fire

still der sei:
'Hyou within Ma

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE. XXXIII.

Was Carnew not the firm, grave, thoughtfu character that he was, he must have been so won by the exceedingly pleasant cordiality with which he was rethe Edgars, as to have fallen

ceived by the Edgars, as to have fallen easily into the trap rather set for him by both father and daughter.

Bot, though he basked in the kindness, earnest and simple as it was on Edgar's part, and was often fascinated to a degree by the charm of Edna's beauty and accomplishments, there was something by the charm of Edna's beauty and accomplishments, there was something about her which kept him from the slightest desire to make her his wife. Perhaps it was that in her violent desire to hasten matters she forgot herself sometimes and betrayed a faint and undefinable lack of modesty that, above all other virtues, Carnew prized in woman; and perhaps it was also due to the fact that he was haunted by the pale, sad face at Kahandabed.

All that Mr. Elgar saw of the young man bat confirmed his first regard, and his praise of Carnew to Edna, when the two were alone, inflamed more ardently her desire to win him.

She was his constant attendant even in the torus of the house, when her father.

the tour of the house, when her father displayed to him the treascres of art which displayed to him the treascres of art which he had transferred from his English home, and she surprised him by her scholarly remarks. He did not know that, in the anticipation of talking to him about those very objects of art, she had made them a subject of special study and of particular inquiry from her father.

On the second morning of his star.

On the second morning of his stay, as he was about to enter the breakfast room, he met her bearing a number of letters.
"I was too impatient for the servants distribution of them," she said, "so I went myself to the mail bag. I have been expecting a letter from Ned."

He started a little; having forgotten that the Misses Edgar were possible cor-

respondents, it came to him now with a strange thrill of anxiety that E ina would of course, write to Ned about her father's of course, while to Ned about her latter's vieitor. No inquiry for the young girl had been made by Mr. Elgar, and only a brief one by Edna when her father was not present, to which inquiry Carnew had replied that he had seen but little of Miss. Edgar since Edna's own departure from Rahandabed, and to his relief she did not ask, as he had half expected her to do, if Nod knew of his coming to Weewald

His start, however, was not perceived, and having entered the breakfast room, whither Mr. Edgar had not yet descended, whither Mr. Edgar had not yet describes, she proceeded to look at the superscriptions on the letters. There were none for her, but the very last that she looked at was directed to Alan. He knew at once the stiff, crooked penmanship of his aunt, and he wondered whatill wind had borne than his presents whereabouts. to her his presents whereabouts. will permit me," he said, "I

"If you will permit me," he said, "I shall read it now."

She bowed assent, and proceeded to her father's letters by his plate, while Alan retired to a curtained em-

brasure. He read with mingled feelings of ment and anger: NEPHEW ALAN-

Mrs Doloran had been too angry to insert the customary " My Dear." Bert the customary "My Dear."

"There was no necessity for such secrecy about your visit to Weewald Pace; everybody in the house knows it is after Edna you have gone, and we are all expecting you to return with her as your bride. But it is surprising that you should make such an early visit to this boor, Edgar, without acquainting me, your aunt. However, you are like the rest of your sex, unstable and unappreciative." (With woman's inconsistency, she had forgothen that it had been her wont to direct all such tirades entirely against her own sex, at tributing to the sterner sex the very virtues for the lack of which she now censured her nephew.) "You will wonder, of course, how I got my information of your whereabouts. My own sharp wits gave it to me, for that for the lack of which she now censured her nephew.) "You will wonder, of course, how I got my information of your whereabouls. My own sharp wits gave it to me, for that fool Macglivray, who brought me your note couldn't or wouldn't tell me a thing beyond that you might have taken a train up, and coming to would have taken a train up, and then again, you might have taken a train up, and then again, you might have taken a train down. I have spoken my mind pretty freely to Ned, and she option are supported by the spoken my mind pretty freely to opened be lips to express an opinion either of had she even felt it her duty to speak, Mrs. Doloran's ceaseles garrulity gave the sipnature:

