FOR "THE POST" AND "TRUE WITNESS." HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

A STORY OF MAY TIME.

It has got to be a commonly commented upon fact that Spring comes later now than it used to do, in obedience to some climatic law, no doubt, arising out of changed physiologica conditions.

The lovely month of May, for instance, that used to come in as such a charming interlude between fretful April and sunny June, has now for many a year put on for the delicious breeziness and calm sunshine we can so well remember, a frostiness of air and cloudiness of sky that would suggest autumnal rather than vernal

weather.

But, for these few later days of lingering sunshine and hints of her former self, let us be grateful, as we might be for the last faint smile of a departing friend, for May, the beautiful May of the poets, is slowly but surely fading out of our Caoadian calendar.

out of our Canadian calendar.

The other day, as thoughts similar to these came before me, sweetly contradicted by the carrol of birds, and rustle of leafing trees, and the bluest of summer skies outside, in idle mood, born of the delightful season, I took up a book, once read with more than pleasure and often afterwards with equal zest recalled.

The month is May when the story opens, and

the heroine's name (but that is further on) is

May.
The narrator (for the story is told in the first person, and takes the easily managed form of an autobiography) rejoices in the possession of fifteen years of happy girlhood and the archly wilful name of Kate.

Such a sweet loving innocent character, wayward yet docile and true as steel from cover to cover of the book.

Hers was a girlhood happy in spite of sur-What those surroundings were may best be

shown by a description of the aunt, who acted as her guardian, and by that of the home afforded her by this tutelary relative.

First, Aunt Tessie's home, which had to be Katie's also:—
"How well I can remember the appear-

ance and the atmosphere of that stuffy little drawing room! I have but to shut my eyes to see again the old-fashioned chairs set primly against the wall; the spindle-shanked, rickety tables, tottering beneath the weight of carve Indian boxes and frail morsels of china, that threatened to come down with every touch; and the faded water-colored drawings that plastered the paper with unseemly patches, and looked as though they had been wept over till all their tints had been washed out.

I hated that drawing-room, which contained such a mass of rubbish in the shape of woolwork, shell-work and bead-work, scattered among a few articles of real value, that I could neither move quickly in it, nor laugh aloud without coming in violent contact with Aunt Tessie's notions of propriety and fears for the

safe'y of her possessions.

Aunt Tessie herself, a character not unseldom met with in stories, the very embodiment of respectable spinsterhood, yet retains a faint mothers in the principles of Christian piety, spice of originality in the description of her are usually more robust in faith than those attired in the most antique of shawls pinned tightly across her narrow shoulders, and the most old-fashioned of drawn-silk bonnets, closely confining her long thin curls."

1," Les bienseances de la societie" were the

bug bears of poor Katie's youth.
What wonder that she turned from prim drawing-room in which she dared not stir and comfortless attic bed-room," and from the orim representative of decorum and rigid pro-priety, to the free world of birds and blossoms without, and a companion nearer her own age, and more sympathetic, if also more dangerous than her maiden aunt. Where was the scene that

waited outside for her.

"The back garden, which consisted of a long narrow strip of ground, well grown over with shrubs and flowers, enclosed by a lew wall." Then comes in the figure that for a brief space

divides with Katie the interest of the story.

"He was a splendid young fellow, of that type which possesses too much animal power in youth, perhaps, to make an intellectual old age, but which yet can inspire us while it is young, with the profoundest admiration. His muscular limbs, still rather loose and disjointed (he was but twenty-one) were enormous in their length and girth; his chest was like a tower of strength; his hands and feet were powerful and large. He had golden-brown hair that curled crisply

and closely to his head.

His gray-blue Irish eyes, characteristic of his nation, were alternately flashing with humor or anger, or softened by emotion; but his feelings were so transient that none of his moods lasted long, and an April day is less variable than he

Thus is Hugh Power, "the only son of one of the richest and oldest Catholic families in Ireland," introduced to the reader.

As Katie's lover, let him speak for himself. which is always in such manly fashion that the reader can scarcely avoid regarding him through Katie's admiring eyes. They are walking through a meadow enclosed by flowering hedges. "What lovely May!" I exclaimed, as we came in sight of a hawthorn in full blossom, which

looked like a gigaatic wedding bouquet.

"I will get you some" said Hugh, as he tore off large bunches of the fragrant flowers, and placed them in my ruined hat and the bosom of

I lo ve the May, as I have cause to do," he added, somewhat more seriously.
"What cause !"

"What cause ?"
"Don't you know that it is our Lady's flower? The churches are all decorated with it this month. We call it the month of Mary."
"I wish you wouldn't talk such rubbish" I cried, irreverently. I was so young, and so completely ignorant of the doctrines of any Church (the one in which I had been reared included) that I was always disposed to laugh and feel ill at ease when the subject of religion was even alluded to. But Hugh Power, who was perfectly conversant with all matters that related to his own faith, was not only shocked, but hurt at my exclamation. I could see it in

his face.
"What do you mean by 'rubbish?" he said,

shortly.

