OR FATE'S REVENCE

By MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON

Author of "A Waif from the Sea," "Her Brightest Hope," "Wayward Winnefred," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

world would be obliged to accommodate themselves to the inner gloom of that suddenly. "The litle boy?" spacious drawing room ere they would be able to distinguish objects with any degree of certainty. This fact must have Courtlandt during the day?" forced itself upon Sylphide, otherwise she would not have recoiled so suddenly and concealed herself as that pair of strange asleep." eyes glared in through the blind upon ber. Gathering the fluttering gauze of the window drapery about her, she stood there, holding her breath, awaiting she would have found it difficult to explain

room was descried, the quick step became to come to the astute conclusion:

"That child is her own! That's my It reached the entrance to the main hall; clue to work on!" here, no impediment occurring in the way of a stray servant, the intruder advanced, and presently loomed upon the thresh-old in full view of Sylphide.

phide's ambush, lay a velvet case, upon the satin cushion of which pestled a of Lucian Courtlandt to Claire. The or- ner distorted features, murmuring: nament had been brought down stairs by mistress would consent to wear it during me?" the ceremony, but Claire had turned from the lovely emblems with a shudder and Martha had forgotten their very existence. Towards this alluring bait the man now stole with outstretched hands. In an instant Sylphide divined his nefarious intention, and an intelligent light shot into her watchful eyes.

"The man I want!" she thought, with the celerity of lightning; and as his cramped fingers closed upon the gems, she suddenly appeared, snatched the necklace from his grasp, and in a swift undertone she breathed; "Silence! Not a word! I do not mean

to betray you, provided-"Do you belong to the house?" faltered the fellow, pallid to the very lips with

thief! Your name?"

"Camille." "What brings you here?"

"I came in answer to an advertisement for a strong and honest man to wait upon an invalid. Oh, madam, do not be hard on me! spare me! perhaps some day I may be able to do you a good "Me!" speered Sylphide; "you are pre-

liver you to justice."

"Justice!" wailed the guilty wretch. "That means ruin! Lady, I'swear to you landt they called her to distinguish her that I was born and bred to live an honest life. I have but one desire in the world, and that is to lay up five thouwand dollars, enough to buy and stock a little farm, where I may settle down and live like other men. Spare me, and I will belong to you, body and soul. Iadeed, indeed, the devotion of a determined man is not to be sneered at!"

"How could you serve me?" "Madam may have enemies," was the crafty reply. "Not at present, perhaps, but one never knows when they may crop up; and if you will be merciful to me, and not denounce me, I will serve you with unlimited devotion." "I will-reflect."

"I am saved," thought the fellow, bowing deeply, to conceal the grimace of triumph that distorted his features.

"This evening, when you are at liber ty." continued Sylphide, with well-managed hauteur, "you may come to the inn in the village and inquire for Mrs. Hastings. I will think your matter over and decide whether I can so far silence my conscience as to permit your crime to pa-s unpunished. In the meantime, use your eyes and ears well here. Now, you had better touch that bell and make your presence known." .

As she spoke, she replaced the pearls In their casket, and closed the lid. Then she lowered her veil, and leaving the apartment, crossed the piazza, and took the sunny path that led along the margin of the lawn, down to the entrance gates. From behind the closed blind Camille watched her departure, a sinister smile

upon his lank countenance.
"Humph!" he muttered. "Set a thief to catch a thief. There's money in that young woman. Folks say a man can't serve two masters, but I'm willing to myself the exception which proves the rule. I'll bet that my pretty friend, Mrs. Hastings, is playing the spy a trese Well, we shall see, what we will

He turned from the window and paused beside the table. For an instant he stoo irresolute, his hand resting on he velvet casket; but suddenly he with-drew it and smote the bell a ringing

"No, no," he muttered; "the game's not worth the candle; there's too much money in the wind to run the risk for a triffe like that."

