Charley Stuart! The original of the pictured face that lies over her heart by night tured face that lies over her heart by night and day. Charley—unchanged, calm, handsome, eminently self-possessed as ever, looking at her with grave gray eyes.

She turns giddy, with the utter shock of the great surprise—she leans for a second heavily against the counter, and looks at him with eyes that cannot believe what

they see, "Charley!"

Yes, it was his voice, his smile, and he stretches his hand across the counter and takes hers.: Then she sinks into a seat, and for a moment the store, and the faces, swim about her in a hot mist. But her heart has given one great glad leap, and she knows she has found what all unconsciously she has been longing for, seeking

He is the first to recover himself-if indeed he has lost himself for an instant-

and speaks: "This is a staggerer," he says; "and yet I don't know why it should be either, since everybody, high and low, who visits New York drops in here for the necessaries of life, sooner or later. I began to think, however, that you must have gone away are alive at all."

She looks at him. He is in no way changed that she can see—the very same Charley of three years before. "You knew I was

here !" she asks. morning papers, and always look out for distinguished arrivals. Like the scent of the roses, my aristocratic tastes cling to me still. I thought you would hardly endure a month of Sandypoint—delightful, no doubt, if you will excuse me, Edith, I'll go and as that thriving township is. I don't need to ask you how you have been—I can see for myself you never looked better."

He meets her steady, reproachful gaze with perfect sangfroid. "You knew I was here, and you would not come to see me," those dark luminous eyes say. His perfectly careless, indifferent manner stings her to

"Trixy knew I was here too, of course!" she says in a very low voice.
"No," Charley answers; "I don't think she did. I didn't tell her, and I am pretty sure if she had found out for herself, her family circle would have heard of it. I

greatly doubt even whether she would not have taken the liberty of calling upon She lifts her eyes again, with a reproach

gravely. "Hammond told us; he writes gravely. "Hammond told us; he writes occasionally. Heart disease, wasn't it!—
poor fellow! I hope Lady Helena Powyss is quite well?"

"She is quite well."

"She is quite well."

"She is quite well."

'She is quite well." Then there is a pause-her heart is full, and he stands here so utterly unmoved, talking common-places, and looking as though even the memory of the past were dead and buried. As no doubt indeed it is. She handles the gloves she still holds nervously, for once in her life at a loss. "Your mother and Trix are well?" she says, after a pause.

'Quite well.' No, her voice breaks; she cannot

"Certainly you can see them," Mr. Stuart answers promptly; "they will be delighted, I am sure. They might not feel at liberty to call upon you, Lady Catheron, of course, but all the same they will only be too happy if Lady Catheron will so far

He says this in the old lazy, pleasant voice, but it is quite evident he does not mean to spare her—his self-sarcastic accent makes her wince as though in actual bodily

"I'll give you the address if you like," he goes on; "it's not the most aristocratic neighborhood in the world, but its perfectly quiet and safe." He scribbles something "Here it is-due east you see Trix won't be home until seven; she's at work in a fancy shop in Sixth avenue, you know-no, you don't know of course, but she is, and I generally call round for her at closing-up time. But you're safe to find her at home any evening you may name, Lady Catheron, after seven p. m." She takes the slip of paper very humbly

-very unlike the Edith he used to knowher lips quivering, as he can see.

"May I go at once?" she asks in that
humble little voice; "I can't wait. I want to see your mother, and I will stay until

"My mother will be there, and charmed to see you. Of course you can go at once -why should you hesitate. -it's very kind of you and all that. I would escort you there if I could, but unhappily I'm on duty. You'll have no trouble at all finding it."

He is perfectly cordial—perfectly indit-

ferent. He looks at her as he might look at Mrs. Featherbrain herself. Yes, Edith it is all over for you!

"I thought you were in California," she says as she rises to go; "and that Trixy

as though she were in a dream.

eastward to the address he has given her. She finds it—a tall tenement house in a close street, smelling of breweries, and she ascends a long flight of carpetless stairs, and knocks at a door on the upper landing. It is eponed, and the well-remembered face of Aunt Chatty looks out.
"Mrs. Stuart!"

