By MRG. HUMPHREY WARD. AUTROS OF "ROSSET BLONGES."

The curum erewup on the great hall of the Villems palace. Bverything that antiquarian knowledge could do had been brought to bear upon the surroundings of the scene; the dall-cate tile work of the walls and floor, the leather hangings, the tapastries, the curved wood and bram work of a figurish palace of the Fiftsenth century, had been copied with lavian magnificence; and the crowded expectants house divided its attention and applicate during the first some between the basesty and elaboration of its setting and the play of the two tolerable actors who represented Elviro's father and the rival of Macian, Furnan Purus.

sected Elvira's father and the rival of Macies, Fernan Peres.

Fornan Peres, having set the intricue on foot which is to wreck the love of Macias and Elvire, had just risen from his seat when Wallace, who was watching the stage in a torname of mingled satisfaction and despair, tonehed Mine. de Chateauvieux's arm.

"Now!" he said. "That door to the left."

Kendal, catching the signal, rose from his seat behind Mine. de Chateauvieux and bent forward. The great door at the end of the palace had slowly opened, and gliding through it with drooping head and hands clasped before her came Elvira, followed by her little maid Beatris. The storm which greated her appearance was such as thrilled the pulses of the oldest habitue in the theatra. Tears came to Mine. Chateauvieux's eyes, and ahe looked up at her brother.

"What a scene! It is overpowering—it is too much for her! I wish they would let her go on!"

kendal made her no answer, his soul was in his eyes; he had no senses for any but one person. She was there within a few yards of him, in all the sovereignty of her beauty and her fame, invested with the utmost romance that circumstances could bestow, and about, if half he heard were true, to reap a great artistic no less than a great personal triumph. Had he felt toward her only as the public felt, it would have been an experience beyond the common run, and as it was—oh, this aching, intolerable sense of desire, of separation, of irremediable need! Was that her voice? He had heard that tone of despair in it before—under over arching woods, when the June warmth was in the air! That white, outstretched hand had once lain close clasped in his own; those eyes had once looked with a passionate trouble into his. Ah, it was gone forever; nothing would ever recall it—that one quick moment of living contact! In a deeper sense than met the ear, she was on the stage and he among the audience. To the end his gray life would play the part of spectator to hers, or else she would soon have pussed beyond his grasp, and touch, just as Elvira would have vanished in a little while from the eight of tae ished in a little while from the sight of tee

every movement.

Then from the consciousness of his private smart he was swept out, whether he would or no, into the general current of feelwould or no, into the general current of reciing which was stirring the multitude of human beings around him, and he found himself gradually mastered by considerations of
a different order altogether. Was this the
actress he had watched with such incessant
critical revolt six months before? Was this the balf educated girl grasping at results ut-terly beyond her realization, whom he renembered?
It seemed to him impossible that this quick

It seemed to him impossible that this quick artistic intelligence, this nervous understanding of the demands made upon her, this faculty in meeting them, could have been developed by the same Isabel Bretherton whose earlier image was so distinctly graven on his memory. And yet his trained cyb learned after a while to decipher in a hundred indications the past history of the change. He saw how she had worked and where; the influences which had been brought to bear upon her were all familiar to him; they had been part of his own training, and they bebeen part of his own training, and they be-longed, as he knew, to the first school of dra-matic art in Europe—to the school which keeps allve from generation to generation the excellence and fame of the best French drama. He came to estimate by degrees all that she had done; he saw also all she had still to do. In the spring she had been an actress without a future, condemned by the inexorable logic of things to see her fame desert her with the first withering of her beauty. Now she had, as it were, but started toward her rightful goal, but her feet were in the great high road, and Kendal saw be-fore her, if she had but strength to reach it, est summit of artistic spec

the very highest summit of artistic success.

The end of the first act was reached; Elvira, returning from the performance of the marriage ceremony in the chapel of the palace, had emerged hand in hand with her husband, and, followed by her wedding train, upon the great hall. She had caught sight of Maclas standing blanched and tottering under the weight of the incredible news which had just been given to him by the duke. She had flung away the hateful hand which held her, and, with a cry instinct with the sharp. her, and, with a cry instinct with the sharp

and terrible despair of youth, she had thrown herself at the feet of her lover. When the curtain fell Edward Wallace could have had few doubts—if he had ever cherished any—of the success of his play. He himself escaped behind the scenes as soon as Miss Bretherton's last recall was over, and the box was filled in his absence vith a stream of friends and a constant murmur of con-gratulation which was music in the cars of gratulation which was must be the moment, Mma de Chateauvieux, and, for the moment, silenced in Kendal his own throbbing and

desolate consciousness.
"There never was a holiday turned to such "There never was a holiday turned to such good account before," a gray haired dramatic critic was saying to her, a man with whose keen, good natured face London had been familiar for the last twenty years, "what magic has touched the beauty, Mme. do Chateauvieux! Last spring we felt as though one fairy godmother at least had been left out at the christening. And now it would seem as though even she had repented of it and brought her gift with the rest. Well, well; I always felt there was something at the bottom in that nature that might blossom the bottom in that nature that might blosson the bottom in that nature that might blossom yet. Most people who are younger at the trade than I would not hear of it. It was commonly agreed that her success would last just as long as the first freshness of her boauty, and no more. And now—the English stage has laid its field at last upon a great

