## A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE.

XL.-CONTINUED.

She seemed to speak with the energy of

She seemed to speak with the energy of despair, and only that her sobs choked her, she would have continued.

But Alan, though his heart and his love pleasted for her, could not believe her.

Mackay's letters were such overwhelming proof; then, she had not once written while on her reputed visit to Albany, another suspicious fact. He mentioned it.

"Because I was taken ill so soon after reaching there," she replied between her sobs, "and when I recovered I was deemed too weak to do so, and told that I could make all explanations when I re-

"But some one could have written for you," he persisted.
"O Alan! can't you understand? They
were all more or less illiterate people, and
I did not have the heart to ask any of
them to undertake the task of writing to

a lady like Mrs. Doloran."

"But the minister, Ned; how could he mistake you for another?"

"I don't know; such things have hap-pened—I have read of them. O Alan! if I could only tell you, but my oath, my Her face was buried on his knee, and

Her face was buried on his knee, and she was sobbing passionately.

He looked down at her; down at the lovely head with its loosely coiled mass of soft, dark hair; down at the slight, willowy, quivering form, and he thought of her resemblance to Edna, of her own words, uttered a moment ago, "Mr. Hayof her resemblance to Edna, of her own words, uttered a moment ago, "Mr. Hay-man may confound me with some one who resembles me," but, in a moment he rejected as absurd the suspicion, the half hope which had come to him. The rehope which had come to him. The re-semblance between the two girls, while it was certainly singularly marked, did not go to the extent of making their faces exactly alike; and the reverend gentle-man had stated distinctly that he saw Ned's face. Also, it was impossible that Markay could be so deceived: no; Canner was certain, much as he tried to Carnew was certain, much as he tried to struggle against it, that his wife was stroggle against it, that his wife was guilty; there was even stealing upon him a horrible conviction that Ned's friends in Albany, if, indeed, she had any there, knew her secret, and would perjure themselves to save her; that this mysterious oath of which she spoke was only a subterfuge to explain her position; in short, that she had been playing a part ever since she came to Rahandabed, that she was acting now, and that her present crief

since she came to Rahandabed, that she was acting now, and that her present grief was only a part of her clever role.

He stood up, and partly shook her from him; in a helpless, suppliant way, she still endeavored to cling, but he stooped, nawound her hands, and went from her, went to his own room and locked him. went to his own room, and locked him-

XLI.

Ned dragged herself up also, and al most fell into the chair her husband had vacated. What should she do? Her brain seemed too much on fire to think, and her temples throbbed so violently, it was a relief to hold them. To whom should she go? How should she act? Again and again she asked these ques-tions of herself in a senseless sort of way, as a demented person might inco herently repeat a certain form of words but at length, when more than an hour had passed, and another burst of team had come to her relief, making her eyes feel as if they were only burned balls moving in a painful way in their sockets, her thoughts became a little clearer. Something she must do, and do im-mediately; she would go mad if she remained in that inaction. She would go to Mr. Edgar and demand to be informed where a letter could find his daughter, then she would write to Edna, adjuring her to release her from her oath, or to be ner to reiease her from her oath, or to be Christian enough to undo herself the horrible wrong she had done. She would go to Meg, and bring her to corroborate her story of her Albany visit. She would summon Dyke, and at that stage of her feelings gave way again, and she was sob-bing once more.

ing once more
Dyke, and Meg, and the little mountain home, and her happy childhood—oh! how in this hour of bitter anguish she longed for them all! but more than all for tender Dyke, who always loved her, and who, somehow, in this dreadful time, she felt would not have doubted her, in the face of a thousand such accusations

bruised heart turned to him; he would understand her, and pity her as no one else could do; he would advise her, he would help her. Instantly her resolution was taken: she would go to Dyke-she would go that very evening. Fo tunately, there was a late train. The necessity for immediate exertion lent her

