

nens is use llop bit re sic't but if you use them at one an you hundred: ro what the dis . Don't wait until you a mly feel bad or misera avente your life. It has \$500 will be pakt for a co s pure or usip. Do not suffer outer, but use and unge them so they will not to uie Hop D THE. Eomember, flep Bitters is no to The fedicine over made; the "INTLES" and HOPE" and no person or family head to without them. EDGWARTS ... D.I.C. is an absolute and is

for it. Yours, truly, GEO. MATHEWS. KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. ON HUMAN FLESH.

atonement for the mild scolding), and, hav ing thus dropped a sop of Oerberus-or con acience-would dismiss money matters, ne phews, a d all from his thoughts.

no one to whom to appeal for sympathy, with

amendment from both boys he would pay their bills, make each a handsome present) as

So the child en grew, from youth to boy. lived with the dead lord as man and boy, and hood, from boyhood to early manhood, with now regrets him with a grief more strongly

sant, sociable room at ordinary times, but now impregnated with the vague gloon that hangs over all the house and seeks even here to sheck the gaudy brightness of the sun that, rushing in, tries to illumivate it.

At the sideboard stands Simon Gale, the butler and oldest domestic at Hythe, who has

wants you to marry me." "Really, Dorian," says Clarissa, coloring slowly, but warmly, "I think you might find

some other subject to just on." "I never made a joke in my life; I hope I never shall," returns Branscombe, reproach-

ering. fully. "What have I done, that you should accase me of such a crime? I have only spoken the plain, unvarpished truth. To see she spent most of her lie with the Brans. resembling the sorrowing of one for a friend you my wife is the dream of Arthur's life, his

too earnest, 'oo intense, for every-day life. Her eyes, "twin stars of beauty," are deep and gray; her hair is dark; her month though somewhat large, is perfect; and her smile is indescribable, so sweet it is, so soft and ling.

Her mother died when she was nine years old, and from that time until she was twelve comb boys-riding, fishing, sometimes even

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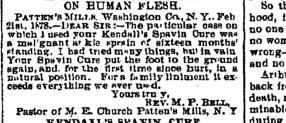
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no woman's voice to teach them right from than for a master. With downosst eyes and bowed head be wrong-with few hardships, fewer troubles, stands, thinkly sadly how much too old he is and no aff ctions.

Arthur Branscombe, indeed, who had come for new cares and fresh faces. Reginald had been all the world to him ; the new man is as back from India six months after his father's nothing. Counting friendships as of little death, and had stayed at Hythe for two interminable years (as they seemed to him), had worth unless years have gone to prove their during that time so worked bimself into the depth and sincerity, he feels no leaning toward the present possessor-knows him too heart of the eldest boy Dorlan, and had so far short a time to like or disl'ke, to praise or taken him into his own in return, that long years had failed to efface the fondness of blame.

Now as his eyes wander down the long either. Indeed, now that he has returned from abroad (only as fate has willed it, to table, to where he can see the empty chair of take his brother's place). he finds the love he him who rests with such unearthly tranquil-had grafted in the child still warm in the ity in the silent chamber above, the thou ht of how soon a comparative stranger will fill beart of the man. Horace, the younger, had chosen his profes-

it causes him a bitter pang. And, as he so muse, the door opens, and they all come insion, and gone in heavity for law. But Dor-Sartoris first, with Cierissa, pale and quiet; ian, who inherited two thousand a year from his father, and a charming residence-situit the brothers-so like, yet so unlike-followed about three miles from Hythe, and two ing

from the pretty village of Pullingham-had Old Simon, rousing himself, watches with jealous eyes to see the place so long occupied elected to try his band at farming, and was at first honestly believed in by confiding tenby Reginald usurped by another. But he watches in vain. Sartoris, without so much as a glance in its direction, takes the chair at ants, who discussed him as a being up to his eyes in agricultural lore and literally steeped in new and improved projects for the cultivethe lower end of the table; and the others, following his lead, seat themselves at the tion of land.

