

HER HUMBLE **LOVER**

don't understand her. If she is to be my daughter-and mark me, Frederic, it at as as you say, that you cannot forget her, or be happy without her- s.e will be my daughter-'Mother!'

"Listen to me! If it is to be, then is necessary that I should understand her. Frederic, she s.a., come here. I will ask her to come and stay.' His face flushed, then paied again, and he shock his head.

"She will not come while -while I

You must go away," she said, re-

His face darkened with a look of

"What good will that do? I shall go and leave her to—to—" he did not finish, but see understood him.

"If there is any one eise," she said, and I know whom you fear—that adventurer who is haunting the place— he will not have any opportunity of seeing her while she is here. She will come if you go away; and she shall stay and get accustomed to me and the Park. She will learn to value all that she has so foolishly refused, and grow to repent and wish that she had

not done so."

H.o race orightened, Like all men of his type, he was sanguine, and ready to be hopeful.

"I see," he said, "If she would but

Lady Blyte smiled scornfully.

'Do you think that her aunt will allow her to occline an invitation to the Park? She will come, be sure of that! I will go and ask her to-morrow. You must start by the first train, so that I can say that you have gone. She we shall see whether she will refuse to be the m stress of the Park!"

will go to morrow or the first rain to London, anywhere, and she will come, here, with a sign as be thought of the delimination it would afford him to be

the delign, it would afford then to be near her.

"Lea of it to me." she said, steadfastly but early for in held the sacrifice of mergo de dummari of her was steat. "Thense it to me, my dear. I have alweys cathed for you the desire of your hart, nell will succeed in this though though I have her!" and her eyes tashed as she looked up at him.

him.
"Don't say that, mother," he said, winchag. "You wen't say that when you know her. No one could hate—no one could help loving her. Let me go now, I am worn out;" and he stooped and kissed her, and left the room.

Lady Blyto gray the help.

Lady Blyte rang the bell.
"Tell Lovel to pack his master's portmanteau," she said to the butler. "Sir Frederic is going to town by the first train."

Hector Warren, having no carriage,

walked home from necessity rather than desire. The cottage in which he lived was situated in a lane leading to

the beach. It was a modest looking loughes, quite in narmony with his appearance and position, and Mrs. nompson, the landlady, declared that since she had taken in lodgers she had ne.er known any gentleman give her less trouble than Hector Warren did.

the lived as frugally as the fisheren, and, declared Mrs. Inompson only had one bad habit—that of sitmorning, smoking his pipe, and some-times pacing his small room; but as Mrs. Thompson was never kept up or awake, it didn't much signify

He was a mystery to ner, as he was to every one eise who interested them-selves in him. No one ever came to see him, and there were very lew letpostman. But amongst these Mrs. Thompson had noticed with feelings of awe, several inclosed in very thin en eiopes, and bearing strange, foreign stamps. These the good woman alstamps. up on the mantel-shelf as if they were curiosides.

Hector Warren walked home from the dinner-party at Lady Rookwell's, wetting his thin boots, as Sir Frederic had done, and entering the hamore cottage armost as disturbed in mind as

Sir . . . curre nimseir. Usually so self-possessed and impassive, to night he is thrilling with excitement and emotion.

has hand, as he laid it upon the modest latch of his parlor door, trembled almost as much as Sir Frederic's and his brow was knit as if with the

result of a mental struggle. For a moment he and in the dark room, with the match box in his that I can say that you have gone. She hand, recanning the beautiful eyes that shall stay a week and then—ah, then Signa had uplifted to him when she said good-night: he could feel the

Sir Frederic laid his hand on her should right a know how much this costs you, he said in a low voice. "I am very grateful for your goodnes to me, Yes, I will take four advice. I running a to morphy on a leaffert rain to glonger agreement as he and so his will go to morphy on a leaffert rain to glonger agreement as a leaffert rain to glonger fell usen one of the fereign-

-FOR-

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MINTZ'S HAIR GOODS **EMPORIUM**

62 KING STREET WEST Hamilton, Ont. (Formerly Mdme, I. Mints).

looking envelopes stuck upon the manuer-shelf, and his expression un-derwent a complete change. Setting down the candle, he sank into a chair, and sighed heavily, his eyes fixed upon the envelope stuck up above him as if it were a familiar demon.

