CHAPTER, IV

Edith opened the piano and she began to play. She was looking very handsome to-night, in green silk and black lace, one halfshattered rose in her hair. She looked handsome—at least so the young man who entered unobserved, and stood looking at

hea, evidently thought.

She had not heard him enter, but presently some measurer rapport between them, told her he was near. She turned her head and saw him. Aunt Chatty caught sight of him, in her semi-sleeping state, at the same

moment.
"Dear me, Charley,"his mother said, "you here? I thought you went to Mrs.
Featherbrain's?"

"I went—" "So I did," replied Charley. "I went— I saw—I returned—and here I am, if you and Dithy will have me for the rest of the

evening."
"Edith and I were very well off without you. We had peace, and that is more than we generally have when you and she come together. You shall be allowed to stay only on one condition, and that is that

"I quarrel?" Charley said, lifting his eyebrows to the middle of his forehead. "My dear mother, your mental blindness on many points, is really deplorable. It's all fault-all; one of the few fixed Edith's fault—all; one of the lew liked principles of my life, is never to quarrel with anybody. It upsets a man's digestion, and is fatiguing in the extreme. Our first meeting," continued Mr. Stuart, stretching himself out leisurely on a sofa, at which, Edith fell in love with me at sight, was a row. Well, if it wasn't a row, it was an unpleasantness of some sort. You can't deny, Miss Darrell, there was a coolness between us. Didn't we pass the night in a snow-drift? Since then, every other meeting has been a succession of rows. In justice to myself, and the angelic sweetness of my own disposition. I must repeat, the beginning, middle, and ending of each, lies with her. She will bully, and I never could stand being bullied—I always knock under. But I warn her—a day of retribution is at hand. In self-defence I mean to marry her, and then, base miscreant, beware! The trodden worm will turn, and plunge the iron into her own soul. May I ask what you are laughing at, Miss Darrell!

"A slight confusion of metaphor, Charley — nothing more. What have you done with Trix is all right in the matronly charge of Mrs. Featherbrain, and engaged ten deep to the baronet. By the bye, the baronet was inquiring for you, with a degree of warmth and solicitude, as unwelcome as it was uncalled for. A baronet for a brotherin-law is all very well—a baronet for a rival is not well at all. Now, my dear child, try to overcome the general nastiness of your cranky disposition, for once, and make yourself agreeable. I knew you were pining on the stem for me at home, and so I threw over the last crush of the season, made Mrs. Featherbrain my enemy for life and here I am. Sing us something.

Miss Darrell turned to the piano with a frown, but her eyes were smiling, and in own, but her eyes were siming, and an er secret heart she was well-content. The secret heart she was heart she was heart she was no use denying it, she was fond. The secret heart she was no use denying it, she was fond. The secret heart she was no use denying it, she was fond. The secret heart she was well-content. The secret heart she was well-content. The secret heart she was well-content. The secret heart she was heart she was heart she was fond. The secret heart she was heart she was no use denying it, she was fond. The secret heart she was no use denying it, she was fond the secret heart she was no use denying it, she was fond the secret heart she was no use denying it, she was fond the secret heart she was no use denying it, she was fond the secret heart she was no use denying it, she was fond the secret heart she was no use denying it, she was fond the secret heart she was no use denying it, she was fond the secret heart she was no use denying it, she was fond the secret heart she was no use denying it has a secret heart she was no use denying it has a secret heart she was no use she was no use denying the she was no use denying the she was no use she was no u her secret heart she was well-content. Charley was beside her. Charley had given up the ball and Mrs. Featherbrain for her. dimly and deliciously upon her that Sir If so wildly improbable a thing could occur, as Sir Victor's falling in love with her, she was ready at any moment to be his wife; but for the love which alone makes marriage sweet and holy, which neither time, nor trouble, nor absence can change—that love she felt for her cousin Charley,

