# SIR GUYS' WARD.

### A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

violence behind her.

the abrupt closing of the door. "How deep sigh. vehement dear Lilian is! There is nothing up without the companionship of well-bred an imaginery napkin. women. The loss of it makes a girl so -so hoydenish, and---

ruptsGuy, who is in the humor to quarrel with edge of the table. "Lilian, then,"-with Lilian is, I think it better to get home." his shadow, -especially strange as it may a scrutinizing glance, -"did not tell you seem, with any one who may chance to where she was going?" speak ill of the small shrew who had just "No. There is no reason why she flown like a whirlwind from the room.

"No?" says Miss Beauchamp, sweetly. natural spirits?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," says Sir Guy. As he answers he looks at her, and tells and fleshy nose. " Has she?" he says, in a when Guy rises impatiently. sation.

"I think she has," says Florence, innocent- | nine. ly, a little to such of doggedness running bemoney. Who broke it ?"

the room.

a window that overlooks the avenue to Guy, hastily. nev to a full stop.

Throwing the reins to the groom, he springs to the ground, and for some time the | a pale face and flashing eyes. Miss Beautwo cousins converse earnestly. Then Guy, | champ's pluck alway malts under Guy's who is now regarding them with eager anger. attention, sees Chesney help Lilian into the trap, take his seat beside her, and drive away up the avenue, past the huge laurustinus, under the elms, and out of sight.

Where are they going, those two? "I shall ionable wedding to all the inconvenience never return :"- her foolish words, that attendant on a runaway match." he so honestly considers foo'ish, come back | to him now clearly, and, with a strange persistency that troubles him, repeat them- riage with her cousin.'

selves over and over again. Lilian going? The child's lovely, angry face ranged. rises up before him, full of a keen reproach. now, in that quick vehement fashion of

would she -- ? Bah! he draws himself up with a shiver. and smiles contemptuously at the absurdity go for her." of his own fears, assuring himself she will certainly be home to dinner.

aches, and now lies prone upon her bed, so to make a point of hating anything. that Miss Beauchamp and Guy perforce prepare to partake of that meal alone.

though it is a pretty gown, one of the prettiest married he used to drive over here night in her wardrobe, and has been donned by after night, and not care in the least how finding a tete-a-tete upon the cards.

hoping to hear some mention made of the any crime.' absent Lilian; but in this hope he is disappointed. She might never have been a guest Beauchamp take of her non-appearance.

Anne's" headache, suggests a new pill as an Beauchamp, with perfect calmness but a to me that you might carry your dislike to unfailing cure for "that sort of thing," and suspicious indrawing of her rather meagre me even to my clothes. In future I shall be round." then eats her dinner placidly, quietly, and, lips. "If some one must go out to-night, wiser." with a careful kindness that not one of the Guy, why not send Thomas?" for another, patronizes all alike, without he quietly. missing any. It is indeed a matter for | Passing through the hall on his way to time. She has evidently a perfect talent for rays of the moon. concealing any amount of viands without | He has refused to take any of the seeming to do so, which it must be admit- servants with him, and so, alone ted, is a great charm.

To-night I fear Guy scarcely sees the leads to Steynemore. beauty of it. He is conscious of feeling dis- They are not pleasant thoughts. Being Florence is, you know; and one piece of myself instantly." gust and a very passion of impatience. Does only a man, he has accepted Miss Beau- perfection should be enough in any houseshe not notice Lilian's absence? Will she champ's pretended doubts about Lilian's hold." never speak of it? A strange fear lest she safety as real, and almost persuades himshould express ignorance of his ward's self his present journey will bear him only air but the clatter of the horse's feet as he whereabouts ties his own tongue. But she, bitter disappointment. As to what he is covers bravely the cruel speeches for me alone. Do you guess circumstance which dictated its erection she does, she must know, and presently going to do if Lilian has not been seen at rushing of the wind. It is a cold wind, how they hurt, child? No, I am sure you It is to the memory of a child of the house. no doubt will tell him.

ing to cat! Surely when the servants go house, his suspense and fear grow almost moor, with cool keenness, cutting uncivilty I to be always despised and hated? Why King George III. and Queen Charlotte she will say something. Now she has near- | beyond bounds. Dismounting at the hall- | the tops of their ears, and making them | ly done: thank the stars the last bit has | door, which stands partly open he flings the | sink their necks lower in their coverings. disappeared! She is going to lay down reins to Jericho, and, going into the hall, her spoon and acknowledge herself satisfied. | turns in the direction of the drawing-room.

