Author of "Molly Bawn," "Airy Fairy Lilian," Etc. Etc.

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"Fear is the last of ills ;

and went straight to her flowers. She

She loved discussing her own allments. much better that I wonder he comes here

Mrs. Greatorex, calmly.

ing by coming here,"

"Nothing in a pecuniary sense, certainly," said Mrs. Greatorex, "but he likes good society, and-

Agatha made a sudden movement. "I wonder how you can do it," says she, abandoning the position she had taken up a moment ago in the window with a view to hiding her face from her aunt's inquisitive regard, and now turning

ish figure seemed to vibrate with the annoyance to the neighborhood." angry feeling within her. "Do what 7" asked Mrs. Greatorex, letting the pretty little pale pink silk sock

"Accept his services gratuitously," Mrs. Greatorex laughed.

"What have you got into your head affect that as I felt so much better I need not trouble him again. He came the next day, I then told him plainly I could afford no more fees out of my siender income. He said-very gracefully, as I thought-that he could never bear to resign a case until a perfect cure had been accomplished, or something to that effect. Well, why should I not allow hateful rheumatism still requires a menfor to keep it in order, and if I can have the better. You know my porce is not a

"And I am a burden to you," said the

"My good child, never give yourself over to nonsense," said Mrs. Greatorex, with "You know very well I am delighted to have you." She took up her little sock again, and turned the heel. The clicking of the knitting needles was all that could be heard. Mrs. Greatorex was always knitting pink silk socks for her young married friends. They took a long time to do, and they cost so little, and young mothers were so overpowered with gratitude when they got them. "So gweet of her to remember darling baby. small one, but she herself was of a us-The girl had certainly a miserable 220 a year of her own, but that panion." was too little. She made it suffice for her dress, but it sufficed very badly. It was all, however, her father, Colonel Nesbitt, bad husband." had been able to leave her. And her aunt had been kind in many ways. Sometimes the girl felt that she loved her. worldly, as she was. When she was sixteen, the colonel (who had put his daughhis wife, and who had seen very little of

her since), died. At mixteen she had found herself an orphan, without a friend, and almost pennithen come forward, the poor child would say; sometimes, however, it favors the

Agatha Nesbitt was beautiful, and sudmoment out of her Slough of Despond, But now another terror threatened her. This detestable Dr. Darkham, whose visits to her aunt for the past few months had been so regular, whose visits, now that her aunt had declared herself off his

more than she cared to think. What there was in his manner to distress her she hardly knew-hardly understood-but she had Isarned to regard his coming with fear and loathing-to dread those tete-a-tetes, when, in the little ante-

hands, were still so regular-troubled her

gave her his instructions. Not that a word had ever been spoken that all the world might not hear-not a look; and, after all, what was there in the

lengthened regard of his dark, unfathomable eyes to alarm her? She could not tell. Not-not love, certainly. He-a mar-Whenever she thought of him, however,

it was with secret loathing, and a strange, unnecountable dread, as of danger to

She remonstrated with her sunt very often. To take such a favor from a mere atranger! To accept his visits without payment! Mrs. Greatorex, whose pride in her birth was excessive, but who would have gone any lengths to save her pocket, had pooh-poohed the girl's expostulations, and had continued to accept Dr. Darkham's visits without protest and with quite an admirable air-a blen d of hauteur and

thoughts.

"I know how good you have been to me always," said she, with warmth, "You are my one friend. It is because I love you that I can't bear you to have this "My dear, he comes only because he mind as that terrible son of hers." likes nice people, you know."

'Dislike him ?" "Yes, you do. Like all girls, you are

it is my opinion that you think he is in

ove with you." "Aunt Hilda !" girl's cheeks crimson. "You forget !" said she, haughtily.

ried or single, old or young, rich or poor, who came perpetually to the house in

which she happened to be was not in love "I can t congratulate you, then, on the

"No ?" Mrs. Greatorex laughed the lit-Agatha came back to the drawing-room, the irritating laugh that belonged to her. latest fed of all our of your head my mean by everyone ?" de w girl, and as soon as possible. Or Darkham is not in love with anything. dently thinks you immensely better. So save pleasant society, and he naturally shows a strong longing to get into that pleasant society whenever he can."

"Are we the only pleasant people in Rickton ?"

