UPTER X - (CONCLUDED). listened, her face hidden by

whir, and her heart, which beat bear ago, cold and heavy as a the door and fastened it af-

Idth had left, and then she sat the fire, with all the light

I have forgetten for a mepossed, "what I am? How been so happy here-I an outmy! I knew that I have no suppy and to forget. To-morand all to Conthia—all the truth. away again from this happy hen she broke out into piteous "What am I to do ?" she walled, pere a resting-place for me ? is p be cold and bare and deselate. are happy? What have I done beld be persecuted by this hard nether, mether-if I could only

AD ELPO

Foot butter

e, I'll make

potes . .

like shootie

and became

at out of the

the feeting a

MY DENTE

Metry William

threats and

me fit to few

had azother

que, as his

was deferm

store, and I

re was a free

r, I bemy s

Office en

It WEE BOS

, and blaff

small -had

of the Nine

o hig suit

ed three

the narrow

TERROR

rom their se

petate et

king and y

e was clear

hanging to l

rere killed a

three phon

enred dewn

f. It did

O WAS GOOD

see breez

ne, and his

tos in my

there is

floor, The

Ma basso

take much

expected L

the by,

mement Cynthia was paoing sepless and pale, fighting a hard is herself.

addenly come to a great orisis How would she pass through it? be neble and generous? Would and believed in, new that to be all her own? Would the crucial test offered her-ahe dulam for the neble and the had hitherte been her badge and For a while she doubted herthe anguish of her own failure was min of all-werse than mertified rounded feeling and the upreetthe settled conditions which had secure. In her heart she knew grong to her had not been wilful. minutes ago she had bent ever howing there had been no treachmerely an innecent supplanting. Cynthia, in the humility of her Loss nature, wondered little, seefair and sweet a type of womanwhich had taken her place.

could read Lesmard like a beek the had found the key; and she tirem her the renunciation must the tacit agreement which would have bound a less henourable man. to herself proudly that he was free. hed never been bound. But could h nebly, generously? Could she marrender so that it should not surrander? Could she forgive so wheuld guess it was forgiveness? thirp struggle; but the question mered at last; and she threw herself and alept the sleep of utter ex-

ple of miles beyond Penmawr Castle which bound the coast run out hto a recky point, washed by the www and crumbled into a long in of jugged, broken fragments be out to sea, and covered at high the water.

sight, Miss Deveton and Cynthia ting on a boulder of reck at the exde of the point, leeking towards on The waves washed with a dull usinst the feet of the cliff; the leadar beyond was hardly stirred by a dwind; sullen clouds hung heavily horizon, and a pale gleam of primit struggled wanly through the dark changing into rese-colour and predeepening into stermy crimson, pread blood red ever the pale-gray

and the other is a storm coming up," Conthia rmed and to miting out to sea, "See how low i his screen and ourlews fly, and what a flutter latter they keep up; and how the then by do my douds are piled up above the setand ever, as all It will be wild weather by-and-

aid this because she saw another breatening in the pale face beside wanse she dreaded and would keep mpeken words which she felt instinc. hd been trembling on these white quiet his of through the silent walk. But nothing hep them back new. Miss Deveton's pusped Cynthia's arm; the words, with sebs and tears, came like the apent-up flood.

Jathia-Miss Keith-you must hear y, my miserable story. I cannot burden any lenger. I cannot live secret between us which would we turn away from me if you know

and as the Cynthia blanch, and she covered meden his washe hurried on with her history. the waited with bowed head and leyes for Cynthia's judgment.

was a mement of allence, only a a; and then Miss Keith's arms enthe trembling gtrl; the gelden head am down to a safe resting-place, and s full of that tenderness which betally Cynthia so well, whispered to

poer child! My dear child! Stay and let us comfort and help you. net let yeu go."

w the two turned hemewards, to each other in renewed leve and the first muttering of the broadcame across the leaden waste of the first distant flash rent the black-

it was towards the merning that the toke at last, a furious north-westerly besting fieroely against the closed of the Castle, shricking and wallthe despairing cherus of lest souls, the solid walls and iron bound perand stripping the shuddering of the great oaks and elms in the for hours it raged; and when the me-party met for breakfast the ad scarcely abated. Lady Keith ever the warm comforts of her luxthis and sighed.

there will be disaster on the sea merning," she said.

replied Cynthia. "I can see window the waves tessing and like wild horses. Miss Devotenyou ride down to Mawr the breakers dash in? tide at ten e'clock."

interrupted timld Lady Keith, Not venture out in such weather !"

the last words half to herself.

and wendered if the sterm had shaken ber. " Den't look so surfout, mining. As If had not done it twenty times before ! is not a sight to miss."