Mine. de Chateauvieux's smiling reply was broken by the reappearance of Wallace, round whom the buzz of congratulation closed

with fresh vigor.
"How is she?" asked Mme. de Chateau
vieux, laying a hand on his arm. "Tired?" "Not the least! But, of course, all the strain is to come. It is amazing, you know, this reception. It's almost more trying than the acting. Forbes in the wings, looking on

In another minute the hubbub bad swept out again, and the house had settled into si-

Macias was the central figure of the sec-ond act. In the great scene of explanation between himself and Elvira, after he had forced his way into her spartment, his fury of jealous sareasm, broken by flashes of the old absolute trust, of the old tender worship, ad been finely conceived, and was well ret dered by the promising young actor whom Wallace had himself chosen for the part. Elvira, overwhelmed by the scorn and despair of her lover, and conscious of the treachery which had separated them, is yet full of a blind resolve to play the part she has as-sumed to the bitter end, to save her own name and her father's from dishonor, and to interpose the irrevocable barrier of her mar riage vow between herself and Macias. Sud-denly they are interrupted by the approach of the duke and of Fernan Perez. Elvira throws herself between her busband and her lover, and, having captured the sword of Macias, hands it to the duke. Macias is arrested after a tumultuous scene, and is led away, shaking off Elvira's efforts to save him

away, shaking off Elvira's efforts to save him with bitter contempt, and breaking loose from her with the prophesy that in every joy of the future and every incident of her wedded life the specter of his murdered love will rise before her, and "every echo and every breeze repeat the fatal name, Macias."

During the rapid give and take of this trying scene, Kendal saw, with a kind of incredulous admiration, that Isabel Bretherton never once lost herself, that every gesture was true, every word struck home. Her extraordinary grace, her marvelous beauty, were all subordinated to, forgotten almost in, the supreme human passion speaking through her. Macias, in the height of his despair, while he was still alone with her, had flund

Evira—Never! Seatria—Ah! they are here. It is too late! Evira—Go! No blood shall flow for me. one no neares—or I shall sheathe it in this

All the desperate energy of a loving woman driven to bay was in her attitude as she repelled Macias, whereas in the agony of her last elinging appeal to him, as his guards led him off, every trace of her momentary herolem had died away. Faint and trembling, receiling from every harsh word of his as from a blow, she had followed him towards the door, and in her straining eyes and seeking, outstretched hands as she watched him disappear, there was a pathon so true, so poignant, that it had a spell upon the audience, which made the roar that instantly followed doubly noticeable.

But it was in the third act that she won her highest triumph. The act opened with a scene between Elvira and her husband, in which she implored him, with the humility and hopelessness of grief, to allow her to retire from the world and to hide the beauty which had wrought such ruin from the light of day. He, in whom jeslousy has taken fairce root, refuses with reproach and insult, and in the full tide of her passionate reaction egainst his tyranny, the news is brough her

Sirce root, refuses with repreach and insult, and in the full tide of her passionate reaction against his tyranny, the news is brought her by Beatrix that Fernan, in his determination to avoid the duel with Macias on the morrow, which the duke, in accordance with knightly usage, has been forced to grant, has devised means for assassinating his rival in prison. Naturally, her whole soul is thrown into an effort to save her lover. She bribes his guards. She sends Beatris to denounce the treachery of her husband to the duke, and, finally, she herself penetrates into the cell of Macias, to warn him of the fate that threatens him and to persuade him to fly.

It was, indeed, a dramatic moment when the gloom of Macias' cell was first broken by the glimmer of the hand lamp, which revealed to the vast, expectant audience the form of Elvira standing on the threshold, searching the darkness with her shaded eyes; and, in the great love scene which followed, the first sharp impression was steadily deepened word by word and gesture after gesture by the gonius of the actress. Elvira finds Macias in a mood of calm and even joyful waiting for the morrow. His honor, is satisfied; death and battle are before him and the proud Castilian is almost at peace. The vision of Elvira's pale beauty and his quick intuition of the dangers she has run in forcing her way to him produce a sudden revulsion of feeling towards her, a flood of passionato reconciliation; he is at her feet once more; he feels that she is true, that she is his. She, in a frenzy of fear, cannot succeed for all her efforts in dimming his ecstasy of joy or in awakening him to the necessity of flight, and at last he even resents her terror for him, her entreaties that he will forget her and escape.

"Great Heavens!" he says, turning from

and escape.
"Great Heavens!" he says, turning from "Great Heavens!" he says, turning from her in despair, "it was not love, it was only pity that brought her here." Then, broken down by the awful pressure of the situation, her love resists his no longer, but rather she sees in the full expression of her own heart the only chance of reconciling him to life and of persuading him to take thought for his own safety.

Elvira See Media: then to take the said of the s

Elvira-See, Macias, these tears-each one Elvira—See, Macias, those tears—cach one is yours, is wept for you! Oh, if to soften that proud will of yours this hapless woman must needs open all her weak heart to you, if she must needs tell you that she lives only in your life and dies in your death, her lips will brace itself even to that pitiful confession! Ah mel these poor cheeks have been so blanched with weeping they have no blushes left.

