

GRATEFUL WOMEN.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful to show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

THE COMET OF A SEASON!

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

"You must be quiet, Starr," Montana said, coolly throwing the knife into his desk, and locking the desk upon it.

"Come, come, my good friend, Starr, you must not give way like this any more. You are not the man to sink down in such a way.

"Never, never!" Starr said, energetically, looking up and rousing himself with the words; "I'll never see her or speak to her any more. I'm going now."

"Look ye here, Mr. Montana!" Starr cried out—scramed out, a new burst of passion overmastering him; "I tell you, if you have any sense, you'll have me locked up."

There could be no doubt that Matthew Starr had lately been doing a great deal to spread a distrust to Montana and his scheme among people of his own class, and especially among the devotees of the Church of Free Souls.

"What are you going to do?" "Well, I will do this, for one thing: He is going to have a great farewell meeting, or reception, or something down at that confounded hole of his in the East End, somewhere in the Minorities or Petticoat Lane."

roused, as the jealousy of the very poor concerning one of their leaders who is supposed to be drawing away from their side in order to keep well with the great and the high-born.

CHAPTER XXX.

Frank Trescoe and young Fanshawe were approaching London in a train from the North. They had been travelling through the night, and trying to sleep, and waking up and taking an interlude of smoke, and exchanging a word or two now and then in an upposition.

They resumed a conversation on a subject which had lately occupied them a good deal. Their conversation was about Montana. They had not been very successful in their inquiries concerning him.

Moreover, Fanshawe, at least, was beginning to take new thought on the matter. "That's my ultimatum, Trescoe," he said. "I don't care what becomes of the whole affair any more."

"Then," Trescoe said, angrily, "you really mean to say you will let this man go on, even though he is an impostor? You will let him go on swindling, you don't know how many thousands of people, and you will do nothing to expose him, just because he is marrying Aquitaine's daughter?"

"Quit so; I'll have nothing to do with it. You see, I was willing enough to make some sacrifice in my own person and my own family for the sake of having the man shown up in his true colors, whatever they were."

"How do you know," Trescoe argued, "that mischief he may have done already? You see how he attracts women, and all that; you can't tell what harm he may do yet. He ought to be stopped. He ought to be shown up. He ought to be shamed or punished somehow."

"Well, I don't know about that," Fanshawe said, with a half smile. "I fancy, if the women were foolish about him, the men were not much better."

"What's the use? You can't do it. You haven't got any proofs against him. You will get some people to say that he looks like the man who married my sister, and then a lot of others will say they don't see any resemblance; and the matter will talk itself out."

"When his meeting is full," said Trescoe, "I will get up and denounce him in the face of the whole crowd. I will tell them who he is; I will deny him to deny my statement, and I will denounce him then and there."

"Oh, I'll come and stand by you, for the matter of that. If you are going to be ejected or torn in pieces, I'll be in the row. But I don't suppose anything more will come of that than that I shall get a share of what is meant for you, and we shall both come out of it equally badly."

"I'll not let that go," Trescoe declared, with set teeth. "I will have this thing out. I look forward with delight to the idea of exposing him in the face of his own friends."

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without concealment or reserve. Nor did it ever occur to her to think that there might be any danger to her own feelings and her own happiness in their unreserved intercourse.

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often executed in strange ways and by odd instruments; and to-morrow the judgment of the Lord will overtake some who have deserved it. This is written by one who has a good right to know, for he has had it borne in upon him that he is the instrument of the heavenly judgment.

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"He is a fine young fellow," Marion remarked to Geraldine. "He looks like a young hero, I can't help thinking."

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