Hack I' bolled Ludy Keith, with uplifted hand. " Is not that a gan ?" " It is only the bursting of the tempest," Oyathia answered

"There is another—and another," Lady Ketth permisted

"They are minute-guns !" Leenard exclaimed, rising hastily and meeting the butler at the door brimming over with tidings. " My lady, there is a large vessel just beyond the Point in distress; she is firing and signalling ; Griffiths saw her from the turret. She'll be on the rocks, my lady, with this wind, and the tide running in."

" Peer souls !" half sebbed Lady K ith. "All the men to the shere at ence!" Cynthia erdered, promptly and clearly, "Let Owens take the cart with blankets and brandy and as many hot waser bettles as Mrs. Price can send. Marshall will take down the landau and the wagonette. Tell the groom to bring round the horses instantly for Miss Deveton, Mr. Hope, and myself, and then let him ride for Mr. Merwood and the Mawr decters. Mamma, see that Mrs. Price has beds prepared and fires that grand ideal which she had lighted. There is not a moment to lose, or other. Look at this." Edith, are you ready? Loonard, will you

For the first time in her life there was a little healtation, a scarcely perceptible change in the old familiar confident tone towards her cousin-a change to be felt rather than heard.

Few words were spoken as the three rede rapidly through the park, where a giant elm, which had been worsted in its wrestle with the fierce wind, lay, with its spreading reets upreared and bared, right across their path. Showers of leaves fell at their horses' the face and touched it with feet, and swept whirling into their faces. They pressed on, urging the animals to their utmost speed, and listening, through the bursts of the unconquered tempest, for the selemn repetition of the signal gun.

Presently flooks of snewy feam, mingled with dust and dead leaves, blew into their faces. And when they turned the shoulder of the hill which lay between them and the ocean their hearts seemed to stand still betere one of the grandest, selemnest, saddest sights in this serrewful world.

Cless in upon the shere the snow-white breakers churned and dashed in a wild triumph of lawless might; and just beyond, showing blackly against their whiteness, lay the deemed vessel—a large steamer. She lay breadwide on to the cruel rocks, so near the shore that the shrieks of the passengers crowding her deck could be heard above the | had said, she remembered dimly, that the din of the tempest and the rear of the breaking waters—se near that, but for that | steamer with passengers. Dizzy and faint hissing barrier, a rope could have saved the | as she was, the whole story pieced itself tofeebleet amongst them. Wave after wave | gether before her, and she was stricken was breaking over her, sweeping each one its tale of victims into the white feaming gulf, to beat the life out of them there, although in merciless exultation over human impotence.

It was a lenely inhespitable coast-far | -I am his wife!" off open at the afternoon which fellowed their from help; and only a few women huddled together under shelter of the cliff, and a few men scattered along the beach, looked helplessly on at the catastrophe. Into the midst of these Cynthia, who was teremest, dashed breathless, crying imperatively-

"A best-a best ! Will none of you try to reach them? Men, can you stand by and see them perish ?"

"There isn't a life-beat nearer than Mawr, and that would be too late-she's breaking up now. And what but the lifebeat could live five seconds in such a sea? one of the elder men answered.

Even as he speke a huge wave struck the vessel; she relled emineusly, and slid frem the treacherous rocks; and, when the blinding spray cleared, the seething waters were strewn with black struggling figures.

At this sight Mass Deveten, with a great cry, covered her face with her hands; and Leenard Hope, catching at the drepped reins, turned her hastily back up the pebbly slepe they had just descended.

