A GIRL WITH A FORTUNE. BY JUSTIN McCARTHY.

Author of " Miss Misanthrope," " Maid of Athens," dec.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued

"Well, I must say I don't. One may be content to get a wound for one's flag, but I don't quite understand a positive delight in getting it. No : I give it up, Georgie. "You do? You can't even guess?" He looked disappointed. "Can't you understand that I was glad because I thought, if I did not die, I should probably be sent home?" She did look surprised indeed now.

Sent home? Because you were to be sent home? But were you really so homesick as all that? To want to go home-and a campaign going on; and one's friend in the thick of it! My dear Georgie, I don't believe a word of it."

"That is why I asked if you thought me a coward," he said gravely. "What I am saying is true; I was longing to get home."
"Well, it wasn't out of cowardice, that's

certain. There are not any cowards like that; and even if there were you couldn't be one. It was something else. Do tell me; though I wish you hadn't begun to tell me anything; for I don't like mysteries; and I always gness wrong when I have to guess at

"I was longing to get back to England" Camiola, because I was longing to get back

to you; because I love you." He took her hand in his; she was too much astonished to withdraw it at once. He looked into her wondering eyes; the moon shone upon his thin, delicate, boyish face, and on the wasted cheeks which now even in the pale moolight showed themselves suffused with a girl-like blush of conflicting emotions. Camiola did not at first realize the full meaning of what was passing, and of which she was a part. She was for a moment almost inclined to laugh. But she began to understand the story told by those eager eyes and that delicate flushed face and the trembling of the hot hand that held her own. Then she felt as if she could not keep from bursting into tears. It was all so utterly unexpected; it was all so bewildering ; so destracting ; so

"Oh George, my dear Georgie," she mur-mured, drawing away her hand, "I never thought of this."

I know you never did; I never tried to make you think of it before. I held my tongue, Camiola; and do you know why? Let me take your hand again-you won't? You are angry with me ? "

she said, in a low sad voice. "No, no, "Why should I be angry? But this is a great misfortune, Georgie, for you and for

"Why should it be a misfortune?" He spoke now in more assured and eager tones, no longer tremulous, all having been told. "Why should it be a misfortune? All my people love you; my mother loves you. You don't love me as I love you, I know that; and the right sort of love will come in time. You don't dislike me!" for something in the look of her face made him stop with this sudden question.

"Dislike you, Georgic, my dear friend, my brother, and more than brother? Oh, what a question. I am very fond of you, you know that very well."

"Then why should this be a misfortune I shall be only too well content with the kind of love you can give me for the present; I can wait till the other love comes; I can be happy with you even if it never comes.'

I wish you had told me all this before," she said, with something like impatience in footsteps on the gravel walk, and she a man ber tones. "What is the good of making

mysteries about things?"
"I would have told you long ago, only I thought if I asked you to marry me people might think it was because of your

"My fortune! There again; my fortune! I wish my fortune was at the bottom of the sea or-or-yes, that the devil had it," Camiola exclaimed, losing all sense of the seemliness of words in her excitement. "There. 1 oughtn't to have said that, and I wish I hadn't said it; but I feel it all the same; and matter what people said ? kind, generous Mr. Lisle? I think you had

But George Lisle did not now interpret her meaning thus. "Surely, Camiola, he pleaded in a voice not much like that of a hopeful lover, "it cannot be too late. Nothing has happened to make any change.

"You don't know; how could you? It is too late; it is ever so much too late.'

But, Camiola-Camiola; my lovo -"Oh don't talk in that way you must not. It is too late. If you had told me this sooner;

before you went away !" "Would you have married me?" he asked in very doubtful tones.

"I would; yes, I would! I was always very fond of you; as fond as if you were my brother; and I would have married you to please you, and to please Lady Letitia, and to please Janette, if it would have pleased them. Do you think I could have refused you if you wished it. and Lady Lotitia? Do you think I could have sent you away disappointed, and offended her? Oh. no."

"Then why must you refuse me now?" For he feared he was refused; refused once and

"Can't you guess?" She turned her eyes away from his. She looked sadly enough along the path of light which the moon made

on the quiet river. "You love some one else?"

" Yes, Georgie."

away ?" "Yes, Georgie."