She summoned her maid and sent for Macgilivray, meeting the man in the cor-

dor when he came.
Impeturable as his Scotch face always seemed to be to any emotion, it now showed an involuntary concern for the pallor and sadness of Ned's appearance. But, without noticing his expression, she said rapidly, and in a whisper:

pointy, and in a writsper: ready to drive me to the station marter of an hour. I shall meet little beyond the entrance to the

As Carnew, esteeming the Scotchman As Carnew, escentiag the Spotchman for his honesty and prudence, had taken him into his own special service, Macgilivray, though wondering and having his own fears at such a strange request, was obliged to obey; so he bowed, and answered

answered:
"All right, me leddy;" since Ned's
marriage he would so distinguish her.
She knew it was unnecessary to caution
him to silence about her journey; the
Scotchman was proverbial for his reticence on the most trivial affairs. But Ned forgot her maid, whom she had sent for the coachman and who was not so

proverbial for her reticence.

Mrs. Carnew went to her room. With
feverish haste, she threw off her handsome dress, and put on one that she had worn when she was only the "companion." Of every jewel on her person which had been Carnew's gift she divested herself; her por emonnaie, filled with his nands, she placed on her dressing-table beside the jewels, and, going to her trunk she took from it what little had remained her earnings with Mrs. Doloran after she had sent a handsome present to Meg. There was sufficient to defray her pect her ipurpose and come forth, when

she could once more re-iterate her inno-cence before she left him. But every-thing was silent; not even a faint moan thing was suent; not even a laint moan came to her ear; and in that grave-like stillness she went back to her room, and wrote a note to him—a note that she sealed and left on her dressing table begins in the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on her dressing table begins to the sealed and left on side his gifts—her jewels and portemon-nate. She stole out then, passing by his door again, and stopping to kiss one of the panels, as if to delude herself into the benthen she went on. But Jane saw her— Jane, who was supposed to be in her own pane, who was supposed to be in her own apartment until summoned to assist her mistress to retire—and Jane had the hardinood to follow.

On through the darkened grounds, for the particular that the darkened grounds are the particular to the parti

On through the darkened grouns, to the moon would not rise until nearly midnight, the young wife fled. Fleeing from husband and home; that was the thought in her mind as she hurried to where Macgilivray waited; but it was from a husband who believed her unworthy of his love, and a home that had ceased to be such when Alan ceased to love her.

The darkness on the outskirts of the or the grant of the ontaking of the grounds was so great that it struck a sort of chill to her, and it brought up, somehow, the dark night when she accompanied Edna to look at the dead Mackay. how, the dark hight when such account panied Edna to look at the dead Mackay. Again she saw the suicide, and Edna kneeling beside him, and all the horrible events of that night. Little she dreamed then that it would cast its influence so far ahead upon her own life; that it would blight and blacken her hopes, her love, her existence. She drew her cloak closer about her, and hurried on.

"By your ain sel', me leddy?" said the astonished, and now very much concerned Scotchman, as he flashed the carriage lamp on Mrs. Carnew's pale and somewhat frightened face.

"Yes, Donald; I am going to take the train up the river. I have left word for Mr. Carnew. Now drive quick, please. There is no time to lose."

There is no time to lose. She stepped into the carriage as she spoke, and Macgilivray felt impelled to obey her order. But, at the station, when there were still some minutes to spare, the honest fellow could not refrain from

"I'm sair tribbled, me leddy, at you gang like this; it's noo me place to speak, but the leek o' you takin' sich a journey at this time o' the night, and with none

at this time o' the night, and with hone but your ain sel', it's—"

The train was shrieking its near approach, and Ned stopped him by saying:

"Thank you, my good fellow, for your concern about me; but it is quite right for me to take this journey unattended, and I have travelled before, you know."

She smiled and waved her hand to him from the platform of the car which she had ascended, but it was too dark for him

to discern either very plainly.

"Right for her to tae the journey," he muttered to himself; "aye, an' right for the folks that came to day to break her heart. She's gang awa' her ain sel', be cause she's noo her husband's love any more, an' it's plain eneuch that she's gang frae his hame an' his heart."

gang trae his hame an' his heart."

