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THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

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

VOL. VI. NO. 26. \$1 per annum.

OMEMEE ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1899.

CHAS. W RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor.

THE MISSION OF ART

A Mighty Agent for the Elevation and Salva- and New York? Men of wealth, if you Holy Ghost and washed in the blood of are too modest to build and endow such the Lamb;" on the second step "Industion of the Human Race.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Influence of Pleasant Pictures in the Development of Christian Character--

Encouragement to Artists.

upon all pleasant pictures."

the walls of those cities discovered to the you no obligation either in thanks to God our great city, or the city where you live, explorers a degradation in art which can- or man? not be exaggerated. Satan and all his imps have always wanted the fingering of the easel. They would rather have possession of that toan the art of printing, for types are not so potent and quick for evil as pictures. The powers of What a lesson in morals was presented darkness think they have gained a tri- by Hogarth, the painter, in his two picumph, and they have when in some re- tures, "The Rake's Progress" and "The spectable parlor or public art gallery they Miser's Feast," and by. Thomas Cole's good, but fascinating to the evil.

backed up by God's eternal truth, when | Christ in art! Patriarchs, prophets and I say that you have no right to hang in apostles in art! Heaven looked at by strolling groups with catayour art rooms or your dwelling houses in art! that which would be offensive to good . The world and the church ought to people if the figures pictured were alive come to the higher appreciation of the in your parlor and the guests of your divine mission of pictures, yet the household. A picture that you have to authors of them have generally been left hang in a somewhat secluded place, or to semi-starvation. West, the great that in a public hall you cannot with a painter, toiled in unappreciation till, begroup of friends deliberately stand before | ing a great skater, while on the ice he and discuss ought to have a knife stabbed formed the acquaintance of General into it at the top and cut clear through | Howe of the English army, who, through to the bottom and a stout finger thrust | coming to admire West as a clever skater, in on the right side, ripping clear through | gradually came to appreciate as much to the left. Pliny the elder lost his life | that which he accomplished by his hand by going near enough to see the inside of as by his heel. Poussin, the mighty Vesuvius, and the farther you can stand painter, was pursued and had nothing off from the burning crater of sin the with which to defend himself against the better. Never till the books of the last, mob but the artist's portfolio. Which he day are opened shall we know what has held over his head to keep off the stones been the dire harvest of evil pictorials | burled at him. The pictures of Richard and unbecoming art galleries. Despoil a Wilson of England were sold for fabulous man's imagination, and he becomes a sums of money after his death, but the pictures! mere carcass. The show windows of Eng- living painter was glad to get for his lish and American cities, in which the "Aleyone" a piece of Stilton cheese. low theatres have sometimes hung long | From 1640 to 1643 there were 4,600 piclines of brazen actors and actresses in tures wilfully destroyed. In the reign of style insulting to all propriety, have Queen Elizabeth it was the habit of some made a broad path to death for multitudes of people. But so have all the other arts been at times suborned of evil. How of Charles I. it was ordered by Parliabas music been bedraggled? Is there any ment that all pictures of Christ be burnplace so low down in dissoluteness that ed. Painters were so badly treated and into it has not been carried David's barp | humiliated in the beginning of the and Handel's organ, and Gottschalk's | ighteenth century that they were lowerpiano, and Ole Bull's violin, and the flute, which, though named after so inisignificant a thing as the Sicilian eel, what they did with their colors. which has seven soots on the side, like into captivity!

Familia: Bible Pictures. ant pictures!" I refer to your memory of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented by the woodcuts or engravings in the old family Bible which father and mother read out of and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not got from the Bible typology. but from the Bible pictures. To prove day I took up the old family Bible which Jacob's ladder, and so with Samson last judgment. My idea of all these is these artists suffer more than any one that of the old Bible engravings, which I but God can realize. scanned before I could read a word. That There needs to be a concerted effort for is true with nine-tenths of you. If I could the suffering artists of America, not swing open the door of your foreneads, I sentimental discourse about what we owe would find that you are walking picture to artists, but contracts that will give galleries. The great intelligence abroad them a livelihood; for I am in full symabout the Bible did not come from the pathy with the Christian farmer who general reading of the book, for the was very busy gathering his fall apples majority of the people read it but little, and some one asked him to pray for a if they read it at all. but all the sacred -poor family, the father of which had scenes have been put before the great broken his leg, and the busy farmer said: masses, and not printer's ink, but the "I cannot stop now to pray, but you can pictorial art, must have the credit of the go down into the cellar and get some achievement. First, painter's pencil for corned beef and butter and eggs and the favored few and then engraver's plate potatoes; that is all I can do now."