"Oh, but it cannot be-there is nobody." He never thought of Albert Roment. He had mont was still bending over the wounded been jealous of Romont's popularity with the youth, and was holding a handkerchief tightly whole family, Camiola included, but it had not occurred to his harmless egotism to sus-

pect anything else.

in the world; and what I say is true—only too true—I wish it were not; I wish from my heart that I were free to marry you, if it were only to please Lady Letitia. But you spoke too late, my dear boy; you spoke too late." She turned her face to him now with a tender and a pitying expression, and he saw that tears of genuine emotion were spark-

a strange smile, and she shook her head as if in vain protest over the unfair dealings of the destinies. "About forty-eight hours, Georgie, more or less. I think if when you were telegraphing your arrival at Southampton you I should have met you when you came with a yes and a kiss."

"But this is impossible; this is absurd, Camiola. You can't have fallen madly in love in the meantime."

"Can't I, Georgie? Oh, but I can though; and what is more and worse, my dear boy, I She was making a desperate effort to have." keep up her courage and be lively.
"But there is nobody!" he exclaimed,

angrily. "Who is it, Camiola?" he demanded, rather inconsistently with the spirit of his positive assertion.

"That, Georgie, is a question you musn't ask; at all events, I don't mean to answer it. gering as he said the words; "I'm sure I I haven't been unkind to you, dear George; can. dear brother, you will not be unkind to your

"Still, if we are brother and sister, I ought

to know," he urged, despairingly. "No, my dear, you ought not to know; it word about it; and you won't let her know anything, Georgie; I know you won't for my sake? I am a very unhappy girl, and I am making you unhappy; but it isn't my fault; and oh, please forgive me and don't let Lady

Letitia know. "Does-does-he know?" George got out the word with a great effort and after more

than one spasm. ly changed into its familiar kindliness and frankness. "He does not know," she said; are." She drew away at first as if the question and he never shall know so far as I can help it. It would be impossible that he could have the faintest idea; and I am ashamed of encourage me into telling you any more. I don'f believe any other girl in the world would have told even her brother as much as I have told you to-night, if she were in my place. Now, Georgie, let us go in; and let us not say any more about this wretched business ever again. You don't want me to marry you now, Georgie, any more, do you?" She looked to him with a wan smile on her sad

ace.
"No," the young man exclaimed with a burst of hysterical passion; "I don't-oh,

yes, I do—Í do." Then he sent forth a cry like that of a woman, and he threw his arms wildly up and staggered and fell crash on the gravel walk. In his excitement he had caused his wound to reopen and the blood was crimsoning the front of his shirt. Camiola did not call out or utter a word. She got down on her knees beside him and was setting herself to get the neck of his shirt open and to give him air. She thought he had merely fainted, and she had always heard that one must not try to raise a person who has fainted, but keep the fallen one in a recumbent position, and secure freedom of breathing and plenty of air. But she soon found her hands covered with some horrible dew, and she could see in the clear moonlight that it was blood. She knew what had happened; his wound had broken out into bleeding again. But she did not know what might appen; she did not know that he might die in her arms. Yet she would not cry out; and even in that moment of dread and agony her first thought was for his mother, for dear Lady Letitia, for the wild alarm it might bring upon her. "Oh, if only somebody, anybody would come! Did no one, no one but he and she think of coming into the open air on such a night as that? Was no one coming her way? If he were to die?"—— At the thought she bent over him and kissed his pale lips again and again, and called him by fond names, such as a sister lavishes on a parting brother. And while she was kissing him she heard

nd a woman near. "Oh, come here!" she called, in a low. clear voice, meant only to be heard by those who were near and not to alarm a whole

crowded company.

Mrs. Pollen and Mr. Romont approached. Romont, without staying to ask a question, or indeed to speak a word, got down on his

knces beside Čamiola.

