CHARLIE STUART

AND HIS SISTER. BY MRS. MAY AGNES PLEMING.

PART III.

CHAPTER IX .- CONTINUED. "Yes," he responded cheerily, "good bye; and as our lives lie so widely apart, in all probability this time for ever. I shall certainly return here at Christmas, but you may have gone before that. To-morrow morning I start for St. Louis, where a branch of our house is established, and where I am permanently to remain. It is an excellent opening for me-my salary has been largely advanced, and I am happy to say the firm thinks me competent and trustworthy. I return, as I said, at Ohristmas; after that it becomes my | go at all?" permanent home. You know, of course," he says with a langh, why I return. Trix has told you?"

So completely has she forgotten Trix, so wholly have her thoughts been of him, that she absolutely does not remember to what he alludes.

"Trix has told me nothing," she managed to answer, and she wonders at herself to find how steady is her voice.

Charlie says, elevating his eye-" No ?" brows; "and they say the age of wonders is Trix in the new role of keeping her own secrets! Well, I very naturally return for the wedding—our wedding. It's extraordinary that 'Trix hasn't told you, but she will. Then-my Western home will be ready by that time, and we go back immediately. My mother goes with me, I need hardly say."

Still so absolutely wrapped up in her thoughts of him, so utterly forgetful of Trix, that she does not understand. Our wedding -he means his own and Nellie Seton's, of course. His Western home, where she will reign as his wife. In the days that have gone, Edith thinks she has suffered-she feels to-night that she has never suffered until now! She deserves it, but if he had only spared her. only left it for some one else to tell. It is a every effort, her voice is husky:

"I wish you joy, Charlie-with all my

She cannot say one word more. Something in the words, in her manner of saying them, makes him look at her in surprise. "Well, yes," he answers coolly; "a wed-

ding in a family is. I believe, a general subject of congratulation. And I must say she has shown herself a trump—the bravest, the best girl alive. And you"—they are draw-ing near a hotel—"may I venture to ask your plans Lady Catheron? how long do you think of remaining in New York?"

"I shall leave at once-at once," she replied, in the same husky tone. To stay and meet Nellie Seton after to night is more than she is able to do. They are close to the hotel now. Involuntarily—unconsciously, she clings to his arm, as the drowning may cling to a straw. She feels in a dull, agonized sort of way that in five minutes the waters will have closed over her head, and the story of her life have come to an end.

"Here we are," his frank, cheery voice says -his voice, that has yet a deeper, more ear- in his face once, then turns away and covers nest tone than of old. "You don't know, Edith, how glad I am of this meeting-how glad to hear you never in any way blame

"I blame you! oh, Charlie!" she says with

a passionate little cry.
"I rejoice to hear that, with all its drawbacks, you don't regret the past. I rejoice in the knowledge that you are rich and happy, and that a long, bright life lies before you. Edith," he takes both her hands in his strong, cordial clasp, "if we never meet again, God bless you, and good-bye."

She lifts her eyes to his full of dumb. speechless agony. In that instant he knows the truth-knows that Edith loves him-that the heart he would once have laid down his win, is his wholly at last

fiash,—like a blow. He stands holding her and making a scene.

"Good-bye," he says hastily once more. and drops the hands, and turns and goes. She stands like a statue where he has left

lootsteps dies away, and Edith feels that he left almost everything to you." has gone out of her life-out of the whole

CHAPTER X.

THE SECOND BRIDAL.

Miss Nellie Seton came early next morning to see her friend, Mr. Charlie Stuart, off. He is looking rather pale as be bids them good-bye; the vision of Edith's eyes upturned | be able to refuse it then. And tell him not to his, full of mute, impassionate appeal, have to grieve for me, Trixy--I never made him haunted him all night long. They haunt anything but trouble, and disappointment, him now, long after the last good-bye had and wretchedness. 1 am sorry—sorry now, been said, and the train is sweeping away westward. Edith loves him at last. At last? There has never been a time when he and she mostly is as night draws on, she calls doubted it, but now he knows he has but to say the word, and she will lay her hand in his, and toil, and parting, and separation will end | sent.' between them for ever. But he will never say that word—what Edith Darrell in her ambition once refused, all Lady Catheron's wealth and beauty cannot win. He feels he could as easily leap from the car window and end it all, as ask Sir Victor Catheron's richly dowered widow to be his wife. She made her choice three years ago-she must abide by that choice her life long.

