and there, as everywhere, Valerie Herbert was the centre of attraction. If homage and flattery could make happiness, she ought to have been sublimely happy. Lady Elinor remarked to her husband that the girl firited outrageously, and he smiled. "What can be expected," he said, "when a girl is so fascinating, and men make such a fuss with her? But 'outrageously' is a strong term. Is the Lawford affair settled?"

"Her aunt told meyes. Valerie has gone most too far to recede; besides, why could she, unless some duke or earl came forward—and there are none eligible at

And when Gerald and his wife returned to Whitehall Gardens, Max threw down the book he had been holding, but not reading, the last ten minutes, and asked them, smiling, how the meet had gone off? "Splendidly!" said Lady Elinor. "Why, have you heard nothing about it!"

"I was at the War office," he answered, "antit three o'clock, and then I had a lot of letters to write, so I came straight home. You seem tired, Gerald," he added, to his brother.

orother.

"I am; you know how little I care for London life. I shall take myself off to Abbot's Leigh very soon, and leave you to take care of Nellie."

Then Lady Elinor began to tell all about the meet and the luncheon, and of course Valerie came to the front. How she look-

Valorie came to the front. How she looked, what she wore, how everyone said it
would be "a match" with Lawford; how
she firted, and all the rest of it. To which
Colonel Beauregard listened with a due
amount of interest, and gave no hint that
he was on the rack the whole time; and
Lady Elinor afterward said complacently
to has husband.

"It is lucky Max doesn't seem to have sken a fancy to Valerie Herbert. He couldn't get over it as most men get over

If she had seen Max Beauregard when he was alone again—seen the gray agony of his face, heard the whisper: "Oh, Heavent oh, Valeriet my love, my love!"—her shrewd ladyship, who flattered herself that few men or women could deceive her, might have owned that one man, at least, knew how to keep the peneteri strett behind the volto sciito.

Chapter XXIV.—"I Caprot Marry Toup

"She is false and fickle—not worthy any man's second thought," said Louis Charteris to himself, as he turned away from the railing near the Magazine. "I will not see her to-morrow." And he went back to the office and wrote a letter to Valerie full of bitter reproaches, which he tore up as soon as it was finished. Hope was not so dead within him as he had imagined; and he woke up on Thurs iay morning with the he woke up on Thurs lay morning with the resolve to go and see Valerie. Surely she could not intend to throw him over for a fellow like Lawford, rich though the latter

The young man knew not whether he hoped most or feared most when he took his way to Upper Brook Street, but he failted himself as he drew near the house, and was able to ask calmly for Miss Her-

The footman, who had his orders, conducted the young man at once to the drawing room, and, opening the door, an-

For a moment fouts only saw, as it brough a mist, a tall, slender form standing at the other side of the room, a gleam of golden hair, a flow of white drapertes; but as the figure moved forward slowly, the mist rolled away, and he beheld Valetie clearly, her face as white as her roles, her large eyes fixed on his with a strange mingling of fear and appeal, and all the power of her fare and pathetic beauty re-He sprang forward; he would have clasped the girl in his arms, but she stopped short, and with a wild gesture, with almost acry, checked the impulse. He rected back. "Valerie!" he gasped, half disay with the

midden revulsion.
"Not that?" said the girl, hoursely, har lipe, every limb quivering -"that can never be again! Louis, bear with me. Oh! what can I say to you how shall I tell you!" But Louis only stood and looked at her, the flish on his cheek fading slowly away and leaving intense paleness. He seemed

Valerie went on, desperately:

"It was a mistake from the beginningon my park. That how should I know it then? I loved you only as I had always loved you, and as I love you now. I cannot marer you, fouls—I cannot—I cannot!"
"Stay!" said the young man, hoarsely.
He moved a step nearer to her. "Have they taught you to be untruthful as well as mercenary and worldly? You loved me until you learned to love wealth, and admiration, and position more. Av. you may chrink from me"—for instinctively she had recoiled before the accusation so false, yet against which she dare not defend herself—"but you know that what I say is true. You are breaking your promise to me for the sake of a man you do not and never will love; but he is a millionaire, and I have nothing. He will load you with jowels, and give you all else that you have learned to value so much more than love. And you will count yourself happy. Happy!" he laughed, harsily. "And I? But what is that to you? No matter what I suffer, if you can be the reigning beauty and the wife of a man whose wealth will

and the wife of a man whose wealth will enable you to outstrip every other woman."
Not a word did Valerie utter; not by a sign or gesture did she offer to interrupt this tirade, which Louis poured out, not standing still, but walking excitedly ug and down. She only set her teeth in silent endurance. He wronged her, but she must bear it. Better a thousand times that he should believe all that he had accused her of than even suspect the truth. She had se