It was a very pleasant evening—how pleasant, Edith did not care to own, even to herself. Aunt Chatty dozed sweetly Trixy's cabin, and slept through dinner and dessert, and only awoke with the lighting in her arm-chair, she in her place at the piano, and Charley taking comfort on his sofa, and calmly and dispassionately finding fault with her music. That those two could spend an evening, an hour together, without disagreeing, was simply an utter impossibility. Edith invariably lost her temper-nothing earthly ever disturbed Charley's. Presently, in anger and disgust, Miss Darrell jumped up from the piano-stool, and protested she would play no

flat, and that the way I hold my elbows when I play Thalberg's 'Home,' is frightful to behold, I will not stand! Like all critics you find it was stand! Like all "To be told I sing Kathleen Mavourneen critics, you find it easier to point out one's faults, than to do better. It's the very

last time, sir, I'll ever play a note for you!"

But, somehow, after a skirmish at euchre, at which she was ignobly beaten, and, I must say, shamefully cheated, she was back at the piano, and it was the clock striking twelve that made her start at last.

"Twelve! Goodness me. I didn't think it was half-past ten!" Mr. Stuart smiled. "Twelve! Goodness me. I didn't think it was half-past ten!" Mr. Stuart smiled, it was half-past ten!" Mr. Stuart smiled, and stroked his mustache with calm complacency. "Aunt Chatty, wake up! It's midnight—time all good little women were liant what faithamen was and made for her favor-took a camp-stool, and made for her favor-took a camp-stool and took a camp-stool and midnight—time all good little women were

"You need not hurry yourself on that account, Dithy," Charley suggests, "if the rule only applies to good little women."

Miss Darrell replies with a glance of scorn, and wakes up Mrs. Stuart.

"You were sleeping so nicely I thought it a pity to wake you sconer. Come, auntiedear, we'll go upstairs together. You know we have a hard day's work before us tomorrow. Good-night, Mr. Stuart.'

"Good-night, my love," Mr. Stuart responded, making no attempt to stir. Edith

sponded, making no attempt to stir. Edith linked her strong, young arm in that of her sleepy aunt and led her upstairs. He lay and watched the slim green figure, the beautiful bright face, as it disappeared in a mellow flood of gaslight. The clear, sweet yoice came floating saucily back:

"I heard singing, sweet and faint, and I give you my word, Miss Darrell, I thought

All that was sauciest, and most coquettish in the girl's nature, came out with Charley. With Sir Victor, as Trixy explained it, she was "goody" and talked sense.

Mr. Stuart went back to the ball, and, I "I never take cold," Miss Darrell answer-ed; "influenza is an unknown disease. Has behold you here ?" "It is half-past eleven—didn't you kn it ?—and all the lights are out."

regret to say, made himself obnoxious to old Featherbrain, by the marked empressement of his devotion to old Featherbrain's wife. Edith listened to the narration next wife. Edith listened to the narration next day from the lips of Trix with surprise and disgust. Miss Stuart, on her own account, was full of triumph and happiness. Sir Victor had been most devoted, "most devoted," said Trix, in italics, "that is, for him. He danced with me very often, and he spoke several times of you, Dithy, dear. He couldn't understand why you absented yourself from the last party of the season—no more can I for that matter. A person may hate a person like poison—I often do myself—and yet go to that person's parties."

"Good-by to home," she said, "a smile in her lip, a tear in her eye." "Who mows when and how I may see it again. Who knows whether I shall ever see it?"

lusion of the senses.

After lunch, Charley selected the sunniest spot on deck for his resting-place, and the prettiest girl on board, for his companion, spread out his railway rug at her feet, spread out himself thereon, and prepared to be happy and be made love to. Trix, on the arm of the baronet, paraded the deck. Mrs. Stuart and Lady Helena buried themselves in the seclusion of the ladies' cabin, in expectation of the wrath to come. Edith got a camp-stool and a book, and hid herself behind the wheel-house for a little of private enjoyment. But she did not read; it was delight enough to sit and watch the old ocean smiling, and smiling like any other coquette, as though it could never be cruel.