"And then," he thinks rather doggedly, " this fancy of mine may be only fancy. The leopard cannot change his spots, and an ambitious, mercenary woman cannot change her nature. And, as a rule, ladies of wealth and | ther and son, and of Edith's life from her wedtitle don't throw themselves away on impe- | ding-day. The twilight deepens into darkcunious dry goods clerks. No! I made an ness, the room is wrapped in shadow long beegregious ass of myself once, and once is quite enough. We have turned over a new leaf, and are not going back at this late day to Then there is a pause, and out of the gloom the old ones. With her youth, her fortune, and her beauty, Edith can return to England and make a brilliant second marriage.

And then Mr. Stuart set his lips behind his brown mustache, and unfolds the morn- your presence may do her good, -- if anything ing paper, smelling damp and nasty of printers' ink, and immerses himself fathoms deep in mercantile news and the doings of the Stock Exchange.

He reaches St. Louis in safety, and resumes the labor of his life. He has no time are engaged." to think-no time to be sentimental, if he wished to be, which he doesn't.

a poet, who knew what he was talking about. His heart is not in the least broken, nor like- hotel. ly to be; there is no time in his busy, mercantile life for that sort of thing, I repeat. He goes to work with a will, and astonishes even in a whisper that her brother has come, and himself by his energy and brisk business capacity. If he thinks of Edith at all, amid his dry-as-dust ledgers and blotters, his buying and selling, it is that she is probably on on the ocean by this time—having bidden her native land, like Childe Harold, " One

Edith has not gone, she is still in New York, be agry but do you know, though Edith would only make an effort. But she will and lifeless Oharile Strart lays his bride of a parrell always liked you. I fancy Lady Cath not, and the flame flickers and flickers and lifeless Oharile Strart lays his bride of a moment back among the pillows whether of one ven likes you better. Not that she ever very soon will go out altogether.

Says anything; bless you! she is as proud as "Let him come in," the doctor says. "He tell. ever; but we women can tell. And last night she told ma and me the story of her good." past, of her married life or rather her unmarried life-of her separation from Sir Victor on their wedding-day-think of it, Cherlie! on their wedding-day. If ever anyone in this world was to be pitied, it was he—poor fellow! And she was not to blame-reither; could have acted other than they did, that I can see. Poor Edith! poor Sir Victor! I will Tuesday, and it half breaks my heart to see her go. Oh, Charlie! Charlie! why need she

He read this letter as he smokes his cigarvery gravely, very thoughtfully, wondering a great deal, but not in the least moved from his steadfast purpose. Parted on their wedding-day! he has heard that before, but hardly credited it. It is true, then-odd that; and neither to be blamed-odder still. She has only been Sir Victor's wife in name, then, after all. But it makes no difference to him -nothing does-all that is past and goneshe flung him off once—he will never go back now. Their paths lie apart—hers over the man," he taps Charlie on the shoulder, "my hills of life, his in the dingy valleys—they have said good-bye, and it means for ever.

He goes back to his ledgers and his counting-room, and four more days pass. On the evening of the fourth day, as he leaves the store for the night, a small boy from the telegraph office waylays him, and hands him one of the well-known buff envelopes. He breaks face down on the pillow, and does not speak it open where he stands, and reads this:

"NEW YORK, Oct. 23, '70. "Charlie; Edith is lying dangerously illdying. Come back at once.

He reads, and the truth does not come to And then a grayish pallor comes over his face, minute before she can reply—then, despite from brow to chin, and he stands for a moment, staring vacantly at the paper he holds, seeing nothing-hearing nothing but these words: "Edith is dying." In that moment he knows that all his imaginary bardness and indifference have been hollow and false-a wall of pride that crumbles at a touch, and the old love, stronger than life, stronger than death, fills his heart still. He has left her, and-Edith is dying! He looks at his watch. There is an eastward-bound train in half an hour-there will be barely time to catch it. He does not return to the boarding-housebe calls a passing back, and is driven to the depot just in time. He makes no pause from that hour—he travels night and day. What is business; what the prospects of all his future life; what is the whole world now? Edith is dying.

