By the Author of "PROVED, OR NOT PROVED,"

TELLING HER FORTUNE.

CHAPTER IX. ON THE TERRACE.

"Clara, if you dance any more this eventell you so, and to say that Lady Ellison mistaken. left you in her charge—that her orders are that you have a good long rest." "My dear Ted! I am as fresh as possible.

"My dear Ted! I am as fresh as possible.
I always dance every dance."
"You may feel fresh, but you're as white as your dress," Ted answered, looking half anxiously, half admiringly at Clara, who was standing in the doorway of the ball-room, surrounded by a little court of admicers. She was dressed in white, which fell around her in soft fleecy folds and left the white shoulders and pretty rounded arms bare; she wore ornaments of pearls on her throat and wrists and one creamy rose in the standard of say
"You may feel fresh, but you're as your manner toward me was cold and constrained, and you are so anxious to think ill of me. Even the other morning, about my letters, I saw you judged me then unkindly. You thought——"

"But my child, what right have I to think?" he said, gently, leaning over the railings, and looking earnestly at the sweet, moved face. "How can my opinion effect you in any possible way? If you know what it really is——"

He broke off suddenly, as if afraid of say-

"I have my mother's orders to send you into her boudoir to have a rest. Let me see, whom shall I honor with the trust? No, not you, messeeurs," he added, laughingly. "There is not one of you to be trusted. Here, Dick," he continued, to Mr. Burke, who was passing through the hall, "take Miss Frith away from this hot room and make her rest. I give her into your care for half an hour, and mind you Mr. Burke smiled slightly at this instance prove worthy of suca a trust."

"Is that possible?" Mr. Birke said, bowing as he offered his arm.

Clara hesitated for a moment. "I really need not trouble you, Mr. Burke," she said, coldly. "Are you under no other engagements?"

"None whatever; I am not dancing."
The girl's fair face brightened a little, and

she put her hand on his arm. "Have you not danced at all?" she said, so he piloted her through the groups of guestr and billows of silk and lace tarla-

"No. You must have guessed as much" "Why!"

"Because I had not asked for a glimpse of your programme.'

That was no criterion, I did not think

you would have asked me."
"Did you not? I think, if I had been dancing, I should have liked a waltz with you."
"And why?"

"Your waitzing is perfection," he answered, smiling. "Where am I to take you, Miss Frith in search of coolness and peace?"
"On the terrace, if you will," Clara waid.

Mr. Burke hesitated. "Will it not be cold for you?" he said,

looking down at her.

Cold! This warm night?"

"Then if you will excuse me a moment,

I will fetch you a shawl." He left her for a moment, returning almost immediately with a soft white shawl, which he folded carefully round her, notwithstanding her laughing remonstrances; then drawing her hand through his arm again, he led her through the French windows on to the terrace.

Fetherstone Hall was an old building. and the house was surrounded by what had probably been a fosse had been for defensive purposes and kept full of water. Now it had been carefully drained off and stone-paved, and served as an area for the basement story; and above it was a handsome stone terrace covered with a veranda and edged by a pretty ornamented balustrade, which served both as a promenade and sitting-room in hot weather. Comfortable cushioned wicker chairs were place ed here and there, and in one of these Clara sat down, somewhat wearily.

"You are very tired?" Mr. Burke said, gently, as he glanced down at the lovely face, which looked very white against the red cushions on which it rested. "Shall

I get you some wine?"

occasion seemed to warrant.
"Glad? And why? Do I look like a person likely to fall a victim to intemper-

"No," he answered, gravely. "And yet I have seen women as young as you almost, and more beautiful even than are you, sunk to the lowest depths by the indulgence of that vice."

"Poor creatures," said Clara, compas sionately, and there was a silence, during which Mr. Barke leaned over the basustrade, his face grave to sadness, and Clara watch ed him thoughtfully, thinking that his face was one of the most beautiful she had ever seen, and letting her heart steal slowly but surely from her keeping into his.

"I need not keep you, Mr. Burke," she said, presently, "if you wish to return to the ball-room.'

"Is my presence distasteful to you?"

"By no means, but—"
"Then I will stay, if you please," he re-

plied, calmly.