The summer day had dragged its torrid length to a close, and the shades of night had fallen, accompanied by the ominous mutterings of distant thunder, when the twinkling lights of the village inn, discovered the agile figure of the man Camille, as he sauntered into the yard. Swinging into the little hostelry. he inquired for Mrs. Hastings, and was promptly requested to present himself at

room number ten.
"You are a reliable person," murmured the lady. "Have you been engaged?" "To wait upon the young Mrs. Courtlandt; carry her up and down stairs if she is too weak to walk, push the wheel-

ed chair about the grounds, and drive Naturally, a pair of eyes dazzled by her phaeton. They talk of taking her to

"And my-the child?" she inquired, "He goes with his governess also."

"Tell me-has he been much with Mrs. "Constantly. He even insisted that

she should sit with him while he fell Camille's charp eyes were upon the woman's face as the gasping exclamation

left her compressed lips. So great was her mental absorption that for the moment she seemed oblivious to his scru-Evidently satisfied that the drawing tiny, and Camille had ample opportunity

"You are too much of an adventurer to be a clown," she breathed; "whatever else you may be, you are not stupid-of that I am morally certain. Now, listen It proved to be a man of medium to me. So long as you remain in the serheight and slender proportions, lithe and vice of Mrs. Courtlandt your wages are willowy in every limb. The figure, though assured to you, you will have someundersized, might have served as a model thing in your pockets, but," and here her for an artist. The face had a lean, hun-burning eyes seemed to scorch his philid gry look, intensified at that moment by face, "but on the day that you shall a rascally gleam in the deep-set, flashing bring me tidings of the death of the infortunate inva'id, that day you sha'l Upon a table, within reach of Syl- receive the five thousand dollars that you would perjure your s u to obta ..

Ten minutes later as Sylphide stood string of aplendid pearls—the bridal gift alone before her mirror, she glanced into

"Have I been talking to no purpose? Martha Dunn in the hope that her young | Can it be that he does not understand

Meanwhile, trudging homeward through the blinding rain, his way illumined by the flare of the lightning, his ears stunned by the crash of the thunder, Camille smiled gravely, as he said to himself:

"The question is, am I in a hurry to settle down on my farm, or am I not? If I am, then that young woman won't enjoy an entire season at Newport; if, on the other hand, I am not-Brr-r!" as he covered his eyes from the lightning. "what touching confidence my friend, Mrs. Hastings, must have in me! It's really too sweet for anything!"

CHAPTER XV.

Toward midsummer a charming scene was depicted, one perfect morning, be-'No, but I am sufficiently a friend of neath a trauch of a spreeding been these people to send you packing to Sing that flung its shade broadcast over the Sing for a term of years. You are a lawn, hemmed by the world-famed cluffs of Newport.

Clad in a flowing peignoir of faintest violet cashmere, her luxurious goldenbronze hair looped at the back of her charming head with a silver pin, Claire reclined in a deep Chinese chair, an open book upon her lap. With both his chubby hands spread upon the page, stood little Leon, attired in a rollicking sailor's suit of snowy duck, his great black eyes fixed sumptuous. No; I have a mind to de | upon his foster-mother's face with soleinn intentness. At that moment the elder Mrs. Courtlandt, "Madame" Courtfrom her daughter-in-law, swept down the steps of the vine-draped villa and approached the pair.

"Is it quite prudent for you to sit here, my dear?" she inquired of Claire. "The grass must be damp after the dense fog of last night."

"Camille has attended to that," said Claire; "do you not see he has given me a rug for my feet? But, mother, speaking of the fog, do you know I lay awake listening to hear the Sound boat from New York beat and throb up the channel, but I did not hear it. Lucian was to be on board. What if some ac-

cident has happened?" "It has been merely delayed," was the comforting reply; "it came in while we were at breakfast." "And Lucian-"

"Is here!" cried a cheery voice, and Courtlandt stepped to his wife's side. With a low cry Claire started to her feet, the rosy tint of the seashell mant-

ling cheeks nad brow. "Lucian!" "Claire!"

He caught her involuntarily outstretched hands in his, and drawing her towards him, imprinted a kiss upon her

"Claire," he said, his voice vibrant, "how well you look! Thank heaven, this venture has proved a success!'