speak, mrs. her no opportunity to us her no opportunity to us the signature; "Your indignant aunt, "E, F. Doloran." Carnew thrust the letter into his pocket, and turned as if to survey the winter scene without. But the angry flush mounting to his forehead, and the sparkle in his eyes, told that his thoughts were hardly upon the prospect before him. He well divined why she had inhim. He well divined why she had inserted that about Ned; it was that he
might know how another than herself
concurred in the judgment she had pronounced upon his conduct. It was well
that, she did not know how that paragraph in her letter had stabbed him in
another way. It was that Ned would
think he had gone after Eina. He forgot that he had never given Ned the
slightest sign to make her suppose that he
cared for her. And then his thoughts cared for her. And then his thought took another and an unkindly turn toward his aunt's "companion." Why was she so ready to concur in that adverse opinion of him? Why could she verse opinion of him? Why could she not in her woman's heart have found some excuse for his conduct, even though it did seem a little inexplicable? He was sure that he would have done it in And yet in her case, where her conduct seemed inexplicable, he had condemned her many times. But we are so partial to ourselves, and so loth to extend to others the sweet, sweet charity with which we mantle our own feelings!

His first impulse, while all thoughts coursed burningly through his mind, was to return to Rahandabed immediately and disprove his aunt's assertion of hav and the one which he obeyed, was to write a brief, cool note to Mrs. Doloran, which he set before her very sharply how mistaken were all her conclusions, and how disagreeably officious she made herself by expecting him to accord to her the submission of a child in trock and pinafore. He ended by sarcastically thanking her and Ned for the kind judg-

ment they had passed upon him.

Mrs. Doloran was as furious when she read that note as when she had been toiled in her endeavor to elicit informa-

tion from Macgilivray, and she threw it to Ned to read, saying as she did so:

"He is a wretch! and I wish I had never seen him. How dare he insult me like that? The interest I took in him, the kindness I showed him was that of a mother, and this is his return! Have your read it?" saying suddenly, in her you read it?" pausing suddenly in her excited walk through the apartment, and almost glaring at Ned. The latter rose.

"Yes, Mrs. Doloran, I have read it, and from it I infer that you must have made some strange statement of me. Mr. Carnew thanks me in his sarcastic manner for my kind judgment upon his conduct. As I at no time have given my opinion of his action, it is your duty to opinion of his action, it is your duty to explain what he means. I have born many things as your 'companion,' but it certainly does not belong to my position

to bear misrepresention by you."

She stood so firmly, and with such an unusually indignant look upon her face, that Mrs. Doloran shrank a little; but she overed her fear by answering immediately:
"Larks and daisies! what airs we give

ourselves! You are only my 'companion' anyway, and as such it was your duty to concor in my views of things."

"Never my duty to concur in unjust views," broke in Ned, her voice tremulous with indignation, "nor, to my knowledge, have I done so."

"Well when L concerned Alexandre."

ods with indigated of the degree have I done so."
"Well, when I censured Alan, you never brought forward anything in his defence," said Mrs. Doloran, glad of any statement under which she could shield

"It was not my place as your 'com-panion," for the first time in her life Ned used a scornful emphasis, "to inter-Ned used a scornful emphasis, "to inter-rupt your tirades, and they were so un-ceasing that they gave me no opportunity todo so; but neither was it your place, Mrs. Doloran, to construe the silence incident to my position into an untrue statement of my opinion of your nephew's conduct.'

conduct."
"Larks and daisies," said Mrs. Doloran again, with a toss of her ludicrously bedecked head, "one would suppose you were in love with Alan yourself, you make such a foss about these harmless remarks of mine; but you have no chance, Ned; Alan would never stoop to mark his annt's 'companion,'" and then marry his aunt's 'companion,'" and then she laughed a shrill, forced laugh that showed the more plainly the crow's feet about her eyes, and even gathered one side of her nose into somewhat unsightly

