ADVERTISING CHEATS. It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into command writesement, that we avoid all such constant simply call attention to the meritage flow Bitters in as plain honest terms as possible to induce people to dive them one trial as no one who have give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else .-Providence Advertiser,

## EGYPT.

### A POSITIVIST PROTEST.

The London Positivist Society has issued a protest, drawn up by Professor Beesly, against the policy of the Government in Egypt. This document, after dwelling on the fact that the great mass of Liberals encourage the Government in shamelessly flying in the face of the principles it proclaimed two years ago, continues:—" Deeply persuaded that the establishment of an international policy based on morality is the most immediate need of our time, without which regeneration in other directions can make little or no progress, we declare that fidelity to party becomes criminal when it leads to the support or tolera. tion of such a policy as our government is pursuing toward Egypt. It is of far more importance that the conscientious advocates of justice in international relations should or. gapize themselves on that principle, and determine their action by it, than any Ministry should be kept in power.'

The various reasons that are given for the bombardment of Alexandria are then examined :- "The safety of the canal may be dismissed at once, for the Government never pretended that it was in danger. Possibly the canal is now in danger, but only in consequence of the bombardment. The assertion that our fiset was obliged to defend itself by the menacing attitude of the Egyptians would be ludicrous if it were not so cynical. Would a French fleet be value, usually consisting of and-entitled to steam into the mouth of the some bag of British sover as with Themes and then forbid us to arm batteries profess of eternal gratitud. At least for the defence of the river? After the bombardment had taken place Mr. Gladstone had the audacity to represent it as necessitated by the so-called massacre, which had taken place a month before. We know that this ultimatum demanded no reparation for the massacre, contained no allusion to it. It is find in the province. Nor is the resocial admitted that the massacre arose out of a murderous attack by a British subject on au Egyptian, and, according to accounts, the killed and wounded of natives were many times more numerous than those of the Europeans. We refused the invitation of the Egyptian government to take part in an investigation. It is vaguely said that our object is to put down anarchy. The answer is, first, that it Egypt any more than in Paris or Mexico, especially as our interference is not invited by any section of the population. And, secondly, his immediate superior the Minister, and then that the anarchy, such as it was before the to the Khodive. Thus it is that when Arabi, that the anarchy, such as it was before the bombardment and such as it has become

#### ing attitude." WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

since, has been caused solely by our hector-

After enlarging at some length upon the "monstrons claims" which the Anglo-French Control was instituted to enforce the protest concludes by indicating the policy which ought to be followed:—"A few months ago it might have been alleged with some truth that if England did not intervene in France would. That danger Egypt was afterward entirely removed by the good sense of the French people, who had been taken by surprise in the matter of Turis, but now gave their government plainly to understand that they would not tolerate any more such rash adventures. But not the least of the dangers to be apprehended from our aggression is that Franco may now be stung into asserting her equal right to intervene. To obviate this drawn from Egyptian waters, the control of newly-tanned leather, and covered with him, he distinctly avoids her. should be given up, the bondholders should small brist'es. When caught, she carthe Egyptian Government should be informed over the net which had entrapped the possible. So he stays on, and does the be left to shift for themselves, and that so long as the canal is not injured we will not meddle with their country nor allow any other nation to meddle with it. To tell us that, in the face of such a declaration, Prince Bismarck or any one else would attempt to enforce the claims of the bondholders is simply nonsense. Absolute non-intervention and peace at any price are no positivist doctrines. We are ready that the sword should be drawn when justice and true konor require it."

A ROMANCE OF UPPER EGYPT.

