CHAPTER XVIII.-Continued.

These were very much the feelings of Arthur and Angela. He hesitated he can hardly object, or he would not before her, confused, and she kept her head down over the dog. But presently Aleck, getting bored, moved on and, as it would have been inane to continue to stare at the floor, she had to raise herself as slowly as she might. Soon their eyes arrived in the same plane, and whether a mutual glance of intelligence was exchanged, or whether her power of attraction overcame his power of resistance, it is not easy to determine, but certain it is that following a primary natural law. Arthur gravitated toward her, and kissed her on the face.

"My!" exclaimed Pigott, and the milk-jug rolled unheeded on the floor. "Hum! I suppose I had better ex- have a very poor opinion of me."

plain." began he. "I think you have spilled the milk," added she.

"That we have become engaged and are--"

"All to pieces, I declare, broke in Angela, with her head somewhere near

the carpet. And then they both laughed.

"Well I never, no not in all my born days! Sir and Miss Angela, all I have got to say about this extraordinary proceeding"-they glanced at each other in alarm-"is that I am very glad to hear on it, and I hope and pray how as you may be happy, and, if you treat my Angela right, you'll be just the happiest and luckiest man in the three kingdoms, including Ireland and the royal family, and, if you treat her wrong, worse will come to you; and her poor mother's last words, as I heard with my own ears, will come true to you, and serve you right-and there's all the milk upon the floor. And God bless you both, my dears, is the prayer of an old woman."

And here the worthy soul broke down, and tegan to cry, nor were Angela's eyes free from tears.

After this little episode, breakfast proceeded in something like the usual way. Church was 10.30, and before the hour Arthur and Angela strolled down to the spot that had already become a holy ground to them, and looked into each other's eyes, and said again the same sweet words. Then they went on, and mingling with the little congregation-that did not number more than thirty souls-they passed into the cool quiet of the church.

"Lawks!" said a woman, as they went by, "ain't she just a beauty. What a pretty wedding they'd make!" woman, and afterward found a pre-

text to give her five shillings because he said it was a lucky omen.

On the communion-table of pretty little church there was spread the "fair white cloth" of the rubric. It was the day for the monthly celebration of the Sacrament, that met | ing. the religious requirements of the vil-

"Will you stay for the Sacrament with me?" whispered Angela to her lover, in the interval between their seating themselves and the entry of the clergyman, Mr. Fraser's locum ter?"

Arthur nodded assent. And so, when the time came, those two went up together to the altarrails, and, kneeling side by side, eat of by surprise in this business. Your acthe bread and drank of the cup, and, rising, departed thence with a new link between them, For, be sure part a great deal of her.' of the prayers which they offered up at that high moment were in humble petition to the Almighty to set His solemn seal and blessing on their love. Indeed, so far as Angela was concerned that she did not consecrate by pray- idea." er, how much more then, was she bent upon bringing this, the greatest of all her acts, before her Maker's throne.

Strange, indeed, and full of holy promise, is the yearning with which we turn to heaven to seek sanctification of our deeds, feeling our weakness, I like you, and you have, I believe, and craving strength from the source of strength; a yearning of which the | that my daughter will have nothing Church with that subtle knowledge of | -at any rate, till I am dead," he added human nature which is one of the mainsprings of its power, has not been is more especially felt in the matters connected with the noblest of the pasmon home.

to worship, and stronger to endure.

ginning, ended rather oddly. "I must speak to your father when

began. ed a little anxious.

glad to get rid of Pigott and myself. | way to extinguish any objections that You know that he is not very fond | might still linger in Philip's mind.

"That is strange want of taste on ed himself with acknowledging his rehis part." "Oh I don't know. Everybody does view came to an end

"Because they have not the chance. All the world would love you, if it knew you; but, seriously, I think that have allowed us to be thrown so much together; for, in nine cases out of ten that sort of thing has only one result. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that to import a young fellow into the house, and throw him solely into a daughter's company, is very apt to bring about-well, what has been brought about."