"It is Max heavegard who stands be tween us. For his sake you are false to

She breathed more freely when told that she was untruthful, mercenary, worldly. It was hard to be misjudged by one she so dearly loved. But when Max Beaure gard must so misjudge her, and she could endure it, what other suffering could over tax her powers of endurance?

Louis paused suddenly, looked at the motioniess figure, the white face of the girl, and drew near to her again.

"What" he said, "have you no answer—so denial? For Heaven's sake, Valerie," he directed out his hands, the words were almost a cry of anguish, "don't tell me that you are so false—so miserably unvertiby?"

breast. She dared not plead the truth; she estid not speak a falsehood.

Louis drew back and folded his arms. There was a dead pause.

The girl's face had grown white again; she scarcely seemed to breathe; her eyes were bent down, her head drooping; she stood before her lover like a guilty creature; but oh, how beautiful—how beautiful she wast and that beauty she was going to sell for gold! That thought nerved Louis to scorp.

"Silent still?" he broke forth at last, laying a suiden grip on the girl's stender wrist—she did not shrink or tremble now.

"You own it, thenf own that you are ready to barter your youth and beauty for money? You will give yourself, body and scul, to a man old enough to be your father, not because he is noble and good, and you love him, but because he is rich! Never mind that you and I were boy and girl together—that your word was pledged to me—that I have loved you faithfully; all that is nothing—nothing now! I am poor, and Aston Lawford is rich. I might have known it long ago; but I was an idiot, and known it long ago; but I was an idiot, and I hoped against hope. Very soon the love of the world began to eat your heart out; your letters were cold and infrequent—your manner when we met was changed! Oh, I have been a foolt and you, no doubt, landed at we folk?

laughed at my folly-"

Oh. I have been a foolf and you, no doubt, laughed at my folly——"

"Louis! Louis!"

"Ay!" he exclaimed, savagely, "you can ery out when you are stabbed; but you may stab me to the heart, and I must suffer in silence! That is a woman's privilege. A blight on the wretched code you have so quickly learned, and on all who follow it! I have done with you! I hope I may never see your false face again!"

He almost flung her from him as he spoke, and turned to the door. Valerie staggered, and caught at a thair near her. "Louis," she said, choking back the sob in her throat, "must we part like this!"

But he did not heed—perhaps did not hear—the words; blind with passion and pain, he could only see that he was deliberately abandoned for the sake of wealth and position; could only read conscious guilt in Valerie's silence, in her drooping eyes and changing color; a longer experience of life might have helped him here; but Louis was not yet four-and-twenty, and knew little or nothing of human nature. Valerie had loved him—loved him how—but loved the world more. He was too young to be pitiful; his love had not the strength and depth for the noble sorrow that could cry "The pity on't!" Valerie was miserably mean and desploably, utterly without excuse; she had grown cold and heartless; she cared nothing for suffering she inflicted; so, with only anger and resentment in his heart, Louis rushed out of the room, and a minute later was striding away from the house, hardly knowing where he went, and feeling as if all the world was false and hollow, and his life could never again hold anything worth living for.

And suddenly—there was a roar in his lears—shouting—a mist before his eyes—a

living for.

And suddenly—there was a roar in his cars—shouting—a mist before his eyes—a strong hand seized him, and plucked him from under the nose of a rearing carriage—a seize that somehow seemed famil-

"Louis Charteris! Confound it, man! do you want to commit suicide!" And the young man lifted his dazed eyes to the handsome face of Max Beauregard.

"I don't know how it happened," Louis said, vaguely. "Where is this?"
Of course there was a crowd; the brougham which had nearly run over the heedless wayfarer stopped, two or three hansoms ditto, also several passengers, and a dozen or more of them there is no a dozen or more of them. dozen or more of those idlers who seem to be shot, as from a cataput, to the scene of

"I should say you didn't," replied Colonel Beauregard. "This is Regent Street. You don't seem well, old fellow. We'll drive

"But—" he began.
"Jump in, man," returned Beauregard,
quickly. "We shall have all Regent Street
round us in a minute."