It is not always sate for a Governor of a province to reside among the people whom he has plundered and oppressed and whose families he has entered with the lust of that most loathesome of all creatures, the Turkish libertine. It also not unfrequently happens that the Governors are nothing but common assessins, who are called upon to execute the summary and secret vengeance of some Minister or favorite at court of whom they stand in awe. A case that occurred in the upper country is directly to the point. A Turkish official of high rank—he was a Bey—had long been a favorite of the Khedive at Cairo, for they had been educated together in France. This official was, therefore, a great deal around the palace, and it occurred to the Khedive's mother that she would like to marry off a favorite child of the harem to a gallant efficer in receipt of large pay. The Bey was summoned by the Khedive and told that his mother had found him a wife-a wondrous creature. Of course in the East such an intimation to a subordinate is simply a command; yet while the Bey submitted he secretly chafed at what he considered a gross imposition upon a friend, a Turkish aristocrat, and an officer accustomed to European liberties and onstones. The marriage took place and was a grand fete, costing many thousand dollars. Of course the Bey had never looked upon her face until after the nuprial knot was tied, and when he did neither the countenance nor the owner thereof was to his liking. Two years went by and the Khedive's mother perceived that the young wife was slowly pining away. At last persistent inquiry made the girl disclose that from the very hour of the ceremony the Bey had declined to treat her as his wife. The Khedive's mother-a perfect tigresshastened to His Highness and demanded that the Bey should be put to death instantly. He could not refuse. The Bey was immediately seized, conveyed by a guard, 1,800 miles to the Soudan, and upon his arrival the Governor-General was ordered to strangle him; but the Governor-General happened to be the life-long friend of the condemned man and allowed him to live. Six different orders were sent to kill him, but not one of them was obeyed. A better educated man one seldom finds in the world's travels. His books were Michelet, Victor Hugo, About, Schiller, Goethe Heine, Irving, De Tocqueville and others. He returned to Khartoum to become Governor-General in the very capital where he had been sent to be it is." "Impossible—it can't be." "And put to death. He l'as since been Minister of why not, pray?" "Because, sir, glass is a non-Public Instruction in the service of the pre-

# The fact that Europeans still remain in Upper Egypt would indicate that the popula-

tions residing beyond the limits of cities and

larger towns, with their habitual weariness about going to war, have not as yet taken any

direct or at least serious part in the outbreak.

The action of the Governor of Minish,

136 miles up the Nile from Cairo, was a perfectly natural proceeding for that offi-

cial, when he refused to permit any inter-

ference with the administration of the rail-

ways. The province, of which Minish is the

capital, is agriculturally one of the richest in

Egypt, and the Governor considers himself

an important factor in the governmental ma-

chinery along the Nile. When travellers stop there he generally provides an elaborate

Turkish dinner, the inevitable chibooks and

coffee, and gayly caparisoned asses and don-

keys on which to mount to visit the

points of interest lying beyond the town.

Then follows the fantisser, with the Egyptian

dancing girls; the gwhazee, which holds the

party far beyond midnight to the sound of

revelry and the rude native music. Few of the large towns along the river have ever

had a heartier or more hospitable Mudir than

Minich. The town is simply a mud

further to southward, the entire population-

work. The Mudir holds his appointment

from the Khedive or through the Min-

ister of the Interior, who manages the entire local administration. The Mudir

has supreme charge of the taxation in his province, in fact, is king of the domains over

which his jurisdiction extends. He must,

however, be careful to see that every inter-

mediate official between himself and the

Khedive receive handsome presents, and

form not only of money, but to of the hardsomest Egyptian maidens with he can

quality respected. There have been in years

gone by terrible reprisals on account of

the ruthless desecration of the household.

Among the more spirited Bedouin Arabs,

when their daughters and eisters have been

seized for the harem of the Mudir or the

Khedive, the scheme of blood revenge has

until whole families have been swept away. It

the ruling power in Cairo, making the better

now the supreme power at Cairo, calls on the

six Mudirs of Upper Egypt for 500 horses and

650 camels, they will be forthcoming or the

FLIES AND BUGS.

Flies, roaches, ante, bed-bugs, rate, mice,

gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough

CAPTURE OF A "MERMAID."

deep, the following extract from a letter re-

ceived from an officer in the Dake of Albany's

Seaforth Highlanders, from Aden, may be in-

teresting :- " For the last week a mermaid

has been on view at the Point, which I will

endeavour to describe to you. Popular tra-

dition says she is beautiful, with soft, flowing

tresses, and a milk-white skin, whereas the

unfortunate mother. On her lip is a dirty grey moustache, and her nose is furnished

with nostrile somewhat like the bore of a

9-inch gun. Teeth large and regular, and

ing soon the reality. They are exaggerated caricatures of the human hand—long, bony,

and fleshless, and hideously gnarled. She is

ago her husband had been caught, and was

fin, but without the slightest attempt at legs.

This monster is no hoax, as some Arab fisher-

KIDNEY DISEASE.

Deposits, Gravel, &c., cured by "Buchupaiba."