But time undeceived these good souls. And s des without comment of any kind; wherenow, though they love him better, they believe upon Gale draws a long breath, and vows in him not at all. To adore one's hcrees, and fidelity to his new lord upon the spot. fidelity to his new lord upon the spot.

n'ate.

to be a perfect slave to one's dogs, is one It is a dismal meal, duli, and dispiriting. thing; to find a tunder interest in the price The ghastly Egyptian mummy seems present of guano, and a growing admiration for prize in full force, if not in the letter at least in the pigs, is quite another. When Dorian had spirit. Sartoris, having taken a glass of shertried it for six months, he acknowledged, rery, trifles with the meat upon his plate, but li luctantly, that to him mangels were an abomterally (ats nothing. No one appears posination, and overfed cattle a wearying of the seased with a desire to speak, and indeed there is little to be said. When luncheon is nearly flenh. over, a small dark object, hitherto unseen.

Every now and then, indeed, he tells himself that he must " look about him," as he calls it, and, smothering a sigh starts for a quick walk across his land, and looks at a field or two, or into the nearest paddock, and askshis steward how things are going on, and pain of hunger, comes creeping forward whinif all is as satisfactory now as in the old days ing pit-ously. He goes up to the accustomed chair, but, when his father held the rains of government, and, having listened absently to comfortable answers and cheerful predictions for the fuhis complainings, turns disconsolately away,

ture, strolls away again, thoroughly content, not caring to investigate matters further. He is fond of London life, and spends a

good deal of his time there ; is couried and petted and made much of by enterprising dowagers with marriageable daughters, as a voung man charming, well bred, altogether

chic, and uncoubted heir to an earloom; for of Arthur Sartoris's ever marrying, now he has so long passed the prime of life, no one ever dreams.

He knows all the best people in town, and puts in a good time when there; is a fair hand at whist, and can beat most men at billearde; will now and then put money on a favorite for the Oaks or the Orand National, but cannot be said to regard gambling as an amusement. He is extravagant in many ways, but thoroughly unseight and kindhearted, and generous to a fault. He is much affected by women, and adored by children, who instinctively accept him as a true friend.

Borace, both in face- and in figure, is strangely like his father-in character very different. He is tall and well built, with eyes large, dark, and liquid, but rather too closely set to be pleasing. His mouth is firm and somewhat hard, his smile soft, but uncertain.

said you were quite prepared to do anything for him. You can't, with any sense of honor, back out of your given word."

"I never heard anything so absurd, so foolish, so nonsensical !" says Miss Peyton, rosentinily.

"Nonsensical! My dear Clarissa! pray consider my -----*

"It is more! it is right down stupid of him," says Clarissa. who plainly declines to consider any one's feelings.

"You needn't pile up my sgony any higher," interposes Branscombe, meekly. "To utterly unworthy of you. But why tell me so in such round terms? I assure you I feel excessively burt and offended. Am I to understand, then that you have refused me?"

"You shall understand something worse, if you say anot 'er word," says Clarissa, holding up before him a little clenched hand in a would be threatening manner. And then she moves on toward the open hall-door, he following.

"Well, I forgive you," he says, as she steps into her low phaston, and he arranges the rug carefully around ber. "I'hough you don't deserve it. (What ridiculous little bands to over if I were you. You may not get so excellent a chance again; and Arthur will never forgive you."

"Your uncle, though charming, and a very deat man, is also a goose," says Miss Peyton; somewhat irreverently. "Marry you, indeed Why, I should quite as soon dream of marry ing my brother?"

"Well, as I can't be your husband, it would be rather nice to be your brother," says Mr. favorite dog, that ever since his death has lain Branscombe, cheertully. "Your words give me hope that you regard me in that light. 1 shall always think of you for the future as my sister, and so I am sure "-with an eloquent and rather misohievous pause-" will Hornce ?

> Miss Peyton blushes again-much more vividly this time-and gathering up the rains hastily mys "good bye" for the second time, without turning her flushed face to his, and drives rapidly up the avenue.

Branscombe stands on the steps watching her until she is quite lost to sight behind the rhododendrons, and then strokes his mustache thoughtfully.