To her this supreme avowal is the only means of making him believe her report of his danger, and turn towards flight; but in his danger, and turn towards flight; but in him it produces a joy which banishes all thought of personal risk, and makes separation from her worse than death. When she bids him fly, he replies by one word, "Come!" and not till she has promised to guide him to the city gates and to follow him later on his journey will he move a step towards freedom. And then, when her dear hand is about to open to him the door of his prison, it is too late. Fernan and his assassins are at hand, the stairs are surrounded. sins are at hand, the stairs are surrounded and escape is cut off. Again, in these last moments, when the locked door still holds between them and the death awaiting them, her mood is one of agonized terror, not for herself, but for him; while he, exalted far above all fear, supports and calms her.

Macias — Think no more of the world which has destroyed us! We owe it nothing —nothing! Come, the bonds which linked us to it are forever broken. Death is at the door; we are already dead! Come, and make death beautiful; tell me you love, love, love me to the end!

me to the end!

Then, putting her from him, he goes out to meet his enemies. There is a clamor outside, and he returns wounded to death, pursued by Fernan and his men. He falls, and Elvira defends him from her husband with a look and gesture so terrible that he and the murderers fall back before her as though she was some ghastly avenging spirit. Then, bending over him, she snatches the dagger from the grasp of the dying man, saying to him with a voice into which Isabel Bretherton threw a wealth of pitiful tenderness: "There is but one way left, beloved. Your wife that should have been, that is, saves herself and you—so!"

And in the dead silence that followed, her

And in the dead silence that followed, her last murmur rose upon the air as the armed men, carrying terches, crowded round her. "See, Macias, the terches—how they shine! Bring more—bring more—and light—our marriage festival!"

"Eustace! Eustace! There, now they have let ber go! Poor child, poor child! how is she to stand this night after night? Eustace, do you hear? Let us go in to her now—quick, before she is quite surrounded. I don't want to stay, but I must just see her, and so must Paul. Ah, Mr. Wallace has gone aiready, but he described to me how to find her. This way!"

And Mme de Chateauvieux, brushing the tears from her eyes with one hand, took Kendal's arm with the other, and hurried him along the narrow passages leading to the door on to the stage, M. de Chateauvieux following them, his keen, French face glistening with a quiet but intense satisfaction.

As for Kendal, every sense in him was

As for Kendal, overy sense in him was covetously striving to hold and fix the experiences of the last half hour. The white muffled figure standing in the turret door, the faint lamplight streaming on the bent head and upraised arm—those tones of self formatical residual contents of the second of forgetful passion, drawn straight, as it were, from the pure heart of love—the splendid energy of that last defiance of fate and cirenergy of that last deflance of fate and cir-cumstance—the low vibrations of her dying words—the power of the actress and the per-sonality of the woman—all these different impressions were holding wild war within him as he hastened on, with Marie clinging to his arm. And beyond the little stage door the air seemed to be even more heavily charged with excitement than that of the theatre. For, as Kendal emerged with his sister, his attention was perforce attracted by the little attention was perforce attracted by the little crowd of persons already assembled around the figure of Isabel Bretherton, and, as his eye traveled over them, he realized with a fresh start the full compass of the change which had taken place. To all the more eminent persons in that group Miss Bretherton had been six months before Bretherton had been six months before an ignorant and provincial beauty, good enough to create a social craze, and nothing more. Their presence round her at this moment, their homage, the emotion visible everywhere, proved that all was different, that she had passed the barrier which once existed between her and the world which knows and thinks, and had been drawn within that circle of individualities which, however undefined, is still the vital circle of any time or society, for it is vital circle of any time or society, for it is the circle which represents, more or less bril-liantly and efficiently, the intellectual life of

a generation.
Only one thing was unchanged—the sweetness and spontaneity of that rich womanly nature. She gave a little cry as she saw Mme. de Chateauvieux enter. She came running forward, and threw her arms round the elder woman and kissed her; it was almost the greeting of a daughter to a mother. And then, still holding Mms. Chateauvieux with one hand, she held out the other to Paul, asking him how much fault he had to find, and when she was to take her scolding; and every gesture had a glow of youth and joy in it of which the contagion was irresistible. She had thrown off the white head dress she had worn during the last act, and her delicately tinted

come and now rest from the special wellthing gown of gold entretiseed estin—a
vision of fermer life only across beauty.

First as the talk flowed about her, Kendal
moticed that every one assemed to be, first of
all, conscious of her votes in all its different shades of gayety or quick enotion.

"Oh, Mr. Kendal," she mid, turning to him
again after their first greeting—was it the
magnetism of his gase which had recalled
here!—"if you only knew what your sider
has been to me! How much I owe to her and
to you! It was kind of you to come to-night.
I should have been so disappointed if you
hadn't!"

Then she came closer to him and said archly,
almost in his ear:

"Have you forgiven me?"

"For laying hands on Elvira, after all. You
must have thought me a resk and headstrong
person when you heard of it. Oh, I worked
so hard at her, and all with the dread of you
in my mind!"

This perfect friendly openness, this bright
camaraderie of hers, were so hard to meet.

"You have played Elvira," he said, "as I
never thought it would be played by anybody; and I was blind from first to last. I
hoped you had forgotten that piece of pedantry on my part."

"One does not forget the turning points of
one's life," she answered with a sudden
gravity.