He reaches New York at last. It seems

like a century since that telegraph came, and haggard and worn, in the twilight of the autumn day, he stands at last at his mother's home.

Trix is there—they expect him to-night, and she has waited to receive him. She looks her own, and bursts into a woman's tempest of tears.

" I-I am too late," he says in a hoarse sort of whisper.

"No," Trix answers, looking up; "not too late. She is alive still-I can say no more." "What is it?" he asks.

"It is almost impossible to say. Typhoid fever, one doctor says, and cerebro-spinal meningitis says the other. It doesn't much matter what it is, since both agree in thisthat she is dying."

Her sobs break forth again. He sits and gazes at her like a stone.

"There is no hope?" The revelation comes upon him like a this aphorism: "and, the worst of it is, she doesn't seem to care. Charlie, I believe she hands, looking at her, at the mute, infinite | wants to die-is glad to die. She seems to misery in her eyes. Some one jostles them have nothing to care for-nothing to live for. in passing, and turns and stares. It dawns | My life has been all a mistake, she said to upon him that they are in the public street; me the other day. 'I have gone wrong from first to last, led astray by my vanity, and selfishness, and ambition. It is much better that I should die, and make an end of it all. She has made her will. Charlie-she made it her—he turns a corner, the last sound of his | in the first days of her illness, and—she has

He makes no reply. He sits motionless in the twilight window, looking down at the noisy, bustling street.

"She has remembered me most generously," Trix goes softly on; "poor, darling Edith! but she has left almost all to you. It would have been an insult to offer anything in my lifetime, she said to me: but the wishes of the dead are sacred-he will not and my last wish and prayer will be for the happiness of his life.' When she is delitious, for you incessantly---asking you to come back ---begging you to forgive her. That is why I

"Does she know you sent?" he asks. "No--it was her desire you should not be told until-until all was over," Trix answered with another burst of tears; "but I couldn't do that. She says we are to bury her at Sandypoint, beside her mother—not to send her body to England. She told me, when she was dead, to tell you the story of her separation from Sir Victor. Shall I tell it to you: now. Charlie?"

He makes a motion of assent; and Trix begins, in a broken voice, and tells him the sad, strange story of the two Sir Victors, fafore she has finished. He never stirs, he never speaks, he sits and listens to the end.

he speaks at last: "May I see her, and when?"

"As soon as you come, the doctors say they refuse her nothing now, and they think can do is. Mother is with her and Nellie; Nellie has been her best friend and nurse Nellie has never left her; and Charlie," hositatingly, for something in his manner awes Trix, "I believe she thinks you and Nellie

"Stop!" he says imperiously, and Trixy rises with a sigh and puts on her hat and "Love is of man's life a thing apart," sings | shawl. Five minutes later they are in the street, on their way to Lady Catheron's

One of the medical men is in the sick-room when Miss Stuart enters it, and she tells him

is waiting without. His patient lies very low to-night-delirious at times, and sinking, it seems to him, fast. She is in a restless, fevered sleep at indescribable sadness in his. The ring is on present, and he stands looking at her with a her finger—at last she is what she should yery sombre look on his professional face. have been from the first.--Charlie's wife. long, one last, good-night." And then in In spite of his skill, and he is very skilful, the midst of it all. Trixty's first letter arrives. this case baffles him, the patient's own utter It is all Edith, from beginning to end. indifference as to whether she lives or dies to his embrace. It is a last expiring effort.

but her passage is taken, and she will leave combat. If she only longed for life, and Her head talls heavily upon his breast—there next week. "And Charile," says Trix, "don't strove to recruit—if; like Mrs. Dombey, she is a despairing cry from the women—cold

can do no harm---he may possibly do some

"Will she know him when she awakes?" Trix whispers.

