## A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

[CONTINUED.]

"It is also necessary," he went on, with a covert glance at her, "to make a declaration —a mere matter of form. You must declare yourself to be twenty-one years of age."
The truth is Mr. Hervey had been to the

money-lenders, and without mentioning names had endeavored to negotiate a loan upon such security as Beatrice's fortune offered. Some of the usurers laughed in his face, but he soon found one whose business it was never to refuse to lend money on a forged bill or a false declaration provided the friends of the forger or the perjurer were of the stamp who would pay money to avoid erminal proceedings.

"I do not quite understand," said B atrice. She would not understand. "It's a mere matter of form, my dear girl.

it can do no harm. It is only to swear you are twenty-one. I'm sure no one would doubt Beatrice covered her face with her bands.

and the tears trickled through her fingers firmly she pushed his arm away. "I cannot do it," she said.

His brow grew black. 'Damn it! you knew, none even guessed the cause. must!" he said. She rose. "I will not," she said in accents

which fold him she meant what she said. "] shall be placed in your hands. The only back. Part of it was my mother's,"

false declaration. First, he commanded. survive ill-usage, faithlessness and wickedhim before he could stop her.

jewelry. There were some valuable articles in it, as Sir Maingay, who had great faith in his daughter's discretion, and who perhaps had feared that if not given at once, sent certain mysterious tickets to Beatrice ate heart. deprived herself.

Three days after this Sarah made a dis-Hervey's real nature. By pertinacity in form and acted upon with perfect success. tracking and watching; by questions asked in certain houses in a neighborhood to which she had followed him, she found the man had for some space of time, and was even now, pursuing a low intrigue with a girl. With flashing eyes Mrs. Miller went to Beatrice and told her this.

Beatrice heard her in silence. Then she spoke coldly and gravely. Events were fast making a woman of her. "Sarah," she said, "I will see Mr. Hervey, and if needful you will see him. Bear in mind that if your

She took Sarah with her, told her to wait in the street and then entered her husband's room. She told him coldly and without apparent emotion what she had learned. She

Hervey of course denied it. Beatrice then said she would fetch his libeler, who should stammered, and then once for all dropped the mask. He brutally told his young wife to let him manage his own affairs of that sort a deadly duel. in his own way. So Beatrice knew that feeling of absolute hate and contempt.

Once more and only once she saw him. A few days later he wrote, bade her come to him, and threatened in case of refusal to come to her. She went. She scorned him too much to fear him.

the false declaration of age. "I will not," she said.

"Will you telegraph to your father and say you must have a thousand pounds—tell

him it means life or death." "I will not; nor would he send it if I did." Hervey, who by now was getting to know something of his wife's character, felt that nothing would make her bend to his will.

With an oath he raised his hand and struck her. His true brutal nature leapt forth. He covered her with reproaches; he reviled her, he told her he had never cared for her, told her he had but married her to stave off ruin, thinking the small sum he needed would be easily raised upon her prospects. He vowed to be revenged for her obstinacy. He would make her life a hell. He would drag her



He would make her life a hell.

do his bidding. When Beatrice got away from this storm of words, she walked back home with a buzzing in her head. Once inside the door she

Three days afterwards she read that Maurice Hervey had been brought before the magistrates on a charge of forgery, and committed for trial. She found means to send him a message, asking if he had money to pay for his defense. He sent back word that he should plead guilty. He really did so, and as the forgery was a crafty, premeditated, cruel affair, the judge very properly sent him to penal servitude for five years.

His wife as she read the sentence gave a

past 18 five years seems as inexhaustible as five hundred sovereigns would seem to a schoolboy. The remembrance of her secret marriage haunted her like the remnants of a shastly dream. Five years. Five long years! Surely something must happen before they were spent. Something did happen!

inary ailment would account for her condi-tion? When in plain words the fact that she was to hear the burden common to woman hood was forced upon her? Then Beatrice prayed that she might die!

