SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XXVII. - (CONTINUED.)

Guy, sauntering to the window, takes an elaborate survey of the dismal landscape outside; Lilian coughs gently, and begins to count industriously all the embroidered when you saw me wretched?" lilies in the initial that graces the corner of her handkerchief. Une-two-three-"They might as well have put in four,"

she says out loud, abstractedly.

"What?" turning from the window to watch the lovely mignonne face still bent in contemplation of the lilies.

"Nothing," mildly: "did I say any

thing ?" "Something about 'four,' I thought."

"Perhaps"-demurely-"I was thinkin I had asked you four times to be good-no tured, and you had not deigned to gran my request. When Lady Chetwoode speaks to you of Cyril and Cecilia, say you will be on their side. Do not vote against them. Promise."

He hesitates. "Not when I ask you?" murmers she, refuse your consent." in her softest tones, going a little nearer to him, and uplifting her luminous blue eyes see Guy," says Lady Chetwoode, tearfully,

to his. Still he hesitates.

direction, which is necessarily the last, unless she wishes to walk through him. Her eyes, now full of wistful entreaty, and sus- forever. piciously bright, are still fixed reproachfully arm, and whispers, in plaintive tones -

"I feel sure I am going to cry." hers for a moment. Whereupon Miss Chesney's lachrymose expression vanishes as if ant illuminates her face in its stead.

under her long heavily-fringed lids.

"I knew I should win the day," she says teasingly, "although you don't believe in love. Nevertheless, I thank you again, and -raising her head, and holding out one hand to him with a sweet bizarre grace all her own-"I would have you know I don't think you half such a bad old guardy after who absolutely declined to receive me when

Almost at this moment Cyril enters his mother's boudoir, where, to his astonishment, he finds her without companions.

"All alone, Madre?" he says, airily, putting on his gayest manner and his most | mind." fetching smile to hide the perturbation that in reality he is feeling. His heart is exterior.

"Yes," replies Lady Chetwoode, looking the last degree for quite an hour."

"Where is the inevitable Florence?" "In the drawing-room with Mr. Boer. appears to value his society highly. To day he has brought her some more church ! wouldn't. Anything more afflicting than rather aside from his caress. chants tried over and over again upon the piano I can't conceive. They are very bad upon the organ, but on the piano! And sometimes he will insist on singing them with her !"

downstairs are wafted, weeping, into the I have been a good mother to you, Cyril," To even an incorrect ear it might occur that | quite me." Mr. Boer's stentorian notes are not always in tune!

Chetwoode, in a voice of agony, "shut the to you too, have I not, dear Madre?" door close; closer, my dear Cyril; they are at it again !

"It's a disease," says Cyril, solemnly. her handkerchief. "A great many curates have it. We should

count ourselves lucky that laymen don't usually catch it." "I really think it is. I can't bear that

sort of young man myself," says Lady Chetwoode, regretfully, who feels some gentle! grief that she cannot bring herself to ad- acknowledge I have not erred in taste." mire Mr. Boer; "but I am sure we should | all make allowances; none of usare perfect; her arm and when Cyril stoops his face to been his during all his walk through the because it is forever. and Mrs. Boileau assures me he is very ear- hers she does not refuse the kiss he silently budding woods, a smile upon his lips. But nest and extremely zealous. Still, I wish demands, so that with a lighted conscience the smile soon dies. The new blankness, he could try to speak differently; I think he leaves the room to hurry on the wings of the terrible change, he sees in the beloved his mother very much to blame for bringing love to Cecilia's bower. him up with such a voice."

strangled at his birth !" Cyril says this joyous; a'ready one begins to think of that may be threatening, he would have slowly, moodily, with every appearance of winter kindly as a thing of the past. All taken her in his arms, but she, with a little ever, unaware of the bloodthirsty expres- | mood. sion he has assumed, as though in support | Reaching the garden he know so well "No," she says, in a low changed tone; Cecilia's name is to be delicately introduc- Cecilia.

"That is going rather far, is it not?"

Lady Chetwoode says, laughing. "A man is not an automaton. He cannot always successfully stifle his feelings," says Cyril, still more moodily, a propos of his own thoughts; which second most open letter from which an enclosure has Cecilia, a laugh that ends swiftly, tunelessuncalled for remark induces his mother to slipped and fallen to the ground. And on ly, as it began. examine him closely.

