THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US."

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Rev. Dr. Talmage Inspired by a Familiar and Homely Simile.

The Things Which Go to Make Up Man's Earthly and Heavenly Existence--They Are Bound Together !n

the Divine Economy.

familiar image of a bundle Dr. Talmage take anything from it, but that I may shows in this sermon the things which put into it more coronets and hosannas. go to make up man's earthly and heavenly life; text, I. Samuel xxv, 29, "The soul of my Lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God."

Beautiful Abigail, in her rhythmic plea for the rescue of her inebriate husband, who died within ten days, addresses David the warrior in the words of the text. She suggests that his life, physically and intellectually and spiritually, is a valuable package or bundle, divinely bound up and to be divinely protected.

That phrase "bundle of life" I heard many times in my father's family prayers. Family prayers, you know, have frequent repetitions, because day by day they acknowledge about the same blessings and deplore about the same frailties and sympathize with about the same misfortunes, and I do not know why those who lead at household devotions should seek variety of composition. That familiar prayer becomes the household liturgy. I would not give one of my old father's prayers for 50 elecutionary supplications. Again and again, in the morning and evening prayer, I heard the request that we might all be bound up in the bundle of life, but I did not know until a few days ago that the phrase was

Now, the more I think of it the better I like it. Bundle of life! It is such a simple and unpretending, yet expressive comparison. There is nothing like grandiloquence in the Scriptures. While there are many sublime passages in Holy Writ, there are more passages homely and drawing illustrations from common observation and everyday life. In Christ's great sermons you hear a hen clucking her chickens together and see the photograph of hypocrites with a sad countenance and hear of the grass of the field, and the black crows which our heavenly Father feeds, and the salt that is worthless, and the precious stones flung under the feet of swine, and the shifting sand that lets down the house with a great crash and hear the comparison of the text, the most unpoetical thing we can think of-a bundle. Ordinarily it is something tossed about, something thrown under the table, something that suggests garrets or something on the shoulder of a poor wayfarer. But there are bundles of great value, bundles put up with great caution, bundles the loss of which means consterna-

kingdom. During the last spell of cold weather there were bundles that attracted the all the storms and accidents and vicissiattention and the plaudits of the high heavens-bundles of clothing on the way from comfortable homes to the door of the mission room, and Christ stood in the snowbanks and said as the bundles passed: "Naked, and ye clothed me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of locomotives of 60 years ago were long ago the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Those bundles are multiplying. Blessings on those who which God started him, and, though all pack them! Blessings on those who dis- the electric wires that carried messages tribute them! Blessings on those who re- 25 years ago have been torn down, his pursuers. I proclaim him a God close by.

It is a Precious Bundle.

With what beautiful aptitude did Abigail, in my text, speak of the bundle of life! Oh, what a precious bundle is life! Bundle of memories, bundle of hopes, bundle of ambitions, bundle of destinies Once in a while a man writes his autobiography, and it is of thrilling interest. The story of his birthplace, the story of his struggles, the story of his sufferings, the story of his triumphs! But if the autobiography of the most eventful life were well written it would make many chapters of adventure, of tragedy, of comedy, and there would not be an uninteresting step from cradle to grave.

playmates, with all its games with ball and bat and kite and sled. Manhood memories, with all your struggles in starting - obstacles, oppositions, accidents, misfortunes, losses, successes. Memories of the first marriage you ever saw solemnized, of the first grave you ever saw opened, of the first mighty wrong you ever suffered, of the first victory you ever gained. Memory of the hour when you were affianced, memory of the first advent in your home, memory of the roseate cheek faded and of blue eyes closed in the last sleep, memory of anthem and of dirge, memory of great pain and of slow convalescence, memory of times when all things were against you, memory of prosperities that came in

a lifetime. What a bundle! I lift that bundle to-day and unloose the cord that binds it, and for a moment you look in and see tears and smiles and laughter and groans and noondays and midnights of experience, and then I tie again the bundle with heartstrings that anon been thrummed by fingers of woe. · Bundle of hopes and ambitions also is almost every man and woman, especially at the starting. What gains he will bar vest, or what reputation he will achieve. or what bliss he will reach, or what love he will win. What makes college commencement day so entrancing to all us as we see the students receive their diplomas and take up the garlandthrown to their feet? They will be Fara days in science; ther will be Tennysonin poety; they will be Willard Parkers in surgery; they will be Alexander Hamfltons in national finance; they will be Horace Greeleys in editorial chair; they will be Websters in the Senate. Or she will be a Mary Lyon in educational tary hospitals. Or she will make home life radiant with helpfulness and self sacrifice and magnificent womanhood. Oh, what a bundle of hopes and ambitions! It is a bundle of garlands and every step will be a failure. Rather ment. Was any valuable bundle ever so

