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CRIME IS RAMPANT

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Question of Dishonesty.

On Every Side Are Men Who Have Abused the Trust nposed in Them--Banks Bankrupted and Funds Stolen--

A Monsoon of Swindles.

Washington, Feb 5,-This, like many of it. la mage's discourses, recommends right doing for this world as well as preparation for the heavenly world Tex .. Job vili, 14, "Whose trust shall be a spider s web."

The two most skillful architects in all the world are the bee and the spider. The one puts up a sugar manufactory and the other builds a slaughter house for thes. On a bright summer morning, when the sun comes out and shines upon the spider's web, bedecked with de v, the gossamer structure seems bright enough for a suspension bridge for aerial beings to cross on. But alas for the poor fly which in the latter part of that very day ventures on it and is caught and dungeoned and destroyed! The fly was informed that it was a free bridge and woold cost nothing, but at the other end of the bridge the toll paid was its own life. The next day there comes down a strong wind, and away go the web and the marauding spider and the victimized fly. So delicate are the silken threads of the spider's web that many thousands of them are put together before they become visible to the human leye, and it takes 4,000,000 of them to make a thread as large as the human bair. Most cruel as well as most ingenions is the spider. A prisoner in the Bastile, France, had one so trained that came for its meal of flies. The author of my text, who was a leading scientist of his day, had no doubt watched the voracious process of this one insect with another and saw spider and fly swept down with the same broom or scattered by the same wind. Alas that the world has so many designing spiders and victimized flies! There has not been a time when the utter and black irresponsibility of many men having the financial interests of others in charge has been more evident than in these last few years. The bankruptcy of banks and disappearance of administrators with the funds of large estates and the disordered accounts of United States officials have sometimes mais a pestilence of crime that solempizes every thoughtful man and woman and leads every philanthropist and

There is ever and anon a monsoon of swindle abroad, a typhoon, a sirocco. I sometimes ask myself if it would not be better for men making wills to bequeath the property directly to the executors and lotlicers of the court and appoint the widows and orphans a committee to -ee that the former got all that did not belong to them. The simple fact is that there are a large number of men sailing yachts and driving fast horses and members of expensive clubhouses and controlling country seats who are not worth a dollar if they return to others their just rights. Under some sudden reverse they fail, and with afflicted air seem to retire from the world, and seem almost ready lfor monastic life, when in two or three years they blossom out again, having compromised with their creditors-that is, paid them nothing but regret-and the only difference between the second chapter of prosperity and the first is that their pictures are Murillos instead of Kensetts, and their horses go a mile in 20 seconds less than their predecessors. and instead of one country seat they have three. I have watched and have noticed that nine out of ten of those who fail in what is called high life have more means after than before the failure, and in many of the cases failure is only a stratagem to escape the payment of honest debts and put the world off the track while they practice a large swindle. There is something woefully wrong in the fact that these things are possible.

istay the plague?

Partners in Infamy. First of all, I charge the blame on careless, indifferent bank directors and boards having in charge great financial institutions. It ought not to be possible for a president or cashier or prominent officer of a banking institution to swindle it year after year without detection. I will undertake to say that if these frauds are carried on for two or three years without detection either the directors are partners in the infamy and pocket part of the theft or they are guilty of a culpable neglect of duty, for which God will hold them as responsible as he nolds the acknowledged defrauders. What right have prominent business men to allow their names to be published as directors in a financial institution, so that unsophisticated people are thereby induced to deposit their money in or buy the scrip thereof, when they, the published directors, are doing nothing for the safety of the institution? It is a case of deception