"There is something on your mind," she are fixed hopelessly. says, gently. "You are not now thinking

boy, and tell me all about it." Chetwoode knows all about his "infatua- runs as follows: brown eyed oxen in the fields far, far below "To-morrow you will leave Chetwoode?" tion," as she terms it, for the widow, and he had expected.

seriously of Lady Fanny Stapleton." ago degenerated into one vast joke." "She has money," in a rather str. d

"And would you have me sacrifice my whole life for mere money?" reproachfully. "Would money console you afterwards,

"But why should you be wretched?" Then, quickly, "Are you so very sure this Mrs. Arlington will make you happy?" "Utterly positive!" in a radiant tone.

"And are you ready to sacrifice every comfort for mere heauty?" retorts she. Ah, Cyril, beware : you do not undervant of money. And there are other hings : when one marries out of one's own ohere, one always repents it."

"One cannot marry higher than a lady," lushing. "She is not a countess, or an bonorable, or even Lady Fanny; but she and very gentle, and very womanly. shall never again see any one so good in my eyes. I entreat you, dear mother, not to

"I shall certainly say nothing until I making a last faint stand.

"Then let us send for him, and get it Miss Chesney takes one step more in his over." Cyril says, with gentle impatience, who is very pale, but determined to finish the subject one way or the other, now and

Almost as he says it, Guy enters; and upon his. With a light persuasive gesture | Lady Chetwoode, rising, explains the situashe lays five white slender fingers upon his tion to him in a few agitated words. True to his promise to Lilian, and more seldom comes to those who seek it; and to perhaps because a glance at his brother's "I promise," says Sir Guy, instantly, quiet face tells him opposition will be laughing in spite of himself, and letting his vain, Guy says a few things in favor of the own hand close with unconscious force over engagement. But though the words are kind, they are cold; and, having said them, he beats an instantaneous retreat, leaving by magic, when a smile bright and truimph- Cyril, by his well-timed support, master of

"Thank you," she says, delightedly, and "Marry her, then, as you are all against trips towards the door eager to impart her me," says Lady Chetwoode, the tears rungood news. Upon the threshold, however, Ining down her cheeks. It is very bitter to she pauses, and glances back at him coquet- her to remember how Lady Fanny's precious and here was an end of it all! tishly, perhaps a trifle maliciously, from thousands have been literally flung away. All women, even the best and sweetest, are had indeed lain upon her bed, her pillow mercenary where their sons are concerned. Cyril, after a few minutes spent in efforts

to console her have gone by. "Call!" repeats poor Lady Chetwoode, with some indignation, "upon that woman first she came! I have a little pride still remaining, Cyril, though indeed you have humbled a good deal of it to-day," with keen reproach.

"When first she came,"-apologetically, -"she was in great grief and distress of

her "boys."

I find myself. Have you come to enliven his voice changes, and going over to her horror, what heart-sinking, do we turn our me a little? I hope so: I have been gene to he takes her hand entreatingly, and passes faces from the light and wish with all the one arm over her shoulder. "Can you not fervor of a vain wish that it were night! be kind to her for my sake?" he implores. "Dearest mother, I cannot bear to hear Cecilia. She did not turn with impatience can't think what she sees in him, but she you speak of her as 'that woman,' when I love her so devotedly."

and she looks quite a girl. You will go to see her, and judge for yourself?"

Here two or three wailing notes from | see how utterly you have disappointed me. | smiles. room, setting the hearers' teeth on edge. | -tremulously, -" and this is now you re-

"My dear," my dear," exclaims Lady mother. But I, I have been a good son gravel outside, and, springing to her feet My true love hath my heart, and I have

"You have indeed," says Lady Chet-

"How old is she?" with quivering lips. "Twenty-two or twenty-three, I am not sure which," in a subdued tone.

"In manner is she quiet?" expresses her. When you see her you will she draws nigh to him.

"She was much to blame for bringing air. His heart is beating, he is full of with apprehension; hastening to her as you?" him up at all. He should have been happiest exultation. The day is bright and though eager to succor her from any harm really meaning what he says. He is how- nature seems in unison with his exalted quick shudder, putting up her hands, pre-

of his words, being in fact miles away in and loves so fondly, he walks with eager, "not again !" thought from Mr. Boer and his Gregorian longing steps towards a side-path where conversation with his mother, in which standing still, he looks round anxiously for not so repulse me. Darling, what is it?"