or woodcut for millions on millions! the Bible, what re enforcement for patri- who can give them work. You have heard archs, prophets, apostles and Christ, what scores of sermons for all other kinds of distributions of Scriptural knowledge of suffering men and women, but we need all nations in the paintings and engrav- sermons that make pleas for the suffering ings therefrom of Holman Hunt's men and women of American art. Their "Christ In the Temple," Paul Veronese's work is more true to nature and life "Magdalen Washing the Feet of Christ," than some of the masterpieces that have Raphael's "Michael the 'Archangel," become immortal on the other side of the Albert Durer's "Dragon of the Apoca- sea, but it is the fashion of Americans to lypse," Michael Angelo's "Plague of the mention foreign artists and to know Fiery Serpents," Tintoretto's "Flight little or nothing about our own Copley Into Egypt." Rubens' "Descent From and Allston and Inman and Greenough the Cross," Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last and Kensett. Let the affinent fling out of Supper," Claude's "Queen of sheba," their windows and into the back ward Bellini's "Madonna" at Milan, Orcagna's "Last Judgment" and hundreds of miles of pictures, if they were put in line, illustrating, displaying, dramatizing, irradiating Bible truths until the Scriptures are not to-day so much-on paper as the colors of the spectrum. In: 1833 forth great galleries of art, not only open anfrom Strasburg, Germany, there came a | nually for a few days on exhibition, but child that was to colipse in speed and which shall stand open all the year boldness anything and everything that round, and from early morning until 10 the world had ever seen since the first color appeared on the sky at the creation, Paul Gustave Dore. At 11 years of age ing it on the attention of the world, he that in which our population daily takes up the book of books, the monarch drudges. Or what a good thing the half

It is no more the word of God when put before us in printer's ink than by skillful laying on of colors or designs on can hang a canvas embarrassing to the engravings of the "Voyage of Human Life" and the "Course of Empire" and It is not in a spirit of prudery, but by Turner's "Slave Ship!" God in art!

> people to spend much of their time in knocking pictures to pieces. In the reign ed clear down out of the sublimity of their art and obliged to give accounts of

The oldest picture in England, a porflute holes, yet for thousands of years trait of Chaucer, though now of great has bad an exalted mission? Architec- value, was picked out of a lumber garret. ture, born in the heart of him who made | Great were the trials of Quentin Matsys, the worlds, under its arches and across | who toiled on from blacksmith's anvil its floors, what bacchanalian revelries | till, as a painter, he won wide recognihave been enacted! It is not against any | tion. The first missionaries to Mexico | of these arts that they have been so led made the fatal mistake of destroying pictures may speak to people of all pictures, for the loss of which art and What a poor world this would be if it Lord to be a painter, except in rare exwere not for what my text calls "pleas- ceptions, means poverty and neglect. poorly fed, poorly clad, poorly housed,

because poorly appreciated? When I hear a man is a painter. I have two feelings -one of admiration for the greatness of his soul, and the other of commiseration for the needs of his body. But so it has been in all departments of noble work. Some of the mightlest have teen hardly eternal destiny. Under the title of fine bestead. Oliver Goldsmith had such a big patch on the coat over his left breast that when he went anywhere he kept his hat the truth of it in my own case, the other in his hand closely pressed over the patch. The world-renowned Bishop Asbury had I inherited. Sure enough, what I have a salary of \$54 a year. Painters are not carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder | the only ones who have endured the lack was exactly the Bible engravings of of appreciation. Let men of wealth take under their patronage the suffering men carrying off the gates of Gaza, Elisha of art. They lift no complaint; they restoring the Shunammite's son; the make no strike for higher wages. But massacre of the innocents, Christ bless. with a keenness of nervous organization ing little children, the crucifixion and the Which almost always characterizes genius