most reprehensible Many people with a surplus of money, not needed for immediate use, although it may be a little further on indispensable, are without friends competent to advise them, and they are guided solely by the character of the men whose names are associated with the institution. When the crash came and with the overthow of the banks went the small earnings and limited fortunes of widows and orphans and the helplessly aged, the directors He only borrows. Why, when you are stood with idiotic stare, and to the inquiry of the frenzied depositors and stockholders who had lost their all and to the arraignment of an indignant pubtlic had nothing to say except: "We thought it was all right. We did not know there was anything wrong going on." It was their duty to know. They stood in a position which deluded the with the divine blessing, for Christ in people with the idea that they were care. his sermon on the mount enjoins, "From fully observant. Calling themselves direc- him that would borrow of thee turn not tors, they did not direct. They had op . | thou away." A young man rightly borportunity of auditing accounts and in- rows money to get his education. Purspecting the books. No time to do so? chasing a house and not able to pay all Then they had no business to accept the down in cash, the purchaser rightly borposition. It seems to be the pride of some rows it on mortgage. Crises come in moneyed men to be directors in a great | business, when it would be wrong for a many institutions, and all they know is | man not to borrow. But I roll this warnregularly, and their names are used as decoy ducks to bring others near enough speculate—not a dollar, not a cent, decoy ducks to bring others near enough to be made game of. What first of all is needed is that 500 bank directors and insurance company directors resign or insurance company directors resign or breakers distinguished for their characters. Bear up under distress, strong in farthing. Young men, I warn you by for their characters, strong in farthing. Young men, I warn you by for their characters, strong in the cheese, both white and colored 49s.

God. He will see you through, though the same, Liverpool—Close—Spot wheat, dull; red winter, 6s 1½d; No. 1 Northern, 5s 11½d; your immortal souls do not do it. There Scientists tell us that a column of air 45 to be when the has gone away, I shall turn

arrest the president and secretary of a bank for an embezzlement carried on for many years, be sure to have plenty of sheriffs out the same day to arrest all the directors. They are guilty either of neglest or complicity.

"Oh," some will say, "better preach the gospel and let business matters alone." I reply, if your gospel does not inspire common honesty in the dealings of men the sooner you close up your gospel and pitch it into the depths of the Atlantic Ocean the better. An orthodox swindle is worse than a heterodox swindler. The recitation of all the catechisms and creeds ever written and partaking of all the communion chalices that ever glittered in the churches of Christendom will never save your soul unless your business character corresponds with your religious profession. Some of the worst scoundrels in America have been members of churches, and they got fat on sermons about heaven when they most needed to have the pulpits preach that which would either bring them to repentance or thunder them out of the holy communions where their presence was a sacrilege and an infamy. Abuse of Trust Funds.

We must especially deplore the misfortunes of banks in various parts of this country in that they damage the banking institution, which is the great convenience at the sound of the violin it every day of the centuries and indispensable to commerce and the advance of nations. . With one hand it blesses the lender, and with the other it blesses the borrower. On their shoulders are the interests of private individuals and great corporations. In them are the great arteries through which run the currents of the nation's life. They have been the resources of the thousands of financiers in days of business exigency. They stand for accommodation, for facility, for individual, state and national relief. At their head and in their management there are as much interest and moral worth as in any class of men, perhaps more. How netarious, then, the behavior of those who bring disrepute upon this venerable, benignant and God konored institution!

We also deplore abuse of trust funds, Christian to ask, What shall be done to because the abusers fly in the face of divine goodness, which seems determined to bless this land. We are having a series of unexampled national harvests. The wheat gamblers get hold of the wheat, and the corn gamblers get hold of the corn. The full tide of God's mercy toward this land is put back by those great dikes of dishonest resistance. When God provides enough food and clothing to feed and apparel this whole nation like princes, the scrabble of dishonest men to get more than their share and get it at all bazards keeps everything shaking with uncertainty and everybody asking, 'What next?'' Every week makes new revelations. How many more bank presidents and bank cashiers have been speculating with other people's money and how many more bank directors are in imbecile silence, letting the perfidy go on, the great and patient God only knows. My opinion is that we have got near the bottom. The wind has been pricked from the great bubble of American speculation. The men who thought that the judgment day was at least 5,000 years off found it in 1898 or 1897 or 1896. and this nation has been taught that men must keep their hands out of other are careful of your own Above all, keep on borrowed capital have been obliter ated, and men who had nothing have lost all they had. I believe we are started on a higher career of prosperity than this land has ever seen-if and if and if.