It was a lovely night, soft and pleasant, with a full moon which peeped coyly now and then from behind the fleecy clouds which swept across the sky, and a little breeze fragrant with the odor of the flowers in the parterres below the terrace. There was no one on the terrace but themselves, and from within came the soft, sweet strains of dance-music— a dreamy German Waltz which the musicians were playing. "Mr. Burke," Clara said, suddenly, with

a little tremor in her sweet, low voice, "why do you think so badly of me?"

"Think so badly of you?" repeated Mr. Burke, starting a little, and turning a somewhat troubled face toward her. "Surely—"
"Ab, do not try to deny it," she said,

hastily, I know you do not like me. I know that you think me a foolish, frivolous girl—I know that you think me even worse than foolish and frivolous-you think me capable of deceiving my best friend, my more than mother. Why is it? What have I done to you that you have conceived such an opinion of me?"

She had risen as she spoke, and approaching his side leaned over the balustrade, looking up in his face with eager, earnest eyes,

which told Mr. Burke something which made his heart beat quickly and his pulses

"Miss F. ith," he said: earnestly, "what ing you will collapse. My mother sent me makes you think ? Indeed, you are quite

"I am not," she replied, eagerly—"I am not mistaken. I have seen, from the very beginning of our acquaintance, that

He broke off suddenly, as if afraid of say ing to much.

"An! you see you cannot deny it!" she said, bitterly! "You do think evil of me! You thought when you gave me the letters that I was carrying on a correspondence unknown to my darling mother. Well, so it is; what if I am?" continued Clara,

Mr. Burke smiled slightly at this instance of feminine inconsistency, but said nothing, only looked quietly away from the fair, flushed face, out on to the moonlit grounds. "And the other morning, when Mr. Lacy was reading," she went on, eagerly and passionately, "when it came to that and passionately, "when it came to that passage about fiirtation, I saw how you looked at me, as much as to say that I was

capable of that 'unwomanly shame' they

capable of that 'unwomanly shame' they spoke of! How dare you judge me so cruelly? What right have you?"
"I can only regret that my face is so very expressive of my feelings," said Mr. Burke, calmly; and Clara turned away with a quick little gesture of pain.

There was a short silence. Suddenly Mr. Burke heard something very like a suppressed sob in the neighborhood of h's shoulder,

and he turned hastily.

"Clara, what is it? You are really not angry or hurt are you?" he said eagerly.

"Ah, child, you know I would not grieve you for the world! And if I do not tell you in so many words what I think of you, it is because I fear that the expression of my real opinion would vex you even more than my supposed dislike does."
"Forgive me," Clara said, tremulously,

"I am very foolish, but I am tired and nervous to-night: and ---

"You have been doing too much latele,"
he said, tenderly. "Too much gayety is
not good even for Miss Frith. I must speak

to Lady Ellison about you."
"Oh!no; please not; I am quite well,
only tired and a little worried," said Clara, eagerly. "Worried!-you! he said, taking the

tiny gloved hand into his own broad, strong palm. "You ought to have no worrles, my child. Suppose you tell me what is troubling you? Perhaps I can help you."
"I wonder—I wonder if—if you would,"

C ara said, hesitatingly, lifting her eyes to the grave face, very tender now, as he bent over her.
"If I can, I will," he said gently." "You

need not be afraid to trust me, Clara." "I am not atraid to trust you. It is not that!" she said, dubiously; "and still, perhaps, you could help me, Mr. Burke. Two or three times I have wendered if I might

tell you, and if you would help me?"
"Need I assure you of my will if I possess the ability?" he said stroking the little hand with his fingers with a tender cares-sing movement. "Why are you afraid to tell me?"

"You are so big and formidable," she replied, forcing a laugh; "and you have almost invariably seemed to avoid me."

Dick Burke smiled half sadly as he re-membered how hard he had striven to resist "Don't you know that I am a 'total abstainer,' Clara said laughingly.

"Are you? I am glad to hear it," said
Mr. Burke, with more earnestness than the her which had invaded his heart, despairing of ever winning any return, and not daring to risk his happiness again on a woman' word. And as he stood with the little glov ed hand in his, and looked down on the slender white robed figure by his side, he contrasted the beautiful, pure face, and earnest eyes, with another face, yet more beautiful and bewitching, which had made a fool's paradis a for him for a time.

