Bidding the mas wait, Mr. Wilmer descended from the vehicle and mounted the steps, noticing that a handsome Arabian horse, saddled and caparisoned for a journey, was in waiting under the shade of a

tree, its bridle held by a groom. He had scarcely made this observation when he was admitted by Porrocks, who looked more than ever quaint in his strange, old-tamioned costume.

"Is Sir Hugh at home?" inquired the "Yes sir," was the reply. "He's going away almost immediately, sir; but if you

will enter, I will give him your name." Mr. Wilmer gave his name, as requested, and Porrocks ushered him into the drawingroom, announced him to Miss Chellis, who

was its only occupant. The little lady was reclining in a fauteuil, her feet buried in a leopard-skin rug, and her hands busy with some intricate affair, of Berlin wools and long, ivory needles. She looked up at the visitor's entrance, her bright black eyes sparkling like those of a girl, and a soft, bright color overspread her

sallow cheeks. "Wilmer!" she exclaimed, dropping her work, and grasping the gold head of her cane. "Wilmer! What Wilmer!"

She apose, and looked eagerly at the intruder, as if she expected to behold in him her lover who had died more than half a century ago. Something of her vanished youth came back to her at that moment, and ahe looked exquisitely fair and gentle, strangely bright and eager, toying with her cane as if needing its support, and standing

"I am James Wilmer, madam," replied the visitor, rather awkwardly. "I am come to see Sir Hugh Chellis."

A look of keen and bitter disappointment passed over the wrinkled face of Miss Chellis. Her oves lost their singular sparkle, the color faded from her cheeks and she was again only an old woman, with a buried romance.

"James Wilmer!" she said, leaning heavily upon her staff, and looking sharply into his face. "Ah, you are the younger brother-the half-brother. It was the other one he loved-the elder one that wanted to be a sailor. Where is he?"

"The Admiral is dead." "Ah, yes, I remember," sighed Miss "He became an admiral, and died. He would have been sixty years old had he lived. Yes, I remember it all now. Be seated, Mr. Wimer," and she set the example by sinking back again into the depths of her fauteuil. "The name confused me, especially as I was thinking of the past when you entered. The admiral married rather late in life. I remember he was getting along in years when his little girl was born. She was a bright, lovely child was incane after her father's death."

"She was insane," said Mr. Wilmer, des-Something in his tone caught the attention of the old lady, and she looked at him with a gaze so keen that it seemed to him she was reading his inmost soul. He shrank back at the thoughe, and this shrinking movement was in itself a revelation to her.

"Adah Wilmer is insane, is she?" she asked, conceiving an instantaneous dislike for her grand-nephew's visitor. "Is she under a physician's care ?"

Mr. Wilmer stammered a negative, surprised and delighted to discover that Miss Chellis was evidently ignorant of the marriage between Sir Hugh and his niece.

"Is she in an asylum ?" "No, madam, I have preferred to keep her at home."

"Umph! Not under a doctor's care and not in an asylam. What proof have you, Mr. James Wilmer, that your niece is in-"Proof?" stammered the visitor. Why,

her father was insane when he died." "That's no sign his daughter is insane?"
was the dry response. "I think that that
Captain What's-his-name, who was appointed an executor with you ought to look after Miss Wilmer a little more closely than he has been doing. I shall write him a note to that effect. And, if necessary, I'll take a trip to your residence myself. I'm the same as her great-aunt, and have a right to look after her. Let me see, how old is

"Nearly twenty-one." "So old as that? How time flies. It was but the other day that I dandled her in my arms, and now she is nearly twentyone! She ought to be married by this time-and that reminds me that there was something in her father's will about marrying, wasn't there? A crack-brained will. if ever there was one! If she failed to marry before coming of age you were to have her property-was not that it ?"

Mr. Wilmer assented, conscious that those sharp, black eyes were reading his thoughts, and wishing himself safe out of

"Ah, I see !" was the significant remark of Miss Chellis. "What can all the people be thinking about? Are all of the Holt and Wilmer families dead? Is this child utterly friendless? If I had imagined the truth-I feel positive-dear, dear, if she loses her fortune she will not be poor at any rate. She'll have her god-mother's property, and may be Dorothy Chellis will leave her something, instead of leaving all to that heathenish mission. But I can hardly credit it."

