By "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XI.-CONTINUED. "Why, indeed? It is as I have been told. a joy forever." No one nowadays disputes anything they are told, do they?"

ything they are told, do they?"—
"Don't be cynical, Jim," says Miss Peyton, softly. What an awful thing it will be if, now when her story is absolutely upon her lips, he relapses into his unsympathetic mood 1

"Well, I won't then," says Scrope, amiably, which much relieves her. And then he looks lovingly at his pipe, which he has held (as in duty bound) behind his back ever since her arrival, and sighs heavily, and proceeds to knock the ashes out of it.

"Oh don't do that," says Clarissa, entreatingly. "I really wish you wouldn't?" (This is the strict truth.) "You know you are dying for a smoke, and 1—I perfectly love the smell of tobacco. There is, therefore, no reason why you should deny yourself."

"Are you really quite sure?" says Scrope colledy and hopefully "Quite—utterly. Put it in your mouth

again. And-do you mind?"-with a switt glanco upward, from under her soft plush hat, —"I want you to come for a little walk with

"To the end of the world, with you, would be a short walk," says Scrope, with a half laugh, but a ring in his tone that to a woman heart-whole and unoccupied with thoughts of another man, must have meant much. "Command me, madam."

"I have something very-very-very important to tell you," says Miss Peyton, earnestly. This time she looks at her long black gloves, not at him, and makes a desperate effort to button an already obedient bit of

ivory.

They have turned into the orchard, now bereft of blossom, and are strolling carelessly along one of its side-paths. The earth is looking brown, the trees bare; for Autumngreedy seeson-ha stretched its hand "to reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had vold."

"Are you listening to me?" asks she presently, seeing he makes no response to her

"Intently." He has not the very faintest idea of her meaning, so speaks in a tone light and half amused, that leads her to betray her secret sooner than otherwise she might have done. "Is it an honest mystery," he saye, carelessly, "or a common ghost-story, or state secret? Break it to me gently."

"There is nothing to break," says Clarispa, softly. Then she looks down at the strawberry borders at her side-now brown and aged-and then says, in a very low tone, "I am going to be married!"

There is a dead silence. Sir James says nothing. He walks on beside her with an unfalterable footstep, his head erect as ever, his hands clasped in their old attitude behind his back. The sun is shining; some birds are warbling faintly (as though under protest) in some neighboring thickets; yet I think Scrope neither sees the sun, nor heeds tho birds, nor knows for the moment that life flows within him, after that little, low-toned speech of hers.

Then he awakes from his stupor, and, rousing himself, says, huskily, yet with a certain amount of self-possession that deceives her,—

"You were saying ?"
"Only that I am going to be married," repeats Clarissa, in a somewhat changed tone. The nervousness has gone out of it, and the natural hesitation; she is speaking now quite composedly and clearly, as if some surprise be-

trays itself in her voice. Scrope is aware that his heart is beating madly. He has stopped, and is leaning against the trunk of an apple-tree, facing Clarissa, who is standing in the middle of the path. His face is ashen gray, and his manner is quite calm.

"Who is it?" he asks, presently, very slow-

"Mr. Branscombe,"—coldly.

"Dorian?"

"No. Horace."
"I wish it had been Dorian," he says, im-

pulsively.
It is the last straw.

"And why?" demands she, angrily. She is feeling wounded, disappointed at his reception of her news; and now the climax has come. Like her father, he, too, prefers Dorian-nay, by his tone, casts a slur upon Horthe heart.

"What evil thing have you to say of Horace," she goes on, vehemently; "that you so emphatically declare in favor of Dorian? from life every sweet it can afford; you are When you are with him you profess great friendship for him, and now behind his back you seek to malign him to the woman he "You are unjust," says Scrope, wearily.