Pain, Irritation, Retention, Incontinence,

Swallows' Nests .- As the swallow's nest

is intended for incubation and nursing, it is

men acquired the first notions of architecture

from birds, and, according to this theory, we

ere told that Doxius the inventor of clay

houses, took the hint from the swallow's nest.

other. No two in either case are exactly

alike. It is from want of long-continued ob-

servation that we fail to discover any pro-

gress in the construction of the swallows's

subject, found a decided improvement in the

nest of swallows at Rouen during his own

lifetime. It is certain that in historical

times the bird has modified its inhits to some

extent. In pre-Christian ages in this country

there were no store buildings. Haman habi-

tations were mostly circular buts of woven

twigs, plastered over with clay and covered

vantage for "the perdant bed and procream

cradle" of this bird. In these circumstances

the swallows that visited cur country in

those far-off days built their nests in the hol-

low trunks of aged trees, just as two centur-les ago they did in the United States of

America, and still do in those distant regions

which even in the present day are but partly

settled. How did they find out the many

conveniences of stone dwellings for establish-

ing their nests, and, abandoning their ancient

retreats, take possession of the gables, friezes.

or buttresses which they now frequent? Did

the instinct of the bird in this respect keep

sociation of the swallow's nest with man's

habitation is altogether a curious circum-

\*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable |Compound

cures all female complaints by removing the

"What did you say the conductor's name was?" "Glass—Mr. Glass" "Oh, no!" "But

conductor." Destening applause from the

stance.

scientific passengers.

pace with the civilization of man? The as-

with thatch, affording no suitable coigne of

nest. M. Pouchet, who carefully studied the

The same variety characterizes the one as the

skinned, and in a sort of way preserved."

To those interested in the wonders of the

Mudirs will lose their positions.

on Bats." 15c.

been developed, and retribution has followed

i testimoni-

180 of the

annually the Mudir make

Cairo, and there he is expected

advent in the capital by substa

als to the Khedive. These ger

By the Author of "Guy Earlscourt's Wife,"
"A Wonderful Woman," "A Mad
"Marriage," "Redmond
O'Donnell," etc.

PART III.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW JOANNA BAID GOOD-BY.

"I think it is odd," says Mrs. Abbott, languidly, and unlike Joanna. She never Why should she wish us to remain whims. here, instead of going home, as we ought, to

receive her? Another week has gone by nine days indeed-and Lee and her mother are still the guests of the Ventnors. Geoffrey has gone back to his cottage home, as per previous arrangement, to have it set in order for them and resume his labours. One day longer than, he had intended he has staved, and both families have been electrified by the -wonderful news. And yet not, perhaps, so very greatly. Colonel Ventner glances at his daughter, and slowly smiles. In all his city of some fifteen thousand souls, dwelling near the bank of the river in all of the squalor peculiar to the Egyptian habita. he is hardly likely to begin now. And he is tions. In these settlements, and such they are she is and will be always sufficiently rich. men, women and children—are made to As the heir of John Abbott he certainly never would have dreamed of objecting to young Lamer, with the best blood of the South in his veins. As a struggling young doctor he is not less worthy of her. He is no fortunehunter, of that the colonel is well assured. And Olga loves him, his proud and delicate darling, whose heart hitherto no man has been able to touch. He grasps Geoffrey's hand with frank, soldiery warmth.

"There is no man living to whom I would countr give her," he says, he cordially, "Forneither must they be insignificant in proceed tune? Ah, well, fortune is not everything, and fortune is to be won by the will-You are of that number, I am sure. If I fancied her fortune had to do with it, do ignalizahis you think I would listen like this? It is because I could stake my life on the truth of the lad I have known all his life, that I y take the say yes so readily. Make her happy, Geotfrey-all is said in that."

Could anything be more delightful? Geoffrey finds the whole English language inadequate to his wants, in the way of thanks. Mrs. Ventnor is charmed—the son of her degreet friend is the one above all others she

would have chosen for her son as well. One thing only is a drawback-the story that must be told, the one bar sinister on the spotless Lamar shield. But that cannot be teld now, not until Joanna returns and gives is no business of ours to put down anarchy in thus appears that the Mudir is but a slave of permission. Some hint of it he drops, necessarily obscure, before he goes. No plans are formed for the present -it is understood that Colonel and Mrs. Ventnor will not agree to any long engagement.