"Credit what ?" cried Mr. Wilmer, sharnly, conscious that she had guessed the truth, and betraying his guilt in every line of his haggard face. "If you mean any in

sinuations against me-"Suppose I do, what then?" inquired Miss Chellis, ironically. "Will you go to law about it? I wish you would, Mr. James Wilmer. Then we'd see about poor Adah's insanity. I tell you, I don't believe she's any more insane than I am," and the little lady emphatically flourished her walking-stick almost in the face of the visitor. ing-stick almost in the face of the visitor.

"Pretty proof you gave—because 'her father was insane!' Why, you poor, pitiful creature, you have almost confessed your guilt. Where can people's eyes have been? This all comes of the miserable notion of minding one's own business and letting other people's slone. If there had been one decent gossip, or a single Paul Pry, the truth might have been discovered. Dear, dear, what a wretched world! I'm not sure but that the heathen, with so pre-

perty to quarrel about, have the best of Mr. Wilmer meditated a retreat before this storm of indignation, but before he could accomplish the movement the door cpeued, and Porrocks made his appear-

"If you please, sir," he said, "Sir Hugh will see you in the library, if you will follow me The visitor arose briskly and followed the

butler into the room designated, rejoicing

to escape from his tormentor. Sir Hugh was standing within the library door, booted and sparred for a ride. He was about to set out for West Hoxton, in pursuit of his mysterious bride, and his countenance wore a slight shade of annoyance at the delay occassioned by the visit of Mr. Wilmer. He advanced a step, how ever, with assumed cordiality, extended

his hand, and begged his guest to he seat "I suppose you have come to pay us visit," he said, in a friendly tone. "It is time to renew the old intimacy of the Wilmers and Chellises. My aunt will be delighted to see you, Mr. Wilmer. For myself, I regret that I am obliged to take sudden journey and cannot remain to enter-

The visitor was astounded at this address. He had expected to encounter coldness and reproaches on the score of his ill-treatment of Sir Hugh's bride, instead of which he was received on a friendly footing, and treated in the most friendly and courteous manner. What could it mean? Did Sir Hugh believe his bride to be insane, and did he desire to conciliate her relative? If so, he would divide her wealth with her uncle, for the sake of secrecy. Visions of wealth sudden y extended themselves be-

fore the mental vision of Mr. Wilmer, and he grew at once self-possessed and hopeful. My visit is not merely a frendly one, Sir Hugh," he observed, with something of mysterious air. "It is to you person-

ally." Indeed! To what do I owe the honor

of your presence ?" . Mr. Wilmer began to be puzzled at the quiet unconsciousness of Sir Hugh, especially as the blue eyes of his host looked frankly into his, as if they had nothing they feared to reveal. A comfortable hope entered his mind that Sir Hugh was not the husband of his niece, but that he was an adventurer who would prove an able assistant to him, could he discover him. He resolved to act with the utmost caution. "Are you married, Sir Hugh?" he asked,

abruptly. "Married!" repeated the baronet, rosy color mantling his cheeks, and a sudden confusion overspreading his counten-

"Yes, Sir Hugh. Were you married, four days since, at an obscure church, in the presence of two witnesses, to a veiled

"How did you know it ?" cried Sir Hugh,

"How did I know it !" returned Mr. Wilmer, equally amazed, since his host was proven to have been the bridegroom, and yet did not appear to know his visitor's relationship to the bride. "Did you sup pose I could be kept in ignorance of it?" "You have seen Miss Holte, then? She has told you?" exclaimed the baronet.

wonderingly.
"Miss Holte?" "Yes, I understood you had come from her. Is she going to enlighten me at last She has, I suppose, deemed it but just that I should know who she is, where she lives and all about her. Is it not so?"

Mr Wilmer stared at the hopeful, eager face, and comprehended that the indentity of Lady Chellis was a mystery to her hus He was greatly surprised to account for a marriage in which the bride remained absolutely unknown, but he accepted the fact with much inward rejoicing. If he had only known it before, he said to himself, he would have threatened Adah : he would have boldly declared her insane,

and taken her into the country.