But Cecilia is not there!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Up in her chamber sits Cecilia speechless, spell bound, fighting with a misery too arates you from me. great for tears. Upon her knee lies an this last her eyes, scorched and distended,

of either me or Mr. Boer. Sit down, dear it was posted yesterday, and received by alive."

"Austen Holm. Friday. is quite as much distressed about it as even \ "My dear girl,-The attempt to break bad news to any one has always seemed to "It is terrible!" she says, presently, me so vain, and so unsatisfactory a pro- impossible!" when she has somewhat recovered from the | ceeding, and one so likely to render even | first shock caused by his intelligence; "and heavier the blow it means to soften, and told me my happiness was too great to last, will take care of yourself, you will not go only last spring you promised me to think here I retrain from it altogether. Yet I and now it has come to an end. Alas! alas! into any danger? Darling,"—with a sob, would entreat you when reading what I now how short a time it has continued with me! "you will always remember that some day, "My dear mother, who could think ser- enclose not to quite believe in its truth un- Oh, Cyril "-smiting her hands together when this is quite fergotten, I shall want iously of Lady Fanny? Why, with her til further proofs be procured. I shall re- passionately,-" what shall I do? what to see again the face of my dearest friend." short nose, and her shorter neck, and her main at my present address for three days shall I do? If he finds me he will kill me, 'I shall come back to you," he says, anything but sylph-like form, she has long longer: if I do not by then hear from you, as he often threatened. How shall I as any rings except her wedding ring, which I shall come to the Cottage. Whatever | cape ?"

happens, I know you will remember it is my only happiness to serve you, and that I am ever your faithful friend,

GEORGE TRANT." When Cecilia had read so far, she raised the enclosure, though without any very great misgivings, and, seeing it was from some unknown friend of Trant's, at present earlier portion of it, until at length a para- want of generosity unworthy of him. graph chained her attention and killed at a stroke all life and joy and happy love with-

"By the by," ran this fatal page. "did | you not know a man named Arlington ?tall, rather stout, and dark; you used to think him dead. He is not, however, as I fell against him yesterday by chance and er to morrow, who is coming to welcome lonely in the whole scene that Cecilia bursts learned his name and all about him. He didn't seem half such a dissipated card as | ned this tragedy! to have our crowning | "Cecilia" he cries, in a voice of mingled improved his morals. I asked him it he knew any one called Trant, and he said, and yet what it is to be hampered for Yes, several.' I had only a minute or two to speak to him, and, as he never drew breath himself during that time, I had not much scope for questioning. He appears possessed of many advantages, -pretty wife at home, no end of money, nice place, unlimited swagger. Bad form all through, is of good family, and she is very sweet, but genial. You will see him shortly in the old land, as he is starting for England almost immediately."

And so on, and on, and on. But Cecilia, then or afterwards, never read another line. Her first thought was certainly not of Cyril. It was abject, cowering fear -a am born to ill luck; I bring it even to those horror of any return to the old loathed life, -a crushing dread lest any chance should to the few who are unhappy enough to love fling her again into her husband's power. Then she drew her breath a little hard, and thought of Trant, and then of Cyril; and then she told herself, with a strange sense

of relief, that at least one can die

But this last thought passed away as command it, -who should dare to do that? Hope dies hard in some breasts! In Cecilia's the little fond flame barely flickered, so quickly did it fade away and vanish altogether before the fierce blast that had assailed it. Nor for one moment did she doubt the truth of the statement lying beshe should have remembered that some are borne to misfortune as the sparks fly upward. "She had lived, she had loved,"

All night long she had not slept. She had known the impress of her head, but "And you will call upon her?" says through every minute of the lonely, silent awesome hours of gloom, her great eyes had been wide open, watching for the dawn.

> At last it came. A glorious dawn; a very flush of happy youth; the sweeter that it bespoke a warm and early spring. At first it showed pale pink with expectation, then rosy with glad hope. From out the east faint rays of gold rushed tremulously, and, entering the casement, cast around Cecilia's head a tender halo.