And so it happened that neither of them saw what came next-hew Cynthia, encouraging her gallant beast with word and touch, dashed down the beach and rede dauntlessly through the raging surf.

A hearse cheer burst upon the strand, and a shrill cry, "Heaven bless her !" plerced the air, as Cynthia rode up "out of the jaws of death," with a dezen desperate hands clinging to her horse and an infant lying acress her knee.

"The weman sank as she handed it up to me. Take care of it," she said quietly, as fortune concerned. she gave it to one of the women.

Then she dropped from her saddle dewn amongst those waits rescued from Death's dread dominion, and busied herself straightway in ministering to them.

Great Resper; but it was all that was them there, Wall, the wound could not be gathered that day from that full field. A weman, wild-eyed, and well nigh spent : a young girl white as a lily-; a little dark-haired bay, who eried out, as they set him en his feet, for his father and his mother : a couple of rough sailers in coarse serge and hemely blue-striped shirts; and another man, of a different stamp, in fine linen and seft-woven tweed, who was bleeding from a ghastly wound over his temple. And this last had his fingers so tightly clenched in the horse's flowing mane that the men were forced to cut the long hair away to set him | Cynthia had confided to him, he found the

"He's about done for. Pity a livelier one hadn't been in his place!" said one of the bystanders, as he helped to lay him down in the shelter of the cliff and tried to staunch the gaping wound. "The rocks have a'most battered the life out of him. He's a gentleman; and he couldn't stand it so well as the other chaps. But here comes the decter, by good luck, He'll leek to

The surgeen was bending over him when Leenard Hope, set free from his cares for the others, drew mear. The man was still unconscious, lying in a deathlike stuper : the wound was bound with a large crimson | and her party had gone, after their winter handkerchief, the features were everspread with a ghastly paller. Leenard leeked down upon him with unrecognizing eyes. The

dector drew him aside. or It is a hopeless case, I fear," he said. " Perhaps you had butter take charge of this"-offering him a pecket-beek, "It but Cynthia seems quite delighted at this "The may give some information as to his name or | match."

mast improvine some sert of a little that will do. Gently, my men, gently?

In the confusion which re Castle for hours after the resound party were brought in, Leonard Hope found it Impossible to speak to Cynthia—alweyd the ruling spirit there—although burning with the excitement of a discovery. Late in the afternoon, and after favourable bulletine had been issued of all the patients save one, Mr. Hope found the three ladies of the h gathered together in Cynthia's boudeir, Miss Daveten sitting by the fire, with the infant saved from the wreck in her arms, and Lady Keith and Cynthia bending ever the little waif as it smiled and stretched its army towards them in its unconscious orphan-

"What is it?" Cynthia oried, starting up at Leonard's entrance. "Is he alive ! Has

he spaken ?" "Ne," answered Leenard; "but be prepared for a great surprise, Cynthia." "Who is it, Lucaard?" she oried, beginning to tremble.

"Oh. no one-nothing that need agitate you! But it is strange how that wedding at St. Sebastian's haunts us in some shape | Glace; but Potpoke's Arabian experiences

had handed to him into her hands. On its | ed back, telling the polite seclety of Geneva first page was written the name " Percival | of the wonders which were clese to their Danvers."

"Hush!" whispered Cynthia quickly. Bat it was too late.

"It is the bridegroom," Leonard said. "Why, Cynthia !"-as she caught at the back of the chair from which she had risen. "What-what have you done?" she stammered.

"I?" he cried, astenished at her agitation. "I have telegraphed for Mrs. Dalamaine." At the same moment Miss Doveten rose to her feet, white as death; and Lady Keith drew the child from her arms to save it from falling.

"Let me see it," she whispered in a strange breathless voice, taking the beek from Cynthia's hands.

A paper fluttered from it on to the table, and lay there spread out before her eyes. It was the register of the death of Marie Dalerma Danvers, aged 23, on the 25th of June, 187 -, at Bella Vista, St. Jereme,

The date seemed to burn itself into her brain. Then she had wrenged him; she had been deceived, as he said, by a trick. And he lay there, close to her, cruelly wounded -dying, through her fault. Instantly she perceived that he had perished in bringing her this vindication of himself. Somebody wrecked vessel was a large West Indian with bitter self repreach.