A darkly, beautiful face is before her, two black gloved hands are outstretched, two brown brilliant eyes shine upon her through tears. And Mrs. Stuart recoils

with a gasp.
"'Oh, dear me!" she says, "it is Edith!'
Yes, it is Edith, with tears large and
thick in her eyes, who kisses the familiar
face, and who is sitting beside her, hew,
Mrs. Stuart never knows in her amaze and
hewilderment, in the humble little front

How changed it all is from the splendor of that other house in Fifth Avenue. How different this dingy black alpaca dress and rusty wiflow's eap from the heavy silks and Resach millinery of other days. But Aunt Chatty's good, easy, kindly face is the

hundred questions was asked and anared. Edith tells her how long she has
in its New York, of how only an how ago
chanced upon Charley, and found out
it whenabouts. And now, if Aunt
atty pleases, she is going to take off
r boundt and wait until Beatrix comes

ad glad. It isn't much of a place this, says poor Mrs. Stuart, glancing about her ruefully; "not what you're used to,my dear, An impetuous kiss from Edith closes her

In the says is a says in the s

much for him. Everything was sold— everything—we were left beggars. Work was difficult to get—then I fell ill. Charley was in despair almost-he grew thin and was in despair almost—he grow hollow-eyed, the very ghost of himself. All our old friends seemed to drop off, and only Providence sent Nellie Seton along, we might all have died or gone to the alms-

"Nellie Seton?" Edith inquired; "who is she? what did she do?" "She was a school friend of Trixy's, in reduced circumstances like ourselves, who came to our succor like an angel in human form. She got Trix a situation in a fancy store, she nursed me, and kept me alive on wine and jellies when I could touch nothing else. She cheered up Charley and kept him from dying of despair. To Nellie Seton, under Heaven, we owe it that we

"She is a young lady—this good Miss Seton?" Edith asks, with a sharp contrac-

tion of the heart. "Yes; about Trixy's age, and wonderfully clever. She writes poetry and gets paid for it, and the prettiest stories for the

She bustles away, and Edith sits in the little parlor alone. And she feels, with a heart like a stone, that what she has lost forever, this brave, good Nellie Seton has won. Well! she deserves it; she will try to like her, Edith thinks; but somehow even at the thought, her heart revolts. The old feeling for Mrs. Featherbrain, for Lady Gwendoline, tries to come back, in spite of her, for this unseen Miss Seton. The is an altered woman-a better woman, a more selfish woman, but the old leaven of iniquify is

not dead yet. The moments drag on—it is drawing near seven. How will Trixy receive her, she wonders. Will she be generous, and forget the past, or will she make her feel it, as her brother has done! Seven. Mrs. Stuart has set the table. How odd it seems her lips will not speak.

"I have deserved it," that dark, sad glance says, "but you might spare me."

"We were all very sorry to hear of Sir Victor Catheron's death," Charley resumes looks nice and inviting. Suddenly there is cut, the pink ham is sliced, everything looks nice and inviting. Suddenly there

> "Ma! is tea ready? I am famished and so is Nell. What! the table set in the parlor in state. Goodness! Edith rises, white as the dainty Marie

Stuart widow's cap she wears—still and beautiful she stands. She sees Trixy's tall figure, a smaller, slighter young lady beside her, and Charley standing behind both. Half a minute later Trix sweeps in, sees the motionless figure, and recoils with a

that is almost a sob. And Trixy's

"It is ! it is ! it is !" She screams, and rushes forward, and catches Edith in a perfect bear's hug, laughing, crying, and kissing, all in a breath.

CHAPTER XXIX.

No coldness about the welcome here, no ungracious remembrances of the past, no need ever to doubt Trixy's warm heart, and generous, forgiving, impulsive nature.

All Edith's shortcomings were long ago forgotten and forgiven—it is in Edith's way to inspire ardent love. Trixy loves her as dearly, as warmly as she had ever done she hugs, she kisses, she exclaims at sight

of her in a perfect rapture of joy:
"O darling!" she cries, "how good it is to see you again! what a surprise is this!
Charley, where are you? look here! Don't you know Edith?"
"Most undoubtedly I know Edith." "Most undoubtedly I know Edith,"

Charley answers, advancing; "old age may have impaired my faculties, but still I recognize a familiar face when I see it. I told her I thought you would be glad to see her, but I didn't tell her you intended to eat her "You told her! Where? when?"

