ners, knowledge of the world, and such a game, too, as he played at piquet. It was eshore, you see, and he was too much for the. If I'd him at sea it would have been different. I was to blame all through—but you forging we all the misery. but you forgive me all the misery I caused

"Ah, there I am crushing your dress again. Stratton's a lucky dog, and we'll think it was all for the best."

"Showed what a good true-hearted fel-low he was—sort of prohationer, eh?" Myra turned her head. She could not eak—only clung to the parent she was so

speak—only clung to the patent she was so soon to leave.

"Then good-bye to James Barron, alias Dale, and all his works, Myra. Oh, dear me! In a very short time it will be Mrs. Malcolm Stratton, and I shall be all alone."

"No, you will not, uncle," said Edie, who had entered unobserved after letting off a fusilade of sobs outside the door, and then pretty gray even a little redder. "and her pretty gray eyes a little redder, "and you are not to talk like that to Myra; she wants comforting. Uncle will not be alone, dear, for I shall do all I can to make

him happy."
"Bah! A jade, a cheat, my dear. Don't believe her," cried the admiral merrily; "she has a strange Guest in her eye—Hot-spur—Percy. Look at her." "Don't, Myra dear. Kiss uncle and come

back to your room," and after a loving em-brace between father and daughter the bridesmaid carried off the bride to the room

hour the young man e have spent.

But it ended at last. "Now, Myra darling, any more commands for me about uncle? We may not have

"No, dear," said the bride thoughtfully.
"I could say nothing you will not think of for yourself. Don't let him miss me,

"You know I will not. Bless you, pet; you happy darling, you've won the best husband in the world. But how funny it seems to have to go through all this again ' "Hush, dear. Don't-pray don't talk be some of the friends here, but how con-foundedly awkward I do feel. I hate these

"I can't help it, Myra; my tongue will talk this morning. Oh, I am so glad that it will be all right this time." Myra's brow contracted a little, but her

"It has always seemed to me such

and was again bursting into tears when there was a tap at the door, and she shrank

One of the lady's maids appoared.
"Sir Mark says, ma'am, that the carriages are waiting, and Miss Jerrold will

not come up.' calmly to her cousin as the maid burst out

God bless you, Miss Myra-I mean madame. May you be very happy."

The second maid was at hand to second the wish, and the pair performed a duet in sobs as the cousins swept down the broad staircase to the admiral's room.

"Time, my dear, time," cried Sir Mark "Come, Edie, aunt will be furious if you keep her any longer."

Edie took his arm, but dropped it again

her down the broad staircase and across the hall, now pretty well thronged with visitors, and the servants in the background to see the departure.

A carriage was in waiting, with a tall, stern looking, gray lady inside.

"Late, Mark," she said sharply, "Come

Edie, my child, and let's get it over."
"You're all alike," said the admiral, as the bridesmaid took her place, the carriage started, and with head erect the cld sailor strode back, seeing nobody, and went up to his room, to return soon after, amid a buzz of whispering, proudly leading down the

'And only one bridesmaid," whispered a lady visitor at the hotel.

"Young widow—very private affair—by the lady's wish," was whispered back loud-ly enough for Myra and her father to hear as they passed down the steps.
"Let them chatter," said the old man to himself. "They haven't seen such a bride

for years. Quite a little crowd followed to the hotel door, there was a general waving of hand-kerchiefs, and one lady threw a bouquet of white roses as the carriage door was shut with a bang, a servant sprang up, and the next moment the admiral's handsome pair of bays dashed off toward the great West

CHAPTER IV.

THE SCENE OF SHAME. "Poor old chap!" said Peroy Guest, with a laugh. "Married? Looked as if he was going to be hanged. Wonder whether I shall be as nervous and upset if—it—I ought to say when—it comes off? No, not likely, bless her. Might be all in a fidget to get it over for tear of a slip, but I don't think I should look like that."

He was approaching the church as these ideas ran through his head, and a glance at the clock showed him that he was half an hour too soon, consequent upon being hurried off by his friend.

"What shall I do?" he thought. "No time to go anywhere else; I'll drop in and hang about in the church as if I did not be-

long to the party."

