what must Heaven be !"

there shall be no more death ; neither

"Darling," he said, "how pale you are—white as a spirit. Go out for a little into the air—don't mind leaving me. I feel

sleepy again."
She kissed him and went. All her after

life she was glad to remember that their last parting had been with a caress on her

the rose and gold light of the sunset. She

were closed-she thought he was asleep,

She bent over him, close—closer—growing white almost as himself. And then she

"And there shall be no more death;

knew what it was.

there be any more pain.

Victor Catheron had gone home.

There were a great number of pa

mother, to learn each other's names and

the first excited a great deal of talk and curiosity. A darkly handsome young lady

aloof from everybody, and who seemed all sufficient unto herself. A young lady, pitifully young to wear that sombre dress

and widow's cap, remarkable anywhere for her beauty, and dignity, and grace. Who was she? as with one voice all the gentlemen

on board cried out that question the

She was a lady of rank and title, an English lady, travelling with her two ser-

the passenger list was Lady Catheron.

vants-otherwise quite alone- the name on

could be ascertained—just enough to whet curiosity to burning-point. Then in the solitude and seclusion of the ladies' cabin

the maid servant became confidential with

one of the stewardesses, and narrated, after

the manner of maids, her mistress's history

Lady Catheron, young as she looked and was, had neverthelsss been a widow for two years. Her husband had been Sir Victor Catheron, of Cheshire, who had died

after the first year of married felicity, leaving an immensely rich widow. Miserable Sir Victor! thought all the gentlemen.

She-Sarah Betts, the maid - had not

known her ladyship during the year of her married life, she had been engaged in Lon-don, some months after my lady's bereave-

ment, to travel with her on the continent.

wish there was more.

For the man servant and avant courier of

E. W. CILLETT, Toronte, Ont.

For the first two days that was all that

ment they saw her first.

in widow's weeds, who rather held hers

and out into the open sea.

A TERRIBLE

once."

By the night train Inez Catheron went up to London. As Madame Mirebeau's young women assembled next morning, she was before them, waiting to see Miss was there before them, waiting to see Miss

Edith came—a toreknowledge of the truth in her mind. The interview was brief. She left at once in company with Miss Catheron, and Madame Mirebeau's establishment was to know her no more. As the short, autumnal day closed in,

they were in Cheshire.

It was the evening of the second of October—the anniversary of the bridal eve. And thus at last the bride was coming home. She looked out with eyes that saw nome. She looked out with eyes that saw nothing of the familiar landscape as it flitted by—the places she had never thought to see more. She was going to Catheron Royals, to the man she had married a year

Her heart beat with a dull, heavy painpity for him—dread of what she was to hear. It was quite dark when they rolled through the lofty gates, up the broad, treeshaded drive, to the grand portico entrance

of the house.

"He is very low this evening, miss,"
Jamison whispered as he admitted them;
"feverish and longing for her ladyship's
coming. He begs that as soon as my lady
is rested and has soon refreshment she will

Lady Helena met them at the head of the stairs, and took the pale, tired girl in her arms for a moment. Then Edith was in a firelit, waxlit room, lying back for a minnte's rest in the downy depth of a great chair. Then coffee and a dainty repast was brought her. She bathed her face and hands, and tried to eat and drink. But the food seemed to choke her. She drank the strong, black coffee eagerly, and was ready

Lady Helena led her to the room where he lay. She shrank a little as she entered -she remembered it was to have been their room when they returned from their bridal tour. Lady Helena just opened to admit her, closed it again, and was gone.