"I know nothing bad of Horace. I merely said I wished it had been Dorian. No. I have nothing to say against Horace." "Then why do you look as if you had!"

says Miss Peyton, pettishly, frowning a little, and letting her eyes rest on him for a moment only, to withdraw them again with a deeper frown. "Your manner suggests many things. You are like papa——" She pauses, feeling she has made a false move, and wishes vainly her last words unsaid.

"Does your father disapprove then?" asks he, more through idleness than a desire to know.

Instinctively he feels that, no matter what obstacles may be thrown in this girl's way, the thought of losing you," says Scrope, pallistill she will carry her point and marry the sting the ugliness of his conduct as best he man she has elected to love. Nay, will not difficulties but increase her steadfastness, and make strong the devotion that is growing in her heart!

Not until now, this moment, when hope has died and despair sprung into life, does he know how freely, how altogether, he has lavished the entire affection of his soul upon her. During all these past months he has lived and thought and hoped but for her, and nowall is at an end.

Lake a heavy blow from some unseen hand this terrible news has fallen upon him, leaving him spent and broken, and filled with something that is agonized surprise at the depth of the misiortune that has overtaken him. It is as a revelation, the awakening to a sense of the longing that has been his-to the knowledge of the cruel strength of the tenderness that binds his heart to hers.

With a slow wonder he lifts his eyes and gazes at her. There is a petulant expression round her mobile lips, a faint bending of her brows that bespeaks discontent, bordering on anger, yet, withal, she is quite lovely-so sweet, yet so unsympathetic; so gentle, yet so ignorant of all he is at present feeling.

With a sickening dread he looks forward to room. the future that still may lie before him. It seems to him that he can view, lying stretched out in the distance, a lonely cheerless road, over which he must travel whether he will or not—a road bare and dusty and companion. less, devoid of shade, or rest or joy, or that love that could transform the barrenness into a "flowery mead."

Committee to the second of the

"may part with anything." To Scrope just now, it seems as though hope and he had parted company forever. The past has been so dear, with all its vague beliefs and uncertain dreamings—all too sweet for realization that the present appears unbearable.

The very air seems dark, the sky leaden, the clouds sad and lowering. Vainly he tries to understand how he has come to love, with such a boundless passion, this girl who loves him not at all, but has surrendered herself wholly to one unworthy of her-one utterly incapable of comprehending the nobility and

truthfulness of her nature.

The world, that only yesterday seemed so desirable a place, to day has lost its charm.

"What is life, when stripped of its disguise? A thing to be desired it cannot be." With him it seems almost at an end. An unsatisfactory thing, too, at its best—a mere "glimpse into the world of might have beon.'

Some words read a week ago come to him now, and ring their changes on his brain. "Rien ne va plus,"—the hateful words return to him with a pertinacity not to be subdued. It is with difficulty he refrains from uttering them aloud.

"No; he does not disapprove," says Clariesa, interrupting his reflections at this moment; "he has given his full consent to my engagement." She speaks somewhat slowly, as if remembrance weighs upon her. "And, even if he had not, there is still something that must give me happiness; it is the certainty that Horace loves me, and that I love him."

Though unmeant, this is a cruel blow. Sir James turns away, and, paling visibly,had she cared to see it, -plucks a tiny piece of bark from the old tree against which he is leaning.

There is something in his face that, though she understands it not, moves Clarissa to pity. "You will wish me some good wish, after all. Jim won't you?" she says, very sweetly,

almost pathetically.
"No, I cannot," returns he, with a brusquerie foreign to him. "To do so would be

actual hypocrisy. "There is silence for a moment; Clarissa grows a little pale, in her turn. In his turn, he takes no notice of her emotion, having his face averted. Then, in a low, faint, choked voice, she breaks the silence.