He nods and turns away to where Miss Se ton stands in the distance, and Trix goes and fetches her brother in. He advances slowly, almost reluctantly it would seem, and looks down at the wan, drawn, thin face that rests there, whiter than the pillows. Great tell you all when we meet. She leaves next | Heaven | and this--this is Edith! He sinks into a chair by the bedside, and takes her wan, transparent hand in his own, with sort of groan. The light touch awakes her, the faint eyelids quiver, the large, dark eyes open and and fix on his face. The lips flutter breath-lessly apart. "Charlie!" they whisper in glad surprise, and over the death-like face there flashes for a second an electric light of

great amaze and joy: "Humph!" says the doctor, with a sur-prised grunt; "I thought it would do her no harm. If we leave them alone for a few minutes, my dear young ladies, it will do us no harm either. Mind, my young gentle-

patient is not to excite herself talking." They softly go out. It would appear the doctor need not have warned him; they don't seem inclined to talk. She lies and looks at him, delight in her eyes, and draws a long, long breath of content. For him, he holds her wasted hand a little tighter, and lays his

So the minutes pass. "Charlie," she says at last, in a faint little

whisper, "what a surprise this is. They did not tell me, you were coming. Who sent for you? when did you come?" "You're not to talk, Edith," he answers,

him-he reads it again. Edith is dying. lifting his haggard face for a moment-poor Oharlie! "Trix sent for me," Then he lays it down again. "Foolish boy!" Edith says with shining

eyes; "I do believe you are crying. don't hate me then, after all, Charlie?" "Hate you!" he can but just repeat.

"You once said you did, you know; and I deserved it. But I have not been happy, Charlie—I have been punished as I merited. Now it is all over, and it is better so-I never was of any use in the world, and never would be. You will let me atone a little for the past in the only way I can. Trix will tell you. And, by-and-by, when you are quite happy, and she is your wife-

The faint voice breaks, and she turns her face away. Even in death it is bitterer than death to give him up.

He lifts his head, and looks at her. "When she is my .wife? when who is my

wife?" he asks. "Neilie-you know," she whispers; "she is worthy of you, Charlie—indeed she is, and I never was. And she loves you and will

make you hap—"
"Stop!" he says suddenly; "you are mak ing some strange mistake, Edith. Nellie cares for me, as Trix does, and Trix is not more a sister to me than Nellie. For the rest -do you remember what I said to you that night at Killarney?"

Her lips tremble-her eyes watch him, her weak fingers close tightly over his. Remem-

ber I does she not? I said-'I will love you all my life,'I have kept my word, and mean to keep it. If I may not call you wife, I will never call, by that name, any other woman. No one in this world can ever be to me again what you were and are."

There is another pause, but the dark, uplifted eyes are radiant now.

"At last! at last!" she breathes; "when it is too late. Oh, Charlie! if the past might "While there is life there is hope. But it only come over again, how different it all would be. I think"—she says this with a weak little laugh, that reminds him of the Edith of old—"I think I could sleep more happily even in my grave—if 'Edith Stuart' were carved on my tombstone!"

> His eyes never leave her face-they light up in their dreary stillness now at these words.

"Do you mean that, Edith?" he says, bending over her; "living or dying would it make you any happier to be my wife?"

Her eyes, her face, answer him. "But it is too late," the pale lips sigh. "It is never too late," he says quietly

we will be married to-night." " Charlie !" "You are not to talk," he tells her, kissing

her softly and for the first time; "I will arrange it all. I will go for a clergyman l know, and explain everything. Oh, darling! you should have been my wife long ago—you shall be my wife at last, in spite of death it-

solf." Then he leaves her, and goes out. And Edith closes her eyes, and lies still, and knows that never in all the years that are gone has such perfect bliss been hers before. In death, at least, if not in life, she will be Charlie's wife.

He tells them very quietly, very resolutely—her father who is there from Sandypoint, his mother, sister, Nellie, and the doctor. They listen in wonder; but what can they

"The excitement will finish her-mark my words," is the doctor's verdict; "1 will never countenance any such melodramatic proceed-

But his countenance does not matter, it seems. The laws of the Medes were not more fixed than this marriage. The clergyman comes, a very old friend of the family, and Charlie explains all to him. He listens with quiet gravity—in his experience a deathbed marriage is not at all an unprecedented occurrence. The hour fixed is ten, and Trixy and Nellie go in to make the few possible

preparations. The sick girl lifts two wistful eyes to the gentle face of Nellie Seton. It is very pale, but she stoops and kisses her with her own

sweet smile. "You will live now for his sake," she whis-

pers in that kiss. . . They decorate the room and the bed with flowers, they brush away the dark soft hair, they array her in a dainty embroidered nightrobe, and prop her up with pillows. There is the fever fire on her wan cheeks, the fever fire in her shining eyes. But she is unutterably happy—you have but to look into her face to see that. Death is forgotten in her new bliss.