"I think, Guy, I will take a little more, While he stands without, trying to sumvery little, please. This new cook seems mon courage to enter boldly, and literally blue. quite satisfactory," says Florence, in her trembling with suppressed anxiety, a low, slow, even, self-congratulatory way.

Guy's lips: by a supreme effort he supress- ily he raises his hand to his throat, and desired cream that decency will permit. awful has been the terror that for four long ing. After which he motions silently though hours has been consuming him. time.

is impossible ! ridianlously, utterly impos- face is full of soft lines of an usement.

CHAPTER XXIII .- (CONTINUED.) | sible! Yet his blood grows cold in spite of There is a second's pause, and then Lilian, his would-be disbelief; a sickening shiver walking across the room, goes out, and runs through his veins even while he tells bangs the door with much unnecessary himself he is a fool even to imagine such a

thing. And yet, where is she? "Dear me?" exclaims Florence, affect- "I suppose Lilian is at Mabel Steyne's, elly, when she has recovered from the shock says Miss Beauchamp, calmly, having de her delicate nerves have sustained through molished the last bit on her plate with a

"Is she?" asks Guy, in a tone half stifled. so ruinous to one's manners as being brought | As he speaks he stoops as though to pick up

"Your napkin is here," says Florence, yet : there cannot be any hurry." in an uncompromising voice: "don't you "I don't think Lilian hoydenish," inter- see it?" pointing to where it rests on the

should." "Perhaps you are right. As a rule," - perfectly ladylike, but extremely irritating | "Don't stir, Mab: I shan't be a minute: with an admiring glance, so dettly thrown laugh : "for one thing, her silence has cost my things are all in the next room." as to make one regret it should be so utter- you your dinner. I am sorry I did not rely flung away, - " you always are. It may lieve your mind by telling you before. But Steyne says, when the door has closed upon be only natural spirits, but if so,"-blandly, I could not possibly guess her absence could her, "or else something has annoyed her. -"don't you think she has a great deal of afflict you so severely. She said something I am not sure which," with a quick glance this morning about going to see Mabel."

"I dare say," quietly. himself he hates all her pink and white fair- through an unlimited quantity of dried like to ask her. She is certainly vexed ness, her dull brown locks, her duller eyes, fruit, and two particularly fine pears, in no and more, much more than all, her large time. She is looking longingly at a third, should be made unhappy, poor pretty child!

tone that augurs ill for any one who may "If she is at Mabel's I suppose I had "I thought she seemed quite radiant in have the hardihood to carry on the conver- better go and bring her home," he says, spirits just now," remarks Guy, coldly. glancing at the clock. "It is a quarter to

neath the innocence. "But, oh, Guy, is that | yourself," speaking warmly for her: Aunt Anne's favorite cup? the Dresden she " Mabel is sure to send her home in good kindly Mabel, in an undertone, as Lilian reso much prizes? I know it cost any amount of time, if she is there !" she says this slowly, turns equipped for her journey. "Goodmeaningly, and marks how he winces and night, dear," kissing her. "Have you "I did," returns Guy, shortly, unblush | changes color at her words. "Then think ingly, and, moving away from her, quits how cold the night is!" with a comfortable shiver and a glance at the leaping fire.

watch Archibald disappearing up the drive "I would not be too sure: Lilian's in the dog-cart. Even as he watches him, movements are always uncertain; one never vaguely, and without the least interest in quite knows what she is going to to do his movements, -his entire thoughts being next. Really,"-with a repetition of her but a few stars are visible, and they gleam preoccupied with another object, -lo! that | unpleasant laugh, -" when I saw her stepobject emerges from under the lime-trees, ping into the dog-cart with her cousin toand makes a light gesture that brings Ches- | day, I said to myself that I should not at all wonder if ---

"What?" sternly, turning full upon her

"Nothing," sullenly; "nothing at least that can concern you. I was merely hurrying on in my own mind a marriage that must eventually come off. The idea was absurd, of A slight pang shoots across Guy's heart. | course, as any woman would prefer a fash-

"You mean--" "I mean" -- complacently -- "Lilian's mar-

"You speak"—bicing his lips to maintain Chesney is going to London, but where is his composure—"as though it was all ar-

What was she saying to Archibald just prise. "I should have thought you, as her guardian, would have known all about it. hers ! was she upbraiding her guardian, or Perhaps I speak prematurely ; but one must was she -- ? If Chesney had asked her be blind indeed not to see how matters are then to take any immediate steps towards between them. Do sit down, Guy: it fidgets the fulfilling of her threat, would she, one to see you so undecided. Of course if Lilian is at Steynemore she is quite safe.'