She was alone with the dying man. By the dim light of two wax tapers she beheld him propped up with pillows, his white, eager face turned toward her, the love, that not death itself could for a moment vanquish, shining upon her from his eyes. She was over kneeling by the bedside, holding his hands in hers—how, she could never

"I am sorry—I am sorry!" It was all she could say. In that hour, in that presence of death, she forgot everything, her wrongs, her humiliation. She only knew that he was dying, and that he loved her as she would never be loved again in this

"It is better as it is," she heard him saying, when she could hear at all, for the dull, rushing sound in her ears; "far better—far better. My life was torture—could never have been anything else, though I lived fifty years. I was so young-life looked so long, that there were times, yes, Edith, times when for hours I sat debating within myself a suicide's cowardly end. But Heaven has saved me from that. Death has mercifully come of itself to set all things straight, and oh, my darling! to

She laid her face upon his wasted hand, nearer loving him in his death than she had

"You have suffered," he said, tenderly, looking at her. "I thought to shield yo from every care, to make your life one long dream of pleasure and happiness, and see how I have done it! You have hated me -scorned me, and with justice; how could it be otherwise? Even when you hear all, you may not be able to forgive me, and yet, Heaven knows, I did it all for the best. If act otherwise than I have acted. But, my darling, it was very hard on you."

"Oh, Victor! hush," she cried, hiding her face again, "you break my heart! His feeble tingers closed over hers with all their dying strength-that faint, happy

"I don't want to distress you," he said very gently; "you have suffered enough without that. Edith, Is feel wonderfully happy to-night—it seems to me I have no wish left—as though I were sure of your forgiveness beforehand. It is joy enough to see you here—to feel your hand in mine once more, to know I am at liberty to tell you the truth at last. Draw up that hassock, Edith, and sit here by my side, and listen. No, you must let go my hand.

close to the bed, and shading her face with her hand, listened, motionless as a statue, to the brief story of the secret that had held them apart so long.
"It all begins," Sir Victor's faint, low

voice said, "with the night of my father's death, three weeks before our wedding-day. That night I learned the secret of my mother's murder, and learned to pity my unhappy father as I had never pitied him before. Do you remember, Edith, the words you spoke to Lady Helena the day before you ran away from Powyss Place? You said Inez Catheron was not the murderer, though she had been accused of it, nor Juan Catheron, though he had been suspected of it—that you believed Sir Vic-tor Catheron had killed his own wife. Edith, you were right. Sir Victor Catheron murdered his own wife!

"I learned it that fatal night. Lady Helena and Inez had known it all along. Juan Catheron more than suspected Bad as he was, he kept that secret.

mother was stabbed by my father's hand.
"Why did he do it? you ask. I answer,
because he was mad—mad for weeks before. And he knew it, though no one else did. With the cunning of insanity he kept his secret, not even his wife suspected that his reason was unsound. He was a monomania in our family, in different phases; the phase it took with him was homicidal mania. On all other points he was sane-on this, almost from the first, he had been insane—the desire to take his wife's life.

"It is horrible, is it not—almost incredibly horrible? It is true, nevertheless. Be ore the hopeymocn was ended, his homicidal mania deve ped itself—an almost insurmountable desire, when ever he

was alone in her presence, to take her life. Out of the very depth and intensity of his passion for her his madness arose. He loved her with the whole strength of his heart and being, and the mad longing was with him always, to end her life while she was all his own—in short, to kill her.

"He could not help it; he knew his madness—he shrank in horror from it—he battled with it—he prayed for help—and for over a year he controlled himself. But it was always there—always. How long it might have lain dormant—how leng he would have been able to withstand his mad desire, no one can tell. But Juan Catheron came and claimed her as his wife, and-jeal-ousy finished what a dreadful hereditary in-

"On that fatal evening he had seen them together somewhere in the grounds, and though he hid what he feit, the sight had goaded him almost to frenzy. Then came the summons from Lady Helena to go to Powyss Place. He set out, but before he had gone half way, the demon of jealousy whispered in his ear, 'Your wife is with Juan Catheron now—go back and surprise them.' He turned and went back—a madontrol gone. He saw his wiff.

man—the last glimpse of reason and self-control gone. He saw his wife, not with Juan Catheron, but peacefully and inno-cently asleep by the open window of the room where he had left her. The dagger, used as a paper knife, lay on the table near.
say he was utterly mad for the time. In
moment the knife was up to the hilt in her heart, dealing death with that one strong blow! He drew it out and—she lay dead before him.

dead before him.

