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to me the dearest upon earth."

Her voice falters; but her spirit, at

"That would be impossible! I must

seen through her clear eyes, is still

"You will stay here then ?" asks

MOLLY BAWK," ETC.

from those who would seek to persuade CHAPTER XXXIV. me to return home, to their own detri-Mr. Midmay is still only half con- ment. How hard it is to explain, hamscious. Mrs. Edgeworth, bending over pered as I am by fear of discovery

or persons unknown. "What caused the faint, miss? What eyes as she says this goes to the old happened to him?" asks Mrs. Edgeworth man's heart.

barely time to introduce you to him sir, for this evening," he says, in an ex- checks him. "Ay, so !" says the housekeeper curi- "I feel a good deal shaken; that little She has taken hardly any notice nervous attack of a moment since has so

name," he says calmly, still watching tily to his side, draws his hand through her, "if, as I must believe, it has been his arm, and leads him to the door.

"That is well," says Mr. Mildmay. refrains from lingering; she cuts many born of her by-gone days assures "More than that," returns Dick, smi- they can be entirely happy-

"Sc, s) !" says the old man thoughtfully. He holds out his hand to Dolcres.

cause of an obstacle that stands between " all my heart went out to you. If my his own.

we cannot cheat starvation with occupation for the last fifteen minutes. To those waiting in fearful expectancy Not that word, Dick-any other for what may bring them certain joys yord but that! I shall never be you the aged clock that stands upright in leave you, if only to hide myself again then condemn me to the miseries of an How often has its stolid face assured her

> is in reality far from feeling. savs. "Some day, when all this will time? Even as this extraordinary re-

you will perhaps love and be loved by some sweet woman, and let her be you what I can never be." Her voice fails her; but bravely she has arisen out of her heart's agony, and gently raises her face to his. ly-" one thing, remember-she-she will not love you more faithfully than I

hausted tone, but with gentle dignity. piteously, breaking down a little-" i will not be for a long time, will He smiles kindly, with a gesture of the Diel-"I hope not," says Bouverie steadily,

noticed the dull red that has flamed into He touches the girl's hand affection- gleam illumines it, and her hand trem- down her cheeks and the trembling of her ctely, and then, with much apparent bles within his.

In this passionate answer; a happier cries Miss Maturin, the tears running gleam illumines it, and her hand trem- down her cheeks. "I will not have bles within his. difficulty, rises from his chair. He looks "You must tell Lallie overything," think of all you have suffered, my poor "I must regrot that my name is my old and enfeebled; Bouverie, going has she says presently; " and, when we are little pretty one!" again separated, be good to ber. you must be the one to tell her all."

"The name certainly is known to courteously. In some little odd way it the truth to you, I made Mrs. Edge. Maturin herself, had so suffered, pierces trained tone. In former days he was that he avoids using Bouverie's name Miss Maturin an hour ago; that will -was connected with it in some way, when addressing him. "I have indeed bring her here to-morrow, I don't gazes into Miss Maturin's eyes with

has found a difficulty in pronouncing her likeness—none, though I fancied I might She raises her head presently, and faintly; but he can see that the light cries she, with a fresh burst of despair. off abruptly to turn her attention to Mr. "Enough, enough!" he says hurriedly, of a great content is making her face covered from his unconsciousness to be we have! To-morrow, perhaps to-mor- "So be prepared for a sculding," he

He salutes Bonverie with old-world you in time that she will bring you to against her hosom and seeks to sootlist ders to Bouverie. courtesy, and, taking the housekeeper's your senses, though I failed, and will her with tenderest words.