"You still cling to your old fad, I see, said Mrs. Grentorex, who had now "My dear Agatha, I'm afraid it cannot brought the little pink silk heel of her be for nothing. I expect he will see little stocking to perfection, and held it out from her, needles and all, to admire it. Well, dear child, if you think he is in love with you-think so. Far be it from me to impugn his taste. But if such is the given the poor, dear creature a good deal | she might have married Lord Ambert, of encouragement,"

"You should remember that he has a wife," said Agatha, coldly.

"Why, so I should." Again that Irritating little cackle grated on the girl' ears. "But really it is very hard to remember. He himself forgets it so persistently. Poor nan; who can blame him? Bad as he in, and, of course, we know h to face her openly. Her tone was impul- rose from the rankest of the ranks, still sive-even passionate. Her slender, girl- she . . What a woman ! A pirfici

"I can't see how she annoys anybody, One never sees her."

"You'll see her to-morrow night at the she was knitting lie upon her lap for a Firs-Robinson's, anyway. Mrs. Poynter moment. She lifted her bright brown eyes | told me this morning that she was going." "What?" said Agatha. She paused. She even forgot the argument in question in the thought of seeing Mrs. Darkham at the dance to-morrow night. Mrs. Dark-"He has attended ham, who lived like a snail in her shell, me for the past year. Last month I sent so seldom emerging. How strange. "Are you sure she is going ?"

> "Quite sure." "As a rule she refuses all invitations." "There's where she shows her one grain

There's where Dr. Darkham shows his tyranny," said Agatha. "I believe he doesn't allow her to go anywhere."

"Now, who says that?" "Well, all the people who know." Mrs. Greatorex shrugged her thin lady-

that 'people are mostly fools.' And ever band is quite wise to exercise his power. "It is not wisdom in his case, it is cowardice. He is afraid of her vulgarity.' "No wonder. She was a trade man's

daughter, wasn't she?" 'Well !" with some fire, 'wasn't he a tradesman's son ? " "Still, consider!"

"Oh, you to consider!" the girl interrupted her, vehemently, "you much stress on 'family,' hardly acknowledge the Firs-Robinsons because they cannot swear to a grand

"How you do excite yourself ove trifles," said Mrs. Greatorex, with anoth er shrug. "What I was going to say was that Dr. Darkham must be cit ed about his marriage, to a certain degrees, He, by reason of intellect and education and his original surroundings. She, with cidedly miserty disposition. She would out intellect or education, has sunk deepsave where she could, and Agatha always | er into hers. I think," said Mrs. Greathad an uncomfortable feeling that her orex, who had a fond fancy that she was aunt knew she could save more if she- a sympathetic soul, "that of all harrow-Agatha-were not there to be looked after ing afflictions the words must be that of a

a woman to be tied for life to a thoroughly

"My dear Agatha! You will erd by representing Mr. Darkham as a modern Bluebeard. As for me I pity him, And there are so many cases just like his. A young man of his parentage-nobody at ter to school in Belgium on the death of all in fact-starts in life-very naturallyby marrying somebody in his own class. Some dreadful person! Then he, bling clever-a reading, a thoughtful, an ambitious man-rises. She stands root diy less, and but that Mrs. Greatorex had still. She clogs every step. She is as mill-stone round his neck, we ghing him hardly have known what to do or where down, keeping him back from the goal to go. Fortune favors the brave, they to which he would attain-the goal of equality with his superiors, which he feels ought to be his, because of the 'ntellect that ennobles him. But the more denly fortune came to her in the shape of he aspires to fly, the heavier she grows. Mrs. Greatorex. It was not a great for- Now, we all know Mrs. Darkham. What tune, truly, but it lifted the girl for the a mere clod! Vulgar, wearisome, without an idea. No wonder he hates her."

"For all that, if a man marries a woman of his own free will, he should deal fairly by her," said Azatha, thoughtfully,

ham is one of them." "I don't think so. She is very vulgar | have come-" and very fat, and unutterably doll, but

he look for now?"

thought It."

"Perhaps for the "H's" she is always eyes were smiling. room, he wrote out his prescriptions, and dropping," said Mrs. Greatorex, with a laugh. "You say she never goes anywhere, I have news for you. Who do you think that he keeps her in durance vile, but she is going to this dance to-morrow night wish I hadn't! She gets on one's nerves | months --- Lord Ambert. so. What is it about her that jars so Agatha over Miss Firs-Robinson's head. dreadfully? Vulgarity one can make up

wore it to tatters, whilst we all sat aghast, and wished ourselves dond, was quite shankful Dr. Darkham wasn't there. I really think if he had been he would have been quite justified in murdering her."