But the honest Scotchman kept his own counsel, little dreaming that before Carnew himself should be apprised from Ned's note, of her departure, the whole servants' hall, through Jane's account of all that she accidentally (?) saw, would be discussing his wife's flight.

ing his wife's flight.

Carnew, absorbed in his agony, hardly noted the flight of the night. When the garish dawn of the morning looked in through his windows, it found him in the same position, flung across his bed, on which he had thrown himself after enter-ing his room and locking his door. Everything passed in review before him,

from the moment that he saw her first, to the day of his marriage; every suspicion every doubt that he had entertained o ent that he saw her first, to returned to him with a sort of new and horrible significance; even the for-gotten fact of Mr. Edgar's coldness to her —Mr. Edgar who had been her educator, her benefactor—there certainly must be grave reason for the withdrawal of his interest, and perhaps even graver cause for departure of Ned from We Place to earn her own living And yet, through it all, through his doubt and suspicion, through his grief and indignation, through every outraged feeling that seemed to be mastering him like so many demons, the pale, tearful, reproachful beautiful face of his wife appeared, and he found himself clasping it in imagination to his heart, and letting fall upon it the unmanly tears wrung from him by his

fierce sorrow.

Like a drowning man clutching at straws, he cast about him for some help, some hope; his great love was desperately pleading for her, and desperately struggling with the stern passions which rent him, and it won a sort of victory at last. He would hold in abeyance his entire consistence for her milt until he saw Mr. Edgar. That gentleman would be able to throw some light on all which was now so dark : he could at least tell wha Yed's conduct had been while she lived in his house, and whether he thought probable that she could be guilty of probable that she could be guitty it so much duplicity. Having come to this conclusion, and being wearied in body and soul by his long hours of fevered thought, he dropped at last into a heavy slumber. But still his thoughts were busy with Ned. It seemed as if she came to him, softly, for fear of awaking him and dropped a light kips, upon his force and dropped a light kiss upon his fore head, that he opened his eyes and smiles at her, that he extended his arms to in vite her to his embrace, but she glider from him, wearing the sad, reproachful look he had seen last upon her face, and then, as she disappeared entirely, no going through any door, but vanishing i that impalpable way in which people do in dreams, he saw that she was dressed for a journey; that she even carried a little travelling riticule. He tried to call ner back, but his tongue refused to move. and his agonizing effort to produce som sound awoke him.

It was full day; the sun was shining brightly through his open windows, and there came faintly to him the sound of voices from the garden below. He start-ed up, still under the influence of his dream, and unlocking his door, staggered forth, into the adjoining anartment. forth into the adjoining apartmen There he was met by Jane.

I was just going to "O Mr. Carnew! ask your valvet to waken you. I though I heard Mrs. Carnew ring for me, and went to her room, but she is not there As I am always summoned to go to her before this hour of the morn ng, I couldn't help being a little uneasy, somehow.

e told the truth in some measure she was uneasy, but from curiosity, for all night she had kept herself awake to learn if Mrs. Carnew returned : she had even the hardihood to prowl about in the vicinity of her master's room to discover whether he were really in his own room

and ignorant of his wife's proceeding. With the first light of the morning, she had stolen to Ned's private dressing chamber. She saw the jewels, and the chameer. She saw the note beside them addressed to Alan, and she drew her own inference—an inference that made her company quite agreeable at the servants'

Carnew did not answer her; he hardly looked at her, but went to find Ned.

He was yearning for her presence, as it him he had never yearne saw her portemonnaie, and her jewels, and the note. With a hand that so he could scarcely steady it to break the seal, he opened it.

"My Darling Husband:—I am going to Dyke; he will help and advise me. He is the only friend to whom I can turn He is the only friend to whom I can turn now, for were a thousand vile accusations brought against me, his love for, and trust in me would cast them all aside. And he may be able to devise some means of proving to you my innocence Until that time, until you can hold me to your heart again, feeling that I am as worthy of your love as you thought me on our wedding morn, I think it is better that I should remain away from you. But you will he with me always. Alan: that I should remain away from you.
But you will be with me always, Alan my heart holds only you, and it never, never held any one else in the relation you bear and have borne to me. I kies you, my own, a thousand times, and may you, my own, a thousand times, and may God bless you and keep you. "Your loving and innocent wife, "Nep Carnew."

