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onal purposes), loutreal Gazette declare: "Montevil-doers, with and gambling f the alien and corners of the Want THIS ttleggers' paraeir government

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have a legend that monkey-faced god, ther a grudge, he orn on the chemy's rainy season. When this they est the thin reach, then tear he roof to secure the have fallen into the

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No Tips in China. The Chinese are not accustomed to tipping the barber. As a matter of "And truth and hope are sunlight in fact the Chinese barber is very modest tain a haircut, a head shave, a face foot and light, such hours as we are doubt it would," returns the squire, in his prices, and his patrons can obshave, and in addition have the shoulshave, and in addition have the shoulders and back massaged, all for less
than five cents. The rator used by shaped blade with straight handle, days hang so heavily upon her hands; that she has—has—" folding up as does the American never did the daily accustomed tasks "Refused him! That's just it!" "There is something I do

back again to Ballyhinch. other purposes. Term "Four Hundred. given by a millionaire in new 1012 demands he, of the ness about her all the morning, that d'ye think that bay colt sold? I took your future husband will have no coldly, though in reality he is fairly of a minute since was but part of a city, McAllister was in charge of the about value. To conceal, him to——" invitation list. When questioned by she strives, but vainly, to conceal, him to--" "After all, there are only 400 persons

Four Hundred. faculty of song birds, a simple mechher mouth takes a mournful curve. | like him—why, that's all about it, him, I call it." actually teaches canaries and other But what is this? Wheels! Surely influence her—to induce her to think would naturally be told anything of the warbiers how to increase their the sound of wheels! Instantly, as if of it?" asked Delaney, studying his that sort, and the news could not, singing repertory, says Popular Me-my magic, the cloud is sweet from uncle as though he were a new speci- of course, concern or hurt me in any MILTON chanics Magazine. A partly water her face; a brilliant color springs into men—which perhaps he is. filled exlindrical metal tank, in which her cheek, her eyes grow bright, her "Divil a word!" stolidly. Then,

By "THE DUCHESS"

Bawn," "The Hon. Mrs. Vereker," Etc., Etc.

"Come, dad," she cries, casting a "How good it is to see you again!" glance back at him, "you can't have The openness of her heartfelt joy, The Double Track Route forgotten it all yet. Let's have 'up the innocence of her lovely eyes, the the middle and down again, if only almost childish fervor of her manner to warm our blood." She places her arms akimbo and love him it is a love of which she skips up to him, a most entrancing herself is ignorant. He is her cousin, invitation in her eyes. The squire her dear friend, her "chum," is not proof against it. He instantly were, but as a lover she had not once takes fire and in another moment he, thought of him. To Denis this eager too, is footing it gallantly with might greeting, devoid as it is of shyness and main up and down the well or consciousness of any sort, seems

waxed floor. Indeed, both father and to speak only of a heart quite free daughter are in the middle of a very To that greeting he had made Inished performance when Denis answer. It seems to him as though information from all Grand opens the door and walks in, to find speech is beyond him. After that first Frunk Ticket Agents or C. E. Horn- Norah flushed, panting, laughing, al- wild thrill of passionate delight that together lovely, and the squire as the had been his when his arm closed the leaves as it rushes through them. boy he really is at heart. "Wait a moment, my dear fettow: despair sufficiently keen to render and a sense of tranquility, vague but we have just one figure more," ciles him silent. It is with a pale, unsmil- strong, that has evidently communi he, unwilling to cut short his dance. ing face he now follows her into the cated itself to the breasts of the two "Oh, Norah, you rogue, how fast you hall,

There! and gazing at him, "I don't believe inything that could beat that, Denis? Dale, how miserable you look: How does she dance, eh?" pointing possible," changing color, "that you to Norah with fatherly pride. "Will are sorry to come back?" hat do for madame, eh?" "No. That would be of all things

"Well, I suppose so," sighing.

a dark mystery."