"That has quite arranged itself, I should fancy," he says, slowty. "Wel), I hope he will be very good to her, dear little thing !"

PULLINGHAM-ON-THE MOORS IS a small, untidy, picturesque little village, situated on the side of a bill. It possts a railway-station, a police-barrack, a solitary hotel, and two or three well-sized shops. It is old-fashioned, stationary, and, as a rule, hopelessly barmless, though now and then discussions, based principally on religious grounds, will arise. of the parish trips lightly after Mr. Redmond,

sole ambilion. And just now, you know, you i shooting, with them. The effect of such training began to make itself telt. She was fast degenerating into a tom-roy of the first water (indeed, one of the purest gems of it; kind), when James Scrope, who even then way a serious young man, came to the rescue, and induced her father to send her from Gowmin to a school at Brussels.

"Virtue is its own reward," they tell us let us hope Scrope felt rewarded! Whether he did or not, I know he was considerably frightened when Olarises (having discovered who had been the instigator of this "plot"w drive her from her beloved Gowran) came my everlasting regret I acknowledge myself down to Scrope Hall, and, dashing into his presence like a small whirlwind, abused him for his well-meant interference in good rout terms, and, having refused even to say good bye to him, had slammed the door in his face and, starting from home next morning had seen no more of him for six long years.

At seventeen, her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Gre ville. had brought her back from Brussels w they both laugh in a subdued fashion; and her own house in town, where she kept he for twelve months, and where she once mon renewed acquaintance with her old friend Docian and Horace Bronscombe. Mrs Gre ville took her to all the most desirable ball of the season, to concerts and "small and earlies," to high-art entertainments of bi most "too. too," and, having given her ite scope to break the hearts of half the men is the town, had sent her at last to her father. hopelessly in love with a detrimental.

The detrimental was Horace Branscombe Mrs. Greville was intensely annoyed and dit gusted. After a'l her care, all her trouble, have this happen ! She had married her on girls with the greatest eclat, had not made out false move with regard to any of them, and now to see Clarissa (who with her beauty and fortune, might have married any one) throt herself away upon a penniless barrister seen

ed to her to savor of positive crime. Horace, certainly, so far, had not proposed in form, but Mrs. Greville was not to be hoost winked. He meant it. He was not always at her niece's side for nothing; and sooner # later, Clarissa, with all her money, would g over to him. When she thought of the shocking waste of money, she groaned aloud and then she washed her hands of the who affair; and sent Clarissa back to Gowra where her father received her with open arm and made much of her.

(Continued on Third Page,)

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6

him at once in the library," he says, very

turns from the light, and, seeing Miss Peyton

him tenderly with the dainty scrape upon her The whole scene, though simple, is sugges-tive of loss and loneliness. Bartoris, leaving

says something in a low tone.

slightly. "Horace, will you tell Durkin I want to see

"In one moment," replies Horace, unmov-

has been carrying on with Olarissa.

the table with some haste, goes to the window to hide his emotion. Dorian follows him

Wherenpon Horsee, rising too, crosses to The moments fly. A clock upon the mantel

creeps out from some forgotten corner, and

stretches itself forlornly; it is poor Reginald's

crouching out of sight, but now, driven by the

finding it for the first time empty and deaf to

and passes from seat to seat, without accept-

ing food at any of their hands, until he comes

to Clarisse. She, stooping, raises him to her

knee (her lashes wet with tears), and feeds

where Clarissa sits, and, bending over her,

piece chimes half-past four. Some bird, in the exuberance of its mad joy, scurries wildly

past the windows. Sartoris, with a sigh

and Horace still deep in conversation, frowns

quietly, yet with some latent irritability.

ed, going back to the low toned dialogue he

Her form was fresher than the morning rose When the dew wets its leaves."

CHAPTER II. THOMEON.

"I am afraid I must lay myself open to the the vicar (who has a subdued passion for wax charge of rudeness," says Sartoris, still very candles, and a craving for floral decorations), has been effected with nearly all the pro-quietly, but with a peculiar smile. "But it is and looks with scorn upon the other half, as, perty holders on the line.