"I shall endure your remarks no longer," said Ned, quivering from head to foot. "It is not my duty to bear insult. I shall leave your house within an

hour. And she left the room before Mrs. Doloran had quite realized the sudden action. She was not prepared for that re-sult, and she was a little dismayed by it still she was too proud to seek an imm diate reconciliation, and she determined to wait the hour before making any de-cision. Ned went immediately to her cision. Ned went immediately to her room and began a hasty packing of her trunk without well knowing where she was going. Albany suggested itself, but she shrank from going there without first acquainting the good people of her in-tended visit; then, the village of C— came to her mind. Only the day before she had supplied Macgillyray with money that he might procure a temporary home with some of the villagers, with whom the Scotchman professed to be acquainted for a maid of Mrs. Doloran who had been actually driven from Rahandabed by that lady herself. The maid was a pre-possessing French girl, but a few months in the employment of Mrs. Doloran, and by her skill in hair-dressing and other by her skill in hair-dressing and other feminine matters giving much satisfaction until it was evident her volatile, for manners, and attractive appearance had brought her into serious trouble. Indeed, the guests were talking about it be fore even Mrs. Doloran's observation was awakened, and more than one gossip lov-ing tongue had not hesitated to say that one of the gentlemanly guests was the cause of it. The unfortunate girl hersel

charged with her conduct by Mrs. Doloran; then she burst into tears and ac-knowledged the truth, but refused to tell the name of him who had been the cause of her unhappiness.

The mistress of Rahandabed was righteously shocked. No sentiment of pity for the erring young creature enpity tered her heart, nor was she touched when the girl, sinking on her ki plored to be kept that she might earn that month's wages, as she had sent the last of her former earnings for the sup-port of her little sister who was at school.

face unti

naintained an unabashed

Parentless, friendless, homeless, where could she go, what should she do? And her sobs were pitiful enough to rend the hardest heart. But Mrs. Doloran only answered sternly:

"Ask him with whom you have sinned

to help you. The French girl raised her streaming

eyes.

"Ah, madame! I cannot," and then she pleaded again, "Do, madame, let me stay this mouth."

But madame was inexorable, and Josephine was allowed just three hours in which to take her departure. Madame which to take her departure. Madame even told the story to Ned, who, owing to her somewhat isolated position among the guests, had heard no whisper of the tale before, and Ned's sympathetic heart for Mrs. Doloran had even told Ned of the French girl's pleading to be kept—was touched to the core. She managed to see Josephine before her departure, and sh was touched anew by the tale from her

own lips.

The girl was very young, very pretty and she had been brought up without a mother's care; surely a charitable heart could make many allowances for her; thus thought Ned, while the dutiful provision which she made for her little sister and the devotion that she showed in re-fusing to name her betrayer, though she might claim from him present and future help, evinced qualities of character ad-mirable enough to enlist any one's pity. So Ned's heart went out to her, and Ned's

mind was quick and fertile in devising an expedient to help her. Somehow, she had grown to like better and to have more confidence in Mac-gilivray than any of the other servants, due, perhaps, to the fact that the Scotchman was as respectful to her as to the most important of Rahandabed's guests. To the other domestics, being only the hired "companion" of their mistress, she was little better than an upper servant,

and they treated her accordingly.

To the Scotchman, then, she applied for assistance in finding a temporary home for the French girl, and he, having friends, and even kin, living in the village of C—, promised to obtain a place for her immediately.

mediately.
And there is nae need yet of the siller, Miss Edgar," responding to her offer of her purse; "I ken there won't be muckle

But she insisted, and he reluctantly accepted, and shortly after the three hours which Mrs. Doloran had allowed for the departure of Josephine, the girl found herself in the comfortable, though exceedingly plain little home of an elderly

widow, whose only a child, a daughter, was at service with a wealthy family in the village. Whether Macgilivray knew the story which for a fortnight or more had been the theme of servant gossip, as well as of secret parlor talk, or whether he believed what Ned had simply told him, that the French girl had been summarily dismissed, and having no means and no home to which to go, was in distress for immediate sheiter, she did not know, nor was she concerned to know; but she was anxious to see the widow with whom Josephine would sojourn, feeling that, should the woman, when she knew the circumstances, object to farnish feeling that, should the woman, when she knew the circumstances, object to furnish more than the most temporary home to the girl, at least she might advise something to be done in the case. So she called upon the widow that very evening, and found, to her unexpected satisfaction, a simple, homely, but good-heart old Scotchwoman, who said, when Ned had told her all the circumstances: told her all the circumstances:

"I kent well what was the matter

though Donald said never a word when he brought her here, only that the aud hornie had gotten as usual into his leddy norme had gotten as usual into his leddy, and made her drive this puir child out frae hame all in a minit. Its an ill wife that'd noo do a gude turn to a puir lassie like her. Nae, Miss, she is welcome to a home here if she leeks it well eneugh to hide wi' as and Scatch hody. come to a home here it she teeks it wen eneuch to bide wi' an auld Scotch body leek me, an' I haud sense enough to hauld me tongue about her to the nee-bors They'll be wanderin' an' talkin'.

bots liney'll be wanderin' an' talkin', but I'll jist say it's a freend o' me ain come to bide wi' me." Thus was Josephine provided for through Ned's instrumentality, who little through Ned's instramentality, who little dreamed that in so short a time she would be herself in need of home, and as in the village of C—the French girl had found so providential a shelter, why should not she find one also? And though the home of the widow was scarcely large enough to give her accommodation, still Macgilivray had other friends who might be induced to accept her as a boarder until she should give ner as a boarder until she should giv nds in Albany timely warning.

And Macgilivray, though unable to control his surprise at her departure, was as prompt in promising to obtain an abode for her as he had been for Josephine, though he coupled his promise with ine, though he coupled his promise with an apology for the plainness of the home offered, at which Ned smiled, wondering what he would think of the plainness of the mountain home of her childhood.

the mountain nome of her childhood.

"And are you sure I can go there immediately? I want to leave Rahandabed within an hour," she asked.

"There's nae doubt of it," he answered, "for they're glad enough to take a board-er or twa in the summer, and they haena noo objection to ain in the winter. But I'm sair troubled aboot the takin' there mysel. You see, me leddy gart me drive some of the guests doon to the vil-lage as syne as lunch'd be finished, and hat puts a stoppit to me endeevor for you. But dinna greit," as he saw a shade come over Ned's face, "I'll tell Jim Slade (an under coachman of Rahandabed) where to bring you, and to tell the folk anent you. When they ken that I sent you they'll be civil eneuch, for they're me ain

Ned, with a relieved mind, returned to her room to complete her preparations, and when she was cloaked and bonnetted for departure, she sought Mrs. Doloran. That lady assumed a dignified pride and "I have come to say good-by," said the

girl, her voice trembling a little.
"Oh, have you? Then you?" "Oh, have you? Then you are deter-mined upon going," was the coldly spoken reply; "and I suppose you have come reply; "and I suppose you have come also to ask for a recommendation. I assure you beforehand that I shall only recommend you for an unbearable tem-per and whimiscal fits that make you most harmless things rage and chagrin at Ned's crimes. determination to go were now beyond all control, and she spurted out the first in-

sulting words that came to her mind.
"I did not intend to ask you for a recommendation," the girl replied, her voice and face showing, in spite of her efforts to control herself, how she was stung and angered.

"I only came in a spirit of common Christian charity, to see you before I left

you forever."

"And I, in a spirit of common Christian charity," mimicking Ned's tones, tian charity," mimicking Ned's tones, "will order your wages paid before you go, though it is not customary with a hired person," the emphasis stingingly long and marked on the last two words, "to pay anything when the departure is as abrupt and impertinent as yours is"

as abrupt and impertment as yours is "
"I have not asked for your wages,"
broke from Ned, now trembling from head
to foot with suppressed indignation, "nor
do I wish for any; and lest I should for
get entirely the spirit in which I entered
your presence, I shall say at once to you
good-by.

And furning about, she want bastily

good-by.