"In the store—this afternoon: She came in 'promiscuous' for black Lyon's velvet, wasn't it, Lady Catheron? You didn't get it by the way. Permit me to inform you, in my professional capacity, that we have a very chaste and elegant assortment of the article always in stock. This where's of the article always in stock. Trix, where's your manners? Here's Nellie hovering aloof in the background, waiting to be in troduced. Allow me to be master of the ceremonies-Lady Catheron, Miss Nellie

Both young ladies bowed—both looked each other full in the face—genuine & 1-"No, I have never left New York, and Trix is pining in single blessedness still. We are going to alter all that shortly though—for further particulars apply to Trix. Are you going? good-by, for the present. Lady Catheron."

miration in Miss Seton's—keen, jealous scrutiny in Lady Catheron's. She saw a girl of two or three and twenty, undersized and rather plump, with a face which from a point of beauty would not for one point of the point of ent, Lady Catheron."

She is out in the bright sunshine, feeling is though she were in a dream.

She summons a hack, and is driven away astward to the address he has given her. he finds it—a tall tenement house in a lose street, smelling of breweries, and she lose fight of correctless stairs.

Trom a point of beauty would not for one instant compare with her own or Trixy's either. But it was such a thoroughly good face. And the blue, beaming eyes the soft smilling mouth, gentle, and strong, and sweet, surely made to win all hearts at sight. Not a beauty—something infinitely better, and as a rival, something infinitely better, and as a rival, something infinitely

more dangerous.

"Lady Catheron's name is familiar to me as a household word," Mfss Seton said, with a frank little laugh, that subdued Edith at once. "Trix wakes with your name on her lips, I believe, and goes to sleep murmuring it at night. Lady Catheron doesn't know how madly jealous I have been of her before now."

Edith turns once more to Trix—faithful

Edith turns once more to Trix—faithful, friendly, loyal Trix—and stretches forth both hands with a swift, graceful impulse, tears standing, large and bright, in her

eyes.

"My own dear Trix!" is what she says.

"And now I'll run away," Miss Seton exclaims brightly; "auntie will expect me, and I knew Trix has the thousand things to tell and te hear. No, Trixy, not a word. Charley, what are you doing with your hat? put it down instantly—I don't want you. I would very much rather go home alone,"

"Yes, its so likely I'll let you. There's no earthly reason why you shouldn't stay; but if, with your usual obstinacy and strong-mindedness, you insist upon going—"

too low a tone for the rest to near. Miss Seton laughs, but her color rises and she objects no more. Edith sees it all. A gray-kidded hand is extended to her.

gray-kidded hand is extended to her.

"Good-night, Lady Catheron," Miss Seton's bright, pleasant voice says, and Lady Catheron takes it, feeling in her heart that for once she cannot dislike a rival. This girl who will be Charley's wife—O blissful fate!—is worthy of him. They go out together laughing as they go.

"Isn't she just the dearest darling!" cries Trix in her gushing way; "and O Edith! whatever would have become of us all without her, I shudder to think. In the dark days of our life, when friends were few and far between, she was our friend—our savior. She nursed mamma friend—our savior. She nursed mamma from the very jaws of death, she got my place in the fancy-store, and I believe—she won't own it—but I do believe she saved Charley's life."

"Saved his life?" Edith talters.

"Saved his life ?" Edith talters. "It was such an awful time," Trix says It was such an awful time, 'Trix says sombre tones, "we were starving, Edith, literally starving. All our old friends had forsaken us; work we could not get, 'to beg we were ashamed.' If you had seen Charley in those days, gaunt, hollow-eyed, haggard, wretched. He looks and feels all right now," goes on Trix, brightening up a bit, "but then! it used to break my heart o look at him. He tried for work, from morning until night, and day after day he came home, footsore, weary, despairing. He could not leave mother and me, and go elsewhere—she was sick, father was deadpoor pa!—and I was just crazy, or near it. And one dark, dreadful night he went out, and down to the river, and-Nellie followed, and found him there. Ah! Edith, he wasn't so much to blame; I suppose he was mad that night. She came up to him, and put her arms around him, as he stood in the arkness and the rain, and-I don't know what she said or did-but she brought him back to us. And Providence sent him work next day-the position in the store he has now. I don't know about his merits as a salesman," says Trix, laughing, with her eyes full of tears, "but he is immensely popular with the ladies. Nellie says it isn't his eloquence-where the other clerks expatiate fluently on the merits of ribbons, and gloves, and laces, shades and textures. Charley stands silent and lets them talk, and smiles and looks handsome. I suppose