Mrs. Greatorex laughed lightly. "Oh, no?" The words seemed to fall from Agatha unconsciously. There was horror in them-she shuddered, 'Aunt Hilds, how dreadful! To murder her!"

Mrs. Greatorex laid down her knitting. "It wasn't so much that she was vulgar -had bad taste-but that she was so-so oppressive. And rude too. Very rude." "I could fancy," said the girl, a'owly, that she is very unhappy. I have often

"You are prejudiced. I could fanny that Dr. Darkham coming here like this. He-" she is very nearly as much out of her likes to get away from the atmosphere of "Poor Edwy! I mat him yesterday no heart! I can't afford one." his sorded home. That pays him. He in the wood. He came crash through it "I should think you could afford anylike a young Samson. Bight and left he thing," said Agatha, who had flushed a "Well, then, I wish he would try and flung the branches, as though not beed- little at Elfrida's allusion to her own find them somewhere else than here." ing them, and shouting as he came, heart. "You could at all events afford "That is a little selfish of your, sure- Of course, he could not hear himself, but to marry the man who loved you." by; considering how I benefit by his I confess it frightened me. Poor, poor princel it decision. "I should much rather be a of the earth. 'Poor, poor, poor princel it decision. "I should much rather be a of the earth. 'Poor, poor, poor princel it decision. "I should much rather be a of the earth. 'Poor, poor, poor princel it decision. "I should much rather be a of the earth. 'Poor, poor, poor princel it decision. "I should much rather be a of the earth. 'Poor, poor, poor princel it decision. "I should much rather be a of the earth. 'Poor, poor, poor princel it decision. "I should much rather be a of the earth. 'Poor, poor, poor princel it decision. "I should much rather be a of the earth. 'Poor, poor, poor princel it decision. "I should much rather be a of the earth. 'Poor, poor, poor princel it decision. "I should much rather be a of the earth. 'Poor, poor, poor princel it decision. "I should much rather be a of the earth. 'Poor, poor, poor princel it decision. "I should much rather be a of the earth. 'Poor, poor, poor princel it decision. "I should much rather be a poor, poor princel it decision. "I should much rather be a of the earth. 'Poor, poor, poor, poor, poor princel it decision. "I should much rather be a poor, poor princel it decision." I should much rather be a poor, po

"Strange how people like that live on. seless-more burdens-creatures one nestly, shrinks from. Why, he must be almost

"He is sixteen; but he looks a mere hild. His body has grown, but his face has not; it is so young-pathetically young; and at times almost beautiful. Nearly all idoits are hideous, because of the want of soul in them, but Edwy some-

"Not when he is excited." "No, no. And not when he laughs. What a frightful sound it is. You know, to come to her. suppose, that he can say one word. At least not a word, but a noise that has a meaning."

is the sound, is it not T' "Yes, and it always means his mother, remarkable. You know he adores her. After all I think she can't be without some good quality, when that poor strick- his rank in life, and was desirous of imen boy loves her so much.'

"Like to like," said Mrs. Greatorex, carelessly. "Really, she is nearly as dull as he is. Let us forget her. She grows A hot rush of indignant blood lyed the fatiguing. What of to-morrow night ? Did you hear who was likely to be there ?"

"At the Firs-Robinsons' 7 Everybody as far as I can see." "Quite right too. They are 'nobody' if

you like.' "I think Elfrida is charming," said Agatha, quietly.

"Elfrida !" Mrs. Greatorex sniffed, Elfrida with Robinson at the end of it! Firs-Robinson, because of the society through him. In a sense he amused her. giris you have known !" said Aguilla, craze for double names. Did anybody of real birth ever tack on another name to their good old one unless for money purposes ? If they had called themselves "A poor compliment to yourself. Sill, First-Robinson it would at all events I have been studying you a little of late. have had the merit of a joke. Well, and and I feel sure I am right. Get this so everyone is to be there. What do they

> "Why," laughing, "I suppose everyone. And I hear Lord Stilton and his party,

> and Lord Ambert-" "Ambert !" Mrs. Greatorex let the sock fall to the floor this time. "Can it be true that he wants to marry that girl ? I cannot imagine Miss Robinson-a countess ! But he is very hard up, and she has a great deal of money. Money is everything nowadays !" Then suddenly-leaning forward, and letting her brilliant eyes rest upon her niece's face as if indignant with her-"Why haven't you money?" said she.