And turning about, she went hastily from the room, leaving Mrs. Doloran a prey to the most violent rage. She had not intended nor expected that Ned would keep her word and really go away from Rahandabed, nor did she mean that it should be so even now; but her pride was too great to permit her to take any steps to the contrary just yet. She would let Ned depart, but she

would take pains to ascertain where she was going, and in a day or two she would

And with that resolution she hastened

to find Ordotte.
"What!" he said, his tawny face showing greater dismay than it had ever ex-pressed before in Mrs. Doloran's presence.
"You have actually let Miss Edgar

"What could I do?" deprecatingly. "She would insist upon misunderstand-ing something I had said, and nothing would keep her after that." Ordotte looked at her in a disagreeably

searching way that she peevishly avowed made her shiver, but he did not reply immediately. Probably he guessed bet-ter than the lady intended he should do, the cause of Ned's reported misunder-standing. When he did answer it was

only to say quietly:
"Miss Edgar must return."

## XXXIV.

Edna Edgar was happy. Her father each day declared himself better pleased with young Carnew, who seemed to en-joy Weewald Place with a heartiness that he rarely showed in Rahandabed.

His eyes glistened with pleasure over the rare objects of art that Mr. E lgar displayed with the pride of a connoisseur and his dark cheeks sometimes glowed with color as he took his own animated part in interesting discussions with the well-read gentleman.

To Edna, as became the esteemed guest of her father, he paid the most delicate attention, but nothing that could be construed into any warmer feeling. Yet, she so interpreted every action on his part. She loved him as even in her brief, youthful infatuation she had never loved Markay, and for a title of love in salver. Mackay, and for a tithe of love in return

Mackay, and for a tithe of love in return she would have put her passionate, wayward heart under his feet.

In the solitude of her own chamber at night, when the ardor of her emotions banished sleep, she reflected upon his conduct to herself during the day, she took comfort and assurance from the fact took comfort and assurance from the fact that it was not his nature to be demonstrative, perhaps, not even to show up to the very moment of proposing for a lady's the very moment of proposing for a lady's hand, any strong desire to possess the same. His attentions to her certainly were marked, and she was confident that pefore the end of his stay he would speak

to her father.
For Alan—he was utterly innocent and For Alan—he was utterly innocent and unsuspicious of the feelings with which the daughter of his host regarded him; did he dream of them, he would that moment, with becoming thanks for the courtesy that had been shown him, have shaken from his feet the dust of Weewald Place. One face alone had taken possession of his heart, and do what he would in the way of calling frequently to possession or nis neart, and do what he would in the way of calling frequently to his mind all the adverse things he had heard of her, Ned's image retained its place. Often when he seemed to be most attentive to Eins, it was because of her physical resemblance to Ned. One day that Mr. Eigar had taken him to inspect come very old nictures and to ask his some very old pictures, and to ask his advise about having them retouched, he paused on their return before the door of a room next to his own apartment

"Edna has, not shown you this, I pre-sume," he said. "I requested her not to

do 80 No, she has not," answered Carner Engar threw open the door. It was a small apartment, fitted up like a lady's boudoir, and having in the centre an easel, the front of which was covered easel, the front of which was covered with silken drapery. He threw aside the drapery, and revealed an exquisitely painted head and face of a lady. Carnew started, for it was such an exact likeness of Ned. As he locked longer, the resemblance to Edna came out, but neither so trong nor so startling as the resemblance "Whom do you think it is like?"

asked Edgar in a tremulous whisper.

"Like Miss Edgar, who is Mrs. Doloran's companion," replied Carnew.

You are mistaken, sir; it is an exact

ikeness of my daughter."