"Oh! about the Virgin and all that sort of thing. I am sure Aunt Tessie would be awfully angry if she thought you talked to me about it.

And I don't believe it either, you know—of course I don't ; how should I ?

"No, I don't suppose you do," he answered quietly, as he took the bunches of hawthorne from my list and frock again, and threw them Ever the hedge.

"Why do you take away my May?" I said plaintively. I was already sorry I had offended

"It is no longer any pleasure to me to see you wearing it, Katie,"
"Well, if you will huff so easily, you must,

Irishmen always have bad tempers."

Is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the we strolled on in misarable silence together for a few minutes, and then I could stand it no scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled Hugh !"
"Well, Katie!"

""Wall, have? I said that," I murmured, slipping my gloveless hand into his. "I didn't mean is, yeu know, at least I suppose I didn't.

Don't he anary with me, Hugh."

"I am not angry, only it hurt me."

"Well, I won't hurt you any more. I will

helieve anything you wish me to."
"But you say all Irishmen have bad tem-

"I didn't mean that, either; I me unt you-

"I didn't meen that, eather; I ment you—
you were very unkind to make me so—unhappy,
High."
"My dealing Katie," he said, kissing me,
don't cry. I love you so, dear. I do, indeed.
And gos may by anything in the world to me,
Katie, except ridicula my faith."
"Teidn't mean it," I sobbed, but in a tone
that showed signs of being comforted.
"Them know how I feel about the name we

If you kneet look I feel about the name we \$50 in a single day. All ages: both seres. Captaintioned you would never speak of it as rubital not required; you are started free; all particulars free. Tou had better write to them at once.

her by any name but Mary, it is so sacred and

"You look very like a papa!" I exclaimed, laughing at the boy's earnestness. "You silly old fellow. You'll be talking about your grand, children next."

children next."

In fine, as might have been expected, after all this very lover like talk, Hugh and Katie are engaged, a proceeding that so shocks Aunt Tessie as to call for punishment on the offenders solitary confinement and prisoner's fare for Loor Katie, ending, however, in a double marriage-service, for Hugh and Katie, in the most romantic boy and girl fashion, run away and confinement of St. Christy, chemit is "Father Aylmer, of St. Charles' chapel," is looked to by Hugh "to do what he can for us." What has he to do with it?" I demanded, curiously.

"Why, I hope he will consent_to marry us." "Must we be married by a Roman Catho-

Yes, and by a Protestant into the bargain, I wish there was only need for the one cere-mony, Katie. Well, never mind, You will be my own dear little Protestant, whatever other

eople may say." How graphic is Katie's description of the two

marriage services:-"I was hurried, just as I was, into a cab by Sir Thomas Power, carried off to one church of which I remember nothing but that it seemed to be a confused mass of light, and warmth, and color, and sweet smells, and then to another, which was blank and dreary, and made me shudder. And at both places Hugh and I knelt down, and had words said over us, to which I did not listen, and which I probably should not have comprehended had I done so. Only when we left the last church a ring was on my left hand, and I understood, though very

varuely, that my name was Power."

Afterwards, but not until the brief romance was ended, and Katie, in her early widowhood, was ended, and Ratie, in her early widewhood, tells the story of "My Own Child," as she calls May, she, in hopes of a renewed and surer union with Hugh, takes his faith for her own, and pathetically and beautifully winds up the tangled skeins of her own and her child's life in these words:-

"And when I lie down in my bed each night it is with good hope that before many more are over, I may lie down in it never to rise again, until two bright, radiant angels, whom they call Hugh and May, come hand in hand to conduct me between them to those shores of eternal youth and life and love, where disappointment and separation are unknown."

A MOTHER'S PART.

BY CARDINAL GIBBONS. For various reasons, mothers should be the

first instructors of their children: 1. As nature ordains that mothers should be the first to teed their offspring with their own substance, so God ordeins that mothers should be the first to impart to their little ones the "rational milk," whereby they "may grow unto salvation."—1 Peter, il., 2.

2. Those children are generally more healthy and robust who are nurtured by their own mothers, than those that are handed over to be nursed by strangers. In like man-ner, they who are instructed by their own

who are first guided by other teachers. 3. The more confidence a child has in his preceptor, the more he will advance in learn Now, in whom does a child confide ing. more implicity than in his mother? In all dangers he will fly to her, as to an ark of safety, and will place the utmost reliance in what she says. Mothers, do not lose the golden opportunity of instructing your children in faith and morals, while their hearts

are open to receive your every word!
4. Mothers, in fine, share the same house with their children; they generally occupy the same room and eat at the same table with them. The mother is the visible guardian angel of her child, and seldom loses sight of him. She is, therefore, the best calculated to instruct her child, as she can avail herself of every little circumstance that presents itself and draw from it a moral lesson.

herself.—Rochefoucauld.

Women detest a serpent through professional jealousy.—Victor Hugo.