CHAPTER VIIII .- BREAKING UP. Camiola had not noticed at first who it was that came to her assistance. She recognized you drive me to it, George. What did it Mrs. Pollen before she looked at Romont matter what people said? Who would have When she did see him she started and exbelieved it? Do you think I should have claimed, "Mr. Romont!" in a tone of surprise pelieved it? Do you think your mother and something like alarm. This was not lost would have believed it; or Janette; or dear, on Mrs. Pollen. Romont and she had come suddenly on Camiola and George; had no right to keep this thing to yourself all turned round the corner of a path of cedars, this long time. If you were really in love with me, why didn't you say so, and tallen lover. They had both seen Camiola not let things go in this absurd sort of way?" kiss poor George's pallid face. Neither not let things go in this absurd sort of way?" kiss poor George's pallid face. Neither
One might have thought from her words and her tones that she was enraged at having moment; the pair might have been husband somehow lost the chance of marrying him. and wife, or brother and sister. But when Romont dropping on his knees saw that he was beside Camiola Sabine, and that she had been kissing young Lisle, the wounded hero come back from the wars, he naturally drew the only conclusion that seemed at the time fairly open to rational man's acceptance. Such conclusion, too, Mrs. Pollen might have drawn if she had not seen and appreciated the look of pain and shame which came over Camiola's face, like a wet, wan cloud over the moon, when the girl saw that Romont was near her. anything of women, I know what that means. Mrs. Pollen said to horself. "There will be some pretty playing at cross-purposes going on here presently if some one doesn't intervene in time." It did not take long to make up her mind any more than to come to her conclusions; and she made up her mind that if no one else intervened in time she would.

"Yes; I see;" Romont quietly answered; "his wound has taken to bleeding again. He it. mayn't be any the worse for that perhaps. We may lift him now, I think; he is recovering himself; the faint is nearly over. Mrs.

Pollen, suppose you kindly come and take his head in your lap?"
"Certainly," Mrs. Pollen answered with promptness and perfect composure. She sat "Some one you didn't know when I went quietly down on the gravel walk, and raised the boy's head tenderly, and took it in her lap. "Why, it's Georgie Lisle," she whispered. Camiola was now standing up; Rosqueezed against that part of the lad's shoulder from which the blood was cozing; the

rush of blood had ceased. pect anything else.

'Camiola, you are not serious; you are only making an excuse. There is something ly; closed them again; opened them anew less languidly, and said 'Camiola?"

"Here, Georgie, near you," Camiola said; 'you are better, are you not? Your wound pegan to bleed a little ---"

"I'm all right," he murmured; "it's nothing; I don't care about the wound—it "No; "thought Mrs. Pollen, "it isn't that." isn't that,

He became aware of the fact that Camiola murmured between her teeth. "Must I and he were not any longer alone, and he always hear of it?" ling in her eyes.

"Have I been long too late?" He looked made an attempt to rise; but Mrs. Pollen

away; he did not wish to embarrass her by letting her know that he had seen her tears, on earth am I;?", he asked with a curiosity But she would not have heeded; just arousing itself from that languor which comes after a faint, and which takes every

thing for granted and is puzzled by nothing.
"You are lying in the lap of a woman old enough to be your mother," Mrs. Pollen informed him; "and two minutes' walk from a room where you will be able to go in a very few seconds. Mr. Romont says there is no harm done; and he understands things, and I think he is right; and I have seen a few wounded men myself in my time."

Give me your hand, old man," Romont said, as he saw George trying to rise—"all right. Miss Sabine"-Camiola was making an instinctive movement to come to the rescue-also—"I'll take care of him. We'll get him quietly into a bed; and then I'll have a sur-geon come and see him at once. There's sure to be a surgeon of some kind in all that crowd yonder; nobody ever saw a crowd like that without a doctor of some sort in it."

"I can walk all right," George said, stag-

"Still you may as well lean on my arm, Romont said

"And on mine," added Mrs. Pollen; and she offered him an arm which was as strong as it was white and shapely. Camiola felt as if is a woman's secret altogether; it is my she were left out in the cold. She was now secret; I wouldn't tell even Lady Letitia a beginning to wonder what they could have she were left out in the cold. She was now thought of her. They must have seen her kiss poor Georgie. What did that matter? Was he not almost her brother? Was he not to all appearance dying at the time? Still they were perhaps not exactly in possession of all the facts of the case; they certainly were not would they think of her; what would he

think of her? " I'm awfully jolly now," George St. George

"his business in life is to go about helping people—it's his trade; and for me I am almyself-and there, don't ask me any more or | ways delighted to have a chance of doing

anything for a good-looking young man."
"Look here," Romont suggested, "can't we sneak into the house in some quiet way ; down the chimney or somehow-so that we mayn't be seen and this boy's mother get frightened? You know your way about; it's your own homestead."

"Yes; but my foot isn't on my native heath, and I have only just got hold of the place; and, oh, here's Mr. Pilgrim; he knows all about it."