"If you and Olga make up your mind to wait, while you win your way," he says decisively, "it must be without an engagement. I will not have her fettered while you plod slowly upward."

It is not likely nuder these circumstances they will make up their mind to wait. Geoffrey goes, and Olga is petted to her heart's content. For Leo, she is in a seventh heaven of rapture, and for a day or two positively forgets Frank. Another sister, and that one her darling Olga! Surely she is the most fortunate girl in the world.

And now here is Joanna coming back, has come indeed, and is with Geoffrey already. "Wait until I join you," is what she writes. "I have something to say to you, my Leo, "Leo has common sense, if she is a child, that I prefer to say there.' It is now late and is free from fine-drawn notions and Monday evening-to-morrow morning will bring her.

To-morrow comes. Frank is at the station reality is as bald as an ordinary billiard ball to meet ber, looking worn and auxious, as he save for a few sharp spinous bristles. Her has grown of late. Latterly, his misanthropy, I assure you." angers our fleet should be with skin is much the same colour as a piece as far as Leo is concerned, has grown upon He is trying to be true, with all his might. If he could ried a baby in her arms, which she threw fly from danger, he would fly, but that is imbest he can, trying to think a great deal of Jeanna and her perfections. Whether she agrees or not, he means to end this as soon as she returns, and let | the necessity for her return that very night. evidently intended for tough work. Poets the world know of their relations to each give us lengthy remances on the leveliness of other. He will not ask her leave, he will asher hands, but I beg to differ with them, hav- | sert himself, he will simply tell. Then Leo will understand. They will be quietly married and go away at once. And little Leo will forget-she is such a child-and be upwards of nine feet long. About six months happy with some happier man. The train stops, and a tall young lady, in a

sent to England for exhibition. The lower gray travelling suit, and a pretty gray hat extremity is finished off with an enormous alights. It is Joanna, looking well and bright, and almost bandsome. She smiles and holds cut her hand frankly at sight of men orought it in, and since then it has been him, but her manner is more than of a cordial friend than of the woman he is going to marry.

"How well you are looking," he says. "Your long journey seems to have given you added bloom, Joanua. You are as fresh as any rose."

"It must be a yellow rose, then," said Joanna, laughing, "and pale saffron bloom. I am sorry I cannot return the compliment You are looking anything but well, Frank. made durable and compact. It is said that You have not had a sunstroke of hope, this summer?"

She speaks lightly, but her glance is keen, and there is an under-current of meaning in her tone. He flushes slightly, and flecks the

wheeler lightly with his whip.
"Something rather like it, I believe. But I shall rapidly grow convelescent now that you are back. I have—we all have—missed von. Jospus.'

"Thank you," she says, gently. "That is a good hearing. "I like my friends to miss me. How are they all ?- well ?"

"Quite well. No doubt you have heard the worderful news. "You saw Geofficey?" "Yes, I saw him," smiling, "and really it was not such wonderful news. I did not faint with surprise when I heard it. But of neks. ccurse I am delighted-more than delighted. She will have the noblest husband in the world, and she is worthy of him. You are sure you feel no jealous pang, Frank?" laugh-

ing.
"Not one. I shall give my fair cousin my blessing on her wedding day, with the coundest of hearts-where she is concerned. And your mother!" he says, chifting skilfully from what he feels to be a dangerous ground. "You have brought her back safe and well?

"Safe and well, thank Heaven-almost as well in mind as in body. She might have left years ago, poor darling, if there had been any one to take her. At! Frank, I feel that my whole life will not suffice to repay her for what she has suffered. And do you know, she accepted me in a moment as her child, seemed to know me, if such a thing could be possible, and came with me so gladly. She can hardly bear me a moment out

of her sight." "You should have brought her down with you. It is unfair to leave her even for a few

dave now." "A few days! My dear Frank, I return by to-night's train. Meantime she is with the

and part of the with you. I must see Leo first. He is stricken dumb. Their names in this conjunction / He grows quite white as he leans forward to look at her.

but very firmly. "Not now, Frank-later. I must first see Leo. I want her to go with me to Abbott Wood this morning. I have a fancy for

saying what I have to say in the dear, beautiful old house that she loves so well, and where she—they all—were so good to Joanna. Mrs. Hill will give us lunch there. shall not return to Ventnor Villa; and if, when Leo goes back, you will come in her stead, I will say good-bye to you as

She is smiling, but her eyes look dark and sad. He sets his lips-even they are pale. "Good-bye! Joanna, what are you saying? There is to be no good-by between us any have no voice in the matter, he left it enmore. You are mine; I claim you. I am tirely to you. It was to tell your mother,

tired now, and-and dispirited, I think. I do not want to talk of it. Do you know, brightening suddenly, and smiling, "I met an old friend, by purest chance, in the streets of San Francisco. It was so good to see him, although I have every reason to be ashamed. was ashamed too," she laughs, and colours a little.