"If I had been wise," she says, "I should have stayed home this morning, and kept my confidences to myself. Yet I wanted to tell you. So I came, thinking, believing, I should receive sympathy from you; and now what have I got? Only harsh and cruel words! If I had known-

"Clarissa!" "Yes! If any one had told me you would

so treat me, I should, I should-It is this supreme moment she chooses to burst out crying; and she clies heartily (by which I mean that she gives way to grief of the most vehement and agonized description) for at least five minutes, without a cessation, making her lament openly, and in a carefully unreserved fashion, intended to reduced his heart to water. And not in vain is her

weak endeavour. Sir James, when the first sob falls upon his ear, turns from her, and, as though unable to endure the sound, deliberately walks away

from her down the garden path. When he gets quite to the end of it, how ever, and knows the next turn will hide him from sight of her tears or sound of her woe, he hesitates, then is lost, and finally coming upon her arm. At his touch her sobs increase.

"Don't do that!" he says, so roughly that she knows his heart is bleeding. "Do you hear me, Clarissa? stop crying! It isn't doing you any good, and it is driving me mad. What has happened ?-what is making you so "?yqqadau

" Fou are," says Miss Peyton, with a final sob, and a whole octave of reproach in her blast has power to deaden him today. except papa! There was a time, Jim" (with a soit but upbraiding glance), "when you would have been sweet and kind and good to me on an occasion like this."

She moves a step nearer to him, and lays her hand—the little, warm, pulsing hand he loves | youth in which all seems perfect, changeless, so passionately-upon his arm. Her glance | passion-sweet! is half oftended, half beseeching; Scrope's strength of will gives way, and, metaphorloally speaking, he lays himself at her feet.

"If I have been uncivil to you, forgive me," ace. The implied dislike cuts her bitterly to holding it closely in his own. "You do not know; you cannot understand; and I am glad you do not. Be happy! There is no substantial reason why you should not extract young, the world is before you, and the love you desire is yours. Dry your eyes, Clarissa, vour tears pierce my heart."

He has quite regained his self-control by this time, and, having conquered his emotion, speaks dispassionately. Clarissa, as he has said, does not understand the terrible struggle it costs him to utter these words in an ordinary tone, and with a face which, if still

pale, betrays no mental excitement.

She smiles. Her tears vanish. She sighs contentedly, and moves the hand that rests

"I am so glad we are friends again," she says. "And now tell me why you were so horrid at first; you might just as well have begun as you have ended; it would have saved trouble and time, and " (reproachfully) all my tears."

"Perhaps I value you so highly that I hate may. His voice is very earnest.

"How fond you are of me!" says Miss Peyton, with some wonder and much pleasure.
To this he finds it impossible to make any answer.

She does now what she has not done since she was a little, impulsive, loving girl; she lifts her head and presses her lips to his cheek.

For one brief moment he holds her in his arms, returning her caress, warmly, it is true, | your fire is burning." but with ineffable sadness. To her, this embrace is but the sealing of a fresh bond between them. To him it is a silent farewell; a final wrenching of the old sweet ties that

have endured so long. Up to this she had been everything to him far more than he ever dreamed until the rude existence; but now all changed, and she be-

longs to another. He puts her gently from him, and, with a kindly word and smile, leads her to the garden gate, and so round towhere her ponies are impatiently awaiting her coming; after which he blds her good bye, and, turning, goes in doors, and locks himself into his own private

> CHAPTER XII. "The snow is on the mountain,
> The frest is on the vale,
> The ice hangs o'er the fountain,
> The storm rides on the gale."
> OUSELEY.

CLAMISSA'S letter to Georgie Broughton, re-"He that loses hope"—says Congreve— ceives a most tender response—tender as it is grateful. The girl writes thankfully, hear-tily, and expresses almost passionate delight ins, when I came up.

Dear papa! says Clarises, tenderly, bepathy.

The letter is short, but full of feeling. It conveys to Clarissa the sad impression that the poor child's heart is dry and barren for lack of that gracious dow called love, without which not one of us can taste the blessedness of life.

"Nothing is true but love, nor aught of worth; Love is the incense which doth sweeten earth."