The afternoon wore on; the sun dropped low, the wind arose—so did the sea. And presently—staggering blindly on Sir Victor's arm, pale as death, with speechless agony imprinted on every feature—Trixy made her appearance behind the wheel-

"O Edith, I feel awfully—awfully! eel like death-I feel-" and rushed wildly to the side, and-Edith's and rushed wildly to the side, and—Edith's dark, laughing eyes looked up into the blue ones, that no effort of Sir Victor's could quite control. The next moment she was by Trixy's side, leading that limp and pallid heroine below, whence, for five mortal days, she emerged not, nor did the eye of man rest on Miss Beatrix Stuart.

The weather was fine, but the wind and sea ran tolerably high, and of course everybody mostly was tolerably sick. One day's ordeal sufficed for Edith's tribute to old Neptune; after that, she never felt a qualm.
A great deal of her time was spent in waiting upon Aunt Chatty and Trix, both of whom were very far gone indeed. In the case of Miss Stuart, the tortures of jealous were added to the tortures of sea-sickness Did Sir Victor walk with the young ladies on deck? Did he walk with her, Edith? Did he ever inquire for herself? Oh, it was shameful—shameful that she should

that fitful, feverish passion called love, described by the country swain as feeling "hot

rmance until they reached the

One especial afternoon, Edith fell asleep

of the lamps. Trix lay, pale and wretched

gazing out of the porthole, at the glory of

moonlight on the heaving sea, as one who

"I hope you enjoy your forty winks, Edith," she remarked; "what a Rip Van

Winkle you are! For my part, I've never slept at all since I came on board this hor-

"To get something to eat from my friend the stewardess," Edith answered; "I see I

Miss Darrell went, and got some tea

It was pretty well deserted by the ladies

that long trail of silvery radiance stretch

"I heard singing, sweet and faint, and I give you my word, Miss Darrell, I thought it might be the Lurline, or a stray mermaid combing her sea-green locks. It is very beautiful, of course, but are you not afraid of taking cold?"

"Good Heaven!" Edith cried, starting up aghast; "half-past eleven! What will Trixy say? Really, moon-gazing must be absorbing work." I had no idea it was after

Edith's heart gave one great jump—into ner mouth it seemed. What could such a preface as this portend, save one thing? The baronet spoke again, and Miss Darrell's

rid ship! Now where are you going?"

am too late for dinner."

sorrows without hope of consolation.

cheon, on a sofa, in her own and

time to forget even the bitterest sorrow, but the thought of that tragedy is as bitter to my aunt to-day, as it was when it was done. She cannot bear to speak of it—I believe she cannot bear to think of it. What I know, therefore, concerning it, I have learned from others. Until I was eighteen, be kept prostrate here, unable to lift her head! At this juncture, generally in her excitement, Trixy did lift it, and the con-I knew absolutely nothing. Of my mother, of course I have no remembrance, and yet" of course I have no remembrance, and yet"
—his eyes and tone grew dreamy—"as far back as I can recall, there is in my mind the memory of a woman, young and handsome, bending above my bed, kissing and crying over me. My mother was fair, the face I recall is dark. You will think me equence was-woe. It was full moon before they reached midiocean. How Edith enjoyed it, no words can tell. Perhaps it was out of merciful compassion to Trix, but she did not tell her of the long, brisk twilight, middless and moonlight, walks she and the day, and moonlight walks she and the baronet took on deck. How, leaning over the bulwarks, they watched the sun set, round and red, into the sea, and the silver sentimental—you will laugh at me, per-haps," he said, smiling nervously; "you will set me down as a dreamer of dreams, and yet it is there." sickle May moon rise, like another Aphrodite, out of the waves. She did not tell Her dark, earnest eyes looked up at him,