Artists may wish for our prayers, but What overwhelming commentary on they also want practical help from men valueless daubs on canvas and call in these splendid but unrewarded men and tell them to adorn your walls not only with that which shall please the taste, but enlarge the minds and improve the morals and save the souls of those who gaze upon them. All American cities need

o'cleck at night, and free to all whe would come and go. What a preparation for the wear and he published marvelous lithographs of tear of the day a five minutes' look in his own. Saying nothing of what he did the morning at some picture that will for Milton's "Paradise Lost," entblazon- open a door into some larger realm than

hour of artistic opportunity on the way | before he took the first step, he never that demands recuperation for mind and make another picture, a bright picture, city where you live what W. W. Corcoran did for Washington and what others have done for Philadelphia and Boston | the words, "A nature changed by the a place during your litetime, why not go to your iron safe and take out your last third step, "A Christian home with a will and testament and make a codicil that shall build for the city of your residence a throne for American art? Take some of that money that would otherwise spoil your children and build an art gallery that shall associate your name forgreat masters who are trying to live, and will do that, and I will promise to meet "Oh, my love-my love!" she said, "I Washington, June 18.—Dr. Talmaga of literature, the Bible, and in his pic- also win the admiration and love of tens you on the sixth step, if the Lord will would have died for you, and you have shows in this discourse how art may be- tures, "The Creation of Light," "The of thousands of people, who, unable to through his pardoning grace, bring me forgotten me!" come one of the mightiest agencies for Trial of Abraham's Faith," "The Burial have fine pictures of their own, would be the elevation and salvation of the human of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by His Breth- advantaged. By your benefactions build race. The text is Isaiah ii, 12, 16, "The ren," "The Brazen Serpent," "Boaz and your own monuments and not leave it to day of the Lord of hosts shall be * * * Ruth," "David and Goliath." "The the whim of others. Some of the best Transfiguration." "The Marriage in people sleeping in Greenwood have no Pictures are by some relegated to the Cana," "Babylon Fallen" and 205 Scrip- monuments at all, or some crumbling realm of the trivial, accidental, senti- tural scenes in all, vith a boldness and a stones that in a few years will let the mental or worldly, but my text shows grasp and almost supernatural afflatus rain wash out name and epitaph, while that God scrutinizes pictures, and whether | that make the heart throb and the brain | some men, whose death was the abatethey are good or bad, whether used for reel and the tears start and the cheeks ment of a nuisance, have a pile of Aberright or wrong purpose, is a matter of blanch and the entire nature quake with deen granite high enough for a king and divine observation and arraignment. The lowed—"He was weary, waiting for the bigher prices all show loved—"He was weary, waiting for the bigher prices."

I be tremendous things of God and eternity eulogies enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity eulogies enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity eulogies enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity eulogies enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity eulogies enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity eulogies enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity eulogies enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity eulogies enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity eulogies enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity eulogies enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity eulogies enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity eulogies enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity enough to embarrass a seraph. In the tremendous things of God and eternity enough to embarr That the artist's pencil and the engraver's the steps of the London Art Gallery leaving to the whim of others your knife have sometimes been made subservi- under the power of Dora's "Christ Leav- monumental commemoration and epient to the kingdom of the bad is frankly ing the Praetorium." Profess you to be tanhology, to be looked at when people admitted. After the ashes and scoria were a Christian man or woman, and see no are going to and fro at the burial of removed from Hercalaneum and Pompeii, divine mission in art, and acknowledge others, build right down in the heart of

musical conservatory, or a free art gallery, the niches for sculpture and the walls abloom with the rise and fall of nations, and lessons of courage for the disheartened, and rest for the weary, and metal through incision or corrosion. life for the dead; and 150 years from now you will be wielding influences in this world for good. How much better than white marble, that chills you if you put your hand on it when you touch it in the cemetery, would be a monument in colors, in beaming eyes, in living possession, in splendors which under the chanlogue in hand on the January night sleeps is all snowed under!

Power of Pictures. was so long ago recognized in my text as pair, and ducks at 75c to 90c per pair. "pleasant pictures." Oh, the power of pictures! I cannot deride, as some have Wheat, white, bu \$0 76 to \$ 77 that he must die, took his last walk Wheat, Fife, spring. bu. through the art gallery of his palace say- Wheat, goose, bu ing: "Must I quit all this? Look at that Barley, bu 4234 Titian! Look at that Correggio! Look at Peas. bu that deluge of Caracci! Farewell, dear Oats, bu.....

ing to this text, will scrutinize the pictures, I implore all parents to see that in their households they have neither in book nor newspaper nor on canvas anything that will deprave. Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is not a respectable home in these cities that has not specimens of woodcut or steel engraving, if not of

painting, and your whole family will

feel the moral uplifting or depression.