The bridegroom comes in, pale and unsmiling—worn and haggerd beyond the power of words to tell; Trix, weeping incessantly, stands near; her mother and Mr. Darrell are at one side of the bed. Nellie is bridesmaid. What a strange, sad, solemn wedding it is! The clergyman takes out his book and begins-bride and bridegroom clasp hands; her radiant eyes never leave his face. Her faint replies flutter on her lips-there is an -He bends torward and takes her in his arms.

being one of the hardest things he has to her weak class relaxes, there is one faint gasp.

CHPTER XI. THE NIGHT.

At first they thought her dead-but it was not death. She awoke from-from that long death-like swoon as morning broke—so near, urto death that it seemed the turning of a hair might weigh down the scale. And so for days after it was-for weary miserable days and nights. The great reaction after the great excitement had come, all consciousness had left her, she lay white and still, scarcely moving, scarcely breathing. The one beloved voice fell as powerless on her dulled ears now as all others, the dim almost lifeless eyes, that opened at rare intervals, were blank to the whole world. She lay in a species of stupor, or come, from which it was something more than doubtful if she ever would awake. The few spoonfuls of beef-tea and brandy and water she took they forced between her clenched teeth, and in that darkened room of the great hotel, strangely, solemnly quiet, Life and Death fought their sharp battle over her unconscious head.

And for those who loved her, her father, her friends, and one other, nearer and dearer than father or friend, how went those darkest days for them? They could hardly have told-all their after life they looked back, with a sick a drunken man, and made for the door. He

be able to recall, to realize the agony of those reigned. Through the windows he could seesix days—days that changed his whole nature -his whole life.

They watched with her unceasingly-death might come at any moment. There were times when they bent above her, holding their own breath, sure that the faint thread had already snapped-times when they held a mirror to her lips to be sure she breathed at all. For her new-made husband, he never left her except when nature succumbed to the exhaustion of ceaseless vigil, and they forced him away. He forgot to eat or sleep, he sat tearless and still as a stone by the bedside, almost as bloodless, almost as wan and hollow-eyed as the dying bride herself. The doctors stood silent, their skill falling powerless

"She needed only the excitement of this most preposterous marriage to finish her," one of them growled; "I said so at the time—I say so now. She had one chance for life-perfect quiet—and that destroyed it."

On the fourth day, a letter from England, in a woman's hand, and deeply bordered with black, arrived. Edith, in the first days of her illness, had told Trix to open all her letters. She would have passed the power over to her brother now, but he waved it away impatiently. What did it matter whom it was fromwhat it contained—what did anything matter

His haggard eyes went silently back to the marble face lying among its pillows, so awfully still.

Trixy opened and read it. It was from Inez Catheron, and announced the death of her aunt, the Lady Helena Powyss.

"Her end was perfect peace," said she letter; "and in her will, she has left her large fortune divided, equally between you and me. If possible, it would be well for you to return to England as speedily as may be. If wealth can make you happy—and I hope at least it will aid-my dearest Edith, you will have it. For me, I join a charitable Sisterhood here in London, and will try to devote the remainder of my life to the relief of my suffering and poor fellow-creatures. As to the rest, if you care at all to know, my brother reigns at Catheron Royals now! He is, in all is gone. His wife and children are all that can be desired.

"Farewell, my dear cousin. When you return to London come to the enclosed address, and see me. No one will welcome you more "INEZ CATHERON." gladly than

So another large fortune had been left to Edith—she was rich now beyond her wildest dreams. Rich! And yonder she lay, and all the gold of earth, powerless to add a second to her life. What a satire it seemed. Youth, beauty, and boundless wealth were hers, and all were vain-vain!

The seventh night brought the crisis. "This can hold out no longer," the physician said; "before morning we will know the end, whether it is to be life or death."

"Then—there is hope yet?" Trix replies with clasped hands. He looked at her gloomily and turned away, the meaningless formula on his lips :

"While there is life there is hope." "It will be little less than a miracle if she lives though," the other added; "and the days of miracles are over. Hope if you like-

but—' "You had better not let him sit up tonight," said the first physician, looking compassionately at Charlie; "he won't be able

to stand it. He is worn out now, poor fellow, and looks fit for a sick bed himself." "He knows it is the crisis. Trixy answered: "he won't go."