"She is not willing you should know who she is yet, answered the false guardian, scarcely knowing how to reply te the baronet. "In a few weeks she will

tell you all." But you can tell me, Mr. Wilmer? "I regret to say I cannot. The truth is, Sir Hugh," exclaimed the visitor, rightening up, as he conceived a plausible explanation to allay the curiosity he had excited, "I don't know the lady you have married. I happened quite accidenty, to witness the ceremony in St. Mary's Church, and the singularity of the bride attracted my attention, in fact, impressed itself vividly on my mind. I feared you might have been imposed on by an adventuress, and, as I desired to visit Miss Chellis, I seized the opportunity of speaking to you on the subject."

He concluded with an eloquent speech. believing that he had satisfactorily accounted for his knowledge of the marriage, and convinced the baronet that there was ne connection between him and the veiled

"The church door was locked," said Sir Hugh, thoughtfully. "Yes, but I entered before you did. I was in one of those tall pews," Mr. Wil-

Sir Hugh looked annoyed, but his guest could not tell whether he believed him or

"Sir Hugh," said Mr. Wilmer, "I am an cld man-I may almost say I am older than your father would be if he had lived. Young men like you know little of the world in comparison with the knowledge of older people. If you would confide in me. and tell me how this singular marriage took place, I should be happy to give you a father's advice. Where did you make the acquaintance of this veiled woman?"

"Lady, if you please, Mr. Wilmer," in-terrupted Sir Hugh, half haughtily. "I decline to confide in any onc. Indeed, & am not at liberty to give you the information you desire. Moreover," he added, with a keen, saspicious look at his guest. "I imagine that you know more about Miss Holte than you are willing to con-

"You may well say that, Hugh," interrupted the voice of Miss Chellis, as the little old lady came bustling into the room, with an astonished and delighted expression on her features. "I've been listening at the door. I couldn't help it. I was determined to know what that mean creature had to say to you. So, you're married,

Hugh?"
"Yes, aunt," faltered the young barenet,

"And to Adah Holte Wilmer ?" "Adah Holte Wilmer," repeated the ridegroom, a sudden light breaking over his countenance. "Yes, I see! blind I have been! But," he added, quick transition of gloominess, "she is

"No more than I am," declared Miss Chellis, energetically. "I don't understand how you came to marry her; but she's a dear, high-spirited girl. We must go to her at once. Dear, dear, isn't this delightful? Hugh married, and to Adah Wilmer ! Why do you stand there and stare. Mr. Wilmer ?" she demanded abruptly. "Your errand is finished, I suppose. I should think you must begin to desire a change of scene. Let me tell you one thing before you go. Adah has friends now, and you had better make up your mind that your pretty little scheme is frustrated."

She smiled at him provokingly, and "You may think yourself well off if Sir Hugh doesn't prosecute you for

your ill-treatment of his wife. morning." The crest-fallen visitor accepted his disnissal with an ill-grace, and took his departure in a slinking manner. When he had gained the open air his face darkened with despair and hatred, and he

muttered : "I have failed ! Trickery and mild means have not availed me. Henceforth, to carry this matter further, I must become a ruf

fian, and resort to brute force !" As he made this resolution, his innate ruffianliness gave character to his countenance. His gentlemanliness fell from him as a useless garment, and, as he re-entered his cab and gave the order to return, he appeared a very different being from the quiet-looking individual who had come

rom Hawk's Nest so recently. He had scarcely driven away, when Miss Chellis, in a fever of excitement, ordered the carriage, assumed an antiquated travelling costume, and overwhelmed her nephew with questions regarding his mar-

"I am not angry with you, Hugh," she said, as he assisted her into the chariot and followed her-"not a bit of it. But, dear me, how surprised I am! Tell Lake to drive as fast as possible. We must catch the first train. But where are we going, Hugh?" she added, in sudden dismay. did not ask that creature-"

"We are going to West Hoxton—"
"Ah! Good! Now tell me all about it,

Hugh." Sir Hugh obeyed, relating the entire adventure that had terminated in his marriage, being frequently interrupted by the ejaculations and questions of his excited re-

"What a splendid girl !" cried Miss Chellis, when he had concluded, her eyes sparkling, and her hands industriously pressing her cane in approval. "What spirit she has! Thank Providence, her for-

tune is safe now !" "But, aunt, what if she should be in-

"Pooh !" said Miss Dorothy, snapping her fingers. "Could you call a girl insane after outwitting her uncle like that? Bless passed that cab long ago. How thankful I am that I'm not dead, and that I have a chance of making a new will. If she'll accept you for her husband, Hugh, I won's leave my money to any mission, except that of making a man of you."