So sings Trench. To Clarissa, just now his words convey nothing less than the very embodiment of truth. That Georgie should be unhappy for want of this vital essence cuts her to the heart—the more so that Georgie persistently refuses to come to Gowran.

"DEAREST CLARISSA .- Do you think me cold or ungrateful."-so she writes-" but, were I to go to you and feel again the warmth and tenderness of a home, it might unfit me for the life of trouble and work that must lie before me. 'Summer is when we love and are beloved, and, of course, such summer is over for me. I know my task will be no light or easy one; but I have made up my mind to it, and indeed am thankful for it, as any change from this must of necessity be pleasant. And, besides, I may not be a governess forever. I have yet another plan in my head-something papa and I agreed upon before he left me—that may put an end to my difficulties

some time, when we meet.' "Poor darling," says Clarissa, "what a wretched little letter?" She sighs and folds it up, and wonders vaguely what this other plan of Georgie's can be. Then she writes to her again, and describes Mrs. Redmond as

sconer than I think. I will tell you of it

well as is possible. "Accept her offer by return of post," she advises, earnestly. "Even if, after a trial, you do not like her, still this will be an opening for you; and I am glad in the thought that I shall always have you near me-at least until that mysterious plan of yours meets the light. Mrs. Redmond is not, of course, everything of the most desirable, but she is passable, and very kind at heart. She is tall and angular, and talks all day long-and all night, I am sure, if one would listen-about her ailments and the servants' delinquencies. She is never without a cold in her head, and a half darned stocking She calls the children's pinafores "pinbefores,"-which is quite correct, but very unpleasant; and she always calls

terrible turrible, but beyond these small things she is quite bearable."

And so on. When Miss Broughton recelves this letter in her distant Lome, she is again sole mistress of a sick-room. Her aunt—the hard taskmaster assigned to her by fate-lies on her bed stricken to the earth by fever. To come to Pullingham now will be impossible. "Will Mrs. Redmond wait for a month, or perhaps two?" She entreats Clarissa to do what she can for her; and Clarissa does it; and the worried wife of the vicar, softened by Miss Peyton's earnest explanations, consents to expound Pinneck, and

"Litlie Arthur" to the small Redmonds until

such time as Miss Broughton's aunt shall be

convalescent. "The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time creeps on apace, and Christmas at last reaches Pullingham. Such a Christmas, too !-a glorious sunny Christmas morning, full of light and life; snow-crowned on every side. The glinting sunbeams lie upon the frozen hills, kissing them with tender rapture, as back again to where she is standing, hidden though eager to impart some heat and comby a cambric handkerchiet, lays his hand fort to their chilly hearts.

"Now trees their leafy hats do bare Toreverence Winter's silvery hair." The woods are all bereft of green; the

winds sigh wearily through them; "No grass | ful one. the fields, no leaves the forests wear :" a shivering shroud envelops all the land. But far above, in the clear sky, Sol shines

triumphant. Nor ice, nor snow, nor chilling voice. "Anything so unkind I never knew. No "veil of clouds involves his radiant head." take your Christmas box."

And ust when I had come all the way over He smiles upon the earth, and ushers in the here to tell you what I would tell nobody else blessed morn with unexpected brilliancy. Innumerable sounds swell through the frosty air; sweet bells ring joyously. All the world is astir.

Except Clarissa. She lies, still sleeping-

Upon her parted lips a faint soft smile is lingering, as though loath to depart. Her face is lightly tinged with color, as it were a "ripened rose." Upon one arm her cheek is he says, taking her hand from his arm, and pillowed; the other is thrown, with negligent grace, above her head.

"Half-past eight, Miss Peyton, and Ohristmas morning too," says a voice more distinct than musical, and rather reproachful. It rushes into Clarissa's happy dream like a this moment a servant throws open the hall nightmare, and sends all the dear shades she door, and Dorian and Horace Branscombe, has been conjuring to her side back into their come in, walk up to where they are near the uncertain home.