And the voice of the gentleman, before And the voice of the gentleman, before low and tremulous, was now loud and decidedly angry. Carnew turned to him in asionishment, at which Mr. Edgar seemed to recover himself, for he resumed in his natural tones : "That, Mr. Carnew, is the portrait of

my wife, painted when she was the age which my daughter is now. I have de-tected, or fancied that I have detected " -his voice sank a little—" a marked re semblance between it and my daughter I requested Edna to leave it to me to bring you here that I might hear you exclaim on your first sight of it, how like it was to her. But I am disappointed, Mr. Carrery.

new."
"Not entirely, Mr. Edgar," Alan hast-ened to say, "for I can assure you that it does bear a marked resemblance to your doughter; the features are certainly an exact reproduction of Miss Edgar's. It is the expression which is so striking a reminder of the young lady with my

We will go, Mr. Carnew "

He dropped the silken hanging, and taking Alan's arm, turned from the room. But some strange mood had seized him; instead of leaving the young man as it was his wont to do when they had been, as they were this morning, a couple of hours together, he still clung to him, even when they reached the library, and after ing with himself, he requested him to enter.

Mr. Carnew," he began, talking rapidly as if to hide some emotion, "but even a this distance of time, with twenty-two years stretching their gap between us, I cannot look at the picture of my wife without feeling the old pain of loss, the old keen yearning to behold her once more. That is why I wish so wildly my daughter to resemble her, and I only vieit that portrait at intervals of months. that I may trace the resemblance more assuringly, and that I may save myseli the pangs which come at every sight of her pictured face. I love my daughter with greater strength of affection per-haps, than many fathers love their children. She is my only one, and as such cannot bear to contemplate a day arriving when she may be taken from me, when her love and her virtues may have to grace a distant home, and her father be left to a childless solitude. But, even in such a contemplation, could I be sure that he who may gain her hand would e worthy of her heart. I might not look be worthy of her heart, I might not look forward with such dread. All this is strange to you, Mr. Carnew, but young and unmarried though you are, still you can sympathize with the feelings of a father, and that father the father of an only child."

Alan bowed, wondering at Mr. Alan's inusual communicativeness, but having no suspicion of what further he was des-

"To know that Edna had given her heart to one whom I approved, and to one whom, judging from his natural kindness, would be content to make his home father and daughter rather than

separate them, such a prospect would make my old age indeed happy."

He paused, and looked with piercing earnestness into the face of his compan-ion; but the latter still suspected not an inkling of the truth.

inkling of the truth.

Both had been standing all the while;
Mr. Edgar, too much engroseed by his
own emotions to think of seating himself or of inviting his guest to do so, and Car-new, too much astonished and interested to think of another position than the on he had first assumed-standing by the library table.

And when that piercing look elicited

nothing from the young man beyond the curious and interested face he already wore, Edgar went close to him; he put his wore, Edgar went close to him; he put his hand on Alan's arm—a hand that trembled visibly—and said with a tremor which he tried desperately, but without success, to keep out of his voice:

"Mr. Carnew, I was once a lover my-

self. I can read the signs. You are in love with Elna, and you are the one I would choose for her—her heart she herself will give you, but her hand I can promise you?

Had Carnew been stabbed suddenly in some vital part he could hardly have been more shocked, or pained. Edgar's words were so unexpected and so undesired; then, how to tell this father that his only

then, how to tell this father that he child was not beloved as the father's heart desired her to be. Oh! it was hard. The color surged into his cheeks, and his own ce trembled a little:
Mr. Edgar, I am sensible of, and I deep but it has surprised me, and all the more, that I have not been conscious of giving any encouragement for such an offer upon your part. My affections are pre-engaged."

gaged."
Pre-engaged!" It was the only wor Pre-engaged!" It was the only word he could utter, so choked was he by disappointment and something even like resentment. But in a moment he recovered himself, and resuming that courtesy which he rarely long forgot, and with which he could mask every emotion, he seized Alan's hand and said:
"Forget, Mr. Carnew, that I have so far

Alan's hand and said:

"Forget, Mr. Carnew, that I have so far
violated my duties of host as to speak to
you upon such a subject; with that kindness with which I have already credited you, attribute it to a father's weakness. As Elna knew nothing of my intention, and indeed it was sudden and unpreme-

and indeed it was sudden and unpremediated upon my own part, your friendly relations with her need not be affected."

And wringing Alan's hand, he turned to leave the room; but the young man called him, impelled by what sudden feeling to do so he himself could hardly tell, and looking strangely embarrassed when the gentleman turned at the summons.