now you see we get on splendidly, and I've almost forgotten that we were ever rich and wore purple and fine linen, and feasted sumptuously every day."

t answers, for they seem to like hin

"You are happy?" Edith asks, with wonder and envy in her eyes. "Perfectly happy," Trix replies cheerily; "I haven't a wish unsatisfied—oh well! now that you've come. I did want you. Dithy; it seems such ages and ages since we met, and I was troubled about you. I heard of him, you know, poor fellow."

She touches timidly Edith's widow's weeds. There is no answer-Edith's tears are falling. She was contrasting her own cowardice with Trixy's courage; her own hardness with Trixy's generosity.
"How do you know?" she asks at

length. "Captain Hammond. You remember Angus Hammond, 1 suppose?" Trix says, blushing and hesitating; "he wrote us about it, and"—a pause.

"Go on; what else did he write?" "That there was trouble of some sort, a separation, I think—that you had parted on our wedding-day. Of course we couldn't elieve that.

"It is quite true," was the low reply. Trixy's eyes opened. "True! O Dithy! On your wedding-

"On our wedding-day," Edith answered steadily; "to meet no more until we met at his death-bed. Some day, Trix, dear, I will tell you how it was -not now. Two years have passed, but even yet I don't care to think of it. Only this—he was not She looks up desperately:

"Charley," she exclaims; "mayn't I see them so much of the motionless figure, and recoils with a shriek.

"Trix!" Edith advances with the word to blame—he was the bravest, the noblest, the holder of the best of men, ten thousand times too the best of men, ten thousand times to the best of men, ten thousand times to the best of men, ten thousand times to the best of men, ten the best of men the best of men, ten the to blame-he was the bravest, the noblest, good for me. I was a mercenary, ambitious wretch, and I received my just re-ward. We parted at the last friends, thank God! but I can never forgive myself

There was a pause—an uncomfortable one "How long since you came to New York?"

she asked at length.

Edith told her—told her how she had been wandering over the world since her husband's death-how she had come to America to see her father-how tried to find them here in New York—how signally she had failed—and how to-day, by purest accident, she had come upon Charley in the Broadway store.

his sister said; "I think I see him, lifting his eyebrows to the middle of his forehead. Did he take you for a ghost?" "By no means, and he was not in the

least surprised. He knew I was here, from "Edith !" "He told me so. He saw my arrival in

the paper when I first landed."
"And he never told me, and he never went to see you! The wreach!" cried "I don't know that he is to blame,"

Edith responded quietly. "I deserve no better; and ah! Trixy, not many in this world are as generous as you. So you are perfectly happy, darling? I wonder if Captain Hammond, now, has anything to

"Well, yes," Trix admits blushingly again; "I may as well tell you. We are to e married Christmas.

"Trix! Married!" "Trix! Married!"

"Married at last. We were engaged before I left England, three years ago. He wanted to marry me then, foolish fellow!" says Trix with shining eyes, "but of course, we none of us would listen to so preposterous a thing. He had only his pay and his debts, and his expectations from a fairy godmother or grandmother, who wouldn't die. But she died last mail—I mean last mail brought a black-bordered letter, saving mail brought a black-bordered letter, saying mail brought a black-bordered letter, saying she was gone to glory, and had left Angus everything. He is going to sell out of the army, and will be here by Christmas, and—and the wedding is to take place the very week he arrives. And, oh! Edith, he's just the dearest fellow, the best fellow, and I'm the happiest girl in all New York!' Edith says nothing. She takes Trix, who is crying, suddenly in her arms and kisses her. Angus Hammond has been faithful in the hour when she deserted them—that is her thought. Her self-reproach never ceases—never for one heur.