The uncontrollable ambition that ruled case, you will pardon my saying that" her whole life betrayed itself in these -with an amused air, "you must have words. If Agatha had been an hieress used to know great mirth sometimes when

CHAPTER IV.

"Late as usual, and all your partners in hysterics!" said a quick voice; a voice a little sharp perhaps, and decided, but clear as a bell. Agatha, who had just entered the dancing room with her chapat Miss Firs-Robinson.

"I couldn't help it. Aunt Hilda was has kindly brought me."

"Oh! if it is Mrs. Poynter, thank heaven you are here at all. Her wild determination to be 'fashionable,' as she calls it, makes her slow in many ways. But here you are, anyway.'

"What a charming gown," said Agatha, looking at her friend.

Certainly the gown was not more charming than its wearer, Miss Firs-Robinson was looking her very best tonight-small, fairylike, refined, in spite of her parentage, which indeed was not got on, and become the head of a store himself. He had also been a dealer in pile on them, and they say-that is, some the circumstances. To play with a heart wealth, wishing to honor his memory

man's "knowth" in a fashionshie way But his filled plety was far ahead of his what forced, however, "Will you sit out spelling, and so the "u" became "I". But one with me ?" then "they say" is such a . . . Well, such an unreliable person! Anyway Miss Firs-Robinson was as de-

icately formed as though the blood of all he Howards had run through her velos 'A dream' her adorers called her, and they were many and various. A golden dream" they might have added. Her father, who had succeeded to the Fors. never forgot he was originally an Englishman, and made straight for that "bright ittle, tight little island" the moment he felt himself above the whims of fortune's vilest efforts. Having gained that ascerdency, and England as well, he promptly died.

That was five years ago, Efrida, who had been sent home at an cary age for educational purposes, and who remembered but slightly her American experiences, had lived all these years with her father's sister, the elder M'ss Firs-Robinson. Poor thing, she had rather squirmed at the additional name at first-not being accustomed to grandeur of that sort-but in many ill-spelt letters had given in to man tied for life to an uncongenial com- the terrible! She was just a most estimable woman, if extremely fat; and as full shop and couldn't find me." "I think it must be infinite'y worse f r of prejudices, as they say an egg is full

> Eifrida, in spile of an unmistakable touch of shrewdness about her-borcowed, no doubt from her trading paren s-was as lovely as the dawning day. Her pretty fair hair covered in tiny curis, a head as patrician in shape as though its owner had been the daughter of a hundred ear's, And in this head to-night some diamond die class; they never know how to keep stars were giltering, sparkling gaily as its owner moved and spoke. Her mouth was small, not too small. And her note then her language! "All over the shop." was not Greek. It was pretty and very loveable for all that. Her eyes were b'ue, and so easy to read, said the tyro; so

difficult, said the expert. She was a lovely creation, however it Agatha, who was so much tailer than she was.

"If you hadn't come," said Miss Firs-Robinson, "there would have been murder presently. Dr. --Agatha's face changed and whitened

"Dr. Dillwyn has been wandering round "Of course. But there are always ex- aimlessly for the last hour, seeking whom ceptional cases. And surely Mrs. Dark- he may devour, I suppose. Certainly he has not been seeking a partner. Now you

"Well 7 Now I have come ?" Agatha one must remember that she was all that repeated her words. "How can you be when he married her. What, then, dies so stupid ?" said she. But the lovely color had gone back to her cheeks, and her

"Stupid! Stupid! I like that, Well,

"Our dance, I believe," said some one at the Firs-Robinson's, and I saw her to Elfrida at that moment. It was Illyesterday at the Poynters'. I'm sure I frida's shadow during the past two "Is it? Yes, of course," raid Elfrida, one's mind to, but stupid ty mixed with glancing at her card. "But I have just it, is too much for anybody. She started one word to say to Miss Neebitt." She the subject of that idlot son of hers, and smiled again at Ambert, very prettily. "Too prottily," thought Agatha, with little fear for her friend at her heart.

