SOME OF MY FOUR FOOTED FRIENDS.

> BY M. SAM.

Nearly all children are fond of pets, and nothing seems better suited for that than the dog. He, more than any other animal, is man's friend and companion, and a truer friend one need never wish for. Neither poverty nor sickness will drive him away, nor in many cases will even ill usage.

But as this paper is merely intended as little chat with our young readers.

I shall not enter into any lengthy description of the dog's habits, or disposition, but sigh most dolefully. merely tell some strictly true anecdotes of some of the fourfooted friends of my own youthful days.

One of my earliest favorites was a lovely black and white spaniel, with those deep brown affectionate eyes which are only to be bound in dogs.

How well I remember his first appearance mong us, a little roly-poly dog baby, to be surs, our very own, to be hugged and kissed, and petted, and played with. How he ayer survived it all seems to me now a mystery, but he did, and liked it too, for baby, who did her best to tear him limb from limb, or knead him like dough, was his special favorite, and so soon as he was able he would jump on to her bed and nestle down close to her whenever she would be asleep; and, little wee doggie as he was, would growl if any one came near

her, whom he did not recognize. Time went on, and our little puppy grew up into full doghood, and I am sorry to say had many faults. I think we children were very much to blame for that, for whenever he got into trouble some one or other always came to the rescue, and Sam never "got his deserts."

One great fault was his strong love of destruction, chiefly of flowers and bonnets, neither of which was safe unless quite out of his reach. I shall never forget one day, hearing him whine so mournfully, that hastened to where he was, half afraid he was in pain-but no, Master Sam was only making frantic efforts to reach the charwoman's bonnet, which was fortunately hanging on a peg beyond his reach. Many a one had he destroyed before, and we could not make him understand that it was wrong. I think the fault was our own, for when we first had him we used to tie an old bonnet or hood on him and play visiting. He was a sad thief too, and at length had to be banished. A good home was found for him with a farmer, growing blacker as the centre whitens. and Sam became a respectable dog, because there was nothing left lying about for him to steal.

CHLOE.

Chloe, or Clo, was our next: she was perfect little beauty-black-and-tan-and so good that no amount of petting could spoil her.

She was a very intelligent animal and obedient in all but one thing-sleep out of the nursery she would not-there was no use trying, but once let her in, and she became a brave litt e watch-dog. No stranger would dare venture in there unless accompanied by some member of the family.

One strange habit was to watch for eggs. and so soon as one was laid, carry it in his mouth to wherever my mother might be, when she would lay it at her feet, and frisk around to sow his joy. We dearly loved to see this and encouraged it, till we found that Clo began to be very impatient with the hens, even driving them off the nests, in the hope of obtaining eggs. I need hardly say that her almost comical look of disappointment was the best part of the fun to us young. sters. One old hen paid no attention to her, and whenever duty called her to the nest, Clo was very excited. She would watch her most intently, making every now and then frantic little dashes, and giving that peculiar wowwow, -at the same time wiggling all over,that dogs do when pleasurab'y excited. This would go on till Biddy had "fulfilled her mission," and then began the real fun. Clo would bark joyously and make for the nest -Biddy ruffle up her feathers, cackle indignantly and make vicious little dabs at her. Then Clo would lie down pretending to be fast asleep, but all the time with one eye open, and so soon as Biddy would turn her back, a swift little movement would bring Clo pearer the nest, till after two or three of these movements the egg would be secured, and run off with; generally followed by the seemingly irate Biddy.

Sweets of all kinds were her delight, and she always came in for her share, poking her black shiny nose into the very pockets of those who were in the habit of carrying these delicacies.

Poor Clo; she was run over one day and killed-and many and bitter were the tears shed for her.

CUTE.

Cute was a grand old dog, known to every schoolboy, yet owned by none, and having as many names as days in the week. Schools and school children were his special delight, and it was nothing unusual to see Cute waiting first at one and then another school Dor, till his friends would be released.