"I fear I have distressed you," says arm, quits the room with her, thus leave show you what a little sinner you have Not in vain. The voice of her who In returning thanks for the patronge bestowed upon the late firm of
Instler & McKenzie, I beg to an
Instler & McKenzie, I beg to an
Dick, anythering to firm and appearance of the patronsues better The long, long conversation that ensues between them has not as yet shown
demning me to a life of single wretchedsoul of Dolores. Growing calmer presoul of Dolores. Growing calmer presoul of Dolores. Growing calmer presoulty, she gives Miss Maturin a con-

> She lets her eyes meet his in sorrow- as the broken voice ceases. sible to banish from his face. Upon to him-my friend-my preserver!" Bouverie is about to speak again, but He had been lost in an ecstatic future, this her tortured heart knows yet an. "God bless him wherever he goes!

where Dolores's slight shadowy figure other pang. and as long as you remain in the neigh- pictured to himself before the blight him, "do not look like that! Even if She tightens her hand upon the girl's, bourhood. Mrs. Edgeworth will get you descended upon them and that cruel I cannot be to you what you will, still as it lies lovingly within hers, and fola room—ch?"—turning to the house bolt had fallon from out the blue of their I do not dony to you that I feel it a lows her across the tiny hall to Mr. you near me as you now are. In all seceived Bouverie-here too he is decnot object to putting up with some trifl- pours out their tea and carves the fowl the barren bours that lie before us, tized to meet Dolores's aunt. ing inconveniences. The house is small," (whilst Bouverie cuts the delicate ham we shall at least have this one to re-

dainty hot cakes of her own making upon trouble on my account," says Dick in so short a time made an inroad upon perhaps he would have said but that his usual chair as she and Dolores enter moment with a small tray holding wino and biscuits, puts an end to sentimental somewhere, and then the pleasant smile ten over her duties at the teatable. She

and in a few minutes has put the lovers the had been suddenly touched into to rout with great slaughter. Having marble by some invisible hand as she administered her wine and biscuits, she stands there motionless, her gaze imtakes captive the younger and weaker movably fixed upon Mr. Mildmay with of them, and bears her off in triumph to a horror in it indescribable. the dungeon up-stairs, where she tucks her safely into her bed, in spite of all his glance met hers a terrible change a me," says Dolores, somewhere in the fond desultory talk that follows on Mrs.

"You remember that woman we were he was as handsome again!" she says In his whole appearance there is a curispeaking of just now, into whose cottage sternly, beating up the pillows as if it ous sense of fear, vague but unmistak-I went on my way here—the woman were Dolores's own self she was in the able.

"Yes-Mrs. Burnet."
Well, she was kinder to me than "If I hear of your getting out from Almost in a whisper the one word falls "Which I've always said it, and I'll attention.

young man—you will return with him? her lustrous eyes to his, all heavy with Dick too good night, with a respectful life—and the last—Miss Maturin repui-You will go back to your people? I shall sudden tears; but still it keeps them courtesy, on the threshold of his door, ges her. be again bereft." There is in his voice apart; and I would lower it if I could." "that there's nothing like having "Have you been living under this the most mournful intonation. "You "What is the obstacle, my love?" young people in a house; and, of all man's roof?" she asks, in a voice no one were like her," he goes on musingly; asks he softly, taking her hand in both sorts, give me lovers!" She smiles a would recognise as hers, so harsh is it, genial smile. "But Bouverie, Bou- and filled with so condensed a hatred-

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DICK'S SWEETHEART. By the Author of "MILDERD TREVANIOR."

him, is applying some nostrums of her cries she, with a sudden burst of sorrowown decocting to his mouth and nose; ful impatience. Dolores is helding his hand and gazing "I have told you I would not seek to at him with the keenest anxiety in her inquire into your history," murmurs Mr. hardly remember the thoughts of to-lovely eyes. Bouverie, at a little dis- Mildmay somewhat wistfully. "But day. You will marry somebody who tance, is also watching him, with a faci-"Yes, yes! I have decided," internated intentness he does not disguise even from himself. Who is it that this rupts she feverishly. "I will confide i old man resembles? He, as well as you. You shall know all when—when be regarded by you as a very old story, flection occurs to her a swift step in Dolores, has discovered in Mr. Mildmay he is gone again, and I shall be left a remarkable likeness to some person alone!