> as she turned to her. "Do you know who has come to-night to stay with us for a month? Dicky-Dicky Brown. He met Aunt'e and me and-repent it soon after." last season in town. And Auntle asked him to run down to us for a bit. He's a ders. "We all know that in spite of son' can be raised by it." everything; but I do love Dicky more

But her friend seemed to have no fear

than anyone else, I think." standing near, waiting for Elfrida, "Better

"Pouf! What a suggestion! Why should I love anyone ?" Elfrida's piquant face was now alight with mischlef. "Do

amusement in her laugh.

"You know !" hald Assatha, slowly, ear "You're lovely you're a parfect de light." asid Miss Firs-Robinson, her amusement now growing more apparent; but really I don't. I know only that Iwant to be-"

She glanced at Agatha from under her ong lashes. "Happy ?" said Agatha, answering. "No, a counters," said the pretty little fairy with a gay grimace. She looked over Agatha's shoulder and beckoned to Lord Ambert, who was still "in waiting,"

He came. A middle-sized, well set-up man of about 40, with a rather supercili-"Mr. Blount told me about it. Sho' is ous mouth and small eyes. There was a touch of insolence, of cruelty about the mouth, and the eyes were furtive. He He calls to her in that way. It is very looked quite a gentleman, however, which a great many earls do not, and, of course, there he scored. He was a poor man for pounding the numerous thousands in which Miss Firs-Ribinson lay, as it were. enwrapped. He never forgot his dignity, however, when with her. He gave her quite to understand that she was by birth many degrees below zero, and that he was a star in her firmament. Of course, she would marry him-when he chose to ask her-and he delayed that honor with a view of showing her how important he was. She must walt, and hope and, finally, have her reward.

> In the meantime, Elfrida, who had very acute mind of her own, saw straight and, after all, she knew very well who would be mistress and master after her marriage with him. Not Ambert, any way. Her money should be securely settled on herself; she was quite decided about that. She was quite decided also about her marriage with him. She had lived some little time in America, as has been said, and had learned the value of our English lords, so she had arranged with herself very early in life never to die until she could have the title carvel upon her tombatone. Ambert had come in quite handy. He was the only unmarried earl within a radius of a tremendous number of miles, so of course he would have to de. It was a pity he was so old-that he was a little bald-that his expression was so upleasant. But he was an earl. She would be Lady Ambert ; and if he thought he would have it all his own way afterwards, why-she would show him. She hadn't the least doubt about his proposing to her. She gave herself TH GROST THAT WALKED WITH GRAND DUKE no trouble on that head; and indeed she he had been specially laborious over his efforts to prove to her that he had twenty or forty helreases in his eye, who would all be ready at a moment's notice to ac-

For all that she was determined marry him, This, however, did not prevent her indulging in small flirtations here and there. There were several young eron, turned quickly round and smiled officers in the barracks in the next town who were literally at her feet, and therwas the curate, Tom Blount, who everyafraid to come out, and so Mrs. Poynter olie knew (though he kept himself steadill away from her feet, was for all that very slave to her every caprice.

"Ah, Mr. Blount," said she, as she passed him now on her way to the conservatory, "Hera? And you haven't asked me for a single dance.

"I don't dance," said Tom Blount, barely acknowledging the supercilious bow give him by Lord Ambert. "The bishop doesn't like it, you know, and to ask you to sit out a dance with me would be more than I dare venture." He smiled at her out of two honest blue

all it might have been. Her grandfather eyes. And she smiled back at him out had been a store boy in America, had of two very dishonest ones, though all four were much of the same color. "'If thy heart fall thee," quote she furs in Canada, and made his principal daringly and most reprehensibly under

scurrilous people say-that his son, when is a poor game when all is told. But to he inherited the older Robinson's great this small, hard-bearted creature, whose affections had never been awakened, conquests were necessary from day to day. "Well--- I shan't let it fail me," said the curate, suddenly, ellis smile was some-"You don't deserve it," said she. "But" -here Lord Ambert bent and whispered

> urging her to refuse the insolent request of this nobody, this curate of a small country parish. But his words took no effect. Elfrida listened to them, nodded, and smiled as if acquiescing, and then"-"The fourteenth is a quadrille, for the sake of appeasing Lady Saunders, I beleve," said she, looking at the curate,

something in her car. He was evidently

Will you have that dance-to sit it out "Won't I !" said the curate enthusiastically, who had not long left Oxford, and who was wonderfully young in many

"You promised that quadrille to me," aid Ambert, frowning. "Yes, I know. But as I never dance quadrilles"-she paused and looked up

"No, I don't," said he, "Well, I am sure Mr. Blount does," said Elfrida, audaciously. "Now remember, Mr. Blount, the fourteenth is our s. having been reasoned with by her brother shan't believe it, you know, if you come to tell me on the eve of the fifteenth that you had been looking for me all over the

at Ambert, "You see?"

