EMBER 6th, 1902; WIDOW SY BERTHA M. CLAY. 

(Continued from last week). CHAPTER XXVIII.

the small drawing room of the se in Rutland Gardens is used by Nora as her own especial m, and the heavy, brown plush tieres between it and the larger in which Lady Nora, like a gorge-

Today it is additionally cumbered bra herself, in a pink cashmere tea smothered in lace, is discussblande's cousin.

lady Nora is going as a "Circas-Slave," in a costume which sites Yolande hot to look at, consting as it apparently does of a wie blue silk tunic embriodered in wr which reaches from her ladyip's waist to her knees, and nothwelse worth speaking of except le spangled with silver, and neck-

Yolande's dress is very elegant, at simple and modest. She is to persent a "Spanish Girl," in rich kirts of vivid scarlet silk beneath link silk and voluminous black hors, a high comb and mantilla, and duster of pomegranate blossoms h her hair and at her bosom. "It is a pretty dress," Lady Nora

us, depreciatingly, "but so hackered! Now I wanted Yolande to as Nell Gwynne or 'Wily Vivien.' Well Gwynne's is such a pretty was, with her basket of oranges, ed such an easily recognized char-

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I should say Nell Gwynne's charster was easily recognized," Major Butchinson remarks with a chuckle. "I preferred something less notor-" Yolande says coldly, flushing. "Oh, of course! We know your astes and feelings are those of the modest violet' order, my dear!" lady Nora retorts scoffingly.

and at this moment Lady Nora's mid, Moodie - a much more cheer-Il person than in the days of unstain wages - appears in the doorw, with a deferential murmur to mistress and an extremely uncerin and nervous expression.

"I told you I could see no one this sternoon except the names I menmed," Lady Nora says, with carees peremptoriness, not turning her and, and leaning farther over the um of the couch to listen to Major

But Moodie retreats only an inch I two, and repeats her deferential mmur, looking at Yolande, who aughs heartily just at the moment a her cousin's imitation of a popur comedian's speech. Whom did you say?" Lady Nora

mands suddenly of the waiting wo-

n, refusing to believe her own The Countess of Pentreath and emoiselle Gantier, my lady," loodie repeats loudly enough for

day one to hear. "Good heavens!" Lady Nora mut-B. paling visibly under her rouge, a distracted glance wound the room at the fancy lesses and her visitors, all forming a tableau as she would not for

Ty consideration that Lady Penmath should see. but Lady Pentreath does see it all, to the details, for mademoiin the other room, into which aghter, darts over to the portiere.

Countess and she have been ushhearing Yolande's voice in Thear dear Mrs. Glynne's voice!" exclaims, and pulls the curtains ert with playful precipitancy. the has read "between the lines," clever young woman, and deatted something in the footman's when he says that he believes

ther ladyship and Mrs. Dallas Time are not at home - has deetted something more in Moodie's are explanation that her ladyship Mrs. Dallas Glynne are at home, are at present particularly enand, when they enter the rawing room, the sound of voices a laughter and the sight of the sedrawn portiere tell the rest of story to mademoiselle's sharp

wish to see Mrs. Dallas Glynne Lady Nora is too much engaged to me," Lady Pentreath says curtand, as she is standing haughtily the middle of the room, disessedly wondering what Lady Nora meant by those letters of mademoiselle's malicious finlet in the revealing light figdively and actually on Lady and her surroundings in the gloom of her luxurious

the swift glance of her keen eyes men visitors, the fancy the flowers, the French novand then mademoiselle is dropthe curtain with a murmured Pardons!" when Lady Nora snantly snatches back th dra-

ly dearest Lady Pentreath," she disping her hands and kissing relative, "this is an unexpected this is an unexpected surely to see you in

Pentreath responds frigidly, of indifference: over with eyes of cold dis-Lady Nora!"

Nora murmurs, red with rage, but you see." taking her cue from "my friend, Mademoiselle Gantier," as she touches Miss Bella's hand with her finger tips.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Mrs. Glynne." Lady Pentreath says, coldly shaking hands. "I fancied from your letters, Lady Nora, that your daughter-in-law was in bad health," she adds almost sternly, turning on her.

