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This is the age of general improvement and the TRUE WITNESS 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 disease 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 33 years in ex-

But we want to extend its usefulness and his 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 charge 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, oven 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.

tion 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 cularged 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 sach) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

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Farties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all 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 ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible preswre of which they are mistresses in our behalf 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 TRUS 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 obserfully 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.

A cough is usually the effort of mature to expel some morbid matter irritating the air passages of the lungs. It may however, proceed from an inflamed or irritable condition of the throat, a slight rash or humor. often being perceptible. Let the cause be what it mays the remedy should be Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. A purely vegetable Balsamic throat and lung healer. For sale by all'dealers in medicine, at 25 cents per

THE WORLD'S KINGS.

Their homes are not in palaces.

'Mid gardens stretching wide.

They walk upon no velvet floors.

No princely steeds they ride.

No crest engraven rings.

Mid courtly throngs whose pomp belongs.

Et. But they are the world's Kings.

There's no escorting train,

No sounding abronicles are theirs.

No titles high and win.

They ilve alone, they die unknown,

The wind their death-march sings,

No marble high tells where i hey lie.

But they are the world's Kings.

Their towers are on the mountain side,
And down the lowly glen,
They own no false ancestral pride,
Yet are they noble men.
With cunning skill their dauntless will
From earth is treasure brings,
Their stalwart power rears bridge and tower—
O they are the world's Kings!

With pen and spade they move the earth,
Their charter is of God,
They pay good homage in their sweat—
Their birthright is the sod.
Come, had me then, life's noble men!
Each head of grain that swings
Allegiance vows to labor's plongus,
And honor the world's Kings.
WM. LYLE.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS

By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XXV .- CONTINUED.

"Poor Kitty," says Gretchen; making a little grimace; "I can't help pitying her when I think what a goose she has married." But at the mention of his wife's name Bir John grows grave again and goes back to

commonplace subjects. "Do you still like that new man-Blunt?"

he asks, turning to Dugdale.
"Very much," Gretchen returns, eagerly, answering for Kenneth. "He is so gentle, and, I am sure, clever. When I see him I. believe in him, he looks so strong, so able. And then there is that last successful case of his-Letty Norman's brother. He was considered almost hopeless, and is now nearly well. And Ken is much better. Are you not, Ken?"

"Yes, I really think I am," says Kenneth, who would have said just the same to please her were it the blackest untruth. really Norman's case, you know, was one in a thousand."

"One likes to hear that," says Blunden, heartily. "Hearing of a new man, one likes to know something positive about his genins before going into ecstasies over him. You have faith in him yourself?"

"Well, yes, I think so." "That's right; that's half the battle"cheerfully. "I always think, you know, one ought to believe in a fellow when he is doing all he can for one. It's only decently grateful you know. And really you are looking better. I suppose the change from the country to this Dure air-

"That will do; you may draw the line there," says Kenneth, laughing; and Jack rises to go.

"So glad we shall see you to-night," he says to Gretchen. "Kitty"-with a slightly dejeoted air-" is never so happy with any one as with you." "What a modest speech!" says Gretchen.

'Except myself.' you ought to have added." "Well, I'm not sure, do you know?" says Jack, simply, almost wistfully; and then he bids them good-bye and goes home to his

CHAPTER XXVI.

Don Car. "Pray, who was there?
Lara. "Why, all the town and Court;
The house was crowded; and the busy fans
Among the gayly-dressed and perfumed ladles
Fluttered like builterfles among the fluttered. -Spanish Student.

As dinner hour approaches, Kitty relents. A sort of tender coquetry induces her to put on her prettiest gown-the gown in which he has so often admired her-and to trick herself out in all the little fineries and innocent gewgaws he has at various periods spoken Kindly of.

She goes down to dinner, and though still constrained in manner, in spite of herself is most happy in that she can see him, and bs near him, and hear his voice again.

After dinner, passing through the hall, she sees on a table in an antercom, near the drawing-room, a lovely bouquet lying, frail pink blossoms, and little dainty budy that peep out knowingly, as though to claim a kiss or at least a caressing touch.

