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urday, the 3rd day of October next, be-

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in the torture, as you have gloried all the hear you talk so strangely!" Peggy ex-

your own evil words! Nothing on earth could induce me to remain beneath the roof of a murderer!"

"Unfortunately you have no choice. The law has no power to free you, so you

widowed-his child branded with shame, and rest content?" Lilly asked despair-

"You are a fiend! My father at least will listen to my prayers and take me from

are perfectly aware that the shocklof knowing he had married his daughter to a scoundrel would kill him."

gether, and with faltering steps crossed the room. She felt suffocated-faint, and longed to be free from her husband's baleful presence.

laughed heartily, and, with a gay song upon his lips, hastened away, delighted at the pain he had just inflicted.

Little did he guess that another had overheard his wretched confession-one whose voice the law had no power to silence.

Hidden in the tiny room leading from the boudoir, hearing every word with a world of terrible anguish, Gipsy had listened silently to the end; never once moving or uttering a cry, though often tempted to-do so.

her eyes dilated and vacant; the hand have been carved in marble, it was so still

"Is it true? Can it be possible? Yet his own words condemn him!" she moaned, wondering what fearful weight lay at her breast, turning her heart to stone, and the lifeblood in her veins to icy coldness.

Though she had never loved her brother, she had never thought him guilty of crime; pain, making her grow faint and dizzy.

young life is to be sacrificed to his wicked spite! She must not-shall not suffer! How can I keep silent, when the truth will make so many happy?"

Gipsy shivered, and stole softly to her ly over this fearful secret.

were falling before she roused herself. Curiously enough, no one had sought her; future ill, seeming hanging over all the her words were true-if she had really behousehold, making the place dull and trayed him. To learn the Keliogg French Tailor System of Dress Cutting. The only system in America which cuts Worth's French Darts, front, back,

Feverishly getting pens and paper, Gipsy began to write-slowly at first, then as swiftly as the thoughts shaped themselves in her weary brain.

which cuts Worth's French Darts, front, back, sleeve, and skirts without refitting. No pasteboard chart, model or machine palmed off on you as a tailor system of dress cutting, but a genuine Tailor's Square, Dart and Sleeve Rule.

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Address or call on She did not heed the night-hours. Her P.O. Box 399.

General Agent for New Brunswick and Nova
Scotia. stiff she could scarcely hold the pen.

> word had been added, the closely written sheets placed in an envelope, sealed, and addressed, did she fling herself languidly on the bed, and fall into the deep sleep of utter exhaustion.

A very quiet sorrowful party met next forenoon and three o'clock in the aftermorning at breakfast. Ralph was not there, but Lilly and Gipsy both looked as if they had passed the night in bitter in equity, of, in, and to, all that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land situate, lying grieving.

ion's changed face, and the tender kiss she gave her was more loving than usual, McDermott property, on the west by land deeded to Robert Richardson, on the south though Lilly almost shrank from that the Carey property, being the lot of caress. and occupied by Thomas G. Richardson, "I a

"I am going into the village now; is asked gently.

Dosithe Richard against the said Caleb most immediately, the flash of hopedying from her eyes.

"No-nothing, thank you," she answered listlessly, too lost in her own gloomy musings to notice the wistful lookthat Gipsy gave her as she left the room.

Peggy's home, startling the woman by her unexpected appearance. "How ill you look, Miss Gipsy! Have you been fretting again?" she asked,

Gipsy tried to smile, but even Johnny's bright prattle failed to rouse her from her

"I am in trouble, Peggy, and as you are the only one who can help me, I have

come to you." miss, though it is not much I can help you

should have betrayed my secret?" he asked | address written on the envelope there, but mockingly. "You are my wife, and a as you value your future happiness and wife is not allowed to give her husband your boy's good name, let no one know up to justice! You will suffer, my peer- of this letter until you hear tidings of my less Lilly-suffer such anguish as you death. Then, without losing any time,

iously about. "I hope it will be long in-"I will never stay with you! The deed before I am obliged to give this up, if I am to keep it during your life."

> "Don't hope that, Peggy!" Gipsy said bitterly, rising to leave the cottage. "Your husband's freedom depends on that letter, so guard it safely." Peggy pondered long over the girl's

strange words; Gipsy's sad face and brokenhearted voice had impressed her deeply. It was with a troubled sigh she at length locked the letter in a small box, wondering what secret was hidden there.

Straight to her brother's room Gipsy went on reaching home. If she was moved by any unusual emotion no trembling of lips or hand betrayed her. She glided towards him like a little white ghost, her dark dress trailing softly behind her.

"What do you want?" he asked roughly, frowning across the table at her.

"Only a few words with you, Ralph Rosslyn," the girl said quietly, her voice full of pitiless contempt. "Now I know what you are-what fearful guilt lies on your soul, I cannot think of you as my brother! It was you who murdered Basil Glandore, the man whom I loved so dearly. How could you rest so calmly with that stain upon your soul?"