"I never said so, I think," Lady Nora says sweetly, seeing that nothing but placidity will save her in this emergency. "I could certainly wish that dear Yolande was much stronger and brighter than she is. We were discussing costumes for a fancy ball," she adds boldly, knowing that nothing can save her from an explanation, since Lady Pentreath is standing within the portiere, and, with her eyeglasses up, is surveying the room with a cold scrutiny from which nothing escapes, and mademoiselle is shaking hands warml- with Major Hutchinson and Mr. Sarjent. and are always kept drawn, except By this manoeuvre she prevents receptions. It is a nest of lux- their taking their leave, as Lady Nora has hoped they would; and, as little tropical bird, rests amidst the Countess is looking at them. sers and scents and radiant col- Lady Nora has no recourse but to introduce them.

The next · moment mademoiselle, Nora's dress for a fancy ball admiring the "Circassian Slave" Pentreath continues, sighing, "and bled up and down in her mind." enormities of abridged spangled tulle trousers, little flyit with her daughter-in-law and away, armless vest, turban, and Glynne first." gentlemen visitors. Major ropes of pearls, while Lady Nora minson and Mr. Wilmot Sarjent is alternately red and white with vexation, Yolande is hot with discomfort and regret, and the two men are in tortures of suppressed mirth at the amazement and disgust visible in Lady Pentreath's face, who is well known to be of Evangelical views and extremely rigorous and strait-laced in her opinions.

> "You absolutely intend wearing that thing, Lady Nora," she asks, pointing a finger of righteous indignation at the spangled trousers intend going to a ball and dancing in it?" - and, though Lady Nora has no scruple about telling an untruth now and then, nothing can clear her from the heinousness of this intention in the Countess's mind.

> If she has a chance of escape, mademoiselle destroys it with her horrible, ill-timed praises and sugges-

"It really is not an indecent dress, I think, Lady Pentreath," she says meekly and suavely. "Those tulle trousers veil the form, so to speak -don't they, Lady Nora?"

"Veil the form!" repeats Lady Pentreath, in withering accents. "The idea of any woman wearing a costume which is apologized for as not indecent because it has some tulle arrangements to veil the

"But I am not going to wear the dress at all, I assure you." Lady Nora declares, biting her lip, while her eyes are full of tears of wrath. for a sympathetic expression, keeps people do things, Isabelle?" his hand smoothing his moustache while he looks fixedly at the door,

and his broad shoulders are shaking curiously. "But there are really some much

one." mademoiselle says timidly -" 'Morning Twilight,' for instancepale gray bulle in floating clouds, with nothing solid, so to speak, about the dress but a diadem of bright rays and a few silver stars. Mrs. Vavasor told me of a lady who Lady Nora," she adds very distinctly -for Lady Nora has turned her back -"and this is quite perfect -- the little pointed turned-up slippers, the yashmak and all; and the ball is tomorrow night, you know."

Poor Lady Nora looks at her tormentor with something of the aspect of a cat at bay before a playful terrier, divided in her mind whether to endure amiably, in the hope that her foe will prove good tempered and harmless, or to use her teeth and

"I can easily get another custume," she murmurs; "and it shall be as Yolande wishes," she adds sweetly, glancing entreatingly at her son's wife. "I have very little inclination for anything of the kind; but Yolande has never even seen fancy dress ball, so it is she who shall decide whether we go or not." And Yolande quietly accepts the man, Isabelle," the Countess says

onus of the decision, though Lady smiling. Nora has forced her to accept her invitation a week since. carelessly, "as I am anxious to know at her refusal to dine with them. if I shall not quite disgrace myself | And her note to Lady Nora has been as 'A Spanish Girl.' I know I shall something of the same description. only look 'propriety, prunes and

fan flirtation." Lady Pentreath's long, gaunt, pallid face is turned to Yolande with the sweetest expression it has worn

"I am sorry to hear you speak like cision? that." she says sharply, in a lower tone. "I don't think a young wife has any right to know anything about fan flirtation or any other flirtation, or go to fancy dress balls either in the absence of her hus-