"Let me go to him-I must see him!" she exclaimed. "Take me to him!" "You?" Lanard gasped.

"Yes," she answered, with a shudder; "I

"Poor child! It has been a terrible blow. She is quite everwhelmed. If he could only have speken to her once more!" Mrs. Delamaine was saying, with her handkerchief to her eyes. "Dear Lady Keith, it is a tragical ending to a most happy marriage. My peor daughter is completely everwhelmed !"

Lady Keith only bewed her head gently. Mrs. Delamaine was quite unconscious of the truth. No one had had time, in the confusion and distress when she arrived on the scene, to make any explanation, and new no one had any inclination to enlighten her. So she talked on of her dead sen-inlaw's virtues, of his devetion, and of her daughter's heavy less, uncontradicted.

"After such brief happiness to be a widew at eighteen," the mether lamented—"a rich widow too, which is almost an additional trial. He has left her the whole of his fertune. Nothing could exceed his liberality, excepting his attachment to her.

"Poer child f" Lady Keith echeed with genuine sympathy, thinking how her riches came to the young widow weighted with a bitter lead of self-repreach.

Mrs. Delawaine, unculightened, quitted Penmawr Castle with many polite speeches to its hostesses, and took with her a pale silent widew, whose lips never opened in her own bome on the subject of her husband. Seciety heard the story, after Mrs. Delamaine's version, and sympathised and was interested, especially as there was a large

Cynthia was still staunch and true to her friend. When the Christmas festivities were over at Penmawr, she and Lady Kaith would carry Ere Danvers away to sunny Italy to recruit her health and bring back It was a scanty harvest, gleaned after the her roses. And perhaps Leonard might join very deep, since Cynthia was lanning thus, and delighting herself in her own plans !

Bat there was one person—and only one -in the drama who was not satisfied to cover up the memory of the man whose death had planted such a sting in the heart of Eve. Leonard Hope remembered another Marie Delerme Danvers-a spectator with him of that wedding procession which had played so strange a part in all their lives since. And, connecting that sad pathetic face and sudden death with the history clue to the truth.

It must have been a more than common interest which carried him, still on the track acress to St. Jerome and brought him face to tace with Cecile Lacreix.

"And my words fellowed him !" said the implacable Frenchweman. "Now my darlings may rest in peace. They are avenged."

"So that timber will never be felled," Sir George Vivian said, as his wife laid down a letter she had been reading aloud to

from a chalet in Tyrol, to which Lady Keith in Italy.

"Danvers." Lady Vivian said; "that is the rich young widow whose husband was drowned last year! I thought Loorard Hope and Conthin were intended for each other by will, or something of that sort;

Sunday, Aug. 8, was the one hundredth

anniversary of the first successful accest of Ment Blanc. The district new se famous was first made known to the werld through the celebrated Oriental traveller Peccoke, who hap ened in 1741, to be in Geneva, and, hearing of the terrible grandour of the Savoy Alps, set out to see for himself. He was accompanied by an adventurous fellowcountryman named Whidham, They had a guard of seldiers. There were no reade, and they fellowed up the course of the Arve. A remantse account of the expedition is given la the Mercure de Suisse for May and June, 1743. Im PERILS AND ADVENTURES

are described, its great rachages is descented But May went little beyond Con mouni, where they bivouseked, lighting watch fires, and firing of guns during the night to some possible maranders. It is supposed: they got at far were a peer preparation for trudging over He put the pocket-book which the surgeon | a glacier-and such a one-and so he turndeers, unknown to them.

It was after this time that the name "Ment Blane" wavgiven to the "mentob of mountains," bitherte a nameleus unit of "Las Mantagnes Maudits," the name by which the group was known. The imagination of the famous naturalist, Herace Benediet de Saussure was fired by the account of Pesocke's adventure. His life from boyheed well on to mature age was occupied greatly by explorations of the High Alps. during which he made nearly twenty unsuccessful attempts to scale Ment Blanc. In 1760 he offered a considerable sum of money as a prise fer, wheever would

FIND A WAT TO THE TOP. Many, besides himself, tried in vain to scale it, and among them who tried were some whose names (Balmat, Qaobet, Carrier) have become familiar as names of experlenced and skilful guides who have wen the confidence and esteem of Alpine climb.

