BY MES HARRIET TEWIS At length it came to an anchor at a distance from the shore, and the occupant of the boat appeared to be engaged in fishing.

Lady Chellis watched him eagerly for some minutes. Once or twice he seemed to cast a careless glance in the direction of the lone stone house, and the captive became inspired with the idea of appealing to him for aid.

But how was she to do it?

But how was she to do it? A scream for help would be wafted to him by the wind, but her enemies might also hear it. She racked he brain for some valuable suggestion, and at length one came

to her. Acting upon it, she sprang up with irresistible eagerness, caught up the small iron poker that lay in front of the paper-filled grate, and mounted a chair before the window. A hasty glance up the beach assured her that her uncle was not within sight. The heavy wire netting, as has been said, covered only the lower half of the window. The upper half consisted of moderate sized

panes of glass quite uncovered.

Into one of these panes Lady Chellis thrust the iron weapon, breaking the glass with a quick, loud crash. She waited a moment, but as the noise appeared to have been unheard she proceeded to work again, tying her handkerchief to the end of the poker, and waving it through the aperture like a signal of distress.

For several moments her ingenious stratagem appeared to be without effect. The fisherman seemed to be busy with his lines and sail, and did not look shoreward. But at last he raised his eyes, noticed the waving signal and stared at it for an instant. Then he turned away his head and resumed

He had seen it. That was enough, and Lady Chellis, with a keen pang of disap-pointment at his apparent apathy, withdrew her signal before it could be seen by her enemies.

The boatman continued to ply his trade in full view of the captive, but he did not look in her direction again.
"Some stupid boor," thought Lady Chel-

lis, her eyes filling with tears. "He does not understand my signal. If I could only speak to him and bribe him." The opportunity seemed likely to be af-

For, while she continued to look, Mrs. Garson's gaunt figure appeared on the beach, and her voice was heard calling to the fisherman inquiring as to his luck.
"Very good," was the reply, in a harsh, hoarse voice.

"Can't you come ashore," called Mrs. Garson, her hand motioning the fisherman by way of emphasis to her words. "I'll buy some fish of you, if you're not too

The fisherman nodded comprehendingly, pulled up his anchor, and tacked for the In a few minutes his little craft was

drawn up on the beach, and he was engaged in displaying the fruits of his toil to Lady Chellis regarded him intently.

As he had landed in front of Lady Chel-

lis' window the captive could hear distinctly every word that passed between him and Mrs. Garson. He lifted out a long string of fine fish,

which he displayed with evident pride, and submitted to the inspection of the woman. "Yes, they are very good," she said, "and just caught. What do you charge

"Say thrippence each, mum," said the fisherman, in a coarse, husky voice. "And cheap it is, mum, that you're getting

Mrs. Garson appeared to coincide in this your hands !" opinion, but deemed it necessary to cheapen the bargain, and haggled over the price for some time, the fisherman resisting her importunities obstinately and permitting his eyes to rove about freely, and even to settle for an instant upon the window behind

which the captive stood. Whether he saw the slender, girlish figure, in its evening robes, and the proud, sweet face framed in its mass of dark, sunlit hair, and the small, jewelled hand lifted prayerfully, could not be detected from the expression of his face. He glanced quickly away again, and looked up the coast.

The bargaining at length terminated, Mrs. Garson becoming the owner of the fish upon her own terms. "You're a stranger here, my good man, are you not? I don't remember your

"Like 'nough you don't, mum," was the response. "Tain't common for me to come so near the shore. I'm a sea-fisherman, mum, my nets is out o' order, so I took to

Mrs. Garson nodded, and withdrew with her purchase to the kitchen on the opposite side of the house, where Mrs. Barrat sat awaiting her, in anticipation of a cousinly

gossip.

Left to himself, the fisherman thrust his money into his pocket, drew from his boat a long net, and seating himself upon the rocks, prepared to mend it with a wooden needle and some twine.

