For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XLEL -(CONTINUED,)

The days and weeks passed brightly pleasantly, and oh, how happily, to Louie she had plenty to keep her busy too, calls to love him-nor any man-but me." make, weddings and receptions and balls to attend, for Mrs. Glenmore was as much a favorite in society as Miss Anthon had been, and Muriel had no intention of allowing her beautiful daughter to settle down into a quiet married life. Muriel missed Louie exceedingly; the house seemed very quiet and lonely without the lovely girl-tace, the light step, the low, soft laugh.

"Oh, Louie, I wish you and Roy would come home, and remain until you go to housekeeping," she said, pleadingly. "You have no idea how much I miss you, the house seems so lonely."

But Louie shook her head. She felt that for many reasons it was best that she and Roy did not live with her father and mother. She had seen Percy Evringham several times since her marriage, and that young gentleman had so far recovered from his disappointment that he was able to go and spend many pleasant evenings with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Glenmore, considered Roy very agreeable fellow, and could hear Louie call her husband "dear," quite un-

moved. Nothing so quickly cures a man of his love for a woman as to see that woman the wife of another man; this cure had worked wonders in Percy Evringham's case. He had loved Louie Anthon-he admired Mrs. Roy Glenmore; Louie Anthon had been the loveliest woman in all the world, Mrs. Roy Glenmore was one of the loveliest. If Louie had died he would have probably been faithful to her memory as long as he lived; possibly he might never have thought of loving another woman, but instead of dying she had married, and that made all the difference in the world.

He made a flying trip to New York every little while, and it generally happened that he spent most of his time while in the city with Miss Brentwood. But surely there was nothing particularly strange or unnatural in that, for was not Aline his truest friend? had she not sympathized with and comfort-

ed him in his sorrow? Percy did not stop to think why it was that as soon as he had arrived in New York he was restless and uneasy until he saw Aline; he did not ask himself why the evenings he passed in her society seemed so very pleasant and so marvellously short.

He was taking dinner with Roy and Louie at the Brunswick one evening, and in the course of conversation, Louie, speaking about Aline, said demurely, but with a gleam of mischief in her eyes:

"I suppose, Percy, you have met Raleigh Thornton at the Brentwoods?"

Percy shook his handsome head in the negative.

"No?" murmured Louie, looking meditatively at the tiny bubbles that were rising from the bottom of her glass of champagne. "Why that is strange; I thought of course you had met him, and I was going to ask you how you liked him." Percy looked interested, but not particu-

larly pleasantly interested. "Who is he, anyway?" he asked.

"Oh, he is a great friend of Aline's," answered Louie, innocently; "he has been very attentive to her all winter. I do wish you could see him, Percy; he is magnificent looking, is considered one of the handsomest

men in society, and his manners are simply charming.' "So?" said Percy, with a nonchalar 'e hat was a pertect bit of acting considering his feelings just at that moment.

Percy did not enjoy the remainder of that dinner, and it was a shame, too, for it was as perfect in its way as it is possible for a dinner to be. He declined Mr. and Mrs. Glenmore's warm invitation to accompany them to the theatre, pleading a previous engagement; and though he did not say it was with Aline, Roy and Louie knew perfectly well that it was.

"My darling Louie," said Roy, after they had parted with Percy, "do you think

"I don't think anything," said Louie, laughing merrily as she interrupted him, "only-wait and see."

And Percy, wending his way up Fifth Avenue, was in not a particularly amiable frame of mind.

" Really, I shouldn't think Aline would encourage a fellow like that," he muttered.

"What does she want this Raleigh Thornton, or whatever his name is, hanging around her for if she don't love him?" "But perhaps she does," whispered a lit-

tle small voice, and Percy started suddenly as though he had received a pailful of icewater full in the face, drew a long breath, and walked along very quickly. He found Aline looking very beautiful in her eveningdress of wine color and peach-pink, a rose dusky eyes that had come into them-well, since Percy had taken to visiting New York gracefully on one of the embroidered satin couches, was a remarkably handsome young gentleman whom Aline introduced as Mr. Thornton.