At last, on Aug. 8, 1786, Jaques Balmat, accompanied by a Dr. Paccard, gained the summit. He went by the Rechers Rouges; the route hitherte fellewed led to the Bosses du Dremadaire, which had proved utterly insurmeuntable. Dr. Paccard nearly lest his life from the consequence of this terrible expedition. Balmat became famous, receiving besides Saussure's prize, presents from the King of Sardinia and others. Next year de Saussure, with a suite of seventeen guides and perters, reached the top by Bal mat's route and carried out successfully a series of most important meteorological observations. During forty-one years Balmat's route by the Rachers Rauge was fellewed, will in 1827 two Englishmen made their way by the Cerrider and the Mur de la Cote. At last in 1859, Hudsen succeeded in making his way over Les Basses; successive layers of snew falling

FOR NEARLY A CENTURY

have established a way to the summit which is now the least difficult. But this single fact illustrates the precarious character of even the most favorable adjusts of Alpine climbing.

In the period of 1786 to 1880 Ment Blanc was climbed by 869 visitors without taking inte account guides, perters er local chasseurs. O! these only 49 ascended the meuntain during the first 68 years between 1786 and 1854; the remaining 820 during the succeeding 26 years. Fewer lives comparatively, have been lost among the climbers of Ment Blane than in other parts of the Alpa, The fatal record down to 1880 included only 25 persons, 7 of whom were touriste.

In S ptember, 1870 a party consisting of three tourists, three guides, and five perters were evertaken near the summit by a anow sterm, which continued to rage with such violence that eight days passed before any search could be made. Five frozen corpses were found about 500 yards below the top, the remaining six are wrapped in perpetual anow. Several ascents have been made for solentific purposes since the time of de Saussure. Thus, Marcins, Bravals, and L. Pileur in 1849: Tyndall and Dr. Frankland in 1858, and Dr. Pitschner in 1859. In 1861 Photographer Blasen reached the top after one failure. He had the excellent guide, Auguste Balmat, with him and twenty-five perfers. But the whole of the perters were quite everpowered with sleep, the result of fatigue and the rarefled air, so | " upon the centrary, I think that he is a that he and Balmat had to do everything, burden to me." A burden to you? How naturally with imperfect results.

Thomas Moult's Predictions.

Seven menths of the year 1886 have passed away, and the world still wage much as it did in 1885; but, according to an ancient prophecy which has been unearthed by the Petit Moniteur, very impertant events may be looked for ere next December comes to an end. One Thomas Moult, who flourished in the thirteenth century and who is alleged to have foretold the appearance of Napoleon I., the revelution of 1830, the Italian war and its consequences, the war of 1870, and other matters of moment, has left behind him several predistions for the present year. He premised us, for example, "blen des revelutions" in one of the great states of Christendem; a new form of government in a republic ; a notable strife; and the ascent of a throne | fuls of turpentine. He discovered the by a great prince. In addition to these prophecies, Thomas bequeathed a few precious words for the guidance of farmers and | drank the mixture, smacked his lips and wine merchants. The harvest, he declares, will be fairly plantiful, yet prices will be high. The geaps crop will be good only in It was from Cynthia Keith, and dated a few districts, and wise men will stick to their fold stocks of wines and buy more. a word?" " Altus done the best I could fur Thomas Moult was bern-but no ! Until these predictions have been fulfilled we need not write his blography.

When a merchant takes an article of goods over some you started, an' jest now is the worth \$4 and marks it at \$7.50 he wants to fast time you'to over give ty your Best be understood as selling out segestiless of licker. Hand me out another drink like cost. It is the purchaser who must regard | the one you give me just new, and we'll call ont in stell chees, all J. D. 191 der

of it afterward. Waile the in revolving ly tucked up in bed ; the eld man is scrab ing his legs in front of the fire and wender ing how he will pay the next menth's real Suddenly she excising : " James, did you look the dear ?"

