-WEAK MEN

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W VARICOCEL

Maid of Maiden Lane. BY AMELIA E. BARR.

(Copyright, 1900, by Amelia E. Barr) PART II.

When Cornelia visited the Van Ariens' parlors Arenta was already there. She was dressed in a gown of the blackest and seftest of bombazine crepe. It had a distinguishing want of all ornaments, but it was for that reason singularly effective against her delicate complexion and pale golden hair. She looked off-handed and hardly spoke to her old triend, but Cornelia was prepared for some exhibition of anger. She had not been to see Arenta for a whole week, and she did not doubt that she had been well aware of something unusual in progress, but that Rem had accused himself did not occur to her, therefore she was hardly prepared for the passionate accusation with which Arenta assailed her. When Cornelia visited the Van Ariens'

accusation with which Arenta assailed ner.

"I think," she said, "you have behaved disgracefully to poor Rem! You would not have him yourself, and yet you prevent another girl—whom he loves far better than ever he loved you—from marrying him. He has gone away, 'out of the world,' he says, and indeed I should not wonder if he kills himself. It is most certain you have done all you can to drive him to it."

"Arenta! I have no idea what you mean. I have not seen Rem, nor written

"Arenta! I have no idea what you mean. I have not seen Rem, nor written to Rem for more than two years."

"Very I kely, but you have wr tten about him. You write to Miss Damer and told her Rem purposely kept a letter which you had sent to Lord Hyde."

"I did not not write to Miss Damer. I do not know the lady, but Rem did keep a letter than belonged to Lord Hyde."

Then anger gave falsehood the bit, and she answered: "Rem did not keep any letter that belonged to Lord Hyde. Prove that he did so before you accuse him. You cannot."

that he did so before you accuse him. You cannot."

"I unfortunately directed Lord Hyde's letter to Rem, and Rem's letter to Lord Hyde. Rem knew that he had Lord Hyde's letter and he should have taken it at once to him."

"Lord Hyde had Rem's letter. He ought to have taken it at once to Rem."

"There was not a word in Rem's letter to identify it as belonging to him."

"Then you ought to be ashamed to write love letters that would do for any man that received them. A poor hand you must be to blunder over two love letters. I have had eight and ten at once to answer, and I have never fafied to distinguish each, and while rivers run into the sea I never shall misdirect my love letters. I do not believe Rem ever got your letter, and I will not believe it, either now or ever I dare be bound Balthazer lost on the way. Prove to me he did not."

"Oh, indeed! I think you know better."
"Very clever is Lord Hyde to excuse himself by throwing the blame on poor Rem. Very mean indeed to accuse him to the girl he was going to marry. To be sure, any one with an ounce of common sense to guide them must see through the whole affair."

"Arenta, I have the most firm conviction of Rem's guilt, and the greatest concern fo rhis disappointment. I assure you I have."

concern fo rhis disappointment. I assure you I have."

"Kindly reserve your concern, Miss Moran, till Rem Van Arlens asks for it. As for his gulit, there is no guilt in the question. Even supposing that Rem did keep Lord Hyde's letter, what then? All things are fair in love and war. Willie Nicholls teld me last night he would keep a hundred letters if he thought he could win me by doing so. Any man of sense would."

"All I blame Rem for is—"
"All I blame Rem for is that he asked you to marry him. So much for that. I hope if he meddles with women again he will seek an all around common sense Dutch girl, who will know how to direct her letters-or else be content with one

"Arenta, I shall go now. I have given you an opportunity to be rude and unkind. You cannot expect me to do that again."

She watched Cornelia across the street She watched Cornelia across the street then turned to the mirror and wound her ringlets over her fingers. "I don't care," she muttered: "It was her fault to begin with. She tempted Rem and he fell Men always fall when women tempt them; it is their nature to. I am going to stand by Rem, right or wrong, and I only wish I could tell Mary Damer what I think of her. She has another lover, of course she has—or she would not have talked about her 'honor' to Rem."

To such thoughts she was raging when

not have talked about her 'honor' to Rem."

To such thoughts she was raging when Peter Van Ariens came home to dinner, and she could not restrain them. He listened for a minute or two and then struck the table no gentle blow.