CHAPTER X.

can assure you, sir," dropping a gay ing an effort to smile. "But—I have of the early evening. ittle courtesy to Denis, "that I can got a headache—that is all." lance you something better than a "And bad enough, too," says she country dance. A waltz, now, an you shaking her head sympathetically wish it; or even a quadrille, at a "Go into the study, you will find dad pitch, though I confess I care not for there: and I will go and get you something after your journey. "You will come to Ventry then?" and by, if your head is better, I'll cries the young man, heedless of all take you for a nice walk, and that save that hope. "You have made up will make you all right again

'Oh! not so fast as that," says she, opening the study door, is soon C. R. TURNER shrugging her shoulders. "I must ceiving a hearty welcome from his get ___ There are things that must | uncle. be seen to before I can go; if"—with ''I've something to tell you," says "We shall be at the Castle then, eh" a hesitation cruelly prolonged—"go I | the squire, about half an hour later, leaning forward and assuming an Did you get my mother's last letter' "Do not throw another doubt on it. air of deepest mystery. "Such a thing

She runs lightly away, and Denis

Come now, give me your word you as has happened since last you were will accept my mother's invitation." here: just about a week after you left. 'Tis about the Duchess.'' "Yes?" says Denis, regarding him quite turned his head. There is incle. "that I have obtained her con- fixedly sent, I think I had better run home "She's had a proposal!" says the know," glancing at him, "that I am

again for Norah. When, Norah? In child she is!" "Three weeks. Not a minute tightening of at his heart warning course by himself for a very muc him that he had better brace himself "That will take us well into to receive the deadly news he anticipates, lest he let his secret escape role he has arranged for himself?" on the fifteenth I shall return here him. He feels the blood is forsaking for you, and you will be ready then his face; so, getting up from his seat to start with me for Ventry on the with what carelessness he can muster, he goes over to the window and

resigned tone. "If you both think eyes upon her garden beneath. "Who necessary that I should see the is it?" he asks. world, I succumb to superior force. 'Lord Kilgarriff! No less. They've he is a dark schemer and that there up her pink skirts and preparing to charming face uplifted to his what Though how," looking with growing been a good deal together all their is more in this than we can yet see! melancholy at her father, 'you are lives up to this, and he evidently He declares that it is all for my good; ever going to get on without me is thought it a desirable thing to make that now at last an opening has been terrible glance, "it would be more such a tender light there is in the such arrangements as would keep "I sha'n't get on, my love," says them together for the remainder of "Don't them, and faith I don't wonder at hope for it. I shall remain where I it," says the squire, mildly. "It's the

am—stock still—until you come back | biggest grain of sense he "It will be an excellent match," says Delaney in rather a stifled tone. "That's what I'm saying. The best match he's ever likely to get. "Well-and for her too-in a more

worldly point of view." Time, that runs ever with a swift "I dare say it would. Yes, no Chinese barbers is a triangular never in all her young life did the that mean. Are you going to tell me affair altogether in her desire to ana-

straight razor. The blades are made show themselves so devoid of inter-says the squire, tranquilly. "He was about his manner," she goes on. "One that primitive bridge. from old rails or any other crude steel est. But all things end, and tantaliz- well enough as a friend, it appears; which has outlived its usefulness for ing Time is at last conquered, and but as anything closer—no, thank me. Of me, mind you! But if any here dawns the day that brings Denis you! She said all that in her own such wild dream as the hope of shaklittle pretty way, of course. She'd ing me off has entered his head, I can The Duchess, gowned in a charm- be sure to let even her worst enemy tell him he is making a grand mis- ed, why stone—and that her face is were cross. Come and sit down here, ing cambric of palest pink, a quite (if she could have one, bless her!) take; that's all. If ever I do marry by no means so devoid of fear as she Denis, and tell me all about the peo-This term was originally applied by new gown, selected from among those down easy. So it's off. I pitied the I shall carry him along with me fondly believes it to be. Not fear ple I am going to meet to-morrow. a well known society man of New she had been making for her visit to poor boy with all my heart; but he wherever I go, be it to the Sandwich of a desperate character, a merely First, your mother." York, Ward McAllister, to the wealthi- Mme. Delaney is looking very sweet, is of that stuff wherein wounds cure Islands or the very middle of Central carnal fear about the well-being of est residents of that city. For a ball very lovely, if a little paler than quickly. Well, that's my story. A Africa." given by a millionaire in New York usual. There is a touch of restless- good one, eh? Oh! by the bye, how