Kendal had been keeping an iron grip upon

one's life," she answered with a sudden gravity.

Keedal had been keeping an iron grip upon himself during the past hours, but, as abe said this, standing close beside him, it seemed to him impossible that his self restraint should hold much longer. Those wonderful eyes of hers were full upon him; there was emotion in them—evidently the Nuncham scene was in her mind, as it was in his—and a great friendliness, even gratitude, seemed to look out through them. But it was as though his doom were written in the very candor and openness of her gaze, and he rushed desperately into speech again, hardly knowing what he was saying.

"It gives me half pain, half pleasure, that you should speak of it so. I have never ceased to hate myself for that day. But you have traveled far indeed since the 'White Lady'—I never knew any one to do so much in so short a time!"

in so short a time!"

She smiled—did her lip quiver! Evidently his praise was very pleasant to her, and there must have been something strange and stirring to her feeling in the intensity and intimacy of his tone. Her bright look caught his again, and he believed for one wild moment that the eyelids sunk and fluttered. He lost all consciousness of the crowd; his whole soul seemed concentrated on that one instant. Surely she must feel it, or love is indeed impotent!

But no—it was all a delusion! she moved away from him, and the estranging present rushed in again between them.

away from him, and the estranging present rushed in again between them.

"It has been M. de Chateauvieux's doing, almost all of it," she said, eagerly, with a a change of voice, "and your sister's. Will you come and see me some time and talk about some of the Paris people! Oh, I am wanted! But first you must be introduced to Macias. Wasn't be good! It was such an excellent choice of Mr. Wallace's. There he is, and there is his wife, that pretty little dark woman."

is, and there is his wife, that pretty little dark woman."

Kendal followed, her mechanically, and presently found himself taking nothings to Mr. Harting, who, gorgeous in his Spanish dress, was receiving the congratulations which poured in upon him with a pleasant mixture of good manners and natural elation. A little further on he stumbled upon Forbes and the Stuarts. Mrs. Stuart was as sparkling and fresh as ever a suggestive con-Forbes and the Stuarts. Mrs. Stuart was as sparkling and fresh as ever, a suggestive contrast in her American crispness and prettiness to the high bred distinction of Mms. de Chateauvieux, who was standing near her. "Well, my dear fellow," said Forbes, catching hold of him, "how is that critical demon of yours? Is he scotched yet?"

"He is almost at his last gasp," said Kendal, with a ghostly smile and a reckless impulse to talk which seemed to him his salvation. "He was nover as yieldus a creature.

pulse to talk which seemed to him his salva-tion. "He was never as vicious a creature as you thought him, and Miss Bretherton has had no difficulty in slaying him. But that hall was a masterpiece, Forbes! How have your pictures got on with all this?"
"I haven't touched a brush since I came back from Switzerland except to make sketches for this thing. Oh, it's been a terri-ble business! Mr. Worrall's hair has turned gray over the expenses of it. However, she gray over the expenses of it.

gray over the expenses of it. However, she and I would have our way, and it's all right; the play will run for twelve months, if she

chooses, easily."

Near by were the Worralls, looking a little sulky, as Kendal fancied, in the midst of this great inrush of the London world, which was sweeping their niece from them into a position of superiority and independence they were not at all preserved. Nothing, indeed, could be prettier than her manner to them whenever she came across them, but it was evident that she was no longer an automaton, to be moved at their will and pleasure, but a woman and an artist, mistress of herself and of her fate. Kendal fell into a conversation on the subject with Mrs. Stuart, who was as communicative and amusing as usual, and who chattered away to him till he suddenly saw Miss Bretherton signaling to him with her arm in that of his

"Do you know, Mr. Kendal," she said as he went up to her, "you must really take Mme. de Chateauvieux away out of this noise and crowd? It is all very well for her to preach to me. Take her to your rooms and get her some food. How I wish I could entertain you here, but with this crowd it is

impossible."
"Isabel, my dear Isabel," cried Mme. de
Chateauvieux, holding her, "can't you slip
away too, and leave Mr. Wallace to do the
honors! There will be nothing left of you to-morrow."

to morrow."
"Yes, directly, directly! only I feel as if eleop were a thing that did not exist for me. But you must certainly go. Take her, Mr. Kendal; doesn't she look a wreck! I will tell M. de Chateauvieux and send him after

She took Marie's shawl from Kendal's arm and put it tenderly round her; then she smiled down into her eyes, said a low "Good night, best and kindest of friends!" and the brother and sister hurried away, Kendal dropping the hand which had been cordially stretched out to himself.

stretched out to himself.

"Do you mind, Eustace?" said Mme. de Chateauvieux, as they walked across the stage. "I ought to go, and the party ought to break up. But it is a shame to carry you off from so many friends."

"Mind! Why, I have ordered supper for you in my rooms, and it is just midnight. I hope these people will have the sense to go soon. Now, then, for a cab."

They alighted at the gate of the Temple, and, as they walked across the quadrangle under a sky still heavy with storm clouds, Mme. de Chateauvieux said to her brother under a sky still heavy with storm clouds, Mme. do Chateauvieux said to her brother with a sigh: "Well, it has been a great ovent. I never remember anything more exciting or more successful. But there is one thing, I think, that would make me happier than a hundred Elviras, and that is to see Isabel Bretherton the wife of a man she loved!" Then a smile broke over her face as she looked

at her brother. "Do you know, Eustace, I quite made up my mind from those first letters of yours in May, in spite of your denials, that you were very deeply taken with her! I remember quite seriously discussing the pros and cons of it with myself."