"He has watched the last two nights," Miss Seton interposed; "he must go, doctor; leave me an opiate-I will administer it. If -if the worst comes, it will be but a moment's work to arouse him." The doctor obeyed.

"I will return at day-dawn," he said, "if a fancy of the fever after all."

she be still alive. If not, send me word." The twilight was falling. Solemn and shadowy it crept into the sombre, silent room. They went back to the bedside, pale and tearless; they had wept, it seemed, until they could weep no more. This last night the two girls were to watch alone.

She lay before them. Dead and in her shroud she would never look more awfully death-like than now. He sat beside her-ah, poor Charlie! in a sort of dull stupor of misery, utterly worn out. The sharp pain seemed over-the long, dark watches, when his passionate prayers had ascended for that dear life, wild and rebellious may be, when he had wrestled with an agony more bitter than death, had left their impress on his life for ever. He could not let her go--he could not! "O God I" was the ceaseless cry of his soul, have mercy-spare!"

Nellie Seton's cool, soft hands fell lightly on his head-Nellie's, soft, gentle voice spoke:

"Charlie, you are to leave us for a little, and lie down. You must have some rest, be it my sister, and Charlie's wife!" ever so short; and you have had nothing to eat, I believe, all day; you will let me prepare something and take it, and go to your room.

might to a child. He lifted his eyes, full of ward. I think if you had died he would have dull, infinite misery, to them. "Tonight?" he answered: "the last night! I will not go."

"Only for an hour then," she pleaded "there will be no change. For my sake, With all her dying strength she lifts herself | Charlie!"

All her goodness, all her patience, came

back to him. He pressed her hand in his own gratefully, and arose. "For your sake Nellie, then—for no other But you promise to call me if there is the slightest change?"

"I promise Drink this and go."
She gave him a glass of mulled wine, con

heard his door, further down the passage, open and shut—then both drew a deep breath. "Thank Heaven," Trix said; "I couldn't bear to see him here to night. Nellie, if she dies it will kill him-just that."

taining the opiate. He drank it and left the

room. They listened breathlessly until they

The girl's lips quivered. What Charlie had been to her—how wholly her great generous, loving heart had gone out to him. not even Trix ever knew. The dream of her life's best bliss was at an end for ever. Whether Edith Stuart lived or died no other woman would ever take her place in his heart.

The hours of the night wore on. Oh! those solemn night watches by the dying bed of those we love! The faint lamp flickers, deepest stillness reigns, and on his bed, dressed as he was, Charlie lies deeply, dreamlessly asleep.

It was daylight when he woke-the dawn of a cloudless November day. He sat up in bed suddenly, for a moment, bewildered, and stared before him. Only for a moment—then he remembered all. The night bad passed, the morning had come. They had let him sleep-it seemed he could sleep while she lay dying so near. Dying! Who was to tell him that in yonder distant room Edith was not lying dead? He rose up, recling like shudder, to that week.

For Charlie Stuart, he never wants to look back—never to the last day of his life will he hold were not yet astir. Protound stillness the bright morning sky, all finshed red and golden with the first radiance of the rising sun. And in that room there lay-what? death or life?

> He stood suddenly still, and looked at the closed door. He stood there motionless, his eyes fixed upon it, unable to advance another

It opens abruptly, quickly but noiselessly, and Nellie Seton's pale face looked out. At, sight of him she came forward. He asked no mestions-his eves looked at her full of a fumb agony of questioning she never forgot.

"Charlie!" she exclaimed, coming nearer. The first ray of the rising sun streaming through the windows fell full upon her pale ace, and it was as the face of an angel. "Charlie!" she repeated, with a great tear-

less sob, holding out both hands; "oh, bless God! the doctor says we may—hope!" He had braced himself to hear the worstnot this. He had made one step forward and fell at her feet like a stone.

CAPTER XII. THE MORNING.