Washington, March 5. - Under the it now it will not be because I wish to

The Power to Think. Bundle of faculties in every man and every woman! Power to think-to think of the past and through all the future, to think upward and higher than the highest pinnacle of heaven, or to think downward until there is no lower abysm to fathom. Power to think right, power and eternity itself shall have no power to bid it halt. Faculties to love-filial love, conjugal love, paternal love, maternal love, love of country, love of God. Faculty of judgment, with scales so delicate and yet so mighty they can weigh arguments, weigh emotions, weigh heaven and hell. Faculty of will, that can climb mountains or tunnel them, wade seas or bridge them, accepting eternal enthronement or choosing everlasting exile. Oh, what it is to be a man! Oh, what it is to be a woman! Sublime and infinite bundle of faculties! The thought of it staggers me, swamps me, stuns me, bewilders me, overwhelms me. Oh, what a bundle of life Abigail of my text saw in David, and which we ought to see in every human, yet immortal, being!

Know, also, that this bundle of life was put up with great care. Any merchant and almost any faithful householder will tell you how much depends on the way a bundle is bound. The cord or rope must be strong enough to hold, the knot must be well tied. You know not what rough hands may toss that bundle. If not properly put together, though it may leave your hands in good order and symmetrical, before it reaches its proper destination it may be loosened In fragments for the winds to scatter or the rail train to lose.

the mind, the soul. Who but the omnipotent God could bind such a bundle? Anatomists, physiologists, physicists, logicians, metaphysicians, declare that we are fearfully and wonderfully made. That we are a bundle well put together I prove by the amount of journeying we can endure without damage, by the amount of rough handling we can survive, by the fact that the vast majority of us go through life without the loss of an eye, or the crippling of a limb, or the tion and despair, and there have been destruction of a single energy of body or bundles representing the worth of a faculty of mind. I subpoena for this trial that man in yonder view 70 or 80 years of age and ask him to testify that after tudes of a long life he still keeps his five senses, and, though all the lighthouses as old as he is have been reconstructed or new lanterns put in, he has in under his forehead the same two lanterns with which God started him, and, though the sold for old iron, he has the original powers of locomotion in the limbs with nerves bring messages from all parts of When we are tempted to do wrong, when his body as well as when God strung | we have questions of livelihood too much them 75 years ago. Was there ever such a complete bundle put together as the the last sleep, when we are overwhelmed human being? What a factory! What an engine! What a mill race! What a lighthouse! What a locomotive! What an electric battery! What a furnace! What a masterpiece of the Lord God Almighty! Or, to employ the anticlimax and use the in the bundle of life with the Lord thy figure of the text, what a bundle!

Is Properly Directed. Know also that this bundle of life is properly directed. Many a bundle has missed its way and disappeared because the address has dropped and no one can find by examination for what city or Bundle of memories are you! Boyhood town or neighborhood it was intended. memories, with all its injustices from All great carrying companies have so many misdirected packages that they appoint days of vendue to dispose of importance of having a valuable package plainly directed, the name of the one to that has been foretold by letter; some whom it is to go plainly written. Baggage master and expressman ought to

This bundle of life that Abigail, in my text, speaks of is plainly addressed. By divine penmanship it is directed heaearthly distance it travels, its destination of color and proportion. Well, what a is the eternal city of God on high. Every mile it goes away from that direction is dle of life shall be opened in the "house by some human or infernal fraud practiced against it. There are those who put like the full tide of the sea, memories of it on some other track, who misplace it in some wrong conveyance, who send it off or send it back by some diabolic miscarriage. The value of that bundle is so well known all up and down the universe that there are a million dishonest hands which are trying to detain or divert it, or to forever stop its progress in have some time vibrated with joy and the right direction. There are so many the heavenly home circle! influences abroad to ruin your body. mind and soul that my wonder is not and the next, but that there are not