Lady Chellis stepped upon a chair, intending to speak to him through the aperture of the window. She had hardly taken up her position, when, in a hoarse, cracked voice the fisherman began to sing to himself as he the fisherman began to sing to himself as he mended his net, and the captive was obliged to await till he had finished his song. It was an old ballad he sang, with quaint words and phrases and the young bride listened to it half curiously and half impatiently; his voice was almost intolerable and he bent over his net as if with no thought beyond his task.

But almost superceptibly, the hoarse, cracked voice became soft and full and rich, and exquisitely modulated. The manly tones, freighted with sweetness, atole up to the ears of the bewildered captive, singing a scrap of poem that bore no reference to the ballad:

"Loyalty is still the same
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun
Although it be not shined upon."

When he had finished he gave a keen, sharp glance up at Lady Chellis' window, and observed her, pale and breathless,

and observed her, personal against the window-pane.

The young bride's soul was in a whirl of emotion. Her brain reeled and she caught emotion. heavily at the casement to support herself.

For the voice she had heard was the voice

of Sir Hugh Chellis.

of Sir Hugh Chellis.

Memory, instinct and love taught her it was his voice and his alone. Joyful and bewildered, she struggled to command herself so as to speak to him.

"Hugh!" she cried, in a trembling voice, through the broken pane. "Hugh."

He touched his worn cap with a grace never possessed by a fisherman before, and put one hand to his beard as if he would pluck off the ugly disguise.

"Oh, Hugh, save me," said the young wife, her voice sounding to him like the faint cry of a wounded bird.

He put his finger to his lip, glancing around him, and sang again. His voice had a tone of triumph and rejoicing in it now, and his words were a warning to her to be brave and cautious, and that she should be resoued.

"Be careful, Hugh," said the captive, thating his joy, yet anxious for him. "Mr. Wilmer has gone up the shore. Don't let him see you."

the infinite dismay of Lady Chellis, walked quietly in the direction are had indicated as that which had been taken by her uncle. She watched his stooping, ungainly figure until it had disappeared beyond the rocks, almost doubting the evidence of her senses. Surely that strange fisherman could not be Sir Hugh. He could not have traced her to her lonely prison after the precautions that had been taken by Mr. Wilmer, He could not have so thoroughly disguised himself. And yet it must be—it was—her husband.

husband.

The blessed conviction, coming with full force upon her mind, deprived her of all strength, and she sat down deathly pale, her heart beating wirh great, strong throbs, like the quick, regular blows of a hammer.

Meanwhile the fisher walked up the shore for a little distance, looking carefully about him as he went, and at length encountered Mr. Wilmer, who was resting in a niche among the rocks, idly enjoying the

sun.

The latter looked up as the boatman stopped, and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What de you want here?" he asked.

"Don't you know, my good man, that you are intruding upon private grounds."
"I want to see you, Mr. James Wilmer," responded the pretended fisher, in quick, stern tones. "You see I know you in spite of your disguise. You have led me a long and hard chase, but I've found you as

Mr. Wilmer was paralyzed at this strange address and the manner of the new-comer. "Who-who are you?" he gasped.
The pretended fisherman took off his cap and with one quick touch removed both wig

It was Sir Hugh Chellis' face that met the gaze of his astonished enemy-stern, glowing, and commanding.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"I FEEL AS IF I HAD A HOME AT LAST." We'll live together like wanton vines, Circling our souls and loves in one another; We'll spring together and we'll bear one One joy shall make us smile and one grief

mourn, One age go with us, and one hour of death Shall close our eyes and one grave make us

-BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. The astounded Mr. Wilmer trembled upon the rocks before Sir Hugh Chellis in abject terror, uttering his name in a hoarse and almost inaudible whisper. He had just been congratulating himself upon the success of his netarious schemes, and promising himself the speedy submission of his captive to the terms exacted of her. Imagine, then, the black gulf of despair into which his soul was plunged by this sudden and un-

looked for appearance. The young baronet followed up the impression he had made by producing a small silver-mounted pistol, which he held unpleasantly near the head of the discomfited

Then he turned and looked seaward,

beckoning with his hand.