Easier said than done. Already there was a little crowd collecting, attracted by the carpet laid up the steps—a little gatherthe carpet laid up the steps—a little gathering of the people who always do attend weddings—those who wait till the bride arrives and then hurry in to see the service, and those who, being in charge af perambulators, keep entirely outside and block up pavement and porch. Then, too, there were the customary maiden ladies, the officials of the church, the bell ringers, the woman from the crossing at the corner of the square in a clean apron, the butchers', bakers', and fishmongers' boys, and the children—especially those in a top-heavy condition from carrying other children, nearly as big as themselves.

Percy Guest was conscious of a whisper and a buzzing sound as he walked through the gates in what he intended te be a non-chalant fashion, but which proved to be very conscious, and then most conscious as a boy cried:

"'Ere he is, Bill!"

Fortunately the church door was close at hand, but before he entered he was aware that the turncock had joined the throng with three bright instruments over his shoulder, as if his services were likely to be wanted toward the end.

Percy Guest breathed more freely as he stepped into the gloom of the silent church, but was again disconcerted by the beadle in his best gold-braided coat, holding open a green baize door and two pew openers stepping forward apparently bent upen showing him the way up to the chancel.

"Thanks; I'll just look round," he said, carelessly: but the words did not convey his meaning, and as he walked slowly into one of the side asiles to study tablets and monuments, he could not read a word for

inking that the two openers had course they know. Even smell me. Wish I hadn't used that scent."

An archæologist could not have taken more apparent interest than he in that tablet covered with lines of all lengths,



tting forth the good qualities of Robert "late of this study was accompanied by furtive glance at a watch during the longest quarter of an hour the young man ever remembered to

"He'll soon be here now," he said to himea, the bridal veil on a chair; and after the last touches had been given to the bride's toilet, the cousins were left alone.

(Now Many declired) chancel, while divers whispers behind him told of pews being filled by those who wish-ed to have good places, and so another five

"Time he was here," thought the early arrival; and summoning his fortitude ready for being stared at and commented upon, he walked quietly toward the chancel faced round, and waited, staring blankly at the three or four score of faces watching him-eagerly. "Pleasant!" he said to himself. "Must

quiet weddings. Company's good, even if you're going to be hanged. Why isn't There were fresh arrivals every minute

and Guest gazed anxiously now toward the door, but the arrivals were all female; and stuff to talk of you as a widow. Oh, Myra save that the clerk or verger was arranging don't look like that. What a stupid, thoughtless thing I am."

She flung her arms about her cousin, which all eyes were fixed.

"I've done wrong," muttered Guest as he mustered a strong desire to look at his watch, which he knew must now be within five minutes of the time. "I ought to have gone back and brought him on. It's too bad to leave me here like this." If he could have taken out his handker

ot come up."

Myra took her bouquet and turned away from his temples he would not have cared so much, for they produced a terri-ble itching sensation. But no; he must seem cool and collected. He was conscious now of talking some-

where behind him, in the vestry evidently, a deep utterance suggestive of intoning a service, and a harsh, sharp voice.

The clergyman and just then the clerk came down, passed close by, looked at him, went and opened a pew door, and return-ed to approach him again with a depreca-

tive cough, as if he were about to speak, to run and kiss her cousin once again.

Then tripping to the old man's side he led into the vestry. into the vestry.

"Took me for the bridegroom," muttered Guest to himself. "Stratton, you scoundrel, why don't you come? Oh! I'll

pay you out for this. At last ! For a figure appeared at the

other end of the church. No; it turned into a pew halfway down the center aisle, and Guest became cold with apprehension as the organ began to peal forth its softest notes to a hushed, shuddering bass, while Guest looked wildly down the church, where, to his horror, there stood a figure in company with a tall, sedate, graf haired lady dressed in gray; and as these figures approached he for a few moments forgot his agony in a long, rapt contemplation of the idesmaid's face.

Then he could bear it no longer, and he was about to rush out and go in search of Stratton when he felt that it was too late, or already the admiral was at the door with the bride, and Edie and Miss Jerrold were

at his side. He gave Edie one quick glance full of agony, and then in a hurried whisper to the dmiral's sister:

"Miss Jerrold, for goodness' sake ask Sir Mark to step into the vestry. Stratton has

Too late-too late! The organ was still giving forth its introductory strain; the two clergymen moved out of the vestry, and took their places; Sir Mark and Myra were close up, and the clerk came forward and signed to Guest to stand in the bridegroom's place.

