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The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XL.

Seymour was buried in the family vault, a large number of the country people following. In so big a crowd, one woman dressed like the rest, in black, was not likely to attract attention.

And no one noticed Martha Hooper standing at a little distance from the vault, and weeping quietly. She stood behind with the last of the mourners, and only turned away when the masses began to prepare for closing the vault; then, with the thick veil concealing her features, she moved away and was seen no more.

Large as was the crowd at Seymour's funeral, a much larger one gathered at that of Madge's.

She was buried in the church-yard, her grave being in the same place as that of her mother's. She was buried in the church-yard, her grave being in the same place as that of her mother's.

At Seymour's funeral no tears were shed, save by the lonely woman weeping in solitude for the son she had deserted; but it may safely be asserted that there were no dry eyes at Madge's.

"Seymour, second Earl of Landon," is engraved, all too falsely, on his tomb; but the memory of Madge and her heroic end and self-sacrifice is cut deeply into the hearts of all who knew her, and were witnesses of the deed by which she proved that a woman's love can be stronger even than the fear of death.

CHAPTER XLII.

One afternoon, rather more than two years later, Irene returned from her ride, for she rode every day now. The day had been clear and bright, and the sharp, keen air had painted a delicate rose upon her lily cheek, and imparted a sparkle to her eyes which two years ago they had not known.

She dropped lightly from the saddle, took the horse's nose in both hands, and gave him his customary kiss, and then entered the house.

A huge fire was burning in the great fire-place, and on the leopard skins in front of it stood the afternoon tea-table. In a low arm-chair

sat the countess. The dark hair was white now, and the once proud and haughty face greatly changed. She was dressed in black—not satin or silk, but plain merino. Her only ornament was a small locket of black onyx, and it contained a lock of Madge's hair. Strange irony of circumstances! the egypt girl's hair resting as a sacred relic on the bosom of the Countess of Landon.

Irene went quickly across the hall, and bending over her chair gently kissed the sad, deeply lined face. "Have I been too long, dear?" she said—she called her "madame" no longer. "It was a delightful afternoon, and the horse and I both enjoyed the ride so much that I nearly forgot the time, and that you might be waiting."

"No, no, dear; you are not late," said the countess, not in the cold tones in which she used to speak, but with an almost deprecating gentleness. "I am glad you enjoyed it. Did you meet any one?"

"Yes," replied Irene, taking off her gloves and seating herself at the table. "Lord Balfarras and the postman."

She took some letters from her habit-pocket and laid them beside the countess's cup. The countess took them up with a sudden eagerness, looked at the handwriting then laid them down again with a sigh.

"No letter," she said in a low voice. Irene's face was bent over the teacup as she responded.

"No, dear. But—but you did not expect one just now. You know he said that he might not be able to write, that he was going into the wilds, where there would be no means of getting a letter sent."

"Yes," said the countess; "but that was months ago."

"Three months and four days," murmured Irene, as if to herself. The countess looked at her.

"There has been no time for a letter," she said. "During all the time he has been away—nearly two years—he has never failed to write, until now."

"Yes," said Irene, softly; "and that from Rome, who used to hate letter-writing."

The countess was silent a moment. "He hates it just as much now," she said, very gently; "but he writes that I may know he has forgiven me, and still loves me."

(to be continued.)

The Mouth of the Treacherous Pit — OR — Revenge That Satisfieth Not.

CHAPTER I.

In the pretty quaint drawing-room of White Cliffe, Squire Clifeden sat alone—an old man whose hair was gray and whose face was furrowed with age whose figure was bent and whose hands trembled with weakness—and old man who had not been please to grow old, whose thoughts, cares, and interests had been bound up in this world, and who knew no other. He sat in an easy chair, his head thrown back, his eyes closed, his hands folded, his face hopeless in its expression.

The Clifedens had once been the leading family in the county, and Clifeden Hall the most hospitable mansion in it; but long before the present Squire was born Clifeden Park was sold, its name changed, and all that remained of the once vast estate was a low, rambling, picturesque place called White Cliffe. It is an awkward matter to be born with the tastes of a grand duke, a love of luxury, and a desire for position.

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When one possesses very limited means, this was what had happened to Squire William Clifeden. His father's one prayer, one sincere desire, had been that he should win the old lands back again. He had died with such words on his lips, and they had set his son's heart on fire. But it was much easier for him to spend than to save. He went abroad, hoping always that some wonderful chance would enable him to retrieve his fallen fortunes, though it never came. At that time he was a handsome, gallant young man, with no more idea of the value of money than a child.

He passed some years—quickly vanishing in Spain, and then returned to England, none the richer for his wanderings in search of wealth. Soon afterward he married a fair, plebeian girl who had a large fortune, and with whom he lived happily enough. Catharine Summers loved her handsome, erratic young husband, and was quite content. She never wondered whether he had other loves or other interests; she was placidly, quietly happy.

One day a terrible accident happened to the Squire. He was struck by the falling branch of a tree, and carried home senseless. Even now he suffered from the effects of the injury which had nearly proved fatal at the time he received it. During his delirium his one cry was "Dolores! Dolores!" in a voice so full of acute pain and misery that it brought tears to the eyes of those who heard him.