A small fishing boat, containing two men, had within the last half hour been drawing near the shore, favored by the wind, which had shifted, and it now crowded on every additional stitch of sail, standing in for the little cove where Sir Hugh was waiting.

In a few moments the boat had gained the land, and its two occupants, rough, honest-faced fishermen, sprang out and hurried toward the baronet.

Then Sir Hugh spoke again, with a quiet smile and air of author the misery of the wretch before him. "Mr. Wilmer," he said, "you have stolen my young bride from her home for purposes of vengeance or because you wished to exact a heavy ransom for her. I have track-

ed you here, and now demand my wife at The two fishermen stood behind the baronet, and looked at Mr. Wilmer with glances so menacing that he shivered, and

his teeth almost chattered. "You see that I am not without friends," and Sir Hugh pointed to the two men, to one of whom the boat in which he had come, and the suit he wore, belonged. "These men will see justice done at any

cost. So lead me to my wife at once?"
"Ay, lead us to her," said the elder of the two fishermen, in a gruff voice, "before or arter a duckin', as ye like !" Mr. Wilmer turned an affrighted look from the baronet to his sturdy assistants. The former was stripping off the rough suit he wore over his ordinary attire, but his resolute face and flashing eyes were turned toward Adah's relative. The fishermen were regarding the baffled schemer with lowering glances, as if they longed for a command to duck him in the neighboring

Mr. Wilmer's cowardly soul quailed

within him. "Don't let 'em duck me, Sir Hugh," he begged, in a sobbing voice, all his hopes of wealth and grandeur giving way before his fears of personal suffering. "I will take von to her."

He endeavored to rise and lead the way to the dwelling, feeling that a refusal would only subject him to pain and indignity; but his limbs refused to support his

weight.
With a groan he fell back on the rocks. "I reckon we'd better help him," said the fisherman who had spoken before.

"Just lend a hand, Jim." The younger fisherman obeyed, stepping forward, intending to assist Mr. Wilmer to walk; but the latter, mistaking their in-tention, sprang up as if galvanized, protesting that he was quite able to proceed now, and implored Sir Hugh to protect him.
"Lead on, then!" said the young baronet,

sternly.

Mr. Wilmer proceeded to obey.

The fishermen kept on either side of him, and Sir Hugh followed him closely. In this are the shore and way they proceeded along the shore and toward the house.

Upon the beach in front of the dwelling, Mrs. Garson and Mrs. Barrat were standing, discussing the singular phenomenon involved in the appearance of the second boat, and speculating whether it had any connection with themselves or the captive.

Their discussion was terminated by the appearance of Mr. Wilmer, closely guarded, and tollowed by Sir Hugh Chellis.

The ex-governess uttered a shrick and turned to fiee, but her retreat was cut off by the younger fisherman.

y the younger fisherman.
Mrs. Garson stood her ground, and en-

Mrs. Garson stood her ground, and entered into noisy explanations, assertions of her ignorance, and innocence of all wrong, declaring that she had done nothing to infringe any law, and she defied any one to prove that she had.

"Peace, woman!" said Sir Hugh, with a gesture commanding silence. "Give me the key to Lady Chellis" room."

"My cousin, Mrs. Barrat, has it."

The ex-governess, after a frightened look at the silent and spiritless Mr. Wilmer, relinquished the key without a word.

The young baronet gave a keen glance at the wire-covered window, behind which he distinguished a slender figure, and a pale, lovely face, and then, with the lightness of a boy, he bounded toward the house, entered the open door, and sprang up the stairs, three at a time.

The key, with some difficulty, caused by his eagerness, entered the look, the bolt was turned, and he opened the door and rushed across the thresheld.