more who go down irremediably. realms, or a Frances Willard on reforma- foes within and foes without. Evil appe- ered and fountained and arched and tory platform, or a Helen Gould in mili- tite joined by outside allurements. Temp- illumined by a sun that never sets. Will scepters from which I would not take one and round the earth. Discouragements, archangelic. The precious bundle of life sprig of mignonette nor extinguish one jealousies, revenges, malevolences, disap- opened amid palaces and grand marches spark of brilliance. They who start life pointments, swindles, arsons, conflagra- and acclamations. They will all be so without bright hopes and inspiring ambi- tions and cruelties which make continued glad we have got safely through. tions might as well not start at all, for existence of the human race a wonder-

would I add to the bundle, and if I open imperiled as this bundle of life? Oh, look

dom ready for our advance and guidance. bundle of life, so well bound and so plainly directed, does not come out at the right station, but becomes a lost bundle, cast out amid the rubbish of the uni-

Value of the Bundle.

Know also that a bundle may have in it more than one invaluable. There may be in it a photograph of a loved one and a jewel for a carcanet. It may contain an embroidered robe and a Dore's illustrated Bible. A bundle may have two treasures. Abigail, in my text, recognized this when she said to David, "The soul of my lord is bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God," and Abigail was right. We may be bound up with a loving and sympathetic God. We may be as near to him as ever were emerald and to think wrong, power to think forever, ruby united in one ring, as ever were for, once having begun to think, there two deeds in one package, as ever were shall be no terminus for that exercise, two vases on the same shelf, as ever were two valuables in the same bundle. Together in time of joy. Together on earth. Together in heaven. Close companionship of God. Hear him, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." And when those Bible authors compared God's friendship to the mountains for height and firmness they knew what they were writing about, for they well knew what mountains are. All those lands are mountainous. Mount Hermon, Mount Gilboa. Mount Gerizim, Mount Engedi, Mount Horeb, Mount Nebo, Mount Pisgah, Mount Olivet, Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, Mount Lebanon, Mount Sinai, Mount Golgotha. Yes, we have the divine promise that all those mountains shall weigh their anchorage of rocks and move away from the earth before a loving and sympathetic God will move away from us if as light as a feather, and tombstones els a year ago. would be marble stairs to the king's pal-Now, I have to tell you that this bunace, and all the giants of opposition we dle of life is well put together-the body, would smite down hip and thigh with great slaughter.

A God away up in the heavens is not much consolation to us when we get into life's struggle. It is a God close by, as near to us as any two articles of apparel were near to each other in that bundle that you sent the other day to that shivering home, through whose roof the snow sifted and through whose broken window pane the night winds howled. It was sanctified irony and holy sarcasm that Elijah used when he told the idolaters of Baal to pray louder, saving that their god might be asleep, or talking, or on a journey, or gone a hunting, but our God is always wide awake, and always hears, and is always close by, and to him a whisper of prayer is as loud as an archangel's trumpet, and a child's "Now I lay me down to sleep" is as easily heard by him as the prayer of the great Scotchman amid the highlands when pursued by Lord Claverhouse's miscreants. The Covenanter said, "O Lord, cast the lap of thy cloak about these children of the covenant," and a mountain fog instantly hid the pursued from their bloodshirsty for us, when we put our darlings into with physical distresses, when we are perplexed about what next to do, when we come into combat with the king of terrors we want a God close by. How do you like the doctrine of the text, "Bound God?" Thank you, Abigail, kneeling there at the foot of the mountain uttering consolation for all ages, while addressing David. No wonder that in after time he invited her to the palace and put as upon the throne of Judah

her upon the throne of his heart as well Will Be Welcomed in Heaven. Know also that this bundle of life will be gladly received when it comes to the door of the mansion for which it was them. All intelligent people know the bound and plainly directed. With what alacrity and glee we await some package holiday presentation; something that will enrich and ornament our home; some know at the first glance to whom to take | testimony of admiration and affection! With what glow of expectation we untie the knot and take off the cord that holds it together in safety, and with what glad exclamation we unroll the covering and venward. However long may be the see the gift or purchase in all its beauty day it will be when your precious bunof many mansions" amid saintly and angelic and divine inspection! The bundle may be spotted with the marks of much exposure. It may bear inscription after inscription to tell through what ordeal it has passed. Perhaps splashed of wave and scorched of flame, but all it has within undamaged of the journey. And with what shouts of joy the bundle of life will be greeted by all the voices of