It had come into some prophetic fancy in connection with the fifth centenary celebrations of the famous Dick Whittington, whose fame rests more solidly on his possession of a cat than upon any municipal honors, which came to him.

There have been all manner of learned discussions as to Whittington's cat, one of which pointed to the probability that this City merchant had a ship called the Cat. But the late Professor Rowley, of Bristol, was perfectly sure that "cat" was an abbreviation of the old English word "cate," meaning provisions, which survives even in our geography, in the Cate River at Plymouth.

As he grew better, the Squire ceased to repeat the name; and his wife believed the cry to have risen from his fevered brain. When his little daughter was born, he said that she must be called "Dolores," and his fair wife smiled as she said, "That was the name you repeated so often when you were ill." So the beautiful, golden-haired child was called "Dolores," a name as ill-suited to her bright, blonde loveliness as anything could well be.

Whatever the romance or tragedy of the Squire's life had been, it was never discovered. If a wild, deep, unhappy love, it died with him, and was never told; nor did he ever betray himself in any way respecting it, except when his voice took a more musical tone in the utterance of the name "Dolores."

The gentle wife died and was buried. Then the Squire devoted himself to the task of making a fortune for Dolores. But Fate was not kind to him. He liked to speculate, but so speculation ever turned out well for him; he lost more than he made; and now, when he was old, when energy, spirit, and hope were all gone, the news had come to him that he was utterly ruined.

He had gathered together every available shilling—he had even mortgaged White Cliffe, so sure was he of success—he had invested the money in mining shares, which he had been assured would bring him in at least thirty per cent, and sell at any time for three times their value. He was certain to make a large fortune—so the agents of the new company told him. And the Squire, never very keen where money was concerned, never very sound of judgment in making investments—was only too delighted. He staked every farthing he had in the world, and for one year he enjoyed a wonderful increase in income. But that morning he had received a letter which told him of his utter ruin. The company was a complete swindle; the manager had absconded—with all that remained of the capital, and there was nothing but ruin for all the deluded share-holders.

(To be continued.)

Just Folks.
By EDGAR A. GUEST

THE SPIRIT.
I heard them talk within the darkened place
Of one whose life had closed, and this they said:
"With all who came he gladly shared his bread,
Now countless men shall miss his smiling face.
In him of late there seemed to be no trace,
He loved, was loved, kept faith and looked ahead;
And how we know, who look upon him dead,
Here was a soul the world could not despise."
How curiously the living praise the dead!

That which all men admire and all women mourn,
Is of the spirit, not the body born—
The gentle heart, and not the clever head.
In life, high conquest counts; in death, we see
That waits the least of us has power to be.

Wanted a Second Hand Fish Screw for cash fish. THE COWAN BROKERAGE CO., LTD., agents.

A Dog's Right

NEW YORK, May 30.—(By Canadian Press)—A jury in Long Island City Court rendered a decision recently which in effect recognized that dogs have as much right on the streets as pedestrians.

The jury reached its decision in the suit brought by Harold Smith for \$5,000 damages against John Rosen, 77, Reache's 160-pound dog, Fido, bumped into Smith and knocked him into the ditch. At the trial Smith testified that he had been laid up for weeks from injuries he had received. Rosen contended that he was romping with the dog and that Smith stepped into the way. He contended that well-behaved dogs are entitled to as much right of the way and consideration on sidewalks and streets as two-footed pedestrians.

The jury agreed with Rosen and ordered the suit dismissed.

What Are "Cates"?

The word "cates," meaning dainty food, is probably never used except in poetry, and seldom there, yet we call the person who caters for our food a caterer, and in that form the word is of everyday occurrence.

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There have been all manner of learned discussions as to Whittington's cat, one of which pointed to the probability that this City merchant had a ship called the Cat. But the late Professor Rowley, of Bristol, was perfectly sure that "cat" was an abbreviation of the old English word "cate," meaning provisions, which survives even in our geography, in the Cate River at Plymouth.

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Mystery of the Herring

Around the shores of the North Sea, the talk during the summer months is mainly of herrings. On the success of the fishing depends the prosperity of thousands of people during the winter.

Strange beliefs have been held about the herring at one time or another. Year after year shoals of herring appeared on the coast, and after yielding a toll to the many nets which enclosed them in great masses they vanished completely. All sorts of theories were put forward to show that the fish spent the winter months, not in the warm Southern waters, but in the vicinity of the North Pole.

This theory was proved to be wrong, so a new explanation was put forward. The fish were said to make an annual excursion round Britain, being found later in the year at the more southern stations. This idea has now been discredited.

A curious thing is that a region of the sea may teem with herrings one year and be totally deserted the next.

No one cause is given for this, so that each locality has invented one for itself.

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EXPLANATION SATISFACTORY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 1. The council of commissioners, sitting at Angora yesterday, discussed the explanation of the Italian Premier, Benito Mussolini, made to the Turkish Minister in Rome that Italian troops sent to Island of Rhodes were only relief contingents, and that Italy's intentions towards Turkey were that of friends. This explanation apparently was deemed very satisfactory.

A flock of white crepe de chine dotted in red has buttons all the way down the front, finished on both sides with pleated frills.

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