Her eyes twinkled, and he ordered the coachman to drive faster.

CHAPTER XX. "I CONJURE YOU TO DEAL JUSTLY WITH ME "In tracing human story we shall find The cruel more successful than the kind.

-- SIR W. DAVENANT. Ilde pursued her journey through the park toward the Dare Arms with a fleet step, and a heart in which hope would take ossession despite the warnings of her judgnent. After her recent interviews with her ardent young lover it was but natural that she should take a bright view of her father's difficulties, and even cherish in her inmost soul a spark of faith in the ultimate union of herself and Viscount Tressillian. The soft spring morning was full of encouragement for this state of mind to one so sensative to nature's influence as Ilde. The sunbeams that trickled in tiny drops through the rifts in the young foliage of the trees, and flecked the smooth walls, like a shining shower; the soft, sweet breeze that carressed her cheeks and brought to her as a trophy the fresh scent of April blossoms; the blue violets that meekly hid themselves beside the path in a mass of vivid green, the timid deer that looked up from their browsing with startled gaze as she passed, the small wild creatures that scampered at her approach, fleeing to the nearest covert-all these signs of warmth, fragrance, and joyous life were golden promises to her, full of cheerfulness and hope-inspiring. She almost forgot the serious import of the errand upon which she was bound, and hummed a low snatch of tender song, but the next moment, startled at her momentary forgetfulness, she was again the grave and earnest maiden upon whom a father's life and the honor of an ancient name depended.

As she neared her destination and emerged from the park into the open road, she endeavored to assume an unconcerned demeanor, in order that none of the villagers might guess from her manner anything of the serious business engaging her thoughts. She walked into the High street of Edenville with a careless step, passed the principal inn without a glance toward it, and entered the post-office, which served also as a haberdasher's shop. She made a tew trivial purchases, uttered a smiling of servation with regard to the weather, then passed out, and retraced her steps toward the inn, as if desiring to rest after her

There were a few idlers about the porch. and a sound as if clinking of glasses came through the open door. A single glance assured the maiden that Therwell was not among the group, and with a sigh of relief she pushed open the small garden gate, and walked round to the quiet side porch, in the shade of which a woman sat engaged with

"Good morning, Mrs. Hoadley," said lide, pleasantly. "A fine spring morning,

"Oh, it is you, Miss Dare?" cried the innkeeper's wife, arising with a smile of welcome on her sharp-featured face. "It's a bright morning. Did you walk from the

"Yes, I strolled through the park. It is alightfully cool there," returned the young dy, carelessly, breaking a branch from a lab of illace beside the porch, and inhaling to finish perfume.

"Ladies that have a dozen horses and can ride or drive when they like, seem to fancy a good brisk walk now and then," observed Mrs. Hoadley, "while folks as must go a foot'd give anything for a ride. But come in, miss. My sitting room is as cool as a dairy, and you would do well to rest yourself a little before going back."

She took up her work, and led the way

to her sitting-rosm, an apartment at the western side of the house. As she had said, it was cool enough, and very pleasant. Ilde took possession of a chintz-covered chair, removed her hat, and fanned herself with a paper that was near at hand.

"I feel quite warm after my walk," she said, carelessly. "Tell Mr. Hoadley I wish

The innkeeper's wife looked pleased and flattered, and hastened to do the bidding of her guest. When she had disappeared Ilde became thoughtful and troubled, uncertain what to say to Hoadley when he should make his appearance, and feeling a natural girlish shrinking from the task before her. All shrinking and hesitation vanished, however, when she heard approaching the well-known footstep of her host, and she at

once became resolute and self-possessed. He entered almost immediately after she had thus gained command over herself. His rotund person was enveloped in an ample white apron, and, to one who did not know him well, he would have seemed the personi fication of a hospitable landlord.