In our anxiety at last to reach heaven we are apt to lose sight of the glee or that so many are destroyed for this world | welcome that awaits us if we get in at all. We all have friends up there. They will somehow hear that we are coming. Every human being is assailed at the Such close and swift and constant comstart. Within an hour of the time when | munication is there between those upthis bundle of life is made up the assault lands and these lowlands that we will begins. First of all, there are the infan- not surprise them by sudden arrival. If tile disorders that threaten the body just loved ones on earth expect our coming launched upon earthly existence. Scarlet visit and are at the depot with carriage 5s 7 1-8d for July. Maize quiet; 3s 5 %d fevers and pneumonias, and diphtherias to meet us, surely we will be met at the and influenzas, and the whole pack of shining gate by old friends now sainted epidemics surround the cradle and and kindred now glorified. If there were threaten its occupant, and infant Moses no angel of God to meet us and show us in the ark of bulrushes was not more the palaces and guide us to our everlastimperiled by the monsters of the Nile ing residence, these kindred would show than every cradle is imperiled by ailments us the way and point out the splendors all devouring. In after years there are and guide us to our celestial home, bowtations that have utterly destroyed more it not be glorious, the going in and the people than now inhabit the earth. settling down after all the moving about Gambling saloons and rummerles, and and upsettings of earthly experience? We properly, why don't you give your wife so speak to her; it was quite impossible places where dissoluteness reigns supreme, | will soon know all our neighbors, kingly, | much a year? enough in number to go round and round queenly, prophetic, apostolic, seraphic,

> Bound Up With God's Love. Once there it will be found that the safety of that precious bundle of life was

at the address and get that bundle going assured because it was bound up with in the right way! "Thou stalt love the the life of God in Jesus Christ. Heaven Lord thy God with all thy heart and | could not afford to have that bundle lost, soul, and mind and strength." Heaven | because it had been said in regard to its with its 12 gates standing wide open | transportation and safe arrival, "Kept by with invitation. All the forces of the the power of God through faith unto Godhead pledged for our heavenly arrival | complete salvation." The veracity of the if we will do the right thing. All angel- heavens is involved in its arrival. If God should fail to keep his promise to just All the lightnings of heaven so many one ransomed soul the pillars of Jehovah's drawn swords for our protection. What a throne would fall, and the foundations talking to her about the journey with pity, what an everlasting pity, if this of the eternal city would crumble, and all the calm unconcern imaginable. infinite poverties would dash down all the chalices and close all the banqueting sents to your mother, Daisy." he sa'd; halls, and the river of life would change though I suppose she would rather its course, sweeping everything with deso- have one look at your face than anylation, and frost would blast all the gardens, and immeasurable sickness slay the immortals, and the new Jerusalem become an abandoned city, with no chariot wheel on the streets and no worshipers in the temple-a dead Pompeii of the skies, a buried Herculaneum of the heavens. Lest anyone should doubt, the God who cannot lie smites his omnipotent hand on "and I shall go down to Fernvale mythe side of his throne, and takes affidavit, declaring, "As I live, said the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." Oh! I cannot tell you how I feel about it, the thought is so glorious.

THE MARKETS.

May Wheat Fell One Cent, But Later it. Recovered Half of It at Chicago -The Ouotations.

Liverpool, March 7.-Wheat futures vesterday opened below Saturday's close, but firmed up and closed at a net gain of 1-Sd per cental for the day on the March

and May options. Chicago, March 7 .- The weakness of the early cables, the continued absence of ton. "I shall be back in the autumn; crop damage reports and the large world's I can take them then." shipments for the past week all combined to weaken Chicago's wheat market yes- but day by day she grew poorer and terday, and values fell off sharply. The thinner; her eyes grew more sad, her May option declined nearly a cent a smile came less frequently. He was bushel, and the July delivery nearly kind to her, but he did not notice the 11/2c. Later cable advices, announcing a change; even had he done so, he would decrease for the past week of 627,000 never have attributed it to anything bushels in the English visible supply, connnected with himself. It was her caused a partial recovery.

Visible and Afloat.