"In my house, Arenta," he said. "I will have no such words. What you think, you think, but such thoughts must be shut close in your mind. In 'keeping that letter I say Rem behaved like a scoundrel. He was cruel and he was a scoward. Because he is my son I will not excuse him. No, indeed! For that very reason the more angry I am at such a deed. Now, then, he shall acknowledge to George Hyde and Cornelia Moran the wrong he did them, ere in my home and my heart he rights himself."

"Is Cornelia going to be married?"

"That is what I hear."

"Well, as I am in mourning I can not go to the wedding, so then I am delighted to have told her a little of my mind."

"It is a great marriage for the doctor's daughter—a countess she will be."

"And a marquise I am. And will you please say if either marquise or countess is any better than mistress or madame! Thank all the powers that be! I have learned the value of a title, and I shall change marquise for mistress as soon as I can do so."

"If always you had thought thus, a great deal of sorrow we had both been spared."

"Well, then a girl cannot get her share of wisdom till the counter that he is the contents to the share of wisdom till the counters to the share of wisdom till the counters to the share of wisdom till the counters to the share of the share of wisdom till the counters to the share of the share of wisdom till the counters to the share of the sh

great deal of sorrow we had both been spared."

"Well, then a girl cannot get her share of wisdom till she comes to it. After all, I am now sorry I have quarreled with Cornelia. In New York and Philadelphia she will be a great woman."

"To take offense is a greater folly—I know not which is the greatest, Arenta."

"Oh, indeed, father," she answered, "if I am hurt and angry I shal ltake the liberty to say so. Anger that it hidden cannot be gratified, and if people use me badly, it is my way to tell them I am aware of it. One may be obliged to eat brown bread, but I, for one, would say it is brown bread and not white."

"Your own way you will take until in some great trouble you stumble."

"And then my own way I shall take until out of it I stumble."

"I have told Rem what he must do. Like a man he must say, 'I did wrong and I am sorry for it,' and so well I think of those he has wronged as to be sure they will answer, 'It is forgiven."

"And is different. To forgive freely it.

"And then my own way I shall take until out of it I stumble."
"I have told Kem what he must do. Like a man he must say. 'I did wrong and I am sorry for it,' and so well I think of those he has wronged as to be sure they will answer, 'It is forgiven."
"And forgotten."
"That is different. To forgive freely is what we owe to our enemies; to forget not is what we owe to our enemies; to forget this what we owe to our enemies; to forget not is what we owe to our enemies; to forget not is what we owe to our enemies; to forget not is what ye owe to our enemies; to forget not is what ye owe to our enemies; to forget not is what ye owe to our enemies; to forget not is what ye owe to our enemies; to forget not is what ye owe to our enemies; to forget not is what ye out it is forgiven and not forgotten what good will it do him. I have seen that every one forgives much in themselves they find unpardonable in others."

"It hink it is cruel, father, to ask Rem to speak the truth to his own injury. Even the law is kinder than you. It asks no man to accuse himself."

"Right wrongs no man. Till others move in this matter you be quiet. If you talk evil words you will say; and mind this, Arenta, the evil that comes out of your lips in your own bosom will fall. All my life have I seen this."

But Arenta would not be quiet. See would sow thorns and her father's advice moved her no more than a breath moves a mountain. In in the same afternoon she saw Madame Jacobus going to Dr. Moran's, and the hour she remained there was full of misery to her

impetuous self-adoring heart. She was sure they were talking of Rem and herself, and as she had all their conclusions in accord with her suspicions.

But she met her aunt at the door and brought her eagerly into the parior. She had no visitors that day, and was bored and restless with longing for conversation. "I saw you go to the doctors's an hour ago, aunt," she said. "I hope the captain is well."

"Jacobus is quite well, thank God—and

captain is well."

"Jacobus is quite well, thank God—and Dr. Moran—and Cornelia. I have been looking at some of her wedding gowns. A girl so happy and who deserves to be so happy I never saw. What a darling she is!"

she is!"

It is now the fashion to rave about her. I suppose they found time enough to abuse poor Rem, and you could listen to them! I would not have done so! No! not if listening had meant salvation to the whole Moran family."

"You are a remarkably foolish young woman. They never named Rem. People so happy do not remember the bringer of sorrow. He has been shut out—in the darkness and cold. But I heard from Mme. Van Heemskirk why Cornella and that delightful young man were not married two years ago. I am ashamed of Rem. I can never forgive him. He is a disgrace to the family, and that is why I came here today. I wish you to make Rem understand that he must not come near his Uncle Jacobus. When Jacobus is angry he will call heaven and earth and hell to help him speak his mind, and I have nearly cured him of the habit, which is so distressing to me, and such a great wrong to his own soul. The very sight of Rem would break every barrier down and let a flood loose that would make him suffer afterward. I will not have Jacobus laid in such temptation. I have not heard an oath from him in six months."