"Then you mean that you think that should have fallen in love with any gentleman who had come here?" Arthur, not seeing the slight flush of indignation in her eyes replied: "Well, you know there is always

would very much depend upon "Arthur"-with a little stamp -"I am ashamed of you. How can you think such things of me? You must

risk; but I should imagine that

'My dear, why should I suppose myself superior to anybody else, that you giving him less than his due. should only fall in love with me? You set too high a value on me."

"And you set too low a value upon me; you do not understand me. You are my fate, my other self; how would it have been possible for me to love any one but you? I feel as though had been traveling to meet you since the beginning of the world, to stand by your side till crumbles away, yes, for eternity itself. Oh, Arthur, do not laugh at what say. I am, indeed, only a simple girl, but, as I told you last night, there is something stirring in me now, my real life, my eternal part, something that you have awakened, and with which you have to deal, something apart from the me you see before you. As I speak I feel and know that when we are dead and gone I shall love you still; when more ages have passed than there are leaves upon that tree. I shall love you still. Arthur. I am yours forever, for the time that is, and is to be."

She spoke with the grand freedom of one inspired, nay, he felt that she was inspired, and the same feeling of awe that had come upon him when he first saw her face, again took posses-Taking her hand he sion of him

"Dearest." he said, "dearest Angela, who am I that you should love me so What have I done that such a treasure should be given to me? I hope that it may be as you say!"

"It will be as I say," she answered, as she bent to kiss him. And they went on in silence.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Philip arrived home about one o'clock the study, and soon found himself in the dread presence-for what presence is more dread, most people would rather face a chief justice with the gout,—of the man whose daughter he was about to ask in marriage.

tray, the contents of which he seem-Arthur overhead it and noted the with his customary politeness, saying Day by day, Arthur discovered new

of expectant curiosity, but said noth-"In short," said Arthur, desperate-

ly, "I come to ask you to sanction my engagement to Angela." A pause-a very awkward pause-en-

"You are then engaged to my daugh-

"Subject to your consent I am." Then came another pause.

"You will understand me. Heigham when I say that, you take me rather quaintance with her has been short." "That is very true, but I have seen

"Perhaps; but she knows absolutely nothing of the world, and her preference for you-for as you say you are engaged to her, I presume she has shown a preference-may be a misthere were few acts of her simple life | take. merely a young girl's remantic

Arthur thought of his conversation of the previous day with Angela, and could not help smiling as he answered. "I think if you ask her that she will tell you that is not the case."

"Heigham, I will be frank with you. sufficient means. Of course you know quickly.

"I never thought about the matter, slow to avail itself. And this need but I shall be only too glad to marry her with nothing but herself."

"Very good. I was going to say, sions, perhaps, because all true love that notwithstanding this, marriage and all true religion come from a com- is an important matter; and I must have time to think over it before I give Thus pledged to one another with you a decided answer, say a week. I a new and awful pledge, and knitted | shall not, however, expect you to together in the bonds of a universal leave here unless you wish to do so. love, embracing their poor affections | nor shall I seek to place any restricas the wide skies embrace the earth, I tions on your intercourse with Anthey rose and went their ways, purer | gela. since it would appear that the mischief is already done. I am flat-That afternoon Arthur had a conver- | tered by your proposal; but I must sation with his betrothed that, par- | have time, and you must understand taking of business nature in the be- that in this instance hesitation does not necessarily mean consent."

In affairs of this nature a man is he comes back to-morrow, dear," he satisfied with small mercies and willing to put up with inconveniences that "My father! Oh. yes, I had forgot- appear trifling in comparison with the ten a little about that;" and she look- disasters that might have overtaken him. Arthur was no exception to the "Fortunately, I am fairly well off, general rule. Indeed, he was profuse so I see no cause why he should ob- in his thanks, and, buoyed up with all the confidence of youth, felt sure in "Well, I think that he will be rather his heart that he would soon find a