United States has decreased 443,000 bush- England, his spirits grew higher and we love and trust him. Oh, if we could els; that of corn has increased 1.511.000 lighter; she heard him singing once, realize that according to my text we may bushels, and that of oats has increased some sweet little snatch of song-a be bound up with that God, how inde- 654,000 bushels. The visible supply of thing he had never done since they had pendent it would make us of things that | wheat in Canada and the United States, been married; he generally walked now harass and annoy and discompose together with that affoat to Europe, is about like a man overburdened with and torment us. Instead of a grasshopper | 65,237,000 bushels, against 61,440,000 gloom. He sang and laughed, he talked being a burden a world of care would be bushels a week ago, and 72,132,000 bush- gayly about some friends whom he hop-

Leadin	g W	heat M	arkets	
(Cash.	March.	May.	July.
Chicago	3 —	\$	\$ 7214	\$ 70%
New York	-	823%	7698	751/8
Milwaukee	7214	_	-	-
St. Louis	73	73	75%	69
Toledo	7334	-	7514	721/2
Detroit	7434	-	753%	73
Duluth, No. 1				
Northern	683%	6936	7136	71%
Duluth, No. 1				
hard	70%	_	-	-
Minneapolis.	_	70	701/4	7038
Toronto, red.	68	_	-	
Toronto, No.				
1 hard (new)	82	_	-	
Toronto :	St. L	wrenc	e Mar	ket.

GRAIN.			
Wheat, white, bu\$0	731/4 to	8	-
Wheat, red, bu	73		_
Wheat, Fife, spring, bu	71		-
Wheat, goose, bu	681/2		-
Rye, bu	57		-
Oats, bu	34		8434
Buckwheat, bu	52		-
Barley, bu	47		-
Peas, bu	63		64
SEEDS.			
Red clover, bu\$3	30 to	\$3	70
	00		00
Alsike, choice to fancy, 3	80	4	20
Alsike, good, No. 2 3	50	3	60
Alsike, good, No. 3 3	00	3	40
Timothy, bu 1	20	1	35
Beans, white, bu			90

Deans, white, bu,	00				
HAY AND STRA	w.				
Hay, timothy, per ton \$8	00	to	\$9	00	
Hay, clover, per ton 6				00	
Straw, sheaf, per ton 6	00		7	00	
Straw, loose, per ton 4			5	00	

DAIRY PRODUC	rs.				
Butter, lb. rolls\$0	18	to	\$0	20	
Butter, large rolls	14			17	
Eggs, new laid	18			20	
POULTRY.					
Chickens, per pair \$0	40	to	\$0	80	
	11			13	

Spring ducks, per pair. FRUITS AND VEGETABLES. \$2 50 to \$3 75

Apples, per bor	
Potatoes, per bag 75 8	0
East Buffalo Cattle Market.	
Cattle, choice to extra. \$5 25 to \$5 6	5
Cattle, good to choice 4 00 5 0	
Calves 3 50 6 5	0
Sheep, choice to extra. 4 40 4 6	0
Sheep, good to choice 4 25 4 4	0
Lambs, choice to extra. 5 20 5 3	5
Lambs, good to choice . 5 10 5 2	0
Lambs, common to fair, 4 90 5 1	0
Hogs, medium and heavy 3 95 4 0	0
Hogs, Yorkers 3 90 3 9	5
Pies 3 50 3 8	5

Montreal Live Stock. Montreal, March 7 .- The receipts of cattle at the East End Abattoir yesterday morning were 400 head of cattle, 75 calves, 25 sheep, 50 lambs. There was a good attendance, and the following prices about you. were firmly maintained:

Good cattle sold at from 41/2c to 41/4c per pound; lower grade from 21/2c to 31/4c from 2c to 21/2c per pound. Lambs sold absence, you see." at from 41/2c to 5c per pound. Hogs sold from \$4.25 to \$4.50.

Liverpool Markets.

Liverpool, March 7.—Prices closed yesterday as follows: Futures, red winter. 5s 71/d for March, 5s 7 5-8d for May and for March, 3s 5 1-8d for May and 3s 51/d for July. Flour, 18s 6d.

Mistah Johnsing-Why doesn't yo' dance wif a springy, elastic step? Miz Johnsing-Huh, niggah! Whoevah heerd ob dancin wif rubbahs on?-New York Journal.

He Did. Nodd-If you want to adjust matters

Todd—I do, old man. So much!— Nuggets.

More Conspicuous. Editor-You want this "ad." run next to pure reading matter, I presume? Acvertiser-Not at all. Just put it next to something sensational.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

(Continued.)

thing you could send her."