"Still she may be expecting some one to

she was going," dryly.

"Does he?" with calm surprise, and a prolonged scrutiny of her cousin's face. "I Florence is resplendent in cream-color and fancied him the most careless of men on blue, which doesn't suit her in the least, that particular subject. Before he was her to night for Guy's special delectation, long he kept the wretched animals standing in the cold."

Chetwoode regards her with feverish "But that was when he was making anxiety as she enters the drawing-room, love to Mabel. A man in love will commit

"Oh, no; long before that."

at Chetwoode, so little notice does Miss making love to you," with a slight smile. | Now it brings only a dull pain to his heart.

This is a sore point.

dishes shall fell slighted by her preference | "Because I prefer going myself," replies

with his thoughts, follows the road that

soft laugh breaks upon his ear. As he hears A naughty exclamation trembles on Sir it, the blood rushes to his face; involuntar-

peremptorily to one of the men to remove | The next instant, cold and collected, he says, angrily, though there is a strong curall the dishes, lest by any chance his cousin turns the handle of the door, and goes in. | rent of pain underlying the anger, "and should be tempted to try the cream a third | Upon a low seat opposite Mabel Steyne | put this shawl on you directly.' sits Lilian, evidently in the gayest spirits. His own dinner has gone away literally No shadow of depression, no thought of she is dying for it. untasted. A terrible misgiving is consum- all the mental agony he has been enduring, ing him. Lilian's words are still ringing mars the brightness of her mignonne face. in a tone he seldem uses, but which, when home? and surging in his brain, -"I shall never | She is laughing. Her lustrous azure eyes | used, is seldom disobeyed. Lilian submits impulsive ways, her hot temper. What if, laughing also in apparent appreciation of wardly ungrateful, is inwardly honestly re. I on Chetwoode?" in a moment of price and rage, she should her guest's jest; her parted lips make ! joiced at it. As he fastens it beneath her

As Guy comes in, Mabell rises with a little exclamation, and goes towards him with outstretched hands.

"Why, Guy !" she says, "good boy ! Have you come for Lilian? I was just going to order the carriage to send her home. Did you walk or drive ?"

"I drove." He has studiously since his entrance kept his eyes from Lilian. The smile has faded from her lips, the happy light from her eyes; she has turned a pale, proud little face to the fire, away from her guardian.

"I made Lilian stay to dinner, says Mabel who is too clever not to have remarked the painful constraint existing between her guest and Sir Guy. "Tom has been out all day shooting and dining at the Bellairs, so I entreated her to stay and bear me company. Won't you sit down for a while? It is early

"No, thank you. My mother has a bad headache, and, as she does not know where

"Oh, if auntie has a headache, of course

"I shall go and put on my hat," says Lilian, speaking for the first time, and ris-"Well, I think there is," with a low, ing with slow reluctance from her seat.

Lilian is not very well, I fear," Mrs. at him. "She would eat no dinner, and The minutes drag. Miss Beauchamp gets tell me what was the matter, and I did not about something, and it is a shame she with another quick glance.

"Yes; but half an hour ago she was so depressed I was quite uneasy about: her that "I really do not think you need trouble is why I used the word 'fitful.' Get her to eat something before she goes to bed," says wraps, Guy ?"

"Yes, plenty. Good-night." And Mabel, standing on the door-steps, watches them Going up the staircase, he pauses idly at "Of course she is at Steynemore," says until they have vanished beneath the star-

It is a dark but very lovely night. Far above them in the dim serene blue a fair young crescent moon rides bravely. As yet and shiver and twinkle in the eternal dome, restless as the hearts of the two beings now gazing silently upon their beauty. 'Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots

of the angels.' A creeping shadow lies among the trees; | count. a certain sense of loneliness dwells in the chill as the sense of injury that hangs upon | ney?' their own bosoms.

Coming out upon the unshaded road, a love-letter, and that ring." greater light falls upon them. The darkness seems less drear, the feeling of separation more remote, though still Pride sits his great wings outspread to conceal effectis almost lost upon them.