Before he could think, the admiral's lips

were close to his ear, and the sharp whisper hrilled him as if it had been a roar. "Where's Stratton?" "I-he was to meet me-I-I'll go and

The words were stammered forth in whisper, and no one better than he felt how tame and paltry they sounded, while as, hatin hand he hurried down the aisle, running the gauntlet of a couple of hundred eyes, it seemed as if they stung him, that the looks were more mocking than wonder-

ing, while, raging with annoyance, the few yards felt lengthened out into a mile. Through the baize doors, and under the portico, but no sign of the brougham with the pair of grays that was to bring the

What to do; jump into a hansom and bid the man gallop to Benchers' Inn? It would take best part of an hour, and Stratton must be there directly. He would wait and see, even if everyone in the crowd was staring at him wonderingly, while the cold sweat stood out in big drops upon his

"What is the meaning of this?" said a stern voice at his elbow, and Guest turned to face the admiral, whose florid counten-ance was mottled with white. A few words of explanation followed and

nambers."
"No," said Sir Mark in a low, hoarse roice. "An insult to my child! It is

The old man turned and strode back, white, hardly knowing what he did, Guest followed him between the two rows of curious faces to where Myra stood, perfectly firm and self-contained, while Edie was trembling visibly, and clinging to Miss Jerrold's arm.

"Not yet," she said in a low voice. "We

"It is impossible, I tell you!" cried the admiral loudly, for his rage and mortification would have their way. "My dear girl! Hold up your head; the shame is not yours. Guest, take my sister and niece to the other carriage." Then, snatching Myra's hand, he led her back to the door, bis gray heard and moustache seeming to

Myra's hand, he led her back to the door, his gray beard and moustache seeming to bristle as his eyes flashed rage and deflance from side to side, till they reached the portico, where a man stepped forward.

"The bells, sir?" he whispered deferentially; "the ringers are all here?"

That was the last straw—a brazen one. With an angry snort the admiral caught the man by the shoulder and swung him out of the way, signaling directly after for his carriage, which, as the coachman and footman had not expected to be wanted for some time yet, stood right away, with the servants chatting by the horses' heads.

Not above a minute before the carriage was drawn up, but it was like an age to

was drawn up, but it was like an age to those who listened to the whispering and giggling going on.

For the words "No bridegroom!" had reached the little crowd outside as soon as the retiring wedding party; and as Guest heard a remark or two made, there was a singing in his ears, and an insane desire to

rush at some staring idoit and thrash him within an inch of his life. But he glunced at Myra as he pressed Edie's hand against his side, and saw that the bride's head was erect and that she stepped proudly into the carriage. Then the

"To the hotel, sir?" said the footman. "Home!" roared Sir Mark. The footman sprang up to his seat, the carriage was driven off, and with the crowd

ncreasing Miss Jerrold's took its place.
"Quick. Mr. Guest," whispered the adniral's sister. "She is fainting. He nad felt Edie's hand pressing more and more upon his arm, but in his excite-ment this had not struck him as extraordinory; but now, as his attention was drawn to her, she dropped her bouquot, and in his effort to save her from sinking to the pave-ment the beautiful bunch of flowers was

ushed under foot. The next minute he had lifted the poo girl into the carriage, and handed the admiral's stern looking sister to her side. Darting a look of agony at Edie's white face and the wreath and veil fallen aside, Guest drew back for the door to be closed, but Miss Jerrold made an imperious sign.
"No, no; come with us," she said hoarsely. "You must help me; and exhoarsely. "You must help me; and explain. I dare not face my brother alone. Guest sprang into the carriage, the door was shut quickly, and the footman leaped to his place as the horses started forward with a loud trampling of hoofs, but not quickly enough to take them beyond the

A BRAVE DEFENCE. "The hotel ! The idiot ! To wan to make

hearing of a derisive cheer.

s back there to face the hail-kidde mockery and jokes of all thos a there Din, it's maddening!"

Sir Mark leaned forward, lowered the ront window, and shouted to the coachman

to drive faster. "I saw them," he continued as he flung imself back in his seat, "the whole mob in the church sniggling with delight. Curse them! And that fellow, Stratton! If ever we stand face to face again I'll—. Oh, I hope he will never have the audacity to come near me, for his own sake,"

Myra had been sitting perfectly upright, looking as if suffering from some cataleptic seizure; but at the mention of Stratton she

mocking laugh. "Womanlike; a hundred excuses ready for him; cut himself in having-wedding clothes not home in time -sprained his ankle-a bad headache. Oh, you women, you women! If ever there were a pack of fools-"

That one word only, but full of so much agony that he turned and caught her to his "Brute! Senseless brute!" he literally

growled. "Thinking of myself, of my own eelings, and not of you, my own." Then raging again, with his countenance purple, and the veins of his temples start-

and after that other horrible affair. How a man-who professed to worship youcould subject you to such an outrage-to such intumy! I tell you it is madden-

ing."
"Father!" once more in a pitcous tone. "No; you shall not plead for him, my darling. You have behaved nobly. Like a true, self respecting English lady. No acting, no silly girlish fainting, but like my daughter. You must go on, though. This scoundrel must be shown that he cannot insult you with impunity.'