A passionate woman's love is always over shadowed by her fear. - George Eliot.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Live within your income. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or ndifferent. Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow

It is a good rule to be deaf when a slanderer talks.

Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Avoid as much as possible either borrowing or lending.

Manner is something with everybody, and

verything with some. Truth is the property of no individual, but is the treasure of all men.

Troubles spring from idleness and grievous toils from needless ease.

HORRIBLE REVENGE. Omaha man-Did you go to Mrs. De Fashon's boarding house to-day?
Wife—Yes; she refused to take us because

we have a child; but I got even with her.
"Gave her a piece of your mind, eh?"
"No, indeed, that wouldn't have done any good. I told Miss De Fad there was a room vacant at Mrs. De Fashion's, and she went around and secured it: paid for three months

"Who is Miss De Fad?" 'She is one of those luny art enthusiasts. She hammers brass."

A LOVED ONE'S GRAVE,

The grave for those we loved-what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities, the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble, fluttering, thrilling (oh! how thrilling) pressure of the hand, the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence; the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assur-ance of affection.—Washington Irving.

SNUG LITTLE FORTUNES may be had by all who are sufficiently intelligent and enterprising to embrace the opportunities which occasionally are offered them. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, have something new to

offer in the line of work which you can do for them, and live at home, wherever you are located. Profits immense and every worker is sure of over \$5 a day; several have made over

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

OHAPTER XXXII-Continued. Lord Bayneham became almost frantic; in vain he redoubled his efforts and increased the offered rewards; but one thing comforted him-the secret was well kept.

H heard from Lady Bayneham that most of the servants believed their young lady to be with their master in London, as did all callers and visitors, and in London everyone believed her ladyship to be still at Bayneham. He hoped it might be possible to keep up appearances until she was found and restored to her home.

news. It was warmly welcomed; every one liked Lady Grahame, and Mr. Fulton was very popular. The union of two such favorites was popular. The union of two such favorites was considered a very pleasant and agreeable circumstance. Lord Bayneham continually heard of this engagement. It convinced him more than any circumstance how fooliehly wrong he had been in his suspicion. To set aside every other argument, to forget for a time the sweet faith and innocence of his lost wife, it was not probable that a gentleman just engaged to the fair and coquettish widow should have tried a flirtation with his wife. Mr. Fulton always inquired anxiously about her, hoped she was well, and never dreamed that anything

had gone wrong at Bayneham.
Barbara Earle and the countess waited in silent wonder, hoping every day would bring better news.

CHAPTER XXXIII. Lady Grahame had grown tired of coquetry, and every interview that she had with Mr. Fulton increased her liking and admiration for him. He had given a ball at his house under the management of Mrs. Henderson. It had been a complete success. The sumptuous rooms were all thrown open, gold and silver plate blazed upon the table, and on every side there were profuse indications of wealth. Lady Grahame with a keen eye the display of magnificence. Her house was furnished with taste and elegance, but such splendor as she saw here was not within her means. It would be very pleasant to preside as mistress in such an estabishment

The next time Paul Fulton called on the fair widow he was more; warmly we comed than usual; nor was he slow to understand the reason why, and he continued that morning, despite his bland, smiling face, to assume a most miserable expression.

"Do you not think, Lady Grahame," he said, "that you have tortured me quite long enough? You smile upon every one. When will you smile upon me? "I am smiling now, Mr. Fulton," raplied the ridow coquettishly. "Ask Miss Lowe if I am

widow coquettishly. "As ever seen without smiles." "You know what I mean, Lady Grahame," he continued. "When will you say to me that my devotion and sincere love have touched you, and the prize that I have hoped for so long is mine at last 9"

Lady Grahame did not turn away this time ; she had made up her mind to hear all her love had to say.

"I will do my best to make you happy," con tinued Mr. Pulton, reading correctly the coy expression of the comely face. "I am wealthy and able to gratify all your wishes. Tell me, Lady Grahame, are you willing to be my wife?" had to say.

The fair widow managed a most becoming blush as she implied rather than said she had no reason for deferring her consent. Mr. Fulton expressed a due amount of rapture and de-

light and then began to plead for a speedy marriage.

"That does not quite rest with me," said Lady Grahame. "My late husband, Sir Wilten, foresaw that I should probably remarry, and expressed no wish to the contrary. But by his will, I must inform you, I (as well as the money left me) remain under the care of two trustees. One is my uncle, Lord Hereby, the other a distant cousin, Mr. Beauchamp. All arrangements as to settlements must be made with them, and it is in their power to refuse

consent. I am quite in their hauds.' "There is no reason to fear any refusal or unpleasantness from them, I presume," said Mr. Fulton proudly. "I will make them offers of settlements that will meet with their appro-

tion."
"Their consent or refusal is not really a material Trade Grahame. "H

the bright hopes and fancies of Mr. Fulton, What if these tiresome old guardians or trustees should ask unpleasant questions about his family?—what was he to say? It would be eary to invent, but these inventions were never sure; at any time they might fail, and the lies they concealed stand out in all bare deceit. He could only hope and trust that, satisfied with his vast

wealth and liberal offers, the fair widow's guardians would ask no tiresome questions.

