NOTHING ON EARTH SO GOOD.

Certainly a strong opinion, said one of our reporters, to whom the following was detailed by Mr. Henry Kaschop, with Mr. Geo. E. Miller, 418 Main street Woroester, Mass. "I suffered so badly with rheumatism in my leg last winter that I was unable to attend to my work, being completely helpless. I heard of work, being completely user a bottle, after St. Jacobs Cil and bought a bottle, after with relieved. With using which I felt greatly relieved. the use of the second bottle I was completely cured. In my estimation there is nothing on earth so good for Theumatism."

GUITEAU AND THE NIHILISTS.

Washington, Aprili 3.—To a reporter Guiteau said that there were thousands of Nihilists in this country, and in the future members of their order will commit crimes that will cause a reign of terror in this country. Said Gulteau :- "The American Nibilist is a mere dangerous citizen than you or any other ordinary man would imagine. Old Schwab, the beer seller of New York, is a pronounced Nihilist as well as a Communist. Some of these days that old brute will do something to startle the country. He is an old agitator and ought to be put out of the way. He is a bad citizen. In fact when I am released from gaol I intend to pursue the Communists and Nihilists until they leave the country." The reporter changed the subject, and suggested that in case the Court in banc sustained Judge Cox the sentence of death would be carried out. "I suppose so," said Guiteau. "Are you prepared to die?" asked the reporter. "Prepared to die?-prepared to die?' shouted the assassin. "Why certainly I am ready to die when the Lord calls for me. I have always lived a correct and virtuous life, and I know that I will be saved"

It is stated that Scoville, counsel for Guiteau, has prepared a petition to the House of Representatives asking that the bill to pay the medical experts for the Government be amended by adding a section authorizing the Department of Justice to pay claims for legal services of the counsel for the defence.

HEWSON VS. MACDONALD.

Toronto, April 4 .- At Osgoode Hall today the Master delivered judgment in the celebrated case of Hewson vs. Sir John Macdonald. He commenced by saying that he thought he should stay the proceedings. There was no arbitration as to the terms of settlement, no authority from either party, and then the plaintiff, through Mr. Shields, had the most express notice that the settlement must be a money one and nothing else. No agreement could be arrived at on the question of an appointment worth \$2.000 a year. The defendant's attorney informed the plaintiff's attorney that nothing but a money payment could enter into the terms of settlement. Upon this it would seem that the Hon. Mr. Howlan was applied to by the plaintiff to intervene as a triend, and that gentleman recommended a settlement by payment of \$2,500 and an appointment. If, under such circumstances the defendant was compromised, there was no safety for any man. The condition set up by the plaintiff did not attach to the release. The defendant did not consent to it, and it was void in law. The notice of trial must be

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. From the Kingston (ONT.) DAILY WHIG.

This old medicine, the ever-effective healer of ills that flesh is heir to, is still before the public in its full favor. It started on its career of mercy (for a good medicine is a mereiful agent), forty years ago, and is to-day sought after by the children or the men who first sought out its virtue and established its Were it not for its merits it would long since have ' died and left no sign,' like a one popular curative has done even WISTAR'S BALSAM OF in the last five years. WILD CHERRY is no artificial deleterious compound, certain to afford tomporary relief only by cutting its way by powerful agents through vitality, yet leaving a worse injury behind it. It is a vegetable, and by natural remodies works off complaints from a slight cold to a threatening consumption. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by dealers

HISTOIRE DES CANADIENS FRANCOIS The first portion of Sulte's Histoire des Canadiens Francois has been sent in through the courtesy of Wilson & Co., 89 St. James street, who have started one of the tinest and most beautiful books, for such an extensive work, that it has been our experience to notice before. It comes from the pen of one of the most original and versatile minds in the Dominion, a

gentleman who has many times before demonstrated talents as an historian. Impartiality, mental vigor and industry of research are the prevailing characteristics of this history, the first number of which we have just received. We understand that the work is to be the chef dœuvre of Mr. Benjamin Sulte. The work will treat chiefly of archaeology, the early manners and customs of both the red men who inhabited the primeval forests as well as the French who succeeded them. We bespeak those features in a most masterly manner by the popular publicist; and for beauty of illustration, paper and typography, we are bound to acknowledge Wilson & Co. have taken the lead, considering the extent of their costly enterprise, the warm and prompt support of those who can read the French, or those whose children are learning the French language, no doubt it will be theirs.