"Have I seemed to avoid you?" he snid. "Even if I have, my child, what has an old fogey like me to do with a bright young girl rogey like me to do with a bright young girl except to help her if I can, and advise her to the best of my ability? And Clara—I may call you Clara, may I not?—"
"It is rather late in the day to ask per-

mission," Clara said, gayly. done so several times already." "You are not angry then

"Oh, no;" Clara replied, shyly, freely giving him a permission accorded to a very

few.
"Then, Clara, believe that anything I can do for you will be done, with a sincere pleasure and happiness in the performance of your behest.

"Thank you," Clara said, simply, and there was a little silence.

"Mr. Burke," the young girl said then, "do you remember my saying that deceit was sometimes excusable?" "Yes, I remember.

"Yes, I remember."
"Perhaps you thought me wrong, but when I have told you to what I allude you will think I am right. You know the great trial of my dear mother's life do you not?"
"Her blindness?" said Mr. Burke, releasing Clara's hand as he snoke. ing Clara's hand as he spoke.

No; I do not allude to that. I mean a trial she had years ago, when I first came to

"What was that?" he said, gently. "I allude to the loss of her son.

"Did he die?"

"No; not then. I will tell you about it.
I thought Ted might have done so." "Ted has never spoken of Lady Ellison's son to me," answered Mr Burke. "But you had better sit down, my child; you will be

"Then sit down also," she replied with a touch of her pretty imperious manner.

you do not I shall have to shout to reach up

to your ears."

He obeyed her, drawing up a chair to her side, and leaning his elbow on the bal-ustrade in a manner which, although his face was turned toward her, allowed him to

"Ah! tell me now, please; I should not shade it with his hand.

"It is nearly eleven years ago," Clara began, in her low, sweet voice, "That Grant Ellison, who was an only child, married without consulting either father or mother, a beautiful young actress. He was in the army and she belong d to a company who passed through the town where he was quarte ed he married her secretly, and managed to keep his marriage from the knowledge of his friends for several weeks; then it was discovered; his colonel wrote to Sir Douglas Ellison; Grant wrote to his mother, who loved him with a love 'passing the love of woman' I remember the morning those letters came-I shall never "shuddered as she spoke-" never forgot it, child as I was at the time! Sir Douglas, whose family pride was only equalled by his pride in his son and heir, was fur ious; Lady Ellison was broken hearted. He swore he would never receive his son again, and wrote casting him off forever. I remem-ber how poor mother pleaded for her son; I remember how she entreated Sir Douglas to forgive him, how she w pt and sobbed; and then when she saw it was hopeless to induce him to alter his decision, she fell at his feet in a dead faint. I knew that because I was in the room unnoticed in their misery, for the father was miserable also; but I did not know the cause of the unhappiness."

"Well?" Mr. Barke said, gently.
"Sir Douglas never altered his decision. Five years after he died, and when his will was opened, it was found that he had left all his property, after Lady Ellison's death to me; there was nothing for his son, whom he cast cff.

"Then Grant Ellison's folly has benefited somebody," Dick said, with a strange smile. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody

smile. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good,''
"Do you call that good?' she oried passionately. "Do you think I can enjoy the possession of that money? Ah! if you could know how the thought of that will weighs upon me!"
"But Grant Ellison is dead, is he not?"

"There is no real proof of his death He left the army and went abroad to Australia with his wife, and Lady Ellison never heard of him since. During Sir Douglas Ellison's lifetime she could make no inquries—he would not permit it! and as she never heard from him, she gave up all hopes that he was living. It seems that before he left came to his mother to say goodby. He did not enter Charnock House, because he would not take advantage of his father's absence—Sir Douglas was away at

the time. Was not that noble of him?"
"Noble—why?"
"Because Sir Douglas had forbidden him to enter the house, but mother went to him in the grounds and they parted. I only knew of this interview about a year ago she told me of it. It must have been terri-

"Terrible, indeed!" said her companion

in a low voice.
"It seemed that at that interview Grant promised that, if he lived, his mother should hear from him. He never wrote, and she has mourned him as dead for many years

now."
"Is it not better so?" Richard Burke said, quietly. "He was lost to her living; it was better he should die than live to bring disgrace and dishonor on his name,"

"Diegrace and dishonor!" she returned. quickly and passionately. "He never did so! He had been wrong truly to marry secretly, but if he loved the girl and she was good and beautiful, why should he not have married her? Surely it is a man's inaliena-ble right to choose a wife for himself?"