Yolande flushes crimson at the re-"I ought to shut myself up in a convent, I dare say," she mutters confidences of the forsaken bride. rebelliously, in unsteady tones, "be- Lady Pentreath," her companion cause my hushand thinks fit to go to says, in a business-like way. "may America for an indefinite length of I go out for an hour to see some of time and to leave me at home; but my relatives at Brixton? You know we don't always do the things that I told you I have a lot of poor

we should, Lady Pentreath." "We ought to try to do our duty,"

The words are spoken scarcely or fruit - order it, please, Isaabove a whisper; but Lady Pent- belle." a gasp of passionate eagerness. And my lady!" the quondam Miss Glover then Yolande recollects herself, blush- says, with a little gush of emotion; Pentrocki intruded on you," ing violently, and resumes her mask

"I should be very pleased to come, the brilliant little tableau Lady Pentreath," she adds, glancing background. "I think you uneasily at Lady Nora, who, she arisen from the table mademoiselle my friend, Mademoiselle sees, is watching her with a jealous arisen from the table mademoiselle sparkle in her eyes; "but there is the utters her adieux. had the pleasure." Lady funcy dress ball to-morrow night.

can send the carriage for you at half-past eight, just to give you time

Nora closely all the time she speaks, and her eyes glitter knowingly. . . . . . . . . .

"I am going to utter a prophecy. my lady," she says to the Countess as they drive homewards. "You will get an apology from Mrs. Dallas Glynne to-morrow. Lady Nora does not wish her to visit you by herself, and she is quite under her control."

"Do you think so, Isabelle?" the Countess asks appealingly of her has left the room, talking on ordinclever companion. "But I want to ary topics, until Lady Pentreath insee her, poor, foolish girl! She is troduces her companion's name. completely under the control of that

say, Isabelle. What shall I do?" Pentreath," mademoiselle answers for herself!" oracularly.

Her voice trembles a little, for poor Lady Pentreath's doctors begin to speak of an operation as necessary to arrest the progress of a complaint from which she has un- looks at the clock, and wonders, doubtedly been suffering.

says, with that quiet assurance to panion. which a nervous invalid clings cannot have you made anxious for to-morrow."

hastily scrawled P. S .-

"I am so very sorry not to be able to come this evening. "Yours very truly, "Yolande."

"That," mademoiselle says, laying her finger on the postscript, "is genuine. The rest is made up and dictated by Lady Nora."

"You think so, Isabelle?" the Countess asks. "I am sure of it," answers Isabelle calmly. "But she will come, Lady

Pentreath, if I can only see her for a minute. "What a curious girl you are!" Lady Pentreath says, half envious, Major Hutchinson, struggling hard half admiring. "How do you make

"I believe there is great truth in odic force, my lady," mademoiselle answers, with an aspect of meek selfabnegation.

Accordingly mademoiselle goes more objectionable dresses than that out, ostensibly to call at Rutland Gardens; but, instead of calling, she leaves a note for Lady Nora and one for Mrs. Givnne.

Then the clever young woman goes into a confectioner's and eats an ice and some strawberries and cream, and sips a liqueur glass of old cogwore that dress. You will scarcely | nac and eats a wafer biscuit. Next have time to get another costume, she drives to Mudie's and selects a new novel, and thence drives back to Harley street, where the Countess is staving. The new Earl is too stingy to take a house in town, and he has let the family town residence long since on a twenty-one years' lease. Mademoiselle has thus spent a pleasant afternoon, run no risks, and suffered no annoyances; and, just as she has removed her walking attire,

a second note arrives from Yolande "Dear Lady Pentreath - Some tiresome visitors we expected have not arrived; so may I come and dine with you, after all?

"Yours, in haste, "Yolande." "Voila, madame!" laughs Miss Is-

abelle, as the Countess hands her the open note. "You are certainly a wonderful wo-

And yet the quondam governess's note to her former pupil has been "I should like to go," she says only a little gush of lady-like regret

"Dear Lady Nora - The Countess worry or depression of spirits is bad a lover.