Mr. Pilgrim had come mooning out of the house at odds with all the festivity and tired of the crowd. He was put in possession of the facts, and he undertook to conduct George utterly unseen into a remote and quiet room where he could lie on a bed until a surgeon came, and he promised to find a surgeon in a moment.

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed Camiola, with sparkling eyes; "thank you so much, dear, dear Mr. Pilgrim, what a treasure you are; you always are." Filgrim's bloodless cheek did not indeed redden, but a positive spasm came over his face and his lips trembled. "The very thing I might have expected!"

Mrs. Pollen. Said to her own soul; "just as I thought first. We must really get this young lady to moderate the transports of her gratitude."

Georgie was conveyed away by Romont and Pilgrim. Mrs. Pollen and Camiola remained standing on the steps of one of the side doors of the house. They were in shadow; there were but few lights in the windows on that side : the sounds of the music and the various movements came on Camiola's ear clearly enough to bring sense of companionship and shelter and protection with them, but not loudly enough to suggest interruption. She felt that she must say something to Mrs. Pollen; it would be impossible not to offer some explanation; to let matters stand just as they understand her. Also she had somehow got the idea into her mind that Mrs. Pollen did not much like her. It was not pleasant, therefore, to have to humble herseif to explanations and to endeavor to propitiate Mrs. Pollen, but it had to be done.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued "I am afraid you will be inclined to form

wrong conclusions," she began, "about me, and about George Lisle. You saw me kiss him?" "Yes, I saw you kiss him," Mrs. Pollen

said: "more than once, too. What matter, Miss Sabine? I shan't tell. I think to kiss and tell is not a bit worse than to see a kiss and tell. "But it isn't that." Camiola answered something hotly; "I don't care about being

seen; I don't care if all the people saw me kiss him. Then, I have known him a long time, and I am very fond of him, and he fainted, and I thought he was going to die, and why shouldn't I kiss him?" "I am sure, my dear young lady, I know no reason why you shouldn't. I daresay I

should have kissed him myself out of pure sympathy under the same conditions, although I have not known him a long time and am not particularly fond of him.

"But it isn't that," Camiola interrupted. "Oh, it isn't that. Then what is it ?" " Well, perhaps you will think that George

Lisle and I are engaged; that we are lovers."
"I don't think," said Mrs. Pollen quietly, ' anything of the kind."

"I am very glad."
"I don't think you are engaged; and I don't believe you are lovers ; at least, I don't believe that you are in love with him. If it comes to that I know you are not." She lifted her eyes on Camiola's face. Camiola felt herself tremulous under the bold, deep

My dear Miss Sabine," Mrs. Pollen said; "We were walking here; and he fainted," "I don't want to know any of your secrets; Camiola stammered; "and he had been at least I didn't; but I can't help knowing wounded you know —" know it; and you know now that I know

> "Oh for pity's sske; oh for Heaven's sake," Camiola implored, and she put her hands instinctively over her eyes. For Mrs. Pollen was right; Camiola felt too truly that Mrs. Pollen knew already that secret which twenty-four hours ago, two hours, she did not quite know herself. The sudden pang of shame which made her cry out Romont's name when she saw him kneeling beside her, and knew that he had seen her kiss George Lisle had first made her certain that she was in love with him.

"It does not matter my knowing it," Mrs. Pollen said. "Nobody will be any the wiser of it for me. I wouldn't have breathed a word of this to you, but that I do think it is right, and the part of one who wishes you well, to put you a little on your guard." "On my guard against what?" Camiola

asked with returning defiance, and meeting Mrs. Pollen's look now boldly enough. "Against yourself, my dear, and for the sake of others. I know that you are no flirt or commonplace beauty of any kind; I don't believe you are even very vain—for a hand-some girl with a fortune, that is to say——" "Oh, that everlasting fortune!" Camiola

her fan. "It is a nulsance to be rich, at least I find

and some brains. Makeiup your mind about this young Liale."

"My mind is made up ;, I told him so." "Yes; I thought as much. Well, then keep to your resolve; you won't find it easy; young man-or any man whom you don't love. For the man you do love, why, let things go good girl, let them alone. Keep clear of them, whatever their class. They are men, not stocks or stones. You are full of kindness, I know, but a handsome woman's kindness may sometimes kill a man. There, that's enough-Don't be angry with me for talking to you like a mother. I wish to heaven I were your mother. Well, Mr. Pilgrim, is our young mother. Well, Mr. Pilgrim, is our young patient all right? Thanks, I am so glad to hear it, Come, Miss Sabine, we had better go in. Fine as the night is, we have lungs and throats you know." She swept Camiola away with her, and they were presently immersed in the maddening crowd.