She withdrew out of his clasp, every vestige of color dying out of her face, and sank upon her chair. Madame Courtlandt alone noted the morbid change in Claire and frowned.

As a fortunate relief to the tense situa tion, Camille suddenly appeared crossing the lawn with a tray upon which rested a goblet filled with a colorless fluid. "Madam's potion," he said, placing his try it, and see whether I can't make hurden upon a rustic table at Claire's

side; then, as he turned to retrace his steps, he muttered under his breath, "one more step towards my farm!" Mother and son failed to note either

the sinister glauce upon the lackey's face, or the brief, shuddering glance with which Claire contemplated her draught, for the former had turned towards the house, while the latter rose hastily, pressing her handkerchief to her lips.

"Ought you not to take your potion?" Courtlandt asked, solicitously, pointing towards the table. "There is no hurry," she answered,

with a sad shake of the head; "its strength will not lessen by keeping. Later -I will take it."

With these words she received little Leon's hand and led him away towards the fragrant garden that fringed the sea. In silence mother and son watched the pair depart, and not until they were out of ear-shot did Mrs. Courtlandt exclaim with ominous menace in every word: "Lucian, are you mad? Why do you stay away from us in New York? Do

you seek to shun Claire?" "Yes! Do you not see that I cannot remain with her without loving her? She has stolen my heart out of my keeping. I grant you that the bonds which bound

same she is the mother of my child. I have ceased to love that woman, but while she lives and leads an honorable life I will not permit myself to love

For an instant the haughty old lady paused in intent thought; then a vicious

smile crept into her steely eyes.

The approach of Camille with the morning's mail cut short this interview. and the pair separated, Lucian going in the direction of the stables, while Mrs. Courtlandt retraced her steps into the house. Left to himself, Camille crept into the shadow of the beech tree, and stealthily extracted a letter from his

"Queer about this," he muttered, unfolding the missive, and mumbling over its contents: "'Had the invalid you attend already taken her passage for the next world, you would now be sufficiently rich to go and live where you choose. Your late irregularities in Boston have come to light, and are known to those who have it in their power to crush you. Consequently, it is the advice of an unknown friend not to delay longer, but keep your eyes open to your interests.' An unknown friend! Bah! it can't be pretty Mrs. Hastings; how could she know that I had ever set foot in Boston? Whoever it is, they're on my track, and the sooner I give 'em the slip the better." With a hasty glance about him, he drew a phial of colorless liquid from his inner pocket and contemplated it with a steady

"Small doses don't seem to be doing the work," he muttered; "she's stronger than I thought she was. Well, here goes the whole for luck! Hit or miss, I've got to save my precious skin!"

With the sinuous glide of a serpent, he crept to the table, and with a hand made stendy by desperate resolution, he emptied the complete contents of the phial into Claire's potion. For one instant he stood, fascinated by the jewel-like bubbles that rose tremulously to the surface of the liquid and vanished; then suddenly he recoiled with a gasp of dismay. "Camille!"

The voice that smote his guilty ear was the voice of his imocent victim. He raised his craven eyes. Claire, with a kindly smile upon her

lips, had entered the umbrage of the

The sound of his fair young mistress' voice set the guilty wretch to trembling like an aspen leaf; and the better to conceal his perturbation, he fell to shaking up the cushions of the invalid's chair.

"Is it you, Camille?" continued Claire, advancing with her eyes set upon the handful of snowy blossoms she held, her lips firm and white with decision; "what are you doing here?" "I-I was arranging-Excuse me,

madam, I---" "I have nothing to excuse, my good man," came the caim rejoinder, each word she uttered piercing the listener's ears like darts barbed with fire; "what could I have to excuse in you, who are all attention to my comfort? Since you small phial of colorless liquid. came to us I have never had the slightest

occasion to reprove you."

minute? You will find him in the library, "Yes, madam."

His hand was outstretched towards the fatal cup, but it fell heavily at his side. Camille bowed and quickened his steps across the lawn towards the villa.
"Perhaps she suspects," he said to himself, conscience stricken.