Have nothing on your wall or in books that will familiarize the young with scenes of cruelty and wassail; have only those sketches made by artists in elevated moods and none of those scenes that seem the product of artistic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong but a universal language. The human race is divided into almost as many languages as there are nations, but the tongues. Volapuk many have hoped worldwide language; but the pictorial is always a worldwide language, and printers' types have no emphasis compared with it. We say that children are fond of pictures; but notice any man when he takes up a book, and you will see that the first thing that he looks at is the pictures. Have only those in your house that appeal to the better nature. One engraving has sometimes decided an arts there have come here from France a class of pictures which elaborate argument has tried to prove irreproachable. They would disgrace a barroom, and they need to be confiscated. Your children will carry the pictures of their father's house with them clear on to the grave, and, passing that marble pillar, will take Cattle good to choice. 4 00 them through eternity.

Furthermore, let all reformers and all Sabbath school teachers and all Christian | Sheep, good to choice ... 4 50 workers realize that, if they would be Lambs, choice to extra . 5 75 effective for good, they must make pic- Lambs, good to choice . 5 50 tures, if not by chalk on blackboards or Lambs, common to fair. 4 25 kindergarten designs or by pencil on Hogs, medium and heavy 3 95 canvas, then by words. Arguments are Hogs, Yorkers..... 4 00 soon forgotten, but pictures, whether in Pigs 3 95 language or in colors, are what produce stronger effects. Christ was always telling what a thing was like, and his sermon on the mount was a great picture lots: 1.733 boxes offered on Saturday gallery, beginning with a sketch of a 196 sold at 81/c; 81/c bid for balance, ending with a tempest beating against at 81/c. two houses, one on the rock and the other on the sand. The parable of the cheese board on Saturday 34 factories prodigal son, a picture; parable of the offered 1.823 boxes cheese; one creamery sower, who went forth to sow, a picture; parable of the unmerciful servant, a picture; parable of the ten virgins, a pic- sold, 1,760 boxes. ture; parable of the talents, a picture. The world wants pictures, and the appetite begins with the child, who consents to go early to bed if the mother | Montreal will sit beside him and rehearse a story,

which is only a picture. accomplished in secular directions by with the exception of 75 boxes, all sold pictures-Shakespeare's tragedies, a pic- at 8 7-16c. ture: Victor Hugo's writings, all pictures; John Ruskin's and Tennyson's factories boarded 1.860 white cheese and Longfellow's works, all pictures- 1,620 boxes sold at from 8%c to 8 9-16c. why not enlist, as far as possible, for our churches and schools and reformatory market here on Saturday 2,205 boxes, work and evangelistic endeavor the power first half June make, were boarded. coming career, of virtue if they prefer sold 8c to 81/c: 1.400 tubs butter 17%c. that, of vice if they prefer that? After making the picture, put it on the wall or paste it on the fly leaf of some favorite for murder, and the jailer found after- | 1/4d; No. 1 Northern, spring, 6s ing:" on the third, "Drunkenness and gambling;" on the fourth, "Murder," and on the fifth and top step, "A gallows." If that man had made that picture

home in the evening from exhaustion | would have taken any of them! Oh, man, soul as well as body! Who will do for the an evangelical picture, and I will help city where you live what W. W. Corcoran you make it! I suggest six steps for this flight of stairs. On the first step write are too modest to build and endow such | the Lamb;" on the second step, "Industry and good companionship;" on the family altar;" on the fourth step, "Ever widening usefulness;" on the fifth step, "A glorious departure from this world:" on the sixth step, "Heaven, heaven, heaven!" Write it three times, and let the was, she loved him better than anyletters of the one word be made up of thing or any one in the world. She banners, the second of coronets and the stretched out her hands with a bitter third of thrones! Promise me that you cry.

MARKET REPORTS.

Prices on This Side Higher, But Foreign Wheat Advices Do Not Show Much

Response-The Quotations. Chicago, June 19.—The wheat market he loved? Tears rained from her face He visited the house, he goes every- ed her most, and brought matters to a was firm on Saturday and quotations as she remembered the lines that he where with her; but there has been no crisis, was that she saw on the mantel

Leading Wheat Markets. Following were the closing prices at

important cei	ntres	Saturda	y:	
	Cash.	June.	July.	Sept.
Chicago	\$	\$		
New York			8334	
Milwaukee	79	T		
St. Louis	771/4		79%	81
Toledo	79		79%	
Detroit	7934		8034	
Duluth, No. 1		100		
Northern	7734		7734	77%
Minneapolis.	7436		7434	7434
Toronto, red.	71			
Toronto, No.				
1 hard (now)	er			