"We go to Scotland of course," said

her thought. Her self-reproach never ceases—never for one heur.

"We go to Scotland of course," said Trix, wiping her eyes; "and ma—also, of course, stays with Charley. Nelhie will be here to fill my place don't you think she will make a charming sister?"

She laughs as she asks the question—it is the one little revenge she takes. Before Edith can reply she runs on:

"Nellie's rich—rich, I mean, as compared with us, and she has made it all herself. She's awfully clever, and writes for magazines and papers, and things, and earms oceans of money. Oceans," says Trix, opening her eyes to the size of saucers; "and I don't know really which of us me likes best, Nellie or me. That's my one comfort in going. Here comes Charley now—let's have tea at once. I forgot all about it, but nobody has the faintest idea of the pangs of hunger I am enduring."

Charley sauntered in, looking fresh and handseme, from the night air.

It was quite dark now. Trix lit the lamp and bustled about helping to get supper. "You told Nellie?" she asked her brother in a low tone, but Edith cangle the words.

told her."

"What did she say?"

"Everything that was like Nellie—everything that was bright, and brave, and good. She will be here in the morning to say good-by. Now, Mrs. Stuart, if you have any compassion on a famished only son, hurry up, and let's have supper."

They sat down around the little table where the lamp shone brightly—Edith feeling cold and strange and out of place. Trixy and Aunt Chatty might, and did, forgive the past, but she herself could not, and between her and Charley lay a gulf, to be spanned over on earth no more. And be spanned over on earth no more. And yet—how beautiful and stately she looked in her little white widow's cap, her sombre dress, and the frill of sheer white crape at

"Edith!" Trix said involuntarily, "how handsome you have grown! You were always pretty, but now-I don't mean to flatter—but you are splendid! It can't be black becomes you, and yet—Charley, don't you see it? hasn't Edith grown lovely?"

"Trix!" Edith cried, and over her pale heeks, there rose a flush, and into her dark, rilliant eyes there came a light, that made her for a moment all Trixy said.

Charley looked at her across the table—

the cool, clear, gray eyes, perfectly un-"I used to think it impossible for Edith to improve; I find out my mistake to-day, as I find out many others. As is is not permitted for one to say what he thinks on nese subjects, one had better say nothing

The flush that had risen on Edith's cheeks emains there, and deepens. After tea, at Trixy,s urgent request, she sits down at the | that he has gone out of her life-out of the little hired piano, and sings some of her old whole world.

songs. "Your very voice has improved, "Trix says admiringly. "Edith, sing Charley he's my darling, for Charley. It used to be a favorite of his." She gives him a malicious sidelong glance. Charley, lying back in his mother's com-

cushioned rocking-chair, takes it "It used to be, but it has ceased to be," he answers coolly. "Trix, go out like a last good-by had been said, good child, and get me the evening paper. Among my other staid, middle-aged habits, ward. Edith loves him at last. Lady Catheron, is that of reading the Post | last? there has never been a time when he every evening religiously, after tea."

Never Edith any more—always Lady to say the word, and she will lay her hand catheron—never the girl he loved three years ago—whom he had said he would love will end between them forever. But he all his life, but the richly dowered widow

of rank and riches. She rises to go—it is growing almost tor Catheron's richly dowered widow to be more than she can bear. Trix presses her his wife. She made her choice three years to stay longer, but in vain; he never utters

"Shall Charley call a carriage, or will you prefer to walk?" Trix asks doubtfully. "She will walk," says Charley, suddenly looking up and interfering; "the night is fine, and I will see her home." For one instant, at the tone of his voice, at the look of his eyes, her heart bounds. Her bonnet and mantle are brought-she kisses Trix and Aunt Chatty good-night—they have promised to dine with her to-

morrow-and goes forth into the soft October night with Charley.

He draws her hand within his arm—the night is star-lit, lovely. The old time comes back, the old feeling of rest and content, the old comfortable feeling that it is Charley's arm upon which she leans, and that she asks no more of fate. To-morrow

he may be Nellie Seton's-just now, he belongs to her.
"Oh!, she exclaims, with a long-drawn "how familiar it all is! these gas lit New York streets, the home-like look of the men and women, and—you. It seems as though I had left Sandypoint only yesterday, and you were showing me again the wonders of New York for the first time.