Really Percy was very disagreeable that evening, more disagreeable than you would ever imagine handsome Percy could possibly be; and Raleigh Thornton was certainly not to blame for thinking Mr. Evringham about as thoroughly disagreeable a young fellow as he had ever met in all his life. He would not take any part in the conversation; when he spoke, he addressed his remarks to Aline exclusively, he completely ignored Mr. Thornton, yet though he scarcely looked at him he was obliged to acknowledge to himself that the young New Yorker was handsome, was witty and enter-

taining. At last Raleigh Thornton took his departure, and having reminded Aline that she had promised to go with him to a German the following evening. After he had gone, and the heavy street door had closed with a clang after him, Percy suddenly rose from the chair and seated himself by Aline's side on one of the little couches.

viciously at his silky mustache "do you

"Do I care for him, Percy? I like him very much, if that is what you mean."

Half indignantly she looked up at him Because, Aline"-just a quiver of earn-

estness in his void I don't want you to "And you are not surprised?" murmured

Aline, the next day when she had told Louie the news. "Not a particle, dear—and oh, Aline, I am

so glad he loves you

"So am I," said Aline, softly. About the first of February Richard Brandon came home, and it was indeed a warm, loving welcome he received from Roy and Louie. Hedined with them the day he arrived, and after dinner when they were alone together—just those three—iu Louie's pretty private parlor be said-with that rarely tender smile of his lighting up his boy."

I brought you something, Louie, but I am going to give Roy what I brought him, He took from his pocket a sealed letter,

which he laid in Roy's hand. Wonderingly the young man broke open the envelope; drawing out the sheet of paper it inclosed, he unfolded it, and read what was written upon it, and as he read his face grew white as death, his breath came quick and fast, and when he had finished, he carried one hand to his head as though he was dazed.

"Uncle Richard-it cannot be true-it cannot be that I am--'

"Lord Fairleigh? Yes," said Richard Brandon, and in his eyes glad tears were standing. "It is true, my boy, you are Lord Fairleigh of Fairleigh Towers, Derbyshire, England. Louie, my darling, you must be the first one to congratulate

She looked from one to the other of them helplessly.

And taking her little trembling hands in his own strong ones, while Roy held the letter from the London lawyers-Messrs. Gresham & Barham — Richard Brandon told them the whole story, and when he | not been feeling well for three or four days; | played upou Muriel's lips. had finished, it was plain and clear to them

Roy's father, Cyril Fairleigh, was the third son of Lord Reginald Fairleigh, and, notwithstanding the fact that he was the youngest, was his father's favorite son, being very much like, in face and disposition, his mother, a lovely woman, whom Lord Fairleigh passionately loved.

Just after he came of age, Cyril very unusual for her. fell violently in love with a young girl who was employed by one of his mother's lady friends as governess to her young child-

lovely, gentle girl, the only child of a North of England curate, who, dying almost pennilions. "I must have caught more cold," she less, left his motherless child to struggle on | continued. "I am sorry, too, for it does as best she could. Life was not very bright | worry Russel so, even when I am the least to her-poor child. Her lovely face, with | bit sick; I shall not tell him I do not feel its soft sad eyes and sorrowful mouth, first attracted Cyril Fairleigh's attention, and in | can any one feel well such wretched weather in all the world to him.

When Lord Fairleigh heard that his favorite son was paying very marked attention to Lady Harcourt's governess, he was greatly disturbed, and sending for Cyril, told him what he had heard, and suggested that he should leave England for a time, travel on the Continent until he had recovered from his boyish infatuation-for that | home. was what Lord Fairleigh considered it. What was his horror and surprise when Cyril answered, quietly but very firmly, that he loved Miss Forsyth, had already asked her to be his wife, and, what is more, had every intention of marrying her. In vain Lord Fairleigh argued and pleaded, neither his arguments nor his prayers could change Cyril's resolution. At last he lost her. his temper, and, in a towering passion of rage, told him that the day he married that low, designing creature, as he designated poor Lilian—he ceased to be a son

"Yon can choose between us-your father and that low-born girl," he said, "but I by your choice; if you marry her I never want to look upon your face again, to hear your name spoken; you will no longer be a son of mine.