Louis obeyed, and Max followed, "Where are you living?" he asked. Louis gave the address, and the cab bowled away toward the modest street

where the Foreign Office clerk dive't, In a minute or two Louis rallied, and mrned to his companion, a slight flush "Colonel Heauregard," he said, "you

"Tut! Charteris, You were walking signit under a horse's nose, and I dragged you away, that's all." "I almost wish you hadn't," said Louis.

The other glanced at him keenly, not for the first time, and said, a little drily, yet "You fellows like you, who have, maybe, never seen death, are apt to court it

lightly."
Louis colored again.
"I had no idea of suicide, Colonel Beautegard," he said. "I simply didn't look where I was going."
"I saw that. Here we are at your diggings. May I come in; or would you rather not? No ceremony, please."
"I should be very glad if you would come up," said Louis, with unmistakable sincerity. "I searcely know you, Colonel Beauregard, and yet I don't feel as if you were a stranger."

The young man's sitting-room was not particularly home-like or comfortable, and bore no evidence of exuberant wealth in its occupier. The fact naturally struck Louis with peculiar sharpness just now, and, with a reckless sort of laugh, he turn-

ed to his companion.
"It looks brilliant, doesn't it?" he said;
"looks as if I were a millionaire; the sort

"looks as if I were a millionaire; the sort of place a girl who lives on rose-leaves would like to come to?"

He threw himself into a chair, pressing his hand to his forchead. Beauregard stood still, looking at him steadily. Louis, he saw, was in a dangerous mood; he had seen this ten minutes ago in Regent Street. One classes at the young man's face had. seen this ten minutes ago in Regent Street One glance at the young man's face had been enough for Max; and it was not diffi



Louis threw himself into a chair.

tis not a year since she promised to be my wife; and she loved me then—I believe she loves me now, if she is capable of it!"
"Stay, Charteris," said the other, still speaking calmly, though there was little inward calm, "you are talking wildly. Try and tell me collectelly, it you are willing I should know all, how this came about!"
Louis threw himself into a chair by the table and dropped his head on his arm.
"Pil try," he said, brokenly. "Yes, I am willing to tell you all, but I am unmanned just now."

Max was silent. It was best so It to

Max was silent. It was best so. It is not easy, even for a woman, to comfort a man in a grief like this; he must fight the battle alone. And yet Beauregard, as for a moment his hand stole into his breast and amount his own laboring heart felt. smoment his hand stole into his breast and pressed his own laboring heart, felt that Louis' disappointment would be comparatively short-lived. Time would heal the wound that bled now so freely. But the young man's grief was poignant at first; sobe shook his frame. The soldier possessed his soul in stlence; and, if his sheek was a little paler than usual, his lips more sternly compressed, who would have soliced these signs as meaning more than that he felt deeply for young Charteris, and, man-like, repressed all outward show of emotion?

By and by Louis raised his head.
"I am a fool!" he said, dashing his hand scross his eyes. "But that's the last of it, hope. I ought to have known better than

I hope. I ought to have known better than to dream that a brilliant beauty, when snoe she knew her worth, would bestow a second thought on a poor fellow who can't give her carriages and diamonds, and a maneion in the West-end!"

"Ay," said Beauregard, in a low voice, "Faust was wise in his generation when he tempted Marguerite with joweis; and ret, don't fall into the error of believing all gomen Marguerites."

women Marguerites."
"Not Yet Valerie seemed as pure-heartsd as a child before she was thrown into the whiripool of society!"
"She had had no temptation; but Heaven forbid I should speak harshly of a child—the is scarcely more than that now, Char-

He stopped, bit his lip, and added, ab-

"You saw her herself-alone-to-day?" "For the first time since her return to

England, I had been with my father in don't seem well, old fellow. We'll drive the rest of the way home."

He raised his hand.

"Right, sir!" responded alert cabby, who had had an eye to business.

Then Louis healthcar. the country; he was ill. When I returned in-hand! When I met her she told methat the could not marry me. I charged her with throwing me over for Aston Lawford, and she could not deny it; she was silenttak she could not dely it, she was shell-shamed to meet my look. I waited for her to speak; I hoped that she might deny the sharge, but she was speechless. I implor-ed her to answer me; I accused her of being mercenary and worldly, and by her shamed

filence she pleaded guilty."