The words were said so lightly, they betrayed so clearly the speaker's conviction that she had made a foolish mistake, that they stung Kendal to the quick. How could Marie have known? Had not his letters for the last three months been misleading enough to deceive the sharpest eyes? And yet she felt unreasonably that she ought to have known—there was a blind clamer in him against the bluntness of her sisterly percep-

His silence was so prolonged that Mme. de Chateauvieux was startled by it. She slipped her hand into his arm. "Eustace!" Still no answer. "Have I said anything to annoy you, Eustace? Won't you let your old

amoy you, Eustace? Won't you let your old sister have her dreams?"

But still it seemed impossible for him to speak. He could only lay his hand over hers with a brotherly clasp. By this time they were at the foot of the stairs, and he led the way up, Mine. de Chateauvieux following in a tumult of anxious conjecture. When they reached his rooms he put her carefully into a chair by the fire, made her take some andwiches, and set the kettle to hell in his sandwiches, and set the kettle to boil in his handy bachelor way that he might make her some tea, and all the time he talked about various nothings, till at last Marie, unable to put up with it any longer, caught his hand as he was bending over the fire. "Eustace!" she exclaimed, "be kind to me and don't perplex me like this. Oh. my noor

"Yes," he said, as though to himself, "I love her; I believe I have loved her from the first moment."

Mine, de Chateauvieuz was tremblingly silent, her thoughts traveling back over the past with lightening rapidity. Could she remember one word, one look of leabel Bretherton's, of which her memory might serve to throw the smallest ray of light on this darkness in which Eustace seemed to be standing! No, not one. Gratitude, friendship, exteemall these had been there abundantly, but nothing else—not one of those many signs by which one woman betrays her love to another! She rose and put her arm round her brother's neck. They had been no much to one another for nearly forty years; he had never wanted anything as a child or youth that she had not tried to get for him. How strange, how intolerable, that this toy, this boon was beyond her getting!

Her mute sympathy and her deep distress touched him, while, at the same time, they seemed to quench the last spark of hope in him. Had he counted upon hearing something from her whenever he should break silence which would lighten the veil over the future! It must have been so, otherwise why this sense of fresh disaster!

"Dear Marie," he said to her, kissing her brow as she stood beside him, "you must be as good to me as you can. I shall probably be a good deal out of London for the precent, and my books are a wonderful help. After all, life is not all summed up in one desire, however strong. Other things are real to me—I am thankful to say. I shall live it down."

"But why despair so soon!" she cried, re-

me—I am thankful to say. I shall live it down."

"But why despair so soon!" she cried, rebelling against this heavy acquiescence of his and her own sense of hopelessness, "You are a man any woman might love. Why should she not pass from the mere friendly intellectual relation to another! Don't go away from London. Stay and see as much of her as you can." of her as you can."

Kendal shook his head. "I used to dream,"

Kendal shook his head. "I used to dream," he said huskily, "of a time when failure should have come, when she would want some one to step in and shield her. Sometimes I thought of her protected in my arms against the world. But now?"

She felt the truth of his unspoken argument—of all that his tone implied. In the minds of both the same image gathered shape and distinctness. Isabel Bretherton in the halo of her great success, in all the intensity of her new life, seemed to her and to him to stand afar off, divided by an impassable gulf from this simple human craving, which was crying to her, unheard and hopeless, across the darkness.

A month after the first performance of "Elvira" Kendal returned to town on a frosty December afternoon from the Surrey lodg-ings, on which he had now established a permanent hold. He mounted to his room, found his letters lying ready for him, and or found his letters lying ready for him, and on the top of them a telegram, which, as his man servant informed him, had arrived about an hour before. He took it up carelessly, opened it and bent over it with a start of anxiety. It was from his brother-in-law. "Marie is very ill. Doctors much alarmed. Can you come to-night?" He put it down in stupefaction. Marie ill! The doctors alarmed! Good heavens! could be catch that ovening train! He looked at his watch, decided that there was time, and plunged, with his serthere was time, and plunged, with his ser-vant's help, into all the necessary prepara-tions. An hour and a half later he was speci-ing along through the clear, cool moonlight vant's help, into all the necessary preparations. An hour and a half later he was speeding along through the clear, cool moonlight
to Dover, realizing for the first time, as he
leaned back alone in his compartment, the full
meaning of the news which had hurried him
off. All his tender affection for his sister,
and all his stifling sense of something unlucky
and untoward in his own life, which had
been so strong in him during the past two
months, combined to rouse in him the blackest fears, the most hopeless despondency.
Marie dead—what would the world hold for
him? Books, thought, ideas—were they
enough? Could a man live by them if all else
were goue? For the first time Kendal felt a
doutt which seemed to shake his nature to its
depths.