He sat there for full five minutes,

the sat there for the first minutes, then he rose and rejuctantly, slowly reached for the letter, and opened it.

As a man who reads unwelcome news, he read the letter through; then with a sigh he tore it into fragments and threw it into the grate, and learn reging the room.

wegan pacing the room.
"Too late!" he murmured. "Too late!
I cannot throw aside the past! I cannot link her to such a life as mine! And yet—and yet—oh, my darling—my darling! how happy I could have made you but for this—but for this! Shall al venture even now? No, it would kill her. No, a thousand times, no! I must go. There is only one thing left me, and that is flight. And yet tonight I felt so safe—so secure! I felt that here was the one woman in the world who would brave all that it could say, for my sake! But I dare not! If this be true love, and I know that it is, I dare not risk it. One word of this would kill her! I must go!" you but for this-but for this! Shall d

With a groan he flung the other let-ters aside, and took a Continental Bradshaw from the table, and turned over the leaves indifferently purpose

"I am to be a wanderer on the face of the earth," he murmured, bitterly.
"That is my fate! Well, let it be so; anything, rather than sorrow should dim her eyes or misery break her heart. Where shall I go?"

He could not decide, but he went upstairs and packed his one portmanteau, then he sat down and wrote a line or two to Mr. Podswell, saying that business had suddenly called him away, and went-not to bed, but to pace the room till dawn.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Dear me," says the rector, opening his letters with a table-knife, and looking across at Signa and her aunt with a surprised frown. "Dear me,

this is very strange?" what is it, Joseph?" demands Mrs. Podswell, irritably. "I do wish you wouldn't startle me so. What has happened? If there is anything more calculated to upset a person with my nerves, it is such uncalled-for exclamations. Is any one

"No, no, my dear," answers the rec-r. "Certainly not; it is only a lettor. ter from Mr. Warren.

ter from Mr. Warren."
"Oh!" says Aunt Podswell, with a contemptuous sniff. "And what is it?" Signa feels the blood rush to her face, and she bends over the coffee service with downcast eyes. The rector smooths his chin and coughs.
"About hims few lines really the really with the same really the same r

"Ahem! just a few lines, really quite-er-curt, my dear, saying that business has suddenly called him away, and thank'ng as for our kind-ness and hospitality."

The flush dies from Signa's face,

leaving her deadly pale, and a heavy weight seems to have fallen suddenly on her heart, but she lifts her eyes

"Has he gone for good?" asks Mrs. Podswell, in a tone that implies hope that she may receive a reply the affirmative,
"I suppose so," says the rector. "He

incloses the keys, and he says nothing of coming back."

of coming back."

Aunt Podswell sniffs suspiciously.

"Well, Joseph, I hope no harm may
come of the young man's visit."

"Harm, my dear!" says the rector,
mildly. "I don't sea——"

mildly. "I don't see-"
"Perhaps not; you are not overacute, Joseph, at the best of times. I don't accuse him of any harm, by no means; I only hope that nothing unpleasant may result from his visits to

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Please Mention This Paper.

the Grange. You will remember that I was opposed to his having the key from the first."

"Certainly, certainly," says the rector, "but seeing that he had brought the earl's written authority, I don't see how we could have refused him the how we could have returned him the key, my dear. At any rate, he has gone, and there's an end of it. I think we did right to be civil, to him. Ame-la; and if he should meet Lord Dela-ners he will admit that we have done our best for him.'

"Yes," says Aunt Podswell, com-plainingly, "and as usual, meet with the common gratifude. He does not think it worth while to walk in and

say good bye",
"Sudden business, my dear," remarks the rector, timidly,
Aunt Podswell turns to Signa sud-

denly.
"You saw him last, last night; did
he say anything of the sudden business Signa?" she asks.
Skan, to where face semething like
color had returned, shakes her head.
"No nothing."

"You see, he never said a word, and there was no best in last night. He could not have set a letter—"
"The foreign ngails, my dear."
But Mrs. Podewell's suspicion will not be allayed. She had been ready to construct with Mester Warren for com-

quarrel with Hector Warren for coming, and she is ready to quarrel with him now for going. "There is something wrong about it, I am sure, and you will see, mark my words!" and with a shake of the head

and a deep sigh, she retreats to her sofa.