He proclaimed his triumph loudly; he managed to inform every friend he had that helhoped soon to marry the fashionable and highly-connected Lady Grahame. By some means or whose the princip appears of Marry the second Marry t other the report spread everywhere, and Mr. Fulton soon found that he had calculated rightly. Invitations poured in up n him; people who had never before deigned to notice him offered him every civility, now that he was to marry one of the most popular of fashionable ladies. Some of the best houses in London were thrown open to him. Men who had passed him by with a cool nod of recognition now stopped to shake him by the hand and he said to himself, over and over again, what a wise and clever thing he had done !

Then one morning he started for a private in terview with the formidable trustees. Mr. Beauchamp, a nervous man, afraid of everything and everybody, said but little. He asked Mr. Fulton if he liked shooting, and if he had known Sir Wilton Grahame; two rather singu las questions, considering the errand upon which

he had come. Lord Hereby was altogether of another cast. He was perhaps one of the preudest and haugh-test men living. Loving and admiring his own order, disliking and despising all those who did not belong to it, in his eyes nothing was worthy of honor or esteem save high birth and noble blood. Genius, talents, brayery, were all noble clood. Genius, talents, pravery, were all nothing when compared to the glory of a long pedigree; wealth, money had little attraction for him. He was anxious to see his niece, Lady Grahame, married, provided she espoused a man of good birth and ample fortune.

When Mr. Fulton stood before the two

guardians of his promised bride, he dismissed one from his mind, and gathered all his re-sources for a combat with the other. He ap-proached Lord Hereby with that mixture of deference and admiration that he knew so well how to assume. Again he almost cursed the "accidents" of his life. If he could have ap-peared before Lord Hereby as the father of one of the most beautiful and noble women in England, the young Countess of Bayneham, all would have been clear sailing; as it was, the anxious lover fired his heaviest guns first. He declared the object of his visit, the deep admiration he felt for Lady Grahame, and the munificent settlements he offered her, and Lord Hereby listened to him with well-bred indiffer-

ence.

"Lady Grahame is of an age to judge for herself what promises best for her own happiness,"
he said. "She was young when Sir Wilton died;
that is why he left us as her guardians, charging us, in the event of her second marriage, to act for her and attend to her interest. Your offer of settlement is, I feel bound to say, a munifiknow, Mr. Falton, to a very aristocratic family, and we should like before making any fisal arrangements a few particulars of your own."

Then Paul Fulton stood at last before the barrier of his own exection, and knew not what to say.

"You do not double for a perhaps you were possible that he could see his wife. Science did wonderful things—surely it could give him a few hours.

"I want to see Lord Bayneham," he said, touching Dr. Arne's hand; "let him be sent for at once."

It was fortunated.

to say.

"You do not doubt my claim to the title of Lord Bayneham at home. He received the gentleman, I presume," he said hastily.

I neither doubt nor believe," replied Lord bon dying—and sending for him! Like an elec-

Hereby, with haughty indifference. "In the interest of my nicce, I merely ask for some particulars of your family." for his body, and, I fear, but little for his interest of my nicce, I merely ask for some particulars of your family."

Again Paul Fulton stopped, heaitating what to say.

"I know of no particulars, my lord, that could possibly interest you," he said; "my father was simply a quiet country gentleman, of no great fortune or standing. I was his only child, and went abroad in my early youth to seek my fortune; I made it, and there my story enda."

seek my fortune; A manage of the ends."

"You have never been married before?"
said Lord Hereby; "at least, I presume so?"

"No, never," was the quick, false reply.
"Have you no relations living?" continued
Thereby his quick eye reading the confufound and restored to her home.

In the meantime Mr. Fulton had achieved his triumph; all fashionable London rang with the Lord Herby, his quick eye reading the confunews. It was warmly welcomed; every one

bim. "None," said Paul Fulton. "I am quite

"None," said Paul Fulton. I am quascalone in the world."

"We need not prolong this interview," said Lord Hereby. "Mr. Beauchamp seldom expresses any opinion—I give you mine in a few words. I shall make no opposition to my niece's marriage with you; she can please hereal; but I shall advise her against it. Pardon any plain ensalving, but I do not consider the my plain speaking, but I do not consider the son of a simple country gentleman, of no great fortune or standing, by any means a desirable match for my netce; still, if she pereists in wishing it, I shall make no opposition—she must not, in that case, look for my countenance. I shall decline any further interest in her af

Paul Fulton trembled with indignation. He had to remember that the nobleman before him was old and feeble, so great was his impulse to strike him. He had expected a very different reception, armed with those magical settlements. This cool, aristocratic hauteur dismayed him. What was his money worth, after the dend are trush himself to creek her He dared not trust himself to speak; he all? He dared not trust himself to speak; he left Lord Hereby's presence, chafing and foaming with rage. He clamed himself that he had not told a different story. Now, more than ever, was he at a loss. If his engagement should be broken off, and the world know why, he might bid farewell to all his hopes. Again, if he married and Lord Hereby resolutely set his face against him on account of his inferior grade, what might not be discovered? He was wounded, vexed and annoyed.