The maid pokes the fire energetically, and arranges something upon the dressing-table with much unnecessary vigor.

Clarissa, slowly bringing herself back from the world in which Hester, however admirable in every respect, bears no part, sighs drowsily, and sits up in her bed.

too disgracefully late! A happy Christmas, Hester!"

"Thank yoz, miss. The same to you, and very many of them !" "Is it a cold morning?" asks Clarisse, with a little shiver. She pushes back the soft

waving masses of ber brown hair from her forehead, and gazes at Hester entreatingly, as though to implore her to say it is warm as a day in June. But Hester is adamant.

of gusto. "That frosty it would petrify you where you stand," "Then I won't stand," declares Clarisse.

promptly sinking back once more into her downy couch. "I decline to be petrified, Hester,"-tucking the clothes well round her. Call me again next week."

"I can't see anything but the water over there. Is that ice in my bath?"

hot water into it to melt it for you? Do, that he has heard one word of her last betraymiss. I'm sure them miserable cold oblations al. "Come into the dining-room, Dorian," he is bitter bad for you." Perhaps she means says, when the mad has assured him breakablutions. Nobody knows. And Clarless, fast will be ready in two minutes: "it is ever swakening came—the one bright spot in his | though consumed with a desire to know, dares | so much comfortable in there." not ask. Hester is standing a few yards from her, looking the very personification of all ly, Clarissa and Horace find themselves pathos, and is plainly an-angered of the frozen | alone. bath.

"Well, then, Hester, yes; a little-a very little-bot water, just for once," says Clariese, unable to resist the woman's pleading, and her own fear of the "bitter chill" that awaits her he says, in the low soft tone he always on the other side of the blunkets. "My cour- adopts when speaking to a woman. "You age has flown; indeed, I don't see how I can | gave all your best wishes to Dorlan." get up at all," willfully, snuggling down even more closely into the warm sheets.

"Ob, now get up, miss, do." implores her "It is getting real late, and the masmaid. ter has been up asking for you twice already."

"Is papa dressed, then?"

neath her breath; and then she springs out of bed, and gets into her clothes by degrees, and presently runs down stairs to the great old hall, where she finds her father awaiting her. He is standing at the upper end, with his back to the huge central window through which

'Gleams the red sun athwart the misty haze Which veils the cold earth from its loving gaze."

A calm, clear light illumines the hall, born of the "wide and glittering cloak of snow," which last night flung upon the land. At its other end stand all the servants-silent, expectant-to hear what the master shall say on this Christmas morning.

That George Peyton should refuse to address them on this particular day is out of all hearing. His father, grandfather, and greatgrandfather had done it before him to the then servants; therefore (according to the the same. Yet it is-undeniable that to the present proprietor this task is a terrible one, and not to be performed at any price, could escape from it be shown.

Eloquence is not Mr. Peyton's forte. To find himself standing before an expectant audience, and to know they are prepared to hang upon his accents, is not sweet to him-in fact, fills him with terrors wast and deep. Yet here they are awaiting his speech, in a goodly row, with all their eyes fixed on his, and their minds prepared to receive anything he may

He breathes a small sigh of relief as he sees Clarissa approaching, and gives her his customary morning kiss in a rather warmer fashion than usual, which has only the effect of raising mirth in Clarissa's mind. She smiles in an unfilial fashion, and slipping her hand through his arm, awaits what fate may have

in store. Her father, when he has cast upon her one repreachful glance, turns to the servants, and, with a heightened color and somewhat lame

delivery, says as follows: "I am very glad to see you all againhere he checks himself, and grows a degree redder and more embarrassed. It occurs to him that after all, he saw them yesterday and the day before, and that it is on the cards he will see them again to-morrow. Therefore why express exuberant joy at the fact that he

can see them at this present moment? He glances in a despairing fashion at Clarissa, but she is plainly delighted at his discomfiture, and refuses to give him any assis-

tance, unless a small approving nod can be accounted such. Feeling himself, therefore, unsupported, he

perforce, returns to the charge. "It is a great pleasure to me to know that no changes have taken place during the past year. I hope"-(long pause)-"I hope we shall always have the same story to tell."