The reckless wish found unexpected fruition in the mind of Claire. watched the retreating figure of the man with gleaming eyes, and as he vanished into the house, she thrust the flowers from her, and knotted her pale hands in her lap.

(To be continued.)

Made the Grocer Solve It. He walked into the grocery store with a slip of paper in his hand, and the grocer at once produced his pencil and order book, for the boy's mother was a good customer.

"Good morning," said the boy, whose curly head scarcely reached to the counter.' "I want three and a half pounds of sugar. It's 6 cents a pound, ain't it? And rice is 8? I want two and a quarter pounds of that. And a quarter pound of your 70-cent tea, and coffee, and three pints of milk. That's strident horror. 8 cents a quart, ain't it? And please give me the bill," he ended breathless-

ly, "for I have to get to school." The grocer made out the bill, won-

"Did your mother send the money, or does she want the goods charged?" The boy seized the bill and said with a sigh of satisfaction:

done somehow."

And as he ran out the grocer opened the cigar case and handed out smokes to the men who were there.

"It's on me," he said. "Say, there's there?"-New York Times.

By the 'ad Sea. will supply you with a hammock built for two every evening. Edith-Will they-er-supply you with a nice young man to go with the

hammock? The Difference. Ostend-Say, pa, what is the difference between a barber shop and a ton-

sorial parlor? Pa-Oh, about 20 cents' worth of hair oil, soap and conversation.

Bright Boy. Teacher-Now, Tommy, you know it is impossible to be two places at

Tommy-Two places? Why, pop is at Thousand Islands now. To be humble to superiors is duty;

to equals, is courtesy; to inferiors, is nobleness; and to all, safety; it being a virtue that, for all its lowliness, commandeth those it stoops to.-Sir The Planter's Daughter

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his lips.

He bent above her, striving to raise

her, but she shrank away with horror at

his touch, as a cry of anguish burst from

"Oh, heavenly Father, have pity upon

Then unconsciousness seized upon her,

Within an hour a telegram winged its

"Your commands have been executed.

CAMILLE."

Expect me shortly to consult as to the

CHAPTER XVI.

tal proclamation declaring freedom in

presses the soil of our great republic

query: "Am I not a man and a brother?"

on the same memorable day filled her

She paced her room, knotting her fin-

gers in her long black tresses, emitting sharp cries and brief laughs that would

have impressed an observer with the be-

lief that she had taken leave of her

Then she abruptly smote the bell upon

her table a ringing peal. To the faithful

Diana, who promptly answered the sum-

"Pack up two or three of my hand-

In the foggy dawn of the following

day, Camille, the serving man, flitted

skulked in at the gates of the Courtlandt

villa. With a swift, fearful glance at

the closed blinds of the house, he plung-

mind under which he labored, since at

he possessed the fortitude to glance

about him he would have perceived that

his path was clear of any prying eye.

But the wicked fiee when no man pursu-

eth, and Camille was flying before the

scourge of a craven conscience. With

ringing in his ears, he had left the villa

the general excitement attendant upon

Once safely in the stable, he quietly

closed the window, and heaving a deep

sigh of relief, flung himself into the

hay, hoping to secure the advantage of

Vain hope! If he closed his lids over

his burning eyes, they would fly wide, staring open as if worked by irresisti-

ble springs over which he had no con-

trol. No sleep for him, and he could

only lie there-listening and waiting for

he knew not what. Presently the voice

of the coachman, as he called to rouse

his cowardly blood to his heart, leaving

Hours passed; a lance of the risen

sun flashed in at a cob-webbed window

above him, and rested warmly upon the

dead clover tops and sere timothy heads

which formed his couch. At last a bell

rang and the coachman and groom left

the stable for the villa kitchen to break-

fast. By this means Camille was made

aware that it must be ten o'clock or af-

His suspense became unbearable; the

heat of the hay stifled him, and with a

groan he crawled to the edge of his am

bush and sprang lightly down upon the

floor. Two minutes in the harness room

where the brushes and water served to

make him presentable, and then he tip-

toed to the open stable door and peeped

out upon the sunlit scene. The glimpse

was reassuring; no living being was in

sight. Now was his chance to learn the

He crossed the driveway, skirted the

lawn and was about to direct his steps

in the direction of an unusued entrance

to the villa, when in the shadowy path

he suddenly found himself confronted by

"Oh!" exclaimed the faithful serving

"Excuse me, Mrs. Dunn; I didn't mean

woman, recoiling a step, "how you scar-

to," was the unsteady reply. "After what

happened yesterday, you know," he said.