As he mounted his horse there came to him he memory of a sweet, young face, with trustng eyes—the memory of one who had loved him and believed him a king among men. He had not been acoffed and sneered at when he went wooing in Brynmar woods.

These thoughts did not calm him. He urged his horse on at full speed, using spur and whip. The mettlesome steed did not approve of such harsh measures. Many people turned to see who it was that rode so wildly with an angry face. One or two policemen began to be quite active; there was glory to be won, and cheaply, too. The rider, whoever he was, must be stopped and punished for endangering the safety of the public.

No one ever knew how it happened, while the policemen consulted and angry foot-pas-sengers turned to look after the foaming steed and its rider, in one moment the horse shied, then reared, and Paul Fulton was dashed to the ground. For several yards he was dragged along by the frightened, half maddened animal; then arose from all lookers on a terrible cry, and one or two brave men started off, and after some dangerous efforts succeeded in stopping the horse and rescuing its bapless rider. They thought he was dead when he was raised from the ground, for on the white face there was a deep, crimson stain, and a wide, gaping wound

on the head-he had fallen on a curbstone. In less than three minutes a large crowd had assembled. "A man killed!" "Fallen from his horse!" were the passwords. A doctor came up, and a policeman searched the unconscious man to discover who he was and where he lived. He found a card-case, and gave it to

"He had better be taken to his own house," said the latter, when he saw it. "I have heard of him and know where he lives."

They carried him back to the house he had left that morning so full of life and hope; to full of ambitious designs and plans for his future life; strange hands carried him up the broad staircase, and laid him upon his bed, strange hands cut the thick black hair where Magdalen's fingers had once lingered so lovinghis body.—Boucicault.

To a gentleman, every woman is a lady in right of her sex.—Bulwer.

A handsome woman is a jewel; a good woman is a treasure.—Saadi.

What is a woman? Only one of nature's agreeable blunders.—Cowley.

A fashionable woman is always in law-interest for the word in pedigree "a and once lingered so loving the changes. There was no one near who loved him; he was in the world alone. Hired servants, who gave their services half grudgingly for his gold; doctors who tried, for the sake of very proud. He would, I think, be pleased at science, to restore him; nurses who thought only of what they should drink and earn; these word "pedigree "a and once lingered so loving the changes. There was no one near who loved him; he was in the world alone. Hired servants, who gave their services half grudgingly for his gold; doctors who tried, for the sake of very proud. He would, I think, be pleased at science, to restore him; nurses who thought only of what they should drink and earn; these world death-bed. Never a loving hand serve the only attendants on Paul Fulton's label.

At the word "pedigree "a and once lingered so loving the changes. There was no one near who loved him; he was in the world alone. Hired servants, who gave their services half grudgingly for his gold; doctors who tried, for the sake of very proud. He would, I think, be pleased at science, to restore him; nurses who thought only of what they should drink and earn; these was no one near who loved him; he was in the world alone. Hired servants, who gave their services half grudgingly vants, who gave their services half grudgin hour of bitter pain and coming death, there was

no pity for him. The hopes, the sine, the schemes of that mor-tal life were all ended; the grand fiat had gone forth. He had won money, he was rich and popular; but the end was come, and he must die; a strange doctor, bending over him, saw there was no hope. He touched him gently, and asked him if he had any worldly affairs to

settle.
The haggard eyes opened and glared wildly so wildly that the doctor started, shocked and half-frightened.
"Do you mean," said Paul Fulton, in a low,

"Do you mean," said Faul Funcou, in a low, hearse voice, "that I am to die?"
"Yes," said the doctor gently; "it is better that you should know the truth. You will not see this sun set. Make your peace with God and man.

A moan of unutterable agony came from the white lips. What should he do? He had lived as though there was no death. He had never thought of a future state, looking upon all religion as an old and idle superstition; and now n a few hours he must stand before Him who he had persistently ignored, and arswer for his sins; no wonder that large drops rolled from his face. Like many another worldling be-fore him, Paul Fulton had not been afraid to sin, but he was afraid to die. He did not understand, at first, how it was; then the confused thoughts cleared. He remembered he was rich, wealthy, honored, and about to marry the fair and fashionable Lady Grahame. But her guardian had taunted him, had shown by her guardian had taunted him, had shown by the glauce of his keen, proud eyes that he disbelieved his story. He remembered the mad gallop when he tried in vain to arrest the course of his frightened horse and could not; now it was all over. There were strange pains that pierced him, a strange numbness came over him, and once—ah, surely his brain must be turned—once he saw Magdalen's sweet face smiling to him from behind the curtain, and reciping to the ring mon her hand.

pointing to the ring upon her hand. It was but the vision of an excited, bewildered It was but the vision of an excited, bewildered mind, yet it turned his thoughts in quite a different direction. He forgot Lady Grahame—she faded from his mind like a forgotten dream—but he remembered Magdalen, who had tried to make him think of such an hour as this, who had spoken sweet words of the Judge he trembled to meet. If she were but here now, if she could bend over him, with her gentle touch and the loving heavy he should not be a frightened her loving heart, he should not be so frightened And again he sowed as he reaped. He had driven his wife from him in the proud arrogance of his prosperity, and he would have given all he had in the world if she could have been with him.