They might hope. The night had passed, the morning had come and she still lived. You would hardly have thought so to look at her as she lay, deathly white, deathly still But as the day broke she had awakened from a long sleep, the most natural and refreshing she had known for weeks, and looked up into the pale anxious face of Trix with the faint shadow of a smile. Then the eyelids swayed and closed in sleep once more, but she had recognized Trix for the first time in days—the on his head, I give you my word! And then

crisis was over and hope had come. They would not let her see him. Only low must make a fortune if he hasn't one; but while she slept would they allow him now to surely there is something wrong about butenter her room. Edith was not to die, and tons. I don't think I ever quite got over heaven and his own grateful, happy heart | it." only knew how infinitely blessed he was in that knowledge. After the long, bitter night -after the darkness and the pain-light and a truer nobility in talent than in mere birth morning had come. Edith would live-all was said in that.

"There are some remedies that are either kill or cure in their action," the old doctor respects, a changed man, and, will not, I said, giving Charlie a facetious poke. "Your ink, be an unworthy successor of him who marriage was one of them, young man. I bility in Charteris's nose? And though his thought it was Kill-it turns out it was Cure.'

For many days no memory of the past returned to her-her existence was as the existence of a new-born babe, spent alternatively in taking food and sleep. Food she took with eager avidity after her long starvation, and then sank back again into profound re-

freehing slumber.
"Let her sleep," said the doctor, with a complacent nod; "the more the better. It's Nature's way of repairing damages."

There came a day at last when thought and ecollection began to struggle back—when she had strength to lie awake and think. More than once Trix caught the dark eyes fixed in silent wistfulness upon her-a question in them her lips would not ask. Miss Stuart guessed it, and one day spoke:

"What is it, Dithy?" she said; "you look as if you wanted to say something, you very estimable character. Fast, wasn't she? "How-how long have I been sick?" was

Edith's question. "Nearly five weeks, and an awful life you've the pretty and good-humored and run after by led us, I can tell you! Look at me—worn to men. One has to squint nowadays and weat skin and bone. What do you suppose you red hair, and sit in a corner, if one wants to will have to say for yourself when Angus escape calumny. I always thought her charm-

Edith smiled faintly, but her eyes still kept their wistful look.

"I suppose I was delirious part of the time, Trixy? "Stark, staring crazy—raving like a lunatic at full moon! But you needn't look so concerned about it-we've changed all that.

You'll do now." " $Y \in S_i$ " she said it with a sigh, "you have all been very kind to me. I suppose its only

" What?"

"I-Trixy! don't laugh at me, but I thought Charlie was here. "Did you?', responded Trix; "the most natural thing in life. He is here." Her eyes lighted—her lips parted—a question trembled upon them, but she hesitated.

"Go on," said Miss Stuart enjoying it all; there's something else on your mind. Speak up, Edie! don't be ashamed of yourself." "I am afraid you will laugh this time,

Trixy-I know it is a dream, but I thought Charlie and I were—" "Yes," said Trixy; "were—what?" "Married then!" with a faint little laugh. Don't tell him, please, but it seems-it seems so real, I had to tell you."

She turned her face away. And Trixy, with suspicious dimness in her eyes, stooped down and kissed that thin wan face. "You poor little Dithy!" she said: " you

do like Charlie, don't you? no, it's not a dream-you were married nearly a fortnight ago. The hope of my life is realized -you are There was a little panting cry-then she

covered her face with her hands and lay still.

" He is outside," answered Trix; " you don't know what a good boy he has been-so pa-She spoke to him coaxingly, almost as she tient—and all that. He deserves some redied too-Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy over again. Not that I much believe in broken hearts where men are concerned, either,' pursued Trix, growing cynical; "but this seems an exceptional case. He's awfully fond of you, Dithy, 'pon my word he is. I only hope Angus may go off in a dead faint the

first time I'm sick and get better, as he did the other day. We haven't let him in much lately, for fear of agitating you, but I think," says Trix, with twinkling eyes, "you could stand it now—couldn't you Mrs. Stuart?" верв (To be Continued.)

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS

By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER I.