Even then she would not go to her friends and tell them all. Still those long uncertain years stretched out before her. If she could only conceal this new trouble as she

had concealed her marriage, there was peace -peace for years. Sarah was told what she already guessed, and upon hearing her mis-tress' wishes simply set about executing

The child was born, and none save the mother and her maid knew the truth. Hard as was the task, it was no barder to Beatrice than to others who, without the aid and faithful service at her command, have have you to say?" He spoke with a vicious, concealed what if revealed meant ruin, bitter intonation. The elder woman arranged all. She left She said nothing. She might have told her mistress as a servant leaves; she him of misery which she had undergoneprepared a place, and when the time came Beatrice found her grief lightened by all a loving woman can de for another in such a plight. Of course there was deceit-deceit Beatrice covered to the girl's and the tears trickled through her fingers. seemed to have forced itself into the girl's there was a long visit to pay somether the same. All through you—through you! where, a visit from which Beatrice returned And now, my sweet wife, which do you a shadow of her former self. But none

Until the child was born Beatrice's prayer was that both she and it might die. Can a sadder, more pitiful prayer be framed by a which told minch: I have some jewelry; it woman? The truth could then be told to all. shall be placed in your hands. The only The early death would be the full expiation favor I ask is that money may be raised on it of her folly. The few who loved her would favor I ask a way that same day I can get it forgive and pity her, But her prayer was unanswered-death never even threatened

Hervey knew that her jewelry would not mother or tabe.

Hervey knew that her jewelry would not mother or tabe.

The child was born, the tiny head nestled on the mother's breast, and a strange new secondly he reasoned, thirdly he besought in feeling awoke within her—the overpowering an abject way. And with his groveling en- instinct of maternal love. Her thoughts treaties for money, every atom of love for which had once been, in case the child lived. him went out of the girl's heart. Love may to hate it for the father's sake, turned to pure, sweet affection for the innocent, helpless survive ill-usage, the survive ill-usage, the survive ill-usage, income meanness kills it. She turned and left little being. So far from wishing it dead, the before he could stop her. She did as she had promised. That even-ing Mrs. Miller brought him the packet of with many tears in Sarah's charge.

For years she saw it by stealth, saw it grow more and more the picture of perfect childhood; loved it and worshiped it more each time she saw it, and at last, when she they would never be given, had intrusted her returned to her father's house, and felt that with some diamonds which had belonged to her visits to her treasure would now perher late mother. So it was that Hervey was force be less and less frequent, a wild cravable to raise some two hundred pounds on ing to have it with her always, to see it the trinkets. To his credit be it said that he every day, every hour, awoke in her passion-

which, upon inquiry, she found would enable to redeem the things of which she had new home. And even as she settled to go down to her uncles' the nucleus of the daring scheme for regaining her boy framed itself covery, or rather completed her inquiry into | in her brain, and was eventually shaped into

But the five years were passing, passing. At the end of them stood what Beatrice shrank from picturing, a convict who would come and claim his wite. Beatrice had, indeed, expected that when first arrested he would find some way of proclaiming his marriage, if only in fulfillment of his threat of dragging her name into the dirt.
Yet he made no sign. He was crafty and

calculating. The term of the sentence was not to him an eternity. When it ended he knew that by keeping the secret he should be charges against him are false, you leave me in a more advantageous position to turn at once." be well past twenty-one, and in command of a large income. He meant to be thoroughly revenged for the obstinacy she had displayed in refusing to perjure herself, and so find gave the name of a street, and the number him means to buy up the forged bills, but he meant to have money also.