When happiness lies within our grasp, "Grief for her husband?" demands she; little!) is within our keeping, how good is which is perhaps the bitterest thing Lady | the coming of another day, -a long, perfect in his boots, but he wears a very gallant | Chetwoode ever said in her life to either of day, in which to revel, and laugh, and sing, | as though care were a thing unknown! But 'No," coldly; "I think I told you she when trouble falls upon us, and this same

The holy dawn brought but anguish to from its smiling beauty, but heavy tears gathered slowly, and grew within her sor-"I suppose when one is married one may rowful gray eyes, until at length (large as forgive me." music to try over, and I really wish he without insult be called a woman," turning was their home) they burst their bounds and ran quickly down her cheeks, as though | says, "But, Cyril,"-unsteadily,-" you "But then she was so little married, glad to escape from what should never have will go abroad at once, for a little while, been their resting place. Swiftly, silently, ran the little pearly drops, ashamed of hav-"I suppose there is nothing else left for | ing dimmed the lustre of those lovely eyes me to do. I would not have all the county | that only yester morning were so glad with

> Sitting now in her bedroom, forlorn and travelled all the way across a continent to | myself to see you again." "It cuts me to the heart to grieve you slay her peace throbbing through her brain, the wall yields her a support. A second warm within my breast?" woode; and then she cries a little behind later, ashamed of her own weakness, she hair from her forehead, and, with a heavy | would not be altogether displaced from your sigh and colorless face, walks down-stairs | mind." to him who from henceforth must be no

face sobers him immediately. It is vivid | comforted." All the way there he seems to tread on enough even at a first glance to fill him

"Something terrible has happened," "I don't know how to tell you," replies your voice, without sin." she, her tone cold with the curious calmness

of despair.

A mournful bitter laugh breaks from I live without you?"

who feels it would be taking advantage of first she read its fatal contents, I do not spring wind, the faint twitter of the birds about. hearsal becomes public, and presently Lady | the characters being rough and uneven, and | warblings of love, and the lowing of the | the last time.

> them. Then Cyril says, with slow emphasis, -

determined disbelief restores her to calm-

Trant wrote me the evil tidings."

how should he seek to delay a marriage once more. that was yet far distant?"

you as a daughter. How well Fate p'an- into tears. Her sobs rouse him.

has lain or umpled within her nerveless fin- | last lingering kiss.

When he has read it, he drops it with a groan, and covers his face with his hands. To him, too, the evidence seems clear and convincing.

"I told you to avoid me. I warned you," she says, presently with a wan smile. "I who come near me, -especially, it seems, me. Go, Cyril while there is yet time.

"There is not time," desperately: "it is already too late." He moves away from her, and in deep agitation paces up and down the secluded garden-path; while she, stand-

youth and energy grown. before her, and speaking in a low tone that though perfectly clear still betrays inward hesitation, while his eyes carefully avoid fore her. She was too happy, too certain; you should give up your whole life for him? He deserted you, scorned you, left you for another woman. For two long years you have believed him dead. Why should you now think him living? Let him be dead still and buried in your memory ; there are other lands,"-slowly, and still with averted eyes, -" other homes: why should we not make one for ourselves? Cecilia,"coming up to her, white but earnest, and holding out his arms to her, -" come with me, and let us find our happiness in each

> Cecilia, after one swift glance at him, moves back hastily.

"How dare you use such words to me?" she says, in a horror-stricken voice; "how dare you tempt me? you, you who said you loved me !" Then the little burst of passion dies; her head droops still lower upon when all that earth can give us (alas! how her breast; her hands coming together fall loosely before her in an attitude descriptive of the deepest despondency. "I believed in you," she says, "I trusted you. I saddest reproach.

"Nor will I!" cries he, with keen contrition, kneeling down before her, and hidforgot you are as high above all other wom- set of pockets to another. en as the sun is above the earth. Cecilia,

"Nay, there is nothing to forgive," she until I have time to decide where in the future I shall hide my head."

" Must I?" " You must."