This is fearfully absurd, and he knows it, and blushes again. "Well, at least," he goes on. "I hope we

shall not part from each other without good cause-such as a wedding, for instance. Here he looks at the under-housemaid, who looks at the under-gardener, who looks at his

boots and betrays a wild desire to get into

them forthwith. "There is no occasion for me, I think, to make you a speech. I --- the fact is. I--couldn't make you a speech, so you must excuse me. I wish you all a happy Christmas! I'm sure you all wish me the same. ?---and

Here he is interrupted by a low murmus from the servants, who plainly feel it their duty to let him know, at this juncture, that they do hope his Christmas will be a success-

"Well---eh?-----thank youknow," says Mr. Peyton, at his wits' end as to what he shall say next. "You are all see it?" very kind, very kind indeed—very—. Mrs. Lane,"—desperately—"come here and

The honsekeeper advances, in a rounded stately fashion, and, with an elaborate courtesy and a smile full of benignity, accepts her gift and retires with it to the background. The others having all performed the same ceremony, and also retired, Mr. Peyton draws dreaming it may be, that first glad dream of draws a deep sign of relief, and turns to Clarissa, who, all through, has stood beside him.

"I think you might have put in a word or two," he says. "But you are a traitor; you enjoyed my discomfiture. Bless me, how glad I am that Christmas comes but once a Year!"

"And how sorry I am!" says Clarissa, making a slight grimace. "It is the one chance I get of listening to eloquence that I feel sure is unsurpaseable."

They are still standing in the hall. At huge pine fire that is rearing and making merry on the hearthstone; no grate defiles the beauty of the Gowran hall. They are flushed from the rapidity of their walk, and are looking rather more like each other than ugual.

"Well, we have had a run for it," says Dorian. "Not been to breakfast, I hope? If "Really that hour?" she says. "Quite you say you have finished that most desirable meal, I shall drop dead; so break it carefully. I have a wretched appetite, as a rule, but just now I feel as if I could eat you, Clarissa" "We haven't thought of breakfast yet," says

Ciarissa. "I'm so glad I was lazy this morning! A happy Christmas, Dorian!", "The same to you!" says Dorian, raising

her hand, and pressing it to his lipr. "By what luck do we find you in the hall?" "The servants have just been here to receive their presents. Now, why were you not "Terrible cold, miss." she says, with a sort | a few minutes earlier, and you might have been stricken dumb with joy at papa's

speech ?" "I don't believe it was half a bad speech," says Mr. P.yton, stoutly.

"Bad! It was the most enchanting thing I over listened to |- In fact, faultiess-if one omits the fact that you looked as if you were "The master is up this hour, miss," says the | in torment all the time, and seemed utterly maid, reprovingly; "and see how beautifully hopeless as to what you were going to say next."

"James, is breakfast ready?" says Mr. Poytop, turning away to hide a smile, and mak "Yes miss. Will you let me throw a little ing a strenuous effort to suppress the fact

Branscombe goes with him, and so, present

Horace, going up to her, as in duty bound, places his arm round her, and presses his lips lightly, gently to her cheek. "You never wished me a happy Christmas,"

"You knew what was in my heart," replies she, sweetly, pleased that he has noticed the

omission. "I wonder if I have brought you what you like," he says, laying in her little palm a large "An hour ago, miss. He was standing on Touching a spring, it opens, and there, star- shoulder!

ing up at her, is his own face, wearing its kindliest expression, and seeming—to her to breatbe forth love and truth

For a little minute she is silent; then she says softly, with lowered eyes and a warm, tender blush-