It is quite needless to say he did marry her-for love of her he was willing to give up home, friends, everything, even name; for the day after their marriage he sailed for America under the name of Glen-

In the course of time, Reginald, Lord Fairleigh, died, his oldest son succeeded him, and for ten years had lived in the enjoyment of the immense Fairleigh estate: then he was taken down with some organic disease -the same which had killed Roy's father, and which had been tatal to many of the flush upon her cheeks, the light in her great | Fairleighs-and dying childless, the title and earldom had fallen in direct succession to Arthur, the second son. Lord Arthur's two. Don't look so worried, Russel." so often. But she was not alone. Lounging two sons died in infancy, and he himself had died a sudden violent death; he was run away with by a span of high-spirited horses,

Then it was that Cyril, the youngest son, was remembered—he had not been entirely forgotten, there were many that recollected Lord Reginald's favorite boy. A search was commenced for him, advertisemente inserted in the newspapers of every country-it was one of those advertisements that Richard Brandon saw. Cyril Fairleigh was dead, gone like the rest, but his son-Lilian Forsyth's child and his—was alive; so it was that Roy came into his inheritance.

Richard Brandon had no trouble in proving that Roy was Cyril Fairleigh's child. Perhaps poor Cyril had thought such a thing might come to pass, for in that box Richard Brandon had treasured so carefully were so many things that went to show Henry Glenmore and Cyril Fairleigh were one and the same. A watch inscribed, "To my dearboy, from his affectionate father, Reginald Fair- pale. leigh," a ring that had belonged to his mother before her marriage, with her maiden the doctor answered quickly. "It is

To say that everybody was surprised when the wondered more came out, it a very fieble way of expressing it. To think that Roy Glenmore was a full-fledged English lord at I don't mean that at all, Aline, do the one of the oldest titles, and one of the largest estates in England !

People felt as though they had been enterthen her eyes droomed quickly, a brightflush taining an angel unawares, and it was quite revellous how many remembered that they had always liked him so much, had always thought there was something so distingue about him.

And Mrs. Van Alstyne was in a seventh heaven of delight.

"I know I could not have felt so perfectly delighted if I had discovered I was a lord myself," she said, enthusiastically, and when the saw Muriel she almost choked herself laughing.

"Muriel Anthon, do you remember the day we were talking about him, and I said for anything I knew to the contrary he might have Norman bloo I in his veins?" she said hysterically. " And just think he has got Norman blood in his veins-the dear, dear

Muriel was calmly happy, conscious that her daughter had acquitted herself admirably, had made an everlasting name for herself in society, and there was just a little pardonable pride in her voice and manner when she spoke of "my daughter, Lady Fair-

The third week in February Roy and Louie sailed for England, as it was all important that Lord Fairleigh should take care of the fortune which had so suddenly and unexpectedly come into his hands.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The March of that year was an unusually stormy and severe one. For days at a time it rained unceasingly, and the gales were terrible—there were miny shipwrecks on the coast. March is always a trying month, this March was particularly trying; if it had started out with the resolution to outdo its predecessors in point of disagreeability, it had certainly succeeded, for everybody said it was, without exception, the coldest, "I cannot understand, Uncle Richard-I | windiest, stormiest and most thoroughtly do not see how my Roy can be-Lord Fair- unpleasant March they had ever experienced, and this is saying a great deal.

One dreary, rainy afternoon, Muriel Anpretty boudoir, embroidering in a slow, early in the month she had caught a heavy and weight rather than pain; her head ached, and from time to time she coughed a dry, hacking cough, and that was something

"I hope I am not going to be sick," she said to herself, as a creeping chill passed over her, and shivering in the warm, flowerscented room, she drew her chair nearer to This young girl, Lilian Forsyth, was a the fire, dropping her embroidery, and laying her head wearily against the satin cushwell. It is only the weather, I guess; how a very short time it had become the one face as we have been having right straight along since the first of the month? I shall be so glad when May comes; I always detested March and April."

And then she fell to thinking dreamily of the summer which was to come, and for which she had made all her plans. She was to spend it in England, and how anxious she was to see Louie in her own beautif u

When an hour or so later Arundel came in, he found her still sitting in the low chair before the fire, whose rosy gleams alone lighted up the room which had slowly filled with the dusky twilight shadows.

"And why is my darling sitting alone in the dark ?" he asked tenderly, kneeling down beside her and winding his arms about

" It grew dark so suddenly I did not notice," she answered, dreamily. "I guess you may light the gas, Russel dear."

But when the room was bright with the gas light, which gained a soft pink tinge in passing through the rose-colored globes of the chandelier, Arundel saw that the beauswear if you choose her you must abide | tiful face which was his sunshine, his life, was deeply flushed, the velvety eyes dull and heavy, and his lips were white as he said, oh, so anxiously.