FOP.

rop was a dear little terrier, the pertest, cutest, funniest little morsel that ever ran about on four legs. Left motherless at the age of two weeks, it was a case of drown. or bring up by hand, and we were allowed to try the latter, and succeeded. He was a very great trouble at first, but we loved every hair of his ugly little black ccat, and did not mind having to get up in the night to warm milk over the lamp, so as to stop his hungry cries. But as time went on, he alept through the night without having "refreshments," began to toddle about in an uncertain sort of way, took to tearing up every thing he could lay hold of, and in fact Cehave pretty much as other puppies have done.

That he was ugly even we had to see, but no matter, he was "a dog," and that was quite enough for our canine loving family, but strange to say, after a while the ugly black coat began to turn to a sil very grey, the great blundering head stopped growing and allowed the wee body to fill out, and take up its proper share of space. The floppy ears took to standing up, and donned a lovely tasseled fringe that waved and floated in the summer breeze, and, in short, our " ugly duckling " became He had many funny little ways. He would

down even from the top story to bring up the letters or papers, making a separate journey for each article. He would vun with joyous barks and queer contortions of body to welcome each returning member of the family, preceding them up the stairs and stopping every now and then to wave

one little paw, which he did most gracefully. Fop dearly loved biscuits, and would beg very prettily for them, pattering round in a peculiar way that he only did then, and if you pretended to misunderstand him, taking hold of your dress and drawing you towards the place where they were kept. He would show unmistakably whether he were hungry or thirsty. If the former, he would jump on your knee and gnaw at your hand as though it were a bone, yet never hurting you; if thirsty, he would lick your hand and

Dear little Fop ! his winsome ways are over long ago, and he rests beneath the apple tree in our old homestead garden.

I could tell you many more stories of household pets, and if permitted will often do so, for I still remember the pleasure a true story gave me in my young days, and would like, if possible, to give an equal enjoyn ent to the young people who may be readers of TRUTH.

The Growth of London.

When the population of England in 183. was 9,000,000 that of London was 958,863 The capital and the kingdom have grown faster; so that while England (including | ing against the cabin roof with terrific force. London) mounted from nearly 9,000 000 in 1801 to nearly 26,000,000 in I881 London grew from 958,863 to 3,816,483 in 1881. London more than quadrupled its people, while England (including London) did not quite triple it ; England (excluding London) advanced in a still smaller proportion and it will be seen that England, excluding all its big towns, exhibits a still feebler advance. But note this point about London, its limits increase.

If we had a series of map; shaded so as to show the population we should the black central spot of London getting bigger and bigger—the wen which Cobbett detested and denounced growing more and more portentous in size-but though the black spot grew bigger, yet its centre grew lighter and lighter and by the centre is not ment that strictly limited area called the city, but something more like what London was when the century began. Take in fact the area occupied by the mass of those 958,863 who constituted the population of London in 1801, and fewer persons will be found living uponit while around it lies a widening ring, FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS PAID BY THE

While, however, London has grown so enormously in population and in so great a proportion compared with the rest of the kingdom, its rate of increase has not been at all commensurate with that of many prcvincial towns, nor has it been equil to that of the towns of England as a whole. Speaking of these towns as the whole, it seems fair estimate to say that of the 9,000,000 000 lived in towns.

This errs, if at all in making the town population too large a proportion of the whole. Of the 26,000,000 of 1881 nearly 15,500,000 lived in towns; or if we follow the Register-General in ranking as towns men all who live in urban sanitary districtsmore than 17,500,000 were townsmen. The inhabitants of towns have increased at least fivefold; the inhabitants of the country at the most by 75 per cent.

The town population was one-third of the whole ; the Register General's calculfor a moment from the proper order of inquiry, it may be remarked that this phenomenon of the relative increase of the town population is not confined to England. It may not have reached the same proportion of the whole in any other country. slsewhere. Two examples may suffice.

In Norway the town population was 9 per cent, in 1801; this had grown to 18.1 per cent. in 1875, and it is now 22 per cent. In the United States the proportion was only 3.9 per cent. of the whole in 1800; it | Fand. was 22.5 per cent. in 1881.