"Yours, faithfully, "Isabelle Gantier."

tions with that place. "I. G." "And, while you are receiving the

music teacher cousins, and drawing master uncles, and poor tolk of that comes forward to greet and spend to-morrow evening with back until ten, Isabelle. And, if to a sick friend — any wine or jelly and my wife loves me.' And then, died." Pentreath with most tender me? I have something to tell you." to a sick friend — any wine or jelly

> "You are so generous and kind, and she really does wipe one small tear away.

Mrs. Dallas Glynne does not come until five minutes before dinner time, "You will have gone before I re-

turn, I suppose, dear?" she savs to "In spite of that important | Yolande. "I am sure Lady Nora event," Lady Pentreath asks coldly, and you will take a long time for rising to take her leave, "could you your toilettes. I am going to see not come and dine with me at six?" a lot of my poor relatives and sick "Certainly, dearest," Lady Nora relatives at Brixton;" and there is replies, gliding up softly. "If you a curious glitter of humor in Miss are dining with Lady Pentreath, I Glover's eyes and certain queer curves at the corners of her lips.

Brixton does not lie anywhere near Rutland Gardens, Hyde Park, but Mademoiselle is watching Lady certainly that is the destination of the cab that Miss Isabelle takes; and the cab stops at No. 9; and, when the footman opens the door and mademoiselle gives her name, Lady Nora's woman, Moodie, comes forward at once, and escorts her upstairs to Lady Nora's dressing room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Yolande and Lady Pentreath sit for some time, after mademoiselle

"Isabelle is such a treasure to worldly woman, Lady Nora, as you me," the Countess remarks - "so devoted, so zealously devoted to my "We will wait and see if my pro- interests! I do not believe the dear, phecy comes true, you know," Lady kind creature has a thought to spare

Yolande murmurs vaguely some-"I am to see Dr. Suthely thing like an assent, but feels, like the rich and beautiful things, as with demoniac glee, is rapturously Smith to-morrow, you know," Lady John Bunyan's Pilgrim, "much tumon the couch; and Lady dress, and expatiating on all its then there may be a consultation, "And I really believe Isabelle nev-

and I may not be able to see any |er feels quite happy when she is abone; and I want to see Yolande sent from me, fearing lest I might need her services," the Countess continues, smiling. "Would you kindly give me that footstool near you, dear?"

Yolande places the footstool, and with a dull throb of suspense, if she "Then you shall see her, dear Lady is to spend the evening listening to Pentreath," Mademoiselle Isabelle the praises of the Countess's com-

"I mention her, my dear, to intro-"Make your mind perfectly easy. I duce the subject on which I wish to speak to you," Lady Pentreath goes any one; you shall see Mrs. Glynne on, getting under way with slow deliberation. "Would you be so good And on the morrow mademoiselle's as to fetch me that air pillow, dear? prophecy comes quite true. Lady You see I miss Isabelle at every Pentreath receives a note from Yo- turn! My digestion is in such a lande just as Doctor Suthely Smith | fragile condition - as I may express has taken his departure, begging to it - that, if I once even change the be excused from dining with her that position in which I sit when the evening, and adding that Lady process of digestion commences, its Nora and she will call the next day progress is arrested and delayed, to explain her reasons. There is a with most serious consequences. Well, dear, as it is through Isabelle's instrumentality that I have become aware of the circumstances which I am about to communicate to

you, I have mentioned her name." Lady Pentreath pauses, and Yolande again looks at the time-piece, ticking on now towards eight

o'clock. "My dear," Lady Pentreath says suddenly, in a kind, persuasive voice - a vast improvement on her usual melancholy, cold, slow tones - as your relative and your husband's relative, will you tell me candidly and frankly the reason why Dallas Glynne and you have parted, if it be not too painful for you?"

"Oh, no, not at all!" Yolande says, with a slight, forced laugh. "It is quite a commonplace, every day sort of reason, Lady Pentreath. My husband did not care for me."

"Or you did not care for him?" Lady Pentreath asks quickly. "Which is the truth?"

"Oh, no!" Yolande says bitterly, her fair, pale face one burning flush. "I fell in love with Captain Glynne, and, as he easily perceived the state of affairs, he decided on

marrying me - particularly as I had money, and he wanted money." "Then why did he leave you, and plunge into poverty, and refuse to share a shilling of your fortune with you?" asks Lady Pentreath.