Camiola was for a while a solutely silent. The whole conditions of life seemed to have changed in a moment for her. She was as one who has suddenly been taken into charge by some being from another world, and is not as yet quite certain whether it is Goethe's in possession of some of the facts; and what Mephiatopheles or Massinger's Angelo; a spirit of darkness or a spirit of light,

As Christian Pilgrim stood in the shadow he was joined by Romont, who had just left

(leorge "He's all right," Romont said; "he is not going to die this time; he'll be able to walk home presently, and nobody will know that

anything happened to him."
"It's a pretty bad wound," Pilgrim said

shaking his head. "I wish to heaven I had the wound," Romont said, "and the balsam." He was thinking of the kisses he had seen laid on the lips of prostrate George Lisle. "And I suppose the fellow doesn't even know he got them," he thought in his own mind. "They would have wakened me out of the sleep of

death, I verily believe." "What do you mean, Mr. Romont!" Pil-grim asked timidly; "what talsam?" He understood a meaning in Romont's words, but not their meaning, and Romont's expression

puzzled him. "Nothing in particular; at least never mind, old man. The world has some lucky

fellows, Pilgrim." "I am sure you are one of the very luckiest Mr. Romont; the happiest at least. The world is very kind to you, and you are very

kind to the world." "Well, I haven't much to complain of, and that's a fact," said Romont, cheerily. "You look rather out of sorts, Pilgrim. But then you always look out of sorts, it's a way you have. Do you know that I have a kind of idea you were scared by the sight of that poor lad's blood? I am used to that. I have car-

ried the Geneva Cross." "I think you have done everything, Mr. Romont," his admirer said. They were a curious contrast: the one all youth and health and animation, a living illustration of the fusion of fire and clay; the other wasted, prematurely old, depressed, hopeless.

"There's one thing I mean not to do just now, if I can help it, Pilgrim, my Christian hero

"And that is Mr. Romant?" "I mean not to make a fool of myself, Romont answered, and Pilgrim could not get him to say any more on the subject.

The gardens, which had been so lonely when the festivity was at its height, were now crowded, for the party was breaking up, did. Camiola did not as yet much like Mrs. and the guests were going away. The band Pollen; thought her fibro rather coarse; did was playing "God Save the Queen," and this not understand her; had not even tried to was understood to be a signal of parting. A sort coming in and going out. The brougham understand her. Also she had somehow got of cloud of men, women, and children was had to drive slowly, to Walter's great delight. breaking over the garden. The cloud soon melted into living streams along the broad gravel walks under the cedars. There was much talking, but it was subdued in tone. The familiarity which had been just beginning to grow up in the minds of the humbler guests during their hours within doors suddenly deserted them again as they came into the open air, the shadow of the stately old trees and the vicinity of the Rector's carriage and his departing family. George Lisle was able to go home with his people, and none of them knew anything of what had happened to him. Walter Fitzurse kept with them to the last. He had handed Janette to the carriage, and on thrown carelessly over their arms. Fitzurse the way thither was trying to summon up ccurage enough to ask her for a flower from her fading bouquet; but he had not found the courage while the opportunity remained, and

he had to abandon the idea Mr. Lisle and Georgie were walking home, the distance being but short. Walter was turning away somewhat depressed in mood, having failed to ask for the flower when he

came face to face with Romont.

"You're not going to bed yet, I dare say.
I'm not; that's flat. Come along with me to the club; or stay, we'll go to my rooms, we'll be quieter there. I have got a little brougham here which will ratile us over in no time. It he would be shown into a house with one isn't mine, but my mother's ; only I make use of it a good deal for her now and then, as indeed I do of most things that are here and

that I can make any use of."
"He put his hand on Walter's arm, and

was leading him away.

It was clear that Romont did not suppose Walter to be a resident of that quarter, and Walter could not summon up courage enough to tell him the truth. Walter was not at all inclined to say that he would be expected to escort one of the poor little girls of Fitzurseham to her home. Nor on the other hand did it seem probable to Walter that his new friend would often be in that region again, and he was determined, come what would, to transfer himself to another and different quarter at once. So they made their way through a little crowd at the gate. Walter thought he saw a glimpse of Miss Lammas as they went by, and it only made him quicken his steps. There were not many carriages; the lights of the brougham soon flashed upon them, and

they got in and rolled away.

"I am glad it's over," said Romont, "and yet—I don't know; I think I enjoyed myself more than I expected. He was determined to make the best of

things.
"So did I," Walter replied, and tried to
make his answer seem careless. Truly he had enjoyed himself more than he expected, and

in a different way. Mrs. Pollen had announced her intention of remaining behind until the company had all gone. She wished to see what the place would look like when deserted, she said; she remained standing by the ancient hearth in the great hall, which had been dearly-lively with ill-assorted company a short time before. In the very last flickering-ont group of guests she noticed the odd figure of Jethro Merridew, the morning callman. Mrs. Pollen knew him already and had heard of his story. "Mr. Merridew," she said, as he was slowly passing, "I want to say a word to you before you go," and she beckened him with

He approached her deferentially and bow-

good and the good of other people, and ing and looking for some one. I have come self in the way of that sort of thing; I haven't wouldn't speak in such a way if I didn't to Fitzurseham to seek for a relation whom I anything but what a very dear old mother is believe you to be a woman with some heart, may never find; and you are waiting for your good enough to give me, and I must be a woman with some heart, may never find; and you are waiting for your angrily at her when she spoke of his daughter.
The subject was one which he was accustomed

but keep to it. You will have some trouble, rudeness, and laughter. The feelings of the who would always think that she had made that I see; but you must bear it, and keep to Fitzurseham public were not always very re me rich and that she ought to run the conyour resolve; don't—for all the friends and fined, and certain miofortunes were usually cern." relatives in the world—consent to marry that | considered by them a legitimate theme for mirth. Any supposed derangement of a man's faculties, for example, was regarded as as they will; he doesn't suspect—as yet— a very fitting subject for comic observation what I know. About other, men—do, like a and for pleasant raillery. If a man's wife were supposed to be rather free and easy in her conduct it was esteemed quite the right sort I thought, among the brown, if I may put it of thing to chaff the husband about it; to that way; little milliners and that fort of thing. I got alongside of a girl I used to the world have said, and to take good care that see when I was acting my part of Alsadian up he should not often forget it. In the same spirit Mr. Merridew's supposed craze on the one theme of his daughter and her expected grandeur was understood to give all his neighbors a proper occasion for making fun of him. It may be that just for an instant Mr. Merridew supposed Mrs. Pollen was indulging in the popular pastime : but the expression on her face soon satisfied and quieted

him.
"No; I have not yet heard from her," the poor little man said; "I came here ma'am, with the thought that perhaps this was the place and this was the occasion when she you ever saw. I called her a milliner, but I might believe it fitting to make her reappearance; but, no; no. She comes not yet to glad her father's eyes,' as the poet savs."

"You have never told me all about her, Mr. Merridew; and I should much like to know. I should also like to tell you about my search for a relation, of whose very existence I am not certain. You may have lived some time in this place, and you must know everybody; you might help me in my search, perhaps; and I might help you."

"I den't talk about it much," he said, hur riedly; "here, in Fitzurseham; because peo-ple don't understand and are rude and vulgar; and don't believe; and laugh at their betters. The loud laugh, ma'am, speaks the vacant mind."

"I quite understand your caution: and I too am very slow about letting people in general know anything of my object in coming to this place. They wouldn't understand me; they would think me absurd. But you, Mr. Merridew, are not people in general; and I should not mind telling you."

Mr. Merridew was entirely overcome. "I should be proud to tell my story to lady like you, a real lady with a heart for sympathy; the lady of the land, indeed, if I may presume to apply to you the words of

the great poet, Coleridge."
"Shall we talk of it now, Mr. Merridew? am not fond of going to bed early-I don't know if you are.'

"This night, ma'mm, it is my intention to out-watch the bear, as Milton says. I do not propose to sleep at all, for I have to arouse half Fitzurseham at all manner of early hours —after your gracious hospitality of this even-

"Sit here then, Mr. Merridew, and tell me all about it." For Mrs. Pollen had been by no means convinced that Mr. Merridew's notions came of mere monomania, and she was in-clined to regard him with compassion, and was curious to know whether something could not be done for him

CHAPTER X .- TILL THE DAWN.