This is the story of the life of the last five years upon which Beatrice looked back that be properly dealt with. Hervey wavered, afternoon. These are the pictures of the man and the woman-the husband and wifewho were to meet on the morrow like foes in

And over and above all this, there was Sarah had spoken the truth. And with this another matter ever present in the girl's knowledge the love for this man which had mind—another name which came to her lips, already been driven out was replaced by a not in accents of hate, but love. She had attempted to deceive him, but not herself. In fact, it seemed part of her punishment—the hardest part of all-that she loved Frank Carruthers. She had sobbed out the secret on the faithful Sarah's breast. She had wept through the weary hours of many a night as He renewed his request that she would sign she thought of the utter hopelessness of love between them. His coming to Oakbury had doubled her grief. She had not only to lament "what has been," but to regret "what might have been."

Blame her if you must! Forgive her if you your wife." can! At least pity her!

> CHAPTER XXI. MAKING PROUD KNEES BEND.

Provided he is not a French journalist, whose drooping honor is cured by a scratch, a man about to fight a duel has generally preparations to make. Maurice Hervey's approaching duel being of a peculiar nature, the preparations he made were also peculiar. They consisted of inducing the room he occupied-which, in an unmolested state, was a nice, tidy apartment—to look as disreputable and dissipated as, with the resources at his command, it was possible. He gave no orders for his breakfast things to be cleared away, but added to the relics of the meal a short pipe and a tobacco pouch on the table. With great satisfaction he found in a draw er a dirty pack of cards; these were also placed in a position to carry effect. He told the servant not to attend to his bedroom just yet; so that by his leaving the door of communication between the two rooms open a visitor might have the privilege of gazing on a disheveled sleeping apartment. Given the materials at his disposal, he made a very fair effect with them.

He kept his own appearance in sympathy with the surroundings. He word slippers forward and spoke in a low, grating voiceon a soiled shirt, discarding his waistcoat and las my wife. An your line relations, cravat be managed to get within reasonable

distance of his requirements. All these preparations were inspired by at present, ticket-of-leave man. After an exquisite refinement of malice. Metaphorically he meant to bring Beatrice down on her knees, and his cruelty told him that mantle round her and rose. "Don't like my

such a scene. my prison suit here. I'd don it once more my sweet wife."

for your benefit, my lady."

He gave orders that if a lady called she was to be shown up at once; then he lit a cigar and lounged in the easy chair. At five minutes to twelve, just as the man was wondering whether she would come or not, and if, in the event of her not coming, it would be well for his own interests to seek her at Hazlewood House, the door opened and Beatrice stood before him. He laughed a low, mocking laugh, and without changing his lounging attitude, looked up at her.

Now the weakest part of her nature, a part itself. She took it all in, the disreputable look of the place and of its tenant; he could see that by the quiver of her nostril, and the look of deepening scorn on her firm mouth. His eyes itself to be took it all in, the disreputable look of the place and of its tenant; he could see that by the quiver of her nostril, and the look of deepening scorn on her firm mouth. His eyes

deepening scorn on her firm mouth. His eyes gleamed with triumph.

And she, as she looked at him, the thought ran through her, how could she ever in her most foolish girlhood's days have loved this

"Well, my affectionate wife," he said, knocking the ash off his cigar, and looking her up and down; "you've grown into quite a fine piece of goods, quite a tip-topper, no end of a swell. You haven't pined much for

se shivered as she heard his voice and coarse, mocking compliments, but she kept her proud eyes upon him, "You have some-thing to say to me—say it." She spoke

"Say! I should think it was for you to say something. You who sent me to herd with felons for five years. You who would not stretch out a hand to save me. What

misery which she had to undergo to which his well-merited punishment was as nothing. "Nearly five years," he went on. "think of that — dull, dead drudgery. Week after week, month after month, year after year

expect me to do, to strike you or to kiss He changed his tone to that of raillery, a tone more loathsome to Beatrice than that which showed his real nature. He took a step towards her as he said the last words.

"You have done both to me," she said. slowly and bitterly. "The memory of the kiss is to-day more degrading to me than that of the blow." He scowled as her scorn stung him-scowled and took another step towards her.