The letter fell from his grasp, and he The letter fell from his grasp, and he sank with a groan into a chair. Instead of softening and winning him, the little, pathetic note only closed the tender springs of his heart that had been opened despite himself during his vigil of the night, and that had been made to flow even more plentifully by his dream of the morning. She had chosen to flee from his home, his protection, and to Dyka of morning. She had chosen to flee from his home, his protection, and to Dyke, of whom she spoke even in her note in terms of endearment only befitting a lover, or a husband. With strange incony he became violently jealous of He called to mind all Ned's fond D.ke. ness for Dutton, the very kiss she had so openly given him in the office in New York, her solicitude for him on all occa-sions, and at the same time he quite for-

got the right, the duty which was here to love him.

He quite forgot that he himself had thought that very affection a noble trait in his wife's character, and that he had even loved Dyke, because the latter was

fond of Ned. As men violently disturbed by passions As men violently disturbed by passions of their own rousing are seldem capable of seeing, even in an indistinct way, an unbiased side of the case, so Carnew drove on to another rock that threatened the destruction of his happiness.

Ned had deserted him! He would not him a back but he

lift a finger to bring her back, but he would go that very day to Edgar and satisfy himself upon the point he had satisfy raised the previous night. Ah, down in his secret heart were the hope, the wish, the passionate yearning, that, in spite of what Eina had once told him regarding ner fathers's little regard for Ned, in spite of what his own eyes had witnessed of Mr. Edgar's coldness to Ned, in spite of the fact that Ned had always strangely silent upon the subject, Mr. Eigar would say something that would imply his own doubt of Ned's guilt. Edgar doubted, could not he, her husband, doubt also? And if he doubted, could he not take her to his heart, to his

love again?

O Ned, how hard your sweet face fought for the victory!

Mrs. Carnew slept no more upon her night journey than did her husband in his bitter vigil. So impulsive had been her action, and so absorbed was she in the emotion by which her very soul was torn, that she never thought of the difficulties to be encounter her mountain home at that unseasonable

The train deposited her in a village opposite Saugerties, at a late hour, and then there was the river to be crossed twelve-mile drive that led up the

mountains.

For the first time she realized her awk ward situation, an unprotected young woman out at that hour of the night, and her heart beat violently. Still, she as sured herself somewhat by remembering sured herself somewhat by remembering that she was very plainly and darkly dressed, and that her veil concealed as much of her face as was possible without obscuring her vision. And, as she looked about her in the little waiting-room, she had some thought of seating herself quietly in a corner until morning. The impracticability of that idea, however, showed itself in a moment, for a couple of loungers seated themselves at no great distance from her, and though the light in the place was too feeble to discern their faces plainly, she felt they were looking at her. Not even daring to hazard a question of them, she left her seat and went forth. She knew that hotel facili-ties were much greater than when she was a child and she hoped that that there ties were much greater than when she was a child, and she hoped that that there was a child, and she noped that there inght be something of the sort convenient. She had not walked long before the appearance of a certain building seemed to promise a fulfillment of her hope, and to her satisfaction she found it was so. But the accommodations were most rude only intended for railroad employees the only intended for rainroad employees the people told her civilly enough, and then they as civilly added that, as she had been belated, and knew not where to go until morning, they would try to accommodate her, which accommodation not modate her, which accommodation not only furnished her lodging, but included her breakfast for what seemed to be a very moderate sum. She had some de-lay in crossing the river, the rude boat used for the transportation of passengers being slow in crossing the stream, and being at length accomplished, she had only to hire a conveyance for the mountain drive. At the place where she decided to apply, the man looked hard at her, when she said she wanted to go to Mr. Dutton's: but he made no remark her, when she said she wanted to go to Mr. Dutton's; but he made no remark further than to tell her the price of the

drive, and how long it would take to reach her destination.