"You won't have to believe any hing," said Blount, "But what shall I have to believe in?"

Lord Ambert looked at him. Really the audicity of this contemptible curate passed compreh asion. To speak so to her his-Ambert's-future wife. He frowned and bit h s lip. Toat was the wors; of marrying into the midthose beneath them in order. He should have to give her a lecture later on. And Ambert shuddered. Did her grandfather's

shop come into sudden remembrance? "Why, in me," said Miss Firs Robinson, with a last glance at Blount. She rather accentuated this glance by a movement went, as she now stood looking up at of her lids. A scoond later she had van- erine II. was well guarded.

Lord Ambert, holding her hand during her descent from the steps to the garden beneath, ventured a cold r monstrance. "Is it wise of you-you will pardon, I hope, my interference-but is it wise of you to be so kind to a person of that

M'ss Firs Robinson, with much ally astonishment, "I quite understood he was a man of good family. Whereas a 'person' must be of no family whatever." "If without money," put in Lord Ambert, quickly, "quite so. There are, of ering pulled low over the forehead. It course, grades."

"Grades?" is not the same as a man of no b'rth treat and took his place by my side, keepwithout it. For money educates, r fl es, ing step with me as we proceeded. I softelevates." This he pointed with little em- ly touched my aide-de-camp and whisperphases, as a small hint to her.

"And a man of birth without money?" "Sinks." Here Lord Ambert's voice took even a lower tone. "Sinks unt I he meets the extreme-that is the I west of makes noise enough for you to hear his all classes—with which he unites. I am | footsteps.' afraid that young man you have just been talking to will come to that end. His people, I believe, were in a decent set at and deaf if you do not see and hear the one time; but there is no money there man enveloped in a mantle who walks now, and probably he will marry his on my left between myself and the wall. landlady's daughter, or the young woman "To convince myself I stretched out who manages the school in the village, my hand and found to my amagement "Repentance is good for the soul," said However, the man was there, regulating

"It is sad, of course, but I am afra'd "I wish I could believe that," said | money is of great importance; of nearly in my veins." Agatha, in a low tone. Lord Ambert was | as great importance as birth or position. It lifts the 'person' as you call it-"

"Has It then lifted me" "Dear Miss Firs-Robinson! What a question! Surely you do not consider yourself part of this discussion?" you think I am such an one as thyself? He, however, had considered her so, and I was greatly impressed by this strange he called his "training" of her! most precious-"

sounds. It only wants 'age' put to it to accent, which, however, had nothing of

A Centleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but



now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we. are either gray-headed. white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor-nothing else," "In 1868, my afflanced was nearly bald, and the hair kept fall-

Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."-Antonio Alarrun, Bastrop, Tex.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

be magnificent. And so you call Mr Blount 'a person?" "Perhaps I was wrong," said Ambert, contemptuously; "a 'beggar' would b nearer the mark." (To be continued.)

THE ROYAL SPOOK.

PAUL OF BUSSIA- A CHILLING COMPAN

The amicable relations existing between France and Russia are of no recent origin Toward the end of the eighteenth century Paul, the son of Catherine II., was accorded the most cordial reception at the court of Marie Antoinette and at the palace of Versailles, as well as at the charming royal village of Trianon (that elegant rural conception of the Ill-fated queen, with its model farm and parsonage). The most brilliant fetes and balls were given In honor of the young "Comte et Comtesse du Nord," this bring the adopted title of the august traveller and visitor to the French court.