"I suppose you would never forgive Jacobus if you did hear one."

"That is another matter. I hope I have a heart to forgive whatever Jacobus does or says. He is my husband."

"It is then less wicked to blaspheme Almighty God than to keep one of Lord Hyde's love letters. One fault may be forgiven, the other is unpardonable. Dear me! How religiously ignorant I am. As for my uncle swearing—and the passions that thus express themselves—everybody knows that anything that distinctly resembles good temper will suit Capt. Jacobus."

"You look extremely handsome when

sembles good temper will suit Capt. Ja-

sembles good temper will suit Capt. Jacobus."

"You look extremely handsome when you are scornful, Arenta, but it is not worth while wasting your charms on me. I am doing what I can to help Jacobus keep his tongue clean, and I will not have Rem lead him into temptation. As for Rem, he is guilty of a great wrong, and he must now do what his father told him to do—work day and night, as men work when the bridge is broken down. The ruin must be got cut of the way, the bridge rebuilt, then it will be possible to open some pleasant traffic and possible traffic with human beings again—not to speak of heaven."

it will be possible to open some pleasant traffic and possible traffic with human beings again—not to speak of heaven."

"You are right—not to speak of heaven. I think heaven would be more charitable. Rem will not trouble Capt. Jacobas. For my part I think that a man that cannot bear temptation is very poorly reformed. If my uncle could see Rem and yet keep his big and little oaths under bonds. I should believe in his clean tongue."

"Arenta, you are tormenting yourself with anger and ill-will, and above all with jealousy. In this way you are going to miss a great deal of pleasure. I advise you not to quarrel with Cornelia. She will be a great resource. I myseif am looking forward to the deightful change Jacobus will have at Hyde Manor. It will make a new life for him, and also for me. This afternoon something is vexing you. I shall take no offense. You will regret your bad temper tomorrow."

Tomorrow Arenta did regret, but peopeople do not always say they are sorry when they feel so. She sat in the shadow of her window curtain and watched the almost constant stream of visitors and messengers and tradespeople at Dr. Moran's house, and she longed to have her hands among the lovely things and to give her opinion about the delightful events sure to make the next two weeks full of interest and pleasure. And after she had received a letter from Rem, she resolved to humble herself that she might be exalted.

"Rem is already fortunate, and I can't help him by lighting his battles. Forgetiveness is the word. For this wrong can have no victory, and to be forgotton is the only hope for it. Beside, Cornelia had her full share in my happiness, and I will not let myself be defrauded of my share in her happiness—not for a few words. No, certainly not."

This reflection a few times reiterated resulted in the following note:

"My Dear Cornelia—I want to say so much that I cannot say anything, but —fogive me as I long to be forgiven."

This reflection a few times reiterated resulted in the following note:

"My Dear Cornelia—I w

warrant, Cornelia is now answering my letter. I dare warrant, she will forgive me very sweetly."

She spent half an hour in such reflections and then Cornelia entered with a smiling face. She would not permit Arenta to say another word of regret. She stifled all her self-reproaches in an embrace, and she took her back with her to her ewn home and no further repentance embarrassed Arenta. She put her ready wit and her clever hands to a score of belated things, and snubbed and contradicted Van Dien and Sherman girls into a respectful obedience to her earlier friendship, and wider experience. Everything that she directed or took charge of went with an unmistakable vigor to completion, and even Madame Van Heemskirk was delighted with her abidity and grateful for her assistance. "The poor Arenta," she said to Mrs. Moran. "Very helpful she is to us, and for her brother's fault she is not to blame. Wrong it would be to visit it on her."

was every day coming nearer and nearer, was just as happy as a girl loving and well beloved ought to be. Sorrow was all behind her, and the great joy was coming to meet her. Until mortal love should become immortal she could hope for no sweeter interlude in life.

Her beauty had increased wonderfully, hope had more than renenewed her youth, and confident love had given to her face and form a splendor of color and expression that captivated everybody, though why or how they never asked—she charmed because she charmed; she was the love, the honey, the milk of sweetest human nature.

the honey, the milk of sweetest human nature.