His would-be father-in-law contentmarks with courtesy, and the inter-

all of his calmness of demeanor and, rising from his untasted meal, paced up and down the room in thought. Everything had, he reflected, fallen out as he wished. Young Heigham wanted to marry his daughter, and he could not wish her a better husband. Save for the fatality which had sent that woman to him on her fiend's errand, he would have given his consent at once, and been glad to give it. Not that he meant to refuse it-he had no such idea. And then he began to think what, supposing that Lady Bellamy's embassy had been of a nature that he could entertain, which was not, it would mean to him. It would mean the realization of the work and aspirations of twenty years; it would mean his re-entry into the property and position from which he had according to his own view, been unjustly ousted; it would mean, last but not least, triumph over George. And now chance, mighty chance, as fools call Providence, had at last thrown into his hands a lever with which it would be easy to topple over every stumbling-block that lay in his path to triumph; more, he might even be able to spoil that Egyptian George, Oh, how he hungered for the broad

acres of his birthright! longing for them as a lover longs for his lost bride. The opportunity would never come again; why should he throw it away? To do so would be to turn his cousin into an open and inplacable foe. Why should he allow this girl, whose birth had bereft him of the only creature he had ever loved, whose sex had alienated the family estates, and for whose company he cared nothing, to come as a destruction on his plans? She would be well off; the man loved her. As for her being engaged to this young Heigham, women soon got over those things. After all, now that he came to think of the matter calmly, what valid cause was there why the thing should not be?

And as he paced to and fro, and thought thus, an answer came into his mind. For there rose up before him a vision of his dying wife, and there sounded in his ear the murmur of her half-forgotten voice that for al its broken softness had with its last accents, called down God's winged vengeance and His everlasting doom on him who would harm her unprotected child. And, feeling that if he did this thing on him would be the vengeance and the doom, he thought of the shadows of the night, and grew

afraid. When Arthur and his host met according to their custom, that evening, no allusion was made on either side to their conversation of the afternoon, nor did her father even speak a word to Angela on the subject. Life himself free from his clutches in a moto all appearance, went on in the old house precisely as though nothing had | honor and right, to say nothing of a happened. Philip did not attempt to still more powerful factor, superstition, put the smallest restraint on Ar- speak so loudly in his ears. Surely, on the Monday, and, after their nur- thur and his daughter, and studious- he thought there would be no harm esting. That cur, Philip, is as good sery dinner. A Arthur made his way to ly shut his eyes to the pretty obvious in hearing what she had to say. He as a play," and she laughed her own them, the long June days were golden, nothing to do with the matter so much but all too short. Every morning better in person. Such mental strugfound their mutual love more perfect, gles have only one end. Presently but when the flakes of crimson light | the smart page-boy bore back this faded from the skies, and night drop- note: Philip, whom he found seated by a ped her veil over the tall trees and peaceful lake, by some miracle it had ed in no humor to touch, received him grown deeper and more perfect still. with a smile that he hoped he had not charms in Angela; here some hidden that Philip was that day shown into a rivers. Most people seem to think come to tell him that he was sick of knowledge, there an unsuspected grace | richly-furnished bouldoir in Rewtham the place and its inhabitants, and was and everywhere an all-embracing char- House. He had not been in that room "Far from it Mr. Caresfoot, I come deeper into the depths of her mind, and ting on that very sofa, now occupied the papers, that it is mostly used by to speak to you on a very different still there were more to plumb. For by Lady Bellamy's still beautiful form Philip glanced up with a quick look | and high ambitions—ambitions many | a place of evil omen for him of which could only find fulfillment in another world than this. And the more he saw of her the prouder he was to think that such a perfect creature should so dearly love himself; and with to that supreme and happy hour when he should call her his. And so day add-

seemed as smooth and smiling as the to the point at once First of all, ment they did not trouble themselves, judging not unnaturally, that his con- and your daughter." duct was in itself a guarantee of approval. If he meant to raise any serious objections he would surely have as ever about the matter. Indeed, he done so before, Arthur would urge, is simply infatuated or bewitched, and Angela would quite agree with | really don't know which." him, and wonder what parent could find it in his heart to object to her bonny-eyed lover.

What a merciful provision of Providence it is that throws a veil over the future, only to be pierced by the keenest-eyed of Scotchmen! Where should we find a flavor in those infrequent cups that the shyest of the gods Joy, holds to our yearning lips, could we know of the bitter that lurks in the tinseled bowl? Surely we have much to be thankful for, but for nothing should we be so grateful as for this blessed impotence of foresight!

that the mercury begins to sink befeel that, for most of us, the wheel of our fortunes revolves too quickly to allow of a long continuance of unbroken joy.