"My poor mother," said Daisy, "She

"Of course she did," he replied, not inderstanding the gist of her speech. 'I should like you to choose her somehing-a handsome velvet dress."

self to take it." "Shall you?" asked Daisy, her pale

face brightening. "Yes, and I shall tell your mother you known. are so greatly in love with the fair land of France, that you could not leave it, even for her."

CHAPTER XXIV.

SIR CLINTON SURPRISED. Never a word said Daisy. She helped

her husband in all his packing, she arranged his books and papers.

"I need not take those," said Sir Clin-She did not complain or reproach him,

own wish to remain-he did not know that that wish was prompted by his in-As compared with a week ago, the vis- difference to her. She saw that from ible supply of wheat in Canada and the the hour he decided on returning to ed to meet, he seemed better and brighter than he had been for years.

"He is relieved to get away from me," thought Daisy; "the very thought of it has cheered him. Why did he marry

He made continual careless reference to the time when he should be gone, unconscious that each one was as a sword in his young wife's heart. Then the day came when his preparations were all completed, and it was time

He was cheerful and smiling when he bid her adieu. "You are quite sure, Daisy, that you

do not repent?" he said. "It is not too late, if you would like to go: I will wait until to-morrow.' "I do not repent," she replied. "You

will enjoy being by yourself." He did not contradict it, though she would have given the whole world to have heard him say it was not so.

He held her tightly in his arms, and kissed her. "Good-by, Daisy," he said; "take care of yourself, enjoy yourself, have every-

thing you want; and if you feel dull, be sure that you write and tell me so: then I shall come for you at once." The next moment he was gone. If be had turned his head, he would have een that Daisy, his wife, had fallen I'ke one dead to the ground; but he never turned to look at her, and so went on to his doom.

It was strange to be in England again, to hear the well-known tongue on all sides, to see the familiar white cliffs, to feel at home. A few hours and he was in London-London, the scene of his love and his sorrow. Minlike, the first place he went to was his club; there he knew that he should hear all the news, all the rumors of the day; there, without having to ask any questions himself, he would hear all there

He was most warmly welcomed. Sir Cl from Adair had always been a grout favorite in society, and when he was seen once again at the club, every one greeted him with delight. Where had he been? What had he been doing? He was overwhelmed with questions. What had induced him to leave England so suddenly? What made him stay away so long? He evaded all those questions-answered them jestingly, then sat down with a daily journal in his hands. One of his oldest friends, Sir Gregory Hatwell, came in, and was astounded at seeing him.

"I began to fancy, Adair, that we should never see you again. Where on earth have you been? What have you been doing away from home so long? We have heard all kinds of rumors

"None of them true," said Sir Clinton. "The truth is, I had a severe acper pound. Calves sold from \$2 to \$8, France to recruit myself, and found myaccording to size. Sheep brought from 3c self so happy there I did not care to to 31/2c per pound for choice, and culls come home. There is no mystery in my

"But why did you never write to any of us?" "I should imagine that the principal reason was because I had nothing to say," replied Sir Clinton, laughingly. "I

suppose the world at home has gone on just as though I had been in it?" "I suppose so; we are none of us missed for long-not even the best and cleverest. You have just reached home in time for the close of the season. I was at a grand ball last evening."

"Where was that?" asked Sir Cl'nton. "It was one given by the Duchess of Rosecarn. She has given by far the best balls of the season.

He had nerved himself to hear her name; it might even be that he should be compelled to look on her face or to to tell what complications might arise. believed.

"The Duchess of Rosecarn?" he said. "I knew both the duke and duchess when I left England." "They were only married last your,

said Sir Gregory.

them, although there was some idea of What are you looking at? I believe you

He longed to say, "How is the wits in France." duchess?" but his courage failed him. His heart beat, his pulses thrilled at he said the sound of her name. He did not Just then the Duke of Rosecarn saw even hear Sir Gregory's answer.

"What folly!" he said to himself. "I, who ought to be, who swore to be,

of his voice.

be, the prettiest woman in London, and, to Lady May! He never remembered I think, one of the most popular, too."

"No, not always, I think," replied Skr of what was passing around him, she Gregory. "She altered very much after was asking him if he had been ill. her marriage."

think. "Was she more or less beauti- his rival! And that was all he understood about ful, more or less amiable, more or less proud? How had she altered?"