Beauregard turned aside his face; for full a minute he could not speak; and Louis was too self-absorbed to notice that, when the soldier broke the silence, his voice was

• little husky.
"Did she tell you," he asked, "that she was engaged to Lawford?" "She told me nothing in words: she admitted all by silence."

"I understand, Charteris; you have learned your lesson. Don't let it embitter you, and make you judge all women by me. It is better to know the truth now

"I have loved her so long," said poor Louis, dropping his head again, "and to be loreed to despise her." Despise her! Beauregard caught his breath as if struck by a physical blow. The word, in connection with Valerie, went like a knife to his heart.

"Not that!" he said, inwardly, his lips its with pain. "Oh, not that! my own

thoulder.

"You are too young, Charteris," he said, gently, "to be merciful; and just now the wound is too deep. But try to remember that Valerie is heaping up for herself in the future far greater suffering than she has indicted on you. And I think also," he said this with a ring of subdued passion in his soft voice, "that about a woman one has once loyed there is something forever sacred—something that must make us also a part of her and think of her tenders. ways speak of her and think of her tender-

"Even," said Louis, bitterly, "when she has befooled you and wrocked your life,"
"Even when she has wrecked your life,"
said Max, quietly, and he dropped his hand,
and turned away again.
But such chivalry was beyond Louis
Charteries he only thought "The man has

Charteris; he only thought. "The man has not loved as I have, or been treated as Valerie treated me." He said: "I cannot feel like that, Colonel Beauregard. I wish to Heaven I had never seen Valoriet I want

Heaven I had never seen Valoriet I want never to see her again!"

Beauregard crushed down the almost scornful words that rushed to his lips.

"You call this love?—a boy's infatuation! In six months the wound will be healed; in a year the very sear will have vanished."

He walked once or twice through the room before he could calm down the tempest within him enough to trust his voice. Then he paused, and said:

"It is better for you that you feel as you speak, Charteris; you will the sconer learn."

almost haggard look, he added, with a quite womanly tenderness of manner:

"It is a heavy blow, Charteris; but, for Heaven's saket bear up under it like a man. Your life may be wreaked if you give way sow. We have our lives to live, come what may. Forgive me—"

"No," said Louis, stretching out his hand.
"You are a noble fellow for speaking out straight and plain. Thank you for it."

The hands of the two men who loved Valerie, both well and truly, yet how differently—the one openly, the other in secret—met in a close clasp. Then Max Beautegard went out, and left the young lover alone.

who, seeing these men together in that hour, would have imagined that the suffering which spoke in passionate words, and sven sobs, was but as the breeze that flutters a dead leaf to the tempest that changes the face of a landscape, compared with the suffering which gave no sign?

But Louis Charteris firmly believed that "all the to-morrows shall be as to-day." In six months Max Beauregard will prove a true prophet; but for the soldier, six months, six years, twice six years would be but as

true prophet; but for the soldier, six months, six years, twice six years would be but as one day in his changeless love for Valerie. There are a few men who love after this sort; but Max Beauregard was one of the

CHAPTER XXVI.-A PASSED COQUETTE. Mrs. Langley did not see her niece until the following morning, and she wisely ab-stained from asking questions. She saw that the girl looked very white, and that her eyes were he as if she had been

"She imagines herself broken-hearted," thought the lady; "but she will soon get over that. I am heartly glad this foolish business is done with."

In the afternoon Aston Lawford called; but Valerie did not appear. Mrs. Langley (who called such statements "tarradid-like") cateloh structure.

s") said she was out. "I think she wants to avoid me," Law-ford said. "She puzzles me, Mrs. Langley, the is so capricious."

"My dear Mr. Lawford," Mrs. Langley laughed merrily, "you must not expect a girl of eighteen, in her first season, to behave like a woman of five-and-twenty. Valerie likes you, I am sure of that. I will not pledge myself to more."

"You really think she does?" asked Lawford, eagerly. "I don't profess to understand women—still less girls—but sometimes I feel that I am making no way with her."

"If you will take my advice," said Mrs.
Langley, "try and be patient. Valerie is difficile—I don't deny it—and consider how the is flattered and fussed over!"