insinuatingly, "I went away. I wasn't

"Not as I know of. Where did you

"Humph! You seem in a dreadful

"Well, my job is up here, and I've

got to look out for myself. You don't

"You're a fool! And a lunatic into

the bargain," she added, as she saw the

man's face change to a gray, unearthly

pallor, his haggard eyes dilate and his

mouth drop open; after which inexplica-

ble performance, he turned with a stiffed

"To look for a new place."

consequences of his deed.

Martha Dunn.

asked for, was I?"

seem to believe me."

ed me!

hurry.'

poor Claire's fall.

an hour's sleep.

powerless to control.

mons in person, she said:

at five o'clock this afternoon."

"Are you going away?"

"Where, Miss Sylph?"

of the building and vanished.

"Yes, for a few days."

"To Newport."

location of the farm.

and she fell forward prostrate at his feet.

flight to Sylphide Couramont in New

York. The message, cleverly veiled, ran

my suffering and let me depart in peace!"

CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.) "Oh, I must know!" she murmured desperately; "why do I suffer so each time I take that potion; why does a consuming fire leap up within me every time the beverage passes my lips? What does it mean? Can it be poison?-Alas, poor

Claire, it is poison. My life is an obstacle in the path of Lucian's happiness. Unless I die, I shall up set their projects, their plans for the future. And it is he -Lucian-oh, no, no, no! I will not is he capable of soiling his soul with a believe it! He no longer loves me; he hates me, longs for my death-and yet, crime?-Impossible!-still, the fact remains; there is poison in that potion!"

Her lips compressed into a rigid line as she concluded. Gresham strode into the shadow of the beeches and paused beside her chair.

"Did you send for me?" he asked in his breezy way.

"Yes," she answered, compelling her self to glance up at him with her accustomed calmness. "Doctor, how do you the States and parts of States then in find me this morning?"

"Stronger and better than you were yesterday; altogether a different woman to what you were a week ago." "Perhaps it is my imagination," she

murmured; then added, quickly, looking up with a forced smile, "if I am troubled by vaporings, it is your duty as my physician to divert my mind. You promsed to teach me something of botany death of her cousin, Oscar Couramont, when we got into the country-have you shot down while skirmishing as a guerilforgotten?"

"Not I!" returned Gresham, good-nat- the receipt of her hireling's telegram up-

"Then, too, it would be useful to me to know something of chemistry. Naturally in our study of botany we shall meet with poisons

"And you should know how to combat with them," rejoined the doctor, falling innocently into the clever trap while he sought only to humor her.

"Yes, and how to decompose them," continued Claire; "for instance, I am likely to meet with the poisonous lvy. Do you know of an antidote against its power?"

thrust his hand into his inner pocket, dress, and order a cab to be at the door drew forth a case, and from it took a drew forth a case, and from it took a "There is a substance," he said, plac-

ing the phial in Claire's hand as she "Madam is very good," faltered the rose to receive it, "which is not exactly "And I can only thank you for all amuse you by detecting inherent poison that you have done for me," she conin any plant we may discover. If a leaf, cluded. "Will you do me the favor to blossom or decoction of the same should will produce a startling change."

Standing erect beside the little table, Claire watched him as he crossed the ed in amongst some shrubbery and so sunny lawn, saw him pass between the veil of vines that screened the piazza; raised an unlocked window at the back then she bent her gaze upon the glittering phial in her hand.