Toronto St. Lawrence Market. Toronto, June 19.—Receipts of farm

produce were large on Saturday-1,100 bushels of grain, 20 loads of hay and one of straw, with the usual deliveries of butter, eggs and poultry. Potatoes very when the necropolis where the body scarce, and prices firm at \$1 to \$1.10 per bag. Butter plentiful, selling at 13c to 15c per pound for the bulk, with a few The tower of David was hung with choice dairy lots at 16c to 17c, to special 1,000 dented shields of battle; but you, customers. Eggs were not nearly so oh man of wealth, may have a grander plentiful, selling at 14c to 16c per dozen, tower named after you, one that shall be with some few choice new-laid lots at hung not with the symbols of carnage, 17c. Poultry - Prices remained unbut with the victories of that art which changed. Chickens sold at 50c to 80c per

Duck wheat, Du 05	
HAY AND STRAW.	
Hay, timothy, per ton. \$10 00 to \$11 50	
Hay, clover, per ton 7 00 9 00	
Straw, sheaf, per ton 6 00 7 00	
Straw, loose, per ton. 4 00 5 00	
DAIRY PRODUCTS.	
Butter, 1b. rolls \$0 12 to \$0 15	
Butter, large rolls 12 13	
Eggs, new laid 14 16	
POULTRY.	
Chickens, per pair \$0 60 to \$0 80	
Turkeys, per 1b 10 12	
Spring ducks, per pair. 75 90	
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.	
Turnips, per bag \$0 35 to \$0 50	
Potatoes, per bag 1 00 1 10	
Toronto Live Stock.	
Export cattle, choice\$4 80 to \$5 (
Export cattle, light 4 60 6 7	0
Butchers' cattle, pkd lots 4 65 4 7	5
Export cattle, light 4 60 6 7 Butchers' cattle, pkd lots 4 65 4 7 Butchers', good 4 45 4 6 Butchers', medium 4 30 4 4	0
Butchers', medium 4 30 4 4	9
Butchers, common 3 85 4 1	U.
Butchers', inferior 3 50 8 7	
Milch cows, each 30 00 45 0	
Bulls, hvy expt, good qlty 3 87 34 4 2	5
Bulls, medium export. 3 40 3 6 Lds gd but. and ex mxd 4 65 4 8 Stockers and med. to gd 3 50 4 1 Feeders, heavy 4 40 4 6	9
Lds gd Dut. and ex., mxd 4 65 4 8	U
Stockers and med. to gd 3 50 4 1	0
Feeders, heavy 4 40 4 6	0
Feeders, heavy 4 40 4 6 Calves, each 2 00 10 0	U
Sheep, per cwt 3 50 3 8	0
Sheep, per cwt 3 50 3 8 Spring lambs, each 3 25 4 5 Hogs, 160 to 200 lbs 5 123/2	U
Hogs, 160 to 200 10s 5 121/2	
Hogs, light fats 4 62%	
Hogs, heavy fats 4 50	

East Buffalo Cattle Market.

Ogdensburg, N.Y., June 19.-Twenty

'city on a hill that cannot be hid." and but refused; afterwards, on street, all sold

Cowansville, Que., June 19 .- At the offered 125 boxes butter: 1716c bid or butter; no sales; 8c to 8%c offered; total

sold at 8c to 81/c, 83/c ruling; bulk for Cornwall, Ont., June 19.—There were 1,520 boxes Canadian white cheese offered When we see how much has been on the Cornwall Board here on Saturday

Watertown, N.Y., June 19.—Cheese

market on Saturday active; 6,300 boxes

Belleville, Ont., June 19 .- Twenty-one London, Ont., June 19 .- At the cheese of thought that can be put into word | Sales: 782 boxes, as follows: 377 at 81/4 c, pictures, if not pictures in color? Yea, 245 at 8 5-16c, 160 at 8%c; bidding brisk. why not all young men draw for them- | Canton, N.Y., June 19 .- Two thousand selves on paper, with pen or pencil, their two hundred cheese, large and small,

Liverpool Markets.

Liverpool, June 19 .- On Saturday book, that you may have it before you. prices closed as follows: Wheat, spot Clinton went away-went by himself, I read of a man who had been executed steady; Walla, 6s 1 1/2d; No. 2 R.W., 6s taking no servants with him. I had earth. She would have justice; then ward a picture made on the wall of the Futures steady; July 6s 11/d, September cell by the assassin's own hand, a picture 6s 8%d, December 6s 4%d. Maize, spot of a flight of stairs. On the lowest step firm, mixed American, 3s 51/d new, 3s he had written, "Disobedience to par 6%d old. Futures quiet; July 8s 5%d, ents;" on the second, "Sabbath break- September 3s 6%d. Flour, Minn., 18s 3d.