"She takes her fill of the world," said

Lawford, somewhat grimly. "Pardon me for saying that few men would care to see a girl they love flut so much with others!" "Ah!" said Mrs. Langley, amiably, "you have old-world ideas, Mr. Lawford. I don't say they are wrong, but we can't make a moilt haunty say they are wrong, but we can't make a spoilt beauty see with our eyes! I repeat, I am convinced that at heart Valerie likes

A charming fiction, which Aston Lawford was, however, content to accept at its apparent and not its real value.

Mrs. Langley did not repeat this brief conversation to Valerie. There was no saying what-in her present mood-that going lady might do. "The world and all that belongs to it," including the "iron man" and his millions, might be thrown over in a gust-of sentiment by the decided-

there came a note from Ludy Elinor Beau-"If you and Valerie are free this even-

ing, will you come and dine with us? Pray forgive such short notice, but Gerald, who ad decided to leave town early next week, has suddenly decided to go to-morrow, as The servant was waiting for an answer,

and Mrs. Langley accepted the invitation, and then sent for Valerie, and told her. "Very well," was all the girl said, but her heart beat fast. She had not seen Colonel Beauregard since the ball. She treaded meeting him again. But she had not much more than time to iress, and then the carriage was announced and a few minutes later the two ladies were

scending the broad stairs of the Beauregard mansion in Whitehall Gardens. One swift glance as they entered the frawing-room assured Valerie that Colonel Beauregard was not there. Perhaps he

was out for the evening. The girl felt half relieved at the thought; and yet her heart Lady Elinor came forward with effusion

to receive her guests:
"How good of you to come!" she exclaimed.
"How lucky you were disengaged—only

"And a very dull bost, I am afraid." said Serald Beauregard, as he shook hands. "I ion't feel well at all."

"You don't look it," said Mrs. Langley.
"I am afraid London doesn't suit you."
"It doesn't, indeed! So I am going to leave Nellie to Max's care, and she will run down and see me sometimes."
"Max is going down with him to-mor-row," added Lady Elinor.
"Yes? Shall we not have the pleasure of

Oh, yes! Here he is. I believe!

The door opened, and Colonel Beaure-gard came in. He shook hands with Mrs. Langley, and then turned to Valerie, who sat on a low chair near.

sat on a low chair near.

But she was quite self-possessed now, and gave him her hand without a tremor.

He sat down near her, and began talking about ordinary topics, without anything in his manner to indicate that she had offended or wounded him the other evening.

Only there was the same change she had noticed then; the old, half-tender, brightness had gone—they might have been acquaintances of this season only—and though Valerie would have found it hard to say that he deliberately avoided any allusions to a former friendship, he certainly never made one; and she, poor child, dared not.

tainly never made one; and she, poor child, dared not.

How often, during these few minutes, ehe thought of the mermaid and the naked swords; and yet it was strange happiness only to have him near her, to hear his voice, though he must despise and condemn her in his heart.

More than once Mrs. Langley glanced sovertly and anxiously toward the two. She was always a good bit afraid of Max Beauregard, he was so dangerously-attractive a man; and it would never do for Va-

eauregard, he was so dangerously-attrac-ve a man; and it would never do for Va-

fall in love with another.

But there was nothing in the soldier's manner now to affright the wise matron, no suspicious lowering of the voice on either his part or Valerie's, no drooping of her eyes or change of color; and when the butler announced dinner, and Lady Etinor said: "Max, will you take Valerie down!" he rose and gave his companion his arm with some careless remark about a play they had been talking of.

er he sat next her; but all the

After dinner, when they were all in the frawing-room, and Valerie was talking to Gerald Beauregard, Aston Lawford was unnounced. Max, under the shelter of his sure; yet when Lawford came lorwing greeted him with a bright smile, a de room for him on the couch be her; and presently Mr. Beauregard cross the room to speak to Mrs. Langley, an Valerie was left to Lawford's companion Valerie was left to Lawford's companionship. Gerald's place remained vacant. Max might have taken it; but he stood by Mrs. Langley's chair; and seemed either to think he was not wanted elsewhere, or did not care to seek Valerie's society. Why should he? the girl asked herself, bitterly; and yet her whole soul rose up in resentment against the tacit consignment of her to Aston Lawford. She would snub him, the said to herself; and then came a reaction. No, Max Beauregard might think it was done to draw him on.