Evils of Speculation. If the first men, and specially Christian men, will learn never to speculate upon borrowed capital-if you have a mind to take your own money and turn it all into kites, to fly them over every common in the United States, you do society no wrong, except when you tumble your helpless children into the poorhouse for the public to take care of. But you have no right to take the money of others and turn it into kites. There is one word that has deluded more people into bankruptcy and state prison and ruin than any other word in commercial life, and that is the word borrow. That one word is responsible for all the defalcations and embezzlements and financial consterna. tions of the last 20 years. When executors conclude to speculate with the funds of an estate committed to their charge, they do not purloin; they say they only borrow. When a banker makes an overdraft upon his institution, he does not commit a theft; he only borrows. When the officer of a company, by a flaming advertisement in some religious paper and gilt certificate of stock, gets a multitude of country people to put their small earnings to an enterprise for carrying on some undeveloped nothing, he does not fraudulently take their money; he only borrows. When a young man with easy access to his employer's money drawer or the confidential clerk by close propingaity to the account books takes a few dollars for a Wall street excursion, he expects to put it back. He will put it all back. He will put it all back very soon. going to do wrong, pronounce so long a word as borrow, a word of six letters. when you can get a shorter word more descriptive of the reality, a word of only one crop, and the abbot sowed acorns, a ve letters-the word steal?

When It Is Right to Borrow. There are times when we all borrow. and borrow legitimately, and borrow whether or not they get their dividends ing through all these aisles, over the which good people suffer in business

breakers of borrow.

From the place where men have perished -body, mind, soul-stand off, stand off! aside on this question. Faith and repentance are absolutely necessary, but faith and repentance are no more doctrines of

man anything." And while I mean to preach faith and repentance, more and more to preach them, I do not mean to spend any time in chasing the Hittites and Jebusites and Girgashites of Bible times when there are so many evils right around us destroying men and women for time and for eternity. The greatest evangelistic preacher the world ever saw, a man who died for his evangelismpeerless Paul-wrote to the Romans, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men;" wrote to the Corinthians, "Do that which is honest;" wrote to the Philippians, "Whatsoever things are honest;" wrote to the Hebrews, "Willing in all things to live honestly." The Bible says that faith without works is dead, which, being liberally translated, means that if your business life does not correspond with your profession your religion is a humbug. Live Within Your Means.

Here is something that needs to be sounded into the ears of all the young men of America and iterated and reiterated if this country is ever to be delivered from its calamities and commercial prosperity is to be established and perpetuated-live within your means. Spend no more than you make. And let us adjust all our business and our homes by the principles of the Christian religion. Our religion ought to mean just as much on Saturday and Monday as on the day between and not to be a mere periphrasis of sanctity. Our religion ought to first clean our hearts and then it ought to clean our lives. Religion is not, as some seem to think, a sort of church delectation, a kind of confectionary, a sort of spiritual caramel or holy gumdrop or sanctified peppermint or theological anaesthetic. It is an omnipotent principle, all controlling, all conquering. You may get along with something less than that, and you may deceive yourself with it. but you cannot deceive God, and you cannot deceive the world. The keen business man will but on his spectacles, and he will look clear through to the back of your head and see whether your religion is a fletion or a fact. And you cannot hide your samples of sugar or rice or tea or coffee; if they are false you cannot hide them under the cloth of a communion table. All your prayers go for nothing so long as you misrepresent your banking institutions, and in the report of the resources you put down more specie, and more fractional currency, and more clearing house certificates, and more legal tender notes, and more loans, and more discounts than there really are, and when you give an account of your liabilities you do not mention all the unpaid day destroyed Moore's tobacco store at deposits, and the obligations to other ance unknown. banks and bankers. An authority more scrutinizing than that of any bank examiner will go through and through and through your business. Gathered in all religious assemblages