> Antwerp is the principal market of Belgium for paints and colors.

By BERTHA M. CLAY.

(Continued).

She knew it all now. The last faint gleam had died out of her heart-she knew it. The only thing that remained herself; unkind and neglectful as he

CHAPTER XLVII. "I WILL HAVE JUSTICE."

What was she to do? That was the question which puzzled her. How could she free him, so as to make him lady. He was wearied of waiting; and ever be a marriage now." it was through her that he had to wait at all. If she were not in the each other," said Daisy. way, he could marry Lady May. "He must hate me," she thought. the world cannot understand." "Why did he marry me? He must hate

me, and wish me dead." Dead! The work struck her. What | guess it." calm rest, what unbroken sleep comes to the dead!-no wear and tear of life, ness of death was in her heart. She much trouble to open my letters now. It no jealousy, no pain, no sorrow; nothing could understand it all now; it was might have been to tell him that baby but deep, calm, sweet, unbroken rest. plain as the pages of an open book. He was ill, to ask him to come-it might "Dead!" Why, death was the only had loved her, and they had quarreled; have been most important; no matter, way in which she could free herself the quarrel with her whom he loved he had no time to read it; he remembers and him. She knew there was such a so intensely, was the sorrow which had nothing but Lady May; there is no thing as divorce; but, then, it must fol- driven him mad; he had, no doubt, thought, no care, no consideration for for a mistaken marriage.

Daisy, "I would kill myself. If I could to her; she could imagine, too, how, confront him with her." go to Heaven, I would cheerfully give having returned to England and finding Adolphe was not in the house, but

own life, she should never see the face | What she could not imagine was why he was gone to Cliffe House; the pity of God. Then there was the little he had married her. That was the fatal was he could not live there. A bitter baby-the sweet, laughing, cooing baby mistake; but for that he would have smile curled her lips. -with tiny pink hands and dimpled been happy enough-he would have mar- "I need hardly have asked the quesfeet. She must not leave that. Baby ried Lady May. That was the grand tion," she thought; "where is it likely had but herself; his father cared little mistake, the great blunder; the one he should be? He has no time to read for it-all his heart was with Lady error which could never be remedied. my letter, he has to go to Cliffe House.

trying to think what she should do. had not been married very long when to remember that my life was less than Should she go to him and upbraid him- she had wondered so at his emotion nothing to him, that he has spoiled it tell him she knew all-she had found over the lines "Waiting for the May." for a whim, that he married me as an out his love for Lady May? Should she It was his beautiful love of whom he act of vengeance, and then had not the insist upon his making their mariage was thinking then, she knew; he had courage to carry out his revenge. I have public at once, and introducing her to never ceased to love her; then why had but to think of my own broken heart the world as his wife? Ah, no; for if he married any one else? That was and my little child's face. I shall have she did any of these things, he would the only mystery left now in the courage for anything then. Good-by to

Daisy. "He does not love me, but I sible; he had asked her to be his wife, one must know that I have been here. could not bear that he should hate to marry him; but he had never said I will go, and leave no traces .: they may

after all, it was principally her own might not love them, but he should not look at this fair woman with his heart in his eyes.

she remained in her own room; she could not have borne the sound of was broken with the tragedy of her of that." own life. Sometimes she thought she would creep home to the baby, and die without one word of what she had discovered. She was almost tired of the useless, weary struggle.

not even in the long years to come: her 4 00 | child's pretty prattle and pretty ways 4 05 | would not purchase it for her. 4 00 "And I cannot wonder at it," she thought, with her rare sweetness of humility. "I am not to be compared my child."

to her; she is beautiful beyond most women. She is a lady, high-born, highbred; I am only a country girl. No wonder that he loves her best. Why then, when the deed was done, he had did he marry me!" Once she thought it was just possible all this might be a mistake. Perhaps

Lady May was related to him; they might be cousins; she could not tell; she would ask. If they were related, ever so distantly, that would account for the friendship between them. She might have known how passionately she loved her husband from the

relief that even that faint suspicion gave her. It gave her strength to leave the room, to go down stairs and talk to Adolphe again. All in the most casual way, she asked him if Sir Clinton had any relatives, in London; and the answer was "No." Then she said: "Is not Lady May Trevlyn a distant

"No." said Adolphe. "You seem curi-

relative of his?"

ous over Lady Trevlyn, Mrs. Jordan. he said. "I will tell you all I know about it, and this was told me by one of her household. Some years ago, when she was a young girl, they were engaged to be married-they were lovers: then they quarreled-I have never heard how or why-they quarreled and parted. Sir been living with him three years then and I knew no more than the others did about him. We all received a message through his solicitors that we were to remain on board wages. I have not myself the faintest idea where he went. It was nearly three years before he returned to England; then he was so

terribly changed-his face had grown

older, and his eyes had a dim, dazed look, such as you see sometimes in the

"What is it?" asked Adolphe. "Nothing," she replied, faintly; "a

juite gone. Go on, Adolphe; you talk a story-book."