During the journey his thoughts dwelt in
a dull, sore way upon the past. He saw

During the journey his thoughts dwelt in a dull, sore way upon the past. He saw Marie in her childhood, in her youth, in her rich maturity. He remembered her in the school room, spending all her spare time over contrivances of one kind or another for his amusement. He had a vision of her going out with their mother on the night of her first ball and pitying him for being left behind. He saw her tender face bending over the deathbed of their father, and through a the deathbed of their father, and through a hundred incidents and memories—all beautiful, all intertwined with that lovely self for-getfulness which was characteristic of her, his mind traveled down to an evening scarcely a month before when her affection had once a mount before when her american had once more stood a frail, warm barrier between him and the full bitterness of a great renun-ciation. Ob, Marie! Marie! It was still dark when he reached Paris,

It was still dark when he reached Paris, and the gray winter light was only just dawning when he stopped at the door of his brother-in-law's house in one of the new streets near the Champs Elysees. M. do Chateauvieux was standing on the stairs, his smoothly shaven, clear cut face drawn and haggard, and a stoop in his broad shoulders which Kendal had never noticed before. Kendal sprung up the steps and wrung his hands. M do Chateauvieux shook his head almost with a groan, in answer to the brother's inquiry of eye and lip, and led the way upstairs into the forsaken salon, which looked as empty and comfortless as though its mistress had been gone from it years instead of days. Arrived there, the two men standing opposite to each other in the streak of dull light made by the hasty withdrawal of a curtain, Paul said, speaking in a whisper, with dry lips:

with dry lips:
"There is no hope—the pain is gone, you would think she was better, but the doctors say she will just lie there as she is lying now —till—the end."

-till—the end."

Kendal staggered over to a chair and tried to realize what he had beard, but it was impossible, although his journey had seemed to him one long preparation for the worst. "What is it—how did it happen!" he asked. "Internal chill. She was only taken ill

the day before yesterday, and the pain was frightful till yesterday afternoon, then it subsided, and I thought she was better—she herself was so cheerful and so thankful for the relief—but when the two doctors came in again it was to tell me that the disappear ance of the pain meant only the worst-meant that nothing more can be done-sh-

may go at any moment."

There was a silence. M. de Chateauvieux walked up and down with the noiseless step which even a few hours of sickness develop in the watcher, till he came and stood before his brother-in-law, saying, in the same painful whisper, "You must have some food, then I will tell her you are here."

"No. no: I want no food—any time will do "No, no; I want no food-any time will do

for that. Does she expect me!"
"Yes; you won't wait! Then come." He led the way across a little ante-room, lifted a curtain and knocked. The nurse came, there was a little parley, and Paul went in, while Eustace waited outside, conscious of the most strangely trivial things, of the passers by in the street, of a wrangle between two gamins on the pavement opposite, of the misplace-ment of certain volumes in the book case beside him, till the door opened again and M. de Chateauvieux drew him in.

de Chateauvieux drew him in.

He stepped over the threshold, his whole being wrought up to he knew not what solemn pageant of death and parting, and the reality within startled him. The room was flooded with morning light, a frosty December sun was struggling through the fog, the curtains had just been drawn back, and the wintry radiance rested on the polished brass of the bed, on the bright surfaces of wood and glass with which the room was full, on the little tray of tea things which the nurse held, and on his sister's face of greeting as she lay back smiling among her pillows. as she lay back smiling among her pillows. There was such a cheerful home peace and brightness in the whole scene—in the crack-ling wood fire, in the sparkle of the tea things and the fragrance of the tea, and in the fresh white surroundings of the invalid; it seemed to him incredible that under all this familiar household detail there should be lying in wait that last awful experience of death.

of death.

Marie kissed him, with grateful, affectionate words, spoken almost in her usual voice, and then, as he sat beside her, holding her bands, she noticed that he looked pale and haggard. "Has be had some breakfast, Paul! Ob.

poor Eustace, after that long journey! Nurse, let him have my cup, there is some tea left:

tet as me you drank it, duse; it's to pleased you to look after you once more."

He drank it mechanically, she watching him with her loving eyes, while she took one hand from him and slipped it into that of her husband as he sat beside her on the hed. Her touch seemed to have meaning in it, for Paul ross presently and went to the far end of the large room; the nurse carried away the tea things, and the brother and sister were practically alone.

"Dear Eustace," she began, after a few pathetic moments of silence, in which look and gesture took the place of speech, "I have so longed to see you. It seemed to me in that awful pain that I must die hefore I could gather my thoughts together once more, before I could get free enough from my own wretched solf to say to my two dear ones all I wished to say. But now it is all gone, and I am so thankful for this moment of peace. I made Dr. De Chevannes tell me the whole truth. Paul and I have always promised one another that there should never be any concealment between us when either of us came to die, and I think I shall have a few more hours with you."

came to die, and I think I shall have a few more hours with you."

Bhe was sitent a little; the voice had all its usual intenations, but it was low and weak, and it was necessary for her from time to time to gather such strength as might enable her to maintain the calm of her manner. Eustace, in bewildered misery, had hidden his face upon her hands, which were clasped in his, and every now and then she felt the pressure of his lips upon her fingers.

"There are many things I want to say to you," she went on. "I will try to remember them in order. Will you stay with Paul a few days—after! Will you slay with Paul a few days—after! Will you always remember to be good to him? I know you will. My poor Paul—oh! if I had but given you a child!"