One day the little bevy of feminine counselors looked at their work and pronounced all beautiful and all finished, and then there was a lull in the busy household, and then every one was conscious of being a little weary, and every one also felt that it would be well to let hearts and brains, and fingers and feet rest. In a few days there would likely be another English letter, and they could then form some idea as to when Lord Hyde would arrive. The last letter received from him had been written in London, and the ship in which he was to sail was taking on cargo, while he impatiently waited at his hotel for notice of her being ready to lift anchor. The doctor thought it highly probable Hyde would follow this letter in a week or perhaps less.

follow this letter in a week or perhaps less.

During this restful interval Dr. and Mrs. Moran drove out one afternoon to Hyde Manor house. A message from Madame Van Heemskirk asked this favor from them. She wished naturally that they should see how exquisitely beautiful and comfortable was the home which her Joris had trusted her to prepare for his bride, but she did not wish Cornelia to see it until the bridegroom himself took her across the threshhold. "An old woman's fancy, is it?" she said to Mrs. Moran, "but no harm is there in it, and not much do I like women who bustle about their houses and have no fancies at all."

"Nor I," answered Mrs. Moran, with a merry little laugh. "Do you know that It is now the fashion to rave about her.

I told John to buy my wedding ring too wide, because I often heard my mother say that a tight wedding ring was unlucky?" Then both women smiled and began delightedly to look over together the stores of fine linen and damask which the mother of Joris had laid up for her son's use.

the stores of fine linen and damask which the mother of Joris had laid up for her son's use.

It was a charming visit, and the sweet pause in the vivid life of the past few weeks was equally charming to Cornelia. She rested in her room till the short daylight ended, and then she went to the parlor and drank aroup of tea and closed the curtains, and sat down by the hearth to wait for her father and mother. It was likely that they would be a little late, but the moon was full and he sleighing perfect. And then she was sure they would have so much to tell her when they did reach home.

So still was the house, so still was the little street, that she easily went to the land of revery and lost herself there. She thought over and again all her life with her lover, recalled his sweet spirit, his loyal affection, his handsome face and enchanting manner. "Heaven made me so fortunate," she thought, "and now my fortune has arrived at my wishes. Even his delay is sweet. I desire to think of him until all other thoughts are forgotten! Oh, what lover could be loved as I love him!"

Then with a soft but quick movement the door flew open, she lifted her eyes, to fill them with love's very image and vesture, and with a cry of joy flew to meet the joy so long afar, but now so near. "Oh, lovely and beloved O my love!" Hyde cried and then there was a twofold silence; the very ecstacy that no mortal words can utter. The sacred hour for which their lives had longed was at last dropped down to them from heaven. Between their kisses they spoke of things remembered, and of things to be, leaning to each other in visible sweetness, while
"Love breathed in sighs and silence Through two blent souls, one rapturous

"Love breathed in sighs and silence
Through two blent souls, one rapturous
undersong."

(The End.)

Molly's Fortunes.

THE REVERSE.

"She is what I call an over dressed woman."
"You should have seen her last summer when she was in bathing."

He himself retired to uncomfortable stool (the only other vacant one) from which he glared defiantly round as though challenging comments on his gallantry.

The girl seated herself with a little smilling bow of acknowledgment, and the company, recovering from its momentary excitement, relapsed into the dreary consciousness of the close-packed and damp discomfort within, and the yet more unpleasant prospect without. After stead—

Hakking to her to be out in the rain. It to be out in the case.

"Oh, do stop them, somebody," cried

'don't you see the little one is not

Molly, starting up and hastening to the

a match for the other? Won't somebody get out and stop them?"

Nobody present, however, was suf-ficiently philanthropic to respond to this invitation, especially as the rain was

coming down more heavily than before, and the long-expected tram had just

and the long-expected tram had just rounded the corner and was now rapidly approaching. The dark gentleman did indeed murmur something unintelligible, and the bank clerk half rose from his seat as though to comply, but, thinking of it, sank down again, and pretended to be absorbed in his newspaper.

"Also now miss." orded the conductor.