"My wife says you wish to see me, Miss Dare," he said, after greeting her respectfully.

"Where is Mrs. Hoadley ?" inquired the young lady, observing that the woman had not returned. "She is serving beer in my place, if you please, miss. I will send her to you." "No, you need not. I wish to speak to

you alone for a few moments. Shut the door, Mr. Hoadley, and listen to me." The innkeeper closed the door, and re turned with an expression of surprise upon his ruddy countenance at the young lady's

Ilde arose, pale and calm, and stood be fore him as if she felt herself mistress of the situation.

"Mr. Hoadley," she said, quietly, have no time to spare, else I should approach the subject more carefully than I am about to do. What I have to say I must say at once. You are aware of the presence at Edencourt of my late grandfather's secretary, Vincent Therwell?"

"Ye-es, miss." stammered the innkeeper, omewhat startled. "You are aware of his preposterous claims upon my father. You know that he pretends to possess full knowledge of some wrong-doing on the part of my father, and you also know that his pretentions are

false, base and utterly without founda-"I know he has a claim upon Sir Allyn." said Hoadley, in some confusion, bewildered at Ilde's straightforward address and

management of the subject. "You know also, without doubt, price he exacts for his silence ?"

"l suppose I do, miss." "Very well. Now let me tell you what I know," and the maiden looked at him man to be trifled with. He won't stand sternly and accusingly, with a gaze that any nonsense. You had better resign to a my father to be incapable of a crime. A host of friends can testify that he is as gentle in his nature as a child. He is the soul of honor-"

"He was very wild once, before you can remember," interrupted the innkeeper. "As to being gentle, why, p'raps he is, as a general thing. I don't deny it, miss, but llde's hazel eyes flashed suddenly, her

face glowed with indignation, and her lips quivered with anger. 'Hush !" she said, in a tone that made the man quail before her. "Make no such

allusions before me. I am his daughter, and I will not listen to them !" "She has all the Dare spirit," muttered Hoadley, uneasily. "She would beat the original Dare himself. If her father had

been like her I shouldn't a been here." Ilde did not comprehend his mutterings. With an effort she regained her calmness,

"As I before remarked, father is the soul of honor. An accusation against him refutes itself. It is perfectly plain to me that Therwell is leagued with you and another in a conspiracy against my father. Had not Sir Allyn been in ill-health so long he would never have submitted to your demands, but would have carried the case into a court of justice."

"He dared not do that, miss. The case

was too strong against him." "I would have done it, and broken the whole conspiracy," cried Ilde, with another lighting up of her dark, magnetic eves. "It is too late to do that now, however. It only remains to appeal to you. Therwell is determined to press his claims against us, and nothing will buy him off. My father has for years submitted to your demands, Mr. Hoadly. He has given you this place rent free, and has assisted you to become a prosperous man. Is there no gratitude in your soul? Have you received all these benefits without one kindly feeling for your benefactor ?"

"Sir Allyn gave because he was afraid to refuse," returned the innkeeper. "As for kind feelings, I keep them for those that pay me liberally."

"As Therwell has promised to do, I suppose ?" said the maiden, quickly. The conscious look that overspread the landlord's face was sufficient answer.

"You will be well paid for villiany," said Ilde. "but have you considered what you might gain by honesty? You have not thought to ask what we would give if you would play the part of an honest man. Shawcross is perhaps dead. The conspiracy rests between you and Therwell. If you desert him, the case will fall to the ground. He would not dare to press it."

"He would have the written contract, miss, between Sir Allyn and him. That's equal to a witness." 'True." said the young lady, with a sign.

"Leave that paper out of the question, Mr. Hoadley, and speak only of living witnesses. With Shewcross gone, and von resolved to be truthful, Therwell would be disarmed. Suppose my father were to give you a deed of gift of the inu and a few acres attached to it, would you not then do him justice? Would it not be better to gain the property by an act of honesty than by one act of villiany?"

The innkeeper hesitated, and became more thoughtful.

"If five hundred pounds in gold were added to the house and lands," suggested the maiden, "would you not take the matter into consideration?" The landlord's eyes sparkled greedily, and his face were an expression of averice.