"Then a great, an awful horror, fell upon him. Not of the consequence of his crime; only of that which lay so still and white before him. He turned liked the madman he was and fled. By some strange chance he met no one. In passing through the gates he flung the dagger among the fern, leaped on his horse and was gone.

"He rode straight to Power Place. Re-

"He rode straight to Powyss Place. Be-fore he reached it some of insanity's cun-ning returned to him. He must not let ning returned to him. He must not let people know he had done it; they would find out he was mad; they would shut him up in a madhouse; they would shrink from him in loathing and horror. How he managed it, he told me with his dying breath, he never knew—he did somehow. No one suspected him, only Inez Catheron, returning to the nursery, had seen all—had seen the deadly blow struck, had seen his instant flight, and stood spell-bound, speechless and motionless as a stone. He nembered no more—the dark night of

oblivion and total insanity closed about him only to open at briefest intervals from that to the hour of his death. "That, Edith, was the awful story I was told that night—the story that has ruined and wrecked my whole life and yours. I listened to it all as you sit and listen now, still as a stone, frozen with a horror too intense for words. I can recall as clearly now as the moment I heard them the last words he ever spoke to me:

"I tell you this partly because I am dying, and I think you ought to know, partly because I want to warn you. They tell me you are about to be married. Victor, beware what you do. The dreadful taint is in your blood as it was in mineyou love her as I loved the wife I murder-ed. Again I say take core Again I say take care—take care! Be warned by me; my fate may be yours, your mother's rate hers. It is my wish, I would say command, if I dared, that you never marry; that you let the name and the curse die out; that no more sons may be born to hear the ghastly story I have told

darkness and the rain, as if the curse he spoke of had already come upon me—as though I were already going mad. How long I remained, what I did, I don't know. Soul and body seemed in a whirl. The next thing I knew was my aunt summoning into the house. My most miserable

father was dead. "Then came the funeral. I would not, could not think. I drove the last warning he had spoken out of my mind. I clenched my teeth-I swore that I would not give you up. Not for the raving of a thousand madmen, not for the warning of a thousand dying fathers. From that hour I was a nanged man-from that hour my doom was

"I returned to Powyss Place, but not as I had left. I was a haunted man. By day and night—all night long, all day through, the awful warning pursued me. 'My fate the awful warning pursued me. may be yours-your mother's fate hers!' It was my destiny, there was no escape;

was always latent within me, or that it continual brooding on what I had heard, but the fate certainly befell me. My father's homicidal mania became mine. Edith, I felt it, felt the dreadful whisper in my ear, the awful desire stirring in my heart, to lift my hand and take your life!
Often and often have I fled from your preit were all to come over again, I could not sence when I felt the temptation growing stronger than I could withstand.

"And yet I would not give you up; that is where I can never forgive myself. I could not tell you; I could not draw back then. I hoped against hope; it seemed like tearing body and soul asunder, the thought of losing you. 'Come what may,' I cried, in my anguish, 'she shall be my wife!'

"Our wedding-day came; the day that should have been the most blessed of my life, that was the most miserable. All the night before, all that morning, the demon within me had been battling for the victory. I could not exercise it; it stood between us at the altar. Then came our silent, strange wedding-journey. I wonder sometimes, as I looked at you, so still; so pale, so beautiful, what you must think. I dare not look How can I tell whether you will not shrink from it and me with horror when you know at you often, I dare not speak to you, dare not think of you. I felt if I did I should lose all control of myself, and slay you there

> "I wonder, as you sit and listen there, my love, my bride, whether it is pity or loathing that fills your heart. And yet deserved pity; what I suffered no tongue I knew myself mad, knew that sooner or later my madness would be stronger than myself, and then it came upon me so forcibly when we reached Carnarvon, that I fled from you again and went wandering away by myself, where, I knew not. 'Sooner or later you will kill her;' that thought alone filled me; 'It is as certain as that you live and stand here. You will kill this girl who trusts you and who has married you who does not dream she has married a demon athirst for her blood.'

has married a demon athirst for her blood.

