window, scelaimed:

"Lord help me 3. It is Mr. Dyson."

An instant after a knock was heard on the door. Mary Grey, pale and trembling, opened it. As she raised her eyes appealingly to his, Mr. Dyson wondered he had never noticed how very pretty the little woman was before. He said:

He said:

"Mrs. Grey, I called to see about those whites.
I thought something miter wave happened to "!
He stopped, noticing her agitation, and exclaimed:

laimed: "I You are ill! Go in, madam. Don't be tanding here." And taking her gently by the standing here." And taking her gently i arm, its led her to the lounge, where she

arm, to led her to the lounge, where she burst into tears, saying:

"Have pity! Oh, Mr. Dyzon, I've spelled two of the shirts!" Not daring to glance at him, she went on: "I know you will discharge me, of course, and make me pay for the shirts too. Fill, please, don't take it all at once! I'ray me some, and let me work just till I pay for the others."

Finding he did not speak some dreadful barsh words, Mary raised her eyes timidly to his.

his. He was looking at her, not a shade of angel

He was looking at her, not a shade of anger on his brow.

"An I such a terrible man that I frighten poor women almost out of their souses?" he shade, a really pleasant smile on his face.

"Folks say you are dreadful hard," Mary answered, in a low voice.

"Humph! Woll, perhaps I have been; but business is business, and I have little time for anything else. I'm not sorry you spotied those shirts, for it has shown me what a timel, gentle little woman you are. You would not be unkind or hard on another woman's children. Now I have not the least idea of discharging you. On the contrary, I want to engage you permanently. Will you ofme had take care only little children? They are sick, and need a kind, loving hand to tend them."

kind, loving hand to tend them."
"Ome! Certainly I will! Oh, thank you!
How kind you are! I will get ready now," ex-claimed Mary, starting up to go into the other room, when Mr. Dyson called: "Stop a moment. There are some little; ar

"Blop a moment. There are some little, arrangements to make, I guess. You'll have to close up here, such-and.— Well, who do you peter to do the business?"

Mary Grey turned and looked inquiringly into the smilling face. Mr. Dyson continued:

"What parson, I mean, to marry us?"

"Marry!" exclaimed Mary, inking again on the lounge, her face crimmoning then.

"Yes, marry. Didn't I tell you a permanent angagement? How che can you be a mother to my little ones? Come, speak out: "I'd not idea it would take so long. I don't want the "time lost: You have known-me-ak; months."

Do you like me any better, or not as well, on acquaintance?" neked Mr, Dyson.

Better. Oh, yes. But—"

Mr. Dyson interrupted har:

"Nover mint. Will you have me? We will settle everything as you wish afterward."

"I will be a father to yours, when you are mother to mine. And— Well, I will do the courting at old times, when business is dull, and I have plenty of time. I know women if the to be courted; so it will do as well after marringe, won't it? And then I'll not have given you the churce to throw at me, what so many then have to hear: 'All before marringe, and none after.' Now, say quick: Will you have me?

Mary Mary booked into his eyes carneatly a money and then anawored:

"You have been the hand, and with an area."

Mr. Dyson chaped her hand, and with Mr. Dyson clusped her hand, and with an earnest:

"God bless you! May Its doal with me as I do with you and yours. Now about the arrangements?" he asked:

"Bank yourself," Mary answered.

"Bank yourself," Mary answered.

"Bank your limb these I-with came, he lake you to your, and home this afternoon, at six o'clock."

Mary opened for lips to atter a cry of remoustrance, but he shook his head and hurried out.

out.
As the door chosed after him Mary stepped
back into the other room and stood before her
friend. Jano had beard most of the conversation, and when Mary naked:

"What the you think of me?"

"What do you think of mo?"
"I think in future you will lot me say,
"Everything happens for the best," because
mother always said so; and now I know it for
myself."
Willie thichead his work for Mes. Lovering;
after which that his work for mean to
fully appreciated. And he had never reason to
doubt the trath of Jatha Andrews' favorita
maxim. And she, goost woman, grew itrace
than ever to her inth, when, a year after, she
married the for man of Mr. Dyam's establishmont. Crateful for the blessings she enjoys, the micro ser, cusarise, and service we will initial these shirts in a little time."

Mrs. Grey found it quite difficult to get together the increasery articles for writing the lift in the lossings she copy, and the copy of the copy o

#### I REMEMBER I REMEMBER.

remember. I remember, he house where I was been, he little window where the sun ame seeping in at morn; is never dame a wink too soon, int now, I aften wish the night lad borne my breath away!

i remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The roses, and the hill, our a,
Theose flowers unde of light!
The filese where the resha but
Apá where my brother set
The talese num on the brith-day
The tees is living yet!

f remember, I remember, Where I was used to swing, And thought the air must ruch To swallows on the wast rech My mirst flow in feathers then, that is so beary now.

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I med to think their alender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childre inportance,
But now 'teltitle joy
To know I'm farther off from Boay's
Than when I was a boy.