"Dit you have this ploture taken for me, alone?" It is evident the face in the locket is even

dearer to her than the locket itself. "For you alone," says Horace, telling his lie calmly. "When it was finished I had the negative destroyed. I thought only of you. Was not that natural? There was one happy moment in which I assured myself that it would please you to have my Image always

near you. Was I wrong?—presumptuous?"
Into his tone he had managed to infuse a certain amount of uncertainty and anxious longing that cannot fail to flatter and do some damage to a woman's heart. Clarissa raises ber trustful eyes to his. \*-"Please me!" she repeats, softly; tears

growing beneath her lids; "it pleases me so prises, it is the fittest which survives. The primitive notions of the country) he must do | much that it seems to me impossible to express my pleasure. You have given me'the thing that, of all others, I have most wished

She blushes, vividly, as she makes this admission. Horace, lifting her hand, kisses it warmly.

"I am fortunate." he says, in a low tone. "Will you love the original, Clarissa, as you love this senseless picture? After long years, how will it be?" There is a touch of concern and doubt-and something more,

that may be regret—in his tone. "I shall always love you," says the girl. very earnestly, laying her hand on his arm, and looking at him with eyes that should have roused all tenderness and devotion in his breast;

"For at each glance of those sweet eyes a soul Looked forth as from the azure gates of heav-

He is spared a reply. Dorian, coming again into the hall, summons them gayly to breakfast.

In the little casemented window of the tiny chamber that calls her mistress, sits Ruth Annersley, alone. The belis are ringing out still the blessed

Christmas morn; yet, she, with downcast eyes, and chin resting in her hand, heeds nothing, being wrapped in thought, and unmindful of aught but the one glad idea that fills her soul to overflowing. Her face is grave—nay, almost sorrowful—and full of trouble; yet underlying all is gladness that will not be suppressed.

At this moment-perhaps for the first time -she wakes to the consciousness that the air is full of music, borne from the belfries far and near. She shudders slightly, and draws her breath in a quick unequal sigh.

"Another long year," she says, wearily. Oh that I could tell my father!" She lifts her head impatiently, and once more her eyes fall upon the table on which her arm is resting. There are before her a

few opened letters, some Christmas cards, a very beautiful Honiton lace handkerchief, on which her initials, "R. A.," are delicately worked, and-apart from all the rest-a ring sat with pearls and turquoises. Taking this last up she examines it slowly.

lovingly, slipping it on and off her slender finger, without a smile, and with growing A step upon the stairs outside! Hastily, and in a somewhat guilty fashion, she replaces the ring upon the table, and drops the

lace bandkerchier over it. "Miss Ruth," says a tall, gawky countrygirl, opening the door, "the master he be waitin' breakfast for you. Do ye come down now." Then, catching sight of the handkerchief, "La now," she saye, "how fine that be a beauty, surely, and real lace, too! La! Miss Ruth, and who sent you that, row? May I

place; but Buth is before her.

"Do not touch it," she says, almost roughly for her. Then, seeing the effect her words have caused, and how the girl shrinks back from her, she goes on, hurriedly and kindly, "You have been in the dairy, Margery, and perhaps your hands are not clean. Run away and wash them, and come to attend table. Afterward you shall come up here and see my handkerchief and all my pretty cards."

She smiles, then lays her hand on Margery's shoulder, and gently, but with determination, draws her toward the door.

Once outside, she turns, and, locking the door, carefully puts the key in her pocket. Slowly, reluctantly, she descends the stairs, lips in gentle greeting to her father's care-worn cheek. The bells still ring on joyously, merrily; the sun shines; the world is white with snow, more pure than even our purest thoughts; but no sense of rest or comfort comes to Ruth. Oh, dull and heavy heart that holds: a guily secret. Oh, sad (even though yet innocent), is the mind that hides a hurtful thought! Not for you do Christmas bells ring out their happy greeting! Not for such as you does sweet peace reign

triumphant. CHAPTER XIII. " Is she not passing fair ?"