"Listen, tather," she whispered after a sperate effort to restrain the hysterical burst of agony striving for exit.
"I will not. There is no excuse, Myra A telegram—a messenger—his friend and best man. Nothing done. The man is—no, he is no man. I'll—my lawyer—shall no; I'll go myself. He shall see that—Silence? Re firm. Don't move a muscle

Take my arm when I hand you out, and not a word till we are in the drawing For the carriage had stopped, after a rapid course, at Sir Mark's house in Bourne quare, where they had to wait some minutes before, in response to several drag-gings at the bell, the door was opened by an elderly housemaid.

"Why was not this door answered?
Where is Andrews?" thundered the admiral as the footman came in, looking startled, and closed the door behind which the housemaid stood, looking speechless at her master's unexpected return.
"Shall the carriage wait, Sir Mark?" in

terposed the footman.

'No! Stop; don't open that door. I said, why was this door not answered?"

"I'm very sorry, Sir Mark," faltered the woman, who was trembling visibly. "I was upstairs cleaning myself."

"Bah! Where is Andrews? Where are

the other servants?"

pstairs-I can bear no more, thispered Myra.

Brought back to the child's suffering, the limital hurried her up to the



At that moment Miss Jerrold's carriage stopped at the door, and directly after Sir Mark's sister appeared with Edie, who, looking white and scared, ran at once to her cousin and clung to her, uttering violent

lence. Edie !" thundered the admiral "Look at your cousin. You must be a woman now. Ah, here you are, then!" he continued fiercely as Percy Guest entered.
"Yes; I came up for a moment before I

go on there."
"I'm glad you've come," cried the old man furiously, and leaping at someone upon whom he could vent his rage. "Now, then, explain, you dog What does that viliain—that scoundrel—mean by insulting my child, like this? Damn him

"Stop, Sir Mark!" cried Guest firm "And I will not stand here and have my dear old friend and schoolfellow insulted by such words."
"Insulted !" cried Sir Mark, with a

harsh laugh; "finsulted?"

"Yes, sir. Malcolm Stratton is the soul of honor—a gentleman who would have laid down his life sooner than cause pain to the lady he loves with all his heart."

the lady he loves with all his heart."

"God bless you for that, Mr. Guest!" cried
Myra—catching the young man's hand as
she spoke—in a broken voice, which she
fought hard to render calm.

"Bah! Heroics! Come away, Myra.
Of course he'll talk big for his friend. But
where is he? Why has he insulted us all
like this?"

"Heaven only knows, sir," said Guest solemnly. "Forgive me for speaking as I do before you, Mrs. Barron, but at the cost of alarming you I must take Malcolm's part. I saw him this morning at his chambers, the placed Miss. ready almost to come on. He placed Miss Perrin's telegram in my hands—about the bouquet—and begged me to see to it at once—to take the flowers to the hotel, and meet him at the church."

"Yes—yes!" cried Myra eagerly, and her large, dark eyes were dilated strangely. "I did not pay any heed to it then, for I attributed it to anxiety and nervous excite-

"What. Mr. Guest?" cried Myra "His appearance, Mrs. Barron. There was a peculiar wild look in his eyes, and his manner was strange and excited. Some seizure must have been coming on. 'Yes, yes; it is that," said Myra hoarse

ly, and she hurriedly tore off gloves, veil, "He was quite well last night," said the admiral scornfully. "It was a trick to get rid of you. I'll never believe but what it is all some deeply laid plan." "You do not know what you are saying,

Sir Mark, or I would resent your words. Mrs. Barron, I will come back directly with tidings of my poor friend. You know him better than to think ill of him."
"Yes, yes," cried Myra, speaking firmly now, but in a low, hurried murmur. "But

stop, Mr. Guest; stop!"

He turned sharply, for he was already at "Wait for me-only a few minutes. Edie -quick; help.'