His young bride was standing near the window, but her face turned towards him. Her countenance was bright and sparkling with joy; her dark eyes were full of love and tenderness; hes crimson lips quivered with the sweetest of emotions; and her

loveliness was shin to that we imagine to belong to the angels.

Sir Hugh paused and looked at the delicious vision, as if he feared it would fade before his eyes. The snowy, lace-covered shoulders from which the rose-colored robe fell away in graceful folds, the long, sweeping train that lay upon the carpot, the jewels that flashed upon her column-like throat and rounded arms, all conspired to give her an unreal look.

But he paused only for a moment.

The expression of her face thrilled his heart with sudden hopefulness. He sprang forward, uttering only her name.

"Adah!"

"Adah!"
"Hugh!" she answered, breaking the spell that had held har motionless as a statue. "Oh Hugh!"

He held out his arms impulsively, almost

He held out his arms impulsively, almost unconsciously, and she sprang into them, pillowing her head upon his breast.

There was a brief silence, in which was heard only the beating of their hearts, and in which their souls seemed to grow together in an indissoluble bond.

"You are free, Adah!" said Sir Hugh, retreating a step from her, and mistaking her confusion for returning indifference.

"Your uncle cannot again harm you. Put en your bonnet and let us leave this place."

Adah tied on her bonnet and cloak, and announced herself ready for instant departure.

Giving her his arm, the young baronet conducted her downstairs to the beach, where the two sturdy fishermen awaited his return, guarding the trio, whom they chose to consider their prisoners.

A whispered word to the young fisher-

man from Sir Hugh sent him to the stable. man from Sir Hugh sent him to the stable.

"Mr. Wilmer," then said the young baronet, sternly, "let this be your last attempt upon the liberty of Lady Chellis. For this time I can promise you immunity in her name, but only for this once. Should you ever again lift your hand against her, I will prosecute you to the extent of the law, without one thought of pity for your name. without one thought of pity for your name or grey hairs. Understand that I mean even more than I say."

The ex-guardian cowered again before the look bestowed upon him by Sir Hugh, and faltered a protestation that he would never again molest his neice. "Lady Chellis will be under my protec-

tion henceforth," said the baronet. ever attempts to injure her, will have first to deal with me. Remember that." The young bride leaned a little more heavily upon her husband's arm, feeling a blissful sense of security in his promised

protection. There was a short pause, during which no

Sir Hugh, holding his wife's arm proudly in his own, glanced now and then in the direction of the stable, from which presently issued the travelling carriage and horses, perfectly equipped for the journey. "Come, Adah!" said her husband. "All

is ready. We will go." Without another word, he led his young bride from the beach to the spot where the equipage had halted. The fishermen followed them, leaving Mr. Wilmer and his confederates to themselves.

Arrived on the lawn, Sir Hugh introduced the two fishermen to Lady Chellis, and she shook hands with each, thanking them both in so sweet and gracious a way that it completely won their rough hearts. Sir Hugh then bestowed upon each a liberal compensation for their services, and, delighted with their morning's work, they went back to

their boats. The young baronet assisted his bride into the vehicle, and mounted to the seat beside her. The double gates had been opened, and they drove out into the road.

There they halted a moment while Adah looked back upon the drooping figure of Mr. Wilmer, as he leaned upon Mrs. Barrat. The young wife's face expressed only commiseration and forgiveness as she re-

He looked up, and caught her pitying glance, and felt that she remembered not against him any of the bitter wrongs with which he had clouded her young life.