there are many who have trust funds. It is a compliment to you that you have been so intrusted, but I charge you, in the presence of God and the world, be as careful of the property of others as you separate from your account as trustee of an estate or trustee of an firstitution. That is the point at which thousands of people make shipwreck. They ret the property of others mixed up with their own property. They put it into investment, and away it all goes, and they cannot return that which they borrowed. Then comes the explosion, and the money market is shaken, and the press denounces, and the church thunders expulsion You have no right to use the property of others, except for their advantage, nor without their consent, unless they are minors. If with their consent you invest their property as well as you can, and it is all lost, you are not to blame. You did the best you could, but do not come into the delusion, which has ruined so many men, of thinking because a thing is in their possession therefore it is theirs. You have a solemn trust that God has given you. In any assemblage there may be some who have misappropriated trust funds. Put them back, or f you have so hopelessly involved them that you cannot put them back confess the whole thing to those whom you have wronged, and you will sleep better nights and you will have the better chance for your soul. What a sad thing it would be f after you are dead your administrator should find out from the account books or from the lack of vouchers that you are not only bankrupt in estate, but that you lost your soul. If all the trust funds that have been misappropriated should suddenly fly to their owners and all the property that has been purloined should suddenly go back to its owners, it would crush into ruin every city in America. Dishonesty Does Not Pay.

Let me say in the most emphatic manner to all young man, dishonesty will never pay. An abbot wanted to buy a piece of ground, and the owner would not sell it, but the owner finally consented to let it to him until he could raise crop of 200 years! And I tell you, young man, that the dishonesties which you plant in your heart and life will seem to be very insignificant, but they will grow up until they will overshadow you with horrible darkness, overshadow all time and all eternity. It will not be a crop for

I have also a word of comfort for all who suffer from the malfeasance of others, and every honest man, woman and child does suffer from what goes on in financial scampdom. Society is so attend to their business as directors. The business world will be full of fraud just business will be full of frau compared with the pressure that business (for May. Flour, 19s.

Skerries-and man to eraft has gone to life has put upon many of you. God pieces on those rocks, bat I have to tell made up his mind long ago how many you that all the Hanways, and the Need- or how few dollars it would be best for les, and the Caskets, and the Skerries you to have. Trust to his appointment. are as nothing compared with the long. The door will soon open to let you out line of breakers which bound the ocea. In the door will soon open to let you out of commercial life north, south, east and commercial who for 30 years have been in west with the white foam of their despair | busages anxiety when they shall suddenand the dirge of their damnation-the ly awake in everlasting holiday! On the maps of the Arctic regions there are two If I had only a worldly weapon to use places whose names are remarkable, on this subject, I would give you the given, I suppose, by some polar expedifact, fresh from the highest authority, tion, Cape Farewell and Thank God Harthat 90 per cent. of those who go into bor. At this last the Polaris wintered wild speculation lose all, but I have a sp 1871 and the Tigress in 1873. Some better warning than a worldly warning. being have passed the cape, yet never reached the harbor. But from what I know of many of you I have concluded Abstract pulpit discussion must step that, though your voyage of life may be very rough, run into by icebergs on this side and icebergs on that, you will in due time reach Cape Farewell and there the Bible than commercial integrity. bid goodby to all annoyances and soon her. "Render to all their dues." "Owe no after drop anchor in the calm and imperturbable waters of Thank God Harbor. "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Canada Fifth as a Gold Producer. Washington, Feb. 6 .- According to Consul Brush at Clifton, Canada, the output of gold from the Klondike and ing sigh. British Columbia has raised Canada to the fifth place in the list of gold-producing countries. While the United States be absent many years. When I return, shows an increased output for 1898, it is you will be one of the first I shall come still second to the Transvaal. According to see." to the latest figures, the five leading No word or sound came from the gold-producing countries for 1898 are as white, parted lips. follows: Transvaal \$73,47,600; United States, \$64,300,000; Australia, \$61,480,-763; Russia, \$25,136,994; Canada, \$14,

West Shore to Be No More.

Buffalo, N.Y., Feb. 6.-A New York look she turned upon him. despatch to The Evening News says: "When Second Vice-President and General Manager James D. Layng of the you go, I shall die." West Shore Railroad retires April 1, there will be no more West Shore Railroad. The entire absorption of the road has been decided upon by the New York Central, and the "West Shore Railroad" as a name will disappear from the cars, tickets and advertising matter, and the name of the Central will be substituted.

England Laughing at John Daly.

New York, Feb. 6. - A London despatch to The Times is as follows: All England is laughing at John Daly, the released dynamiter, now Mayor of Limerick, who at the first meeting of the Municipal Council, said that if disorder did not cease he should be obliged to call in "the enemies of the people." That is, the police.

Rev. Dr. King Is Better.