"And you, -where will you go?" "It matters very little. You will have

"Then I shall never see you again," reso much,"-tenderly,-" you, my own she hears Cyril's well-known step upon the plies he, mournfully, "if you wait for that. as though stabbed, shrinks backward until hers.' How can I forget you while it beats

"Be it so" she answers with a sigh : " it straightens herself, smooths back her ruffled is a foolish fancy, yet it gladdens me. I

She lays her hand upon his head as more counted as a lover. Slowly, with he still kneels before her, and gently fingers. He trembles a little, and a heavy Seeing her, he comes quickly forward to dry sob breaks from him. This parting is as

He brings the dear hand down to his lips, and kisses it softly, tenderly. "Dearest" she murmurs brokenly, "be

"You can think of me."

"That would only increase my sorrow. "Is it so with you? For me I am thankful, very thankful, for the great joy that has been mine for months, the knowledge that has come upon us, the one bright spot in all music. He is secretly rehearing a coming usually she he seeks is to be found. Now, Cyril says, with conviction, "or you would my miseries is that at least I may remember you, and call to mind your words, your face,

> "If ever you need me," he says, when a few minutes have elapsed, you have only to "It cannot be so very bad," nervously; write, 'Cyril, I want you,' and, though the "nothing can signify greatly, unless it sep- whole world should lie between us, I shall surely come. O my best beloved ! how shall

"Don't,-do not speak like that," entreats she, faintly. "It is too hard already: The letter itself is from Colonel Trant : in a clear hard voice, "My husband is us part now, here, while we have courage. I think the few arrangements we can

her ignorance to accept a chair until his think she would evince much doubt or sur- among the budding branches as already they | They are standing with their hands lockdisclosure is made. Then the private re- prise. It was evidently hastily penned, seek to tune their slender throats to the ed together, reading each other's faces for

she says, regarding him fixedly.

"To morrow! I could almost wish there "I don't believe it. It is a lie? It is was no to-morrow for either you or me," replies he. nations and of history because the seals

"It is true. I feel it so. Something Cyril," she says, with sudden fear, "you

wis the fitting time to break away is rather a narrow hoop of gold.

"It is untrue," repeats Cyril, doggedly, from him ; she forces herself to take the hardly noting her terror and despair. His first step that shall part them remorselessly.

"Good-by," she says in faltering tones. "Good-by," returns he mechanically. With "Do you think I would believe except the slow reluctant tears that spring from a on certain grounds ?" she says. " Colonel broken heart running down her pale cheeks, she presses her lips fervently to his hands, "Trant is interested; he might be glad and moves slowly away. When she has gone in Russia, skimmed lightly through the to delay our marriage," he says, with a a few steps, frightened at the terrible silence that seems to have enrapped him, benumbing. "No, no, no. You wrong him. And his very senses, she turns to regard him

> He has never stirred; he scarcely seems "Not so very distant. I have yet to breathe, so motionless is his attitude; as to tell you"-with a strange smile- though some spell were on him, he stands "my chief reason for being here to- silently gazing after her, his eyes full of day: to ask you to receive my moth- dumb agony. There is something so utterly

y u described him, so I hope travelling has misfortune fall straight into the lap of passion and despair that thrills through her. our newly-born content! Cecilia,"-vehe- Once more he holds out to her his arms. mently,-"there must still be a grain of She runs to him and flings herself for hope somewhere. Do not let us quite de- the last time into his embrace. He spair. I cannot so tamely accept the death strains her passionately to his heart. to all life's joys that must follow on belief." Her sobs break upon the silent air. "You shall see for yourself," replies she, [Once again their white lips form the word handing to him the letter that all this time | "farewell." There is a last embrace, a All is over.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Speculation.