How the lumbering ride and the scenes about her, the familiar aspect of which came back with a suddenness that seemed to bridge over at once the gap of years intervening since she passed through them last, brought to remind the old, happy days!

Changes in those times were not quite so rapid as in those days of scientific speed, and Ned recognized, or at least thought she recognized, the same un-

painted houses, at such long distances apart, and even the the very same roomy, open, shaky-looking barns belonging to the unpainted houses, but situated from them the length of a field. Even the mountain road, which the horse so slowly and laboriously ascended that the sleepy driver segmed to awake a little to the driver seemed to awake a little to the difficulty, and to sympathize with the beast to the extent of panting somewhat on his own account, was apparently the same she had driven along in her child hood. There were the stately trees that once to her had such human significance, and now they were passing the ravine which she used te people with the elves that Dyke told her about. Again, they came in sight of the gorge, with its unknown and dreaded depths, and then known and dreaded depths, and then some grand old peak of a mejestic mountain came in sight, with the sanlight gilding it, and the light blue sky kissing it, and all nature about it shrouding it in solitude and sublimity. Not a sound disturbed the stillness save the creaking of the wagon and the occasional puffing of driver andbeast, but to Ned it seemed as if the scillness was papelled with voices if the solitude was peopled with voices— voices that cried "lost," to satisfy that all she was leaving was lost to her forever. She tried not to look about her, so that She tried not to look about her, so that the voices might cease, and she tried, by thinking alone of what Dyke would say when he saw her, to shat out the memories of herchildhood. But they only came the more, making her heart and her head ache; and for the last hour of the ride, she held her clasped hands on her forehead vor to lessen the violent throb

bing of her temples. bing of her temples.

At length they came in sight of the dear old dwelling. It had the same mottled appearance she remembered so well.

True to his promise to Meg, Dyke had not altered an iota of its old, simple fashion. She stopped the sleepy driver and told him he need come no farther. She would alight and walk the rest of the distance. She wanted no stranger's eye on her meeting with Dyke, and she waited until the vehicle had turned about and was proceeding down the road before she went , though she had been so im

patient to reach her journey's end, she walked very slowly. Her heart was beat-ing as if it would burst from her tramble ing frame, and the color was going and coming in her face with fitful rapidity.

Some one came out of the little dwelling

one who walked slowly also, as i grief or care might have weighted his steps. In a moment, she saw it was Dyke, and he was coming toward her; but he did not see her, for his head was down. She threw her veil far back and quickened her steps. He raised his eyes on the sound. On she came, opening her arms to him, and with a cry of strangely mingled joy, and sorrow, and relief, she threw herself upon his breast. He put out his hands and held her there, too much astonaded to when

there, too much astounded to utter a single word, and yet somehow divining that he singular visit was not made in pleasure Tears came to her relief, and she sob bed upon his bosom, as she had sobbed the night before on her husband's knee He knew now that she had come to him in trouble, and he did not ask a single question while her burst of grief continued. He only held her to his heart as if, despite what terrors, what troubles might men-ace her, he would shield her from them all. But his face had grown very pale and his heart was beating almost as vio

lently as her own was doing.

When her tears had ceased, and she had lifted her head from his breast, he

"Now, Ned; what to the matter? And how have you come all this distance

"Come off the road somewhere, where we can talk," she answered, continuing as she took his arm, "not into the house, I don't want to go there yet; I want to see Meg until I have told all to you. I

"Come to the wood," she said, "I can tell you all there.'

tell you all there."
And to the wood they went; the old beloved wood of her childhood, with its serried ranks of trees, now somewhat thinner, for the age of progress had penetrated there in the shape of greater frequency of the woodman's axe. They seated themselves beneath one of the stately trees, she with her hands clasped upon his knee, and her anxious, tearupon his knee, and her anxious, tear-stained face lifted to his own; he, stooped forward in his eagerness to hear, and his mouth compressed and rigid as it always became when his heart was stirred.