Signa sits silent and patient, while the rector crumbles his toast and

GARETTES Everywhere Why? The blending is exceptional

turns over his letters and papers; then, when he has declined a fourth cup of coffee, she rises, and makes her

escape.

"Gone! And without a word! Why had he not said "Good bye" last night—why had he left her without a sign? Was it possible that he had thought she had accepted Sir Frederic? No, that could not have been the reason for he—Heetor Warren—had reason, for he-Hector Warren-had said no word of love to her. After all, she had no cause for complaint; he had been kind to her, very kind, while he had been here; and now he was gone, and there was an end to the dream that had been so pleasant, and

ales! so brief.

But there was an aching void in her heart as she stood over Archie and watched him at his writing, and once she sighed so deeply that he looked up suddenly with his shrewd face full of sympathy and wanted to know what was the mater.

Presently there came a knock at the door, and Mary, opening it, said that Lady Blyte was in the drawing-room, and would Miss Signa come down?

"Lady Blyte!" exciaimed Archie, with a prolonged whistle. "Why, she never visits anywhere! I wonder what she wants, Signa? Aren't you afraid?"

"Not in the least."

"Not in the least," said Signa, with rather a weary smile. "Go on with your geography lesson, dear, and try and learn it before I come back."

Then she went down with a little feeling of curiosity and embarrassment. But she need not have fet at all uncomfortable. Lady Blyte was a high-bred lady, and knew how to be gracious. She was very gracious, and as Signa came forward, the o'd lady held out her hands, and drawing the slim figure toward her, kissed Signa's

'My dear," she said, "I have come to ask a favor."
"Of me?" inquired Signa, with a little smile of wonder, and yet with that calm self-possession which never fail-

ed to arouse fresh surprise in Aunt

"Yes, of you." said her ladyship, thinking as she scanned the girl from head to foot, how beautiful she look-ed, how full of youth and grace, and that nameless charm which, for want of a better word, we call prepossessing. "Yes, of you, my dear. I want you to take compassion

upon a lonely old woman, and come and keep her company for a few

Signa, remembering all too vividly the scene in Lady Rookwell's conser-vatory, recalling Sir Frederic's hot vows and bitter disappointment, was appalled at the idea of going to stay at the house of the man she had re fused, and a hot flush crossed her face; but Lady Blyte smiled calmly and even sweetly, for there were times when she could bury her pride out of sight, and this was one of

"I am quite alone, my dear," she said. "As I have been telling your aunt, my son left me this morning to auth, my son left in this morning to pay a long visit to a friend in Lon-don, so that we shall be quite tete-a-tete. If you think the prospect too awfully dull,say so, and I will try and forgive you; but on the other hand I shall be really glad if you will come and keep me company. for a few and keep me company for a few

Signa will be only too delighted, dear Lady Blyte," commenced Mrs.
Podswell, but her ladyship stopped
her, with rather a dry and haughty

"There cannot be much that is delightful in the prospect," she said, "but I will try and make the few days as pleasant as possible," and she bent her proud eyes on the beautiful face inquiringly.

Signa rassed her eyes. She had

heen thinking. She had promised Sir Frederic that she would forget what Frederic that she would forget what had passed between them, and had agreed that they should remain friends; why should she not go? If he had been at home, it would have been impossible, of course, but he was away, and his proud mother, feeling lonely, had come almost humbly to beg for her company—yes, she would refer the frederic friends. The first she would refer the feeling lonely, had come almost humbly to long for her company—yes, she would refer the feetures. Louisville Course for the feetures. Louisville Course for the feetures of the feetures of the feetures of the feetures of the feetures.

"I shall be very glad to come," she said, simply, and Lady Blyte remark-ed the exquisite taste which prompted the simple reply. "When?"
"Now," said Lady Blyte, with a smile. "I shall be only too pleased "When?"

to wait until your maid packs for you; your aunt and I will have a chat." Signa laughed softly.

"I am my own maid," she said. "I shall be ready in a few minutes." There was a scene with Archie, but at last he was brought to something like acquiescence by Signa promising to ride over in a day or two, and, perhaps, to ask Lady Blyte's permission for him to spend the day at the

"Good-bye, then," he said, clinging round her. "And, oh, I say! what shall I tell Mr. Warren when I see him. He will be sure to ask after

him. He will be sure to ask after you."
"Mr. Warren has—gone, Archie, dear," said Signa, and as she spoke she ran from him that he might not see the sudden quivering of her lips.