Bedewed With Heat.

" Maw, how I perspire !" "Dear me, Clara, don't let me hear you use that vulgar expression again while in

"Do you want me to say 'sweat?" "No. you wretched vulgarian; you must | dollars. say you are 'bedewed with heat.' The first thing you know people will say we haven't any style about us.'

She Wanted Him to See the Fun.

About ten o'clock one morning two men met and began threatening and calling each other names. One finally called the other a liar, and the two were about to grapple when a woman opened the door and said :

"Gentlemen, are you about to fight?" "We are !" they answered together. "Then have the kindness to wait a mo-

ment," she continued; "my husband has been ill for weeks, and is now just able to sit up. He is very down hearted this morning, and if you'll only wait till I can draw him up to the window I know he'll feel very | trouble. grateful to both of you."

one look irto each other's faces the men smiled, shook hands and departed together.

A number of dead Chinaman were shipped back to Canton the other day from Chicago. Each body was placed in a tin box, on which was inscribed an appropriate epitaph. One of these notices read as follows: "The blessed bones of Ling Chun. May they rest in peace. They are the bones of an honest man. He washed shirts, and washed them well, and was also a good ironer. His reward is sure. Collect cash, \$13 60."

I here is a story about the Queen of Eng.

land having amuggled to London certain State papers, with a view of publishing them when it is thought fit to expose the evil machinations of Prince Bismarck and the intrigues that were going on around the death bed of the Emperor Frederick. The tale has been made a great deal of on the Continent, and cape ially in France. The North German Gazette now gives the lie direct to the tale. It is an official print, and speaks with authority. The Queen of England did not take the papers away ; the papers do not exist. American correspondents, always willing to circulate, and add far as we have seen failed to make any cor- Address, We is & McMurtry, Goa'l Manager know the click of the little box and run | rection to date.

A MONSTER OF THE DEEP.

It Patted the Cabin Roof of the Bark Barbarian with one of its Fins.

"We made a very narrow escape from being run into by a sea monster of some kind," ing trains. said the mate of the British bark Barbarian the other day. He was on board his vessel lying at Philadelphia, where she is discharging a cargo of sugar from Batavia, Java. Hardly had the reporter got on board than he was taken in hand by all of the crew, each desirous of telling his story of the encounter with the "terrible thing," as they expressed it. Many of the crew were Japanese sailors of minute proportions.

They were unable to speak English, but made motions with the hands to express that it was a long and terrible object, and something which it would be healthy to keep away from. The mate of the vessel, who has been a coasting pilot on James Gordon Bennett's yacht Namouna while in Javanean waters, as well as a man of integrity, said:

"On May 22 while in lat 8° 18 north, and long. 25° west, just a few miles north of the equator, in a dead calm. I suddenly saw an immense flag-looking object bump up against the vessel. It gave the boat an immense shock, which almost knocked me up off my feet, and caused the man at the wheel to get on the lower deck as fast as possible, in doing which he fell and scraped nimelf. I first thought it was an immense whale, as I have often seen them in these waters; but the fins came up to and hung over the vessel, flapp-It completely covered up the deck companion way entrance to the cabin. In a short time a heavy swell caused the monster to overbalance and drop into the water with a terrific splash, which caused all hands to rush to the vessel's side and watch the monster gradually disappear in the darkness."

The Jap sailors would nod assent to what the mate said and drew on paper what they thought the thing resembled. Their drawing was something after the style of the Japanese dragon often seen on Japanese ware. "No more America for us," was their cry. The crew were the most mixed that it was possible to find. There were on board Germans, Norwegians, Greeks, Frenchmen, Irish, Scotch, Welch, Japanese, and Jerseyman, the second mate, with a home in Camdan.

(ASSESSMENT SYSTEM).

MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION -LETTER OF THANKS AND ENDORSEMENT OF THE ASSOCIATION BY WILMOT D. MAT THEWS, Esq., PRESIDENT OF THE TORONTO BOARD OF TRADE, ETC., ETC.