full of womanly sympathy.
"Laugh at you! Think better of me, Sir her, how they sat side by side at dinner, how he lay at her feet, and read aloud for her, in sheltered sunny nooks, how uncommonly friendly and confidential they became altogether, in these first half-dozen Victor. In these days it is rare enough to see men with either memory or veneration for their mother—whether dead or alive." He looked at her; words seemed strug-gling to his lips. Once he half spoke. Then he checked himself suddenly. When he did speak it was with a total change of tone. days out. People grow intimate in two days at sea, as they would not in two years on land. Was it all gentlemanly courtesy and politeness on the baronet's side? the "And I am keeping you selfishly here in girl sometimes wondered. She could analyze her own feelings pretty well. Of

hardly feel it more keenly than I do—hardly suffer more, when I speak of it."

"Then why speak of it?" was the young lady's very sensible question. "I have no claim to hear it, I am sure."

"No," the young man responded, and even in the moonlight she could see his color rise, "perhaps not, and yet I wanted to speak to you of it ever since. I don't know why, it is something I can scarcely bear to think of even, and yet I feel a sort of relief in speaking of it to you. Perhaps

of relief in speaking of it to you. Perhap there is 'rapport' between us—that we are affinities—who knows?"

Catheron of the papers?"
"Who is to tell? Even that

"Three-and-twenty years is a tolerable

the cold. Take my arm; Miss Darrell; you must not stop another instant." She obeyed at once. He led her to her cabin-door—hesitated—took her hand and held it while he spoke :

"I don't know why, as I said before, have talked of this; I could not have don it with any one else. Let me thank you for your sympathy with all my heart." Then he was gone; and, very grave and thoughtful, Edith sought Trixy and the upper berth. Miss Stuart lay calmly What is written is written. Sea-sickness is bad enough, without the green-eyed monster. Even Othello, if he had been crossing in a Cunard ship, would have put off the

sleeping the sleep of the just and the sea-sick, blissfully unconscious of the looked at her with a sort of twinge. it fair, after all? was it strictly honorable? "Poor Trix," she said, kissing her softly, 'I don't think it will be you!' Next morning, at breakfast, Miss Darrell noticed that Mr. Stuart, junior, watched

her as he sipped his coffee, with a porten-tous countenance that foreboded something What it forebode came out presently. led her on deck-offered her his arm for a morning constitutional, and opened fire

"What were you and the baronet about on deck at abnormal hours of the night? What was the matter with you both?"

"Now, now," cried Edith, "how do you come to know anything about it? What business have small boys like you spying on the actions of their elders, when they should be safely tucked up, and asleep in their little beds?" "I wasn't spying; I was asleep. I have nce to keep me prowling

about at unholy hours." "How do you come to know, then?"
"A little bird told me."
"I'll twist your little bird's neck!

was it, sir? 1 command you."
"How she queens it already! Don't excite "The officer of the deck might be much petter employed; and you may tell him so,

"I will; but you don't deny it-you were "I never deny my actions," she says with royal disdain; "yes, I was there." "With Sir Victor—alone?"

"With Sir Victor-alone!" "What did you talk about, Miss Dar "More than I care to repeat for your edification, Mr. Stuart. Have you any more questions to ask, pray?"
"One or two; did he ask you to marry."

"Ah, no!" Edith answers with a sigh that is genuine; "there is no such luck as that in store for Dithy Darrell. A baronet's bride—Lady Catheron! no, no—the cakes and ale of life are not for me."

the cakes and ale of life are not for me."

"Would you marry him, if he did? Will you marry him when he does? for that is what it comes to, after all."

"Would I marry him? She looks at him in real incredulous wonder. "Would I marry Sir Victor Catheron—I? My dear Charley, when you ask rational questions, I shall be happy to answer them, to the best of my ability, but not such absurdity as that."

"Then, you will?"
"Charley, don't be a tease—what do ung persons of your juvenile age know out such things? I don't like the turn is conversation has taken; let us change let us talk about the weather—that? it, let us talk about the weather—that's always a safe subject. Isn't it a splendid marring? Isn't it charming to have a perpetu.