"Mr. Edgar, as you have honored me by an unexpected confidence, so am I impelled to confide in you. When I announced to you that my affections were pre-engaged, I felt that I should also have told you to whom; the more particularly that you have had at some time an in

that you have had at some time an interest in the young lady—Miss Edgar, who is the companion of my aunt."
Edgar became so rigid that he seemed to be rooted to the spot on which he stood, while his face paled, until it looked positively chealer. It was on his lips to say "I cannot congratulate you on your choice;" but even in that moment of, to him, bitter agony, he restrained himself,

actuated by a dictate of charity. Why should he blight by a word the prospec of his niece, unworthy and ungrateful though he deemed her to be? Besides, it would be the keener revenge to let Carnew, who had slighted an offer and affections every way worthy of him, fall into the trap he had himself prepared—let him marry Ned if he would. She had him marry Ned if he would. She had goaded Mackay to his death; she would probably break Carnew's heart when he

came to know her true character.
"You do not speak," said Alan, unable on to not speak, "said Alan, unable longer to control his suspense, "and yet you have had some opportunity of learning Miss Elgar's character. To me she seems to possess virtues the most estimately."

able."
"And it is not for me to disabuse you of your opinion," was the reply; "any interest which I may have felt in Miss Edgar, the 'companion' of your aunt, has completely ceased." He bowed and left he room.

Alan flushed, and unhappy paced the apartment. His stay now in Weewald Place must come to an immediate close he even shrank from seeing Eina aga ne even shrank from seeing has again agreed to understand, as he was by her father, that she was not unwilling to yield to him her heatt, he bitterly reproached himself for having accepted the invitation to Weewald Place. He had done it, he to Weewald Place, "He had done that had to acknowledge to his secret soul, that he might be distracted from his persistent thoughts of Ned; and the result was, that her very absence threw a charm about her which was more potent than ever Oh, that he could forget her! Now, when even Mr. Edgar, who was once her pro tector and her best friend, refused to sa a word in her favor, that he could believ her to be unworthy of his regard; but up came the sad, gentle, lovely face, and he covered his own face with his hands and

Mr. Edgar deemed it best that his passed between himself and his guest; he was all the more anxious to tell her in order to learn how deeply her affections had been won. And he sought her on

leaving Carnew. She bore the communication with an unexpected heroism; her pride was so great that not even to her father would she admit her suffering, and though she paled a little, and bit her lip until the blood well nigh came, immediately after that, she laughed, and flinging her arms above him growe to prevent him from disbore the communication with an about him, more to prevent him from dis-covering her real feelings than through affection, she said:

"As good fish in the sea, papa, as ever were cancht. ' If Mr. Carnew won't take me, Mr. Brekbellew will—you remember how devoted he was."

An expression of disgust crossed Mr.

Edgar's features.
"Mr. Brekbellew is so contemptuously beneath your notice, my love, that I do not like to hear you mention his name

even in jest."
"Very well, papa, I won't," caressing his hair, and letting her cool white fingers

rest upon his hot forehead.

But in solitude Edna's heroism com-pletely disappeared. She laid her head on her dressing table and shed the most bitter and angry tears she had ever shed in her life. By what covert charms had her cousin succeeded where her own

her cousin succeeded where her own more exquisite beauty and accomplishments had failed? How she hated her! If one little word of hers could have averted from Ned the direst evil, she would not have spoken it. Rather would she have crushed her if she could, and then she sought to think what means were in her power of preventing Carnew's marriage with her. But she dared say no more evil of Ned than the insignations she had with her. But she dared say no more evil of Ned than the insinuations she had already artfully made, lest all might recoil upon her own head. Could she have looked but a little way into the future, she would have beheld her revenge—a revenge awful enough to win even from her stillers heart a cry of herror. ner pitiless heart a cry of horror.
TO BE CONTINUED

There are cases of consumption so an envanced that Biokle's Bnti Consumptive Syrap will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For congles, celds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

gives the diseased parts a chance to heat.