a reporter, he stated that only 400 and which betrays itself most fre
a reporter, he stated that only 400 quently in a wild desire to prove that a reporter, he stated that only 400 quently in a wild desire to prove that cards were to be sent out, adding the clocks are wrong.

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| a reporter, he stated that only 400 quently in a wild desire to prove that cards were to be sent out, adding the clocks are wrong.

| a reporter, he stated that only 400 quently in a wild desire to prove that cards were to be sent out, adding the clocks are wrong. What ails them? Why don't they the matter now she has refused it. an aggrieved tone. "I don't believe drowned." in New York who count in a social go faster? Has any one been med "Four thousand a year and a title! he exists; or that I shall ever get as MILTON, ONT | Way." The reporter was able after- dling with them? She is growing The money is small to keep up a title, far as even a possible husband." ward to obtain the list of guests and positively care-worn in expression by certainly; but still four thousand a "How can you say that?" exclaims

had their names printed as New York's the Ame the ancient eight-day clock year is something." in the hall strikes two, proclaiming "Well, yes. It sounds a pity, ready forgotten Kilgarriff?" doesn't it?" says the squire, knocking "Oh!" coloring hotly from chin to Suppose he isn't coming at all— the ashes out of his pipe in a lazy but brow. 'You mean Otho! Did dad Taking advantage of the imitative home? Her large eves grow bathetic. His him why that's all about it tell you about that? Very mean of

faculty of song birds, a simple mechher mouth takes a mournful curve. you see."

her mouth takes a mournful curve. you see."

"You forget it was only in me he confided. I am nothing. A cousin marks her for its own."

a slightly smaller inverted tank slides step buoyant. Down the hall like a after a reflective draw or two from of down, provides enough air small whirlwind she rushes, pulls the pipe: "What for? To induce her, open the door, races down the steps, to marry a man for whom she doesn't perhaps find some one who to find herself face to face with him. care two straws? Surely that would "At Ventry" with a little from Yes, there he is, before her. For be a queer thing to do. No, no, my moment she hesitates. There lad! bad work comes of that always, shall not be attractive."

and putting his pipe once more be you that there is yet another name tween his lips, "what folly it all is!" by which you will infallibly be Denis, coming over from the win-called." dow, lays his hand lightly on his There is perhaps rather too much The touch. light as it is, vehemence in his manner. ment the two men look at each other tone that should have warned him steadily, the squire with a gentle that she is making ready for battle. wonderment but a great friendliness

in his handsome eyes.

CHAPTER XI

sighs through the trees and rustles attempts. "At all events," contemp-

round her there had come a sense of There is a great calm everywhere, now walking silently through the

scented wood. Side by side they move, but with How closed lips, the first mild attempts at Conversation having fallen away from them beneath the languorous influence of the dying moon. sweet wild life of nature seems deed to dropping asleep, and scarce "Nonsense, dad," laughing. ""But the least possible," replied he, mak- a sound disturbs the mystical qui

> "Only the pattering aspen Made a sound of growing rain, That fell faster and faster. Then faltered to silence again.'

green open, across which the trem lous sunbeams are still wandering restores the Duchess to a desire speech-a desire never far from her "I wonder how I shall feel this time to-morrow?" she says, with little nervous laugh that shows where her thoughts have been roaming "Yes. About five or five-fiftee

"I had one this morning. Such kind letter: with so many sweet mes sages in it for dad that it took my heart captive. As for dad, it managing him ever since. Do you TENSON and lift the mother out of her Slough squire, making the capital quite enorgoing to stay with you for a very long of Despond. Then I can come back mous. "Think of that now! And the visit? Months! Well, instead of dad's lamenting his fate over this "Well?" says Denis, a terrible last move—which will leave him

longer time than he first anticipated -now what do you think is the new "How could I think?" laughing at the pretended look of disgust on the pretty, piquant face.