Winnipeg, Feb. 6 .- Rev. Dr. King, who has been seriouisly ill with pneumonia, is slightly improved. It is hoped now that the crisis has been passed, and that Dr. King is on the road to speedy

Ottawa's Death Rate.

Ottawa, Feb. 6 .- During the month of January 95 deaths took place in Ottawa. of which 13 were the result of contagious diseases. In the same month last year 84 deaths took place from all causes.

Fire in Vancouver.

Vancouver, B.C., Feb. 6 .- Fire yester-

STILL DOWNWARD.

Liverpool and Chicago Again Register a Net Decline in Wheat Prices - The Latest Quotations.

Monday Evening, Feb. 6. then railed to the extent of a cent a bushel The professional bull continues to try to put up the market, in spite of legitimate

gether with that affoat to Europe, is 58, 564,000 bushels, against 55,703,000 bushels

Leading Wheat Markets.

Oldengo\$.... \$.... \$0 72½ \$0 70½ New York 0 761/2 0 75 Milwaukee ... 0 711/2 Duluth, No. 1 Northern ... 0 681/2 0 693/4 0 711/4 0 711/2

This was altogether an off day, as far as form produce was concerned. Poultry remains at last week's prices, with old fowl reply. a little easier. Eggs, wholesale, were sold as low as 14c, and butter on the street ranged in price from 15c to 21c. Pelts tle. Twenty loads of hay sold at: Timothy, \$8 to \$9.50; clover, \$6 to \$7. One load of Wheat, firm, 700 bushels at: White, 72c; red, 71c to 711/2c; goose, 69c to 691/4c. Earley steady; 500 bushels at 50c to 51c

Oats steady; 150 bushels at 34c to 35c. Peas firm; 100 bushels at 63c to 64c. 200 years, but a crop for everlasting sold from \$2 to \$10 according to size;

Liverpool, Feb. 6.-(12.30.)-No. 1 Nor., spr ng wheat, 5s 111/d; No. 1 Cal., 6s 71/d bound together that all the misfortunes to 6s Sd; red winter, 6s 11/2d; corn, new, 3s ing for her lover," said simple Mrs. 8%d; old, 3s 9d; peas, 5s 10d; pork, 50s; Erne, "and Mr. Clifton is no lover of lard, 28s 9d; tallow, 23s; bacon, long cut, heavy, 27s 6d; light, 27s; s.c., light, 28s; yours."

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

(Continued.) She stood up then, the rose-leaves

'alling all round her. "You are going," she said, "and you wish me to help you. I cannot, I cantot-I could sooner gie!" "Why, Daisy?" he asked, wonder-

"Because I-I never thought you would go. I do not know what to dolife is pot the same as it was. You must not go, Mr. Clifton." He thought it the child-like sorrow of

s child for one who had been kind to "I know you will miss me, Daisy," he

said; "I shall miss you very much, but I shall see you again." Love for the proud lady who had slighted him blinded him to all signs of love in another woman's face. He saw that she grew very pale and her

lips sprang apart with a long, quiver-"I shall see you again, Daisy," he said, "I am going abroad, and shall

"I shall hope to find you very happy, Daisy," he said. "You will be married ben, without doubt, but you will alays find room for me by the fireside, will you not?" There was something tragic in the

"I shall not be happy; I shall not marry-I do not want to marry; but if

And, without another word. Daisy eft the porch, Sir Clinton looking after er with wonder in his face. "Poor child! poor Daisy! she will be

sure to miss me, I have been here so He did not know that Daisy went to her room and had fallen there, white and senseless on the floor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"NO KING SO GRAND AS HE."