One evening, at the "appartements" of the Princess de Lambelle, he who was afterwards to reign under the title of Paul I. and his young wife, Marie Fedore, In Baronne d'Oberkirche (a childhood's friend of the grande duchesse, and educated with her in a little German court) the nonchalante Septmanie d'Egmont, daughter of the Marshal de Richelieu; the handsome Vaudreuil, Kourakir, aide-de-camp of Paul; the Prince de Ligne, who so well personified the frivolous spirit of the age, and some other personages of "le grande monde," were seated together at a recherche supper, such as only the cooks of the "petite appartements de Versailles" were capable of creating. An immense chandeller of rock crystal hung from the celling, and threw its thousand brilliant reflections on the powdered heads, flashlovely women and distinguished men who composed this assembly of the "creme de

la creme" of the French court. the clear, ruby and topaz wines, while the table itself was a dream of artistic confectionery and luscious fruits. It was the convivial hour when, the cares and anxieties of the day being over, conversation flowed in one inexhaustible stream of wit, numor and hillarity, which the august presence of the heir to the Russian throne seemed rather to enhance than diminish. Every one was at his ease, while low-breathed vows of love and courtly compliments mingled with the pithy anecdote, the racy wittlesm and the occasional elegant philosophy of that bril-

If you like I will relate it to you." 'Ah, monseigneur," exclaimed the aide- me in a cup of Hungarian wine, and lea de-camp, "I pray you refrain, for when us forget the story which I am sorry to ever your highness relates that experience | see has cast a gloom over your charming your true friends do not recover from and proverbial French galety.

the effects for days." ject, Kourakir, replied the grand duke, of the Baronne d'Oberkirch." Is this Finished in Antique, \$12 50; equal to any in the shortly, "When it pleases me to speak dramatic meeting a vision (of which hiscompany, whose expression and attitude simip a dream, the ballucination of a showed the interest they felt, he began :- diseased brain ? We can only say that times favored with during the pale spring | realized to the leter; for, alhough Paul of the north, a fancy seized me to take had nothing to do with the choice of the a walk through St. Petersburg. My good locality, Catherine afterward caused a aide-decamp here accompanied me, to- statue to Peter the Great to b serected gether with two stout Cossacks of the on the spot where he had given "rendez- Chairs, etc., etc. Don, ready to defend their master and to enter the lists against all comers and also, that the prophecy was literally ful-

"The aide-de-camp and myself walked headed by the corrupt Comte de Pablen, shead laughing and joking about our expedition, and certainly in no visionary or spiritual frame of mind. It was a pleasant walk through the sleeping town on that sweet spring night. The moon whose offense proceeded from no deprayshone so brightly that one could easily liv of heart; but where I was convinced have read a letter by her soft silvery light, it did so, to forego, for my own sake, "A person ? Is he a person ?' as'ed and every object could be as distinctly all opportunities for revenge. I have deseen as by daylight.

"On turning a street corner 1 perceived | this principle, Shenstone, in the portal of an ancient hotel the tall figure of a man enveloped in a mantle, his face partially hidden by a hat or covwas the first person we had encountered during our midnight peregrination, and as I paused the man emerged from his reed, 'Don't you think we have met with a strange companion ?"

" 'What do you mean, monseignieur ?' " Why, the man on my left, Surely he

" 'But I hear nothing, I see nobody.' "Then surely you must be both blind that I was walking close to the wall. Elfrida; she laughed. "But as you show his automatic steps with mine, and I nulsance, certainly," shrugging her shoul- it, money is everything Even the '; er- began to experience a strange sensation of terror as I felt my left side, which was next the stranger, become cold as that is really the case. In these days marble, while the blood seemed to freeze Here the duke looked round on his au-

> bly, and one of the ladies, throwing hermonseigneur, I should have died of fright!" in spite of mysalf, and from the infludecision. "I should much rather be a of the earth. 'Poor, poor, poor princel' it in America.

dience. The pretty faces had paled visi-

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ostility in its tones. This time, Kourakir, I hope you hear it. " 'Pardon me, monseigneur, I hear noth-

"I turned with impatience toward the figure, and said in an emphatic manner. 'Answer me! What do you mean by thus following the heir to the throne? "The answer came promptly; "I am one who loves you, the only being who is really interested in your welfare. Listen to my counsel. Sit lightly to the thing of this life, for your pligrimmage will a short one. Seek, above all things, avoid every action which will bring re morse in its train. Do good if you would lle in peace!