'I went wild then. I fell down on my knees in the wet grass, and held up my hands to the sky. 'O God!' I cried out of despair, 'show me what to do. Don't let me kill my darling. Strike me dead where I kneel sooner than that!' And with the words the bitterness of death

with the words the bitterness of death seemed to pass, and great calm fell. In that calm a voice spoke clearly, and said:
"Leave her! Leave your bride while there is yet time. It is the only way. Leave her! She does not love you—she will not care. Better that you should break your heart and die, than that you ahould harm a hair of her head."
"It heard it as plainly Edith as I hear

"I heard it as plainly, Edith, as I hear my own voice speaking now. I rose—my resolution taken—a great, unutterable peace filling my heart. In my exalted state

it seemed so easy—l alone would be the sufferer, not you—I would go.

"I went back. The first sight I saw you, my darling, sitting by the open window, fast asleep. Fast asleep, as my mother had been that dreadful night. If anything had been wanting to confirm my resolution, that would have done it. I wrote the note of farewell; I came in and kissed your dear hands, and went away from you forever. O love! it seemed easy then, but my heart breke in that hour. I could not live without you; thank Heaven? the sacrifice is not asked. I have told you all—it lay between two things—I must leave you, or in my madness kill you. Edith, it would have happened. You have heard my story—you know all—the dreadful secret that has held us asunder. It is for you to say whether I can be forgiven or not."

She had all the time been sitting, her face hidden in her hands, never stirring or speaking. Now she arcse and fell once more on her kness beside him, tears pour-

An hour later, when Lady Helena softly opened the door and came in, she found them still so, his weak head resting in her arms as she knelt, her bowed face hidden, arms as she knelt, her bowed face hidden, her fallen tears hardly yet dried. One look into his radiant eyes, into the unspeakable joy and peace of his face, told her the story. All had been revealed, all had been forgiven. On the anniversary of their most melancholy wedding-day husband and wife were reunited at last.

There was no need of words. She stoop. ed over and silently kissed both.

'It is growing late, Edith," she said, gently, "and you must be tired after your journey. You will go up to your room now. I will watch with Victor to-night."

But Edith only drew him closer, and looked up with dark, imploring eyes.

"No," she said, "no, no! I will never leave him again. I am not in the least tired, Lady Helena; I will stay and share your watch."

your watch."

"But, my dear—"
"O, Lady Helena—aunt—don't you see-I must do something—make reparation in some way. What a wretch—what a wretch I have been. Oh, why did I not know all sooner? Victor, why did I not know you? To remember what my thoughts of you have been, and all the time—all the time it was for me. If you die I shall feel as though I were your murderess.

Her voice choked in a tearless sob. She

had hated him-loathed him-almost wished, in her wickedness, for his death, and all the time he was yielding up his life in his love for her. "You will let me stay with you, Victor?"

she pleaded almost passionately: "don't ask me to go. We have been parted long enough; let me be with you until—" again her voice choked and died away. With a great effort he lifted one of her hands to his lips—that radiant smile of

great joy on his face.
"She talks almost as if she loves me," he

"Love you! O Victor !-husband-if ! had only known, if I had only known!" "If you had known," he repeated, looking at her with wistful eyes. 'Edith, if you really had known—if I had dared to tell you all I have told you to-night, would you not have shrunk from me in fear and horror, as a monster who pretended to love you and yet longed for your life? Sane on all other points—how would you have comprehended my strange madness on that? It is gone now—thank God—in my weak-ness and dying hour, and there is nothing but the love left. But my own, if I had told you, if you had known, would you not have feared and left me?"

"If I had known," she answered, "how your father killed your mother, how his madness was yours, I would have pitied you with all my heart, and out of that pity I would have loved you. I would never have left you—never. I could never have feared Victor; and this I know-what you dreaded never would have come to pass. I am as sure of it as that I kneel here. You would never have lifted your hand against

my life."
"You think so?" Still with that wistful, earnest gaze. "I know so-I feel it-I am sure of it. You could not have done it—I should never have been afraid of it, and in time your delusion would have worn entirely away. You are naturally superstitious and excitable-morbid, even ; the dreadful excitement of your father's story and warning, were too much for you to bear alone. That

my mother's doom would be yours; on our wedding day I was fated to kill you! It was written. Nothing could avert it.