BRIGHTS DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS. DIABETES.

No danger from these diseases if you use Mop Bitters; besides, being the best family medicine ever made. Trust no other.

"Hever I marry ,I shan't seek for mind; mind's too cold. I'll choose an emotional me look so nice and old, and that." Woman.

"Don't do it, I implore you. My wife's an

emotional woman.

STIE'S COCOL-GRATEFUL AND CONTORTING. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digostion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected socoa, Mr. Errs 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 gubtle maladies are floating around us you every night for a week afterward." 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."-Oioil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and Homosopathic Chemists, London, Eng-

Special Notice to Subscribers.

All subscriptions outside of Montreal will be acknowledged by change of date on address-label attached to paper.

By "THE DUCHESS."

---:0:---CHAPTER XXVII .- CONTINUED .

"I have been telling Clariesa how we tired of each other long before the right time," says Georgie, airily, "and how we came home to escape being bored to death by our own dulluess."

Dorian laughe. " She says what she likes," he tells Clarisss, has she yet put on the dignified stop for you? It would quite subdue any one to see her at the head of her table. Last night it was terrible. She seemed to grow several inches taller, and looked so severe that, long before it was time for him to retire, Martin was on the verge of nervous tears. I could have wept for him, he looked so disheart-

"I'm periectly certain Martin adores me," says Mrs. Branscombe, indignantly. "and I couldn't be severe or dignized to save my life. Clariesa, you must forgive me if I remove Dorian at once, before he says anything worse. He is quite untrustworthy. Goodby, dearest, and be sure you come up to see me to-morrow. I want to ask you ever so many more questions."

"Cards from the duchess for a garden party,' says Georgie, throwing the invitations in question across the breakfast-table to her husband. It is quite a week later, and she has almost settled down into the conventional married woman, though not altogether. To be entirely married—that is, sedute and sage-is quite beyond Georgie. Just now some worrying thought is oppressing her, and spoiling the flavor of her ten; her kidney loses its grace, her toast its crispness. She peeps at Dorian from behind the huge silver urn that seess jealously to conceal her from view; and says, plaintively,-

" Is the duchess a very grand person, Dorian ?"

"She is an awfully fat person, at all events," says Dorlan, cheerfully. "I never saw any one who could beat her in that. She'd take a prize, I think. She is not a bad old thing when in a good temper, but that is so painfully seldom. Will you go?"

"I don't know"-doubtfully. Plainly she is in the lowest depths of despair. "I-Ithink I would rather not."

" I think you had better, darling." "But you said just now she was always in

a bad temper." "Always? Ob, no; I am sure I couldn't have said that. And, besides, she won't go for you, you know, even if she is. The duke generally comes in for it. And by this time he rather enjoys it, I suppose—as custom makes us love most things."

"But, Dorlan, really now, what is she

"I can't say that; it is a tremendous question. I don't know what she is; I only know what she is not."

" If she is an old dowdy," says Mrs. Branscombe, somewhatt irreverently, "I shan't be one scrap airaid of her, and I do so want to go right over the castle. Somebody-Lord Al-

fred-would take me, I dare say. Yes,'-with sudden animation-"let us go." "I shall poison Lord Alfred presently," says Dorian, calmly. "Nothing shall pre-vent me. Your evident determination to spend your day with him has sealed his doom. Very well; send an answer, and let us spend

a ' vice long happy day in the country." "We are always spending that, aren't we?" says Mrs. Branscombe, adorably. Then, with a sigh, "Dorlan, what shall I wear?"

He doesn't answer. For the moment he is engrossed, being dee in his "Times," busy studying the murders, divorces, Irish atrocities, and other pleasantries it contains.

"Dorian, do put down that abominable paper," exclaims she again, impatiently, leaning her arms on the table, and regarding him anxiously from the right side of the very forward urn that still will come in her way. " What shall I wear ?"

"It can't matter," says Dorlan; "you look lovely in everything."