"Alsy now, miss," cried the conductor, "sure it can't do him a ha'porth of harm. Here's the dother car. Sit down

now do, miss, we're too late as it is an' no wan has the time to be lookin

atther them owdarious young scamps."
"Then I'll look-rafter them myself,"
cried Molly, swinging herself suddenly
off the car just as it was set in motion,
and bringing the selder of the combat-

ants to his senses by a poke with her umbrella; passangers and conductors alike gazing at her in amazement from

the rapidily retreating vehicle.
"Odd girl that, very!" said the gentle-

man with the umirella. "I'm glad the conductor didn't waste any more time talking to her. Dear me! what a night to be out in the rafn.tt

ly Mackenzie had the faculty of looking picturesque under all circumstances and

was a perfect study as she now stood

in the flare of the lamp light. Little rings of curly brown hair escaped from

under her felt hat and strayed round a very white forehead; the color that

the cold air caused to mantle in her cheeks was of the most transparent rose, the eyes of true Irish blue, while the small, saucy nose, with just a suspicion of the "tip-tilted" about it, the mouth

with its corners curving slightly up-wards to match, the little delicate ears,

were all chiselled with a care and finish such as nature only bestows on her mas-

Sh was very plainly dressed, and there was an ease and self-reliance in her manner which showed she was well used to going out alone notwithstanding her youth and unusual beauty; but that she

was a thorough lady no one could for an

The passengers one and all glanced up

at her as she passed, even the most stolid amongst them evincing a certain interest The old lady before mentioned, who had

been carefully gathering up her skirts out of the reach of the alarming um-brella, relaxed somewhat on receiving a

deprecating glance from its owner; a young bank clerk extended an officious hand to assist her progress, while a dark gloomy looking gentleman, hastily rising, signed to her to take his place.

He himself retired to uncomfortable stool (the only other vacant one) from which he glared defiantly round as though challenging comments on his gal-

instant doubt.

By "M. E. FRANCIS"-Author of "In a North Country Village." etc.

CHAPTER I. WANTED AN HEIR.

The October day was drawing to its close. Lamps were flashing out along the darkening Dublin streets; in some houses shutters were closed, in others less exclusive blinds were drawn down

leaving little rims of light to hint of warmth and cheerfulness within. Outside the prospect was dreary enough; a fine, close, blinding rain fell with a steady, exasperating determination that denoted continuance; umbrellas bobbed ceaselessly up and down the muddy streets, unprotected hats dripped, water-proofs rustled, cabs with closed windows rattled over the pavement, while trams were literally gorged with occupants.
"Boom for one more inside," cried the conductor of one of the last named con-

veyances, as a stout, elderly gentleman hois'ed himself slowly off the slippery step, his place being immediately pounce a severe looking old lady had hitherto balanced herself insecurely on the little round stool at the further end. "Comin', miss? All right, missye'll find a place beyond."

A girl sprang in, dashing the rain

drops from her bright, rose face, and apologetically carrying her dripping umbrella well in front of her as she found her way to the end of the train, her slim, supple figure swaying as the horse started again, and one little hand cling-ling to the strap that depended from the roof. Nothing could be more conventional than her attitude, more commonplace than her surroundings, yet Mol-

ily jogging onwards for some minutes during which nothing more important occurred than the frequent taking up or setting down of melancholy passengers the car came to a standstill, awaiting the arrival of another from the opposite direction.

"I must say ft is annoying to have to wait so long on such a night," complained the sour old lady, when some minutes had elapsed without the expected tram approaching. "Mismanaged, as usual," growled the

"Mismanaged, as usual," growled the dark gentleman. "They always mismanage these sort of things in Dublin."
"Quite true, sir, perfectly true," cried his next door neighbor, thumping his umbrella on the floor in token of assent. "We are the most unbusinesslike people in the world. There is no order, no method, anywhere amongst us. Our good nature alone, sir, one of the strongest national characteristics, is enough to ruin us. I heard a story the other day which shows the sort of thing that goes on. Lady arrived at country station missed her train, and was much annoy ed in consequence Grumbled to the sta-tion master. 'Very sorry, ma'am,' says he, 'if I'd known you were coming, I'd have loitered the train!' Ha! ha! I can

quite believe that's true.