There was a sharp-pointed knife lying on the table. Beatrice's fingers mechanically rested themselves on the handle. "If you touch me," she said, quietly, "I think I shall kill you."



"I think I shall kill you."

The man knew she meant it. He threw himself into a chair, and laughed scornfully. "Come," he said. "let us go to business." "Yes. Business is the only question between us now."

"Sit down. I can't talk to you while you stand up there. And I've lots to sav." To show how little she feared him she "Now," he said, "to come to the point:

what proposal have you to make? I'm your husband, and with all your put-on pride and carelessness, you know I've got the whip-hand Beatrice looked at him and again won-

dered how she could have ever loved this rufflan. "I will do this," she said. "On certain conditions I will give you one-half of my in-

"And how much may your income be?"

"Two thousand five hundred a year, I am "You lie," said Hervey coarsely. "It is

Beatrice flushed. She half rose from her seat, then returned to it without troubling to reply.

"Take it for argument's sake it is so," said the man. "Now for the conditions." "That you never seek me, never trouble me, never make known to any one that I am

"You have kept the secret, then?" "One other person knows it, my faithful servant."

"That hag! Of course you hoped I should die in the five years." "No," said Beatrice, simply; "but I hoped

The duel was progressing. The advantage as yet had been to Beatrice. Hervey's turn was to come. "Listen," he said; "I have also a proposal

to make, and conditions," Beatrice bent her "You have two thousand five hundred a

year. The hundreds are quite enough for a woman to live on; the thousands shall be She was silent for a minute. "Yes," she

bottle of whisky and a glass. He also laid a said, "I will even do that-at least for many Hervey laughed maliciously. "How nice

to be so hated! I never made anything out of a woman's love, but her hate is profitable. Now hear the conditions,"

"I have named them already," said Beatrice,

"Hear mine, I say," said Hervey, bringing his hand down on the table, and speaking in grim earnest. "I will go away, never seek you, never trouble you so long as you pay the money; but before I go"-here he bent your dear friends, shall know you are the wife of Maurice Hervey, forger, felon, and, at present, ticket-of-leave man. After that

Beatrice made no reply. She drew her after night-for years and years I thought it looked up and met her companion's gaze. "Gad!" he said, as he gazed round and out—how I was to be paid in full for every-approved of his handiwork. "I wish I had thing. I have you now.—I have you now,

> "I think you are mad," said Beatrice, contemptuously. "Mad! No. I'm not mad. Are you going

to leave me? After such a separation to leave me so soon!" She moved towards the "Which means, I suppose, that you leave

me to do my worst."
"Yes. You must do your worst." "Which means, take whatever the law forces you to give me? You know the law

will give me something.".
"I believe it will," said Beatrice, wearily. "Yes, I'll take what the law gives ma.
Are you versed in the law!" There was something in his voice, in his triumphant look, which for the first time made her fear.
"Do you know," he went on, "that the law will give me the custody of a certain pretty, golden-haired boy? That a wife who absents herself from her husband and his home has no right to deprive him of his child. Here is the home I offer you. I long for you and

on the earth could have inspired her with such loathing. She did not fear him, simply because she knew the worst he could do—the heaviest penalty she could be called upon to pay. Or she thought she knew.

In pay by it demand him to he. Ah, I have you now!"

He had. His thrust seemed to pierce her heaviest penalty she could be called upon to pay. Or she thought she knew.

"Go to your lawyer and find out," he said
"I have consulted mine. The boy is my own.
Ah, what pleasure I shall find in his company! How nice for him to be known hereafter as the forger's son. Now will you accept my conditions? Now have I got your proud knees to hend! Now will you come to me and evow yourself the wife of an injured

husband?"

He almost shricked the sentences. He felt
he had his full grasp of revenge.