In the present blissfulness pervading her soul, Adah had no room for bitterness or "I shall never seen him again, Hugh," she said, leaning back upon the cushions as

her bridegroom drove on. "And so I have forgiven him everything." "You are an angel," exclaimed Sir Hugh, with an adoring look at the lovely face beside him. "I read your wish to forgive him, else I should never have let him off so lightly. He would not find it well to molest you

"How did you discover me, Hugh?" asked Lady Chellis. "It was not an easy task. I was at my inn in West Hoxton the morning after your disappearance, when I received a message from Aunt Dorothy, begging me to come at once to Monrepos. I went, and then learned of your mysterious disappearance. Cap-tain Heddell was telegraphed for at once, but I did not wait for his coming. I be-lieved, of course, that Mr. Wilmer had stolen you away, having seen him in the grove in the morning, as you know. I went to London immediately, traced Mr. Wilmer and Mrs. Barrat from your house to a dingy lodging-house, which they had left, it was said, for the Continent. Having seen him at Monrepos, I knew better than to believe that. I learned accident-

ally that Mr. Wilmer had purchased a pair of good horses and a travelling carriage, and I went back to West Hoxton to trace the vehicle. "You would make a good detective,"

murmured Adah. "Would I? It was difficult to trace the carriage, which travelled by night and along by-roads, but I found a person who said he had seen such an equipage proceeding in this direction as he was going home at night from the ale-house. By dint of inquiry, I found others who had dint of inquiry, I found others who had seen it at later periods. Finally, I tracked it to this vicinity. Not knowing how many men Mr. Wilmer might have at command, I disguised myself as a fisherman, and began an inspection of the house along the shore. I engaged two fishermen to attend me, and one of them gave me the information that he had seen a carriage arrive at the stone house three or four days

ago, and so I knew at once where my bird was hidden. The rest you know."

"You have been very good to me, Sir Hugh," she said, in a faltering voice. "I can never be sufficiently grateful."

"Adah," said the baronet, at last, in a low, husky voice. "I think you are scarcely safe at Monrepos, so long as your uncle is in existence. Your servants are power-less to protect you. As I promised you the other day, I shall go to the Continent the other day, I shall go to the Continent and leave you in peace. But, as your friend and brother, let me entreat you to go to Hawk's Nest with my aunt. You will be safe there. Our family servants would watch over you as their beloved mistress, and I promise you, upon my honor, never to intrude upon you there. I should be happier, knowing that you were safe in the Nest that sheltered my boyhood."

"I—I cannot go."

"You think I will presume upon your condescension, Adah," he said, sadly. "I will not. I feel that I am far removed from the ideal you have pictured to yourself, the ideal which would alone be a man worthy of you. I have been wild and wayward, a foolish prodigal, Adah; but, if I had only known you earlier, I might perhaps have formed myself into a Bayard."

Don't, Hugh," she said, blushing.
"But you will go to Hawk's Nest Adah?

can invite whom you will to accompany

"But Hugh," said the young bride, in a low voice, "I don't want any company but —but you."

The baronet stared and looked at her. Her brilliant beauty was bathed in a soft, roseat flush, like the glow of early sunrise; her eyes, half raised, had a half-frightened expression, and her lips quivered with a tremulous smile.

What else he read there may be guess at from his subsequent proceedings.

The quick blood leaped to his face, boyish face, his countenance grew eager and impassioned, and in a transport of delight he clasped her in his arms, breathing words of endearment and epithets that thrilled

"You do love me, then?" he whispered.
"Yes, Hugh," she answered, "yes, my

She spoke the last title in an almost audible whisper, and then nestled her head upon his shoulder like a tired child.

It was about ten o'clock when the carriage passed through the village of West Hoxton, which looked strangely deserted, and advanced swiftly towards Monrepos. As they came near the pretty place they were greeted with a sight that surprised and pleased both.

The trees that emboureed the horses

and pleased both.

The trees that embowered the house were hung with colored Chinese lanterns all alight and gleaming like hery eyes from the surrounding foliage. Every window blazed with radiance, and the front door was wide open, revealing the lighted hall. The long windows of the drawing room were uncurtained and several persons could be seen tained, and several persons could be seen within, prominent among whom was Miss

"What can all this mean?" said Lady Chellis, looking at the house and then at several groups moving about the lawn. "I cannot comprehend it." Before Sir Hugh, who was himself puz-

zled, could offer any plausible explanation, the wide gates were flung open for their ad-mittance, and as they turned into the grounds they were received with resounding "Welcome home, Lady Chellis! welcome

home!" was the cry that rang through the air from a score of hearty throats. "Welcome to the Admiral's daughter!" If any one had suspected a mystery

Adah's marriage, the mystery was cleared up now, at once and forever. The guests did not protract their stay. They all knew that Lady Chellis must be greatly fatigued, and contented themselves with clasping her hands and offering their congratulations upon her marriage and escape from Mr. Wilmer. And then, having promised to call formally as soon as she had recovered from her fatigues, they one and all withdrew, their example being followed by the villagers on the lawn.