"At last I shall know!" she breathed. and straightway fell to trembling until she was forced to catch at the back of her chair to prevent her from falling. "Oh, how my heart beats," she panted; "I scarcely dare subject myself to the test, and yet I must-must know the

With these words she uncorked the phial and held it above the potion which was destined for her.

"If there is polson here," she faltered, "a single drop of this liquid will alter the appearance of the contents of the glass. How my hand trembles! ah, senseless fluid, it is upon thee that all my

happiness, my life depends," An involuntary spasm rent her frame, dislodging a single drop of the fluid; it fell, useting the surface of the potion and slowly sank, sank, sank to the bottom of the glass drawing in its wake a milky trail that told the baleful story. Out of the nerveless fingers, down upon the grasses fell the phial, while from two and a fifth pounds of your 35-cent her blanched lips escaped the words with

"Yes, it is poison, poison! Oh, he seeks the sleeping groom, sent every drop of my death!" She tottered faintly to the chair and his limbs frozen and inert. sank into its depths, covering her eyes from the light of day with her hands. dering at the queerness of the order. She failed to note the approach of hurand handed it to the boy, asking as he rying footsteps, she scarcely heeded the

roice of Lucian Courtlandt when he reached her side, exclaiming: "Claire-in tears! what is the matter? You do not answer!" cried Court-

land; "Claire, speak! are you ill?" "No, I am not ill. Do you not know," "Ma didn't send me at all. It's my she faltered, "that invalids have moarithmetic lesson, and I had to get it ments of weakness that they are power-

less to control?" "But of what were you thinking,

"I was thinking of the epoch of our marriage, of the time when I was chosen to countenance your child. I was more than one way to skin an eel, isn't thinking how unfortunate it is that my very existence should be a wrong to an-

"I conjure you," he supplicated, "ban-Belle-That is a great hotel. They ish this horrible thought! all the world beseeches you to live! Claire, think only of your welfare!" 'In order to do that, I must follow the

doctor's directions, must I not?" she asked bending a glance of fire upon his bowed head. "Of course you must!" he replied.

"And must I take that potion, which has been-prepared for me? "Certainly you must, my darling." Pitying heaven, how she misjudged him then!

"Then hand me it with your own hands," she said firmly; and as he rose and passed her the deadly draught, she murmured brokenly, 'I' am so young, Lucian-and oh! I should so liked to have lived a little longer!"

And then, with her eyes fixed upon his face, she drained the potion to the dregs, and flung the glass from her.

She sank upon her knees, gasping: "Now it is done!" . As the lightning's shaft falls out of a clear heaven an inkling of the fearful truth dawned upon Lucian Courtlandt.

He paled to the lips and cried wildly;

"Claire, what does this mean?"

Good Martha Dunn might have ceased to wonder as to the cause of the panie which had assalled the man had she remembered that he had but just returned to the villa, and had she turned to see the apparition which Camille had seen standing at an uncurtained window apparition well calculated to put to flight the remnant of his courage!

But Martha Dunn had something better to do in life than to study the vagaries of a man whom she had instinctively despised from the first moment that she set eyes upon him; besides, a carriage had at that moment driven rapidly up to the entrance, from which alighted Philip Burgers in a state of no slight excitement. Step as fast as she would, Martha did not succeed in reaching the steps ere Dr. Gresham came forth to meet the new arrival.

"Speak, doctor!" cried Claire's father, in anguished accents, "my daughter-my

"Calm yourself, Mr. Burgess." "Calm myself-after the message you. sent me last night? Oh, tell me, is Claire dead?"