The large number of members of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association resident in Canada will read with satisfaction the following letter from Wilmot D. Matthews, living in England and Wales in 1801 3,000, Esq., in referring to the prompt payment of the large amount of life insurance held by his late father, W. D. Matthews, Esq. :-

> There is probably no name in Canada more widely known than that of Mr. Matthewsand occupying as he does so many important positions of trust, such as President of the Toronto Board of Trade, Director of the Dominion Bank, and also of the Canadian Pacific Railway—his letter to the Canadian Managers of the Mutual Reserve carries with it more than ordinary weight.

The Mutual Reserve a few years since started out with the determination of demonation would make it two thirds. Diverging strating to the world that Life Insurance could be afforded with perfect security for less than half the cost charged by old-line or high-rate companies. While meeting with the most unscrupulous opposition it has pluckily pushed forward, overcoming all obstacles placed in its way, and to-day is but it has grown at an even greater rate | pronounced a marvel of success, its system and financial position being endorsed by the best actuaries on this continent. It has paid for death claims over five millions of dollars, and at the same time accumulated nearly two millions of dollars in its Reserve

Mr. Matthews' insurance is an illustration of the small cost under the Mutual Reserve's System as compared with other companies. The sum total of payment by him on \$15,-000 insurance has only been \$1 665. The same amount under the old-line system would have cost him \$4,657. It will be seen, therefore, that the actual saving in cost amounts to nearly (\$3,000) three thousand

W. D. MATTHEWS & Co.. Commission Merchants, Pacific Buildings, 26 Front at. east.

Toronto, June 16, 1888. Messrs. Wells & McMurtry, General Managera Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, Toronto :

beg to express her thanks to the Mutual nants of every kind of which enough is left Reserve Fund Life Association for receipt to indicate in the faintest degrees the orginal of cheque (\$15,000) fifteen thousand dollars | worth-all receive full consideration, and in full settlement of the claim under policies | the owners lose nothing. Even total deof life insurance held by my late father, W. struction, when fully proved, is no bar to D. Matthews. A'though the claim does not | indemnification, when good security against mature for several weeks, the same has possible mistake is given. been promptly paid without the slightest

My father always held the Mutual Re-She disappeared into the house, and after | serve in the highest estimation, and from his intimate acquaintance with President Harper and the chief executive officers o the Association, never hesitated to recommend it to all who applied to him for information. I, as well as other members of our family, hold large policies in the Association and believe it to be one of the best managed institutions represented in this country. The small cost of insurance, together with the precaution taken to protect the trust funds of the Association, in the appointment of a separate corporation as trustee for the policy holders, and the simplicity and success of its system, cannot fail to make the Association deservedly popular with the insuring public. Yours truly,

WILMOT D. MATTHEWS.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, to which the above letter of Mr. Matthews refers, is the largest and strongest open Assessment Association in the world. It has issued over seventy-five thousand policies of Life Insurance. It has Cash Reserve Fund of nearly Two Millions of Dollars, and Full Government Deposit at frequent opportunities fon the ladice to call

gers, Toronto.

FOR WOMEN.

Miss Geneva Armstrong, the daughter of a farmer in western New York, has invented a practical device for feeding cattle on mov-

Queen Victoria is declared to be highly pleased with her experiment of using an Indian servant, and has sent to India for some more to come and wait in the royal household.

Mrs. Rogers, the "Texas Cattle Queen," is at Atlantic City. She rides a horse, we are told, "any way and every way," and is off like the wind while the best of her cowboys are getting into their saddles.

At a recent ball at the house of Mrs. Mulholland, in London, the mantlepieces were covered with banks of rare orchids, pyramids of flowers were placed in every available corner, and baskets of flowers were hung from the ceilings, while the staircase was a trellis work of flowers.

The San Francisco Breeder and Sportsman, is one of the best informed persons in America on the pedigrees and history of trotting horses. She is also an able writer on turi matters generally. The sex seem to be making "good time" in all directions.