"I am pleased to interest you. Mrs. ed to see him, and welcomed him warmany one knows the reason why. I do not, and I am Sir Clinton's trusted ser-

"How strange!" murmured Daisy. "Yes, it is strange; for it is well had been neglected, during her absence. known that Lady May refused some ex- It did not look as though he had been cellent offers. We quite expected every much in it. There were some letters happy with this beautiful woman whom day to hear the marriage announced. scattered about, but that which anger-May;" but the May he longed for was think, never will. If they meant to self, that had been, by the post-mark not the sweet month of leaves and blos- marry, they would have done so long upon it, lying there for four days, and soms; it was a lovely, golden-haired before this. I do not think there will was still unopened. It was dusty and

"That is the mystery; that is what her hands all gentler feelings seemed to

"It is like a riddle," said Daisy, light- ed with anger, her heart beat fast, her ly, as she turned away; "no one can hands trembled, her sweet face was not She spoke lightly, but the very bitter

low wrong-doing; they would not give it fallen in the woods where she found me. Now I will have justice; there has him, half dead with fatigue and misery. been no mercy shown to me, I will show "If it were not wrong," thought That part of the story was plain enough none. I will find out where she is, and his beautiful love true and faithful to one of the footmen gave her all the in-But that could not be; if she took her him, the old charm had been redoubled. formation that she required. Of course

"Why did he marry me?" cried the I am Lady Adair!" surmise. She was confident of it after unhappy girl, wringing her hands. seeing them together. Should she write Better a thousand times to be sleeping room, impatiently enough; she pulled off

ed. The best, the wisest plan would be he had taken no steps to introduce her grace and elegance of her beautiful to see them both together. When? was to any one-indeed, no one here in Eng- figure, and array herself once more in a the next question. That she could de- land knew anything about her. A sud- dress that suited her youthful beauty. cide later on; she would not hurry her den flush of anger burned her face; her Even in the midst of her sadness and fate by any precipitation. She would passionate, despairing love gave place despair Daisy did not forget that; she have no scene by which the world could to angry pride. She felt that, let him koked fair enough for any man's love: be enlightened, but she would have just have what excuse he might, he had with that flush on her flower-like face. tice for herself and her child. He spoiled her life without having any that light of resolution in her eyes, fair motive for it.

her thoughts and go down stairs, where | flection of herself; what did it matter How that day passed Daisy never a variety of duties no one else could how fair she was? he would never knew. Under pretext of indisposition, perform were waiting for her-duties love her, never care for her; the wothat she began to loathe.

"It will not be for much longer," she more beautiful than she. voices or the sight of faces-her heart said to herself; "I will take good care

She loathed this great, splendid house, did not notice the admiring glances bent with its profusion and luxury; it seemed to her to embody one of the reasons why he had not proclaimed his mar- husband at Cliffe House. Many a riage with her. She fancied he was She could not hope now for his love ashamed to introduce her, ashamed to tiful fair-haired woman in the black

> with a curling lip: "I do not want it. but I will have justice for myself and

A most unfortunate idea came to her then; it was that he had married her to avenge himself on Lady May, and not the courage to avow it. Daisy felt that she had solved the problem at last demned criminal walks from his cell to -she had never been loved, never been cared for. She was but a means of revenge; her heart, her life, her love and been as nothing. He had married her to avenge himself on his beautiful ladylove; then, when his courage failed him, he had carefully kept her out of sight. "And my life," said the girl, "has gone for nothing-gone for the whim of me, and so little to any one else."

She felt quite sure that she understood it all now; that the whole story deny all knowledge of her; and, if he lay open before her; and vehement desire for justice took possession of her. There could never be death for her "I will make him own me as his wife before her," she said. "I will make him tell me in her presence why he married me. I will have justice as I

have never had love." It was late before Sir Clinton returned; she, sitting watching the hours with jealous eyes, knew how late. Ah, well, her. On, with a courage that grew thought Heaven was very merciful there was plenty of room for her in heaven, although no one wanted her on "I will pray so earnestily for death." she said to herself, "that Heaven will never refuse to hear me."