"I must think. I must think," she mur-

"Yes, go and think, I've got to think, too. Pve got to find out whether any quibble can deprive you of the money. If so, you'll have to marry me again and keep the first mar-riage dark. Hang me! that will be even

"Let me go," she said. "Yes, you can go. But come to me again the day after to-morrow. Then I'll tell you what to do. An, my lady, you'd better have got the money I wanted years ago. I told you at the time you were a fool."

She did not hear his last words. She had

left the room. Hervey threw himself into his chair and laughed long and loud. "Revenge and money!" he said. "I'll bring her down to the very dust. Pll make her beg on her knees for the boy before I spare her even him. Luck! was there ever

CHAPTER XXIL

such luck?

HARRY LEARNS A NEW WORD. I am informed, by those who ought to know, that a credit balance at one's bankers possesses great virtues as an elevator of both morals and character. That, apart from any sordid consideration or miserly joy, it enables a man to face with greater courage the smaller ills and annoyances of life, renders him less liable to many temptations, teaches him to regard his fellow-creatures with more affectionate eyes, and generally to acquiesce in the wisdom of the arrange-ment which made the world as it is. If this be so, the universal desire to grow rich may have for its mainspring the noblest motives.

As in nine cases out of ten a woman holds money in far greater reverence and awe than a man does, the possession of such a balance should be to her doubly gratifying and elevating. With money woman is a power. It was the weak concession, begun years ago for man's selfish ends, completed to-day for the sake of justice, that a woman has any right to hold property at all, which has led up to the demand for womanhood suffrage. Beatrice had a very large credit balance in the hands of the family bankers, Messrs Furlong, Stephens, Furlong, Seymour & Furlong, an establishment which, for the sake of

brevity, and on account of its antiquity, was commonly known as the Blacktown Old Bank: It was a very large balance; so large that it annoyed Horace and Herbert to think of its lying at the bankers. With their praiseworthy regularity the trustees had every half year paid their niece's income to her account at Messrs. Furlongs, and as Beatrice did not spend one-fifth of it the money bred with its proverbial fecundity. Until their niece came to stay with them

the Talberts had, without even consulting her, invested all surplus income in good dividend-paying preference or debenture stocks, chosen because they only paid four per cent.-no well-advised borrower should think of offering more than four per cent. Doing so creates mistrust. During the last year Beatrice had asked them to let the money lie at the bank. So at the bank it was, as Horace said, not bearing a fraction of interest. It vexed him to see such waste.

Only at Christmas he had remenstrated with her. "You are simply making our friends"—several members of the elongated firm lived in the neighborhood—"a handsome yearly present. Paying one of their clerk's salary, in fact."

"Perhaps that was why Mr. Stephens was so attentive to me at dinner last week," said Beatrice placidly. "Oh, nonsense! It's a mere nothing to them. But why should they have your

money for nothing, and lend it out at seven or eight per cent.?" Beatrice could give no reason. She simply said she wished it to remain as it was for a while. Horace and Herbert began to wonder if she had afoot any scheme for endowing a hospital, or restoring the parish church.

However, the money lay idle and at call, and if Horace's explanation of the method by which bankers make fortunes was correct, the page in the red basil-covered ledger, headed "Beatrice Clauson," must have been a gratifying sight for the Messrs. Furlong and the rest of the firm.

One morning—the very morning which Mr. Hervey had appointed for his second in-terview with Beatrice—a few minutes after the respectable liveried porter had drawn the bolts of the outer doors, and so proclaimed that the bank was ready for all comers, a check for one thousand pounds, payable to "self" or "bearer" and signed "Beatrice Clauson" was handed across the broad mahogany counter to the spruce cash-

He leaned across the counter and asked her in the politest manner: "How'l-you-hav'-it?"

Mrs. Miller would have five hundred in gold, and five Bank of England notes for one hundred pounds each. The money we counted out. Mrs. Miller buttoned the note inside her dress. The bag of gold she placed in her pocket, where with every movement it bumped heavily but reassuringly against her leg, and in dumb but painful show proclaimed that it was safe. Then she rejoined her mistress, and the cab carried them to Blacktown railway station.