The bride and bridegroom were then left to Miss Dorothy and Captain Heddell. "Adah, did you find Huge a Bayard?" asked the little spinster, with a mischievous look. "If you have, and of course you would not have listened to him if he had not displayed heroic qualities, I shall have to alter that will of mine in his favor. What is the use of leaving one's money to buy French crinolines for the heathen when when one has a Bayard in one's own

family ?" Adah bore this raillery with a smile.
"The neighbors have all shown a most friendly spirit towards you, Adah," said sober Captain Heddell. "The day after you were carried away, Miss Dare, the daughter of Sir Allyn Dare, of Edencourt, came over here in the rain to call upon you, and was greatly disturbed to earn of your disappearance. She asked to see your maid, and, after seeing away pale and troubled."
"Miss Dare!" exclaimed Lady Chellis,

putting her hand involuntarily to her bosem, where the hidden compact was secreted. "Is she married yet?"
"No, but she is to be in two or three days, they say, to a former secretary of her grandfather's-a most unsuitable match. The gentleman-I met him yesterday-is a coarse, fat man, while she is as delicate and

lovely as a fairy. Sir Allyn, they say, is seriously ill, and his daughter is with him constantly."

Adah felt relieved on learning that the marriage had not yet transpired. "I wish it were not too late to go to

Edencourt to-night," she said. "I must see Miss Dare in the morning at the earliest hour possible." "I will take you, my love," said Sir Hugh, "as early as you like. But you are too tired to think of visiting anyone to-

"Tired and hungry, too," returned the bride, smiling. "I have been fed on bread and water during my imprisonment, and

feel a desire for something besides prison-This remark called forth commiserating exclamations, in the midst of which the folding doors at the end of the room were flung open, and Watkins, the ex-steward of the late admiral, was revealed as the presiding genius of a charming little feast.

The party made their way to the inner drawing-room at once. This is our marriage feast, my darling," said the proud young husband, seating his bride and taking his place beside her. "Our wedding breakfast that has been so long delayed."

Adah looked up with a blush and an affectionate glance. "I feel as if I had a home at last," she

said, simply.

The words touched her lover-husband's heart, and, looking into her clear, dark eyes, he made within his soul a solemn vow that her future should be so blissful as to more than compensate for her years of suffering, and that he would guard her from the faintest shadow of a care so long as

He told her of that yow when Miss Doro-thy and Captain Heddell had stolen away and Watkins had retired, and she replied to it with a look that assured him that he would always be nerved and encouraged by her love and sympathy.
"I don't want to be treated as a doll,

"I don't want to be treated as a doll, Hugh," said Adah, softly. "Treat me rather as an intelligent woman, a loving wife—a part of yourself."

"The noblest and best part, Adah, my wife," he replied, solemnly, drawing her head to his bosom. "You will elevate and strengthen me and make me what yov will, and I shall always worship you as the dear-est and noblest half of my being.

CHAPTER XXXVL

"THERE IS NO JUSTICE IN THIS WORLD." "O'ercome with wonder and oppressed with joy:
This vast profusion of extreme delight,
Rising at once and bursting from despair,
Defice the aid of words and mocks description."