"Who?" Frank asks.

"George Blake-poor George! So improved, so brown, so mauly-looking, and so prosperous. He is editor and proprietor of a dally out there, and doing well. I recognized him in a moment, but he did not know me.

1 stopped him, however, and made myself-known-made my peace with him too, am happy to say. What a wretch I was in those days! I look back now and wonder if "I be I." You never saw any one so glad as he was to meet me, and as for all the goodnatured things he said about my changed appearance, and so on-but you would think me frightfully conceited if I repeated the half. What is to the point is, that he has forgiven me, and forgotten me, so far as his old fancy is concerned. He is engaged to be married, and to quite a rich young lady. Is not all that pleasent news?"

But Livingston is not very deeply interested in George Blake, or his successes, editorial or matrimenial. He is filled with disquiet by Josnna's manner; he fears he knows not what. She laughs and talks lightly enough, but underneath it all he sees a resolute purpose, and he has learned to fear her inflexible resolutions. Why should she so connect her name with Leo's? What does the suspect? He has striven hard to be loyal and true, but those deep dark eyes are long one, but silence has fallen long before they reach the house.

Joanna is met and welcomed by the Ventnors with flatteringth warmth, is embraced by Leo and her mother with effusion, and finally bas a private interview with the latter lady. It is not a long one, but Mrs. Abbott is very pale and grave when it is over, and there are traces of recent tears.

"It is like you, Joanna!" is what she says: I can cay nothing more than that. You are generosity itself. I can only echo Geoffrey's words, and leave the decision to Leo, untiassed. She is a child in most things, but in this she must judge for herself. You are her sister, and your wishes should have weight Tell her, and it shall be as she says."

"I have no fear then," Jonna says, gally wicked pride. Leo, dear, run and put on your hat. I will drive you ever to Abbott Wood, if Miss Ventnor will trust her ponics to my care. I am quite a skilled charioteer,

"To Abbott Wood!" Lee says, opening wide the velvet black ever. "Yes, dear; and we will lunch there to-

gether Quite like old times-will it not be? Do not be a minute. I will say goodbye to the others while you are gone." "Good-bye?" cries Leo, with dismsy; but

Joanna has left her and is already explaining She cannot leave her mother, who pines and frets in her absence. So she says farewell there and then to Mrs. Abbott as well as the

"We go south very shortly," Joanna says and will pass the winter in Florida. Next spring, when we return, of course my first visit will be here."

Frank is there as well as the rest, but to him she does not hold out her hand. "Come and fetch Leo back this afternoon, she says. "I can make my adieux to you then.

She and Leo depart, and Livingstone quits the family group, and is seen no more by any member of the household. It is a day he will not easily forget; the suspense, the dread, the pain he feels, grave themselves on his memory making this a day spart from all other days

in his life. Meanwhile the ponies prance along and speedily do the five miles between Ventnor Villa and Abbott Wood. It is a perfect day -sunny, cloudless, breezy, with the odour of the sea in the crisp air, and Abbott Wood looking more like an ancestant park and baronial hall than ever. They sweep up the noble drive and slight in front of the house. Great urns glow, filled with tropical plants the flower-beds blaze in their autumn glory the deer look at them with wild, shy eyes fountains tiakle and plash-all is in perfect order. So is the house in as exquisite keeping as when its mistress reigned there. Leo's eyes light as they drink in a'l this beauty.

She laughs a little, then sighs. "It is to levely, she says-" the dear, dear ald home? Go where I will, I see nothing like

"You love it, then?" Joanna quietly

"Love It!" Leo repeate. Her eyes fluch, her lips part, then she stops. She must not seem too fond of it now, she remembers, lest Joanna thinks her envious. "Of course I am ford of it," she says. "I was born here, and every tree, and every flower and bird seem like old friends. But it will always reem like nome to me, new that it is yours. If it had gone to a stranger, I think it would almost have broken my heart." " Dear little loving heart!" Joanna inter-

poses, with a smile. "But it is yours, and you are my own pre clous sister," goes on Leo, gaily, "and I shall expect you to invite me here often. You are not to lorget your poor relations, you know, Mile. Fifty Millions!