And how are you going to account to it, I fair going to Early and how are you going to Early and how are you going to be a feet going to Early and how are you going to the whole tatterdemalion population to account to it, I fair going to Early and the whole tatterdemalion population to account the same and the same are the same always a safe subject. Isn't it a splendid the mount with cabby. All serene, there behind? Then away we go!"

Away they went, clattering over the road, the whole tatterdemalion population to account to it, I fair going to Early and the same are the same and the same are the same and the same are t

"England, my Heart of the artment s replete with a varied and extensive "it's a pity yes, as she watch to have a she watch to

"He's the Honourable Angus Hammond, second son of Lord Glengary, and captain of Scotch Grays," replies Sir Victor, and Miss Stuart opens her eyes, and looks with new-born reverence at the big, speechless young warrior, who sits sucking the head of his umbrella, and who is an honorable SHORT AND SENTIMEN!AL

he made the confession he paused abruptly
—clear and sweet rang out the girlish laugh

of Edith Darrell.

"Our friends on the other side appear to be in excellent spirits at least," says Lady Helena, smiling in sympathy with that merry peal: "what a very charming girl-Miss Darrell is."

Miss Darrell is."

Trixy shoots one swift, sidelong glance at the baronet's face, and answers demurely:

"Oh it's an understood thing that Dithy and Charley are never really happy, except when together. I don't believe Charley would have taken the trouble to come at all if Edith, at his solicitation, had not been one of the party."

one of the party."
"A very old affair, I suppose!" asks her

ladyship, still smiling.
"A very old affair, indeed," Trix answers
gayly. "Edith will make a charming

gayly. "Edith will hank so, Sir Vic

She looks up at him artlessly, as she

plunges her small dagger into a vital place. He tries to smile, and say something agree-

able in return—the smile is a failure; the

of his umbrella, and who is an honorable and the son of a lord.

The day was delightful, the scenery exquisite, his companion vivacious in the extreme, Lady Helena in her most genial mood. But Sir Victor Catheron sat very silent all the way. Rallied by Miss Stuart on his gloom, he smiled faintly, and acknowledged he felt a trifle out of sorts. As he wade the confession he paused abruptly rley can sing a little still. ose Edith. Sir Victor Catheron is to win and wear! but as she is not Lady Catheron vet, Mr, Stuart postpones despair and sui-ide until she is.

She sprang from her bed with a cry of elight. Ireland! One, at least, of the

Who indeed! Miss Darrell's heart can up from her boots, to its proper place, and stayed there. ands of her dreams. "Trixy!" she cries. "O Trixy, look out!
"The land of sweet Erin' at last!"

man went on, "such a mysterious thin.
To this day it is wrapped in darkness. Sh
was so young, so fair, so good—it seems to
horrible for belief that any human bein "I see it," Trixy, rolling sleepily out of the under birth; "and I don't think much of it. A lot of wicked looking rocks, and not a bit greener than at home. I thought the very sky was green over Ireland." could lift his hand sgainst so innocent life. And yet it was done." "A most terrible thing," Edith said; "but one has only to read the papers to learn such deeds of horror are done every day. Life is a terribly sensational story. You say it is shrouded in darkness, but the Chesholm Courier did not seem at all in the For the last two days Trixy's bitter trials had ended—her sea-sickness a dismal dream of the past. She was able, in ravishing toilet, to appear at the dinner-table, to pace the deck on the arm of Sir Victor. As one

where she had left it on.
light night of which she (Trixy) hap-"You mean Inez Catheron. pily knew nothing, the bare civilities of life alone had passed between Miss Darrell and the baronet. Sir Victor might try, and did, but with the "She was not guilty, except in this—she knew who was guilty, and concealed it. Of that, I have reason to be sure."