He dreamed so little of the truth, that, before he saw her again, he had forgotten all that had passed. He did et remember what she said; the only mpression left upon his mind was that he had told Daisy he was going, and she was to help him in his packing. He saw her again, some hours afterward; she was standing in the kitchen then, busy with some ripe red fruit, and as he went to speak to her, he started back in wonder and amaze. Was with a white, wan face, devoid of all the first one who has died for love." light and all color, with large, shadowed eyes, full of pain, with quivering lins that would not be still. What had sappene" to her? Sir Clinton felt quare

"Daisy, are you ill?" he asked. "Yes, I am ill," she replied, quitting how; come to your own room." the kitchen as she spoke. Mrs. Erne

turned to Sir Clinton. her, Mr. Clifton," she said. dividends and the United States bank the corner of Cordova and Richard frightened to look at her. I did hear notes outstanding, and the individual streets. Damage, about \$5,000; insur- that the fever was very bad at Woodburn; surely it cannot be that Daisy is taking it; she looks awfully ill." "You must nurse her up; I will send some good port wine for her. Poor Daisy, how well she nursed me!" Mrs. Erne thanked him with her oldfashioned courtesy, so little did they understand the kind of fever that was

burning the girl's heart away. At Liverpool to-day spot wheat declined Sir Clinton was to know, though. He 32d to 12d per cental. Liverpool futures went to Woodburn, having several mattwilight had faded into night before he

> There was never any fear of robbers at Woodside-the cottage door was closed, not locked; he opened it gently, lest Daisy should be asleep and he should I sturb her. The sound of violent, passionate weeping struck him with wonand the door that led to it was half open. He had no thought of lis ening, but he drew near silently, and he

Daisy sat by the window, her head laid on the window-sill, in the very abhat of oats has increased 13,000 bushels, andonment of sorrow; her rich brown To recapitulate, the visible supply of hair, all unfastened, lay like a veil around her. She was weeping with such violent, passionate sobs, it seemed week ago, and 69,302,000 bushels a year as though each one would rend the delicate frame. Mrs. Erne stood by

> "Come, Daisy," she was saying, "we must not stay here. This room is ready for Mr. Clifton now; he may return at any moment-we must not stay

Daisy only answered with her sobs; then he saw her fling her arms up with

"Oh, mother, mother," she said: "I shall die if he goes. What am I to do? I cannot bear it!" "He must go some time, child; as well now as another," was the calm

"I shall die," moaned Daisy, "Oh, mother, life will never be the same!" "I shall begin to wish he had never come, if you grieve in this way, Daisy, though he has been a kind friend to

"His kindness has killed me," said Daisy, "for I can never live when he has gone away." She sat silent for some minutes; then, with a laugh far more pitiful than her tears, she said: "Mother, do you remember the song you used to sing, and I thought it so foolish? It begins-

'Oh, mother, mother, make my bed. And spread the milk-white sheets.'

It was not so foolish, after all. I could say just the same words now. I fee: as though there was nothing left for me but to lay me down and die."

"But that girl in the song was mourn-

right, you know."

mother. My heart has gone out of me, be so, and gone to him. My heart, my soul, my mind, all love him; and, when he is gone, I shall die."

Mrs. Erne was horror-stricken. lover's love; and a modest girl should never be the first to speak of it. Has Mr. Clifton ever talked to you about

"No, never. I do not know what lover's love is. I only know that my life seems to have grown into his life; but he will never know it. He will go away, and never know that I broke my heart for love of him. Oh, mother, mother! you are a woman grown, and I am a child-tell me how to bear it." But simple, Mrs. Erne was paralyzed with fear. This passionate outburst from her quiet, simple, playful Daisy

alarmed her. "He is so handsome, so bonnie, so kind. I never saw a king; but no king could be so royal, so grand as he is. How am I to live to look at these rooms that will be haunted by his face? I cannot. Before he has been gone one

week, mother, I shall be in my grave." "Daisy, it is too dreadful; you must not say such things. Why, child, I never even talked to your father in hat fashion."

"Perhaps you did not love him so much. See, mother, if I could, I would be like the girl in the poem; I would her with a smile. lisguise myself as a page, and go all over the world with him, consent never to be known, if I might only look at his face and listen to his voice. I have never thought of any life without him." "I am sure, Datsy, that if I had dreamed of this, the poor gentleman

should never have entered these doors. But, whatever you do, child, you must not let him know it-you must not see him again." And Daisy sobbed again. "There is no one like him in the wide

going abroad. He says he shall come to see us when he returns; but he will never see me.' "Why. Daisy, if he were your lover you could not take it more to heart." "I do not want a lover; but, oh, if

he would let me go with him, to wait

world, mother, and he is going away-

that then be crowned a queen." "Bless the child!" cried Mrs. Erne, quite aghast; and then she did not knew known better, perhaps, than to have left a young girl like you so much with any gentleman; but I never thought you

would be so foolish." "Why am I foolish? Who could help it? I am not foolish: I am wise. It is true wisdom to love what is highest and best. Oh, mother, do not scold me-do this Daisy? The girl looked up at him not say one cross word! I shall not be Then again she wept, so bitterly; and he saw the mon shining on her fair

hair and white eck. "Come Daisy, Said Mrs. Erne, weeping for sympathy, "you must not stry here. Mr. Clifton will soon be back