He remembered his child. Poor Magdale was dead; he had seen the green grave and the simple stone that bore no name. But his child lived the child with her mother's voice. Per haps she knew the same gentle lessons that his wife had taught—would she come to him? It mattered little about keeping the secret now. It flashed across him that he had seen Lore Bayneham in town-how long since !-only yes

CHAPTER XXXIV. Tast as it was possible to go, Lord Bayneham hastened to the dying man. He heard from the butler, when he stood in the hall, every particular of the accident—he saw real, unfeigned

tears shining in the man's eyes.

Mr. Fulton was loved by his inferiors for his invariable kindness and good humor. Then he entered the luxurious chamber, where the mas-

ter of the house lay, doomed and dying.
"Let him come near me," said Paul Fulton
to Dr. Arne. "I have much to say to him."
The doctor rose from his seat and made way

for Lord Bayneham.
Claude was inexpressibly shocked. So lately had he seen Paul Fulton in the flush and pride of his manhood, his handsome face smiling and careless-could that pale, haggard man, crimson stained bardages upon his head, be the same who had saluted him so gayly a few hours ago? The wild eyes, full of horror, glared upon

"I am dying, they say," gasped the hoarse, low voice. "I never feared man, but I am afraid te dia."

Lord Bayneham did not know what to saywoman in his place would have uttered the exact words the dying man wanted to hearsomething of mercy and pardon and hope. Lord Bayneham looked awkwardly around the room, and then murmured something about

recovery
"No," said Paul Fulton sorrowfully; "Dr.
Arne tells me I shall not see this sun set.
Lord Bayneham, I want to speak to you about

The young earl started. In the shock of seeing that ghastly figure, he had forgotten for a moment that he expected to hear of his lost love.
"What of my wife?" he said gently; for even supposing that Paul Fulton had caused all the sorrow and suspense, it was not possible

all the sorrow and suspense, it was not possible to maintain the faintest gleam of anger against the shattered, dying wreck before him.
"What of my wife?" he asked again.
"I should like to see her," whispered Paul Fulton. "I am dying, they say, and this is my last prayer. Let me see your wife once; let my last look be upon her."
"Do you know where she is?" seked Lord

Bayneham.

'No," was the calm reply; "at Bayneham, I suppose. It is not too far, my lord. There will be time if you send st once".

Ah, then he knew nothing of her flight—their half suspicions had been wrong.
"Why do you wish to see my wife?" he asked; trust me-tell me." "I will," said Paul Fulton. "I do not know

whether you have been told anything of your wife's history. I want to see her—oh, Lord

Bayneham, I want to see her, because she is my "Your child !" cried Lord Bayneham, in un

utterable wonder.

"Yes," said Paul, "my child. Her mother was the fairest and sweetest girl in all Scotland, and she was my wife. When I saw your wife, Lord Bayneham, I thought my own had returned to me again, young and lovely as I first knew her. She is my daughter. I was Lord Hutton's dearest friend; her mother was Lady Hutton's foster-sister; Lady Hutton adopted her when my wife joined me over

the seas." There was silence for some few moments, and a thousand thoughts flashed through Lord Bayneham's mind. This explained all that had seemed so mysterious—the notes—ab, and per

"Why was this kept a secret from me?" he said sadly. "It has caused bitter sorrow."

"I will tell you, Lord Bayneham." said the dying man. "My daughter longed to make her secret known to you—it embittered her life. She knew nothing of it until her poor mother went to see her, and died at the Firs cottage. Her mother, my poor Alagdalen, forced her to take mother, my poor Magdalen, forced her to take an oath that she would never reveal it, and that oath she faithfully kept. It seemed like an especial decree from Heaven that I should go to Bayneham, and find there my wife's grave and my living child. I knew she was my daughter from a ring that I had given her mother, and which she wore, and from her picture, my lord."

"Yes, I remember," said Lord Bayneham sadly; "why did you not tell me the truth?"

"You will hear," continued the dying man; "I dared not, because my whole life is a living lie. She told me so. My name, Lord Bayne.

lie. She told me so. My name, Lord Bayne-ham, is Stephen Hurst—I date utter it now that I am dying. My father was a gentlemanno truer or nobler one ever lived. I was always wild and wicked. When I had wasted my little fortune I went with Lord Hutton to visit the lady he loved, Miss Erskine, of Brynmar, and there I mes Magdalen Burns, the fairest girl I

ever saw.
'I married her, and we went to London. Let rae tell you what I did, Lord Bayneham-yes terday I would have died sooner than have told it; to-day I care not. I committed a forgery, and was sentenced to transportation.

h, o not turn rom me, my lord; I have suffered for my sins, I lived through a martyr dom—no words can tell what my punishment was like. Magdalen came to me like an angel of pity and goodness; I treated her with barbar ous cruelty, and drove her from me and broke

"When the time of my sentence expired, I went away to the diggings, and there like many others made a large fortune.