He looks down at the dusk warm, lovely face, so near his own.
"Sandypoint," he repeats; "Edith, do you recall what I said to you there? Have you ever wished once, in those three years that are gone, that I had never come to Sandy-

point to take you away?"
"I have never wished it," she answer truly; "never once. I have never blamed you, never blamed anyone but myselt—how could I? The evil of my life I wrought with my own hand—and if it were all to come over again—I would still go! I have suffered, but at least—I have lived."

"I am glad to hear that," he says after a little pause; "it has troubled me again and again. You see, Hammond wrote us all he ever knew of you, and though it was rather incomprehensible in part, it was clear enough your life was not entirely a bed of roses. All that, I hope, is over and done with—there can be no reason why the rest with—there can be no reason why the rest of your life should not be entirely happy. This is partly why i wished to walk home with you to-night, that I might know from your own lips whether you held me blameless or not. And partly, also—" a second brief pause;—"to bid you good-by."

"Good by!" In the starlight she turns

deathly white. "Yes," he responded cheerily; "good-by; and as our lives lie so widely apart in all probability, this time forever. I shall certainly return here at Christmas, but you may have gone before that. To-morrow morning I start for St. Louis, where a branch of our house is established, and where I am permanently to remain.

an excellent opening for me—my salary has been largely advanced, and I am happy to say the firm think me competent and trust-worthy. I return as I said, at Christmas; after that it becomes my permanent home. You know, of course," he says with a laugh, why I return—Trix has told you?" So completely has she forgotten Trix, so wholly have her thoughts been of him, that she absolutely does not remember to what he alludes.

"Trix has told me nothing," she manage to answer, and she wonders at herself to find how steady is her own voice. "No?" Charley says, elevating his eyebrows; "and they say the age of wonders over! Trix in the new role of keeping her own secrets! Well, I very naturally return for the wedding—our wedding. Its extraordinary that Trix hasn't told you, but she will. Then—my Western home will be ready by that time, and we go back immediately. My mother goes with me I need

diately. My mother goes with me I need hardly say." hardly say."

Still so absolutely wrapped up in her thoughts of him, so utterly torgetful of Trix, that she does not understand. Our wedding—he means his own aud Nellie Seton's of course. His Western home, the home where she will reign as his wife. In the days that have gone, Edith thinks she has suffered—she teels to-night that she has never suffered until now! She deserves it, but if he had only spared her,—only lett before she can reply—then, despite every effort, her voice is husky:

"I wish you joy, Charley-with all my She cannot say one word more. Some-thing in the words, in her manner of say-ing them, makes him look at her in sar-

ly, she clings to his arm, as the drowning may cling to a straw. She feels in a dull, agonized sort of way that in five minutes the waters will have closed over her head, and the story of her life have come to an

says—his voice, that has yet a deeper, more earnest tone than of old. "You don't know, Edith, how glad I am of this meeting—how glad to hear you never in any way blame me."

"I blame you! oh, Charley!" she says

with a passionate little cry.
"I rejoice to hear, that with all its drawbacks, you don't regret the past. I rejoice in the knowledge that you are rich and happy, and that a long, bright life lies before you. Edith," he takes both her hands in his strong, cordial clasp, "if we never meet again, God bless you, and

good-by."

She lifts her eyes to his, full of dumb, speechless agony. In that instant he knows the truth—knows that Edith loves him that the heart he would once have laid down his life almost to win, is his wholly

The revelation comes upon him like a flash—like a blow. He stands holding her hands, looking at her, at the mute, infinite misery in her eyes. Someone jostles them in passing, and turns and stares. It dawns upon him that they are in the public street,

"Good-by," he says hastily once more, and drops the hands, and turns and goes. She stands like a statue where he had left her-he turns a corner, the last sound of his footsteps dies away, and Edith feels

CHAPTER XXX. Miss Nellie Seton came early next morning to see her friend, Mr. Charley Stuart, off. He is looking rather pale as he bids them good-by—the vision of Edith's eyes upturned to his, full of mute impassionate appeal, have haunted him all night long. They haunt him now, long after the doubted it, but now he knows he has but to say the word, and she will lay her hand will never say that word-what Edith Dar of Sir Victor Catheron. He will not generously forget, even for an instant, that he is an impecunious dry goods clerk, she a lady