"I don't know whether the family taint" sail been in vain," he said seemed, was represented. After the first three two or three days out, after the first three bring conviction even to him. The sad, wistful light deepened in his blue eyes.

"Then it has all been in vain," he said people began to know all about one very sadly; "the suffering and the sacrifice -all these miserable months of separation Again Lady Helena advanced and inter-

posed, this time with authority.
"It won't do," she said; "Edith you All this talking and excitement may end fatally. If you won't leave him he won't sleep a wink to-night; and if he passes a sleepless night who is to answer for the consequences? For his sake you must go. Victor tell her to go-she will

obey you."
"I am afraid Aunt Helena is right," he said faintly. "I must confess to feeling exhausted, and I know you need a night's sleep, so that I may have you with me all day to-morrow. For a few hours, dear love. let me send you away.' She rose at once with a parting caress,

and made him comfortable among his pil-"Good-night," she whispered. "Try to sleep, and be strong to talk to me to-mor-Oh!" she breathed as she turned away, "if the elixir of life were only not a as far as she knew it. The stewardess re fable-if the days of miracles were not past, if he only might be restored to us, now happy we all could be !"

morning after breakfast, Edith hurried away to the sick-room. He was lying much as she had left him. propped up among the pillows—his face whiter than the linen and lace, whiter than By daylight she saw fully the snow. ghastly change in him-saw that his fair nair was thickly strewn with gray, that the awful, indiscribable change before was already on his face.

But the familiar smile she knew

My lady had travelled in company with her aunt, the Lady Helena Powyss, and her cousin, a "Mrs. Victors They had She could not speak for a moment as she looked at him-in silence she took her place close by his side. He was the first to break the silence, in a voice so faint as hardly to be more than a whisper. 'How had she slept—how did she feel? She looked pale, he thought—sure-

was on his lips and in his eyes as he saw

and her cousin, a "Mrs. Victor." They had spent the best part of two years wandering leieurely through every country in Europe, and now my lady was finishing her tour of the world by coming to America—why, Betts did not know. Not many ladies of rank came to America alone, Betts thought, but she had heard my lady was an American by high the ways here are lady weather the had been alone. ly she was not ill?" "I?" she said bitterly. "O, no -I and never ill—nothing ever seemes to hurt hard, heartless people like me. It is the good and the generous who suffer. I have the happy knack of making all who love me miserable, but my own health never fails. I don't care to ask you what sort of night you have had—I see it in your face. My oming brings, as it always does, more ill

"No," he said, almost with energy; "a hundred times no! Ah, love! your comhundred times no! Ah, love! your coming has made me the happiest man onearth. I seem to have nothing left to wish for now. As to the night—the spasms did trouble me, but I feel deliciously easy and at rest this morning, and uncommonly happy. Edith, I want you to tell me now all about the year that has gone—all about yourself."

yourself."

"There is so little to tell," she responded; "it was really humdrum and uneventful. Nothing much happened to me; I looked for work and got it. Oh, don't be distressed! it was easy, pleasant work enough, and I am much better busy."

"There is one thing I must ask, Edith," he resumed after a pause; "a last favor. You will grant it, will you not?"

"Victor! is there anything I would not grant?"

ridow; and my grandmothers large

there was a vague, intangible someth about her, that held all at arm's leng

Catheron had been their interest from the first—she was their mystery to the end.

Yes, it was Edith—Edith going home—home! well hardly that, perhaps; she was going to see her tather, at his urgent request. He had returned once more to Sandy point, he had been ailing lately, and he yearned to see his darling. His letter reached her in Paris, and Edith crossed over at once, and came.

Was there in her heart any hope of seeing, as well, other friends? Hardly—and yet, as America drew near and nearer, her heart beat with a hope and a restlessness she could no more explain than I can. In Naples, six months ago, she had met a party of Americans, and among them Mrs. Featherbrain, of light-headed memory. Mrs. Featherbrain had recognized an old acquaintance in Lady Catheron, and hailed her with effusion.