serene superiority of right and power Miss Stuart countermanded every move. Hers she was determined he should be, and there was all the lost time to be made up tain. No," in answer to her look of sur-prise, "it is not certain. I am sure my aunt believes in his innocence." besides. So she redoubled her attentions aided and abetted by her pa-and how it "Then who—"
"Ah—who?" the baronet said mournfulconstantly at Miss Stuart's side and unable to get away. Edith saw it all and smiled to herself. "who was the murderer? It may be ly, "who was the murderer? It may be that we will never know."
"You will know," Edith said decidedly.
"I am sure of it. I am a firm believer in

words a greater failure. After that, all Trixy's attention falls harmless. He sits moodly listening to the gay voices on the other side of the luggage, and finds out for sure and certain that he is dead in love with "To-day for me, to-morrow for thee," she hummed. "I have had my day; it is Trixy's turn now. She manœuvres so well the truism that 'murder will out.' Sooner or later you will know."

She spoke with the calm conviction of prophecy. She looked back to shudder at her own words in the after days. it would be a pity to interfere."

Charley was her cavalier those pleasan last days; both were disposed to take the goods their gods provided, and not fret for to-morrow. It would not last—life's fairy gifts never do, for to-day they would eat, drink, and be merry together, and forget

They landed, spent an hour at Queens town, then the train whirled them away "to that beautiful city called Cork." There they remained two days, visited Blarney Castle, of course, and would have kissed the Blarney Stone but for the trouble of climbing up to it. Then off, and away, to And still Sir Victor was Trixy's captive

-still Edith and Charley maintained their alliance. Lady Helena watched her nephev and the American heiress, and her woman's instinct told her he was in no danger there. "If it were the other one, now," sh

thought, glancing at Edith's dark, bright face; "but it is quite clear how matters stand between her and her cousin. a handsome pair they will make." Another of the elders-Mr. James Stuart -watched the progress of matters, through very different spectacles. It was the one dream of his life, to marry his son and

daughter to British rank. "Of wealth, sir, they have enough," said the Wall Street banker, pulling up his collar pompously. "I will leave my chil-dren a cool million apiece? Their descent is equal to the best—to the best, sir—the royal rank of Scotland is in their veins.

Fortune I don't look for—blood, sir—
BLOOD, I do."

Over his daughter's progress after blood, he smiled complacently. Over his son's conduct he frowned.

"Mind what you're at, young man," he said, on the day they left Cork, gruffly to Charley. "I have my eye on you. Ordinary attention to Fred Darrell's daughter I don't mind, but no fooling. You under stand me, sir? No fooling. By George, less s sir, if you don't marry to please me, I'll cut you off with a shilling !"

Mr. Stuart, junior, looked tranquilly up at Mr. Stuart, senior, with an expression of countenance the senior by no means under-

"Don't lose your temper, governor," he answered calmly. "I won't marry Fred Darrell's daughter, if that's what you mean She and I settled that question two or three centuries ago.'

At the village of Macroom, they quitted the comfortable railway carriage, and mounted the conveyance known in Ireland as a public car, a thing like an overgrown jaunting car, on which ten people can ride, sitting back to back, isolated by the pile of luggage between. There was but one tourist for the Lakes besides themselves, a large military looking young man, with muttonchop whiskers and an eye-glass, a knapsack and

"Hammond, by Jove!" exclaimed Sir Victor. "Hammond, of the Scotch Grays.

My dear fellow, delighted to see you.

Captain Hammond, my friend, Mr. Stuart,

of New York."

Captain Hammond put up his eye-glass and bowed. Charley lifted his hat to this and bowed. Charley lifted his hat to this large military swell.

"I say, Sir Victor," the Captain of Scotch Grays began, "who'd have thought of seeing you here, you know. They said—aw—you had gone exploring to Canada, or the United States, or some of those kind of the United States, or some of the United States, or

places, you know. Who's your party?" sotto voce; "Americans, hey?" "American friends, and my aunt, Lady

Helena Powyss."
Now thin-look alive, yer honors, cried the car-driver, and a scramble into seats instantly began. In his own mind, Sir Victor had determined that his seat should be by Miss Darrell's side. But what is man's determination beside woman's

resolve?