Her cousin flew to her side. "Myra!" cried the admiral fiercely; "what are you going to do ?" "Change my dress," she said with unnatural calmness. "Go to him." What ?"

"Where should I be but at his side?" "Impossible, girl! You shall not degrade ourself like this!" cried the admiral; and Miss Jerrold caught her niece's hands. "There would be no degradation, Sir Mark," said Guest firmly; "but, Mrs. Barron, you cannot go. For years Malcolm has been like a brother. He had no secrets from me, and I can tell you from my heart that there is but one reason for his absence-a

pray. Stay here and wait my return. Unless"—he added quickly, with a deprecating glance at Sir Mark. What ! I-Go with you to hunt up the man and beg him to come ? Pshaw ! "Mark, it is your duty to go," said his ster sternly. "I don't believe Mr. Stratsister sternly. "I don't believ ton would insult us like this."

sudden seizure. Don't keep me, the

"Then for once in my life, madam, I ill not do my duty!" cried the admiral furiously. "It is not the only occasion upon which a man has gained the confidence of his friends. It is not the first time I have been so cruelly deceived. I can see it plainly. Either, like a pusillanimous coward, he turned tail, or there is some disgraceful entanglement which holds him back?"

"Father, it is not true !" cried Myra "How dare you insult me like "I-insult you ?"

"Yes, in the person of the mar I love-my husband, but for this terrible mischance. You do not mean it; you are mad with anger, but you will go with Mr. Guest at once." "Never!" roared the admiral. "For my sake," she cried as she flung her arms about his neck and clung to him. "I

give up-I will not attempt to go there myself-you are quite right; but," she murmured now, so that her words were almost inaudible to all but him for whom they were intended, "I love him, dear and he is in pain and suffering. Go to him ; I cannot bear it. Bring him to me, or I The admiral kissed her hastily, and she

clung to him for a moment or two longer as he drew a long, deep breath.
"My own dearesi father," she whispered and she would have sunk at his feet, but he gently placed her in a lounge chair and

"Now, sir," he said, as if he were deliver-ing an order from the quarter-deck, "I am at your service." Myra sprang from her chair and caught her aunt's arm, looking wildly in her eyes; and the meaning of the look was grasped. "Stop a moment, Mark," she said. "My carriage is waiting, You may want a woman there; I'll come with you." "You?" cried her brother. "Absurd!" "Not at all," said the lady firmly. "Mr. Guest, take me down to my carriage; I shall come."

Sir Mark frowned, but said no more; he merely glanced back as Myra now gave up and sank in her cousin's arms, while,

as Miss Jerrold went down, her lips tightened, and she looked wonderfully like her brother, as she said to herself: her brother, as she said to herselt:

"Thank goodness! No man ever wanted to marry me."

"Benchers' Inn," said Guest sharply as the footman closed the carriage door, and the trio sat in silence, each forming a mental picture of that which they were going to see.

CHAPTER VI. Myra! My own darling !" sobbed

Edie.

"Hush! No, I must talk. If I think in silence I shall go mad."

"O Myra, Myra, are you never to be really married after all?"

The bride made a hurried motion with her hands, and then pressed them to her temples and thrust back! er hair.

"It makes me think of two years ago, dear," whispered Edie, "and all the horrors of the talk."

been that this time, or else Percy would not be such friends."

Myra bent forward with her eyes dilated as if she were gazing at something across

"Your poor hands are so cold and damp, and your forehead burning hot. O Myra, Myra! I did not think that two such terrible days could come in one poor girl's

"Edie," said Myra in a husky whisper, "you saw Malcolm last night?"
"Yes, dear, of course."
You did not see anything strange in his

"No; only that he was half mad with oy, and when he kissed me and said good-"He said he was the happiest man

"Yes; I remember the exact words."
"And he hoped that soon......"
Edie stopped with a faint flush in her Myra nodded quickly, but without ceasing to gaze straight away into vacancy.

"But there was nothing strange—he was quite well—he said nothing else to you?"

"No, dear; nothing that I can recall."

"Are you sure he dropped no hint? No-thing that could make you think he did not wish to marry me?"

not wish to marry me?"

"No, no, no, dear. He was longing to call you his very own. He said so—to me. But don't look like that, darling; you frighten me. What are you thinking?"

Myra was silent, and her aspect was so strange that Edie shook her excitedly.

"Myra, darling—don't!" she cried.