"Think of the good you will do my poor ather," said Ilde, softly, believing that she had at last engaged his consideration of her offer. "Think of his frail health, of his roubled existence. Think of the terrible fate from which you would rescue me! Oh, Mr. Hoadley, by your love for your own children, I conjure you to deal justly with me! By your hopes of salvation at the last, when all these human cares are forgotten, and mere temporal wealth will be utterly useless. I beseech you to be honest with yourself, honest with my father, honest with me."

She concluded in an impassioned tone, full of pathos and energy, but the man to whom she appealed was deaf to everything except the promise of gold.

"Five hundred pounds, I think you said," he muttered, reflectively. "Name your own price, Mr. Hoadley," was the reply. "You will find my father

generous if you will be just." Again the man hesitated, his eyes sparkled more greedily than before. Then his features hardened. Whether it was that he suspected Ilde of ensparing him into an admission of his share in a conspiracy; whether he feared to own to the truth lest he should fall under the power of the law : whether he clung to the doctrine of "honor among thieves," and preferred to remain true to Therwell; whether he preferred the spoils of guilt to the wages of honesty; or whether he determined to exact an equal recompence from his ally and superior in the conspiracy to that promised by Ilde, remained unknown. It was certain, however, that his expression changed, and that he had evidently made up his mind to deny

her prayers. "It's no good talkin', Miss Dare," he said, obstinately. "The truth is, I can't be bought over.

Your fate ain't so bad as it might be. Therwell is a gentleman-" "I do not wish to hear your opinion as

to my future, Mr. Hoadley," said the young lady haughtily, and unable to conceal her disappointment at his decision. "You rejuse, then, to do my father justice ?"

"Justice! Well, that depends on how we look at it." said the innkeeper. "Do you know, Miss Dare, that you have injured your cause by coming to me on this errand? Suppose I was called upon to testify in court, I should have to say that you had tried to bribe me, and that would tell heavily against Sir Allyn. Not that I shall tell, of course, and he smiled, and rubbed his hands together, as if he were telling an untruth to soothe her."

Ilde's lips curled contemptuously. "Do as you like about telling," she said, coldly. "If the case has to be tried ! shall probably be a witness, too."

She took up her hat, tied the ribbon hurriedly under her chin, and was about to take her departure, when he stopped her, and said :

"My dear Miss Dare, allow me to give you a little good advice. You had better submit quietly. You cannot fully understand the charge against your father, or the evidence to support the charge. Why, he signed a compact that in itself would be enough to convict him. Therwell ain't a "I know | marriage with him. If you choose to refamily affairs will become the talk of the country. People will wonder why you should be forced into a hateful marriage, and the truth may transpire. Take my advice, Miss Dare, and submit quietly to

what can't be helped." He paused, his audacity failing him before her stern, haughty look, and he in-

voluntarily retreated. Without another word to him, but with angry feelings in her heart, and deepening the darkness of her sombre eyes, Ilde walked from his presence, leaving him annoyed

and astonished at her demeanor. "Her pride'll be brought down yet," he muttered. "I'd like to see the Dare family humbled, that I would. Therwell can do it, and I'il stick to him. He'll have to be more liberal in his offers, though; but I

can manage it-I can manage it.' With a complacent smile, he returned to Ilde passed out of the side porch with-

out meeting anyone, and took her way homeward with a slow and weary step. She felt thoroughly depressed at the result of the interview from which she had hoped so much, and for a moment was inclined to be discouraged. But her hopes were merely lessened, not destroyed. She reflected that she had but tried the first of her plans. Others remained, and she might be successful in one of them. At any rate it would never do to give up, with so much depending upon her.

She had come to this decision when she reached the little gate by which she could gain entrance to the park. She was applying the key to the lock, when the sound of horses' hoofs were heard, and she beheld a horseman coming swiftly down the road, from the direction of Edencourt.

The second glance assured her that the horseman was her enemy-Therwell. He saw and recognized her at the same moment, and rode up before she could open the gate, saluting her with a bow and a mock-

ing smile. "Well met, Miss Dare," he said in his bland voice. "You have been out for a little walk, I see. Did you stop at the Dare Arms? Perhaps you saw Mr. Hcadley? It has occurred to me several times that you might desire a private interview

with him. The flush that lighted up Ilde's cheeks assured him that his random guess had hit the truth.