The murmur of mingled amusement and disapprobation was suddenly domi-nated by a shrill cry without, and the general attention was diverted to somewhat unequal combat which was being carried on between two young newspaper vendors close to the tram, the smaller of whom was receiving a vig-

Molly scolded, remonstrated, and condoled; and finally had the satisfaction of seeing the two belligerents shake hands and march amicably off together to buy a couple of buns with the pennies she bestowed on them. "Now, I had better make my homewards," she said to herself. "

twenty minutes—I suppose I must walk.'
She trudged off bravely, though the water poured from her cotton umbrella, and began to penetrate in many places through her somewhat ancient waterproof. After a quarter of an hour's brisk walking she reached her destination, a tiny little house, one of a modest row in the neighborhood of Donnybrook, with a few sickly evergreens on either side of the flight of steps in front, a small green door, and a large brass knocker. After a sturdy application of the latter the door was flung open, and a tall, port-

the door was nung open, and a tall, porty, sandy-haired lady appeared within.

"Is that you, child, at last? What have you been doing? You can't think how anxious I've been. I particularly wanted you to be back early, and you must needs choose tonight of all nights in the year to stay out in the wet."

Molly entered giving howself a little

ing out two small deprecating hands in dripping gloves to her aunt.
"I'm sorry," she began, but was interrupted by a scream from the latter.
"Oh, child, how dreadfully wet you are! Don't come near me whatever you do, for I have got my best dress on. Dear me! the water is pouring off your things, and your umbrella—o—h! there's a stream, quite a stream coming from it. I've got my new shoes on, too. Come down to the kitchen like a dear, good

girl, and take off your wet clothes there.'
With this Mrs. Mackenzie led the way to the lower regions, and there superintended her niece as she changed her gar-ments, while the solitary domestic of the establishment busied herself in prepara-

big one's conscience for another. Now I'm ready"—giving her curly hair a pat or two as though to amend its picturesque disorder, and turning sharply round to leave the kitchen—"and I do so want my tea. No"—in answer to an expostulation from the rear—"I'm not going to brush my bair, and I don't want to wash my hands, the rain has done that for me. I want my tea, and I want to know why you have got on your new



ness and we stop it at once, no don't believe a fault can ever

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an' that's the thrute," explained the one 'He's after murderin' me entirely!' wept the other.

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ness and Loss of SLEEP. Tac Simile Signature of

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dear, how dark it is—what will auntic say? There won't be another tram for

Molly entered, giving herself a little shake like a dog after a swim, and hold-

After the first outburst the good lady's volubility appeared to have descried her, and she listened to Molly's explanations

and she listened to Molly's explanations in unusual silence, the expressions of disapproval, moreover, to which she gave utterance, at the end being much fainter than the latter had anticipated. "So you got wet through—your good dress and all—and tired out, besides being late for tea, for the sake of two little ragamuffins? Just like you! always doing absurdly quixotic things. Now let me ask you this: what good do you suppose came of your interference?" me ask you this: what good do you sup-pose came of your interference?"
'a great deal of good," responded Mol-ly promptly. "I saved the little boy a cuffing for one thing, and awakened the



matter how profitable. be really profitable.

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shoes on Thursday-something extraordimust have happened!" "Hush-sh-sh!" came in a laborious whisper from behind, as Mrs. Mackenzie "Hush-sh-sh!" hastened up the wooden stairs in "the servant, Molly; mind what you say before the servant!"

"Auntie, I'll be as careful as if I was the czar of Russia, and Kate a whole Nihilist suite. But I really must know what is the matter—why you are so mysterious and so queer. You haven't even scolded me, you know, and I did rather leserve a scolding, I must own. what is the meaning of it all? Here, comin quick-" impetuously drawing her aunt into the tiny parlor, and banging the door to-"now, auntie, now!"

door to—"now, auntie, now!"

"Well, my dear, after you left this morning Kate brought me a note from Mr. Burke, asking if he might call to see me on a very important matter."

Here Mrs. Mackenzie paused.

"Well?" breathlessly from Molly.

"Well, I considered it would be right. as a mark of respect to this old friend of cur family (a lawyer too) to change my dress. I did so, and he came." Another pause.

dress. I did so, and he came." Another pause.
"Aunt, why can't you go on?" with the prettiest little frown in the world. "What on earth is there to be so mysterious about?"

about?"
"He began," said Mrs. Mackenzie, whose solemnity had no whit relaxed, "he began by asking which branch of the O'Neilis your mother belonged to; so I told him. It was well for her, my dear, the transfer of the content of the that your poor uncle so often dinned your pedigree into my ears—he was proud to the convention why. I never

ands in your pedigree into my ears—he was proud of the O'Neill connection, why, I never could think, for it seems to me a well-to-do not long ago. Well, my dear, Mr. Burke was delighted, delighted, I assure you; and when I told him of those old papers in your mother's desk, and how your uncle said they would enable you to trace your descent ever so far back, he almost jumped for joy."