Then suddenly waking to a sense of "I cannot think what has come over ton turned away. He would not for the there. He went away silently as he had entered, and stood out in the garden under the stars alone-alone, with a dazed, bewildered confusion in his breast, Daisy-sweet, gentle Daisywas going to die for him! She loved under the trees where she had sat re him so well that she only cared to die many hours with him. He placed her

He stood bewildered at first by the shock, hardly able to believe it. Why, shrank from the task. It was Lady May he had never looked on the girl with Sir Clinton was to know, though. He a lover's eye at all—such a thing had deceived and scorned him. As he stood been farthest from his thoughts; and in the sunshine, the memory of the opened nearly 1d lower over Sunday and ters to arrange. He had not settled she had grown so devoted to him. "At least," he thought to himself, "that is a sincere love; it is neither for my rank nor my title-she knows nothing of them-it is for myself that she loves

Was there a man living who would

not be proud of such a thing- be loved for himself? Who would no touched by it, the pure, deep, sweet love of a young girl's heart? He was touched; he remembered his own grief and pain, his own tarture and despairhow he had suffered because he loved even to madness one who did not love him; and now, Daisy, sweet Daisy, with her lovely, dimpled face and pure, tender heart, had the same to endure. He could not bear to think of it. Daisy had been so good to him, so kind to him: through dreary days and mights she had nursed him with such unwaried devotion. So she had learned to love him: her heart had gone out to him in her words. Who was he that this pure, guileless girl should give him the wealth of her love? His eyes grev dim with tears-he, who had been diped, deceived, driven mad by the light falsehood of a woman.

What difference between them-this daughter of the people, so fair and gentle, and the daughter of a cozen earls! The one loved him so dearly that she declared she must die when the light of his presence was withdrawn the other had toyed with him while it suited her purpose, then had driven him away in despair. If Lady May had for him but a tithe or the love that Daisy had, then indeed would his life have! been blessed to him.

He must go-it was very sad, very pitiful, but, all the same, he must go. Then he tried to picture to himself how he should feel if, far away in sunny France, he heard the news of Daisy's death-Daisy dead for love of him! Why did love always go by the rule of contrary? He had loved Lady May she had no love to give him; now Daisy loved him, and what had he to give her?"

Then-he could not tell how or whyan idea came to him; perhaps the stars or the night wind inspired him, perhaps the sound of Daisy's sobbing touched lam; one thing was quite clear, the id a came-why not marry Daisy? His life, so far as all its prospects were concerned, had ended; Lady May was, by the time, another man's wife. In the wide time, another man's wife. In the world no one cared for him except Daisy; could he let Daisy die because she loved you;" but he paused abruptly; not in him? Marriage would bring him no truth or in honor could he say that. happiness; he did not look for it, did "Do you really believe that all peo-

love to give her, that his heart was the happiest in the world; what makes dead: but if it would make her happy you think differently?"

"Fight or wrong, I cannot help it, to spend her life with him, it should

Then again he recoiled from it; his whole heart and love had been Lady May's; could he call another woman wife?-could he bear to say kind words, "Why, Daisy," she cried, "that is to hold a woman's hand in his? No. He revolted from the idea. He had never loved any woman except Lady May, and she alone could be his wife,

So Daisy, with her foolish, wild, impulsive love, must die. Poor child! he could see her in the moonlight, sobbing her heart out for him. The only woman he had ever loved gave him up to be a duchess. The only woman who had ever loved him died of her love!"

The contrast struck him; it must not be; better that he should suffer than Daisy die. She was not what the world would call a fitting wife for him: she had neither money, title, connection, or any single advantage, except that she loved him-loved him with all her simple, tender, innocent life.