"I don't know," Yolande replies drearily, "except for the reason I gave you before. He cared so little for me that he would rather forego advantages than possess them shared

with me." "My dear," Lady Pentreath says, in her quiet, lachrymose, passionless voice, "do you know, I think you are wronging Dallas Glynne. He told him or from him, of course, or she Lord Pentreath he loved you."

with a new light flashing into her | for several minutes. Then at last,

"Your husband," Lady Pentreath answers, with a faint, amused smile. 'Don't give way to agitation, dear. be reconciled to him?" Walk up and down the room slowly tity - say, an ounce or two - of hot tears.

cold water, and then -" But Yolande does not even hear "If you mean my cousin, Joyce her. She has locked her hands in Murray," Lady Pentreath says reeach other tightly; her eyes are luctantly, in a rather scandalized sparkling, the soft laces at the voice, "you must know, my dear, throat of her pure, white dinner that that is a most shocking impudress are rising and falling rapidly. tation to utter. A virtuous, pru-

he - loved me?" she asks, her lips no matter how fondly attached to prism,' and break down altogether in is so much disappointed at not see- quivering over the words, her face him she may have been - knows ing Mrs. Glynne this evening. In her suffused with a soft warmth, as a that her affection has become sinful present delicate state of health, any shy maiden's at the first mention of and unlawful, and so puts him out

for her. Could you not kindly persuade Mrs. Glynne to alter her de took him to task because you left have been - I believe there was -Pentreath so soon," the Countess some attachment between my cousin replies, in a cool, matter-of-fact and Captain Glynne," concludes tone, as of one who states an unim- Lady Pentreath; "but, of course, "P. S .- I obtained some views of portant fact. "Lord Pentreath is when Captain Glynne was married, Cheltenham a short time since which | the most rigidly correct of men with | that ended at once. I could not I should like to show you. I know regard to a husband's morals and think my cousin other than a pruyou have very interesting associa- conduct, and he was afraid Captain dent and virtuous young woman," Glynne had given you some serious Lady Pentreath adds severely. "She cause of complaint; and in the was a little frivolous; but all that course of the confidential talk be- is past, and Lord Pentreath and tween them," concludes the Count- myself have the very highest opiness, smiling again in a half-amused, ion of our cousin's mind and charhalf-wondering fashion, "Captain acter." Glynne said - what I told you."

"What?" Yolande asks, with a scarlet spot burning on each Pentreath's powers of discrimina cheek and her eyes blazing like tion and Joyce Murray's murvelous

"That he loved you," Lady Pen- 'I can't be a virtuous or prudent treath says, coughing a little, as if young woman!" Yolande thinks, dear. 'I love my wife,' he says, him all the same to the day l of course, we were naturally surpris- "Lord Pentreath has the very ed to hear he had gone abroad; and highest opinion of Miss Murray." treath exclaims, letting her air-pil- called for. "They are excellent low slip and jerking away her foot- friends now, I am glad to say. They

stool in dismay. and gladness commingled, has | e she came into poor Lord Dunthrown herself down upon her knees avon's bequest, and Lord Pentreath by the couch, with her arms out- gives her the benefit of his advice flung, and, with her face hidden, is about money matters, and so forth. sobbing her heart out. \_\_ He says Joyce may be quite a rich |



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is nothing more destructive to the the wide world he may be. nervous system! Ten drops of this, What skies are above him? In what

Dallas, I burned your letter; and now I don't know where you are!" "My dear, this is very sad!" the of the incidents of his daily life. Countess says pityingly, but in a

very surprised voice. "I had no idea you had such very strong feelings. dose of sedative medicine, my dear." The glass of reddish colored, sickly-aromatic, vile-tasting mixture, is at her lips, and poor Yolande, help-

less, drinks. "That will make you fell so much better," the Countess says approvingly. "And, as for your husband's address, surely Lady Nora has it?" "Oh, no! She knows nothing about him. We never mention his name. "Lady Nora never hears of

would tell me." "Who loved me?" Yolande asks, Lady Pentreath sits quite silent face, the hot blood bounding in her in an altered voice, says very grave-

"Would you really wish to see your husband, to meet him, and to

"If he cared," Yolande falters, her a few times, and drink a small quan- dry, aching eyes filling again with "But you know there was some one else."