The passion of her low cry thrilled Eustace's beart. He looked up and saw on her face the expression of the hidden yearning of a lifetime. It struck him as something awful and sacred; he could not answer it except by look and touch, and presently she went on, after another pause:

"His sister will come to him very likely—his widowed sister. Bhe has a girl he is fond of. After a while he will take pleasure in her. Then I have thought so much of you and of the future. So often has night I thought I saw you and her, and what you ought to do seemed to grow plain to me. Dear Eustace, don't let anything I say now ever be a burden to you—don't let it fetter you ever—but it is so strong in me you must let me say it all. She is not in love with you, Eustace—at least, I think not. She has never thought of you in that way; but there is everything there which ought to lead to love. You interest her deeply; the thought of you stands to her as the symbol of all she wants to reach; and then she knows what you have been to all those who trusted you. She knows that you are good and true. I want you to try to carry it farther for her sake and yours." He looked up and would have spoken, but she put her soft hand over his mouth. "Wat one moment. Those about her are not the people to make her happ

on the pillow.

"I would do anything you asked. But she is so likely to love and marry. Probably there is some one—already. How could it not be with her beauty and her fame! Anybody would be proud to marry her, and she has such a quick, cager unture."

"There is no one!" said Marie, with deep conviction in the whispered words. "Hor

"There is no one?" said Marie, with deep conviction in the whispered words. "Her life has been too exciting—too full of one interest. Bhe staid with me; I get to know her to the bottom. She would not have hidden it. Only say you will make one trial and I should be content."

And then her innate respect for another's individuality, her shrinking from what might prove to be the tyranny of a dying wish, interposed, and she checked herself. "No, don's promise; I have no right—no one has any right. I can only tell you my feeling, my deep sense that there is hope—that there is nothing against you. Men—good men—are so often over-timid when courage would be best. Be bold, Eustace; respect your own love; do not be too proud to show le—to offer it." your own love; do not be too proud to

Her voice died away into silence, only Eustace still felt the caressing touch of the thin fingers clasped round his. It seemed to him as if the life still left in her were one him as if the life still left in her were one pure flame of love, undimmed by any thought of self, undisturbed by any breath of pain. Oh, this victory of the spirit over the flesh, of soul over body, which humanity achieves and renews from day to day and from age to age, in all those nobler and finer personalities upon whom the moral life of the world depends! How it burns its testimony into the heart of the spectator! How it makes him thrill with the apprehension which lies at the root of all religion—the apprehension of an ideal order—the divine suspicion ideal order—the divine suspicion

ideal order—the divine suspicion

That we are greater than we know!

How it impresses itself upon us as the only miracle which will bear our leaning upon, and stand the strain of human questioning! It was borne in upon Eustace, as he sat bowed beside his dying sister, that through this fragile body and this failing breath the Eternal Mind was speaking, and that in Marie's love the Eternal Love was taking voice. He said so to her brokenly, and her sweet eyes smiled back upon him a divine answer of peace and faith.

Then she called faintly, "Paul!" The distant figure came back; and she laid her bead upon her husband's breast, while Eustace was gently drawn away by the nurse. Presently he found himself mechanically taking food and mechanically listening to the low voiced talk of the kindly, white capped woman who was attending to him. Every fact, every impression, was misery—these details so unexpected, so irrevocable, so charged with terrible meaning, which the nurse was pourexpected, so irrevocable, so charged with terrible meaning, which the nurse was pouring out upon him—that presence in the neighboring room of which his every nervo was conscious—and in front of him, looking like a frowning barrier shutting off the view of the future, the advancing horror of death! Yesterday, at the same time, he had been walking along the sandy Surrey roads, delighting in the last autumn harmonies of color, and conscious of the dawn of a period of rest after a poried of conflict, of the color, and conscious of the dawn of a period of rest after a period of conflict, of the growth within him; of a temper of quiet and rational resignation to the conditions of life and of his own individual lot, over the development of which the mere fact of development of which the mere fact or his sister's existence had exercised a strong and steadying influence. Life, he had per-suaded himself, was for him more than toler-able, even without love and marriage. The world of thought was warm and hospitable to him; he moved at ease within its friendly to him; he moved at ease within its friendly familiar limits; and in the world of personal relations one heart was safely his, the sympathy and trust and tenderness of one human soul would never fail him at his need. And now this last tender bond was to be broken with a rough, incredible suddenness. The woman he loved with passion would never be his; for not even now, fresh from contact with his sister's dying hope, could he raise himself to any flattering vision of the future: himself to any lattering vision of the future; and the woman he loved, with that intimate tenacity of affection which is the poetry of kinship, was to be taken from him by this kinship, was to be taken from him by this cruel wastefulness of premature death. Could any man be more alone than he would be!

And then suddenly a consciousness fell upon him which made him ashamed. In the neighboring room his ear was caught now and then by an almost imperceptible murmur of voices. What was his loss, his agony, compared to theirs!

of voices. What was his loss, his agony, compared to theirs?