Oh, no; Daisy must not die. She should spend the remainder of her life with him, and, whatever happiness his kindness could give her, she should have. He would make no pretense of loving her; he would frankly tell her that; but she should be his wife, if that would make her happy.

He opened the door as though he had just returned, and Mrs. Erne came quickly into the room. He looked up at

"I have altered my mind," he said: "I do not think that I shall go to morrow, after all."

> CHAPTER XIX. 12 41 SEALED HER FATE.

The die was cast. He would marry Daisy-pretty, simple, tender Daisy should not die for love of him. He ought to have felt at rest when he had come to that decision; but he did not sleep well that night. He dreamed of Lady May; and, in his dreams, she took Daisy's place. It was Lady May he was going to marry; and, when the rapture of his happiness woke him, the cold, stern reality was like a sharp

"I shall never be happy," he thought to himself. "All idea of happiness is on him, to be near him-I would sooner at an end; but I could make Daisy happy."

He decided. In the morning he would speak to her-he would tell her what what else to say-this kind of thing he had decided, and ask her to be his was beyond her. "It is a most unfor wife. He saw her in the morning-the tunate thing, Daisy. I ought to have wan, white face and darkened eyes struck him. "Daisy," he asked, "did not your

mother tell you I had changed my mind -I am not going to-day?" She raised her heavy eyes to his.

"If it is not to-day, it will be to-morrow or the day after-or the day will soon come when you will go." "I have something to ask you first,"

he said. "Will you come out into the garden with me. Daisy?-I want to tell You something. "Can you not tell me here, Mr. Chifton? It is about your parting, I sur-

"Not exactly, and I cannot talk to you here. You always look to me more what was passing around him, Sir Clin- than in these rooms. See how the sun at home among the flowers and trees

is shining-how the birds are singing! whole world that they should find him Come, Daisy, and hear what I have to She walked by his side slowly enough. As a rule, Daisy danced rather than walked; but now her step was slow and languid. He went to the seat

> there, and stood by her side; then his heart misgave him-his whole soul whom he loved-the woman who had hour in which he had asked Lady May to be his wife came over him. He saw min the beautiful, proud face softenin tenderness for aim-the proud, sweet lips smiling for aim! he heard the whispered words in which she ans vered she loved him. How could he ask this girl to take her place? He stared n silence, the words he had intended

Daisy looked up at him, a world of reproach in the dark, sorrowful eyes. "Why did you ask me to come here, Mr. Clifton? You did not really want to speak to me." She rose, as though to return. Daisy was not herself-the gentle grace of her movements seemed to have left her;

to speak dying on his lips. Suddenly

she was abrupt, almost brusque, if that could be possible to Daisy. She turned away, but he laid his land on her arm, and gently detained her. "Daisy," he said, "you seem to be angry with me. "What is it-have I offended you? Have I done anything

hat displeased you?" "No;" she replied, in a low voice. "I m not angry or displeased." "Then what are you, Daisy? We are

such old friends, you need not be afraid to tell me the truth." "I am sorry you are going," said Daisy, with a deep blush. "You have been so kind to me, and it has all been so pleasant; and I-I do not see how it can ever be the same when you are

gone." The Daisy stopped abruptly, with a suspicion of tears in her voice. "I want to remedy all that," he said. "Will you go with me Daisy?"

Never until the day he died did he forget the sudden light that transfured her face-it absolutely dazzled him. "I!" she repeated. "Oh, Mr. Clarton, do you really mean it?" "If you will consent, Daisy. You

have not yet heard all that I have to ask. Will you go with me as my wifewill you marry me?" Her face fell then, and she looked at him most pitifully. "Your wife? I-I do not want to be

married, Mr. Clifton," she said, slowly. "And why not, Daisy?" he asked. "I do not think marriage is ever very happy; every one I know who is married is unhappy."

"Surely not. Your father and mother were happy?" "Yes," she answered, with unconsci-

ous logic; "but then they loved each He was about to say, "And so I love

not want it; but it would save Daisy's ple that marry are unhappy, Daisy? Dear child, what a terrible mistake! He could tell her frankly he had no Why, a married life is supposed to be