Was fast approaching: up th' unclouded sky The glorious moon pursued her path of light, And shed a silv'ry splendor far and nigh; No sound, save of the night-wind's gentlest

sigh, Could reach the ear." A dead silence reigns between them, they "I think, if so, she would have told you both gaze with admirable perseverance at the horse's ears. Never before has that But dinner comes, and yet no Lilian! "Tem hates sending his horses out at good animal been troubled by two such Lady Chetwoode has been obliged to give in night," says Guy, -which is a weak remark, steady stares. Then Lilian stirs slightly, temper an hour ago to one of her severest head- Tom Steyne being far too indolent a man and a little chattering sound escapes her,

that rouses Guy to speech. "You are tired?" he says in freezing sumption of dignity.

" Very." " Cold ?"

" Verv."

"Then put this round you," disagreeably, but with evident anxiety, producing the cosy plaid.

"No, thank you."

"Why?" surprised. "Because it is yours," replies she, with such open and childish spite as at any other "Perhaps, then, it was when he was time would have brought a smile to his lips. "I am sorry I only brought what you will She says something amiable about "Aunt | "I don't remember that time," says Miss | not wear," he answers : "it did not occur

coughing all last week." wonder and secret admiration how Miss the door, he catches up a heavy plaid that you," with withering scorn. "I feel sure Beauchamp can so slowly, and with such a happens to be lying there on a side-couch, it would be a matter for rejoicing, where something bad of him." total absence of any appearance of gluttony, and, springing into the open trap outside, you are concerned, if I coughed all next get through so much in so short a space of drives away quickly under the pale cold week after. No: keep about myself it might make you feel more

your plaid." "You are the most wilful girl I ever met," | smile.

wrathfully. only angels. I am not one, I rejoice to say.

Silence again. Not a sound upon the night-Steynemore, that is a matter on which he sharp and wintry. It whistles past them, do not : your face is far too sweet to belong of Chandos, who died as it was about to be How much more of that cream is she go- refuses to speculate. Drawing near the now they have gained the side of the bare

> Miss Chesney's small hands lie naked upon the rug. Even in the indistinct light he

> he can bear the enforced stillness no longer. "I forgot them at Mabel's."

"Keep your hands inside the rug," he

"I will not," says Lilian, though in truth | the quiet that exists between them.

on a level with hers,

"Was it kind of you, or proper, do you ] think, to make me so-so uneasy as I have been all this afternoon and evening?" he asks, compelling her to return his gaze.

"Were you uneasy?" says Miss Chesney, viciously and utterly unrepentant : "I am glad of it.

"Was it part of your plan to make my mother wretched also?" This is a slight exaggeration, as Lady Chetwoode has not even been bordering on the "wretched,' and is, in fact, up to the present moment

totally ignorant of Lilian's absence. "I certainly did not mean to make dear auntie unhappy," in a faintly-troubled tone. "But I shall tell her all the truth, and ask her pardon, when I get home, -back, I mean," with studied correction of the sweet word.

" What is the truth?" " First that I broke her lovely cup. And then I shall tell her why I stayed so long at

Steynemore."

"And what will that be ?" "You know very well. I shall just say to her, 'Auntie your son, Sir Guy, behaved so rudely to me this afternoon, I was obligto leave Chetwoode for a while.' Then she will forgive me."

Sir Guy laughs in spite of himself; and Lilian, could be only have peeped into the deep recesses of the plaid, might also be plainly seen with her pretty lips apart and all her naughty bewitching face dimpling with

These frivolous symptoms are, however, her spirits are very fitful. But she did not rapidly and sternly suppressed on both sides. "I really cannot see what awful crime I have committed to make you so taciturn, she says, presently, with a view to discussing the subject. "I merely went for a drive with my cousin as he should pass Steynemore on his way to the station." "Perhaps that was just what made my

> misery," softly. "What! my going for a short drive with Archie? Really, Sir Guy, you will soon be taken as a model of propriety. Poor old Archie! I am afraid I shan't be able to make you miserable in that way again for a very long time. How I wish those

tiresome lawyers would let him alone!"