Mrs. Amry lay for a full half hour upon the garden walk, where Therwell had flung her, pallid and insensible. A few drops of bright blood had gushed up from the wound in her breast, and kindred drops were visible on her forehead, these latter produced by contact with the marble basin of the fountain. Had the guilty wretch who, in his panic, thought to kill her, lingered a moment to examine her injuries, he would have seen that she was simply stunned by her heavy fall, and that his knife had not even touched a vital part.

heavy fall, and that may touched a vital part.

It was a very simple incident that awakened her at last.

ened her at last.

woman. The cooling touch aroused her like the pressure of a friendly hand. She opened her eyes feebly, started, as her gaze met the full and glowing starlight, and struggled to an upright position.

A moment's exercise of her bewildered faculties brought vividly to her mind every incident of her late scene with Therwell.

"I remember now," she said, faintly. "He tried to kill me. He thinks he succeeded. I thank Heaven I still live to pun-

ceeded. I thank Heaven I still live to punish him as he deserves." ish him as he deserves."

She groped feebly about her breast, examining the wound he had made, and staunched the flowing of blood with her pocket handkerchief. Then arising, she bathed her face in the cool waters of the fountain; thus refreshed and strengthened, she sat down upon a garden bench, in a shaded spot, to collect her thoughts, and to decide upon her next step.

"No mercy for him now," she murmured, while her eyes gleamed revengefully. "I

while her eyes gleamed revengefully. "I will overwhelm him with ruin in his hour of greatest triumph. He shall suffer as I have suffered. I must go away from here at once. I have something to do before I can expose him, but I shall return within a week and prevent this marriage with Miss

But she sank back again upon the bench as soon as she had gained her feet, hearing the sound of Therwell's returning footsteps. She comprehended that he had read the life level. endeavor to secrete her supposed lifeless body, and she shrank back into the shadow,

She arose, anxious to depart immediate-

looking with anxious eyes.

He came along, almost silently, stepping upon the grass that bordered the paths. His head was drooping upon his breast, and his shoulders were bent as if under a heavy burden. He approached the fountain with evident reluctance, and stooped to look at the body of her whom he believed he

A hoarse cry came from his lips when he A hoarse cry came from his lips when he discovered its disappearance.

He reeled and caught at the edge of the basin, turning upward to the starlight a face so white and agonized that the watcher's heart thrilled with a fierce joy, and she muttered that his punishment had begun.

"Gone!" he said, huskily. "Then I did not kill he? She cannot have gone far. I will find her, and silence her tongue for-

I will find her, and silence her tongue for The woman waited to hear no more. With a sudden accession of strength and activity, she glided away through the shade of the shrubbery, gained the park, sped through its dim paths until she had skirted the village, then turned into the road, and fled on through the silence of the

Meanwhile the baffled Therwell searched the garden thoroughly, explored the terrace, the lawn, and the park, and at last consoled himself with the reflection that the wound he had inflicted must be nearly mortal, and that the woman had probably dragged her-self to the river and ended her sufferings

beneath its waters. "She has saved me the trouble of taking her there," he muttered. "The blow I gave her was well aimed and ought to have killed her on the spot. She is dead by this time!"

Still, he was not altogether at ease concerning her fate. The thought would ob-trude itself—what it she had escaped mortal injury at his hands? Thoroughly uneasy and troubled, he went to his room and to his bed, but he did

not close his eyes in sleep that night. He was haunted continually by visions of Mrs. Mrs. Amry, if alive, could return to denounce him. But as the day deepened and she did not make her appearance, he gath-

ered back his old courage, and assured himself that he had nothing to fear. Early on the morning subsequent to her intereiew with Therwell in the garden, Ilde had informed Sir Allyn that her marriage was to be hastened. Having broken the news to him as gently as possible she had summoned Mrs. Amry to an interview. Her consternation may be imagined when she was informed that the strange seam-

stress had disappeared on the previous "Gone, and without knowing that the marriage is to take place within a week !"
murmured the maiden, her brave heart