"When - did my - husband say | dent girl, once a man is married of her mind at once and forever, and "He said so to my husband, who thinks no more of him. There may

> Yolande sits silent, with disbelief strong in her heart, both of Lady prudence and discretion.

still lower tone, studying the girl's replies kindly. "You need not be attentively. "Will you come replies kindly. "You need not be of the control of the co

used not to be; but Joyce has be-For Yolande, in an agony of grief come quite a woman of business

"Pray don't, my dear!" she is woman by and by. She is wonderconscious at last what Lady Pen- fully shrewd and clear headed, I treath is saying, and she hears her believe," and there is another quick, clinking medicine glasses and bot- suppressed sigh, which Yolands tles, and measuring out something hears but does not heed just now, that has a chemist's shop odour. for her thoughts have rushed far "Pray do not give way, Yolande! away over leagues of land and sea Hysteria may supervene, and there to that far-away one, wherever in

dear - Doctor Suthely Smith's pre- country - what town - what street - what house - does he live? What "Oh, let me cry, let me cry! My people speak to him in the course heart has been sore so long!" Yo- of each day? Happy people! lande pleads wildly. 'Oh, Dallas Perhaps he chats and laughs Glynne, how could you leave me so and enjoys their society; percruelly if you cared for me at all? haps he dines with one and sups Oh, my darling, my darling, if I with another and walks or rides with only knew where you were now! Oh, others; while she - his wedded wife by the laws of Church and Stateis an utter stranger to one and all

"Do you know who eabouts he is. Lady Pentreath?" she asks humbly and tremulously. "Did you hear from Poor girl! Drink this nice little him at any time since he went to America? If you could give me an

address-" "Whose?" Lady Pentreath asks blankly. "Oh, your husband! My dear, is it possible you don't know he came back from the States long ago-yes, I think early last spring?" "Come back!" Yolande leaps up, with a face transfigured with joy and excitement. "Is he-is he in England? No - no. I am not going to be excited! Oh, Lady Pentreath,

where is he?" "He was in London when I heard," her ladyship answers reluctantly. "But, my dear Yolande, I was quite sure you knew all about his position, and all that."

"I knew nothing," Yolande responds, with a sobbing laugh, dashing away her tears surreptitiously lest Lady Pentreath should prescribe some other loathesome mixture to quiet the fever of hopes and fears which is burning in her bosom now, "nothing, nothing! To think of his being in London for months and my not knowing! Where is he staying, Lady Pentreath? You will tell me. won't you?" she pleads, with a piteous effort at gaiety. "I don't know where my husband is, and I suppose he doesn't want me to know; but I should like to know all the same. I want to write to him very particularly, and there isn't any harm in a wife's writing to her husband, is there, Lady Pentreath, even if" with a miserable reckless little laugh - "he throws her letters into

the fire?" "Did he do that?" Lady Pentreath asks severely. "It seems to me, my dear," she continues, in a grave, cold, judicial voice, "that Captain Glynne has not behaved very well to you from the first. I must say so, though he is a connection of my own. He has not behaved very well to other people; to his cousin, Lord Pentreath, he was most rude and unjust. One cannot expect very much, from the injudicious, worldly, godless influences which surrounded his early years," her ladyship adds, thinking all the time of the "Circassian Slave's" dress and Lady Nora's spangled twousers of tulle-"which surround him indeed to the present

day, poor young man!" "No, no! He did not, but I did!" Yolande cries incoherently, unable any longer to control herself. burned his letter, I thought it was so cold and cruel that I tore it right - Oh, pray don't give way to ex- the Countess continues, with a before Lady Nora's face. And I was citement, my dear!" Lady Pen- sharp, short sigh, which seems un- so sorry the minute after that I could have put my hand into the middle of the fire and let it be burned half away if I could only have

> had the letter again." "Oh, dear, dear!" Lady Pentreating exclaims, with deep concern.

"Yes. I was wicked to do it. (Continued on Page 4.)