She told her pitiful story; from the first to the last of all that had happened save that she did not break her oath to Eina, but she said as she had said to her husband, that she was bound by an oath which, if she could only divulge, would

immediately prove her innocence.

"But don't ask me where, nor to whom I gave the oath," she added, "for I canot tell you."

Dyke did not answer that plea, but he said, while the rigidity about his mouth became more marked;
"And your husband did not believe you? He believed instead people said."

But Dyke, how could be do otherwise in the face of so much against me? These letters of Mackay, the minister's assertion, all that I have told you? How can we blame him for thinking me guilty?'
"His love for you, Ned, should have
been stronger than all that."

He arose then, as if to shake from him ome painful feeling, and he walked away I few steps. Then he returned and seated himself again:
"I want a little time, Ned, to think

what is best to be done for you; and you after your long journey, and all that you have endured, sadly need rest; so, when you have had some refreshment, and have gone to bed, I shall try to form some plan for us."

She rose at once, but he gently pulled her back:
"I have something else to say. There

is a change in Meg; she is not quite her self. I do not mean that she is insane self. I do not mean that sue is tussue, or yet idiotic, but there is a sort of strange dotage upon her which might shock and pain you if you came upon her suddenly. She has lost her memory to a suddenly. She has lost her memory to a great extent, and while she will know you and greet you with affection, she will have forgotten those things that it might be your delight to have her remember. When I went to Albany for her, I noticed the change, but it was very slight then I remained with her in Albany after our relatives had gone to Australia, in order to consult a physician. He said it was a gradual softening of the brain; that she would probably live a long time,

but that she would never recover. I found a good honest woman who was willing to accompany us here, and I did not tell you about this change when I wrote, because I could not bear to sadden your anticipations of your visit to your old home. But I was glad to meet you to-day in order to prepare you before I brought you into the house. Now, Ned,

re shall go." He gave her his hand to assist her, and with the other hand brushed away the tears his recital had caused. How everything that she loved was changing! Would Dyke change too? In appear-Would Dyke change too? In appear ance he had changed, and sadly so. He ance he had changed, and sany so. He was slightly stooped, he who had been so erect; and his face was lined, and his hair was slightly gray, and his whole manner was touchingly indicative of silentsuffering. Even in her own sorrows Ned sadly noted all that, but she also knew that while his heart continued to

peat, and his intellect remained unlouded, he would never change to her.

Meg knew Ned, and evinced as mar Meg knew Ned, and critical extravagant signs of delight at seeing her as she might have done in the days of her soundest mind, but her malady was soon apparent; she remembered nothing soon apparent; she remembered nothing of Ned's marriage, nor or her visit to Al-bany where she had seen her last, nor did she make a simple inquiry about the cause of Ned's present and unannounced appearance. Some indistinct remembrances of the young girl's childhood she had, and of her school-days, and that she had gone to live with Mr. Edgar, but further than that everything seemed a further than that everything seemed a blank. She would nod and smile when

reminded of certain incidents, but it was evident she did not remem-ber them. She comprehended per-fectly when Dyke spoke of refreshment rectly when byke spoke of refreshment and rest for their visitor, and she even busied herself in helping the hired wo-man to set the repast; afterward, she ac-companied Ned to the latter's own old room, and waited until she was comfortably in bed. Then she stooped and kissed her, and Ned held for a long time

to her own, the precious old face.