Joanna pauses, and looks down upon her. She lays both hands on her shoulders and emiles down into her eyes. Very sweet and youthful and fair is little Leo, with her pretty upturned face, and large, luminous. Southern

"It must be the other way," she says. You must invite me here, Little Leo-for Abbott Wood is yours." "Mine!" The dark eyes open wide, and

Professor and Madame Ecleson. I have not stare.

come to stay. I have come "—her face tyes, my darling—yours and yours only. I have come business, From this day you are the little chatchaine of for themselves that he is a very stately and

Abbott Wood. Do you think I would keep distinguished looking gentleman, and this And part of Jameste, you. I must see Leo About Wood. Do you think? would keep your birthright—the house where you were born? the place you love so dearly where conjunction. He grows quite white as he leans forward to look at her. you were so good—so good—to me? Ah, no! I never thought of that I meant to restore it to you from the first. You are Shellays her hand on his, kindly, gently my sister, my father's daughter. It was for you he intended it, and yours it shall be. Do not look at me with such wonder stricken eyes. Could you think so badly of me, as to dream I would keep it? I would not live here if I could. There are reasons—, she stops for a moment. 'No, little Leo, it is yours, all the processes of law have been duly fulfilled. It is yours by free deed of gift, and with it half the fortune our father left. What should I oo with so much money? Even half is the embaragement of

riches. I can never spend my income. It was for this I stopped on my way here to speak to Geoffrey. I knew you would do nothing without his consent. He would going to announce our engagement. It is I saw her alane this morning—she, tor, leaves useless for you to object. I am." it altogether to you. But I do not—you useless for you to object. I am." it altogether to you. But I do not—you man walt!" she says, wearily, "wait—wait must accept. There is no compulsion, you until this alternoon at least. I am a little know, Leo, dear, says Joanna, laughing and kissing her, 'only you must! And although you cannot live here alone, and though neither your mother nor brother will ever live here with you, I foresee Abbott Wood will not be long without a mistress. I foresee, goes on Joanna, her hands still on Leo's shoulders, her smiling eyes still on Leo's face, 'that you will soon reign here, and not alone, and I hope-oh, my little Leo, with all my heart I hope you may be very, very happy.

Her voice breaks, Leo flings her arms about her and hides her face on her breast. She is sobbing, whether with joy, with love, with gratitude, or with pair, she hardly knows.

Happy! Ah, if Joanna only knew how unhappy she is.

I-I don't know what to say,' she sobe wildly. 'I never thought of this. It is like robbing you, Joanna. Ob, I don't know what to do. I ought not to take this—it is your house-I cannot bear to take it from

Luckily you have no choice. It is yours in spite of you! If you refused it would only be left to the rate and Mrs. Hill for the term of their natural lives. But you will not refuse, and one day all my predic. tions will come true. Oh, never look so despondent-trust me, Joanna is among the prophets. And now, wipe those pretty eyes, and let us consider the matter settled, and at an end for ever. No more thanks, or tears, or scenes-they make me almost as uncomfortable as it I were a man. It is luncheon hour, and here I protest is Frank Livingsten coming up the avenue. Leo, before he comes, I want you to tell him all about this eyes not easily deceived. The drive is not a to-morrow—I mean my story, relationship to you, and so on. Geoffrey has to tell Colonel Ventnor, of course I have given him permission. And with that we will let it drop, the world will never know. I shall take my rightful name\_Bennett\_and you will keep yours until you exchange it for

'Mr. Livingston,' says Mrs. Hill, suddenly ushering him in. Joanna looks at Leo and laughs, and Leo

blushes to the temples, as both go forward to greet him. They take their midday refection together,

and try to talk casily; but both appetite Mrs. Abbott and Leo have promised to spend and conversation are failures. Everything the holidays with him. Mrs. Abbott is cying Mrs. Hill can do to tempt them she has done, but no one is at ease. Joanna looks calm, and in spite of everything is perhaps a trifle amused by the marked avoidance of her two guests. She reads it all so plainly, and if there is any pain at her own heart she resolutely puts its away. She has made up her mind to the inevitable, and to look back and weep for what is for ever gone

After Inncheon they wander about the grounds for awhile; then Lee is summoned way by Mrs. Hill to see some pets, and Joanna and Frank siroll back to the house. The aftercoon has worn onthe sun is declining; Joanna looks at her watch as they stand side by side at one of the windows commeding a wide view of the sparkling sunset sea.

