

"This Mortal."

Are then the freshly bonds so strong and stern? Most all this waiting, watching, longing, weeping, agonate praying of the loved to learn, fevers all my waking, haunts my sleep-logs, powerless as a child's light-lived dream, To sink no deeper, and to rise no higher?

PHYLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

Author of "Molly Bawa," "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lillian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

There is no use in denying it. All this does please me. Nay, more; it intoxicates me. I am heart-whole, and can therefore freely yield myself up to the enjoyment of the visions he has conjured up before me. I feel I am giving in swiftly and surely. My refusing to marry him will not make him a bit more anxious to marry Dora; and instead tell me now she is utterly unsuited to him. Still I am reluctant.

passed, I feel a sense of rest I had not known before. "Who is to tell them at home?" I ask, presently. "I will. Shall I go back with you and tell them at once?" "No, no," I cry, hastily, shrinking from the contemplation of the scene that will inevitably follow his announcement. "It is too late now. To-morrow—about four o'clock—you can come and get it over. And Mr. Carrington, will you please be sure and tell them I knew nothing of it—never suspected, I mean, that you cared for me."

phant knock at the door, and rings the bell until it sends forth a merry peal that echoes through the passages. A funny empty sensation comes into the tops of my fingers and across my forehead, as though the blood was receding, and, rising swiftly, I hurry to my own room and lock the door. "Now he is in the hall, and Billy and he are laughing—at some stupid joke, no doubt. Now he is in the library; now he has told papa it is a fine day; and now it must be all over!"

blind to papa's faults because you loved him; that was a mistake. Now, I shall not be blind to Marmaduke's; and if he does anything very horrid, or develops unpleasant symptoms, I shall be able to give him up before it is too late. If you had been fully alive to papa's little tempers, mother, I don't suppose you would ever have married him; would you?"

The News in a Nutshell.

Five Minutes Select Reading—Summary of Foreign, Domestic and War Items—Concise, Pithy and Pointed.

A falling tree killed a man at Minden a few days ago. Five hundred additional constables are wanted in Montreal. A Walkerton J.P. is on trial for threatening to shoot a bailiff. London Township has backed down on the toll-gate question.

Agricultural Note.

A rural subscriber wants to know if it makes any difference in the lastness of fence-posts whether you set them "top-end up," or the same way the trees grow, or "top-end down." Not a bit. A fence-post will last just as long set "top-end up" or "top-end down." In setting a fence, however, there is a vital importance in this distinction which the careful poulterer will do wisely to observe.