Her fatigue caused her to sink at once into a deep slumber, and when she awoke the long bright day was nearly done. For a moment as she looked about her on the old, familiar surroundings of her childhood, it seemed as if all the years which had intervened were only a dream and that she was really a happy child again. In that one brief, whiring mo-ment, Rahandabed, Mackay, even her husband, were no longer realities, and under that impression she started up; and then the delusion fied. The cruel weight came back to her nears, the wild, burning thoughts to her brain. S thought, while she bathed her face, Dyke's promise to think out some plan in all those hours he surely must have done so, and she hurried her toilet in order to join him. But, when she came out of her room, Anne McCabe, the strong, stont, good-natured looking hired woman, said that Dyke had left a note for her, and then she got the note, and Ned read

and then she got the note, and Ned read '
"DEAR NED:—I have been thinking a good deal while you slept, and I have come at last to a course of action; but I would rather not tell you, what it is, until I have tried it. You have sufficient trust in me to bear with my, secreey. This plan of mine will take me away, for perhaps some days, but you Ned, remain quietly as you are. Anne McCabe is quiet and good bearted, and little given to curtosity. She will do all she can for your comfort. It is a pleasure to Meg to have you, and the quiet and rest will be baseficial to yourself. Be a cheerful and hopeful as you can be, dear Ned, and He who guides us all will steer you safely, into light and happiness again. You shall hear from me soon.
"Dyke." "DYKE,"

Asshe read it over and over, wondering what could be the plan that took him from her side at such a time, no inkling of the truth came to her.

Dyke, with a singular, far-seeing pru-dence, would not spend one night under the roof that gave shelter to Ned If her husband's love had already succumbed to am so glad that I met you."

"Yes, Ned; I also am glad that I met you before you saw Meg."

There was a strange and sorrowful significance in his tones, but she did not notice it.

"Come to the wood" she said "I can into something more against her character of a very significance in the wood "she said "I can into something more against her character of a very significance in the wood "she said "I can into something more against her character of a very significance in the wood "she said "I can into something more against her character of the wood "she said "I can into something more against her character of the wood "she said "I can into something more against her character of the wood "she said "I can into something more against her character of the wood "she said "I can into something more against her character of the wood "she said "I can into something more against her character of the wood "she said "into something more against her character of the wood "she said "less than the wood "she said "less the ter? At least such were the fears that came to him, and that made him deter-mine, before he reached any other resolu-tion, to leave the house while Ned slept, could not explain his motive her who was so guileless, so unsuspici-ous. And, when that was settled, he

As he remembered Edna's character, when she was a child, and as from what little he had managed to glean about her in her more mature years, that character did not seem to have lost any of its un-lovely traits, he did not think it improbable that she was in some way the source of all the mischief. The oath of which Ned spoke, begging him not to ask where nor to whom she had made it, somehow confirmed his suspicion. To him, from he first time the children saw each other the first time the children saw each other, Eina had been a sort of evil genius to Ned, and though the letters of the latter, when she was a child at school, never complained of Eina, still he felt that every one of her childigh troubles there. were due to her cousin. And the evil genius possibly had not become less as the children grew; it had flamed probably on many occasions, until it had cast this last blight. Such were Dyke's thoughts, and he could not curb them. He knew that Edna had married and gone abroad Ned had given him that news in one of ner letters just after the event, and even those facts somehow convinced him the He was almost prepared to swear more. that Elna was Mackay's wife and the mother of the child. And since he was so convinced, he determined to repair at once to Mr. Edgar and confer with that gentleman. Afterward he would see Car-new. So, leaving the note for Ned, and instructing Anne McCabe to be very atentive to the young lady, he pawhat he needed for his journey, k Meg, who, while she returned his kiss fondly, expressed no surprise at his departure, and taking the hired man with him in order that the vehicle might be returned, he drove rapidly to Saugerties TO BE CONTINUED

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

## The Catholic Church is a city to

which avenues lead from every side, toward which ways of strict investigation, by the more diversified roads, by the thorny and rugged ways of strict investigation, by the more flowery paths of sentiment and feeling, but arrived at its precincts all find that there is but one gate whereby they may enter, but one door to the sheep fold—narrow and low, perhaps, and causing flesh and blood to stoop in

passing in. Men may wander about its outskirts, they may admire the goodliness of its edifices and of its bul. but they cannot be denizens and children if they enter not by that one gate of absolute unconditional submission to the teachings of the Church