"Which door ?" says James. "The cellar door," says she.

"No," says James," "Well, you had better go down and look

it, for I heard some one in the back yard last night." Accordingly James paddles down the stairs and locks the door. About the time James returns and hi going to bed she re-

marks : " Did you shut the stair door ?" " Ne." says James. "Well, if it is not shut the oat will get up

into the chamber." "Let her come up, then," says James,

ill-naturedly. " My goodness, no !" returns his wife; "she'd suck the baby's breath."

Then James paddles down stairs again, and stops on a tack, and closes the stelly deer and curses the cat, and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb into his couch his wife observes : " I forgot to bring up some water ; suppose you bring up some in the big tin."

And so James with a muttered curse. goes down into the dark kitchen and falls ever a phair, and rasps all the tinware of the wall in search of the "big" tin, and then jarks the stair door open and howls : "Where the deuce are the matches?"

She gives him a minute direction where to find the matches, and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the whole neighborhood raised about it. After which James finds the matches, precures the water, and comes upstairs and plunges into bed.

Presently his wife says: "James, let's have an understanding about mency matters. New, next week I've got to pay-" "I den't knew what you'll have to pay, and den't care !" shouts James, as he lurches around and jums his face against the wall ; " all I want to sleep,"

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife, as she pulls the cover viciously; "you never think of the worry and trouble I have. And there is Araminta, who, I believe is taking the measles." "Let her take 'em," says James.

Hereupen she begins to ory softly, but

about the time James is falling into a gentle dose she punches him in the ribs with her elbew and says; "Did you hear that scandal about Mrs.

Jenes ? "Where ?" says James, sleeplly.

"Why, Mrs. Jenes,"

"Where?" inquires James. "I declare," said his wife, getting mere stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jenes, who lives at No. 21 ? Well, day before yesterday Susan Smith told Mrs. Thompson that Sam Barker had said that

Mrs. Jones had-" Here she paused and listened. James is snering in profound slumber. With a snert of rage she pulls all the covers off him, wraps up in them, and lies awake until 2 A. M., thinking how badly used she is. And that is the way the married weman goes to aleep,

SUMMER SMILES

"Mamma," said Bobby, "I have caten my cake all up, and Charles hasn's tenched his yet. Won't you make him share with me, se as to teach him to be generous?"

He steed under the windew and sang "How Can I Leave Thes." But he did leave, and so suddenly that the deg went back of the house and wept,

A French duel has resulted in the death of one of the principals. It must have been an accident. We have long had a lingering suspicion that a Frenchman would get hurt some day in that apparently harmless pastime. Corporal to Soldier-"Why is the blade

of the sabre ourved instead of straight?" Seldier-" It is curved in order to give more ferce to the blow." Cerperal-" Humbug! The sabre is curved so as to fit the scabbard. If it was straight how would you get it into the creeked scabbard blockhead ?" "Look at that dat fellow," remarked a man, addressing as old gentleman who

stood near him; "he's so fat, that he must be a burden to himself," "I den't think that he is," the eld gentleman rejained; so sir ?" "He married my daughter." E liter (chivering in his night garments, and peering over the banisters into the gleom below) - "Who's there?" Velce below

-"A burglar." Editor (with his teeth chattering) -" I thought so. Dld you shut the door behind you when you came in?" Burglar-"I didn't." E liter-"I was sure you didn't The blast coming upstairs is half freesing me. Is it not enough that I am made the victim of such meglect all day at my effice, without having you come around here in the dead of night and adding to my misery ! Go back and shut the deer." The conscience striken burglar at ence retraced his steps, and shut the deer from the outside leaving the editor's vaults unrifled.

A bartender in the back-room of a country stere, in mixing a drink for a customer, accidentally poured in about two tablespeenmistake, but, saying nething about it, he filled the glass with whisky. The man walked away. Pretty soon he resurned and said : "Bill, haven't & allos been er good onstemer uv yearn ?" "Yes." "An' allus tuck what yer set afore me without saying yer, Bul," "Uv co'se, Andy; what's the matter with you?" "Well, It's just this: Why haven't you been givin' me that good liquer all the time ; Been or drinkin' here