In her terror of Scylla the girl plunged

In her terror of Scylla the girl plunged into Charybdis, and put on her brightest manner for Aston Lawford, raising him to the seventh heaven, and filling Max Beauregard with a keen desire to run the "iron an" through the body.

resently, however, Lady Elinor said something to her brother-in-law, and he crossed over to Valerie.

"My sister wished me to speak to you, Miss Herbert," he said, "if you would make one of our party next Tuesday at the Ly-

"Who are going besides Lady Elinor?"
aked Valerie, playing with her fan, trem-ling inwardly, her young heart fluttering like an inprisoned bird. tike an imprisoned bird.
"Hal Dallas and myself."

"Hal Dallas and myself."
"I shall be very happy—" Valerie was
beginning, when Lawford interposed:
"I thought next Tuesday was engaged?"
Valerie looked at him,
"Engaged?" she repeated. "Is it?"
"Oh! if that is the case," said Colonel
Beauregard, a little coldly, "forgive me;
snly your aunt told Nellie you were free."
Aston Lawford looked with a frown on on Lawford looked with a frown on he handsome soldier—there was no love ost between these two men—and said to

"You half promised to go with Lettice and me to the German Opera!"
"Did I? Oh, well, a half promise is not a whole one," returned the girl, with a sareless laugh. "Please tell Lady Elinor, Colonel Beauregard, that I shall be very harry to join your narry on Tuesday." happy to join your party on Tuesday."

Beauregard bowed gravely, and turned away; but he heard Lawford's quick, low nestion, and the girl's reply:
"Surely, Valerie, you cannot prefer to go

with them?" Rich. Smith "Surely, Mr. Lawford, I am not going to James Wetherup give rhyme and reason for all I do, to any-one. Pray understand that!" A. B. Terry Alex. Clarke McIntyre & Stewart

And Max set his teeth like a vice. Was Valerie an inborn coquette, selling herself to one man, yet bent on the conast of all? Truly, it seemed as if she Mr. Cairns Mrs. Dunn

CHAPTER XXVII.-AT THE LYCEUM. Lady Elinor Beauregard's carriage drew ap at the door of Mrs. Langley's house in Upper Brook Street, and the lady turned to Colonel Beauregard who sat by her. "Go up, Max, and fetch Valerie, please.
There is no need for me to go in. She is sure to be ready, for she inherits the mili-

tary virtue of punctuality."

The sootman had already knocked, and y incomprehensible young person.

Lawford had hardly left the house when the brougham. He was shown into the drawing-room, and was for a minute alone. inctively he glanced around for signs of Valerie's presence; a piece of music lay on the piano. He crossed the room and ooked at the music-a song by "'Clio,' dedicated by permission to Miss Valerie Herbert," and set to words by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The music was trash. and he was closing the page without fur ther notice, when some words caught his

"Ye weep for these who weep? she said—Ah! fools! I bid you pass them by.
Go weep for these whose hearts have bled
What time their eyes were dry.
Whom sadder can I say? she said."
"True! true! Heaven knows it!" the

man muttered, pressing his hand over his syes for a moment; and then he turned, with quickening pulse, as the door opened, garments, and Valerie came in, in cream ashmere and amber satin, exhaling perfume of hyacinth and heliotrope. "I have not kept you a minute, Colonel

Beauregard, have I?" she said, holding out "Scarcely a minute; I hope you have not hurried?" he answered, taking the rich spera-cloak from the hands of Fanchon,

"There was no need. I was just ready." Max wrapped the mantle carefully about her, bringing back to her the night at Donnington, when he had told her that fairy queens were scarce. Did he, too, recall that episode? Then he drew the little hand on his arm, and led her down to the car-

Lady Elinor shook hands with her warm ly, told her she was as punctual as Max himself, and then the carriage drove off. "Have you heard from Mr. Beauregard Valerie asked his wife, en route. "Yes, this morning. He was still not very well; but nothing really the matter.

Max and I are going down to Abbot's Leigh on Saturday to stay over Monday."