## THE MAKING OF JONES.

Perhaps Jones accepted life in too serious a spirit ; perhaps he was oversensitive and over-modest : perhaps he attached an undue importance to certain emotions which in the breast of ordinary men are transitory, but certain is it that the days of his early manhood were deeply tinged with blue; that he fell backward in the fight for place and permitted bitterness to enter his heart, although it passed not his lips; that he loved sincerely and with

a constancy unwavering. Those who knew Jones in his early days found in him a source of merri ment. Poor chap! Every shaft of cheap village wit found him vulnerable, and when he struck back, which was not often, he did it with such gentleness and awkwardness that he appeared quite ridiculous. His love affair with Mary Brown furnished amusement for two summers and two winters. It was not much of a leve Beyond the fact that he was smitten by the girl's charms, which were many, both of mind and body, it

was not outwardly a love affair at all. There are reasons for thinking that had the girl not sickened he would have asked her to marry him and would have been refused. But the sickness came while the words were yet unspoken, and one day he was missed. He had gone West, his mother said vaguely to those who inquired. She was afraid he would never return. He was a good boy, she added, her voice breaking slightly, but he had never eemed able to get along with the people. He was not understood. hoped to see him and Mary Brown married, but he had spoken to the doctor about it, and the doctor had dis couraged him. It was not right, the doctor said, for folks with consumption to marry. She was glad he had not proposed to the girl; it would have made it much more painful for the girl, poor dear !

More than one young man left the village that year to seek his fortune, as the saying is. It was like other villages-a place to be born in and to be reared in, that is all. It offered no encouragement to the ambitious. casionally one of its sons, battered and bruised by the outside world, came back, haltingly and tremblingly, to die; but few returned to live. of these young men went into market places, some into the gold fields, some here and some there; but two of them enlisted in the service of their coun try. And it came to pass, not strange ly at all, but naturally, that they met at an army post in the far West and accosted each other fervently and with joyousness. One of them bore the red cross on his sleeve, and the other touched it lightly with his finger when the long handshake was over.

"How did you come to get into it, Jones?" he asked.

There was the slightest of uniplentional emphasis upon the pronoun, and Jones' sensitive lips quivered for an

"I don't really know," he replied When I left "it just happened so. home seven years ago I went to work in a drug store at Davenport. It was not a very good job. The druggist laughed when I applied for it. He said he wanted a boy. Still he would rather have a big chap like me if I

would be satisfied with the pay didn't promise to be satisfied. but I took the place. I was tired of looking for work, and the little money I had was getting alarmingly less.
That was the beginning. In two
years, by hard study, I was a registered pharmacist and getting fair wages, but I wasn't happy. I don't suppose I'll ever be regularly happy, although I've been nearcr that wa since I got into this than I ever was before. I never knew before what it was to have one's face light up with I never knew before what it welcome when they saw me coming. never knew before what it was to have my fellow-men cling to me and depend on me; and it's sweet -

weet ! He drew a long breath, as if inhaling a pleasant fragrance, and there was a far-away look in his eyes akin

to rapture 'I studied medicine after I received my degree in pharmacy," he went on, suddenly recalling himself. "I covered the course in two years and got my permit to practice; but somehow -the same old reason, I suppose-no one seemed to care whether I practised For a few months I drifted or not. around looking for a location. Of course, I didn't find it. Young doctors have to push in these days, and I couldn't push. I wanted to settle down, but I wouldn't settle in any place where the people weren't glad to ee me. Finally chance took me in hand. I saw a placard at the door of a recruiting office, and I went in. It was a matter of sheer impulse. There were vacancies in the medical corps. My credentials were good. I enlisted

I am glad you are here, Jones, said the other, and he looked at the tall, sunbrowned surgeon admiringly. This was not the Jones of seven years The old Jones had shown qualities to inspire respect, and this was a man who had proved himself worthy of many things. He was not

to be laughed at now.
"I am glad to have seen you," said
Jones, "but I leave here to night, while you "-he glanced significantly at the law buildings about the parade ground — "will probably remain for some time. I am off on special daty-