"Ask them to surrender him," says Guy, irritably. "I would,"-cheerfully,-" if I thought it would do the least good. But I know

they are all made of adamant." "Lilian,"-suddenly, unexpectedly,-"is there anything between you and your

"Who?"-with wide awake, innocent, suspiciously innocent eyes, - "Taffy?" "No," impatiently: "of course I mean Chesney," looking at her with devouring

"Yes,"—disconsolately, with a desire for revenge,—"more miles than I care to

"I feel"-steadily-" it is a gross rudelong avenue of Steynemore as they pass ness my asking, and I know you need not beneath the branches of the overhanging answer me unless you like; but"-with a foliage. A quick wind rustles by them, | quick breath-" try to answer my question. sad as a sigh from Nature's suffering breast, Has anything passed between you and Ches-

"Not much," mildly: "one thrilling

"He never asked you to marry him?"

with renewed hope. "Oh, by the by, I quite forget that," inwith triumphant mien between them, with differently. "Yes, he did ask me so much." "And you refused him?" asks Guy, "And is it not?" with well-affected sur. ually any penitent glance or thought. The eagerly, intensely, growing white and cold tender pensive beauty of the growing night | beneath the moon's pitiless rays, that seem | to take a heartless pleasure in lighting up "All round was still and calm; the noon of his agitated face at this moment. But Lilian's eyes are turned away from his : so this degradation is spared him.

"No-n-o, not exactly," replies she. "You accepted him?" with dry lips and growing despair.

"N-o, not exactly," again returns Miss Chesney, with affected hesitation. "Then what did you do?" passionately,

his impatient fear getting the better of his "I don't feel myself at liberty to tell

you," retorts Lilian, with a provoking as-Sir Guy looks as though he would like to give her a good shake, though indeed it is

quite a question whether he has even the spirits for so much. He relapses into sulky silence, and makes no further attempt at "However," says Lilian, to whom silence

is always irksome, "I don't mind telling you what I shall do if he asks me again," "What?" almost indifferently. "I shall accept him."

"You will do very wisely," in a clear though constrained voice that doesn't altogether impose upon Lilian, but never theless disagrees with her. "He is very rich, very handsome, and a very good fellow all

"I don't much care about good fellows," "Do put it on !" anxiously : " you were | slow ; I am almost sure I prefer the other sort. I am afraid mine is not a well-regulat-"I wouldn't be hypocritical, if 1 were ed mind, as I confess I always feel more kindly disposed towards a man when I hear

"Perhaps if I told you something bad kindly desposed towards me," with a slight

" Perhaps it might. But I believe you "No doubt. I dare say you have met are incapable of a bad action. Besides, if I felt myself going to like you, I should stop

A pained, hurt expression falls into his

must make a point of reserving all your deserves attention from the heartrending to one who would willingly inflict pain. Am | christened, and in the arms of its nursewill you never be friends with me?"

"Because"—in a very low whisper—

" you are so seldom good to me." knows that they are shivering and almost I try to be. But"-taking her hand in his family stated the infant's death to have "Where are your gloves?" he asks, when sorrowfully at the little hand he holds, and pressing on its breast at the time of baptism. then at the pretty face beneath the velvet hat so near him. Lilian does not return his Impulsively he lays his own bare hand glance : her eyes are lowered, her other the Ontario Dehorning Commission, and, es it, and gives her the smallest help of the then (and only then) quite realizes how upon hers, and finds it chilled, nearly freez. hand is straying nervously over the tiger- what is equally of importance, it has been

return." He recalls all her hastiness, her are turned upwards to her friend, who is to the muffling in silence, and, though out. far softer tone: "Yes. What claim have or lasting pain upon them. Man has by

"Did it?"

"Don't you know it did ?"

"Well, perhaps I didn't mean quite that. Did you mean all you said this morning?"

"Not all, I suppose."

"How much of it then?" "Unless I were to go through the whole of our conversation again, I could not tell you that, and I have no wish to do so: to be pained"-in a low voice-" as I have been, once in a day is surely sufficient."

"Don't imagine I feel the least sorrow for you," says Lilian, making a wild attempt at recovering her ill humor, which has melted and vanished away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### The Defences of India.

In resigning his position as Commanderin-Chief of the Indian Army, General Lord Roberts recently delivered a most important address at Bombay. Exceedingly popular, as well as admired and respected, it was not surprising that a magnificent banquet should have been tendered to him upon that occasion, and that his remarks regarding the defences of our Indian Empire should have been widely commented upon both at home and abroad. Because Lord Roberts is no carpet soldier. His views are derived from keen insight and long experience, and have been vigorously put into practice. For many years, indeed, Sir Frederick Roberts ranked with Sir Garnet Wolseley as one of the two leading British generals of the time, though his prowess and success had been mainly limited to the active operations of frontier warfare. There, however, his brilliant strategy, wonderful marches over difficult ground, and genins for striking hard and swift blows at the enemy's most vital point, have made his name as tamous as the Red River, Ashantee and Egyptain campaigns have that of General Lord Wolseley.