Two Gentlemen of Verona. Tuz day at length dawns when Miss Broughton chooses to put in an appearance at Pullingham. It is Thursday evening on which she arrives, and as she has elected to go to the vicarage direct, instead of to Gowran, as Clarissa desired, nothing is left to the latter but to go down on Friday to the Redmonds

that pretty Georgie will not come to her force its construction for some years. He had week or so before entering on her duties; yet also been identified with the building of some in her secrer soul she cannot help admiring of the most important railways in the Austhe girl's pluck, and her determination to let trian empire. nothing interfere with the business that must

for the future represent life.

To stay at Gowran—to fall as it were, into the arms of luxury—to be treated, as she knew she would be, by Clarisss, as an equal, even in worldly matters, would be only to un-fit her for the routine that of necessity must follow. So she abstains, and fliugs far from her all thought of a happiness that would indeed be real, as Clarissa bad been dear to her two years ago; and dear to Georgie once would mean to be dear to forever.

(Continued on Third Page.)

FEES AND DOCTORS.

The fees of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in just at pic-We believe the schedule for visits is \$3, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of daily visite, over \$1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the \$1,000 and all the year's sickness .- Post

Colfiures are extremely simple, and are worn quite low in the neck, in colls or plaits, while the brow is covered with waves or high rings of hair. A semi-wreath of flowers is worn upon the left side of the head, while gold locket, oval-shaped, and with forget-me- | the corsage bouquet is placed low upon the nots in sappnires and diamonds, on one side. left side ct the bodice, inclining toward the

The TRUE WITNESS has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also laim a stride in general improvement.

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 in. fancy, 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 enter. TRUE WITNESS is now what we may term an established fact, it is over 33 years in ex. istence.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journel 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.

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 de-fend their religion and their rights.

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheap to offer remiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to

entitled to receive the TRUE WITNESS for one year. Any one sending us the names of 5 new

copy free and \$2.50. friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the TRUE WITNESS; also by sending the name of a reliable person who

We wantactive intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfer-

ing with their legitimate business.
The TRUE WITNESS will be mailed to clergy-

man, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance. Parties 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 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 presare 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

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully 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.

By imperial permission, a bison hunt was recently organized in the neighborhood of Belostock, in Russia, and two bisons were killed and forwarded to St. Petersburg. There are considerable herds of these animals in the wild forest districts known as White Russia, and lying between Belostock and Litovsk.

Oliver John Kenyon's house at Ashantee, Wis originally had only one storey... When his son married he added a storey for the accommodation of the new family, and a third

EPPS'S COCOA-GRATEPUL AND COMPORTING. -" By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cooos, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage. which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."— Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins () lb. and lb.) labelled—"JAMES Epps & Co., Homosopathic Chemists, London, Eng. land." Also makers of Epps's Onocolars
Essence of officerand use,

The first of the first of the first

It was formerly two dollars per annum in

whether they are right or wrong.

encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our effects are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still further enlarged and improved during the coming year. On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be

subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one Our readers will oblige by informing their

will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

She stretches out her hand, as though about | the conditions by forwarding the names and to raise the dainty fabric from its resting- amounts until the club is completed. We sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of

five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance. Parties subscribing for the TRUE 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. Par--- Blowly, and with a visible effort, presses her | ties requiring sample copies or further information please apply to the office of THE POST Printing and Publishing Company, 761 Craig street, Montreal, Canada

Willian Hellwag, a distinguished engineer, died in Austria a few days since. In 1875 to welcome her.

She (Clarissa) had taken it rather badly Gothard Tuonel, and remained in charge of

> was put on when his grandson took a wife. He is now 80 years old, and it is therefore unlikely that the building will be further beightened for a great-grandson, though he hones so. de-Yi.

> > Bhall

the and