'Oh, p-please, Sir Victor," cries Miss Stuart, in a piteous little voice, "do help me up. It's so dreadfully high, and I know I shall fall off. And oh, please do sit here, and point out the places as we go along—one enjoys places so much more when some one points them out, and you've been along here before."

What could Sir Victor do? More par dicularly as Lady Helena good-humoredly

chimed in:

"Yes, Victor, come and point out the places. You shall sit bod.tin, between Miss Beatrix and me. Your friend in the Tweed suit can sit next, and you, my dear Mrs. Stuart—where will you sit?"

"As Charley and Edith will have all the other side to themselves," said meek Mrs. Stuart, "I guoss I'll sit beside Edith."

"Ay, ay," chimed in her spouse, "and I'll mount with oakly. All serene, there

The baronet and Trix were already seven yards off, out upon the shining water there party—a large boat containing dozen, Captain Hammond amount A. CAM has guitar; her sweet voice as she romantically over the lake, and to be Continued.) What is

CASTORIA

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Castoria. "Castoria is an excellent medicine for chil-

dren. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children." Da. G. C. OSGOOD,

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.

They reach Glengariff as the twilight shadows fall—lovely Glengariff, where they are to dine and pass the night. At dinner, by some lucky chance, Edith is beside him, and Capt. Hanmond falls into the clutches of Trix. And Miss Darrell turns her graceful shoulder deliberately upon Charley, and bestows her smiles, and glances, and them to premature graves." Dr. J. F. KINCHELCH, After dinner they go for a sail by moon-

light to an island, where there are the remains of a martello tower. Edith and Sir Victor, Trix and the Honorable Angus Hammond, saunter down arm in arm to the boat. Charley and the two Irish boatmen bring up the rear—Mr. Stuart smoking a

absolute attention upon his rival.

consolatory cigar.

They all "pile in" together, and fill the little boat. The baronet follows up his luck, and keeps close to Edith. How beautiful she is with the soft silver light on her "Am I too late ?" he thought ; "does she

love her cousin? Is it as his sister hints. She saw it all. If she had ever doubted

her power over him, she did not doubt to-She smiled, and never once looked toward Charley.
"No," he thought, with a sigh of relief "she does not care for him in that way-let Miss Stewart think as she pleases. She likes him in a sisterly way-nothing more. I will wait until we reach England, and speak then. She, and she alone, shall be my wife."

Early next morning our tourists remounted the car and jogged slowly over that love ly stretch of country between Glengariff nd Killarney.

Their places were as on the day before-Sir Victor in the possession of Trix, Charley with Edith. But the baronet's gloom was gone—hope filled his heart. She did not love her cousin,—of that he had convinced himself could be made to the convinced by the same that he had convinced to the same that he had convinced to

It was a day of delight, a day of cloud less skies, sparkling sunshine, fresh mour tain breezes, sublime scenery. Wild, bleak valleys, frowning Kerry rocks, roaring torrents, barefooted, ragged children, pigs and people beneath the same thatched roof, such squalor and utter poverty as in their dreams they had never imagined.

"Good Heaven!" Edith said, with a shudder, "how can life be worth living in such horrible poverty as this?" "The bugbear of your life seems t poverty, Edith," Charley answered.

dare say these people eat and sleep, fall in love, marry, and are happy even here."
"My dear Mr. Stuart, what a sentimental speech, and sillier even than it is sentimental. Marry and are happy! They marry no doubt, and the pig lives in the corner, and every cabin swarms with children, but

—happy!"
They reached Killarney late in the evening, and drove to the "Victoria." The perfect weather still continued, the moon that had lit their last night's sea, on the wane now, lifted its silver light over the matchless Lakes of Killarney lying like sheets of crystal light beneath.