They booked to Paddington. As they wanted no companions they entered a ladies which he trod down at the heel. His clothes "before I go you shall come to me here, in carriage. Every traveler knows that solitude were too new to look shabby, but by putting these rooms, and for a month shall live here is most often found in those compartments ed exclusively for the fair sex. This is a delicate compliment to man, but not, perhaps, fully appreciated by such men who, after eying vacant seats enviously, have to enter a carriage more than three parts full

The train started. For a while Beatrice maine through the dirt. She should rue un-til her death the day on which she refused to doubly disagreeable when it took place in out carefully, though—thought it out night the boy, watched her face. Beatrice sighed, sat as one in a reverie. Mrs. Miller, who held "He will follow us," she said. She trembled

"Yes, if he can find us. Poor dear! if he can do so he'll hunt you to death. We'll go where he can't find us. There we'll wait until he can trouble you no more, my sweet,"

"Ah, when will that be?" sighed Beatrice. "When he is struck down. When my prayers are answered. When you look on his dead face, and know that you are free!"
"Hush! hush! How can you dare to pray for a man's death? Even I, whom he has so wronged, could not force my lips to form that mayer."

that prayer."

"Oh, my dear! my dear! that is different,
You would be praying for yourself. God
would not listen; but I pray only for you
and He will."

"Sarah, he silent," said Beatrice. She had
always set her face stermly against her maid's
religious flights. But Mrs. Miller's excitet had by now reached a pitch which re-

"See!" she said in thrilling tones, which made even the child open his eyes in wonder; ment. "last night a sign came to me, a dream.

I looked down from somewhere and saw my-self as I must be, as it was fixed I should be before the world began, where the worm

"My poor Sarah, be calm."
"Where the fire is not quenched. I saw
myself, and I saw him. He was close at
mand. 'Oh, God means to strike, and soon,

very soon."

Her voice had such intensity, her eyes such a wild look in them, that little Harry, who had watched her in that spell-bound manner common to reflective children, came to the conclusion that something was wrong, and

set up a lusty roar.

"See," said Beatrice, reproachfully, "you have frightened the boy."

The woman grew calm at once. The blaze of fanaticism faded from her face, and she

was once more the attentive nurse and faithful servant. The train hurried them on wards

Flight! Yes, it was flight! Hervey's threat had struck home. It had carried conviction. Beatrice never doubted his assertion that although it might be impossible for. him to force her to come to his side, he could legally take the boy from her. She determined to fly, leave no trace, hide for a while, and let the man in her absence do his worst. If he told her friends the tale of the marriage it would at least save her from the pair of so doing. She had not yet settled whither to go, but she meant to-night to be out of

The little boy, as was usual when he appeared in public, had attracted much attention while they waited on the Blacktown platform. So great is the interest excited by such a perfect specimen of childhood that every woman and not a few men turned and looked after him. At the first stoppage a lady who saw him through the window actually fetched her husband out of the refreshment room to look at his golden hair. She was but a young wife, or she might have known better. Pleasing as such admi-ration must have been to Beatrice, it seemed to trouble Mrs. Miller. As the train resumed its course, she turned to Beatrice. "It must be done, my dear. It must be done."

Beatrice, who now had the boy, hugged him tightly. "I won't-I can't do it," she

"We shall be traced all over the world by it, my dear," said Mrs. Miller, sadly. "Oh, Sarah! It is too cruel-too cruel!