"Did Lilly tell you this?" Ralph said hoarsely, clenching his hands angrily over his books.

"No; I was in the adjoining room and heard all. Once I swore that if ever I discovered the real assassin, I would kill him with my own hands. You are my brother, so I cannot take your life; but I can betray you."

"You dare not!"

"You will see," Gipsy answered scornfully, drawing back as he sprang towards Her face was ghastly in its awful pallor; her. "Do not touch me, or I may forget we are of kin! You say I dare not bewhich grasped the velvet portière might tray you. That is false! though the world shall know your guilt only when I

"You may live longer than I." A strange smile quivered over the girl's face, and her eyes grew radiant.

"No; I shall not do that. One life must pay the penalty of your crimeyours is sacred in my hands, but my own I can, and will take! Lilly shall be free at all costs, though my death and your the knowledge gave her a shock of terrible disgrace alone will break her bondage !" Ralph gazed at her, wondering if the

shock had turned her brain; he did not see her hand move slowly towards her Meast, and strike heavily against it. As sh staggered, however, al .w .xclamati. broke from him and he carga he swaving form in his arms, to tieng with terror

the real broad or zing from a wound just ab ve her heart. Good heavens, Gipsy! What have "Betrayed your secret-shared your

doom !" she whispered tremule usly ; then, with a smile upon her lips, fell dead in his Who can tell what thoughts chased each other through her guilty brother's brain!

His one instinct was to find out how far He was not long left in doubt; while it was not form, and Ralph paced restlessly about the

house, Peggy gave into the squire's hands the confession which branded Rosslyn as a marderer and cleared Leigh's name. Full of horror and alarm, Squire Glandore had Ralph arrested; and unable to deny the dark secret disclosed in his sister's dying confession, he went tranquilly to his

doom. Lilly was free at last! But at what a price! It seemed as if she, too, would sink beneath the open shame if thoughts of her father had not encouraged her to

' We shall be happy when the shadow is cleared from our home, darling," Lord Audley whispered lovingly, the day after poor Gipsy's burial. "In a brighter future you will soon forget those brief months of woe. I am sorry, indeed, I ever forced you to wed that rascal."

"We will not speak his name," Lilly answered shunderingly; "I never want to think of him again! He is dead to me, as he is dead to the world."

Under her old name, with much of the old sweetness which had endeared her to all in past days, Lilly returned to her father's home, trying to forget she had ever left its safe shelter.

Poor Peggy was, indeed, rejoiced to know her husband could face the world without a stigma on his character. Simon might look pale and worn to a shadow; her welcome was not less glad when he at

"Thank God I see you again!" Leigh exclaimed fervently, as he clasped his wife in his arms. "Once I almost feared we should never meet in this world, and the thought brought me much suffering." "I knew you would come back to baby

arms, gazing tenderly into the sweet dim2 pled face. With almost reverent love he pressed his lips to Johnny's rosy ones, tion to you or members of your household feeling for the first time his heart thrill with fatherly tenderness.

"My two treasures! If it were not for sample copy. Miss Lilly, I would count this the happiest moment in my life. Remembering her trouble, and poor Miss Gipsy's sad death, there is just a wee shade of regret in my joy. Please God she will soon forget the past, and as the memory of Mr. Rosslyn grows fainter, may sweet thoughts of dear Master Basil keep fresh her heart, bring-

"You may be sure I will do all I can, ing peace to ease her sorrow!"

Peggy sighed, then smiled contentedly into her husband's face. What right had they to grieve when fate had been so kind?

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have never before felt! Do I not know put it in the squire's own hands." how your soul will shrink from the bond | "Surely, Miss Gipsy, you do not think which links you to an assassin? I delight of dying? It makes me quite shiver to months I scorning my love. We are quits | claimed, turning the sealed envelope cur-

chains that binds us have been severed by

must reconcile yourself to your life!"

"Have you no pity for the man who

"Quite so. Some one must bear the

"I do not think you will tell him. You

Lilly clasped her hands convulsively to-

As the door closed behind her, Ralph

"Poor-poor Lilly! And to think her

own room, where she could ponder quiet-Long she sat there, lost in deep reverie; the day drew to a close, and dim shadows an unusual stillness-a foreboding of

head throbbed hotly, her eyes ached with the long working, and her fingers grew so Still she wrote on, and not until the last

Gipsy glanced earnestly at her compan-

there anything I can do for you?" she Lilly raised her head, but bowed it al-

With hurried steps she hastened towards and me! Kiss your son, Simon."

struck by the haunted expression in the

"Yes, you can, Peggy. I want you to Life for them had indeed recommenced, mind this packet for me; you see the and this time without one dark cloud.