

SIDNEY'S FOLLY

CHAPTER XXV.

The carriage had driven away over the snow-covered avenue, and Sidney came back slowly from the window where he had watched it go, and then he turned and went down to the door, regardless of the costly white draperies which she was crushing, the diamonds gleaming so brightly on her white throat and slender arms.

any outlook, she would turn away shivering, and Sidney would support her, half swooning, back to her seat. It was a piteous, almost a terrible sight to see the poor girl's suffering and anxiety; and more than once Sidney regretted that he had not been able to contrive an idea that he might have put into practice, which would have allowed him to see her in some quiet way, and to be sure of her friend's strength would prove unequal to such a strain.

Very gently and tenderly she soothed her, hiding her own anxiety, and finding brave and cheerful words to keep up Christy's failing courage. Sidney's own suffering was teaching her many a wise and useful lesson. She was daily growing gentler and more patient, with a larger and wider sympathy for others, a truer tenderness, a greater charity. If the day should ever come when she and Stephen Daunt should stand heart to heart in true and perfect union and sympathy—in that union and trust which makes the only true marriage—he would win a noble woman, a wife far more worthy of his tenderness than the girl he had wooed and won.

"Will nine never come?" Christy was saying, in her fearful broken voice. "Oh, Frank, where are you, I wonder? Lost in the snow, perhaps?" "Nine o'clock will be here in a few minutes, dear. See—it wants only ten minutes to the hour now; and, as for being lost in the snow, that is an absurd idea, Christy, because no doubt Frank will take a fly from the station."

"I suppose he has come and they have sent him away," suggested the poor girl, in a quivering suspense. "Oh, no, dear! I gave Tom orders, and Bessie is waiting to show him in here." "But, oh, Sidney"—and the little fingers seized Sidney's arm with nervous force, and the frightened eyes were raised eagerly to her face—"If he should be recognized—"

"What is there to tell?" he asked wearily, the color coming for a moment into his pale cheek. "Why didn't you let me try to forget the madness of that terrible time? Let it rest, for Heaven's sake! There can be no good of recalling it now."

"Ah, but there is!" Christy broke in earnestly. "Because Sidney has put distinctly to work, and—Frank, what is it?" "Sidney! For Heaven's sake, say it is not true!" he said, turning to her in the greatest excitement. "You have not done so? Child, child, what madness!" he groaned.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner announced the following new legends to be hung on the wall during the fall and winter term. "A bigot am I" to be feared dan [a] fule.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Henry Irving has cancelled all his Californian engagements. No reason is given, but it is more than probable legal complications may arise in consequence. Bertha Welby, well known in Toronto, is lying ill at Macon, Ga., and her company has been disbanded. Miss Welby, who has symptoms of paralysis, is being cared for by Miss Marie Hilford, a member of her company.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage express and carriage hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Station. It is a grand hotel at a cost of one million dollars. It is well equipped for the reception of the elite of the world. It is the most comfortable and convenient hotel in the city.

W. & F. P. GURNEY & Co.

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Advertisement for THE NEW WILLIAMS Sewing Machine, featuring an image of the machine and text describing its features and availability.