The reign of that treacherous excrescence, the bustle, is fast approaching its termination. Mrs. Cleveland, it is said, has discarded it, and fashionable American belles are following her example. Once more the eye of the artist will be delighted with graceful and natural lines in the contour of

In Paris wide ties of crape or foulard or china silk, in white or pale tints, have quite superseded ribbon for tying inside the collar. They are a yard and a quarter long and scalloped all around, or else have frills of rather wide lace across the ends, and are tied into rather flambuoyant bows a little to the left of the chin.

Two clever Buffalo girls have seized the opportunity long awaiting women, that of carrying on a drug store. They have bought out one of the oldest of our Main street drug stores and have taken possession. Both are qualified by long and highly responsible business training to make a success of the enterprise, and they have taken the course in pharmacy at the Medical college. Each resigns a fine business thus to go up higher.

The seamstresses and women dressmakers of London, England, are organizing a trades union under the active patronage of Lady Dilke, who has distinguished herself by advoc ting many movements having for their object the alleviation of the lot of the toiling masses. If there was ever a class of the community in England which deserved some amelioration of their condition, it is that composed of the women who ply the needle for a living. Although circumstances have changed since Hood wrote his "Song of the Shirt," seamstresses and dressmakers still suffer from miserable pay and long hours of toil.

An interesting feature of the United States Presidential contest is the part being played by the women. Of course, everybody knows that the W. C. T. U. and kindred organizations form almost the backbone, at any rate some of the most powerful sinews, of the Prohibation element of the campaign, but the other parties are not without friends of the gentler sex who constitute a formidable factor in the contest. In Milwaukee the Democratic women have organized a club, the object of which is modestly set forth as "a more thorough understanding of the great political questions of the day regarding the tariff. Protection and good government, with the best ways and means to be employed of continuing the latter." This club which has been started by women of standing and refinement, is likely to be at once duplicated on the Republican side, and there s little doubt the movement will spread.

Where Money Is Made.

The actual cost of each Bank of England note issued is about 5 cents. An ordinary day's issue of notes, with a corresponding number canceled, is from 20,000 to 30,000. As an offset to this expense, the yearly gain to the bank in notes destroyed by fire and water amounts to a large sum, which how ever, is taken into account by the Government when adjusting its national debt and exchequer arrangement with the bank. The "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," as the Londoner lovingly calls the institution which, next to his Queen, he most deeply reveres, is very liberal when dealing with cases of notes destroyed or mutilated. The secretary's office attends to those matters, and there may be seen daily remnants of notes which have undergone every conceivable ordeal short of absolute destruction. Little pulpy masses which have passed through the digestive apparatus of dogs and children, half-burned pieces that have un-DEAR SIRS,-In behalf of my mother I wittingly done duty as cigar lighters, rem-

Women as Homesteaders. It is very common to find a lone and un-

protected female "holding down a claim," as the Western phrase rurs. The women of the East would look aghast at the prospect of living alone in a sod house for six months, miles from the nearest neighbor. Yet experience proves that the "unprotected" is much safer out on the lonely prairie than she would be in New York City. I never heard or read of a woman on a homestead receiving an moult at the hands of anybody. To be sure, they are always armed, and know how to handle a pistol, but they rarely have a more deadly use for it than the killing of a jack-rabbit or a prairie dog. Some women complain more of loneliness than of feer. For whatever charms solitude may have for the sage, it certainly has none for the fair sex, not even for our hardy Western representatives of it. Here is one of their ingeni ous devices; Two of them locate on on adjoining "quarters," and build their houses on the dividing line; so that while each house is on its occupant's claim, the Active agents wanted is every unrepresented district. Correspondence solicited nothing of a horselect ride of fitting or

\$500 Reward. For many years the manufacturer of Dr. For many years and server of Dt. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, a standing reward of \$500 for a case of chronic nesal catarrh which they cannot cure. No matter how bad the disease he become, or of how many years standing yields, in due time, to their skill This fun. ous remedy is sold by druggists at 50 cents

Commending a right is a cheap substitute for doing it, and with this we are too apt to

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Mrs Lenox Hill, Jr. (getting ready leave town]-" Lenox, where shall I hide these silver spoons, in case thieves break Miss A. L. Wilson, general manager of in?" Do you think between the mattresses would be a good place?"