The touch of utter desolation in her " Poor child !" he whispers faintly. "I don't know-I haven't the faintest He leans back in his chair, and again dea," returns Dolores, in deep distress. the ashen hue overspreads his face. He came there to the door to greet me an effort he rouses himself, and, as kindly as usual. I brought in my tioning to Dolores to rise to her fee riend, and -- How was it, Dick?" turns to Bouverie. -turning to Bouverie. "I think I had "I fear I must ask you to excuse me,

"Your name, sir?" she asks quietly, night. But I leave you in able hands." with the utmost respect. WALLACE HOUSE, has a splendid assortment of Canadian and Imported Tweeds, on her. "Bonverie," says Dick, fixing his eyes hand towards Dolores. " Our little friend She turns her head abruptly aside, "doubtless you and she have much

Worsteds, Meltons, &c., &c., and can supply his patrons with pretending to busy herself with her say to each other after so long and so

"I thank you, sir," says Mr. Mildmay him," returns Mrs. Edgeworth, in a con- now becomes apparent to all present and sorrow has attached itself to those become an old man," he says with a sigh doubt." days. But doubtless, sir, there are many -" older than I should be." of your name, -so many that we need . At the door he comes to a stand-still not connect you with those who-whose and regards Dick long and carnestly. lives were once mixed up with Mr. Mild- "Not a feature, not a feature!" he mutters to himself; and then, aloud-

Her hesitation is apparent. That she "Your face is unfamilar, sir; I see no master's name is felt by both Dick and have traced some small resemblance. deep sigh escapes her. "I wish," she begins, and thon breaks ing upon his lips, but he suppresses Mildmay, who has now sufficiently ro- "Tut, tut, tut! What foolish thoughts of a

able to recognise those around him. As if instinctively, his glance wan-Dick, advancing to him and speaking ing the lovers alone.

lost memories—all helped to upset me; verie, with a sigh, comes back to the that hope has been weaving round him! "I beg you will stay with us to night, moved as queen-a future he had ever lives to blast their fondest desires.

"Certainly, sir, if the gentleman will Mrs. Edgeworth, standing respectfully says Mrs. Edgeworth, with lowered into thinnest shreds), and presses the "I only hope you will give yourself no the pleasant-voiced young man who has

pleasantly. "I thank you very much, her matronly heart. Mr. Mildmay, and -with a hurried There is too, amongst all her other glance at his little love-" should like virtues, an inward sense of sympathy you to know that I shall be happier here that compels this worthy woman to has phrases. than anywhere in the world." I had hardly time to understand much, small-usual, but useless-services shou but I think Dolores said you were a She, in a word, helps the lovers to that friend of hers?"-with a keen but ex- renewed solitude where alone a memor

"I am her afflanced husband!" No, no, Dick," says the girl, with worning gesture; but Bouverie declines

"Come here," he says gently.

Who directed you to this cottage? Mrs. set of punishing.

Burnet I think you said her name was?"

Wake me early," begs the captive Her voice is not loud, there is not by his side, lays her cheek against his "Yes—Mrs. Burnet." fashions that belong to her.

I can say, and I should like to do her a between these sheets till ten o'clock to- from her, yet it thrills through all the Bouverie, turning aside, engages Mrs. I can say, and I should like to do her a between these sheets till ten o'clock to- from her, yet it thrills through all the morrow, I'll know the reason why," re- room. Edgeworth in a wnispered consultation who loves some one, and by whom she torts the gaoler flercely. life again?" says Mr. Mildmay, laying them. It is not so bad a one as that stick to it," says Mrs. Edgeworth to Very timidly she lays her hand upon his hand upon Dolores's shoulder. "This which separates us," says she, raising herself later on, when she has bidden her arm; but for the first time in all her