"Oh, how lovely!" Trix exclaimed. The rest stood silent. There is a beauty so intense as to be beyond words of praise—so sweet, so solemn, as to hush the very beating of our hearts. It was such beauty as

this they looked upon now.

They stood on the velvety sward—Sir Victor with Trixy on his arm, Charley and Edith side by side. A glowing mass of soft, scarlet drapery wrapped Miss Darrell, a coquettish hat, with a long black ostrich a coquettish hat, with a long black ostrich plume, set off her Spanish face and eyes.

"I see two or three boats," remarked Sir Victor. "I propose a row on the lakes."

"Of all things," seconded Beatrix, "a sail on the Lakes of Killarney! Let us go

at once, Sir Victor." "Will you come with me, Edith?" arley asked, "or would you rather go Charley asked, "or would you rather go with them?"
She looked at him in surprise. How grave his face—how quiet his tone! He had been like this all day, silent, preoccu-

pied, grave.

"My very dear Charley, how polite we grow! how considerate of others' feelings! Quite a new phase of your interesting character. I'll go with you, certainly."

"Come, then," he said. "let us have this last evening together; who knows when we shall have another?"

Miss Darrell's brown eves opened their

Miss Darrell's brown eyes opened their

" 'This last evening! Who knows when we shall have another!' Charley, if you're neditating flight or suicide, say so at once meditating light or suichie, say so at once anything is better than suspense. If you're thinking of strychnine, say so—no one shall oppose you. My only regret is, that I shall have to wear black, and hideous is a mild word to describe Edith Darrell in black."

black."

"Hideous!" Charley repeated, "you! I. wonder if you could possibly look ugly in anything? I wonder if you know how pretty you are to-night in that charming hat and that scarlet drapery?"

"Certainly I know, and charming I undoubtedly must look to wring a word of praise from you. It's the first time in all your life, sir, you ever paid me a compliment."

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LIGHT AT EVE

REV. DR. TALMAGE MON ON

The Glory and Soler BROOKLYN, July 9 .has chosen as his su text: Zech. 14, 7. light." Zech. 14, 7. While "night," in

symbol for gloom a often really cheerful, sive. I speak not of s down with star p above or silvered way from beneath—mur tentous, but such as the pomp and magniturn out on night par as though the song stars began so long yet among the cons nights the sailor bl castle, and the tra prairie, and the belat roadside, and the sol earthly hosts gazing t herds guarding while angel hands a silver bells a-ringing: the highest, and on will toward men." What a solemn and night in the wildern mountains! Ni Fragrant night amo ing night ami Calm night on Rom. ful night among the ous night 'mid sea Thank God for the and the stars which houses on the coast hope we are all sailing ners are we if, with burning, flaming gl My text may well s shall be light in the rows-of old ageof the Christian li shall be light." This prophecy wi ith a thousand fe thousand arms, and nine, and the bat and the investment per cent., and the twentieth edition, a pled in value, and ed to high position praised, and frie warmed into th prosperity sang stepped in the in the wire, and and all the gods and gratification iter holding nderbolts of must set, and have its twilight. vercast. The song hushed. The family fold and A deep hov ing down through phonies. At one hand of disaster broke. Down we firm. Away wen mld not be se tocks sank lik grace of God inder the hoof? the dust, weeping, heir teeth? cup on the table they upset the wikneel down at the and say: "All my Did they stand by Did they bemoan their disaster come ess, dark and We take orders for anything in the woollen line and guaran-

mises overtook stellations, from God's throne, pou lustre. Under their old, and jaspar, ame. All the tre summer ai warbling heave The Lord gave, ar exclaims At eventi e cross! Li

old age will be se wrinkle ays bunch ays worn as you n down the sky-high. last. It stay ers for burd with which h difficultie it long enough

ing crag say. Blesse saturally. say try to comot cover sas come for amed to b

men and