"Dear Jack! After all, he is grieved at this horrid coldness between us! And he has brought these charming flowers to help to make friends. How sweet of him!"

Not to be outdone in generosity, she takes up the fragrant bouquet, and returning to the dining-room, to where Jack is standing, reading the evening paper, she says, sottly, yet with some hesitation born of the late es-

"I like my flowers so much. Pink is such a favorite color with----

"Pink i" says Jack, laying down the paper. Those flowers are not for you. I know you prefer white to any. I sent yours up-stairs to vour room an hour ago." "Not mine " says Kitty, paling. "Whose,

"They are for Mrs. Charteris, I made a bet with her last night, and lost. My payment was to be made in these pink blossoms." "Never !" says Kitty, passionately, and, neath, and presently becomes aware of a lorflinging the flowers upon the ground, she gnette fixed immovably upon her. The

his hand upon her, arm. But it is too late; the charm of the flowers is rulned and lost forever. "I have a great mind to make you pick them up again," he says, slowly, with a look in his usually gentle eyes she has never seen there before. A moment's reflection would have prevented his making this speech, which is both ill advised and unworthy of

him. "Do not go far," says Kitty, with a little pale smile of defiance. "I am not your slave. What! was it not enough that you should spend all last evening alone with her (I learned from Cyclamen that neither she nor Laura was to be present); that you should haunt every place you think it likely she may be at; but that now-now-when I am most unhappy, you should --- " She pauses, and, raising her hand to her throat,—unable to proceed,-points to the crushed bouquet at her feet, that in its painful death exhales

ita richest perfume. "Do you mean to tell me you are jealous of Fancy Charteris?" demands Sir John, who is very white and stern, after a full minute's pause, during which they have gazed steadily

into each other's eyes.
"It is true," said Kitty, standing back and leaning against a chair for support. "Have I not good reason?"

with a heaving breast. "All the pain and Blunden, and then rotices; and Jack, bending to ture of the past month." Shall I retail to to arrange a fold in Kitty's cloak, says, in: a you the angulah I have endured? But wby low tone, full of regret.—

speak to you" cries she, with sudden passion:
"It is too late. Go!"—pointing with the exquisitely rounded bare white arm to the door:

And Kitty, because of something in her you have no heart."

"If that is so, I ought to be a happier man than i am." replied he bitterly.

" la's man ever happy with his wife; I am learning every day; and it seems to me any other man's wife is preferable."

"Once for all, Kitty," said Sir John, confronting her quietly and addressing her in a thought, too disgraceful to be repeated. You insult yourself even more than me when you.

hitty is white almost to pallor. The hand resting on the back of the chair is tightly clenched.

" If you are going to the opera to-night," she cays, " I shall not go. I shall not sit in a box with you,"

"I should be sorry to inconvenience you in any way," returns he coldly, with a slight shrug. "You shall certainly have your box to yourself. When I take Mrs. Charteris her flowers, I dare say she'll give me a seat in hers.

After which he leaves the room and presently the house, in a most unenviable frame of mind.

Kitty, going up stairs, with her new mcod still upon her—erect and handsome, but very pale, with her eyes brilliant and her breath coming quickly through her delicately curved nostrils -finds upon her dressing table the flowers intended for her. They are-she has to confess this truth even to herself-far lovelier than those she had so cruelly ill used below; they are all pure white, exquisitely arranged, the monotony of their beauty relieved here and there by little feathery branches of rare ferns of a vivid green. She acknowledges their charm; yet, lifting them remorselessly, as though she hates the innocent things, she carries them into Sir John's dressing room and lays them on his table.

Returning to her own room, she raises the gas even higher, and deliberately and earnestly examines her features in a mirror. Yes. it is a fair face; she is bandsome (it would be only ridiculous prudery to deny this fact to herself). But she is pale, too pale. And when he is beside her, he should glance across and mark a defect in his own wife No, there shall be no defect.

Lifting a little gilded pot from the table, she looks into it, and then quickly, as though determined not to hesitate, yet with a faint grimace that savors of distaste, she touches her cheeks lightly with the rouge it contains.

It has been there a long time; once, through very idlenesse, she had bought it, but had never used it. Indeed, she had no need of it, the warmth of her own skin being coloring sufficient for her.

But to-night it stands her in good stead The rich glow it lends to the pullid cheeks makes darker, levelier the eyes above it. Her llps are crimson. Her soft brown hair lies in artistic disorder on her low broad forehead. The maize satin of her gown suits her to perfection, and, almost cheered by the faultlessness of the vision reflected in her glass, she smiles. Mrs. Charteris may be pretty, but there will be few handsomer than Kitty Blunden in the house to-night. Throwing her cloak round her, she takes up her fan and gloves and goes down to her carriage.

She finds Gretchen before her in her box and Brandy. Dandy has gone over to Mrs. Charteris to receive some imaginary message from that contiette.

Fancy, in spite of her rupture with her lover, is looking charming. The black velvet gown she wears renders even more youthful her mignoone features. Her golden hair is carefully arranged; a few simple silver chains ate clasped around her throat. She has Cyclamen with her, and Dandy, who is plainly rapturously happy. But his happiness is of short duration; presently it dies a sudden d ath, as the door opening admits Sir John Blunden, and, close benind him, Arthur!

Fancy, as she sees the latter, in her heart of heart laughs aloud; but outwardly she is frozen dignity itself. In fact, it is plain to all beholders that she does not see Mr. Blunden. He mightas well be in the moon, or in any other remote and impossible region, for all the notice she takes of him; while she receives Sir John cordially, bestowing upon him her brightest smile, and accepting almost tenderly the flowers he lays before her, a facsimile of those destroyed by Kitty's demon.

Sir John stoops to say something-no doubt uncommonly flattering—as he presents his debt : Mrs. Charteris raises her face to his with an expression on it meant to madden Arthur beyond endurance. It is a perfect tahlean. Kitty even at this distance sees and marks the pretty scene, and draws her breath

quickly.
Grotchen, with her great blue eyes fixed upon the "Diva," who is singing her sweetest, knows of nothing that is going on around her, being wrapt in a musical ecstasy; she is for once blind and deaf when her gentle influence is 80

badly needed. Turning her gaze from the opposite box, Kitty lets it fall slowly upon the stalts beplaces one small foot upon them and tramples owner of it, seeing her glance attracted, instant's thought on my account," politely removes it, and then she sees it is Certi Liaunceston who is so intently watching her with evident though restrained admira-

tion. The demon, not yet slaiu, moves her. Her lips part in a careful smile. She makes the very faintest motion with her fan, and Launceston, rising, makes his way slowly past old ladies, and innocent maidens and fat men to her box.

She makes him welcome. She is, indeed, specially good to him. Yes, he may stay, if he cares to—with a bewildering smile. What a good house it is, and how magnificently she is singing! And how lovely Mrs. Coarteris is looking to-night. No? He doesn't admire her? How strange! But he is without taste; every one admires her."

Every one may admire her if they choose: he doesn't. And he is sorry for "every one;" there is no knowing where a lead will carry some people. She is too bizarre, dolly, soulless for him. And he cannot think he is without taste. He has his own ideal, and must worship it, not this or any other's ideal. And so on, and on.

And Kitty listens and approves, and in her through hall and antercom to the little sancheart thinks him wearlsome to the last de- tum he knows so well ... gree, but encourages his vapid talk until Sir John notices their carnestness and grows dis- | she says, in the saddest of tones, even though trait-so distrait that at the close of the eventhem into the street through the oben with herself. Dandy has gone on with Lady Oy choly, and some faint sorrow in her glance low," he says; "you might let me hild you have a girl you and he together;"

dow, "they are of no account; they can clamen, and Sir John, making his way to the, hands it to him.

esslip be replaced; but faith and trust are ball, finds Kitty there, with Launceston, more difficult to restore."

"They are impossible to restore."

"If you are wiffully blind, I cannot help. He goes calmly up to her, and gently, but

you. As for me, how can I ever forget this in a manner not to be mistaken, draws her hour!" hand within his arm Launceston, bows to hour!"

hour !"

nand within the growd, and then to Lady

lave I nothing to forget?" retorts she, some one in the growd, and then to Lady

Rinnden and then rotires; and lack, bending

low but firm tone, "I forbid you to speak to of a deep wound can heal it. Sooner or later me like that again. Your insinuation a mo- it will break forth again, to wring the sufferment since about Mrs. Charteris was, I er's soul with anguish. Only the surgeon's knife, the sudden probe, the baring to one's sight of the bullet that has cut so treacherously into the tender flesh, can restore peace and happiness and comforts stands

But to return to Fancy and her undesired companion. Finding herself actually entrapped into accepting Arthur's assistance, she loses all patience, or at least pretends to.

"What brought you to my box to-night?" she demands, imperiously, as they make their way through the landing. "I understood we were to be strangers for the future; and I am no wit better now than I was this morning, when you so much objected to me."

Arthur is silent. He evidently considers discretion, when with a woman, the better

part of valor." "And why did you offer me your arm just now?" goes on she, with some indignation. You knew I wished to go out with Sir John ; at least you knew perfectly I did not wish to

go out with you! Mr. Blunden still maintains a discreet silence. It irritates his companion far more than words. "You did it on purpose," she says, aggravatingly. "I saw it in your eyes! You were determined to compel me against my will to accept your services !"

Even at this thrilling moment Mr. Blunden declines to speak.

"Are you deaf!" asks Mrs. Charteris, with much disgust. "If so, of course I'm sorry for you. But it there is one thing on earth I hate, it is a person who won't answer. You know you are dying to tell me you don't wish to be with me now or at any other time, and, just to vex me, you wont say it. I cant bear such meanness. I'

"I'm not dying to say anything of the kind," retorts Arthur, stung into making some reply. "I never tell lies. Why should I? I am most certainly (in spite of all my resolutions to the contrary) very desirous of being with you not only now but always. I accepted most thankfully the chance thrown in my way of being of some small good to you just now. After all,-mournfully, "I should bave been wiser had I thrown myself upon your cousin's mercy."

"You would indeed," -- remorselessly and far happier."

"Oh, no, not happier,"-very earnestly. There is a humility, a want of pride, about this speech eminently flattering. Fancy, in her turn, is silent.

Presently, the corridor becoming more crowded, and she having relinquished his arm some time since in the heat of her argument Arthur says gently.

"I think you had better take my arm again. "No, thank you,"-coldly; "I like walking

by myself." "But not here, surely. A little farther on you may be crushed."

" I should rather be crushed than touch you, returns she, with all the air of a spoiled child-which she is.

Presently, however, getting into the press of people, and finding that gradually the crowd is separating him from her, with some determination takes her hand and holds it fast,-unrebuked. Doubtless madam is rather relieved than otherwise that he has so peremotorily disobeved orders. In the hall Cyclamen is nowhere to be

"She has gone; and she half promised to come home with me," says Mrs. Charteris, looking vaguely round her. "She must have forgotten all about it. How careless, how thoughtless of her!" turning up two distressed blue eyes, that still sparkle with resentment to Arthur.

"If you will allow me I will see you home. "Ob, no! Not for the world would I give you so much trouble,"-coldly.

"Well, then, may I try if I cannot hurry your carriage?"-quite as coldiy. "I came in Cyclamen's," explains she, de-

jectedly. "Now, how am I to get home? I said something to her early in the evening, about going to supper at the Lestranges', and l suppose she altogether misunderstood me. How awkward it all is!" "My brougham is somewhere outside. It

is yours, if indeed "-bitterly-"you will deign to make use of it." "I suppose I must," returns she, ungra-

ciously, yet with surprising alacrity, and presently suffers herself to be conducted to it by this ill used young man.

Having seen her comfortably settled. Mr. Blunden raises his hat and says "Goodnight" and moves aside that the door may be closed. But beauty as we all know, is at times capricious. Mrs. Charteris, with the most unexpected concern in her tone, says, with surprise .-

"Are not you coming too?"
"Oh! thank you, no. I should not dream of intruding. Pray do not give youself an

How unkind of you!" says Fancy, with a charming pout, turning her face towards him, and leaning a little forward, so that the gaslight above falls upon her, revealing every charm,-the softness of the sapphire eyes, the archness of the lips, the sheen of her yellow hair, touching even, though faintly, the pale rose that nestles in it. "How unkind of you, when you know how I detest driving by myself, and how I abhor my own society!"

Then, with a slight drawing back of her skirts, as though to make room for him, and a sudden smile that dazzles him, she says, Come. And he goes.

CHAPTER XXVII.

'And though ye kill my hope, not yet my love. Ot happy world, thought Pelleas, 'all meseems; Are happy; I the happiest of all.' "-TENNYSON.

A SILENCE falls upon them that is almost unbroken until her home is reached, and then. when he would have departed, she touches him with her soft hand, and he follows her

"You will take a glass of wine with me," henceforth we be indeed strangers."

Has time proved so unkind as to render me a distressing fear, from which she shrinks, ill-favored in a few-days? Desr-Arthur, I that all is not going well with Kitty. There

Here the little hypocrite sighs profoundly, and casts a lamentable glance at a mirror opposite Arthur, in which she knows he can see her if he will. He does not lift his head, however, and the touching look thrown away.

taken place.

"I do not look at you because I dare not," he says, regretfully. The regret is for his own Weakness. "You make me out a thing of horror. You

say you are afraid to look at me. One would imagine I was a Medusa! Oh, Arthur, I did the inmost soul, and, being always fond of not think you would call me a snake-a viper?" Her voice trembles perceptibly. And Ar-

thur, hearing the vibration, says, hastily, if a little savagely—
"Nonsense! You know what I meanwhat a fool I am in your hands. Were I to encounter your eyes now, I fear—I fear—I

should forget all that has taken place." " Is that it?" says Mrs. Charteris, blithely, with a complete change of manner. "Then I insist upon your looking instantly."

Arthur does not move. " Must I compai you?" she says, and, gliding round in front of him, she lays one white little jewelled hand upon his shoulder, while with the other she turns his handsome face

to hers. He obeys her touch, and marks silently, wistfully, sadly, the lovely riante face, the lustrous eyes, the laughing lips so near his

Then he too smiles in spite of himself, and with a sigh resigns himself to the inevitable. He encircles her with his arms and draws her close to him.

"I am forgiven, then?" asks Fanoy, mali-"Yes. I suppose. But, oh, darling," with infinite tenderness, " how could you do

"Do what?" "Why-why,-encourage Sir John so terribly. To spend the whole evening alone

with him." "I didn't," says Fancy.

"But I saw you with my own eyes." "You didn't," says Fancy, "Not see you last night alone with Blun-

"Not a little bit," says Mrs. Charteris. "Laura Redesdale was with us, but I suppose, at the unlucky moment you saw us, she had run on to her carriage. Now that you have forgiven me for what I never did, I shall tell you all about it, and then then "-with a prophetic shake of her blonde head-" I shall torgive you."

And then she tells him all about that innocent dinner at Richmond, and of how Laura was with her, and that dear stupid Lady Inman, who is propriety itself. And of course he is very contrite, and cries mea culpa as often as she requires it, and is, I think, happier in his renewed trust than he has ever been before in all his life.

He would have kissed her when the and the comments thereon are at an end, but she draws back from him, and lays her fingers

lightly against his lips.
"No, no," she says; "I am afraid it can never be quite the same thing with us

again." " Fancy! what is it you mean?" asks he agbast.