## A SERVANT TO-DAY. A DUCHESS

OF "BETTER LATE THAY

CHAPTER VIII.

Amongst the accomplishments Evadne has

concuting-scenot, was a therough knowledge of Italian.
Consequently, she was able to converse with the man, whom she had beckneed, and accosting him is his own language, she exclaimed, "I have an enemy; will you rid me. of left?"
"If you think it worth your while to pay me, Lwill," was the phiegmails reply.
Evador's inswer was to give him fifty ducate, which ahe had with her it a small canvas. hag.
As she placed the money in his land, "Take this as an eartest of what I will do for you if you adomptish my desire. This bag contains fifty ducate. You shall have a hundred more when the deed is done,"
"Say no more, Signors," replied the man. "I am ready and willing to do all you wish me, dwell?"
Evador government the man where does she dwell?"

who is your enemy; and where does not dwell?"
Evading gave the man the address of the house at which Norsh was staying, and described the unfortunate girl accurately.
"In order that there may be no mistake," she added, "I will give you a letter which will liave the effect of bringing her to the corner of the street, where you can make an akinbucade, and kill her with security."
Touring a leaf from a pooket-book, Evadne wrote with a pencil, in well-defined, masculine hand.

" I have received your note, and thank you "I have received your note, and thank you for it. I have much to say to you, and at once. I am waiting for you at the corner of the street in which you live. I am standing at the base of the Statue of Justice, Pray come. Be not afraid.

"FONTIMELIA"

"Here," cried Evadne, to the brave, "take this to the English hotel, and give it to Honorah Pason!. Having delivered it, roturn, and swatt her coming. When the opportunity arrives, her coming. When the opportunity arrived strike home. Do you hear me ?--strike home

Rie I intend for her."

The man amiled, until his white teeth gleamed in the starlight, and said, "And you

The man amited, until his white teeth gleamed in the starlight, and said, "And you Signora."

"If will await your coming a short distance from the Statue of Justice."

"It is well," replied the brave, who set off at a sharp pace. Evadue. Chester followed him more icisurely.

"I wish the clouds would send their lightnings upon her head," she marmured. "How I hate her I & erime is not to my mind; but how is the difficulty to be obvinted? But much die, or I must relinquish the object of my mind; but how is the difficulty to be obvinted? But must die, or I must relinquish the object of my ambition, which I will rieve do. Itatier would I lay in the cold clay of the churchigand, thus give up my hope and my chance of being Duchess of Poutbesto."

The night was serone and shrright, who walk et through the streets without noticing my one. The short-legged, Austrian hussans were hurrying home to the best of the tation, and the orifs, devoted to domina-playing, were deserted, or nearly so, by the millivery clonent.

But arrived at the Btatue of Justice, and waited, with a feverish impationee, the return of her emissery.

The statue, which was he well-executed work of art, by one of Venetica's most distinguished cilizens, were record in the centre of a narrow square, at the end of the street in which the English hotel, where Norah was, happened to be situated.

Tall houses rose up and frowned upon the

This formidable wentern was fully constituted to reach.

her soul, all unprepared, to nicet her Maker.

Assassinations mere of frequent courrence. Assasingtions mere of frequent-assurement. It. Venice; and mobody thought number of them, Assasinations were a fruit of the soil; and when the viotim of the dugger was as Austrian, why the people were rather pleased than otherwise. The waiter, to whom the brave had delivered

She did not stop to think. It had every appearance of heleg authentis, and she was inselled to consider it on.

To her simple mind, there was nothing cospicious in the fact of his requesting her to go to the distates of Jantice. Perhaps he did not wish to compromise her in the sym of the hutel propie by calling there. This was just the cert of delicate attention she expected from a gestlaman, and a man of honeur, the the Duke.

No one but Postibelle could have answered her letter as it had been nawwered without reading ft, and who but the man to whom if was addressed was liftedly to read it?

my me who but the man to whom if was ad-dressed was likely to read it? Heatily dressing herself, site feariously left the hotel, and walked towards the Statue of Justice.

Justice.

She had not taken many paces before she was stopped by an exclaimation in a familiar voice.

"Are you out so late at night with the permission of your materner."

Ithe housed at the speaker, and recognised the Justice of Posithetic.

"I am here to meet you," she replied.

"Mo. 91"
"Yes; and I thank you for your promptitude
in answering my leiter in parent."
"Your letter i" repited the Duke, in surprise.
"My failed, I have preceived no letter from you.
I gath here by the purest accident. I felt uneasy
gind restless, and I could not rest within doors;
or I came ent for a walk, to see if the answerments of the streets would enlives me."
"Are you serious ?" said Norah."
"Perfectly so."

you ?''
"Bay what you will."
"Miss Chester overheard our conversation this morning, and she immediately discharged

"the gave me same money, and commanded my to go back to England at ence," continued North. "But instead of doing oo, I would a life-lex to you, making your civice, and laying the

North. "But instead of doing so, I whole a set-ler to you, asking your service, and laying the, which case before you. I also wished to know if you were desirous of snishing the conversa-tion which Miss Chester interrupted."