"Dangerous principles, my child," he answered, with forced gayety, but with a deep shade of pain on his face. 'They brought Grant Ellison to his ruin, you see.

"They need not have done so had Sir Douglas been less proud," she said warmly. "And on his deathbed I am sure he recognized that he had been in fault,"

"How," said Dick, e gerly.
"Booause, when he was dying, we were with him—mother and I—and he had been lying as if unconscious for a long time," the young girl answered, unsteadily. "Mother was leaning over him, but she was very thred and faint, and I had my arms round her. Suddenly he opened his eyes and looked up at her with a faint smile. 'Poor Nora,' he said faintly. 'Poor Grant! Forgive me, and ask him to forgive me also' They were his last words."

The tears were standing thickly in the girl's eyes, and she turned away her face to hide her emotion from her companion, who was almost as deeply moved as herself. For a moment neither could speak; then he said, in a low, pained voice:

"Had Grant Ellison known that, he might have had a different ending to his

career. Clara turned eagerly, and put out both

her hands.
"How do you know? How do you know?' she said, excitedly. "Ah, you have seen him—you met him out there! Ah, tell me—I am right, am I not? You know him?'
"I have seen him," he answered, slowly.

"And-ah! but you said a different ending! He is dead, then?" and Clara's head sank on her hands in irrepressible agitation. "My child," said Mr. Burke, gently, "it is better so, believe me. Why should you regret him? He was not worth one of

"Hew dare you say so?" Clara said, passionately. "She loved him so dearly, he could have been nothing else but good and noble.'

" She was his mother." "And he is dead!" said the young girl, brokenly "That is why I could get no tidings from him!"
"What—you have sought for him?" he

said, eegerly, turning toward her.
"I have tried. That letter I had the day
before yesterday was from the lawyer who was trying to discover his fate for me ; but you see, Miss Delby's fortune-telling came nearer the truth than she thought. I have had news of the 'fair man,' and they have given me a bitter disappointment. O, Grant-Grant!"

And again the pretty head fell on the little hands, and sobs shook the slender frame. Mr. Burke sat still for a moment, then he turned toward her with an almost irrepressible tenderness, as if about to take her in his arms; but he checked himself with a strong effort, and sat silent until she "If grew calm again,

"Tell me about him," she said then tramulously; and Mr. Burke hesitated.
"To morrow," he said "You are worn

sleep unless I knew all! I am not tired,

and I will not distress you again, I prom-"Distress me! Ah, Clara, those tears have given me the brightest gleam of happl ness I have known for many a long year," he answered, huskily; and the color rose in

Clara's face as she heard the words. "Now tell me," she said, s ftly, in s

moment. "There is not much to tell," he answered, in a low tone. "When I knew Grant Ellison I knew him as a broken-hearted, reckless man, whe lived a life of hardship and wretchedness, rendered doubly miserable by the thought of the mother whose heart he had b oken. Ah, when you think of him, Clara, you may safely think of him as loving his mother with the deepest, truest love of his heart; and if he did not write to her it was because he felt that as he was lost to her, it was better that she should believe him dead even before he was."

"She loved him," Clara said, softly.
"He never doubted that," he answered, uletly. "Never, not for a moment. His quietly. "Never, not for a moment. His love and faith in her never faltered, and though his life was a miserable one, it was honest and pure for her sake."

"You were his friend, then?" the young girl said, lifting her eyes to his face for a moment, as he stood leaning over the balustreds and specific in a least section. trade, and speaking in a low, moved voice, without glancing toward her. "He trusted me," he replied, quietly.
"He told me much that I will tell you if
you care to hear it; much that will sadden

and pain your tender heart, my child—but much that, if he had known you as I know you, he would have told you freely long ago.
Will you hear it now?"

'Yes," Clara said, softly, "I will hear it, and I will be grateful to you as much for that confidence as for your friendship for him.'

And there was a short silence, broken only by the gay, sweet strains of dance-music which came from the ball room, before Mr. Burke began his story.