"Yes, but whe wants to know about it?" cried Molly, too much interested to make any flippant comments upon that aston shing possibility of good, rotund, gouty Mr. Burke being led away by his rapture to indulge in athletic feats.

"I'm going to tell you—don't interrupt like that," returned Mrs. Mackenzie somewhat testily. "It seems Mr. Burke has lately been appointed man of business, or legal adviser, or whatever you may call it, to a very rich eccentric old lady, a Miss o'Neill, who, he says, takes nobody's advice that he can see, and transacts most of her business herself. Well, this old lady sent for him the other day, and to his great surprise condescended to consult him. It seems that she is the sole representative, at least so far as any-body can make out, of the elder branch of the family of course there are o'Neils by the score, but not her O'Ne l's. There was an immense clan of them once, but with troubled times and

of the family. Of course there are O'Neills by the score, but not her O'Neils. There was an immense clan of them once, but what with troubled times and some of them emigrating and others going abroad, they were scattered"—here Mrs. Mackenzie swept her extended arms through the air and waved them up and down, to express wide dispersion—"scattered in the most pittable way, and in fact have nearly all died out. The younger branch, however, to which you belong, kept more together. I rather think they conformed, or something."

"I'm sure they did not!" interrupted Molly, indignantly.

"Pray how do you know?" retorted her aunt. "Your poor uncle used to complain that you never took the slightest interest, even when he talked to you about your grandmother; you are not likely, I think, to be well up in the doings of your more remote ancestors. What was I saying? You do confuse me so. The younger branch of the O'Neills kept more together, and continued fairly prosperous till '98, when most of them were killed, ruined and dispersed, like the others. At the beginning of this century Hugh O'Neill, your great grandfather, and his son were the sole representatives of that branch of the family. Do you follow me?"

"I think I do," returned Molly. "It's rather confusing, you know; what with this branch and that branch—but I am all attention."

"Your great grandfather," pursued Mrs. Mackenzie, solemnly, "went to the bad. Mr. Burke said he was a regular scamp—or was it a rake? I'm not sure which; but I remember thinking it a very vulgar word, and wondering at his using it."

"Never mind—the fact is the same," put in Molly, impatiently. "We was 'no

"Never mind—the fact is the same," put in Molly, impatiently. "We was 'no great shakes,' as Kate would say. What did he do?"

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Show us a fault in our business and we stop it at once, no did do do?

"It is well to be accurate, Molly, and after doing all sorts of winced things, he lost his money. His was nower heard of after. His youngest was now profitable.

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We have corrected the fault. It's cost us thousands of dolars to do it, but we have corrected it.

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Mayer's Comatone

Now, however, Miss O'Neill, finding herself alone in the world, and with the prospect of going out of it in a few any representatives of the elder O'Neils, as turned her attention to the younger, any representatives of the elder O'Neils, otherwise it would never have browned and prover large of posting a you called it, about the O'Neils, otherwise it would never have browned and prover large of posting and you was any called it, about the O'Neils, otherwise it would never have browned and prover large of posting and you was any expresentatives of the elder O'Neils, as turned her attention to the younger, any representatives of the elder O'Neils, as turned her attention to the younger, any representatives of the elder O'Neils, as turn

occurred to Mr. Blake to thing of you; and well for you, too, that I have a good memory, and was able to satisfy him as to particulars. He went back to the old lady at once, and tomorrow you are to go and see her. You are to pay her a long visit."

"Why?" oried, Molly, starting up with flaming cheeks. "What? Am I?"
"Hush—sh. my dear, let me finish." said Mrs. Mackenzie triumphantly.."Yes you are to be inspected by Miss O'Neill and if she is pleased with you, it is more than probable that she will make you her heir!"

(To be continued.) If your hat is a Gordon, that is all you need to know.

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DEATHS

VIEVERING—In St. Paul, Oct. 27, 1900, William Vievering Sr., aged forty-seven years. Funeral from residence of Will-iam Vievering Jr., 59½ Mt. Airy street, Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30 a.m. Services at St. Bernard's church at 9 a.m.

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