He would have given anything to know, not that it concerned him particularly, but it is always interesting to hear of a change in a person one has known well.

tions, but he steadfastly refused them. He was not going to place himself in levely light of the sun. He had taken the way of temptation. Lady Sant up the papers one after another, and pressed him to come to her entertain- in each of them found an announce-

"You will meet the Duke and Duchess of Rosecarn," she said, "and the duke Continent on the 23rd." is so much improved since his mar-

"It is a great inducement," he replied, "but I must decline." He laughed bitterly to himself when

Lady Sant had gone away. "So much improved, has he? Lady May has improved him, I suppose-

He began to wonder if, after all, he of it. had done wisely in returning. If he was to hear continually about Lady are born to be men, not hermits." May, he had better have remained in France.

some friends to a concert, given at the mansion of a great princess, for a ed him there.

London, here to-night," he said. "and, of Rosecarn." "I do not think I shall remain," he

said, hastily. He was a strong man, but thought of seeing her made him tremble like a reed in the wind. Then he

reproached himself again for his folly, for weakness. "What is she to me now?" he said-"only another man's wife, just as I am another woman's husband. What can it matter whether I see her or not?" "There is the duke," said Sir Gre-

talking to Lady Sant, and Lady Sant | subject of conversation. Whatever it is my particular aversion." She was there. He did not look immediately, for a blood-red mist came before his eyes, the noise of rushing waters in his ears; he trembled like 2 leaf, then clenched his hands and bit

his lips, to keep himself steady. "The duchess looks very lovely tonight," said Sir Gregory; "in my idea, she is the best-dressed woman in Lon-

He remembered her-dear Heaven! how well he remembered her, as she stood in the full glare of the light, her jewels gleaming, her proud eyes flashing scorn! How well he remembered the queenly gesture, the wave of the white hand, the cruel, cutting, bitter words that came from her lips! Was he med, to run the risk of meeting her

"Do you think the duchess much changed?" asked Sir Gregory.

Then he raised his eyes and looked. Great Heaven, that was not Lady May! "I do not see the duchess," he said. n a strange voice.

"Do you see the lady in the creamcolored brocade?-that is the duchess. She has a diamond tiara. She is talking to Lady Sant-you know Lady

"Yes," he replied, slowly; "I know Lady Sant. Is that lady the Duchess of Rosecarn?"

"Yes; I thought you said you knew her." said Sir Gregory, almost impatiently. "She was one of the Landales-Lady Anne Landale-and has improved wonderfully since she became Duchess of Rosecarn." "That was not the lady I expected to see," said Sir Clinton, slowly.

"Whom did you think the duke had married, then?" "I fancied I had heard that he was engaged to some one else, but I may a sound. have been mistaken.'

Sir Gregory laughed.

He was beginning to speak slowly; it seemed to him that the life-blood was freezing in his veins-that his lips were growing stiff and would not move. "I never heard that the duke was engreed to any one else. He was in love with Miss Stanhope, people said, and with Lady May Trevlyn; but he was never engaged to either of them." Great drops stood on his forehead. He

heavily upon it. "I read it-I remember now," he said "I read in one of the papers that he was to marry-Then he stopped abruptly; not to have

saved his life could he have uttered the "That he was to marry Lady May Trevlyn," said Sir Gregory. coolly. In short, Sir Clinton Adair was half "Yes, I remember reading that; but

it was contradicted the next day." "Then it was not true?" said Sir "True! How could it be true? Your

wits have left you, Adair. How could it be true when he married Lady Anne? I know that he admired Lady Trevlyn He had steeled himself, as he honestly very much, but she would have nothing to say to him."

> quite unlike his own. "I do not know," replied Sir Gregory, lightly. "People were kind enough to say it was because she liked some one

"They were not married when I knew else. What has come to you, Adair? have left your sense, and reason, and

"This London world is new to me."

him, and came across the room to greet

"You are an entire stranger, Sir Clinstrong! I will-I will be master of my- ten," he said; "you have had time to self! Neither her name, nor her fare, travel over the world. You find a nor her voice shall have power to move great many changes among us. Let me introduce you to the duchess."