See, let us twist it up and hide it." Therewith she twisted up Harry's sunny locks, turned them over on the top of his head and fastened them with a hairpin. His cap was replaced, and very comical the boy looked with his hair growing upwards. And very pretty he looked when, a minute

afterwards, thinking this was a new sort of game, he shook off his cap, shook out the knot, and, prestol down fell the glowing cloud again. It was tucked up again. It was shaken out

again—and again and again. It was fine

sport for the baby, but Beatrice began to glance timidly at her maid, who shook her head ominously. "We shall be followed every-where," she said. Beatrice sighed. "He'll be a big boy in no time, my pretty, said Sarah, "then it must come off. Don't run the risk now. There's not such hair in

the three kingdoms." Strange that a woman who believed so implicitly in destiny, Mrs. Miller should be in her calm moments so calculating and fore-

Beatrice kissed the soft cloud, and said that was why it was such a sin. Sarah, without a word, drew out a newspaper and a large pair of bright scissors. Beatrice turned away to hide her tears. Sarah cut a hole in the centre of the news-

paper-a hole just big enough for the boy to put his head through. He did so, and thought it great fun. His blue eyes danced with delight "Hold the corners, miss," said. Sarah. Beatrice with averted eyes took up two of them in her trembling hands. The cruel work began.

Ruthless as the shears of Atropos, Sarah plied her bright blades, and the boy's glit-tering locks fell in soft masses on the out-spread Standard. Never before had the columns of that influential journal gleamed so brightly. Clip, clip, clip, went the scissors, every clip seeming to cut Beatrice's heart. In five minutes the work was roughly



Every clip seeming to cut Beatrice's heart. done, and the glory of Harry's hair gone

Beatrice positively sobbed. She gathered up every thread of gold, kissed and wept over the wreck, then put it away to be treasured up. She clasped her disfigured darling to her breast.

"Oh, my poor little boy!" she cried. "My little shorn lamb! Oh, it was cruel, too cruel! A cruel, wicked mother I am to you, my pet." She hugged the boy, and bewailed the loss of his curls-a loss which the late proprietor appeared to view with intense sat- To take effect at 8:00 a. m., Monday, June 22nd isfaction. He was experiencing a new sensation, and at every age a new sensation is

matter of great interest. Presently something seemed to stir Beatrice into great animation. "Mother!" she said, "mother! Listen, my pet, say after

me, mother."

He smiled his little smile, pursed up his lips, and made, for the first attempt, a very fair imitation of the word. The tears streamed down Beatrice's cheeks. She kissed the boy passionately. "Say it again say it always," she cried, "mother, mother,

The little autocrat, being in high good temper, consented to humor her, and all the way to London Beatrice taught her boy the new word-even made him dimly compre hend that it was in future to be the title of the person whom his lisping tongue had un-til now only given the name of Bee-Bee, or some such infantile rendering of the style by which he heard her addressed.

The comfort which his readiness to catch

up the new word brought to Beatrice's heart almost compensated for the regret she felt at the ruthless deed which had been done by the scissors. ..... and and smile still of

CHAPTER XXIII

After the two great crimes of "remo to the masses," and not wining one's shoesthe one an imperial, the other a domestic shape yet equally grave—unpunctuality at table ITO BE CONTINUED.

HAVE JUST RETUNED FROM THE NORTH

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Large variety of Misses' and Chil 'ren's Hats.

Great reduction in the price of all goods in this

Call and See the Summer Novelties C. M. QUERY.

-A GRAND SALE OF-

## Watches,

CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.

Diamonds, Silver and Silver-Plated

Those wanting any of the above goods will please call and hear my prices, they are the lowest and the goods are the best.

J. T. BUTLER.

## Greensboro Female College.

GREENSBORO, N. C. THE 59TH SESSION of this well established and : prosperous school will begin on The 26th of August, 1885.

This Institution comb nes the comfort of a home with first-class educational advantages. Location healthful Fare good. Faculty competent and faithful, in For Catalogue apply to

june20dtf T. M. JONES, President Condensed Time Table, No. 11

CAPE FEAR AND YADKIN VALLEY BAILWAY

TRAIN NORTH. 20 minutes at Fayetteville for ninne TRAIN SOUTH LEAVE Ore Hill .....

yetteville..... 20 minutes for dinner at San

UNIVERSITY, Lexington, Va.