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By I

AUTHOR OF " LADY AU CHAPTER XXXI.-" EXCEPT SISTER'S SHAME!"

Lady Belfield and her maid loodon while the sun was still he town had its busiest aftern all the Royal Oak omnibuses sily eastward or westward, and erriage population were rolling Marble Arch, to circulate dream perted park. Constance Belfie whole scene dimly, like figures in the flaunting flower beds with t geraniums in riotous bloom, the ferns, and second-rate l doubtful victorias, the country the shabby liveries, all the gent of West End London, when ran ion and wealth have fled. She scross the park in one of the broughams from the station, her son, in an agony of perplexi bid anticipation, conjuring up of horror as she went. She c speak when she alighted at V sions, leaving Sanderson in t She seated herself in the lift d let the porter take her up to the The maid who opened the do atter mystification, expecting to less than Lady Belfield, and has consciousness of the military ho if not actually on the premises. "Is your master here-and

riedly, and going straight to her "No, my lady, master hasn' from York. He went at the the week, and he wasn't to be day, or perhaps Monday." Not back from York, and t was from South Kensington. La brain began to swim. York ! ' have been an accident at York on the railway : on the race might have been riding in a Her notion of York Summer very vague : she could hardly d tions between the Knavesmire Park. Her vivid fancy conju the vision of a broken fence, a and rider lying in one heap of ruin under the summer sun.

gasped Lady Belfield, passing th

"Do you know if anythin wrong with your master?" "Have you heard of anything seeing the girl's ignorance in the tonishment depicted in her fac mddenly. " Is Mrs. Baddeley at home

"Yes, my lady. She cam Tuesday, and is to be at home t of next week, ong parsong, the Lady Belfield waited for no crossed the landing and sounde bell at Mrs. Baddeley's doo admitted her immediately, made to understand that he h on the condition of never keep over two seconds at the doo read as many novels as he like be as lazy as he liked, but t patience which middle-aged butlers inflict upon visitors w inflicted by him. He flung op

ing-room door with an air, at Lady Belfield." Mrs. Braddeley was en desh in some loose garment of wh and peacock plush, half a la ala Greque, looking very h very indolent, with a three lying on the sofa-all three v as if she had been dipping he in the story of interesting bits chocolate pot on the spindle-l

her side, and Tory reposing the sofa. She started up to receive without knocking over the tal ing the dog, who opened his and blinked at the visitor in ence. All her movements and sinuous, and she circulate archipelago of dainty tables

"Dearest Lady Belfield, wh she exclaimed. "Is Helen w "No, she is not with me where she is, poor, wretched, But I want to know about telegraphed for his wife. He "He is not much given to v his wife when he is well, I Leo, "but what do you me about my sister as a lost of Belfield. Are you out of you

"I shall be if I don't find god's sake tell me the truth is. Where is Valentine-w Why did he telegraph for morning ?" "I know nothing about yo Belfield. He has lived at hi wince Helen went to you. I ee him in this house. He is

off to some race meeting. T M York, two or three weeks be at Doncaster. I have trouble myself about his mo "He telegraphed this mo past seven—from South Ken Then I suppose he is in on and alive, or he could graphed. And now, Lady

about my sister, if you pl right do you talk of her as What has she done?" She has left my house honoured her husband. "How dare you say t

right?" Leonora Baddeley had pl ween the visitor and the noc, as if to keep Lady B erce, were it necessary. to her fullest height, angry spot of crimeon

sehing, her lips quivering, y rigid look, as if were turning into stone. She has gone off, the what art, what h acting! She fled to bour of temptation. the country, she hid and she has gone off it all meant—the

the flying from t with him! Ob into her flas or of rage. Si whichever th