"To be delighted, then, charmed "As you will," says the Duchess, in stands there gazing with unseeing at the prospect of being left solitary until Christmas! Do you believe him? I don't! I am certain now that made for me, and that I am very like- than any one could expect of you that lovely eyes; such a faint, happy tremly to make what he calls 'a good you should give a helping hand to a- bling of the perfect lips! What does

"You might do that without stirring, perhaps," says Delaney slowly. Has she forgotten all about that, late proposal? Has that unforunate young man's misery (of course he is look at you"—severely—"it is easy were, that innocent temptress. miserable) passed from her mind? Yet she had undoubtedly led him to are calling me all sorts of names—the thoughts that sting and torment (Delaney's) opinion, from sticking Don't mind me!" straws in his hair until he was as

would think he wanted to get rid of

"Let us hope, for 'dad's' sake, that | business on either of those delightful dying to go to her assistance.

he, almost roughly. "Have you

"you won't know me. I certainly

And is that your idea of conducting yourself with propriety?" with

"And what?" questions she. in "A flirt! a coquette!"

He has grown very pale, and there Well. I take great pride in the is a frown upon his brow. A frown, hought that I am your nephew," says however, that sinks into insignificance beside the one that she now makes him a present of "A flirt! a coquette!" Not all the italics or notes of admiration in the printer's power could give an ade-

quate idea of the concentrated indig-

tuously, "you have nothing to complain of on that score. I have never flirted or coquetted with you!" 'Certainly not," angrily. forget I am your cousin"--he clings this fact with a melanchol strength, as though desirous of receiving moral backbone from it-

"and a cousin, we all know, is quite, the same as---" No, it isn't. It isn't the least l in the world like a brother." interrupts the Duchess truculently. know all about that. There was Kitty French-Lily's sister-and she had a cousin who came down here and called himself her brother, and made violent love to her notwith standing, and when he went away last they found out he had been engaged to another girl all the time.

months afterward. So cousins aren't

There is much righteous anger in last stepping-stone, seeing her lose her tone, and the glance she deigns her balance and stagger dangerously, to cast at him is full of triumph. As he rushes forward, only barely in a small, cold, remorseless hand has from destructfon. case the tables are indeed turned. He bank. She is now, indeed, in perfect is the one who will suffer, not this safety, but still his arm is around clear-eyed, impetuous child. Suffer, her. It is not always easy to rememnot for months and months only, but ber (not always), when the face we

one the wiser. They have come to a wide stream, "My darling! you are not hurt?" shallow in parts, but always deep whispers he in an impassioned tone, enough to give the unlucky crosser holding her still closer to him. who should miss the stepping-stones his heart's yearning, all his unhappy a severe wetting. These stones lie love, speaks in those words. across the bed of the river at very unequal distances, and are for the most part wobbly and abominally un- "With white feet bruised from no defirmly on the first of them, holds out his hand in dignified silence to the

Her grace, however, rejects his advances with scorn unbounded. "No, thank you," says she, picking do or die. "I can get across quite is it that he sees? Such a swift, well by myself. I feel sure," with a sweet, shy glance as she gives him;

"I didn't call you that!" indiguse the word. Well, at all events, to her go. Puts her from him, as it to see that at this very instant you

. It had all come, in his secretly. Pray cross over, Denis. him. "As you will," says Delaney, shrugseeks to hide the tenderness that had mad as Ophelia. Yet now here she ging his shoulders; and stepping for an instant flashed into being, was, apparently oblivious of any briskly from stone to stone he soon startling her almost as keenly as it