"Tis well to be bonnic and wise,
"Tis well to be honest and true;
"Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new,"

"I'm tired of it all; I think I shall settle down and marry Kitty," says Sir John, his voice coming lazily through the small silvery cloud of smoke that curls upwards from his

lips.
"The idea is charming," replies his cousin,
"So is your modesty. But with a half-smile; "so is your modesty. But Miss Kitty—are you quite sure she will ac-

"One is never quite sure of anything, dear boy, in these degenerate days, but as nearly as possible I think I am sure of Kitty. She is not the sort to play fast and loose with any man. She is very honest, and very real, and er—quite different from the usual run of women," winds up Sir John, pleasantly, un. women, which the strength is paltry, inasmuch as all men say this—and think it—of the women they chance at the moment to love. "Yes, the others are a poor lot," says

Arthur, faint amusement in his tone. "And you believe Miss Tremaine likes you." "I think so. I hope so. And at all events I am utterly positive I like her, and—that's all," finishes Sir John, rather abruptly, the ash of his cigar having grown beyond all bearing. He shakes it off gently, and, leaning back in

his chair awaits his cousin's answer. "I thought you were equally positive about Miss Lisle, the year before last,-Mrs. Charteris, I mean."

"Was I?" Laughing slightly. "I hardly remember. My mind was never my strong point." "If I were in love with a woman I don't

think I should get over it so easily, says Arthur, meditatively. "But was I in love with Fancy Charteris? I almost forgot. No, I think not-not

really." "You were terribly epris, at all events. "Not even that. I confess I rather affected her society, because she was the most afford ing person I knew; but no more. For instance, I don't recollect the time I ever envied that elderly gentleman she called

Robert.'" "Charteris, you mean. For my own part, I always liked what I knew of him—which

was very little." "So did I, for that matter. He was what one would call sterling, I dare say; but

"Yes?" "There was a good deal of him, wasn't there?" says Sir John, plaintively. "He was all over the place. I never met so aggres. sively thriving a person, except, perhaps, in the matter of hair; and he was bald! Even there, you see, he excelled, because he was the baldest man I ever saw,—not a single hair I can't forget the buttons! Of course a fel-

"I rather admire self-made men," says Arthur, with an attempt at severity. "There is

---which, after all, is but an accident." "I entirely agree with you. That is quite the sort of thing a man ought to say who is well-born himself. So liberal, you know, and that. But frankly, now, was there true nofortune was, surely there was no necessity why his clothes should look-self-made. And why on earth couldn't he try Mrs. Allen, or somebody, and cover his head? I never could imagine what Fancy saw in him."

"His money, I suppose," says Arthur, contemptuously. Sir John regards him reflectively. He seldom troubles himself to think, but just now it dos occur to him that his cousin's tone is un-

pleasant. "What did Mrs. Charteris do to you?" he

asks, pleasantly. Blunden smiles. "You think me severe," he says; "but the fact is, I never saw Mrs. Charteris, and only knew her husband very slightly before his But marriage. So I am not speaking through personal pique; but, from all I have ever heard of her, I should not imagine her a

Εh?" " Not a bit of it." says Sir John. " People always say that of a woman if she happens to ing. You knew the Lisles: how did you

escape meeting Fancy?" "Being abroad so much, I suppose. I really think I haven't been through a regular London season for seven years."

"And now you are going away again. You don't let us see too much of you, old boy, do

you?" "I am a restless beggar," says Arthu, flinging away the end of his cigar and stretching his arms above his head. "I can't content myself for long anywhere. But I shan't give you the chance of forgetting me this time. Let me see: this is August, and I dare say I shall be back again about the beginning of May. By the bye, if it does come off, shall I be in time for your wed

ding ?" "I hardly think so. If Kitty says 'Yes' shall marry straight away. We have known each other quite long enough for that, you

know." "Three months, is it not?" "An eternity, as we judge now."

"Look here, Jack," says Arthur Blunden, somewhat earnestly. "Before proposing to Miss Tremaine I would see Mrs. Charteris again if I were you. used to talk a good deal of her is the old days, I remember; and you wer considerably cut up when she maried Charteris; and—I always thought there was something in it. I cannot altogether dives myself of that idea even now; and I certainly think it will be swkward if, when you mee her later or, you still find you feel senti mentally disposed towards her. She is a widow now, you told me. Take my advice and try it all over again with her first before saying anything serious to Kitty Tremsine. "I had no idea you were such a careful man," returns Sir John, with an amused laugh "And what an objectionable 'again?" don't believe I ever tried anything with Fane, Charteris, and I know she never cared the

very least for me." "In that case I wish you luck with his Tremaine," says Arthur, slowly. "She is beyond doubt charming, and is almost the (Continued on Third Page.)