little daughter had lived, she could not "Money. They have none, and I verie?" She ponders a while, standing the hatred of a lifetime. "You have have been dearer to me; and now I lose want to give it to them. Lallie, if you still in the middle of the passage, can eaten of his bread! Did instinct tell have been dearer to me, and again. I tell her of it, will give them the few you too. I shall not see you again. I tell her of it, will give them the few diestick in hand. "Well," she says you nothing, girl? Speak!" presently, as though relieved, "he's not "Tell me what?" asks Dolores faintly. am too old to push my way once more hundreds they require, for my sake." like the old baronet in any one feature "Oh, Dick, come here!"—as Bouveried into the unfriendly world, and you "You shall take the money wourself, and you an expression of indescribable melan-shall take the money yourself, too, to __that's certain. Let's hope he has got walks into the room through the glass choly steals over his face—" you will Mrs. Burnet's daughter." forget," he murmurs, with sad prophecy. "Oh, no, I shall not be in a position nothing to do with that family, at all is something wrong," says. Dolores a No, no, my more than father!" to do it! I have separated myself events!"

"Yes-Mrs. Burnet."

he that sixty seconds run to every minute, lightly, with an assumption of gaiety he and not one? Its incorrectibility preys Not even Bouverio is here to whisper comfort, and convince her that she is not impatient. He went a good hour ago-

she come? Will she? He might have brought a thousand aunts here by this the hall may be heard. Dolores, paling; leaves her place at the window and advances inwards. The door is thrown open hurriedly; some one enters. Yes, conquers the momentary emotion that it is Lallie-but how strange, how altered! Sho is white as death itself

and is trembling in every limb:
"Child—child—darling!" she mur-She holds out her arms, and in a moment has folded Dolores within them: It is a supreme moment—her lost treasure has been regained! "Ah, I have been very wrong! I Oh the blessedness of having that the recipient of her griefs! All last night she had lain awake, preparing herself for the reproaches, the upbraidwill entertain you," he says gently; "as it will only be when death over- ingsthat at last she has come to feel are alone her due; and now-now In spite of herself, her face changes "Nota word-nota word, my darling!"

almost a tragic meaning in her own. "Ah!" She flushes warmly, and her "Have you nothing else to say," she hand tightens upon his; then the warm says—"no angry word? Until I saw colour fades, and a deathly pallor takes Dick yesterday, I never thought how you and he would have to ondure as well evil; but I only hurt and grieved almost a to death the two for whom I was giving deep sigh escapes her.
"To see her so soon!" she whispers But still—ah, what is it I must do now?" "Oh, hush, my child!" whispers Miss Maturin, leading her to a couch.

Drawing the girl down beside her, sently, she gives Miss Maturin a con-"Ah, do not make things too hard for densed account of her flight, her illness,

and my heart is perhaps not altogether present, and shakes himself clear of the ful earnestness, and so marks the sha- "Come with me then," says Dolores, so strong as it once was. I am to day light, happy, but alas, too fragile bands dow that at last he has found it impost rising too. "I long to make you known most sweet and blessed thing to have Mildmay's study. Here it was he had crosses the threshold-with an cager

To make her any rejoinder just then toarful smile she goes forward to greet seems to him impossible; yet something her darling's friend. He is sitting in Mrs. Edgeworth, reappearing at this the room: he rises—their eyes meet. There is a smothered ejaculation from dies from Miss Maturin's face, the light She comes in with quito a little bustle from her eyes. She looks as though has passed over him. He is watching "I'm not going to have you laid upon her with a strained half unbelieving air, disappearance. my hands again for any one-no, not if his face blanched, his hands trembling

affrightedly, as though to demand her

breathlessly to Mr. Mildmay. "Who "Your father!" answers Miss Maturity

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whispers the girl tremulously. "Do not from you all. I skall never go home thus misjudge me. To forget such love again." as yours would be impossible. My se- "As you will about that, darling. cret is as yet unknown to you; but, be- Home, after all, is only where those are lieve me, this coming of my friend has whom we love! We can go away to.

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lieve me, this comin

rate myself from-from those who are you know "-smiling-" and we will see opened window has been Dolores's sole)

MILTOM