CHAPTER XLVIII. A SURPRISE IMMINENT.

The housekeeper did not go the next

sent Margerie in her place, who, in answer to Sir Clinton's polite inquiries, replied that Mrs. Jordan was not well. She rose from her seat with a little He was sorry, but he was going out again, so that he begged she would not give herself any trouble that day on

Daisy was really ill-not in any

danger, but wearied out with emotion and suspense. Her head ached so pain-Jordan," said the polite valet; "but I fully that she could not endure the have little more to tell. Sir Clinton light; when she tried to rise it was as came back, looking years older, haggard | though her strength failed her, and she and care-worn. Every one was delight | had the good sense to perceive that unless she rested in time she might posly. He met Lady May again, and they sibly have a severe illness-such rest as became friends. Every one expected it was, when every thought was pain, that they would marry; but they have and the strongest feeling she was capnot done so, and I do not think that able of was an intense longing to die. It was four days before she rose again; then she felt strangely weak and ill. One of the first things she did was to go to Sir Clinton's study, which dirty; it had evidently lain there un-"Yet they are suppose to care for opened ever since it came. That was the climax. As she held that letter in die out of Daisy's heart; her face burn-

> at that moment pleasant to see. "So," she said, slowly, "it is even too

Why had he done it? He had evident- If I wanted anything to nerve me, this All that day Daisy sat in her room ly never ceased to love Lady May. They will; if my courage fails me, I have but whole story. It could not have been Mrs. Jordan! Good-by to Lifdale cannot endure that," thought that he loved her-that was not pos- House! Stay-for my child's sake no much about love; besides which, any say the housekeeper left suddenly and Besides which, she had no proper faint, feeble affection that he had for without cause, but they will never congrounds for accusation. No one had her, was nothing compared to the in- nect the housekeeper with Lady Adair. told her that he loved the Lady May; tensity of his love for Lady May. What a mockery it seems to think that

a letter to Lady May, telling her that under the daisies than to be here-bet- the false gray hair; she had all her Sir Clinton Adair was married- that ter to be dead, than living to shut out senses about her; she burned the gray he had a wife and child in France? all hope of happiness for herself. No front lest it should be found; the white She looked a proud and lofty lady, one idea of the truth occurred to her; no cap she left in the bureau drawer. In who would scorn even to look at an suspicion that he had married her from her box she had one dress that she had anonymous letter. Should she write to an impulse of manly kindness and gen- purchased in case of any such continhim? She was puzzled what to do. Of erosity. She bewildered herself in try- gency as this, a dress of black velvet: one thing she was quite resolved-this ing to discover how it was. it was some relief to throw off the should not go on; she must have it end- He had evidently repented of it, for qutint costume that had disguised the and graveful as women need be. Yet Then Daisy was compelled to leave she laughed as she looked at that reman he loved was a thousand times

She went for the last time to her

It seemed so strange going through the streets in her own character. She her. She thought only of finding her passer-by stopped to look at this beauvelvet dress, whose face was so unconscious and whose eyes seemed to look "I can do without it," said Daisy, so far away. Daisy passed on, the sun was shining brightly, the sky was blue, the western wind sweet and calm: the people looked happy and prosperous. the little children were all at play.

She never saw the sunlit streets, or heard the sound of the children at play: a strange idea had taken possession of her. She was wondering how a conthe scaffold: how short the way must seem to him, with death at the end: how his eyes must linger on the darkened walls, on the living faces near him. so soon-oh. Heaven, so soon-to pass before him forever. She felt like that new; she was walking to her doom. What matter the sunshine and the cheerful sounds? there was death at an hour-my life, that is so much to the end; for it would be death to stand before him and accuse him-to hear him, perhaps, repudiate her-perhaps did not do that, to curse her for coming. worse than this, the slaving of her love. On, with quick steps that never falter-

ed. There in the distance she saw the iron railings against which she leaned that day in her agony when she first saw Lady May: the day and hour on greater with every step. She was going to seek for justice, not only for herself, but for her little child in far-off France; the child who had never known a father's love or a father's care. And there were tears in her eyes, tears raining down her face, tears burning her where they fell. Tears! She raised her head proudly. She had not known that she was weeping; it must have been with thinking of her little one, who had Do one to love him but his mother.

"I will not face my enemies with tears on my face," said Daisy.