When he softly returned into the room he found Marie lying as though asleep upon her husband's arm. It seemed to him that since he had left her there had been a change. The face was more drawn, the look of exhaustion more defined. Paul sat beside her, his eyes riveted upon her. He scarcely seemed to no tice his brother-in-law's entrance; it was as tice his brother-in-law's entrance; it was as though he were rapidly losing consciousness of every fact but one; and never had Kendal seen any countenance so grief stricken, so pinched with longing. But Marie heard the familiar step. She made a faint movement with her hand toward him, and he resumed his old position, his head bowed upon the bed. And so they sat through the morning, hardly moving, interchanging at long intervals a few words—those sad, sacred words which well from the heart in the supreme moments well from the heart in the supreme moments of existence—words which, in the case of such natures as Marie de Chateauvieux, rep-resent the intimate truths and fundamental

was nothing to hide, nothing to regrot. A few kindly messages, a few womanly commissions, and every now and then a few words to her husband, as simple as the rest, but pregnant with the deepest thoughts and touching the vastest problems of humanity—this was all. Marie was dying as she had lived—bravely, tenderly, simply.



Marte was dying as she had lived.

Presently they roused her to take some nourishment, which she swallowed with difficulty. It gave her a momentary strength. Kendal beard himself called, and locked up. She had opened the hand lying on the bed, and he saw in it a small miniature case,

which she moved towards him.
"Take it," she said—oh, how faintly—"to her. It is the only memento I can think of. She has been ill. Eastace; did I tell you! I forget. I should have gone—but for this. It is too much for her—that life. It will break her down. You can save her and cherish her—you "It seems as if I saw you—to-gother?"

Then her eyes fell and she seemed to sleep Then her eyes fell and she seemed to sleep—gently wandering now and then, and mentioning in her dream names and places which made the reality before them more and mere terrible to the two hushed listeners, so different were the associations they called up. Was this white nerveless form, from which mind and breath were gently chbing away, all that fate had grudgingly left to them, for a few more agenized moments, of the brilliant, high bred woman who had been but yesterday the center of an almost European network of friendships and interests! Love, loss, death—ob, how unalterable is this essential content of life, embroider it and adorn it as we may!

sential content of life, embroider it and adorn it as we may!

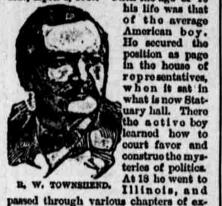
Kendal had been startled by her words about Isabel Bretherton. He had not heard of any illness; it could hardly be serious, for he vaguely remembered that in the news-papers he had tried to read on the journey his eye had caught the familar advertise-ment of The Calliope. It must have hap-pened while he was in Surrey. He vaguely speculated about it now and then as he sat watching through the afternoon. But nothing seemed to matter very much to him-nothing but Marie and the slow encoming of

death.

At last when the wintry light was fading, when the lamps were being lit outside, and the bustle of the street seemed to penetrate in little intermittent waves of sound into the deep quiet of the room, Marie raised herself and, with a fluttering sigh, withdrew her hand softly from her brother, and laid her arm round her husband's neck. He stooped to her—kissed the sweet lips and the face on which the lines of middle age had hardly settled—caught a wild alarm from her utter silence, called the nurse and Kendal, and all was over.

(Conclusion next Haturday)

The Late R. W. Townshend.
Representative R. W. Townshend, of Illinois, who died in Washington recently, after a week's illness, had just completed his twolfth year of service in completed his twolfth year of service in the house of representatives. Mr. Towns-hend was born in Prince George's county, Md., April 4, 1840. Until the ago of 10 his life was that



passed through various chapters of experience—as a country school teacher, farm hand, law student and practitioner and banker. He was admitted to the bar in 1862. Mr. Townshend represented a very strong Democratic district, and his successor will probably be a Democrat.

The Young Folks' Friend A pleasant faced old gentleman, who looks as if he had forgotten as much as some people know about editing newspapers, comes over from the peaceful shades of Newark now and then to mingle in the busy metropolitan whirl of which he was once an important figure. He is Noah Brooks, long time an editor of the Tribune, a conspicuous journalist in San Francisco during vigilante times and one of the most popu-lar writers for children who wield quills today. Mr. Brooks is a tall, well built man; his white hair has thinned out on top, his eyes keep their light, and his short, white side whiskers and mustache give him a venerable appearance. He is well over sixty and carries his age "like a major." As editor of The Newark Advertiser Mr. Brooks continues the active intellectual work which has characterized his life. He has given that journal—one of the oldest in the country, by the way-a standing it was unlikely to get otherwise. Besides, in St. Nicholas and such periodicals, where one looks for the lighter touch and the finer fancies, his name is always welcome, not only to the editors, but to hundreds of the little ones who have learned to look forward with eagerness to his stories for children.-New York World.

Water Tight Match Box Wanted. Bishop, who made a thousand mile voyage in a paper cance, says that R. B. Forbes, of Boston, once gave him a water tight pocket match box, that he lost it, and was never able to find another. Thousands of hunters, canocists, and others have hunted and longed for a match box that would be water tight -one that would preserve its contents dry even though the owner was compelled to take a swim with the box in the pocket of his pants, and the pants on the swimmer. An upset in the wilderness or on the coast, away from dwellings, often destroys every match a man has with him, and places him in a position of great danger.'

Though match boxes are made in in-numerable styles, we have never been able to find one which was suitable for carrying matches in the pocket and would at the same time protect them from water. There are some difficulties in the way of inventing such an article, because when carried in the pocket the air within the box is rarefied by the heat of the body. When the box is plunged into cold water a partial vacuum is formed, and this aids in forcing water through the joints. - Scientific American.

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