"Lord Bayneham, I am dying here alone and every sin of my life seems to recoil upon my head. I never meant men to know who I was. I have kept my secret, hoping to make for myself a new life from the wreck of the old one. All things have prospered with me; I had wealth and honor—my hears's wish—a marriage with Lady Grahame was soon to be accomplished, and now it is all over. I have wasted my life, and world fain have it to begin

"I cannot understand," said Lord Baynsham gently, "why you wished this to be kept a secret from me."

"I dreaded its being known," he replied "As Stephen Hurst I should have been despised and outlawed; as Paul Fulton men have esteemed me. If I had claimed my child, I must have told who I was. She begged of me with bears to tell you, but I would not."

She is sacrificed to your pride," said Lord Bayreham. "Tell me, on the last evening you were at Bayreham, did you meet my wife and your daughter is the Lady's Walk! Did you talk to her there?"

"Yes," raid Stephen Hurst. "I did so; I asked her to meet me there, and most unwillingly she complied."
"You gave two notes into her hands," con-

tinued Lord Bayneham sadly,
"Yes," replied Stephen; "but how do you
know and why do you mention these things?" "Because they have helped to destroy my wife," cried the young earl; "she has been sacrificed to your sins and your pride. She was asked to explain those notes and refused; she was asked why she was in the Lady's Walk—her bracelet was found there—she would not tell; there was some terrible mistake, and your daughter has left her home. I know not where she has gone; I constituted home and her has derivited the statement of the statement not find her, and begin to despair of ever seeing her again. Oh, if you had but told me the

wuth I" "Do not repreach me," said the dying man "has not my sin found me out? I could have died more easily with my child's face near me. Through my own fault this one hope is loss to me—I shall never see her again."

He lay there murmuring to himself that his sin had found him out. From that moment, when he heard that his sin and pride had destroyed his child, he seemed to no more hope. A blank, awful despair seized him; the expression of his face alarmed Lord Bayneham.

"Can nothing more be done?" he asked of Dr. Arne: "has he seen any one? Could not some one pray with him?" "If he wishes it," said the doctor, "Lord Bayneham," he added, "I see many death-beds, and the most wretched and dreary death is always that of the worldling who has never

thought of the time when he must die. Can-didly speaking, my lerd, nothing on be done

We will draw a curtain over that death-bed they who were present never forgot it. The awful scene ended at last, and the man who reaped; as he had sown went to his judgment,

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was not until Stephen Hurst had been dead for some hours that the mystery of that fatal mistake flashed across Lord Bayneham's mind, He remembered how he had gone into his wife's room and told her he knew all meaning that he knew ahe had been in the all, meaning that he knew she had been in the Lady's Walk. She doubtless thought by that expression he knew all the secret of her parent-age and her father's sin.

Then Lord Bayneham remembered that care-Then Lord Saynenam rememored that care-less conversation, when the poor child asked him what he should do, if, after marriage, be discovered he had made a mistake in his wife, and he had replied jestingly, "Such a one must go home to her friends!" How blind and stupid he had hear not to remember all this before. he had been not to remember all this before! She clasped her hands when he told her he knew all, and asked if she was to go.

If he had but remained with her ten minutes

longer, all would have been explained; now he began to despair he should never see her again. Lord Bayneham behaved nobly to his wife's father. He kept his secret. No will was tound, and he made no claim upon that large fortune. and he made no claim upon that large fortune. For the sake of money, he would not betray in death a secret the unhappy man had sacrificed so much to keep. As a friend, he attended to his funeral and went as chief mourner; but never, by one word, did he hint that Paul Fulton was other than he had appeared.

For two days the papers made the most of that fatal accident, and all fash onable London was concerned for one day and forgot it that

was concerned for one day and forgot it the was concerned for one day and forgot it the next. Lady Grahame was very sorry and much distressed. "It seemed a sad thing," she said to everybody; "he was a handsome man, and so very agreeable."

In a few days Lady Grahame recovered from the sheet and strange to say

In a few days Lady Grahame recovered from the effects of the shock, and, strange to say, that very year she met the Duke of Laleham, who was charmed by her man-ners and love of comfort, in which he rivalled her. She is now Duchess of Lale-ham; and once, in a confidential mood, was heard to say to Miss Lowe that, "after all, she believed there was a special Providence in she believed there was a special Providence in poor Mr. Fulton's death."

Lord Bayneham redoubled his efforts to discover his wife, but they were all in vain; he could find no trace of her; it seemed as though she had disappeared from the face of the earth. The detective said he had never been baffied before, but he was baffled now. From the time the ticket collector had seen her in Enston Square she disappeared. People began to smile

Square she disappeared. People began to smile at the advertisements, they were so common. But all and everything was in vain; silence and mystery dark as night shrouded the fate of the young Countess of Bayneham.