"So many things have happened, so many words been said. You have distrusted me, you may distrust me again." "Never, never, indeed." "So you would have said last week. And how can you be sure? One can be certain of nothing until one goes through the fire. We

were happy when you were only my friend.

we have not been quite so happy since you have been my lover; let us then be friends "That is absurd," says Blunden. "How can you expect me to be contented with

gone?" "There is nothing so lasting as a calm triendship, founded on esteem," says she, demurely. "To have looked upon you as my own for

friendship, after all that has come and

so many weeks and now to be asked to give you up to any other fellow who may choose to make love to you." "Cb, no, I shan't ask you to give me away,"--provokingly; "my brother has pro-

mised to do that. And you know he is coming home." "I suppose it comes to this, that you don't care for me," says Arthur, irritably. " It you did, you could hardly suggest so cold an arrangement. It is more than you can expect me to concede to. I am not a stone or a

stick." "Oh. do look at yourself," says Fancy, merrily, "you are so funny, you are making your poor hair look so ridiculous, rumpling it upp "You are the only woman I ever cared for

in all my life," says Arthur, pathetically, not hearing or heeding the interruption, "the only one I ever shall care for, and---" "Oh, but do look at yourself," persists she, with the gayest laugh imaginable—a clear, ringing laugh of pure enjoyment; "your hair is standing straight up. You remind me of some one I saw once at the Haymarket, or in

Paris at the Grand Cirque-I forget, which,but I know it amused me intensely. I wish you would look in the glass. "Oh, hang my hair!" says Arthur, impatiently, forgetting himself; "it doesn't

"Well, there isn't much of it, certainly," acquiesces she, agreeably;" there might even with advantage, be more. I shouldn't wonder if you got baid pretty early, Arthur and that is always such a drawback to a man, isn't

"Fancy," says Arthur; suddenly falling on his knees before her, "do not be obdurate. Forgive me what I confess was a great sin against your goodness. Listen to me do, darling Parair

"Well; I will," returns Fanov, with all the air of one who is making a great concession." "Now goion." "As she speaks she deliber-

catheoric chronicle.

"I beg your pardon" he asys, quickly, begs gring Launceston, whiting her carriage foreigned and Brandy her carriage foreigned and Brandy her carriage foreigned and Brandy her carriage foreigned and being so lost that the has foreigned to be mistaken, draws her hand within his sim. Hanneston, bows her core one in the growd, and then to Lady solutions, and then rotices; and bed, bending ito arrange a fold in Kitty's cloat; says, in ration the growd, and then within the sim of the growd, and then within the sim of the growd, and then to Lady half bed upon her with an impatient sight he falls bed upon her with an impatient sight he falls bed upon her with an impatient sight he falls bed upon his old post.

"And Kitty, because of something in her throat, and because her eyes are so full. Of the sheath-ing, and discretely the strength of the solution of the sheath with the sheath of the growd with the says. Then, her with the says with says with the says with says with the says with say

and now lies heavy upon Gretchen's heartmust have a shameful glass; it lies to me. is in Lady Blundan's manner a strange reserve when her husband's name is mentioned, an almost sneering tone in her voice when compelled to speak of him, that argues badly for peace at home. She and Sir John ate seldom now—if ever—to be seen together, and though this subdued estrangement, being of

an ordinary type, is perhaps unnoticed by the

world, to Gretchen's earnest eyes and loving

heart it is only too apparent. Of late Kitty has rather avoided herdreading, perhaps, the probing of those gen. tle eyes that seem to search and reach into gayety, has flung herself, with an unhealthy desire for excitement, into a very vortex of dissipation, wearing out mind and body in a vain effort to forget. How often had she and Jack quarreled, and confessed each to each, and been forgiven! But a time had come when bitter words had been spoken between them and no forgiveness had been asked by either, and the quarrel had been sulienly laid to one side, and had so festered and grown rank, whilst he and she, with remembrance of it ever near them, drifted day by day further apart. They spoke, indeed, but more, as it seemed, with a view to meeting the exigencies of society than from a divine desire for

reunion. One day, when things have been going with them rather worse than usual, Kitty, out of very weariness of spirit, drives to Gretchen, and silent, and out of all heart, and perhapsa little reckless, sinks into a chair in her sisters room, and, having uttered some stupid commonplaces, leans back with a listless gesture,

and sighs profoundly. Hardly knowing what to say, and therefore deeming it wiser to maintain silence, Gretchen goes up to her and, taking off her bonnet, lays it aside, and smooths back her hair with fond sympathetic fingers.