Coming therefore from an officer who knows Afghanistan, the Northwest frontier and border States of India, together with its general defences, as perhaps no other man can, the following remarks at Bombay are most important:

It is impossible to exaggerate the value of our frontier defences in counteracting the front of an open attack from the direction of Afghanistan. These defences have se cured the frontier arsenals and the main line of communication to the rear. In the event of the troops being engaged in operations on a large scale across the border these defences will furnish an advance basis for the field army. The moral effect is also extremely beneficial in affording proof of the determination of Great Britain to fulfil her engagements to protect the Afghans against foreign aggression."

And he goes on to point out the importance of a mobile and well equipped field army as an essential part of the system of frontier defence. Without that the most thorough "scientific frontier" would be comparatively useless; with it, many omissions in that respect may be overcome. But he states that, while the border defences are in splendid shape, "the army in "India has never been more efficient." That army numbers 218,000 men of all ranks, the European division comprising 74,000 and the native army-under British officers-144,000 men. Besides this regular army there is a very large irregular force of native troops, perhaps 400,000 or 500,000, kept up by the Princes of Feudatory India, and who, like the Nizam of Hyderabad, would be only too glad to have an opportunity of offering their services in time of war. Many of them, indeed, followed the Nizam's offered gift of \$1,000,000 a year for three years in order to protect the Indian frontier, by making similar proffers a few years since.

We may therefore conclude that Russia, if she cares to cause trouble, will meet an ample and formidable defence upon the frontier and in the interior of our vast Indian Empire.

## They Flock to Cities,

Some indication of the movement of population to the large centres may be gathered from the census figures. In 1881 there were in Canada 34 cities and towns each having more than 5,000 inhabitants; now there are forty-seven. Six of these-St. John, N.B., Charlottetown, P. E. I., St. Catharines, Ont., Three Rivers, Que., Levis, Que., and Port Hope-show slight decreases during the decade. The remaining forty-one show substantial growth, and many of them have gone forward by leaps and bounds. Vancouver, B. C., with a population of 13,685, has sprung into existence during the ten years. Next in point of progress come three Western cities - New Westminster, B. C., with an increase equal to 342 per cent.; Winnipeg, 221 per cent.; and Victoria, B. perversely: " they are generally deadly | C., 184 per cent. Two municipalities in Hochelaga, suburbs of Montreal, have flourished exceedingly. They are St. Henri which shows an increase of 109 per cent. and St. Cunegoude, which has expanded by 91 per cent. Of the older cities Toronto has been by far the most prosperous. Its growth represents an addition of 86 per cent, to its population, while Montreal has increased by 39 per cent., Kingston and Hamilton by 36 per cent., and London by 21 per cent.

## Killed by the Weight of Gems.

One menument in England, says Mr. "I think," he says, very gently, "you Gunn, in "Abbeys and Castles," especially being sponsors. Still the ceremony was performed, and the body, inclosed in a silver coffin, reposes within the sarcoph-"Am I? You will never know how hard agus here erected. The domestics of the -" my efforts are always vain." He glances | been caused by the weight of gold and gems

A very complete report has been made by skin that covers her knees; they have for- promptly made. The commission was apgotten all about the cold, the dreary night, pointed in March, 1892, and in November everything; for a full half mile they drive of the same year forwarded its deliverance on thus silently, her hand resting unre- to the Government. A handy index of the sistingly in his; after which he again breaks | evidence, which accompanies the volume, makes it easy to discover the grounds upon "Did you mean what you said a little which the commissioners reached their con-"You shall," returns Chetwoode, quietly, time ago about Chetwoode not being your clusions. It seems to be abundantly shown that dehorning does not detract from the "I suppose so," in a rather changed and | value of animals, and does not inflict severe domesticating cattle destroyed the useful-"But your tone implied that if even you ness of horns and the next step will probhave really gone with her cousin! If-it merry dimples in her cheeks; her whole chin, he steeps his head, until his eyes are had a claim it would be distasteful to you." ably be to abolish the unnecessary mem-