"The letter! must have lost," and the Pulce.
"Ah, yes! now I remember. A most was given me this morning, as I was stepping into my goodols, but what became of it I cannot tell."

"That is strange !" replied Morah. "For only five minutes ago I received a letter, in answer to mine, telling me to meet the writer at
the Ristan of Liughton, and the note was signed
'Pontibello.'"
"Eh?—what is that you say ?" orled the
Duke, in a paroxysm of rage. "This is tristing!
It is a forgery.—I never wrote it. Give me the
note."

note:"

Norsh instantly took the note from her pot
ket, and handed it to the Duke, who perused t

with trembling hands, but carefully, "be easily, utilities Evadue's work, my child," be easily, quictly. "My accelerate meeting with you this evening is probably the means of saving you from some awhile fate. The hand of Providence is discognition in all this."
Suddenly, a wild shrick arose upon the night

People in the street stopped still to listen to it.

It was the death-ory of Evadue.

The miserable woman had grown impatient as the delay which occurred in Norah's arti-

val.

At first, she fidgeted about; and at lest she
was rash enough to cross the figure, and to go
in the direction of the fittage of Justice, where
the ruffminy brave whom she had hired was
ouncealed.

conceied. Holing a woman approach him, he naterally supposed it was his prey, and etestibily everying round her, he raised his knife, and plunged it into her back, between the shoulder-binder. Evaduo uttered the one dreadful cry which

has been recorded, and fell dead upon the of the square, while the figure of Justice seemed to look down upon her with anything but com-

The brave made off, and gained ser genial haunt, where he passed the nigh

genial haunt, where my passes were curity.

The Duke of l'entibelie drew Norsh forward.
He feared a dreadful tragedy.

Already there was a crowd around Evadne's body.

The Duke pressed forward, and took a hasty glance.

"Alas I" he said to Norsh, "she has met the fate she had intended for you. It is sad, and yet I cannot plty her."

• ... Some weeks afterwards, the Duke of Posti-bello called at the Palanno Stronn, whither No-rain had returned. Evadre had been burled, and when the Counters Adults melacurered the

her loss.

The Duke had duly informed his cousts of all that had come to his knowledge, and it was made clear to the Counters that Evadre was unworthy of longthened inmentation.

Soul for Norsh, "said the Duke as he was unlighted into the drawing-roots.

sitered into the drawing-room.

North tripped lightly down stairs, and made her entry.

"It has occurred to me," said the Duke,
"that I did not finish my conversation when

Worsh was on board the gondols."

Norsh himsted, and looked to the ground;

Had you anything of importance to say ?"

inquired the Co

"I hast, indeed to"
"Pray, what was it?"
"That is exactly what I wish to unburden my
mind of," returned the Duke. "I was about to
toll Norsh that I loved her."
"What \*\*" exclaimed the Countest: " wore

"They were. I had loved Norah from the time at which we first met in the Park; and I now offer her my hand, if she will deign to ac-cept it."

The Duke spoke in a manly, straightforward

tons.

He slepped forward, caught Norsh in his arms, and she was soon leaning for heart specific and sobbing with loy, as if her heart would break.

Will you be mine—my own we saked the buke, in touder accents.

Mue could only give a tacitassent through her tears.

harn could say.

And then it came to pass that the servant of to-day became the duchess of to-morrow; for the larly became the duchess of to-morrow; for the larly became the happy bride of the Duke of Pontibelio. Nor had that nobleman any reason to regist having made his choice amongst the subsequent in which he tourd a pearl of price.

THE BUT.

Tun Micanacora.—One of the most interesting appriments, and one which is easily performed, is to watch the canage and one which is easily performed, in the canage of the control of the canage of the

And summer pools could hardly cool The fever on my brow !

# TO-MORROW.

HEVER."

THE ASSAULTATION equired, during her residence at a facilitatable carding-school, was a thorough knowledge of

If you allow her to escape, you shall share the fits I intend for her."

Tall houses rose up and frowned upon the tatue, making all around it dismal and fustatue, making all around it dismal and fu-noreal.

Evadue stood in the shadow of a house, to see

the heart of Norsh; and the Italian braw

the note, lost no time in taking it up to Norsh, whom he had already learned to call the "young whom he had already learned to call the "young Engless mean."
North had been waiting for an answer to her letter to the Dirke eversines she had despatched (a and she had directly with the reflection that he had gone let fire path specific prefection that he had gone to the Paliazza Strozz, and that he would not receive her note until his return from the gondoic exercision.
When, however, the agreant who was supposed to speak English, but didn't, brought for reletter, saying, "For you, mean," she sunted it out of his hand, and engerly tore it open.
She had never seen the Burke of Pontibelle's handwriting, so she could not tell whother the

handwriting, so she could not tell whather the document was a forgery, or whother it was ge-nuine, and given in a bond file manuer, under his hand and seal.