"Muriel, my darling, you are not feeling well--you are ill !"

She smiled a little tender, but languid

a headache, that is all, and to-morrow it will

But on the morrow Muriel's headache was not gone—it was still there—a dull headache, and there was the same feeling of weight and heat upon her chest. And yet she thought nothing of it, laughed when Arundel anxiously proposed sending for the family phy-

sician, saying: "It is nothing, dear, nothing but a little | that grew over her grave. cold; and I shall be all over it in a day or

But the next day Arundel knew that she was worse; her breath came quick, the little dry cough was more frequent, her small thrown from the carriage and was picked up | hands burning hot, and terribly alarmeda terrible fear upon him-hs sent for the

Dr. Marston had been the family physician for years, and when he came and looked down at Muriel as she lay upon a small velvet couch in her room, he shook his head gravely, saying to Arundel, who sat beside

"Why didn't you send for me before?" Ah, why had he not! All Arundel's heart was filled with passionate regret that he had not done so, and that terrible fear grew upon him, a fear of something, what—he dared noa ask himself.

He followed the dector out of the room, and in the hall laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Doctor, what is it?" he asked, in a strained, unnatural voice, and the face he lifted to Dr. Marston's was drawn and ashy

name engraved inside of it, besides the pneumonia. I wish I had been called in be-"Aline," he said, rather fiercely, tugging letters and the wedding certificate. Yes, fore; but still I have every hope that I shall

hould die - Great God !" He leaned against the wall, shaking in as she had. every limb; great drops standing thick upon his forehead, a violet shade gathering about his mouth, and Dr. Marston more moved than he cared to show by the sight of the mute agony, said briskly:

"Oh, you mustn't take on like this, you know; it will never, never do. I shall have you on my hands as well as your

With a mighty effort Arundel recovered his self-control.

"Doctor, you will not let her die? You do not know what she is to me-she is my Dr. Marston turned his head suddenly

was more than he could bear. "Of course I will not let her die," he said.

cheerily. But as he drove away from the house, the kind-hearted physician murmured to

away; the wistful agony in those dark eyes

"I believe it would well-nigh kill him if moved slowly toward the house. she should not recover. I wish I had been she should not recover. I wish I have eyes fixed upon the western sky still blaze of rose color and gold

Surely Dr. Marston worked faithfully over Muriel; everything that he could do | is so tired." he did, but what does human skill avail against the inevitable? When the fiat has he lifted her in his arms—little Muriel gone forth from the great throne what can leigh—his grand child, the child he we do! Nothing, nothing! and oh, the so dearly and whose eyes and hair were agony of such helplessness! Does earth hold anything more bitter than to see the life ot our best beloved ebbing, ebbing, and to

know that we are powerless? Day after day she grew worse—every day

God knows Arundel Anthon had sinned. and God knows, and He alone, how he suffered, as day after day, night after night, he watched beside her—the woman in whom his life began and would end. The knowledge came upon them at last—those who loved her so—that she was going from them; and over the sea a message went to Louiea message telling her that in this world never again would she see her beautiful mother,

One morning Muriel had asked to have the curtains drawn aside that the sunlight might come into the room. It was a beautithon was sitting in her favorite chair in her | ful April morning, and as the warm spring sunshine crept through the windows and fell | peace ! languid way, quite unusual to her. She had in bars of gold upon the carpet, a smile

"How bright and warm the sunshine is!" cold, and it did not seem to have entire- she whispered faintly to Arundel; "the ly left her; she felt really miserable this winter has gone, summer is coming, dear, afternoon, more miserable than she would and we are going to England, you and I, acknowledge to herself. There was a tight to see Louie-my dear little Louie. Oh, feeling about her chest-a feeling of heat Russel, I wish the warm, beautiful, sunshiny summer would make haste and come."

With Arundel's arms around her, her head upon his breast, Muriel fell asleep, and from that sleep she awake not in this

It was late in the afternoon of the day after she died that Arundel went into the quiet, darkened room where she was laying It was utterly beyond human power to compute what his agony had been since he had laid her down out of his arms-dead; it is impossible to measure such agony, nor are there any words in which it could be de-

During the last two hours he had been alone in his library writing; he had written two letters, one to Louie, the other to Richard Brandon-and now the end was at

Standing beside the quiet form, he looked down at the beautiful white face with the wonderful mystery of death upon it.