"It is a pity you can't talk sense,"—re-proachially. Then, with a glance literally beavy with care. "There is that tea-green satiu trimmed with Chantilly."

"I forget it," says Dorian, professing the very deepest interest, "but I know it is all things."

"No, it isn't; I can't bear the sleeves. Then "-discontentedly-" there is that velvet.

"The very," enthusiastically. "Oh, Dorian. dear! What are you thinking of? Do remember how warm the weather "Well, so it is-grilling," says Mr. Brans-

combe, nobly confessing his fault. "Do you like me in that olive silk?" asks she, hopefully gazing at him with earnest, intense eyes.

"Don't I just?" returns he, forvently, rising to enforce his words. " Now, don't be sillier than you can help. murmurs she, with a lovely smile. "Don't! I like that gown myself, you know; it makes

"If I were a little girl like you," says Mr. Branscombe, "I should rather hanker after looking nice and young." "But not too much so; it is frivolous when one is once married." This pensively, and

with all the air of one who has long studied the subject. "Is it? Of course you know best, your experience being greater than mine, "says Dor-

ian, meekly, "and, just for choice I prefer youth to anything else." "Do you? Then I suppose I had better

wear white." "Yes, do. One evening, in Parls, you wore a white gown of some sort, and I dreamt of

"Very well. I shall give you a chance of dreaming of me again," says Georgic, with a carefully suppressed sigh, that is surely meant for the beloved olive gown.

The sigh is wasted. When she does don the white gown so despised, she is so perfect tine (1 lb. and lb.) labelled-" JAMES EPPS & a picture that one might well be excused for wasting seven long nights in airy visions land." Also makers of EPPS's CHOCOLATS filled all with her. Some wild artistic mar-Realmont's afternoon use. guerites are in her bosom (she plucked them

herself from out the meadow an hour sgone); with all the others it would be so different of it. Never thought of it, until the next two and places them in the bosom of her herself knotted, and hangs low down, bettaring the perfect shape of her small head, is only example of her small head, is only example of her small head, is impossible to her. The smile dies off her these made up my mind to it. I here it is, as well she may not be longing to any other. Then she blushes at her own vanity, and, and here we have made up my mind to it. I here if for longing to any other or the small head in her at the moment would be made up my mind to it. I here if for longing to any other or the small head in her at the moment would be made up my mind to it. I here if for longing to any other or the small head in her at the longing to any other or the small head. pinces ner hand in Dorlan's and asks him how she looks; while he, being all too glad be cause of her excessive beauty, is very slow to answer her. In truth, she is "like the snowdrop fair, and like the primrose sweet."

At the castle she creates rather a sensation. stare at her placidly, indifferent to the fact of loving kindness.

"Am I?" she says. "I dont feel like lookthat breeding would have it otherwise.

"What a peculiarly pretty young woman," says the duke, half an hour after her arrival staring at her through his glasses. He had been absent when she came, and so is only just now awakened to a sense of her charms,

"What ?- what ?" says the duchess, vague ly, she being the person he has rashly addressed. She is very fat, very unimpressionable, and very fond of argument. "Oh! over there. I quite forget who she is. But I do see that Alfred is making himself, as usual, supremely ridiculous with her. With all his affected devotion to Helen he runs after every fresh face he sees.

"'Thare's nothing like a plenty," quotes the duke, with a dry choukle at his own wit; indeed he prides himself upon having been rather a "card" in his day, and anything but

a "k'rect" one either. "Yes, there is ... there is propriety," responds

the duchess, in an awful tone. "That wouldn't be a bit like it," says the duke, still openly araused at his own humor ; after which-thinking it, perhaps, safer to withdraw while there is yet time-he saunters off to the left, as he has a trick of looking over his shoulder while walking, nearlyfells into Dorlan's arms at the next turn.

"Ho, hah!" says his Grace, pulling himselfup very shortly, and glancing at his stumbling block to see if he can identify him.

"Why, it is you, Branscombe," he says, in his usual cheeriul, it rather fussy fashion.

"So glad to see you?—so glad!" He has
made exactly this remark to Dorian every time he has come in contact with him during the past twenty years and more. "By the bye, I dare say you can tell me-who is that pretty child over there, with the white frock and the blue eves?"