"Arthur," said Angela, one morning, when eight days had passed since her father's return from town, "we are too happy. We should throw something into the lake."

"I have not got a ring, except the one you gave me," he answered; for his Who asked you to force her? All you dubitably show that at least one-twent signet was on her finger. "So, unless are asked to do is not to interfere, tieth of the population of Paris don't know what it is to be."

are too happy." acre or so of undergrowth as Angela | live down his fancy or some other obuttered these words, he would have stacle will arise to put an end to the perceived a very smart page-boy with thing, in which case Mr. Heigham will the Bellamy crest on his buttons de- come back at the end of his year's pro- passport is compelled to have the pall livering a letter to Philip. It is true bation, and events will take their nat- of his hand brushed over with fill that there was nothing particularly ural course. It is only wise and right oil paint. He then presses his had alarming about that, but its contents that you should try the constancy of on thin, damp paper, which retains might have given a point to Angela's these young lovers, instead of letting impression of the lines. This is

forebodings. It ran thus: "Rewtham House Monday

Fifty Years Ago.

No theory of germs to chill Affection's budding blisses; When ardent lovers took their 611, No microbes on their kisses. How happy they were not to know The germ-fad-30 years ago.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

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is the standard family remedy of the world for colds, coughs and lung diseases. It is not a palliative, and is not therefore put up in small cheap bottles. It is put up in large bottles for the household. They cost more but cure more.

Fads come and go but no theory or fad can overthrow the fact, that the greatest cure for all colds, coughs and throat and lung diseases, is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

50 Years of Cures.

ference to our conversation last week about your daughter and G., can you come over and have a quiet chat with me this afternoon?

"Sincerely yours, "Anne Bellamy."

Philip read this note and then reread it, knowing in his heart that now was his opportunity to act up to his convictions, and put an end to the whole transaction in a few decisive words. But a man who has for so many years given place to the demon of avarice, even though it be avarice with a legitimate object, cannot shake ment; even when, as in Philip's case, signs of their mutual affection. For could explain his reasons for having peculiar laugh.

"Dear Lady Bellamy,-I will be with you at half-past three.

It was with very curious sensations | The Seine is the most versatile of ity and love. Day by day he gazed since he had talked to Maria Lee, sit- the frequent bridges; or, if they read it was a store-house of noble thoughts and he could not but feel that it was

Lady Bellamy rose to greet him with It is a sewer, it is a highway for her most fascinating smile.

"This is very king," she said, as she carry more people between different motioned him to a seat, which Philip afterward discovered, had been carefulthe greater joy did he look forward ly arranged so as to put his features ways; it is a navigable stream for de in the full light, whilst, sitting on the sofa, her own were concealed. "Well. ed itself to day, and found them happy. Mr. Caresfoot," she began, after a lit-Indeed, the aspect of their fortunes | the pause, "I suppose I had better come summer surface of the lake. About presume that, as you anticipated would Philip's final consent to their engage- be the case, there exists some sort of floating baths which line its banks, understanding between Mr. Heigham but also for horses, cows and dogs Philip nodded.

"Well, your cousin is as determined

"I am sorry for it, Lady Bellamy, as cannot--

"One moment, Mr. Caresfoot; first let Last and most important, it is me tell you his offer, then we can talk angling ground for the world's me it over. He offers, conditionally on his patient fishermen. Perhaps fish has marriage with your daughter, to sell you the Isleworth estates at a fair ten men have protested that valuation hereafter to be agreed upon, have caught them, but no one-il and to make a large settlement."

play in the matter?"

"This. First, you must get rid. young Heigham, and prevent him from holding any communication, either But, as it is often on the bluest days | with Angela herself, or with any other person connected with this place, for neath the breath of far-off hurricane one year from the date of his departso there is a warning spirit implant- ure. Secondly, you must throw no obed in sensitive minds that makes them stacle in George's path. Thirdly, if mistrustful of too great happiness. We required, you must dismiss her old Men, women, and children, are in nurse, Piggott."