For Edith, she shrank away with the old est. "Read to me, Edith," he said once as the

"Read to me, Edith, he said once as the day wore on. She took up a volume of sermons that Lady Helena was fond of. She opened it, haphazard, and read. And presently she came to this, reading of the crosses and trials and sorrows of life. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death; neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there he any more pain." For Edith, she shrank away with the old feeling of dislike and repulsion, and yet she listened to her chatter, too.
"How sad it was," said gay Mrs. Featherthere be any more pain."

His eyes were fixed upon her with so radiant a light, so infinite a thankfulness, that she could read no more. Her voice brain, "about the poor, dear Stuarts. That delightful Charley, too! ah! it was very said. Did Lady Catheron correspond with them? But of course she did, being a rela-

hoked-she laid the book down. Later, as tive and everything."

"No," Edith answered, her pale face a shade paler than usual; "she had entirely lost sight of them lately. She would be very glad to hear of them, though. Did Mrs. Featherbrain know—" the sunset came streaming in, he awoke from a long slumber, and looked at the glittering bars of light lying on the carpet.

"Open the window, Edith," he said; "I

want to see the sun set once more."

She obeyed. All flushed with rose light, and gold and amythist splendor, the even-"Oh, dear, no?" Mrs. Featherbrain answered; "I have lost sight of them too-every one has. When people become poor and drop out of the world, as it were, it is impossible to follow them up. She had ing sky glowed like the very gates of para-"It is beautiful." Edith said, "but its untold beauty brought to her somehow a impossible to follow them up. She had heard, just before their party started, that Trixy was about to be married, and that sharp pang of pain.

"Beautiful!" he repeated in an ecstatic whisper. "O love! if earth is so beautiful, Charley—poor Charley! was going to California to seek his fortune. But she knew nothing positively, only that they were certainly not to be seen in New York—that the places and people who had known them onee, knew them no more." That was Then she heard him softly repeat to him-self the words she had read: "And God shall wipe all tears from their eyes, and row nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain." He drew a long, long breath, like one who is yery weary and sees rest

It could not be, then, that the hope of meeting them was in Edith's mind, and yet, her whole soul yearned to meet them—to ask their forgiveness, if no more. To clasp Trixy's hand once again,—honest, loving, impulsive, warm-hearted Trixy,—to feel her arms about her as of sld, it seemed to Edith Catheron, she could have given half her life. Of any other, she would not let herself think. He had passed out of her life forever and ever-nothing could alter

part, a happy smile on his. She descended the steps leading from the window with un-questionable obedience, and passed out into remained perhaps fifteen minutes—certainly not more. The red light of the October sky was fast paling to cold gray—the white October moon was rising. She went back. He still lay as she had left him—his eyes might—would, beyond doubt—forget her and marry, but she would go to her grave,

> and daughter meet, and for an hour or so she can forget even Charley. She remains a week-how oddly familian and yet strange it seems. The children noisier and ruder than ever, her father grown grayer and more wrinkled, her stepmother, shrill of tongue and acid of temper

In the bustling life there—the restless, ceaseless flow of humanity, she alone finds solitude and rest now. She goes, but she leaves behind her that which renders keap-

the Stuarts were all dead and buried they could not no more completely have dropped out of the lives of their summer-time friends. It must be true, she thinks, what Mrs. Featherbrain told her. Trixy is married and settled somewhere with her mother, and Charley is thousand of miles away, "seeking his fortune."

Then, all at once, she resolves to go back to England. Her handsome jointure house awaits her, Lady Helena and Inez long for her, love her—she will go back to them—try to be at peace like other women, try to live her life out and lorget. She has some purchases to make before she departs. She goes into a Broadway store one day, advances to a counter, and says:

"I wish to see some black Lyons velvet." Then she pauses, and looks at some black kid gloves lying before her.