"That pretty child in the frock is my wife," save Branscombe, laughing.

"Indeed! Dear me' dear me! I beg your pardon. My dear boy, I congratulate you. Such a inco-like a Greuze; or a-h'm-yes."

Here he grows slightly mixed. "You must homage to beauty. Why where could you fort; have met her in this exceedingly deficient county, eh? But you were always a sly dog,

The old gentleman gives him a playful slop on his shoulder and then taking his arm, goes with him across the lawn to where Georgie is standing talking gayly to Lord Alfred.

The introduction is gone through, and Georgia makes her very best bow, and blushes her very choicest blush; but the duke will insist upon shaking hands with her, whereupon, being pleased, she smiles her much enchanting smile.

"So glad to make your acquaintance. Missed you on your arrival," says the duke, genlally. "Was toiling through the conservatories, I think, with Lady Losius. Know her? Stout old lady, with feathers over her nose. She always will go to hot places on

hot days." "I wish she would go to a final hot place, as she affects them so much," says Lord Alfred, gloomily. "I can't bear her; she is always coming here bothering me about that abominable boy of ners in the Guards, and I never knew what to say to her."

"Why don't you learn it up at night and fair, "quotes he, promptly. At which they both laugh.

that doesn't help me, you know, because I don't.

"Didn't know who you were at first, Mrs. Branscombe," breaks in the duke. "Thought you were a little girl-eh?-eh?" chuckling again. "Asked your husband who you were, and so on. I hope you are enjoying yourself. Seen everything, ch? The houses are pretty good this year. "Lord Alfred has just shown them to me.

They are quite too exquisite," says Georgie. "And the lake, and my new swans?"

"No! not the awans."

"Dear me! why didn't be show you those ? Finest birds I ever saw. My dear Mrs. Branscowbe, you really must see them, you know.'

"I should like to, if you will show them to me," says the little hypocrite, with the very faintest, but the most successful, emphasis on the pronoun, which is wine to the heart of the ner acrosss the lawn and through the shrubberies to the sheet of water beyond, that gleams sweet and cool through the foliage. As they go, the county turns to regard them; and men wonder who the pretty woman is the old fellow has nicked up; and women wonder little Mrs. Branscombe.

Sir James, who has been watching the dake's evident admiration for his pretty guest, i is openly amused.

"Your training ! he says to Clarissa, over whose chair he is leaning. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself and your pupil. Such a disgraceful little coquette I never saw. I really pity that poor duchess; see, there how miserably unhappy she is looking and

how-----pink. "Don't be unkind; your hesitation was positively cruel. The word red' is unmistakably the word for the poor duchess to-

day."
"Well, yes, and yesterday, and the day before and probably to-morrow," says Sir James, mildly. "But I really wonder at the dukeat his time of life, too! If I were Brans. combe I should feel it my duty to interfere." He is talking gayly, unceasingly, but al-

ways with his grave eyes fixed upon Clarissa, as she leans back languidly on the uncomfortable garden chair, smiling indeed every now and then, but fitfully and without the gladness that generally lights up her charm-

ing face. Horace had promised to be here to-dayhad faithfully promised to come with her and her father to this garden party; and where is he now? A little chill of disappointment has fallen upon her and made dull her day. No smallest doubt of his truth finds harbor in her gentle bosom, yet grief sits heavy on her, was the mildews hang upon the bells of flow. ers to blight their bloom!"

Bir James, half divining the cause of her discontent, seeks carefully and tenderly to draw her from her sad thoughts in every way that occurs to him, and his efforts, though not altogether crowned with success, are at least her from dwelling too closely upon the vexed question of her recreant lover.

To be with Sir James is, too, in itself a relief to hor. With him she need not con- you were going to be married." verse unless it so pleases ner; her; silence

5 1 1 2 2 2 2 2

born of weariness and fruitless hoping against hope, betrays itself on either cheek. His tone. Many, as yet, have not seen her; and these if not the words, does please her, it is so full

ing well; and I am tired, too. They say,-

'A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile-a.'

I doubt mine is a sad one, I feel so worn out. Though," hastily, and with a vivid flush that changes all her pallor into warmin-" if I were put to it, I couldn't tell you why

"No? Do you know I have often felt like that," says Scrope, carelessly. "It is both strange and natural. One has fits of depression that come and go at will, and that one cannot account for; at least, I have, frequently. But you, Clarisss, you should not know

what depression means."
"I know it to-day." For the moment her courage fails her. She feels weak; a craving for sympathy overcomes her; and, turning, she lifts her large sorrowful eyes so his.

She would, perhaps, have spoken; but now a sense of shame and a sharp pang that means pride comes to her, and, by a supreme effort, she conquers emotion, and lets her heavily-lashed lids fall over her suffused eyes, as though to conceal the tell-tale drops within from his searching gaze.

" So, you see,"-she says, with a rather artificial laugh—"your flattery falls through; with all this weight of imaginary wos upon my shoulders, I can hardly be looking my

"Nevertheless, I shall not allow you to call my true sentiments flattery," says Scrope ; "I really meant what I said, whether you choose to believe me or not. Yours is a

Beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cumuing hand laid on.'"

What a courtier you become! she says, laughing honestly for almost the first time to-day. It is so strange to hear James Scrope say anything high-flown or sentimental. She is a little bit afraid that he knows why she is sorry, yet, after all, she hardly frets over the fact of his knowing. Dear Jim! he is always kind, and sweet, and thoughtful! Even if he dees understand, he is quite safe to look as if introduce me, you know. One likes to do he didn't. And that is always such a com-

And Sir James watching her, and marking the grief upon her face, feels a tightening at his heart, and a longing to succor her, and to go forth-if needs be-and fight for her as did the knights of old for those they loved, until "just and mightie death, whom none can advice, enfolded him in his arms.

For a long time he has loved her-bas lived with only her image in his heart. Yet what has his devotion gained him? Her liking, her regard, no doubt, but nothing that can satisfy the longing that leaves desolate his faithful heart. Regard, however deep, is but small comfort to him whose every thought, waking and sleeping belongs alone to her.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tride, What hell it is, in swing long to bide; To loose good dayos that might be better

spent, To waste long nights in pensive discontent; speed to-day, to be put back to morrow; feed on hope, to pine on feare and sorrow frei thy soul with crosses and with cares; To eate thy heart through comfortless dis-paires."

He is culte assured she lives in utter ignorance of his love. No word has escaped him, no smallest hint, that might declare to her the passion that daily, hourly, grows stronger, and of which she is the sole object. The noblest mind the best contentment has," and he contents himself as best he may on a smile here, a gentle word there, a kindly pressure of the hand to-day, a look of welcome to-morrow. These are liberally given, but nothing more. Ever since her engagement to Horace Branscombe he has, of course, relinquished hope; but the surrender of all expectation has not killed his love. He is silent because he must be so, but his heard wakes, and

"Bilence in love bewrays more woo

Than words though ne'er so witty." "See, there they are again," he says now, alluding to Georgie and her ducal companion. Another man is with them, too-a tail gaunt young man, wi h long hair, and a cadaverous face, who is staring at Georgie as though he would willingly devour her-but only in the interest of art. He is lecturing on the " Consummate Daffedil" and is comparing it unfavorably with the "Unutterable Tulip," and is plainty boring the two, with whom he is walking, to extinction. He is Sir John Linold beau; and, offering her his arm, he takes coln, that old new friend of Georgie's, and past Sir John Lincoln, too, who is standing in

will not be shaken off. "Long ago," says Georgie, tearfully, to her- bows and knees, talking to a very splendid self, " he was not an methete. Ob, how I wish young man-all bone and muscle and good he would go hack to his pristing freshness!" But he won't; he maunders on unceasingly To the splendid young man he is nothing but about impossible flowers, that are all very what on earth the duke can see in that silly well in their way, but whose exaltedness lives only in his own imagination, until the Duke, their hats, and Sir John so far forgets the growing weary (as well he might, poor soul) tulips as to give it as his opinion that she is turns aside, and greets with unexpected cordiality a group upon his right, that, under any other less oppressive circumstances, would be abborrent to him. But to spend a long hour

talking about one lily is not to be borns. Georgie tollows his example, and tries to escape Lincoln and the tulips by diving his fate. among the aforesaid group. She is very successful -- groups do not suit æsthetics --- and soon this gaunt young man takes himself, and

long hair to some remote region. "How d'ye do, Mrs. Branscombe?" says a ing, she finds herself face to face with Mr. Kennedy.

"Ab ! you?" she says, with very flattering haste, being unmistakably pleased to see him. "I had no idea you were staying in the country."

"Iam staying with the Luttrells. Molly asked me down last month." "She is a great friend of yours, I know," save

Mrs. Branscombe; " yet I hadn't the faintest notion I should meet you here to-day." " And you didn't care either. I dare say." says Mr. Kennedy, in a tone that is positively sepulchral, and, considering all things, very

well done indeed. "I should have cared, if I had even once thought about it," says Mrs. Branscombe cheerfally.

Whereupon he says .-"Thank you!" in a voice that is all reproach. Georgie colors. " I didn't mean what you think," she saye, anxiousiy. "I didn't in-

deed." " Woll, is sounded exactly like it." says Mr. Kennedy, with careful gloom. "Of course it skimming the water of the sleeping lake." so far happy in that he induces her to forget is not to be expected that you ever would think her grievance for the time being, and keeps of me, but- I haven't seen you since that last night at Gowran, have I ?"

> "I think you might have told me then "I wasn't going to be married then." savs

"I can't think what you are talking about," says Mrs. Branscombe, coldly, and with some fine disgust; she cannot help thinking that she must be the doll in question, and to be filled with sawdust sounds anything but dig-

nified. Kennedy, reading her like a book, nobly suppresses a wild de ire for laughter, and goes on in a tone, if possible, more depressed than

the former one. "My insane hope was the doll," he says;
it proved only dust. I haven't got over the shock yet that I felt on hearing of your marriage. I don't suppose I ever shall now." "Nonsense!" says Georgie, contemptuous-

ly. "I never saw you look so well in all my life. You are positively tat." "That's how it always shows with me," says Kennedy, unblushingly. "Whenever green and yellow melancholy marks me for its own, I sit on a monument (they always keep one for me at home) and smile incessantly at

grief, and get as fat as possible. It is refine-

ment of cruelty you know, as superfluous flesh is not a thing to be hankered after." "How you must have fretted," says Mrs. Branscombe, demurely, glancing from under her long lashes at his figure, which has certainly gained both in size and in weight since

heir last meeting.
At this they both laugh. "Is your husband here to day?" asks he, oresenfly.

"Why isn't he with you?" "He has found somebody more to his fancy,

perhaps." As she says this she glances round, though for the first time alive to the fact that

indeed he is not beside her. "Impossible!" says Kennedy. "Give any other reason but that, and I may believe you. I am quite sure he is missing you terribly, and is vainly searching every nook and cornor by this time for your dead body. No doubt he fears the worst. If you were my - I mean if ever I were to marry (which

of course is quite out of the question now), shouldn't let my wife out of my sight.."

"Poor women! what a time she is going to put in!" says Mrs. Branscombe, pitylogly. "Don't go about telling people all that, or you will never get a wife. By this time Dorian and I have made the discovery that we can do excellently well without each other

Dorian coming up behind her just as she says this, hears her, and changes color. "How d'ye do!" he says to Kennedy, civilly, if not cordially, that young man receiving his greeting with the utmost bonhommie and

sometimes."

an unchanging front. For a second, Branscombe refuses to meet his wife's eyes, then, conquering the moment-

ary feeling of pained disappointment, he turns to her, and says; gently,—
"Do you care to stay much longer? Clar-

issa has gone, and Scrope, and the Carringtong." "I don't care to stay another minute; 1 should like to go home now," says Georgie, slipping her hand through his arm, as though glad to have something to lean on, and, as she speaks, she lifts her face and bestows up-

smile, and has the effect of restoring him to perfect happiness sgain. Seeing which, Kennedy raises his brows,

and then his hat, and, bowing, turns aside, and is soon lost smidst the crowd. "You are sure you want to come home?" says Dorian, anxiously. "I am not in a hur-

ry, you know." "I am. I have walked enough, and talked enough, to last me a month." "I am afraid I rather broke in upon your

conversation inst now," says Branscombe.

looking earnestly at her. "But for my com-

ing, Kannedy would have stayed on with you; and he is a-a rather amusing sort of fellow, isn't he?" "Is he? He was exceedingly stupid today, at all events. I don't believe he has a particle of brains, or else he thinks other people haven't. I enjoyed myself a great deal more with the old duke, until that ridiculous Sir John Lincoln came to us. I don't think he knew a bit who the duke was, because he kept saying odd little things about the grounds and the guests, right under his nose;

at least, right behind his back; it is all the same thing." "What is? His nose and his back?" asks Dorian; at which piece of folly they both

laugh as though it was the best thing in the world. Then they make their way over the smooth lawns, and past the glowing flower-beds, and an impossible attitude, that makes him all clhumor-who is plainly delighted with him

one vast joke. Sseing Mrs. Branscombe, they both raise Onite too intense for everyday life." Whereupon the splendid young man, breaking into praise too, declares she is "Quite too awfully jolly, don't you know," which commonplace remark so horrifles his companion that he sadly and tearfully turns saide, and leaves him to

Georgie, who has been brought to a standstill for a moment, hears both remarks, and

laughs aloud. "It is something to be admired by Colonel Vibart, ien't it?" she says to Dorlan; " but it voice at her elbow, a moment later, and, turn- is really very sad about poor Sir John. He has bulbous roots on the brain, and they have turned him as mad as a hatter."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

That withering care
Sleeps not beneath the flowers and turns their
brightness There's not a scene on earth so full of lightness

To dark despair."
Hos. Mas. Norrow,

IT is a day of a blue and goldness so intense as to make one believe these two are the only colors on, earth worthy of admiration. The sky is cloudless; the great sun is wide awake; the flowers are drooping, sleepingtoo languld to lift their heavy heads.

"The gentle wind, that like a ghost doth pass A waying shadow on the cornileld keeps" And Georgie, descending the stone steps of the balcony, feels her whole nature thrill and glow beneath the warmth and richness of the beauty spread all around with layish hand. Scarcely a breath stire the air; no sound comes to mar the deep stillness of the day, save the scho of the "swallows' silken wings

As she passes the rose trees, she puts out her hand, and from the very fullness of her heart, touches some of the drowsy flowers with careasing fingers. She is feeling peculiarly happy to-day; everything is going so smoothly with her; her life is devoid of care; only sunshine streams upon her path; storm and will neither surprise nor trouble him; but Georgie, indignantly; "I hadn't a single idea rain and nipping frosts seem all forgotten.

ellow. It isn't pleasant to find that one's pet drawing back from nature's mirror, tells herdell is stuffed with sawdust, and yet _____ self she will go a little further, and see what self she will go a little further, and see what Andrews, the under gardener (who has come to Sartoris from Hythe) is doing in the shrub-

The path by which she goes is so thickly lined with shrubs on the right hand side that she cannot be seen through them, nor can she see those beyond. Voices come to her from the distance, that, as she advances up the path, grow even louder. She is not thicking of them; or, indeed, of anything but the extreme loveliness of the hour, when words fall upon her ear that make themselves intelligible and send the blood with a quick rush to her heart.

"It is a disgracefal story altogether; and to have the master's name mixed up with it is shameful!"

The voice, beyond doubt, belongs to Graham, the upper housemaid, and is full of honest indignation.

Hardly believing she has heard aright, and without any thought of eaves-dropping, Georgle stands still upon the walk, and waits in breathless silence for what may come next. "Well, I think it is shameful," says another

voice, easily, recognized as belonging to Andrews. "But 1 believe it is the truth for all that. Father saw him with his own eyee. It was late, but just as light as it is now, and he saw him plain." "Do you mean to tell me," says Graham,

with increasing wrath (she is an elderly woman, and has lived at Sartoris for many years) "that you really think your master had either hand, act, or part in inducing Ruth Annersley to leave her home?" "Well, I only say what father told me," says Andrews, in a half-apologetic fashion, be-

ing somewhat abashed by her anger. "And

he ain't one to lie much. He saw him with

her in the wood the night she went to Lunnun, or wherever 'twas, and they walked together on the way to Langham Station. Trey do say, too, that--A quick light foetstep, a putting saide of branches, and Georgie, pale, but composed, appears before them. Andrews, losing his head, drops the knife he is holding, and Gra-

ham grows a fine purple. " I don't think you are doing much good here, Andrews," says Mrs. Branacombe, pleasantly. "These trees look well enough; go to the eastern walk, and see what can be done

Andrews, only too thankful for the chance of escape, picks up his knife again and beats Then Georgie, turning to Graham, says,

there."

slow,--"Now, tell me every word of it, from beginning to end. Her assumed unconsciousness has vanished. Every particle of color has flown from her face, her brow is contracted, her eyes are shining with a new and most unenviable brilliancy.

Perhaps she knows this herself, as, after the

first swift glanceat the woman on Andrew's

departure, she never lifts her eyes again, but

keeps them deliberately fixed upon the ground during the antire interview. She speaks in a low concentrated tone, but with firm compressed lips. Graham's feelings at this moment would be impossible to describe. Afterward—many on him a small smile. It is a very dear little months atterward—she herself gave some idea of them when she declared to the cook that

she thought she should have "swooned right "Oh, medam ! tell: you what?" she says, now, in a terrified tone, shrinking away from

her mistress, and turning deadly pale. "You know what you were speaking about just now when I came up.'

"It was nothing, madam, only idle gossip, not worth----' "Do not equivocate to me. You were epeaking of Mr. Branscombs. Repeat your idle gossip.' I will have it word for word. Do you hear?" She beats her foot with quick impatience against the ground.

"Do not compel me to repeat so vile a lie," entrents Graham, earnestly. "It is altogether false. Indeed, madam," — confusedly —"I cannot remember what it was we were saying when you came up to us unexpectedly." "Then I shall refrosh your memory. You

were talking of your master and—and of that girl in the village who ... " The words almost suffocate her; involuntarily she raises her hand to her throat. "Go on," she says in a low, dargerous tone. Graham bursts into tears. "It was the gardener at H5the-old Au-

painfully. "You know he is his father, and he said he had seen the master in the copsewood the evening-Ruth Annersley ran " He was in London that evening." "Yes, madam, we sil know that," says the woman, eagerly. "That alone proves how

false the whole story is. But wicked people

draws-who told it to our man here, she sobs.

will talk, and it is wise people only who will not give heed to them." "What led Andrews to believe it was your master?" She speaks in a hard constrained voice, and as one who has not heard a word of the preceding speech. In truth, she had not listened to it, her whole mind being engrossed with this new and hateful thing that has fallen

into her life. "He says he saw him—that he knew him by his height, his figure, his side-face, and the coat he wore-a light overcoat, such as the

master generally uses." "And how does he explain away the fact of -of Mr. Branscombe's being in town that

At this question Graham nomistakably hesitates before replying. When she does answer, it is with evident reluctance. "You see, madam," she says, very gently, "it would be quite possible to come down by the mid-day train to Laugham, to drive

across to Pullingham, and get back again to Lordon by the evening train." rand grifcsimple, says Mrs. Brans strange tone. Then follows an nabroken silence that lasts for several minutes and nearly sends poor Graham out of her mind. She cannot quite see her mistress's face as it is turned carefully aside, but the hand that is resting on a stout branch of laurel near her is steady as the branch itself. Steady-but the pretty filbert nails show dead white against the gray-green of the bark, as though extreme pressure, born of mental agltation and a passionate desire to suppress and hide it, has compelled the poor little fingers to grasp with undue force whatever may be near-

est to them. When silence has become positively un-

bearable, Georgie says, slowly,—
"And does all the world know this?" "I hope not, ma'am, I think not. Though, indeed," says the faithful Graham; with a burst of indignation, "even if they did, I don't see how it could matter. It would not make it a bit more or less than a deliberate lie."

"You are a good soul, Graham," says Mrs. Branscombe, wearily. Something in her manner frightens Graham

more than all that has gone before. (Continued on Third Page.)