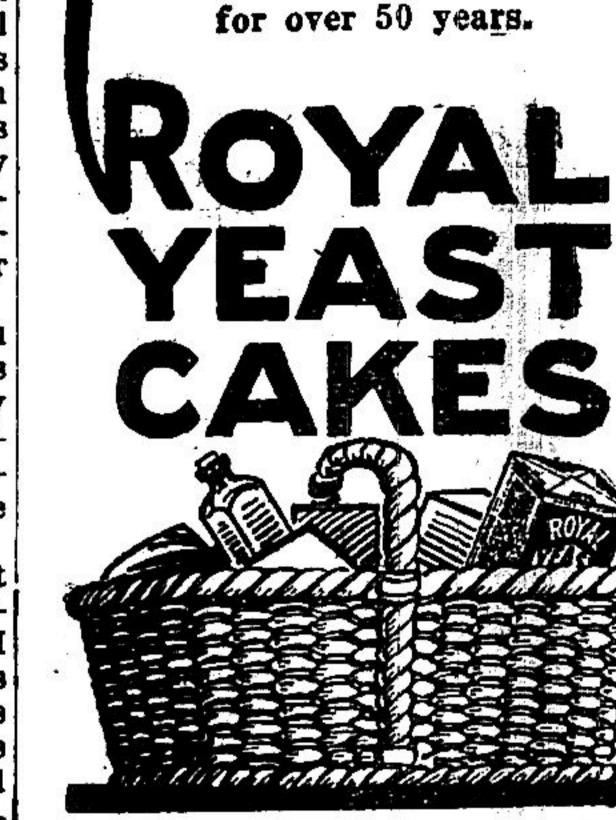
ious to the fact that a young lady is he might almost indeed believe that somewhere within view, attempting that strange sweet light had never "There is something I don't like with light but nervous steps to cross frightened, coming to his ears, he from a watery grave," says she, gayturns quickly to see that Norah is ly, "I suppose I am bound in common

her dainty cambric gown.

As the water could not possible come up to the bald crown of an in-

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and he married her, and Kitty was fant there is no immediate danger of

quite broken-hearted for months and this. "Please yourself, of course," says brothers, you see; and therefore they Delaney, calmly. If annoyed, he still keeps, however, an eye upon her, and at the very

pain will be all on his side, and-no idolized form lying contentedly in

s late.

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lightful way, Through darkness and the disen-Lest Love went weeping half a win-

A second's silence and then-"Hurt? No. Oh, no!" Her voice is a mere sigh. In the

With a feeling of misery as yet unknown to him the young man slowly "No? I quite thought I heard you loosens his arm around her and lets

laughing. The tender smile has died;

"Now that you have rescued me

Except that her eyes do not meet this as freely as of old, he could bring "Certainly not!" icily. "Rather cannot forget. He knows! And with the wild mad joy the knowledge brings him there is also a sense of despair and of dishonor. One thought haunts him. He should have told her.



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questions of a little sirl of three and a boy of fours-Boston Transcript.

the hour when he should arrive.

of the with a sigh of steps to become less loyous and listen first name."

I loylog suite in you for her laughter! I tell you that name."

lips part in a lovely smile, and fling shall marry just whom she pleases, lips— "be lost in a desire to conthe winds, forget- always provided he is a gentleman duct myself with propriety. I shall dear fact that he has come back again she sha'n't marry at all, just as she spective misery. her arms around his neck and "But such a chance to fling away," think of me as 'the Duchess.' I shall she says, crying the other's mind on this subject thor- it sounds."

persists Denis, curious now to read be Miss Delaney. Oh, how unfriendly truth as though the very utterance Did you ever hear such a fellow? else." "Oh! come in. What alls the boy?" says the squire, "Far worse to me. But I know

embracing young men as a general For with age comes wisdom, or at all a little sufficiently to allow an iruld destroy. The but if so it escapes her now, Her events it should. My little Duchess repressible laugh to fall from her upbuilding rule, but if so it escapes her now, Her events it should. My little Duchess repressible laugh to fall from her places and fling and fling that whom the places repressible laugh to fall from her laugh to fall fro

"Not worse than Miss anything