"I was thinking was it possible that, after all, he could repent," said Myra in low, measured tones. "Whether, knowing all, he shrank from me at the moment when a few words would have made it irrevoa few words would have made it irrevo-"But why-why, darling?" cried Edie in

"You cannot grasp it as he would. I —married, and under such circumstances. Love is blind, Edie, and he, poor fellow, may have been blinded in his love—his old love for me. But what if the veil dropped away from his eyes at last, and he c not, he dared not face it—the sacrifice for im! Edie, it was that, and I forgive him, for I loved him with all my heart.'

Startled by her cousin's looks and words Edie now caught her hands and stood over her, speaking impetuously, almost angrily.
"For shame!" she cried. "Malcolm Stratton would never have acted like that. O Myra; how could you taink it of him! So manly and open and frank in every Oh, no, no, no; it could not be

Myra turned to her quickly and clung to the hands which grasped hers, as if sinking in her despair and clutching at one more chance for life. "Say-say that again," she whispered

huskily "I'll say it a hundred times, but there is no need. Malcolm could not treat you like this of his own free will. He must be

—he is ill, and that is all."

"If I could only think so," said Myra as if to herself. "If I could only believe it was that; but no, no," she wailed now, breaking down utterly and snatching away her hands to cover her convulsed face; the truth has been too strong at last, and he has gone.

"Myra !" cried Edie. "Hush ! you shall not give way like this. How can you be so weak? It is madness. If he had treated you so shamefully, and turned away, you could not—you should not, take it to heart. Where is your woman's pride? To give way, believing such an infamy, is dreadful. But I tell you it isn't—it can't be true. There, there, be calm, my darling. Be patient till they come back. He has studied too hard lately—that's it. I've noticed how pale and worried he looked at times, and with this excitement —you heard what Percy said—he has broken down. There, that's the truth. He's ill, and will soon be better, and all

will come right, Myra, my darling coz. Don't turn like that. Oh-help! help! She thrust her cousin back so that her head rested on the lounge, for a deathly look had come over the beautiful face, the eyes were half closed, sending a chill of horror through the startled girl, who now tore frantically at the bell.

"A doctor-they must fetch a doctor. No; Percy must come back to tell her the simple truth, for I am right; Malcolm Stratton could not treat her as she thinks." And Percy Guest was on the way to put it to the test.

For some little distance not a word was spoken in the carriage, each of its occupants being full of his or her own thoughts. Miss Jerrold was the first to break the silence. For, as she sat there stern and uncompromising, thinking of the duty she had voluntarily undertaken in answer to the appeal in her niece's eyes, which plain y asked that she would stand between father and lover in any encounter which might take place, she noted that she was still holding the bouquet of exotics she had borne to the church.

A look of annoyance and disgust crossed "Here, Mr. Guest," she said sharply; "let down the window and throw these stupid flowers away."
Guest started, and hesitated about taking the bouquet, but it was pressed into his hand, and he was about to lower the window

when the lady interposed.

"No; it would be waste," she cried.

"Wait till we see some poor flower girl, and give it to her." The window on her right was let down sharply; then the flowers were snatched from her hand, and thrown out into the road by Sir Mark, who dragged the window

road by Sir Mark, who dragged the window up again with an angry frown.

"As you please, Mark," said the lady quietly; "but the flowers might have been worth shillings to some poor soul."

Silence reigned once more as the wheels spun round. Oxford Street was reached and crossed, the coachman turning down into and across Grosvenor Square, and then in and out, avoiding the main streets, till the last, when the busy thoroughfare was reached near its eastern end, and the carriage was drawn up at a narrow, court-like entrance to the quiet, secluded inn.

Heads were turned directly, among those whose attention was taken being a barrister in wig and gown, just on his way to the court, where Mr. Justice Blank was giving his attention to a divorce case.

Miss Jerrold saw the legal gentleman's smile, and guessod its meaning.

mile, and guessod its meaning.

"How stupid !" she muttered, Then, as
the footman came to the door: "Edward,"
she whispered hurriedly, "take that stupid
satin bow from your breast. Tell Johnson.

The favor disappeared as the door was thrown open, and Sir Mark sprangs out to so straight on toward the inn; then, recol-lecting himself, he turned to help his eister

The place was unverill that the creaking of the admiral's
costs sounded loud and strange, while as
they mounted the worn steps and entered
the gloomy hall of the old place it struck

What is

MAN TO SERVICE AND LABOUR AND MAN THE PARTY AND THE PARTY

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