sinking at last. "She has failed me; then I must depend upon myself !" She ordered the carriage immediately, and drove to Monrepos, but here also only disappointment awaited her. Lady Chellis had disappeared from her home, and her maid, Nelly Thomas, was half wild about the fate of her young mistress, and could talk of little else. She informed Ilde, how-ever, that she knew nothing of her father's whereabouts, but that a few months before he had been in London, where his associations had not been altogether reputable. With this meagre information Ilde re-

turned home. She had now need of an efficient assistant, and she summoned Lord Tressillian to her aid. He came to Edencourt in defiance of Therwell's prohibition, and the maiden

confided to him the necessity for the immediate presence of Shaweross. "I will go to town by the first train," said Tressilliau. "I will advertise for this man, set detectives on his track, and offer rewards for his discovery. If he were in London some months ago, it is more than probable that he is there now. But if 1 fail, Ilde ?" he added, anxiously, his dark

face paling at the thought of failure.
"If you fail, Gay," she responded, calmly, "I cannot tell what will become of papa and me. We may defy Therwell and leave the issue in the hands of God. But, if our name should be disgraced, you and I can never be more to each other than we are

the young viscount, his face glowing with unalterable love. "No disgrace could ever touch you, Ilde, my pure little darling. I will stand between you and the world, and he who couples the word disgrace with the name of Dare in my hearing will do so at his peril.' From that moment Ilde devoted herself entirely to her father.
Sir Allyn scarcely left the room now,

lying hour after hour upon his coach, his pale face growing perceptibly thinner, and his eyes growing brighter and more lustrous. The sword was wearing out the scabbard fast, and the dovoted daughter sometimes fancied that the bridal day would see her fatherless. Sir Allyn had been watching her countenance for some time, and now he said, gently: "Is there any news from Gay, Ilde?"

"Only the usual daily letter, papa, to say that he is hard at work. He has heard nothing from Shawcross yet."
"He never will, I fear," and the baronet sighed heavily.

The maiden spoke no words of assurance, but her hands softly caressed the white locks of her father, as if she would fain com-

There is no justice in this world," cried

Sir Allyn, with a passionate tremor in his voice. "What have you done, Ilde, that you should be a martyr? What have I done that I should be the innocent cause of done that I should be the innocent cause of such suffering as yours?"

"Hush, papa, said the girl gently, still playing with his hair. "We will be patient and cherish faith that all will yet, be well. We are promised, you know, that "the wicked shall not always triumph."

The baronet was about to make an impatient response, when the sound of carriage wheels rolling up the avenue was lieard.

(To be Continued.)

#### What is

# CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea-the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children." Da. G. C. Osgoop,

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending

them to premature graves." Dr. J. F. KINCHELOE. Conway, Ar

#### Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Cur physicians in the children's denset ment have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria. and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

### Organs, Bianos and Sewing Machines

But morning came at last, a rainy, un- of any make, either Canadian or American, for sale 10 to 15 per cent. pleasant morning, and he arose in a des perate mood, half resolved to flee before or County of Victoria. All goods guaranteed or no sale or County of Victoria. All goods guaranteed or no sale.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

### W. W. LOGAN,

General Agent, Lindsay, Ont.

Remember the best is the cheapest. Poor Goods are dear at

## We Take Stock

About the First of April. In the meantime we will give some special bargains to reduce the amount.

Bargains in Watches. Clocks.

Gentlemen's Charms.

All kinds of Rings.

Bargains in Jewelry. Silverware, Spectacles.

in fact Bargains in everything in our line.

### S. J. PETTY, "The Jeweler," 86 Kent Street, Next the Daley House.

COUGHS - AND - COLDS. Can be easily cured by using our ELIXIR OF ANISEED. One dose never tails to relieve the most severe cold, 25 cents a bottle. Our PEPTONIZED EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL will be

# beneficial in all lung troubles. Easy to take and will not disagree with the most delicate stomach. Put up in large bottles 25 and 50 cents.

FOR

Corner Kent and William Streets,

## Cheap FURNITURE

ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co.

KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers:

Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO'