

"SUNSHINE CORDA"

Wearily hearts! weary hearts! by the cares of life oppressed...

One Night's Mystery

By May Agnes Fleming

PART II

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

"Oh, forgive me!" he cries, "I know that you cannot, my own wife. I would give my life for you, and I have crushed every hope out of yours forever..."

CHAPTER XVII

"AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH"

LEWIS NOLAN was ailing that night; those dreadful spasms of racking spine complaint, aggravated by her ceaseless hacking cough, were back to torture her...

hours that had intervened; hours spent in wandering through the lonely, melancholy streets. But now, at the exceeding bitter cry of his mother, he turned quickly around, himself once more...

paper, page after page. It is the last he ever intends to write, and he pours out his whole heart in it, as even his wife has never seen it before. It is a voluminous epistle before it is done, folded, sealed and addressed...

"Ah! poor Lucy! patient, gentle Lucy! does she know?" "Yes, dear," I told her just before I came away. She was asleep when Lewis left, and he kissed her good-bye without awakening her...

der passion. She looks as if she might safely go into her coffin and the lid be screwed down. After six months of matrimony, too..." "I believe there is something more under this than meets the eye," says mamma unceremoniously...

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S ACCOUREMENT. MADRID, September 14.—At one o'clock this afternoon there took place in the chapel of the palace the baptism of the Infanta, the heiress to the throne, as she is styled...

THE MONTH AND CATHOLIC REVIEW, for October, contains: The Wonders of Knock, with illustrations; Cardinal Manning on Bradlaugh's Admission to Parliament; Sketch of Lord Beaconsfield; Long Derg and its Pilgrimage; The Misadventures of a Statue; The Mother of Napoleon the Great; A Glance at the Protestant Missions; The Landowners' Panic (by Justin McCarthy, M.P.) &c.