Lord Bayneham returned home—he was anxious to clear the memory of his beloved wife from even the least cloud of suspicion. Barbara Earle shed warm tears of love and pity when she heard the story. The countess was more touched than she cared to own, best pity when she heard the story. The countess was more touched than she cared to own; both was more couched than she cared to own; both saw clearly how the mistake had arisen. Believing that her busband "knew all" her secret, and could not pardon her, Lady Hilda had left the home where she thought herself no longer loved or esteemed.

They new understood all that seemed mysterious; the young Lady of Bayneham had stood, as it were, between two fires—she could not betray her father, and dared not clear herself

betray her father, and dared not clear herself from the suspicion that had been aroused.

"It should be a leason," said Barbara Earle musingly. "One ought never to judge from appearances.—I never will again."

"What shall you do, Claude?" asked Lady Bayneham, after a short pause.

"I do not know, mother," he replied sadly.
"If I pleased myself, I should give up the search and die. I am worn out with fatigue and sorrow; I see no hope of finding my dear wife

sorrow; I see no hope of finding my dear wife again. But as you have often reminded me, the men of my race never despair; I must live on, and bear my life, I suppose."

Barbara's eyes filled with tears as she gazed upon the sad, worn face. Was it for this she had sacrificed her love and her happiness? Better for her cousin if this fair-haired girl had never crossed his path. He was fearfully al-tered; these few days of suspense had told upon

brow and round the firm lips. There was an air of depression that contrasted painfully with his former gay, kindly manner. "Do not give up," Claude," said Lady Daylinam, laying her hand lovingly on her son's shoulder; "it is a great triel, but I have a sure shoulder; "it is a great triel, but I have a sure shoulder; "it is a great triel, but I have a sure shoulder; "it is a great triel, but I have a sure shoulder; "it is a great triel, but I have a sure should be well. We must do our best shoulder; it is a greature, out I have a sure hope all will yet be well. We must do our best to find your wife. Remember, you do not live for yourself. Your mother, the name and honor of your family, the fame of your race—all depended on you. Do not give up. bitter sorrows come to us, one and all. The brave fight on, the weak give way. Fight on,

him; there were deep lines of sorrow on the

my son; no Bayneham was ever weak or cowardly."
"I will do my best, mother," he said wearily. "I think more of Hilda than of my elf; she is

so young and gentle, she has no one in the world From Bayneham, as from London, every effort was made to discover Lady Hilda's place of refuge, but all in vain. Weeks became months, but no trace—not even the slightest—was found. She never claimed one farthing of the large sum daily accumulating for her. Lord Bayneham had directed that no notice should be taken of her letters—that Brynmar should be kept in readiness for her, and the money carefully saved; but she never wrote for money carefully saved; but she never wrote for any, and that added more than anything to his 'roub'es. If living, what was her fate without money or friends? Lord Bayneham tried to bear up bravely, but he soon became exceedingly ill, and in loss than six months after his wife's flight, the young earl lay between life and death, fighting a hard battle with the grim king, and his mother kept watch by him, in sorrow too deep for words. The detective had promised that he would not give the case up, but it was evident from his want of zeal that he had no longer any hope.

had no longer any hope. The doctors, summoned by the unhappy countess to her son's bedside, said there was one

chance for him, and only one; he must have entire change of air, and they recommended a stay of some length on the Continent.

He was most unwilling to go. To leave England seemed like abandoning his wife; yet to remain was, if wise men spoke truly, certain death. The last time he left home, a beautiful young face, glowing with happiness and love, smiled by his side; now he must go on his journey alone, his heart cold and dead to hope, love and happiness.

One fine morning there stood on the pier of Dover a group that attracted some attention—a tall, stately lady, with the look of one who had once been reautiful, and by her side a noble girl, whose face made one the better for seeing it; both were devoted to what seemed at first eight the wreck of a young and handsome man. Passers-by stopped to raze again at that white, worn face, with its sad, despairing eyes. Lady Bayeham and Barbara would fain have gone with Claude, but he would

not hear of it.

"Stay behind, mother," he said with trembling lips, "and do what you can. My lost darling may come home; do not let her find it desolate.

They went to Dover and watched the boat disappear with eyes that were wet with tears. In the mother's heart there was but little hope of ever seeing her son again.
"Ah, Barbara," said Lady Bayneham, as in

the far distance the steamer sailed out of sight.
"I wish my son had married you. This trouble will kill him. Beynmar woods have been very fatal to us. But Barbara would not agree with her ladyship; she saw much to admire and pity in Lady Hilds, and she would hear no word that

was not uttered either in love or praise.

Bertie Carlyon had been unremitting in his endeavors to assist Lord Bayneham. He had been with him up to the eve of his departure, when a telegram from London. obliged him to return there. Lady Baynenam seked him to wist her at Baynehom when his