"Then the mysterious stranger recommenced his walk, and, drawn by an irrethey saw no one and heard nothing. I felt completely exhausted by fatigue. As we approached the large square situated between the bridge of the Neva and the Senators' palace, my companion halted, 'Paul,' said he, 'here we part; but we ghall meet again more than once. I give ing jewels and shining silken robes of you a rendezvous. Au revolr.' And raising his hat to salute me I recognized the dark complexion, eagle eye and determined mouth of my grandfather. Peter the Great, In exquisite Bohemian glass sparkled who had been in his grave for more than | Light or Dark Cane Scats, \$4 90 per set of

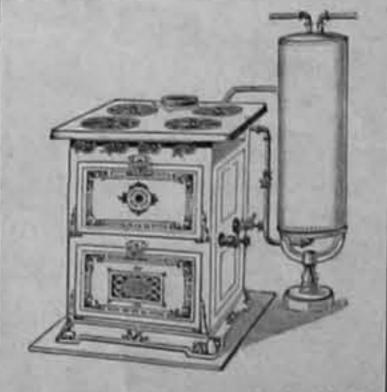
half a century. "Before I had recovered from the shock, the vision had disappeared. The day began to dawn as I entered the palace, my | Nicely Carved, Finished Dark, with Mirror left side as cold as ice, and Kourakir will tell you that they had great difficulty in restoring circulation by means of hot bricks and thick blankets.

"The moral of my tale is that a walk with a phantom is not particularly conducive to physical health. Nevertheless, I am none the less grateful to my ances- | Handsomely Upholstered in Silk, Tapestry and tors for having taken sufficient interest in my unworthy self to give me the saluand sweat,' and have determined to enest, when the Grand Duke Paul said, joy to the full those pleasures which "I, too, have had a similar experience, and must be so evancesent. Friends, now let us cast dull care away. Princess, pledge Perforated Seats, Strong and Well Made,

We give the narrative without comment. "I don't want your advice on the sub- It is a story taken from the "Memoirs I will do so," Then, turning toward the tory furnishes some rare examples) or "On a lovely night, such as we are some- the predictions of the phantom were all odds. Thus you see, the heir of Cath- filled by the assassination of Paul, and an early age by conspirators led on and the military governor of St. Petersburg

rived no small amount of happiness from

In the yearning tenderness of a child for every bird that sings above his head and every creature feeding on the bills. | MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS OF THE brook, we see how everything was made to love, and how they err who, in a world like this, find anything to hate but human pride.-N. P. Willis.



The Columbia Gas Stove has had a phenom enal sale this year, It has replaced many other "I acknowledge," replied the duke, "that kinds of stove and worked satisfactorily in every case, Hisgotten upof thebe-t of material You think I am such an one as thyself?

I tell you, Agatha, that I, for one, have had taken pleasure in the argument that experience, especially as my companion had taken pleasure in the argument that on me a look which fascinated me had laid her low. This was part of what fixed on me a look which fascinated me end of a coal range and occupy little space, and "You-who are a thing apart. A thing once of which I was powerless to escape. Is preferable to any attached affair. Many Suddenly, from out the depths of that families have no other stove in their house and "I don't want to be a 'thing,' however Capuchin cloak, a voice addressed me. do all their cooking better, cleaner, cooler and precious," said Miss Pirs-Robinson, with it seemed to come from the very bowels cheaper. It is the best gas stove made to-day

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40 PARL R SUITES. Plush, with Spring Edges, Soo, former price \$90. 75 EASY CHAIRS,

Beautifully Upholstered in Tapestry and Silk

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500 RUSTIC GARDEN CHAIRS.

ore \$3.75; 75 Lounges, \$3.60; 200 Oak Centre Tables, \$3.75. Endless variety of Parlor Suites, Diningroom Suites, Cabinets, Bookcases, Deaks, Tables, Easy Chairs, Hall Rucks, Hall

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tins, a lb and 8 lb. each.



from her bright eyes rest upon her niece, seems-well-a cruel sentence."

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS, why you dislike this poor man so much. Chapters L and II .- Dr. Darkham lives with his wife, a coarse, uncouth woman full of nonsensical fads, and," slowly, altegether beneath him in mentality, and her idiot boy, who idollzes his mother and hates his father. She angrily charges him with love for Miss Agatha Nesbitt, daughter of one of his patients, a charge which he repudiates. A few minutes afterwards he visits his patient, Mrs. "That he is a married man ? No. I Greatorex, and has the small satisfaction don't, indeed. But I never yet met a of holding for a moment Miss Nesbitt's girl who didn't think that the man, marhand as he leaves. CHAPTER III.

In time we hate that which we often

did not look at her aunt. Weh ?" asked the other, inquisitively. "Well, there is nothing new. He evi-

"It is very kind of him to come," said "It is too kind. And-for nothing."

symptoms of---" "I don't mean that. What," impatiently, "I want to say is, that he gains noth-