"And when we have parted," Joanna goes on, after that pause, "and you meet some one you really love, and whom you know loves you, remember you are to let no foolish scruple about this hold you back, nor mar the happiness of that other. And if," slowly, "it is any one for whom I care, the obligations will be more binding still. If you feel you owe me anything, repay it in that way. I will understand and rejoice. To-morrow there are things Leo will tell you. Why do you start? Leo is not an alarming personage-things you ought to know, and which I prefer you should hear first from her. And now I am tired talking, and here comes Leo and Mrs. Hill. Perhaps we can have that tea. It is time, for I am thirsty, and must toon be off. Can we not have tea out under the trees, Mrs. Hill, it is so delicious here, in sight of the sea?"

So 'they have tes, and the repast is even mere silent than luncheon. The two young ladies do their best, but Livingston simply cannot talk. His heart is fall, and in it there is little froom for any but Joanna just now. Then it is over. Josnna looks at her watch again.

"Helf-past six. I want to say good-by here, and see you too off before I depart my self. Mrs. Hill, please have them bring the burgy round to take me to the station. Leo

And then the supreme moment has come and Leo's arms are around her, and Leo is sobbing on her breast. She holds out both hands to Livingston, with tears in the brave, bright eyes.

"Take her away," she says, in a stifled voice; "I cannot bour it. Be good to her, Frank. God bless you both!"

And then, somehow, she is alone, and they are gone, and a last burst of yellow sunshine takes them, and they are lost to

She sits down and covers her face with a long, hard breath. Some oft-quoted lines come into her head, and keep echoing there, and will not be exorcised after the fashion of such things. "So tired, so tired, my heart and I." She is conscious of feeling tired, old, cold, worn out. She sits, a long time, it seems to her-ten minutes by Mrs. Hill's count-and then that portly matron returns, and says the carriage is waiting.

Joanna rises at once. She is pale, and her eyes are wet, but that is natural enough. She says good by to Mrs. Hill, and slips largesse into her palm, and goes. And all the way to the station, and all the way back to New York, as the train thunders over the iron road, it keeps monotonously beating out the refrain. "So tired, so tired, my heart and

### CHAPTER XII. WEDDING BELLS.

Early that autumn there is a fashionable wedding in New York, and the beautiful heiress, Miss Ulga Ventnor, is the bride. The bridegroom, personally, is unknown to fame, but the 'dear five hundred' can see

goes far to condone his obscurity. His name, too, tells for him, one of the fine old names of the South—'fine old family, my dear, impoverished as so many fine old families have been, by the recent war, etc. That the bride, in white eatin and point lace, and orange blossoms, and diamond stare, looks lovely, you know before I tell you. That the wedding presents are numer, ous and splendid, the wedding breakfast a triumph of culinary art that the epsech of the bridegroom is notable among stammering bridal speeches are not these things with ten in the chronicles of the books of Jenkins -have you not read it all in the daily papers, and shall I bore you with a twice told tale? "Immediately after the breakfast the happy pair departed for Europe," etc., etc.

Thus far Olga and Geoffrey, Mrs. Abbott and Leo go back to their suburban retreat. their birds, their books, their plane, their quiet life. Abbott Wood knows no change -Mrs. Hill still reigns supreme. Joanna le right in her -prediction that Leo's mother will never again dwell within its walls. "All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses."

Abbott Wood is to her a haunted house haunted by terrible memories and a dreadful death.

For Frank Livingston, he goes to Now York, sets up his easel and atelier, and goes to work with an energy and will that astonish his friends. His lazy insouciance is gone -he is a holiday artist, playing at picturemaking no more. What is given him to do, he does with all his might. It is no great thing, perhaps—he is no embryo Raphael or Dore, but his best he does. And he has a fair success. He paints a picture that is exhibited, and criticised, and a good deal talked about. Belter, a very rich man, and a patron of native talent, buys it at a faucy price. It is a twilight scene—some hare brown fields, a dreary expanse of arid marsh, a gray frowning skye, a chill wind. You can feel the chill rustling of the reeds and sedge grass, a broken rail fence, and a barefoot girl leaning upon it. Her wild hair blows in the wind, her face is wan and unchildlike, her eyes, fixed on the far-off sky line, have a monraful, appealing, dog-like look. It is called "Heart Hungry."