No family living in a bilious country country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few do es taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. S. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a bor of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have even used,"

## A RUSSIAN EXILE.

Soul in Purgatory That Prayed for

An old man lay dying in a French hospital. To him came the priest of the parish, with kindly inquiries and the advice that he make his peace with God, as his end was approaching. To the first he responded in a polite manner, but the admonition was not so well received. Kuitting his brows fiercely, he replied :

Do not approach me on that subject, Father. I am old enough and ought to be wise enough to know my own business on that score. I shall be grateful for an occasional visit, for the time passes very slowly here; but you must never speak to me of relig-

ion. Besides, lam not of your land.
"You are not a Catholic?" inquired the priest. "Have you not just told me that you are called De Ravignan? That should be a Catholic name.

"It is-I can not explain further," said the sick man, petulantly. "But let it be sufficient that I am not a Roman Catholic."

The priest understood the reserva-

tion. " He has the feature of a Russian with his French name," he thought.
"Probably it is a disguise." And he

passed on.

The good Father came the next day and the next, chatting pleasantly with the old man each time, though never alluding to the subject of religion. But it was the month of November, and he had an extraordinary devotion to the souls in purgatory. To them he recomme ded his dying fellow-creature, and in a short time had the satisfaction of seeing his prayers answered

in a most singular manner. One morning as he was passing, the sick man called him.

"Father," he said, "are you com ing to sit with me to day?"
"I fear not," returned the priest.
"It must only be 'good morning,' as I

am obliged to go out of town." "I have an old habit of praying to a soul in purgatory," the old man went

on. "What co you think of it?"
"It is a habit of my own," answered the priest, with a reassuring smile. "I am glad we share it with each

other."
"The one to whom I pray has long since been in heaven, no doubt," said the other. "But I always address myself to him as though he were still in

purgatory. 'Continue to pray," said the priest. Your friend will not desert you where

ver he may be. Several days had elapsed when the curs once more made his appearance in the hospital. The old man had been much in his thoughts during his ab sence, and he went at once to the ward in which he lay. He was welcomed with shining eyes and a hearty clasp of the hand.

" Father," said the sick man, " I would like very much to have a talk with you. When shall it be?" "After I have made my rounds there

will still be a half hour at my disposal, replied the cure. "Will that ans "Yes," said the old man. "I shall

await your return with impatience. I have a confidence to make, if my courage does not fail me." Pray to your soul in purgatory while I am gone," suggested the priest, with a pleasant smile, as he left him to

make his customary visits. An hour later he seated him

to the bedside of the sick man. "Father," said the patient, "I am not a Roman Catholic, but a Catholic of

the Russian Church.'

"I suspected as much," said the priest. "My mother was a French woman, married while very young to a Russian officer. She never really gave up her religion, although outwardly conform. ing to her husband's faith. I know this through having observed that when alone she always made the Sign of the Cross as Roman Catholics do. The knowledge irritated me, as roon as I had begun to understand the difference: for I admired my father above all human beings, and his religion was mine. However, I loved my mother very much, and her secret was safe with me; though because of it my dislike for everything Catholic was in-She died when I was twenty one years of age. I also entered the military service, and led from the first a very hard life. I was not lacking in bravery, and received several honorable promotions. Finally I was placed in command of a company of roops sent with others into Poland in order to keep the refractory Catholics in order. I was pleased with the ap-pointment. They gave us less trouble

than we expected. "One day while we were exercising we came across a little herd-boy, about fourteen years old, and I thought it would relieve the monotony to have ome sport with him. We suddenly enclosed him in a circle, presented arms in order to frighten him, and called out

in the gruffest tones I could assume. Of what religion are you?" he replied "I am a Catholic,'

promptly.
"'Ah! So are we all,' I remarked. Let us see you make the Sign of the Cross.'
"He at once compiled, using, of

course, the Roman Catholic form, first placing the hand on the forehead, then on the heart, then on the left shoulder, and then on the right. " 'That is not the way,' I said.

You must make it in this fashion 'first placing my hand on the right shoulder instead of the left, as is the custom in the Russian Church.

"Both hands dropped at his sides; he shook his head.