"How is the duchess?" he asked; and And, before Sir Clinton could answer, his friend wondered at the strange tone he was bowing to a very lovely lady, with pink and white face, golden brown "She is what she always promised to hair, and laughing eyes. How different what he had said to her, and the duch-"She was always that," said Sir ess must have thought him strange, for when he came to a full consciousness

He never knew either how the night Then he went on to speak of some went on. People spoke to him, and he other friends whom Sir Clinton had answered them; they greeted him, and he replied to their greeting; but one idea "Altered since her marriage! How possessed, one thought engrossed himwas that?-in what way?" he tried to after all, Lady May had not married

CHAPTER XXV.

"IF I LOST, HE HAS NOT WON." A beautiful morning, and Sir Clinton Adair sat at his sumptuously appointed He was overwhelmed with invita- breakfast table. A bright warm, sunny morning, the world laughing under the

> ment of his arrival. "Sir Clinton Adair returned from the

His coming home, therefore, would not long be a secret.

A curious feeling was on him; gradually he awoke to a new feeling of life; a new sensation, as of hope and ambition, stirred within him. It was such a busy world, a bright, busy, hopeful world; men all seemed intent on busitaught him elocution, perhaps, among ness or pleasure; there was action, other accomplishments! I did not know energy, aninfation-how different from that there was room for improvement | the life of stagnation he had been living at Seville. He shuddered as he thought

"After all," he said to himself, "men He knew that he should never have gone through the hermit's stage of his Two nights afterward he went with existence but for the love and the sor-

row that had driven him mad. His return would be a matter of pubcharitable purpose. Sir Gregory join- lie gossip to-day, to-morrow forgotten; but one thing struck him, he must de-"We shall have all the celebrities of clare his marriage; no one here in England knew anything about it, and among others, the Duke and Duchess every moment in which the announcement was delayed it became more difficult. Why, he could not tell. Daisy was a lovely, lovable girl, devoted to him; she was graceful and accomplished, he had no need to feel ashamed of her; no one knew anything of her birth or connnections, neither was there any need for them to know. He asked himself, over and over again, how it was that he disliked the idea of announcing it? Perhaps he feared that he would be teased for leaving his beautiful young wife far away; perhaps he disliked the idea of making himself the gory, "and the duchess, too. She is

> was, Sir Clinton thoroughly disliked the "I will do it to-morrow," he said; "a few hours' peace is all I ask." He looked through the "Fashionable Intelligence:" there was no news of Lady May. He longed to ask. He thought to himself that he would spend the morning at his club; there he should probably hear some news of her-she was one of those of whom men never weary in speaking. On his way there he met one or two old friends. He would have given the whole world for strength to have asked one of them something of Lady May-to have

"By the way, how is Lady May Trevlyn? Is she married yet?" He even, in the solitude of his own room, tried how the words would sound: he said them aloud, blushing horribly at his own folly. Even there alone, with no eye to see him, no eur to hear him-even there he stammered

thrown his head back, with a careless,

jaunty air, and have asked:

over the words. No. it was impossible: he gave up the idea-of no man or woman living could he ask the question, to no man or woman could he speak of his lost. dear love in cool, unconcerned tones. He must trust to chance; surely there at the club, where they discussed every one and everything, they would talk of

Lady May. He was profuse in his greetings, always hoping that in return for what he had said some one would speak of Lady May. It would have seemed as though there was a general conspiracy not ot mention her name; no one even alluded to her. All the gossip of the day was freely and fully discussed-the Duchess of Rosecarn's ball, Lady Leeson's party, the dance at Lord Rushton's-but of the one subject of which he thirsted with his whole soul to hear there was not

He listened intently, hardly losing one word that was said on either side of him; he would fain have turned to them

"Tell me something of Lady May." He asked questions that he thought would lead to the subject, but they failed. So far as learning one word which concerned his beautiful, lost love the whole morning was a failure. He could not help feeling touched by the clutched the back of a chair, and leaned warm welcome given to him everywhere -he was literally inconvenienced with

Where had he been? What had he been doing? Where had he hidden him-

His hand was grasped in friendship a hundred times; one pressed him to dine, another begged for the evening. bewildered by the warm welcome extended to him.

"And this is the world I flew from." he thought to himself; "these are the cause a woman's folly had driven me

He lunched with Colonel Dempster, and as they sat at the table he tried hard to introduce the name of Lady "Why?" he asked, in a hourse voice, May. The gallant colonel talked of all the belles and beauties, but never mentioned her.