It is Joanna, of course, as he has often seen her in the days when he thought of her so little. He thinks of her now, almost more than any one clae, with mingled affection, admiration, and remorse. How roble she is, how generous, how great of heart! He feels that he could never have made her happy; her nature is too noble for his. As man and wife they would have jarred. It is better as it is. All he can do is to try, by constant hard work, to approach ever so little nearer her level. He paints other pictures, and they sell. He is fairly successful, and each new success spurs him on to still further endeavours.

Of Leo he sees nothing; in these busy days he has little time for visite, and besides -well, besides, there is a leng future for all that.

Spring comes-May, June.

With the end of June returns the wedded pair, looking bappy and handsome, and absorbed in each other of course. Almost immediately they go to Brightbrook. The Ventnors are to follow in a couple of weeks, and for her son, Mrs. Ventuor for her daughter, So once more they are to be united, the happiest household in the world.

It is Frank Livingston who drives Olga down to the station to meet the expected guests. The colour flushes into little Lee's tace at sight of him -it is a surprise-rothing has been said of his coming.

"And indeed he did not want to come," saye, severely, Mrs. Dr. Lamar. She makes the most charming of young matrons. "We had almost to tear him by force from his beloved studio. You may see for yourself how badly he is looking-quite old and ugly. And he used to be frirly good looking -- now

used he not, little Lee?" And of course at this malicious homethrust poor little Leo is overwhelmed with confusion, and wishes the carriage would open and swellow her. Frank laughe lazily. He is looking rather thin, but perfectly well in all other respects. And there is an expression of manliness, of gravity, of determinution on his handsome face, which is new and extremely becoming.

" His latest work of art," says Olga Lamst, on the back seat, to Lee, is-guess what? A picture of you. It is painted from memory and the commission is mine—as you loosed in your bride-maid dress, dear-1 never saw you look so pretty as you did that day. What a trick the child has of blushing! He has brought it down with him, and will finish it here. It is for my particular sitting-room. Do you know we are going to live in Brightbrook, and Geoffrey will actually practise in the village? They want a doctor, and he wants work. Of course we will go to New York in winter, but to all intents and purposes the villa will be home. Home! Is it not a sweet word? We are enlarging and improving it in a number of ways. And we are going to settle down in the most humdrum Darby and Joan life you can imagine. And speaking of Joan reminds me of Joanna-dear Joanna! Geoffrey had a letter from her lest night, and oh! Leo, she will not come. She is going to Ergland for the summer; her mother wishes to visit her native land once more. Is it not too bad? And I counted to confidently on her spending July and August with us. But so it ever is. I still have my life-pictures like Queen Elizabith's portialt, without shadow, and it cannot be. Joanna is the gray background this time, and yes-the fact that Abbott Wood is still without a mistress. But yet-I live in hops!"

She tune on gally, and laughs down in Loo's sombre soft eyes. She is so radiantly happy—this fair Princess Olga, in her new life, that she seems to have received a fresh baptism of brightness and beauty.

Next morning the famous picture is displayed—a soft-eyed, sweet-faced girl in white silk and laces, with white flowers in her ducky hair. In the shy, wide-open, wondering-looking eyes, fithere is an unconscious touch of pathos.

"Is it not charming?" Olga cries; "and do you not fall in love with yourself, little Lee, only to look at it? I do. And what have you got that pleading look in your eyes for, and why do you seem as if you were walting for something or-somebody? Perhaps the Artist knows. Did she look like that on my wedding-day, Frank? As groomsman you ought to know. How do you like yourself, Leo?

"It is much too pretty," Leo answers, blushing, of course: "It is dreadfully flattered. But I like to be flattered—in that way, I think.

"You do not really think it is flattered, Livingston says, a few minutes later. He is adding some finishing touches to the likeness, and has asked her to remain. The others have moved away—they are

alone with only the summer wind swinging (Continued on Third Page.) in framework of the second