He feels he could as easily leap from the car window and end it all, as ask Sir Vic ago-she must abide by that choice her life

'And then," he thinks rather doggedly, "this fancy of mine may be only fancy. The leopard cannot change his spots, and an ambitious, mercenary woman cannot change her nature. And, as a rule, ladies of wealth and title don't throw themselves away on impecunious dry goods clerks. No! I made an egregious ass of myself once, and once is quite enough. We have turned over a new leaf, and are not going back at this late day to the old ones. With her youth, her fortune, and her beauty, Edith can return to England and

make a brilliant second marriage."

And then Mr. Stuart sets his lips behind his brown mustache, and unfolds the morning paper, smelling damp and nasty of printer's ink, and immerses himself, fathoms deep in mercantile news and the doings of

the Stock Exchange.

He reaches St Louis in safety, and resumes the labor of his life. He has no time to think-no time to be sentimental, if he wished to be, which he doesn't.

"Love is of man's life a thing apart," sings the poet, who knew what he was talking about. His heart is not in the least broken, nor likely to be; there is no time in his busy, mercantile life, for that sort of thing, I repeat. He goes to work with a will, and astonishes even himself by his energy and brisk business capacity. he thinks of Edith at all, amid his dry-asdust ledgers and blotters, his buying and selling, it is that she is probably on the ocean by this time—having bidden her native land, like Childe Harold, "One long, one last, good-night." And then, in the midst of it all, Trixy's first letter arrives. It is all Edith, from beginning to end. Edith has not gone. she is still in New York, but her passage is taken, and she will leave next week. "And Charley," says Trix, "don't be angry now, but do you know, though Edith Darrell always liked you, I fancy Lady Catheron likes you even better. Not that she even says doubling. better. Not that she ever says anything; bless you! she is as proud as ever; but we women can tell. And last night she told ma and me the story of her past, of her married life—or rather her un-married life -of her separation from Sir Victor on their

wedding-day-think of it, Charley! on their wedding-day. If ever anyone in this world was to be pitied, it was he—poor fellow! And she was not to blame— neither could have acted other than they did, that I can see. Poor Edith! poor Sir Victor! I will tell you all when we meet. She leaves next Tuesday, and it half breaks my heart to see her go. Oh,

Charley! Charley! why need she go He reads this letter as he smokes hi cigar—very gravely, very thoughtfully wondering a great deal, but not in the least moved from his steadfast purpose. Parted on their wedding-day! he has heard that before, but hardly credited it. It was true then-odd that; and neither to be blamed -odder still. She has only been Sir Vic tor's wife in name, then, after all. makes no difference to him—nothing doesall that is past and done-she flung him off once—he will never go back now. Their paths lie apart—hers over the hills of life, his in the dingy valleys—they have said good-by, and it means forever.

He goes back to his ledgers and his counting-room, and four more days pass. On the evening of the fourth day, as he leaves the store for the night, a small boy from the telegraph office waylays him, and hands him one of the well-known buff envelopes. He breaks it open where he stands, and read this:

"NEW YORK, Oct. 28, '70. "Charley: Edith is lying dangerously ill-dying. Come back at once.

He reads, and the truth does not come to him—he reads it again. Edith is dying. And then a grayish pallor comes over his face, from brow to chin, and he stands for face, from brow to chin, and he stands for a moment, staring vacantly at the paper he holds, seeing nothing—hearing nothing but these words: "Edith is dying." In that moment he knows that all his imaginary hardness and indifference have been hollow and false—a wall of pride that crumbles at a touch, and the old love, stronger than life, stronger than death, fills his heart still. He had left her, and—Edith is dying! He looks at his watch. There is an Eastward-bound train in half an hour—there will be barely time to catch it. He does not return to his boarding house—he calls a passing hack, and is driven to the depot just in time. He makes no pause from that hour—the travels night and day. What is business; what the prospects of all his future life; what is the whole world now? Edith is dying. dying. aches New York at last. It see

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