

# Katherine Blount's Love

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER IV—(Continued.)  
 She was gone, and the last of her dress had disappeared from the door. Archibald Blount, who was too well bred and refined to be so openly inquisitive as his step-mother, however great, and his step-father, however firm, as he walked, he murmured, half to himself, as he lit his bed-room door, "I wonder if she cares at all. I hope she does not." He touched the door with his hand, and went up stairs and into his room, and closed the door behind him, and went to bed, and fell asleep peacefully.

## CHAPTER V. The Step is Taken.

When October had come and was well-nigh gone, Katherine Blount married Sir Mark Warrene, and went for a three months' wedding tour of Italy. Day by day as it seemed to Sir Mark's anxious gaze—he being perfectly ignorant of the fatal attachment existing between his promised wife and Blackwood Craven—she appeared to be slowly but surely sinking into confirmed ill-health. So he pleaded earnestly for an early wedding.

Miss Blount, in the usual listless manner that had of late become habitual to the once gay little beauty, consented. Harriet Charteris alone, guessed exactly how matters stood, and would have striven with all her might to comfort and console the girl she so well loved, had not Miss Blount's distant, cold demeanor forbidden any attempts at probing her hidden wound.

About the end of January Sir Mark and Lady Warrene returned to the Hall, which, by the baronet's orders, had been magnificently restored during their absence, things having gone more or less to decay, during all those years that he had spent wandering in Italy and elsewhere.

Mrs. Charteris was delighted to find her friend considerably changed for the better. She had gained flesh, had brought back a brighter color in her fair face, and would have been quite the Katherine of old but for her eyes. In them lay perpetually a weary, dissatisfied, hopeless expression, that told but too clearly how comfortless was the heart within.

It so happened that two weeks after their return Sir Mark had occasion to go to London for a day. Katherine, not caring to accompany him, he went on his short journey alone; and, as he was strolling leisurely down Regent street to execute some trifling commission for his wife, whom should he meet, face to face, but Blackwood Craven, looking changed and careworn beyond description.

"Why, Craven," he exclaimed, heartily, "who would have dreamed of seeing you here! I heard from Blount that you were stationed somewhere in the South. I got a few weeks' leave," Blackwood returned listlessly, "and having nothing better to do, thought I would knock about London a bit and see some of my old friends."

real pleasure shining in his handsome blue eyes, as he contemplated Katherine's astonishment and delight. "Good-by, then, for the present; and do not be late, old man, whatever you do."

So it came to pass that Blackwood Craven actually started that night to spend some days under Katherine Warrene's roof. The weather was bitterly cold, frost and snow lying heavily upon the ground, as they drove along to Warrene Hall, but he scarcely seemed to heed it; the whole journey appeared to him like some exciting dream that would vanish presently and leave him in his own quarters in London, far enough from the Hall, and its inhabitants.

It was not until they drew up at the Hall door, and Sir Mark advised him to alight, "unless he had a fancy for being frozen to death," that he fully avowed to the reality of the situation. "Come along," Sir Mark exclaimed, eagerly, when the servant informed him where her ladyship was to be found. "Come along," Craven; Barnett will see to your baggage."

At this juncture Blackwood's heart began to fail him horribly. How would she meet him? He asked himself, hurriedly. Would she faint? Would she show any agitation? Or would she— "Warrene," he said, stopping short, and endeavoring to speak with unconcern, "would it not be better, perhaps, to tell Lady Warrene that—that I am come?"

"Oh, nonsense, man!" returned Sir Mark, with a half smile of astonishment, pausing to contemplate his companion unsuspectingly. "You do not suppose she requires the news to be broken to her, do you—you, who were almost a brother? Come on."

So after this, there being no help for it, Craven, with a smothered groan, followed his guide into a small, elegant apartment, where, at the farthest end, sat busily embroidering the woman he loved, Lady Warrene did not receive him until she had returned her husband's embrace, when Sir Mark, said pleasantly:

"Katherine, I have brought you your oldest friend," and she, looking up curiously, gazed straight into Blackwood Craven's eyes. For a moment—for just one brief moment of agony—she thought she was going to faint, to disgrace herself forever in her own and her husband's opinion; and then she found herself moving forward and saying something commonplace to Blackwood about his being welcome, and so forth—what exactly, she could never afterward remember. A cloud seemed gathering round her, choking, suffocating her in its cold embrace, from beyond which her husband's voice came to her, true and loving as ever:

"We are starving, my darling! Can Brander give us something if I ring the bell?" "I will go and see myself," she said, catching eagerly and gladly at the chance thus afforded her of getting away from the room, and from the one man whom, in all the world, she dreaded.

For half an hour she was absent, which time she employed in walking wildly up and down her own chamber, trying anxiously to collect her ideas and to conquer the fierce pain gnawing so persistently at her heart. "I have saved my father," she kept repeating to herself over and over again until she had grown tolerably calm; then she went back again to the obnoxious boudoir, only to find that Sir Mark and her cousin had gone down to the dining-room to discuss the good things Brander had thought fit to place before them. Thither she also descended—nervous lest either of them should notice anything unusual in her conduct—and, taking a chair near her husband's side, as far from Blackwood as was possible, she tried hard to say something civil and pleasant about their journey.

## SOWED WITH ARTILLERY.

How Gunpowder Helped to Plant Trees on a Rocky Crag.  
 Alexander Hasmyth, the landscape painter, was a man fruitful in expedients. To his mind, the fact that a thing could not be done in the ordinary manner was no reason why it should be given up. His son relates the following interesting example of his ingenuity.

The Duke of Athol, says he, consulted him as to some improvements which he desired to make in his woodland scenery near Dunkeld. Among other things, a certain rocky crag needed to be planted with trees, to relieve the grim barrenness of its appearance. The question was how to do it, as it was impossible for any man to climb the crag, in order to set seed or plants in the cleft of the rocks.

A happy idea struck my father. Having observed in front of the castle a pair of small cannons, used for firing salutes on great days, it occurred to him to turn them to account. A tin-smith in the village was ordered to make a number of canisters with covers. The canisters were filled with all sorts of suitable tree seeds. The cannons were loaded and the canisters were fired up against the high face of the rock. They burst and scattered the seed in all directions. Some years after, when my father revisited the place he was delighted to see that his scheme of planting by artillery had proved successful; the trees were flourishing in all the recesses of the rock.—London Answers.

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 as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

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