"Heaven be praised!" The grateful words were uttered with touching fervor, as the old gentleman sank upon a bench and clasped his hands in fervent thanksgiving. Seizing his opportunity, Gresham turned to Martha:

"Go and prepare your mistress to see her father," he said, and Martha quickly vanished into the house. While we have been absorbed in the "Gresham," the old man said when events recorded in the preceding chapters,

they were alone, "tell me the worst; what the fate of our deplorable Civil War has is likely to happen?" been decided, and the glorious day of sal-"Nothing. I have saved her, but she vation for the slaves has dawned; the has been poisoned." martyr President has issued his immor-

"Poisoned! How?" "By the administration of arsenie." "By whom?"

rebellion, and there is not a foot that "I do not know. Silence! Here comes your daughter." whose owner need ever again hide his It was true. Upon the threshold Claire head as he frames that humiliating already stood with outstretched hands, her exquisite, flower-like face as pallid The glad news had found Sylphide as the snowy gown that flowed about Couramont out in her seclusion in the her. At sight of her, Philip Burgess great city; she received it calmly, tristruggled to his feet with a cry, and umphantly; indeed, the tidings of the Claire tottered into his embrace, and lay there as weakly as a stricken lily. Nodding to Gresham to leave them togethla, apparently afforded her more joy; but er, the old man murmured, "Claire, darl-

ing child, let us thank heaven that you are safe! Never again while I live will with a wild, savage delight that she was I leave you." "My own dear father!" "Oh, let me look at you and hold you close, my darling! To think that they wanted to kill you! Oh, I know all; Gresham has told me. But I am here now, and I will unearth the villain!"

"Father!" "Or better, I will take you away from here. We will go at once. Do you fancy I will leave you longer the prey of people who hate you? to whom your life is a burden? No, no; we will go to day. When I have placed you in safety, then

I will undertake to discover the wretch, to force him to explate his crime!" She was trembling pitifully now, and her great eyes were fixed distractedly

upon his livid face. "But I ought not-I do not want to go," she wailed, "without the consent of my husband." "Your husband!" cried Philip Burgess

like a shadow down Bellevue avenue and with withering contempt, "your husband who has failed to defend you!" "Oh, in heaven's name, hush, hush! Accuse no one. It was I-I alone who

wished to die!" made his way to the stables, cautiously He recoiled from her in horror, and stood looking at her incredulously for a moment ere he panted: His unnecessary display of stealth was "To die-you, you!" ample evidence of the guilty frame of

"Yes," Claire replied with a fortitude

born of her unreasoning woman's love, that early hour no one was astir, and had "I sought death by my own hand. I tried to commit suicide, but they would not let me die. Would they had!" "And you did not think of your mother and me, who would have expired of

grief, had we found you dead?" he cried, with a trenchant reproach. Lucian Courtlandt's frantic cries for help "Pardon me, father, pardon!" she wailed.

on the preceding day, unperceived in And then came the terrible, the inevitable query, the closing of the trap which she had set for berself. "But who forced you to commit so

terrible a crime?" (To be continued.) Czar Will Change the Law.

It is reported that the Czar intends, should his next child be a daughter, to publish a new law of succession, under which, on a failure of sons, the eldest daughter of the reigning sovereign would, as in England, succeed to the throne. The decree will, it is said, greatly irritate the princes of the imperial house, who will thus be pushed back or superseded, but there can be no doubt that it is within the prerogative of the Czars, who have repeatedly decreed rules of succession.

The new scheme is, moreover, in full accordance with the history of Russia, where women have so often reigned, and there is no reason to believe that it would be unpopular. The arrangement seems to Englishmen the one most in accordance with the principle of hereditary monarchy, the Salic law involving the risk that a dynasty may perish. Male heirs have never been wanting in France, but they failed in Austria when Maria Theresa mounted the throne, and they have failed entirely in our own time in Holland. It is quite possible that the consent of the next heir has been obtained, as he is in ill health and his chance of surviving his brother is but a doubtful one.-London Spectator.

Romance vs. Realism. Sentimental Maid-Of course, one must be inspired before he can write

Practical Poet-Sure thing. He must be inspired by a realization of the fact that he needs the money.

Mrs. Noctor-Do you believe our new neighbor is a man of character? Noctor-Well, he has a character all

right-such as it is. Golf's a nice, foolish game, and there ain't any harm in it, so far as I know, except for the balls-the stiff pails at the beginning, the lost balls in the middle and the high balls at the end of the game.-George H. Lorimer, in "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to cry of dismay and fied away from her His Son."