Fitzurse felt himself floating in a very heaven of delight as the brougham rattled through the streets of the West End. The town was all alive as they drove down Picadilly; there were strings of carriages waiting outside houses which had awnings spread over their doorways and carpets stretched beneath them. Little armies of footmen were in rapid managuvres. Ladies in evening dress and sparkling with diamonds were But he took care not to show any delight. He leaned back and put on as well as he could an air of incurious familiarity. But when his mind sometimes returned to the dull and dirty and decaying rows of houses with which he was familiar, to the darkness and squalor and meanness of the life which he had so lately left behind, he felt that the bottom of the Thames would be to him more welcome

than a longer residence at Fitzurseham. The brougham turned into St. James street. The windows of all the clubs were bluzing with light. Men were walking along in even ing dress, some with their light outer coats noticed with a sort of wonder that no one seemed to look after them or take their appearance in the street in such attire us any thing out of the common. If one were to parade the main street of Fitzurseham in evening dress the whole population would be after him. How many dress coats, he wondered, were there in the whole place?

Two or three doors out of St. James street the brougham stopped at a small old-fashion. ed house. "This is my den," Romont said and opening the door with a latch key he cordially invited Fitzurse to come in. Fitzurse assumed when he saw the latch-key used that little jet of light burning for the illumination of the late comer, all the rest of the inmates being in bed. He found, however, that a respectable elderly gentleman in black came out to receive them. For a moment he forgot what he had already learned of his new friend's family, and he fancied this was Romont's father who had sat up probably to censure him for not coming home earlier. He had even a faint idea that he might himself come in for some of the blame. Seeing, however, that the respectable parent only came forward to take the coats of the late comers. Fitzurse found the truth borne in upon him that the elderly personage was his friend's servant. It was then clear that he was launched at once into a world of which he had up that time only read or dreamed-a world in which young unmarried

men kept valets, and thought nothing of it.

To do him justice he quickly pulled himself together and was equal to the new and strange conditions in which he found himself The conditions were not much less strange than those which surrounded the first wak ing moments of Abon Hassan in the Arabian Nights when he finds himself turned into the

Commander of the Faithful. Soda water, brandy, whiskey, cigars, cigar ettes were produced; and Romont told his servant he might go to bed. The two young men began naturally to talk about the even ing they had spent and the people they had met. Walter was longing to get into some conversation about Miss Lisle, and yet he was shy of approaching the subject too quickly and directly. He spoke first of Camiola, and launched forth in great praise of her beauty. Romont did not seem to direct to say nout about her, and answered the constrained sure of way, until Walter asked him in a tone of something like surprise whether he did not

"Oh, yes, I admired her; very much in fact; one can't help it; but I rather kept out of her way. I am shy of these women with

think her handsome.

it so; but I don't know that I ever heard of ing with antique courtesy; renewing his her head is pretty well turned already, and anybody else, who complained of it except bows as he came nearer and hearer. She fancies every man who goes near her wants you. But I speak out to you for your own good and the good of other people, and looking for some one. I have come self in the way of that sort of thing; I haven't to Bitarsakam to seek for a relation whom I anything but what a very dear old method. to Fitzurseham to seek for a relation whom I anything but what a very dear old mother is may never find; and you are waiting for your good enough to give me, and I must keep daughter. May I ask if she has yet come? clear of girls like Miss Sabine. But she's a daughter. May I ask if she has yet come? very fine girl all the same; and any one who wants a handsome wife with plenty of money wants a hardsome wife with plenty of money and the wants a handsome wife with plenty of money and the wants a handsome wife with plenty of money and the wants a handsome wife with plenty of money and the wants a handsome wife with plenty of money and the wants a handsome wife with plenty of money and the wants a handsome wife with plenty of money and the wants a handsome wife with plenty of money and the wants a handsome wife with plenty of money and the wants a handsome wife with plenty of money and the wants a handsome wife with plenty of money and the wants a handsome wife with plenty of money wants a handsome wife with plenty of money and the wants a handsome wife with plenty of money and anything the wants a handsome wife with plenty of money and anything the wants a handsome wife with plenty of money wants a handsome wife with plenty of wants a handsome wife with plenty of wants a handsome wife with plenty of money wants a handsome wife with plenty of wants a handsome wants a handsome with the wants a handsome wants a han The subject was one which he was accustomed to hear of only in connection with jibes, and at least I shouldn't like to marry a woman

Miss Lisle is a charming girl, I think." Walter said in a tentative way.