The recent panic on Wall street which by some is thought to be freighted with a possible public calamity, suggests the question, what is actually lost or gained to the world by speculation. In a recent issue of Dun & Co's, summary the question is answered by a simple but comprehensive illustration. - When Smith buys some stock for say \$100 per share, afterwards sells it for \$120, he had made some money; but ing alone with drooping head and dry mis. someone else must have lost a corresponddid the others, and she knew that death erable eyes, scarcely cares to watch his ing amount, and brokerage and interest movements, so dead within her have all must yet be paid out of the property. Brown in selling at \$100 lost all that Smith gain. "Cecilia," he says, suddenly, stopping ed, and could have kept it till worth \$120 without paying brokerage or interest. Jones bought at \$120, but might have bought for \$100 a little earlier; and from an economic hers, "listen to me. What is he to you, point of view it is the same as if Brown who this man that they say is still alive, that | sold at \$100 had bought back the same stock at \$120, and taken out of his pocket the difference, paying the commission to some broker and the profits to Smith. They have equal buying powers, and the two together have gained absolutely nothing. It is something like law, and less essential, apart from the specific cost of every transfer, when one has more than before the other has just that much less. So years of exciting speculation, no matter how complicated, end in a mere transfer of money and paying for the services of brokers. When stocks increase in value others than the holders must pay out every dollar realized. Therefore, the rise of stocks in reality adds nothing whatever to the wealth of the land. The advance of stock in exact proportion to value or earning power of the property represented is not only legitimate but a public boon, and no panic follows this. But if stocks advance because a given number of men have found a way to compel millions to pay more money for some of the necessaries of life, it is evident and a travesty on Christian civilization did not think you would have been the one that some one else must lose every dollar to inflict the bitterest pang of all." She extorted. If stocks climb up because a new up from her work, "and very dull company had never any affection for him." Then terrible care is our only portion, with what breathes these last words in accents of the combination enables the carriers to charge more than before for the transportation of products to market, the gain of the owners must be made up by the producers, or the ing his face in a fold of her gown. "Never consumers, or both. That is not really again, my darling, my life ! I forgot,-I | making money-it is conveying it from one

The American View of the Paris Tribunal.

It is refreshing to find some of the Ameri-

can papers sufficiently candid and fairminded to speak out in regard to the ridiculous and untenable position taken by the United States representatives at the Paris tribunal. The other day the Chicago Herald read this lesson to the American Arbitrators :- "It might be well if our desolate, with the cruel words that have had time to forget me before ever I trust | council at Paris would remember the great maxim of Talleyrand-Surtout, Messieurs, point de zale !- 'Above all things, gentlemen, no zeal.' At this distance we can hardly understand the occasion for heat er for recrimination before a tribunal so dignified and so august, but from the beginning there has been more or less of irritation between the counsel. At the very opening there was altercation as to issues and facts and there has been more or less of undignified interruption on one side and on the other ever since. This certainly does "Very. Tranquil is the word that best lingering steps that betray a broken heart, smooths and caresses it with her light loving not tend to raise the controversy into that empyrean of justice and equity among nations that has been so long dreamed of and Lady Chetwoode with a sigh lays down greet her, still glad with the joy that has the bitterness of death. To them it is death, hoped for. To tell the truth, it is not a pleasant thing to look upon. The temper the American counsel have shown is really inexplicable and can only be ascribed to their consciousness that they follow a losing suit. No criticism can be made as to their presen-What comfort can I find when I am losing | tation of the American case. That has been done with splendid eloquence, but even the most patriotic of Americans must recognize the fact that the argument has been greatly shifted and has been placed on a ground not hitherto recognized by nations. It is not likely that this high argument will be sustained, and our counsel must already you loved me. Even now when desolation recognize this. They surely see that the American claim has been driven from one position to another, always in retreat, until there is no vestige of it left. Taking this view of the case, or indeed any view, it was a most ungracious thing for the American counsel to say that their government would not respond to whatever damages might be awarded against it. This attitude smacks too much of police court shystering to be acceptable to the American people. If we have agreed to an arbitration let us stand by it, no matter what the result. We have "How nearly you have touched upon do not make it worse." Then, recovering chosen the tribunal to decide the questions the truth!" she says, miserably; and then, herself by a supreme effort, she says, "Let in issue, and it would come with a poor grace from us to cry that we would not stand it unless we could have the decision. her late last night, though were you now A dead silence. No sound to disturb the make have been made, and George Trant That would be rather too much after the "I will tell you standing," says Cyril, to tell her a whole year has elapsed since utter stillness, save the sighing of the early will write, if if there is anything to write fashion of 'heads I win, tails you lose.' We are not playing a confidence game, and every seal in the Pacific might be slaughtered ere we should sacrifice our national reputation for honesty and fair dealing. We ourselves have exterminated the buffalo from our plains, a much better fur-bearing animal than the seal. Shall we then go to war and disgrace ourselves in the eyes of

> The president of the Mount Pleasant (Texas) National Bank is a woman, Mrs.

may be exterminated ?"

Annie Moore. At home Mrs. Paran Stevens seldom wears