Kitty, softening perhaps beneath that kindly pressure, turns her face up to Gretchen's and says suddenly--"Tell me, Gretchen, have you never re-

pented your marriege?". "Kitty! What a question!" says Gretchen, the tears gathering in her blue eyes. "What have I done or said to make you ask it? My dear, no. Were it all to come over again I should do exectly as I have done. My poor boy! my darling! Do you know "-with a little soft blush that renders her absolutely lovely-" I believe I feel for him as a mother must for her sickly child? He is my joy, my

delight." "And your grief,"-quietly. "Yes,"-with a sigu-"perhaps so. But then what joy is there in this life that contains no element of sorrow?" "You are yet a child "-impatiently.

You are too young to have learned that les-50D." "You always forget I am only a year younger than yourself." "And you always forget that I am in reality

a hundred years older than I seem. They say 'a man is as old as he's feeling;' surely that might also apply to a woman. And so, Meg-with a sigh-" you are happy?"

"Quite. Utterly so."

"And yet there is sadness in your smile." "How can I help that? Living as I do, I surely must make this unhappiness my own. I would have him as strong as your Jack, if i was the will of God."

"Perhaps if you had your wish you would be none the happier-perhaps not as happy, _turning aside. " My dearest, what a curious tone you use May I speak Kitty? Of late, durling,"-very softly, and with infinite tenderness-"I have chought-I have feared-that you and Jack

are not to each other what you used to be. Have I offended you?"-timidly. "Did you ever offend any one? But how delicately you put it!"-with a short unlovely laugh. "Why disguise facts that all the world may read? No, we do not get on; that is the precise truth; and, however bad I may be, I am at least oppressively truthful. So

he finds me." "What are you saying Kitty? Bad'? My dear, who could dare use such a word towards you? And then your last remarkhow oddly you said that! Would you have me believe dear Jack is not everything he ought to be l" "I ask you to believe nothing,"-nonchal-

antly, though a faint spasm crosses her face. "Of course, like all women, you support the man. No doubt, if you think so, it is I who am in the wrong?".
"Darling, how can you speak to me like that? .. I am fond of Jack; he is, my brother, because he is your husband; but you, you are myself. Of course all my sympathies are

with you. Tell me now how it is with you. It will relieve your mind to confide in some ne."
"Will it? Let me try then. It is long one." since I have known relief of any kind. I am wretched, Gretchen—desperately so. My whole life is a mistake. I wish it could end, and trouble with it."
"Go on," says Gretchen, faintly, kneeling

beside her, and encircling her with her arms. "Divorces are commen," says Kitty, with an attempt at lightness, "and public separa-tions worse, so we have arranged our little affair privately. We have agreed never to interfere with each other or our friendships. We do not clash, as more vulgar people might. It is all excellently managed. I never ask him where he has been—perhaps because I know. He never asks me perhaps because he does ot care to know," ded and sill "It is horrible," says Gretchen, below her not care to know."

breath. "To you, my dear,"-bardly in Because you are an angel. As for me: (though I wished it over a moment since) there are times when I can still find flavor in life. I have my own amusements: Lhave actually, strange as

it may sound to you, my own lovers."...
"You would not...." begins Gretchen, and "You would notthen pauses. She is feeling sad and depress-

ed. ; he to red out to led from hat he will also be a sure yourself, on that soore; I could not, Noblesse oblige, you know and besides" with an indescribably sorrowful look-- "I am your sieter. Forgive

not good reason? "As she speaks she deliber with wood and the wood of the wood