They were alone—he and she, just as they had been so many times before; but this time she did not answer, though he called her by all the dear names she had so loved to hear, and the pale lips did not move, though he kissed them so many, many times. At last he took from his vest pocket a small vial, and there was a strange look upon his face-a look almost exulting, as he raised it to his lips and drank of its con-

Then a strange scene followed. Lifting the quiet figure in his arms, he carried it to a broad couch that stood in a far corner of the room, and laid it down-30 tenderlyupon the velvet cushions; then lying down beside it, he drew the lovely head to its old resting place upon his breast, and folded his arms about her-his beautiful dead

"I knew you would be lonely without me, darling," he murmured, pressing his lips to the marble cold forehead, "and now we will sleep together.

So they found him, when hours later, alarmed by the profound silence in the chamber of death !- they forced the lock and en-"No, Russel, I guess not very ill. I have tered. Just previous to going into that room he had given orders that no one should disturb him, saying that he wished to be alone with dead. But they did not disturb him when they went in-Arundel Anthon was beyond the reach of earthly disturbance.

The summer for which Muriel had longed, came—the bright, warm sunshiny summer; but it only bestarred with flowers the grass

It was nearing the close of a lovely June day, and the many windows of Fairleigh Towers were gleaming like burnished brass in the red rays of the setting sun. On the velvety green lawn a pleasant party was assembled. There was Roy and Louie, Percy and Aline-who, with their little four-yearold boy, Percy Evringham, junior, were on a visit to England-and Richard Brandon; while the children-five-year-old Russel, three-year-old Muriel, and little Percywere playing together, running here and there, their sweet childish voices ringing clearly on the soft air.

Very beautiful was Louie, her eyes soft and bright with happinesa; though in repose there came an expression upon her face which told she knew what sorrow was—and she did know.

In the letter which he had written to her just previous to his death, Arundel-moved, who can say by what impulse—had told her of the false part he had played so successfully, told her the whole story, that he was not her father, and who her father was. Of course the knowledge had been a terrible shock, and in connection with her grief at her mother's death, had for a time almost prostrated her; then came her grandmother's death, and within a year after, her the spot.

Roy was Lord Fairleigh—that was plainly be able to bring your wife out of it all grandfather's, and she had lord the right."

Proved.

You must doctor, you must; if she row was, but still she could not be up or unhappy with such a break field." or anhappy with such a busband and

Percy and Aline were perfectly they adored each other; and Pare could have been so happy with Louis married her as he was with Aline; by was especially adapted to him, there her nature that which supplied all that

And Richard Brandon-for the world knew him by that name, and by it work ways know him. Four years before he yielded to Roy's and Louie's earnest res that he should retire from business, co England, and make their home his so he he should live. Everybody loved honored him, and the poor for miles in spoke reverently and tenderly of him: body but the angels really knew how in good he done in the world.

The sun went down, over the dismountain purple shadows were falling "Come," said Louie, "we must go in and so talking and laughing still then

All but Richard Brandon; he lingered blaze of rose color and gold. "Uncle Richard, take Muriel up-

The childish voice roused him; stood like those of the woman for whom she

been na med. "Why you cry?" asked the little girl ously, for looking up at him she had the tears in his eyes.

But he only kissed her; he did not tall he had been thinking of a grave far over sea, wondering whether the flowers he planted "pon it were growing. "Don't cry," said the child with

both her arms arounds his neck. "W loves you, Uncle Richard, loves your much." He kissed the sweet child-mouth, mur

ing as he brushed his tears away: "Dear little Muriel!" Then with the small golden head rille

upon his breast he walked slowly m winding path to the house. Oh, noble, patient, faithful heart, and somewhere - somewhere, thou shall the

(THE END.)

Success and Mediocrity.