"Did you succeed in getting him to betray me?" inquired Therwell, with affected lightness. "But I need not ask. Your melancholy face tells of failure. Allow me to express my sympathy."

Ilde made no reply. With a quick movement she opened the gate and withdrew the key. The next moment she ran into the park, closed the gate and locked it in the very face of her persecutor. She heard an exclamation of annoyance, but did not linger in the vicinity of Therwell, hurrying as fast as possible toward home,

CHAPTER XXI. YOU ARE THE ENLMY OF SIR ALLYN DARE !"

Then thou shalt see him plunged, when least be fears. At once accounting for his deep arrears."

While Ilde Dure pursued her fruitless errand to the Dare Arms, her ardent young lover hastened homeward, his bosom filled with generous thoughts of self-sacrifice, and his heart fluctuating between homes and fears.

(To be Continued.)

# A PRIZE PORTRAIT PUZZLE.

Find The Grandmother.

The young lady in the above cut has a grandmother whose picture is combined in the above portrait. If you can find the Grandmother in the above Portrait you may receive a reward which will pay you many times over for your trouble.

The Proprietors of the Laddes' Home Monthly offer either a first-class Upright Piano or cheque for Three Hundred Dollars to the person who can first find the grandmother. A reward of a pair of Dilamond Ear-Rings to the second person who can find the grandmother. A complete Business Education at a Commercial College to the third person who can find the grandmother. A Gold Watch for each of the next five who can find the grandmother. A Gold Watch for each of the next five who can find the grandmother.

Each Contestant must cut out the Portrait Puzzle and make a cross with a lead-pencil or has on the grandmother's eye and mouth.

Everyone sending an answer must enclose with the same Ten three-cent stamps (or 30 cents in silver) for three months' subscription to the Laddes' Home Monthly, Canada's most popular journal. The date of post-mark on letters is given precedence, so that persons living at a distance have just as good an opportunity of securing a valuable prize.

For the person who can find the grandmother that is received last is offered a Simplex Typewriter. For the next to the last will be given a Solid Silver Watch. To the third, fourth, fifth and sixth from he last received with correct answers will receive each a Solid Gold Brooch.

If there should be as many as two hundred persons sending correct answers, each will be awarded with a valuable prize. Names of those receiving leading prizes will be published in our next issue. Extra premiums will be offered to all who are willing to assist in increasing the subscription list of this popular journal. The object in offering this Prize Puzzle is to attract attention, and to introduce our publication. Perfect impartiality is guaranteed in giving the rewards.

The following names are winners of the leading prizes in

guaranteed in giving the rewards.

The following names are winners of the leading prizes in our last PRIZE PUZZLE:

Our last PRIZE PUZZLE: Our last PRIZE PUZZLE:

T. E. Shipley, 27 Elm St., Toronto, Piano; Miss Bancroft, 167 Lippincott St., Toronto, Bicycle; Miss Barns, Ridgetown, Ont., Bedroom Set; Glady McPherson, 56 Henry St., Toronto, Gold Watch; L. B. Southam, 86 Maple St., London, Ont., Gold Watch; Mrs. J. S. McAdam, 442 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont., 210 in Gold; M. Hampton, 800 N. Y. Liffe Bld. Kansas City, Mo.; \$10 in Gold; Emily Riley, 85 Alexander St. E., Winnipeg, Man., Banquet Lamp; Jean Taylor, 104 Mackay St., Ottawa, Ont., Banquet Lamp; John Armour, 135 Main St. W., Hamilton, Ont., Banquet Lamp; W. E. Gilroy, Mount Forest, Ont., Banquet Lamp; J. L. Forest, 319 Visitation St., Montreal, Que., Banquet Lamp; W. E. Ramsay, 270 Bathurst St., Toronto, Ont., Banquet Lamp; Florence White, 125 Scott St., Quebec City, Banquet Lamp; Mrs. L. E. Thompson, 69 St. Louis St., Levis, Que., Banquet Lamp; M. E. Goodwin, Lakeview House, Bowmanville, Ont., Banquet Lamp; Mrs. G. Cunningham, 45 Carmarthen St., St. John, N. B., Banquet Lamp.

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