"A nice face; yes; and rather a clever sort of girl, I fancy. But she has too many views of life for my taste. I hadn't much talk with her. There were some pretty girls, I thought, among the crowd, if I may put it yonder; I used to see her going and coming; but I never ventured to speak to her then. A workingman mustn't presume to speak to a milliner—go to! What would the world be coming to? There must be classes, we trust, But I had some talk with her to-night."

"Do you know her name?" Fitzurse asked, with a misgiving and an uncomfortable anticination.

"Oh, yes; I knew her name before. She's a girl named Lammas-Vinnie Lammas, a very nice clever little girl; and; look here, just as modest and well behaved a girl as any don't think she is that. Her mother, I believe, is. She told me she was going in for being a private secretary to some great lady or other. I wish my mother wanted a private secretary, and I would recommend Miss

Lammas." Romont spoke quite seriously, and without any of the affectation of gallant gay Lothario. ism which is common to young men of the upper class when they talk of pretty girls of the lower. But his words made Fitzurse wince. This was his own particular sweet. heart; this little Vinnie Lammas, about whom his companion was talking so easily and cheerily. Not for all the world would he now have the fact known. He felt at that moment as if a gulf had opened between him and Vinnie, and all the time he was distinctly conscious of jealous pangs as he thought of Vinnie being talked to thus confidentially by

this handsome young swell.
"I tell you what," the latter went on, "I don't know anything more awful than for a pretty and clever girl like that to be forced to live in that beastly place pent up with all these poor, miserable people. She never has any amusement of any kind, and I fancy she is very poor; in fact, she told me as much; and she has a good deal of ambition in a sort of way. Do you know what she told me! That she would give a year of her life to go once to a West End party and be properly rigged out for the occasion. She didn't say rigged out; that's my phrase. But think of that—a bright, pretty girl like that languishing to go to one of these horrible crushes that a man is only longing to ran away from the moment he gets into it. By Jove, I should like to get my mother to take her to a West End party, just to let the dear little thing have her night of amusement and gratify her harmless little longing. Mother would do it if she were in town; she'd do it in a moment if I asked her and never think any harm."

"Oh, it would never do," Fitzurse said. hastily.

(To be continued.)

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE it will be time enough to doubt the reliability of Kidney Wort. Doctors all agree that it is a most valuable medicine in all disorders of the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, and frequently prescribe it. Dr. P. C. Ballou, of Monkton, says: "The past year I have used it more than ever, and with the best results. It is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Such a recommendation speaks for itself. Sold by all druggists. See advt.

Powdered rice is said to have a good effect in stopping bleeding from fresh wounds. The rice powder is sprinkled upon lint, which is then applied as a compress.

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Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites heals the inflammation of the throat and lungs-gives strength-makes blood, tones up the nervous system, and will absolutely cure Consumption in its early stages.

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give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator ; safe, sure, and effectual. The population of Stockholm increased between 1856 and 1884 from 100,000 to

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It is reported that W. H. Vanderbilt is the chief stockholder in the new Metropolitan hotel on the Thames embankment, which is the largest hotel in London.

fever and other destroying diseases.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloways's Corn Cure is the article to use. ...

A postal card was dropped in the Titus; ville post office a few days ago, signed "Mother," and addressed "Dear Frank." An agreement has been concluded between

England and Germany fixing the frontier of the latter's possession in New Guinea. IS IT A PLEASURE TO ATTACK

CHARITY? It is the misfortune of every successful undertaking, that it draws out attacks of envious persons everywhere. Thus The Louisiana State Lottery gives a million of dollars to support the noble Charity Hospital at New Orleans. It gives sny one a chance to get \$150,000 for \$10 by her Extraordinary Grand Drawing on Tuesday, June 16. It is fair, sure and honestly supervised in its entire conduct, by Generals G. T. Reauregard of La., and Jubal A. Early, of Va. Over \$522,000 are distributed, and onetenth of a ticket can be had for \$1. All information can be had on application to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

Californie is to print, and sell at cost, the text books used by the quarter of a million school children in that State. One hundred lots of money; new rich people especially. School children in that State. One has a big fortune, and the Lisles are bringing her out; and I dare say the plant of the State printing office. and fifty thousand dollars is appropriated for

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