"It cannot be, Lady Bellamy, came here to tell you so. I dare not force my daughter into such a marriage, for all the estates in Eng-

Lady Bellamy laughed.

father afraid of his own daughter; but you are over hasty, Mr. Caresfoot. and leave the rest to myself and George You will have nothing to do with it "Don't joke, Arthur. I tell you we one way or the other, nor will any responsibility rest with you. Besides, it Could Arthur have seen through an is very probable that your cousin will

for her cousin, surely that will be affair of yours." "I don't understand what your terest is in this matter, Lady

lamy." "My dear Mr. Caresfoot, what do my interest matter to you? Perhap I have one; perhaps I have not; women love match-making, you know what really is important is your cision," and she shot a glance at his from the heavy-lidded eyes, only recognize that he was not convince by her arguments or, if convinced, of stinate. "By the way," she went a slowly, "George asked me to make payment to you on his account, money that has, he says, been long owing, but which it has not hitherto been con venient to repay."

"What is the sum?" asked Philip, at stractedly.

"A large one, a thousand pounds" It did not require the peculiar is. tonation she threwt into her voice to make the matter clear to him. He wa well aware that no such sum was ow.

"Here is the check," she went on and, taking from her purse a signed and crossed check upon a London banker, she unfolded it and threw it apon the table, watching him to while.

Philip gazed at the money with the eyes of a hungry wolf. A thousand pounds! That might be his for the ask. ing, nay, for the taking. It would bind him to nothing. The miser greed took possession of him as he look.

Slowly he raised his hand, twitch ing with excitement, and stretched it out toward the check, but, before his fingers touched it, Lady Bellamy, as though by accident, dropped her white palm upon the precious pa-

"I suppose that Mr. Heigham will leave to-morrow on the anderstanding we mentioned?" she said, carelessly, but in a significant tone. Philip nodded.

The hand was withdrawn as careless ly as it had come, leaving the check blushing in all its native beauty upon the table. Philip took it as delib erately as he could, and put it in his pocket. Then, rising, he said goodbye, adding, as he passed through the

"Remember, I have no responsibility in the matter. I wash my hands of it, and wish to hear nothing about it."

"The thousand pounds has done it, reflected Lady Bellamy. "I told George that he would rise greedily at money I have not watched him for twenty years for nothing. Fancy selling an only daughter's happiness in life for a thousand pounds, and such a daughter, too! I wonder how much he would take to murder her, if he were certain that he would not be found out! Upon my word, my work grows quite inter-

To Be Continued.

THE RIVER SEINE

lation is Always Fishing.

that it is only to cross over, because of persons of a theatrical turn to com mit suicide in. But it has many uses, floating or nibuses or fly-boats, which parts of the city than any ten tramwater craft-from England princips ly-and affords a dozen ports in t city of Paris alone; it is a canal, upo which there float more canal boats the any regular canal in France; it is bath tub, not only for people-in man which have each a designated bathing place; it is a swimming pond for man ducks and geese; it is a reservoir, 1705 which water is pumped for the cleans ing of the city streets; it is a laund tub, in which more than nine-tenths the clothes of the citizens of Pan are washed-washing never being don at home, even by the poorest people been caught in the Seine, because same men be excepted-ever saw "And what part does he wish me to caught. This fact, notwithstanding passion for fishing, and fishing in Seine particularly, a French state man has called the evil co-equal wi the drinking of absinthe, that is dermining the nation. Spring. mer, autumn, winter, morning, no and evening, rain or shine, the Park ian world stands on the quais with hook in the water waiting for a crowds, and some look poor and s look rich. But nobody ever looks er than expectant. The waiters of the small cases and restaurants in Champs Elysees take advantage of dull hours, and, bareheaded, aprone and with napkins covering their maculate shirt bosoms, seek a place "It is amusing," she said, "to see a the ranks; cabmen, too, and errand boy and tramps-everybody. If a census were taken some fine day it would in

QUEER CHINESE PASSPORT.

always fishing.

In China a traveler wishing for passport is compelled to have the pair them marry out of hand. If, on the to prevent transference of the per other hand, Angela should in the port, as the lines of no two hands

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