What is

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 he Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd. cures Diarrhoea 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. Case toria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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Lowell, Mass. " 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

Dr. J. F. KINCHELCE,

Conway, Ar

them to premature graves."

"Everywhere she went, she was admired," her servants had said, "but to all she was cold as marble." Yes, and it would always be so while life remained. There had been but one man in all the world for her from the first-she had given him up of her own free will; she must abide by her deciion; but there would never be any other. One loveless marriage she had made; she never would make another. Charley Stuart

neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall her whole heart his. They reached New York; and there A cry rang through the room, the long, wailing cry of widowhood. She fell on her were many kindly partings and cordial fare knees by the bed. An hour after, the passing bell tolled sombrely through the darkness from the steeple of Chesholm Church, telling all whom it might concern that Sir vants drove away to an up-town hotel, where rooms had been engaged, and all papers duly chronicled the distinguished arrival. One day to rest-then down to Sandypoint, leaving gossipping Betts and the silent elderly gentleman behind her. And in the twilight of an August day she entered Sandypoint, and walked slowly through the little town, home. Only three years One brilliant, August noonday a Cunard ship steamed gallantly down the Mersey since she had left, a happy, hopeful girl of eighteen—returning now a saddened, lonewoman of twenty-one. How strangeon board—every cabin, every berth, was filled. Every country under Heaven, it seemed, was represented. After the first

altered the old landmarks, and yet how which she used to walk, sulky and discontented, through the rain, to do the family marketing. Here spread the wide sea, smiling and placid, whereon she and Charley that winter night, she had saved his life. Would it have, been as well, she thought with weary wonder, if they had both died that night? Here was the nook where he had come upon her that wet, dark morning with his mother's letters, when her life seemed to begin-here the gate where they had stood when he gave her his warning "Whatever that future brings, Edith, don't blame me." No, she blamed nobody but herseif; the happiness of her life had lain within her grasp, and she had stretched forth her hand and pushed it away. There was the open window where he used to sit, in the days of his convalesence, and amuse himself setting her inflammable temper alight. It was all associated with him. Then the house door opens, a tali, elderly man comes out, there is a great cry, father

tailed it to the lady passengers, and the lady passengers gave it at third hand to the gentleman. This is what it was: as of yore, but fawningly obsequious to her.

The people who used to know her, and
who flock to see her, the young men who used to be in love with her, and who stare at her speechlessly and afar off now. It amuses her for a while, then she tires of it, she tires of everything of late, her old fever of restlessness comes back. This dull Sandypoint, with its inquisitive gapers and questioners, is not to be endured, even for her father's sake. She will return to New

ing boarders or teaching classics forever unnecessary to Frederick Darrell.

She goes back. What her plans are for the future she does not know. She has no plans, she cannot tell how long she may remain, or where she will eventually take up her abode. It seems to her she will be a she had heard my lady was an American by birth. Everywhere my lady weat she had been greatly admired—gentlemen always raved about her, but she seemed as cold as marble, very high and haughty, utter y indifferent to them all. She did not grant society—she had been awfully fond of her late husband, and quite broken-hearted at losing him so soon. That was Miss Betts' story, and like Sam Weller's immortal valentine, was just enough to make them wish there was more. of feminine Wandering Jew all her That life lacks something that renders her restless—she does not care to think what. She may stay all winter she may pack up and start any day for Eng-

A few of the acquaintances she made when here before with the Stuarts call upon her, but they can tell her nothing of them. If the Stuarts were all dead and buried they For the man servant and avant courier of my lady, he was a genteel, dignified, taciturn gentleman, like an elderly duke in difficulties, with whom it was impossible to take liberties or ask questions—a sort of human oyster who kept himself and his knowledge hermetically scaled up. He told nothing, and they had to be contented with Betts' version.

So Lady Catheron became the lady of interest on beard. Everyhody saw her on deck, her railway rug spread in the sunshine, her low wicker work chair placed upon it, a large unbella unfurled over her head, reading or gazing over the sea toward the land they were nearing. She made no acquaintances, she was perfectly civil to everybody who spoke to her

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