I adv Blate cut her visit very short Lady Blyte cut her visit very short when Signa appeared. She didn't like Mrs. Podswell; indeed, one of her objections to Signa as a daughter-in-law was the fact of her being con-nected with the "people at the rect-

ory," as she called them.

They got into the handsome landau with its crested panels, and its belaced and powdered servants, and on the ride to the Park her ladyship was more gracious even than she had been at the Rectory.

"I don't want you to be more bored than you can help, my dear," she said, putting her hand on Signa's arm, and looking at her with a smile that was meant to be very kind. "You must meant to be very kind. "You must not make this quite a duty visit. We shall be quite alone, and vou will be able to amuse yourself in your own I shall not be any restraint on way.

you. I hope."
"You speak as if Blyte Park were a prison, and I a first-class misde-meanant," said Signa, laughing soft-ly. "I am sure I shall be very hapy, and it was very good of you to

Lady Blyte nodded. Already her heart was warming toward the girl, and she began to understand the charm of the sweet. Frank nature which had so captivated her son.

"It is best to understand each other, my dear," she said. "and I want you to feel that you may do just as you like while you are with me. Be happy, and I shall be satisfied."

Then she changed the subject, and talked about the trees in the avenue through which they were just then passing, and the view, and so on, but never a word of Sir Frederic; she was too discreet to alarm. Signa by mentioning even his rame.

When they reached the Park Signa found that, short as had been the time ,some preparations had been made for her visit. A maid had been allotted her, and a suit of apartments, which, compared with the modest little bedrom at the Rectory, were simply palatial. On the table in the boudoir was a box of novels from from Mudie, and some choice exotics, and the maid respectfully called her atten-tion to a planette which had been

carried up from the drawing-room.
"Her ladyship wished me to say that she would be glad if you would play any time you liked, miss;

not disturb her at all."

It was all very ple and Signa, as the maid bed her hair and arranged simple evening dress, felt a guilty of doing Sir Frederic a w felt almost when she recalled her refusal of him
"I et her see what she has refused," Lady Blyte had said to Sir Frederic; and Signa could not help seeing it.
The servants, taking their tone from their mistress, were respectful almost to obsequiousness, and a footman threw open the drawing-room door for

Punctillious Punctuation.

Talking of the supreme importance Talking of the supreme importance of the comma, a correspondent states that Thomas Campbell once walked six miles to a printing office to have a comma in one of his poems changed into a semi-colon. There is a remarkable resemblance between this and the story of Sir William Hamilton, Astronomer Roval / Ireland, making a lengthy expedition to Dublin to have a semi-colon substituted for a colon. a semi-colon substituted for a colon. London Evening Standard.

The Vampire.

The vanpire: Always inert, sitting still, spending five to seven hours a day looking out the window on the street. Nothing to give, and always giving it. Sceking amusment, entertainment, but never afforcing any. Taking, but never giving. Stiling quietly and listening to others converse, even when her presence is unwelcome, but saying nothing but an uncassional yes or no. Primitive minded and narrow, with nothing to give, she drains other or treas without retaining them—like a sieve. Thought passes through and beyond her without storping. She acquires nothing, gives nothing, takes everything. One "esson alone with her becomes exhausted while she is reviviled.—New York Globe.

WOMEN WHO SUFFFR

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chters.

The R reatest soily because be just as the fudicid art, the men of the middle and icology, the Egyptians the art of all alture. They despised Eterature, art, philosophy, commerce and even luxury and set their whole heart on becoming figures and conquerous. In that way they developed very naturally and genilus and means for successful warfare which made them the masters of the world.

There was nothing miraculous in the provess of the legions. It was the natural result of their undivided effort, pretracted through generations. fudied art, the men of just as th

News From Paris.

Callot uses rich Chantilly. Jenny sponsors long "barrel" coats. Drecoll uses the free-swinging pan-

Premet skirts end two inches above

ankles.

Martini & Armand indorse transparent sleeves.

Bernard features checked suits and Poumenian embroidery.