All men, we may be sure, prein prizes of life to the blanks; but we we to assume therefore that all men will the prizes at the price at which they be had. Whatever the special prize me which commends itself to a man's h whether it be wealth, or fame, or pour a recognized position in the eyes of world, he soon finds out that it is not gained by wishing for it. It must be if at all, by hard work; by a prote struggle, which will be doubtful for i time, and which may be very possibly cessful in the end. There are victor vanquished to be found among the petitors, in life's race. To some man confident in their own resources, and and ed with an energy and determinational which can carry them over all differ there is a positive charm in the choice road not distinctly marked out in alm and in which dangers and adventure present themselves at any moment are resolved to succeed, and they pri do succeed. Possunt quia posse til They may be beaten back a thousand but they push through and come mig the goal. Others there are more prior more timid or less well furnished with fensive and defensive arms. Great the they feel, are not for them, greatly # may wish for them, and gladly at would receive them on the toleraby terms on which they are not to be be they make up their minds to do them and to put up with the best alents that come in their way. If w discontented, it is in an etiose, unprote sort of fashion which comes to nothing gives no promise of any fruit. They always aware of what they are doing the appointed end which is only to waiting for them. Gradually the dawns upon them. They have chose nobodies, and the choice once made easily to be reversed. They have presently died at ease to exertion, the certainly of things to the chance of great ones. little late for them to exclaim and was condemn bargain when it has been struck and out, or to complain that they are not seman, M. Demoury. T they might have been if their past je been at once more laboriously and led with spectators. A venturesomely spent. There are plant standing immediately 1

nor downright idleness is to their le himself into that po They like something between thing notice. Scarcely had make-believe sort of work, a decent, pronounced when Plane grward explained by an and at no mental exertion whatever. men are, so to say, the normal profits passed the side of hi the race—sound, steady, commonphis neck in imitation of sons, no geniuses and no fools, girling sound. Roussot

They Settled. Two men were wrangling in front

City Hall the other day, wnen one called out: "I tell you I don't owe you no \$5. "I say you do !"

ly, and not to be put to the troubled

compelled to think or work over

"Then I'll sue you!" At this point a pedestrian halted quired of the one: "Do you honestly owe him?"

"And I won't pay it!"

"Not a penny, sir! "And will you sue him for \$5 !" of the other.

"I will!" "Give him seven dollars," con pedestrian to the debtor—"give hand be glad to. If he sues he's verdict, and your expenses will least ten dollars. Give him thankful that you are beating two jussice and a constable, six jury two witnesses out of their fees." A satisfactory settlement was

La Land Distr h has been sai eswatia district t mal necessity for argus eyes the pu mines, claims Lake Winnig mies have from t

d the developeme the capital of the p no person to invest e richness of the or ad fully justified was done at a large oters have not b d their mines in a I pro quo for investo nenced to place th ets, and met with I business way of pr of course sold for ng that the Keewat first-class one

ing to invest in the tell and negotiations with one pany, and the la MANITOBA MINI has yet taken place evestment being one is favorite stock, wh brokerage business, evestment. In the Winnipeg has now and very firm at mining in a commerce esense. Can the s ther mines? From ress the following is leaire to effect the caution investors to ng their money in investment is sure eorge Heenan mine been busy all week and offices, which, v emost extensive, sul ped on the lake. ring no expenses in d st economy 18 being

diture. A heavy

ardware passed thro

and another follows

will be laid in for

the manager's intenti he water line within The working sha feet, and is being su the same source, we d timber is being take lining company's buil of which are as foll 18; boarding house, 24; shaft house, 16 s know that building nost insignificant aff in any mining district ze of the shaft, 29 x 7 this is not the objecti s (offices which are m f store house and boar), as well as boarding But have the any any right to the are given as belo son took up the claim rected a house for we semall shaft, but had ing through lack of fur ging director, it is c

ain and oaganized a c the operating of the hompson's knowledge s stock at a par vali his now offered for nor Thompson, finding this en of means, has c st the company, intend into chancery. This k it is sincerely hoped, d in by many cf the mi ch of the success of th depends upon harmony, cats, and a gritty pushin sts of Manitoba.

Crazed by a Cruel who has had a very y years ago the decease ine Assizes for the m considerable interest ar men who have neither the wish of was flinked by a pair power to be energetic. Neither hard ne Planchat, an employ paper, who had someho

fair abilities, but with no more and seeking chiefly to go through little and seeking chiefly to go through to the troubled lers, indignant at this ting act, rushed upon dly abused him, Planck dy condemned to two y As for his victim he r nock, but remained insar death. He was pardor but confined, first a at Charenton, wh ed. The unfortunate r pression that he had be d in the Pailais de Just ing the story was in the the strange sound tha pirty years.

> brougham, a dogcart, were always at John He had his own su dsor, Oaborne, and Balmo was kept for him, and obsequious servants d to his service. He ha shooting in the ex covers on the Osboi disposed, and the saln water on the Dee