(TO BE CONTINUED !

Cashing a Cheque.

Customer (presenting cheque humbly to Ledger Keeper.) Strange how a customer drawing money always does it humbly. He hides his little piece of pink, green or white paper as if it were a death warrant. He talks in undertones. He addresses the tilks in undertones. He addresses the clerks, who sit like austere judges behind their tailed counters, or like male Hesperides guarding untold wealth. Even when the customer does get his money, (end it is cometimes his money, you know) he counts it on the sly as if he know he oughtn't to, as if those judges scoffed at his suspicions —Will you be kind en ugh to cash this for

Ledger Keeper (licking his fingers and turning pages rap:(dly.) — Next desk.

Customer (at next desk.) Will you be kind enough to cash this for me?

Receiving Teller (dashing his hand into a dirty, wet sponge).—Next desk.

Customer (at next desk).—Will you be

kind enough to——
Accountant (cleaning his nails)—next

desk—paying teller.
Customer.—Will you be—
Paying Teller (enatching cheque)—Third

desk down.

Customer (at Ledger Keeper's desk) —I was told [told, not asked] to bring you this.

Ledger Keeper.—"A" to "K," or "L"

Customer. - I beg your pardon. Ledger Keeper. - Here, hand it over.

Customer.—Hand what over?
Ledger Keeper.—Here, be quick. Can't you see I'm busy? Customer.-Well, no, yes, I mean. What

do you want? Ledger Keeper.—That cheque.

(Customer hesitatingly lets go the precious document) [Ledger Keeper bangs a big book about, scribbles a few flourishes in two or three different corners of two or different scraps of paper, and hands customer cheque.

Customer stares blankly.]

Ledger Keeper.—To Paying Teller! (Supply "to" after "go" and "the devil" after "to" to judge from Ledger Keeper' face.)

brought this back.

Paying Teller counts cut \$5,000 in two and ones and silver, scribbles fleurishes with a fine pen in half a dozen books and more locse pleases of paper, licks his fingers and thumb, takes a hair out of his pen, looks thumb, takes a hair out of his pen, looks for another pen, stamps seven or eight cheques, walks over with pen in mouth and papers in hand to another part of office, looks at clock, says to somebody, "Clock's slow, put it on to ten minutes to three," comes back, pulls up his trousers so that they won't "knee," sits down and says).—

Wall!

Customer hands oheque dumbly, Paying Teller.—Not endorsed. Customer.—Beg pardon.

Paying Teller.—(slowly, deliberately, incisively, sarcastically.—It—!s—not—endor-

Customer.—Oh 1 Paying Teller points to pen and ink be

Taying Teller points to part and the behind customer (excessive politeness).

Customer brings back cheque. Finds four well-dressed, lanky, hair parted in the middle boys talking to Paying Teller. All got books under arms. Remembers seeing them in offices of other banks. Waits. They still talk. Conversation unintelligible. "A's" all "aws"; no "R's" anywhere. At last all say, "Taw-taw." Presents cheque.

Paying Teller.—This your name?

Customer (in a whisper) Paying Teller.—Got to be identified. Customer.—What? The name? Clock strikes three. Customer hustled

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If there is anything below the clouds that will make an angel red around the eyes is to see a near-sighted old bachelor try to thread a needle.

Your friends will Never Tell You

but perhaps somebody, who isn't your friend, will, that your presence is rendered offensive by the foul, fetid smell of your breath E ery word y'u utter, though it be the very echo of wisdom and poetry, disgusts your hearers, and your laugh is productive of anything but mirth to them. It is a duty you owe, not only to yourself, bu' to society to remove this cause of offense. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remery will heal the diseased mucous membrane, will bring relief to yourself and others. D) not hesitate to employ it.

Ferdinand Ward wishes he were one of the rascals who are to be turned out.

"One Nail Drives Out Auother?

is a French saying that finds exemp ification in the way one disease will substitute itself for another and graver one, in very many pases. Liver disease for instance will soon induce bood disorders, throat aliments, skin affections and eventually, because of impoverished blood, consumption itself, urless, indeed, it be treated in its incipiency and early progress by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery' which acts as a specific in these ailments, accomplishing a rapid cure by its powerful alterative action upon the great organs of the body.

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