Lady Elinor (or rather Colonel Beauregard for her) had secured a first-tier box, and they found Dallas waiting for them in the vestibule of the theatre. Lady Elinor placed Valerie in the centre of the box between the two men, Max nearest the stage, herself taking the opposite corner next to Dallas; and the moment she was settled, she began to look about for people she knew while everybody in the house who could see the Beauregard box, stared at Valerie. But Valerie cared nothing who was here or who wasn't, or whether she was looked at or not. She only knew that Max Beauregard was beside her, and it was the mermaid and the swords again. Her heart felt breaking, but she was happy, Her heart felt breaking, but she was happy, a happiness that was full of ineffable pain, and yet was happiness. She knew Beauregard must despise her: he was disappointed in her; she had been (to all seeming) unjust, unkind, ungrateful to him; the effort to talk, and appear as usual in his presence, to look at him, was so great that it produced actual physical as well as intense mental exhaustion; still, it was the se mental exhaustion; still, it was the only happiness her life knew now—to be with him. Truly love is the strangest, the most inexplicable of all passions.

"I thought I saw Aston Lawford," said Lady Elinor, and Max saw Valerie start

"Over there, at the back of the op-tage-box," leveling her opera-glass. I agard's eyes followed the direction

were not going, my char," repli-

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John Patti, Cob.conk Jas. Greeves, G H Hopkins Mr. Broad, Little Britain T. McConneil, Reval he Mr. Robinson, Little Britain Sam Fox 2 D. Sinclair Robert Chambers E. Bruxer, Rich. Leary Michael Deane

C. D Batt Bru Cook Aiex. McDonneil Wm. Galbratth Geo. R.a. Maripes Mr Tompki a, Cambray Dr. J-II-rs, O-kwood J. L. Winters Wm Hungerford A L.mier Mr Williamson J bu Bryans Bir. Twohey S. M. Purier Mrs. Keepan Joseph Cooper

orders. We sell the Grand Universal Base-burner, a splendid Stove

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Lindsay, Nov. 1, 1887.

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VICTURIA LAUNDRY | NEW

Peel Street, Three Doors East of Salvation Army Barracks.

Sergt.-Major John Martin Regs to inform the people of Lindsay that he has opened a laundry at the above address, where all orders will be promptly attended to.

Family washing a specialty. -1-tf.

JOHN MAKINS

Saws and Shingle Mill Machinery, Flour Mill, Steam Engines and Steam Pumps.

Lindsay, July 27th 1882.-1323.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. Ontario and Quebec Division.

Leave Montreal... 9.10 a.m. 8.30 p.m.

Ottawa... 11.30 a.m. 11.00 p.m.

Carletn jc... 2.45 12.01 a.m. 3.50 a.m.

Peterboro... 5.52 p.m. 5.11 a.m. 8.30 a.m.

Pass Pontypool... 6.36 p.m. 9.24 a.m.

Reach N. Toronto... 8,20 p.m. 7.28 a.m. 11.16 a.m.

U Station... 8 55 p.m. 8 00 a.m. 11.45 a.m.

GOING BAST, Express. Exp

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

LINDSAY STATION.

GOING SCUTH-BAST,

Hrs. of dep.
6.00 a m Mixed direct to Port Hope via Bethany, from Lindsay.
10.55 a.m. Express via Peterhero to Port Hope, from Whitby, Port Perry and Toronto.
2.40 p.m. Mixed to Peterboro from Toronto.
7.55 p.m. Express via Peterboro to Port Hope, from Toronto.

the best and most economical Stove in the market.

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We are selling NEW RADIANT HOMES like hot cakes. Send in

All kinds of Cooking Stoves on hand.

Kent Street, Lindsay

IN LINDSAY.

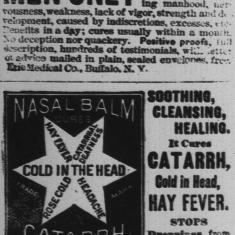
Lindsay and surrounding Townships that he hopened a new Furniture Store in Lindsay, where he intends to keep on hand a stock of Bedroom and Diningroom Sets, Sidc-boards, Chairs of all descriptions, Parcels called for and delivered. etc., which will be sold at the lowest living prices. REPAIRING AND ORDERED WORK a specialty

Store in Adams' Block oprosite J Riggs' To Store, Kent street, Lindsay. -96-26. WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY

Mave a large assortment of General Patterns for the above description of works.

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Are pleasant to take. Contain their

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Droppings from EASY TO USE. to the throat and excessive expectoration caused by Catarrh. Sent pre-paid on receipt of price, 50e, and \$1. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

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