## **※ A DAUGHTER** OF JUDAS. 米器

By the Author of "Sir Lionel's Wife," "The Great Moreland Tragedy," Etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR TIPTAFT IS SENT FOR.

The very next day way Sunday. The Muggleton family had always attended Divine Service at Little Cleeve, and, although Mr. Muggleton was desperately angry with Mr. liptaft, and didn't at all like the idea of being 'preached at by the fellow,' yet he was too proud to be absent himself from church, or to premit any of his family to do so.

Accordingly, the Muggleton coach rolled up ro the church just before the bells rang out their last peal, and the millionaire, with a very red face, and a very fierce and dignified air, marched up the aisle to his

In a minute or two, Mr. Tiptatt emerged from the vestry, came down the chancel and took his place at the reading-desk.

He had on a clean white surplice, and a very handsome hood, and his bands-if the irate father had but known it-had been embroidered by the fair hands of Marie.

In Maire's eyes the look of meekness on his face was quite seraphic.

It seemed to say that he had forgiven everybody who had offended hin, and was ready, at any moment, to give them a kiss

When Mr. Muggleton had said to the wite of his bosom that he had no taste for being preached at by the fellow, he showed a very accurate knowledge of what was in store him; for Mr. Taptatt availed himself to the very utmost of the opportunity afforded by his position for avenging himself on his enemy—the purse-proud soap-maker, who had dared to call him a beggarly parson, and had as good as dismissed him from his house.

ing that 'the wicked man, who turneth ening throb of tear. away from his wickedness, and doeth that soul alive, it was perfectly clear to Mr. | came it. Muggleton that he was the wicked man He drew a chair forward, very softly, whom the reverend gentleman had in his and sat down beside the bed.

Equally clear was it that to him, about every other member of the congregation | She had been very affectionate to him was given "the ghostly benefit of the all through her illness, showing no touch absolution."

It was the same all through the prayers and when, in the Litany, Mr. Tiptait proaches could have done. slowly intoned the petition-'That it may please Thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts,' Mr. Muggleton went crimson with rage, and Marie was so deeply moved that a tear fell on her prayerbook, and she was unable to utcer the responses in a clear

And if the set form of words could be made thus useful, what shall be said of the sermon, where the reverned gentleman had it all in his own hands?

Suffice it that Mr. Muggle drove home to luncheon in a terrible temper, seemingly very little benfited by his morning's devotions.

Mr. Tiptatt had been practically forbidden The Towers, and Marie had been torbidden to speak to him if they met-in fact, to hold any intercourse with him whatever.

She did not go out of her way to disobey her father's injunctions, but she went about the villiage of Little Cleeve as usual, and, ot course, it was not long before she met her lover.

He assumed a chastened manner, admirably suited for the occasion. He was tender and reverential, but he

was very humble, and spoke much of his

own unworthiness. He could not and would not blame Mr. Muggleton for looking higher for his daughter; and although, as a man, be was deeply hurt at the imputations cast upon him, as a Christian, above all as a parish priest-for this was Mr. Tiptaft's - favorite

offended at them. All this was 'Heavenly mindedness' in in the eyes of poor Marie, and more fervenily than ever did she resolve to let nothing part her from so good a man.

character-he was resolved not to be

'If only your father would tie up his money away from you, I would marry you the church; but he remembered himself tomorrow! he said, pathetically. 'Then just in time, and, walking to the bedside, he would have to acknowledge my disin-

'He says he won't give me a penny. Oh, Augustus! -for it had got to Augustus now- are you sure you shouldn't mind?".

'Mind! My sweetest, how can you ask me such a question?' he exclaimed, with tender reproach. 'Nothing could give me such happiness as for you to come to me penniless. It is the opportunity I long for showing the disinterestedness of my love.'

The truth was, Mr. Tiptaft had very accurately gauged the character of Mr. Mug-

He was a hot-tempered, and, in some things, a stern-natured, man; but he loved his girls far too well to disinherit any one

However he might fret and fume, and salute. storm and rage, he would be sure to come

round at last. If only Marie stood firm, her father would give way; and hence the reverend gentleman, with no little tact and cleverness, devoted his energies entirely to strengthening his hold on her affection and

esteem. The father he could afford to let alone. And so matters went on some days.

Marie went about with a pale, pensive face, Mrs. Muggleton looked anxious, Mr. Muggleton was in a state of chronic ill-

humor, and, altogether, things were un

pleasant at The Towers. Janetta and Vi were inclined to take their sister's part, the more especially as their own little love affairs had been allowed to proceed so smoothly; and Ka'e, though she had no love for Mr. Tiptatt, agreed with them.

In her charming, girlish fashion she tried to coax the millionaire into a softer frame of mind, and she might, in the end, have s cceeded, had not an unlooked-tor circumstance taken the honour of victory out of her hands.

Marie tell ill. Her disappointment in regard to Sir Patrick had probably weakened her nervous system and all this agitation over Mr. Tip taft had, of course not tended to strengthen

She caught a cold through her being out in the rain one afternoon, and the cold, atter a day or two, resolved itself into a slow tever.

The doctor talked about 'loss of tone,' and looked grave.

Mrs. Muggleton who was the tenderest of mothers, was terribly anxious.

The girls looked reproachfully at Mr. Muggleton, and he at length under these combined influences, began to feel himself a guility wretch who might yet become the murderer of his child. One atternoon he stood beside Marie's

bed, looking down at her, and thinking, with a pang, how thin and pale she was, how pinched were her teatures, how sad and weary her once bright eyes. 'If she is really fretting after that fellow,'

he thought, but did not finish the sentence even to himself. Marie closed her eyes, as if she would

try to sleep. She looked more frail than ever lying When he opened the service by announc- thus, as Mr. Muggleton noted, with a sick-

The heart of the father struggled with which is lawful and right, shall save his the ambition of the millionaire, and over-

Marie opened her eyes, and gave a faint, sweet smile at seeing him sitting there.

of resentment, and. perhaps, this had softened him more than any number of re-'Marie,' he said, abruptly, as such a

man is bound to speak nider su h eircumstances, but very kindly too, 'should you like me to send for Mr. Tiptaft ?'

'If you please, papa,' was all Marie said, in a low voice, for she was very weak. And the next moment a tear rose to her

eye, and trickled down her cheek. The sight of that tear quite finished Mr.

'Don't cry, my Pollie. It shall be ss you wish,' he said, huskily, and stooping over her, he kissed her quivering lips.

She knew what he meant, but had barely strength to thank him. She could only press his big red hand with her feeble white one, and look the gratitude she could not

And so Mr. Tiptaft was summoned to the bedside of his love.

Mr. Muggleton wrote him a brief note. in which he intimated he was welcome to come if he chose; and, of course, such an intimation was equivalent to a permission to prosecute his suit.

The reverend gentleman was not exult-

He was only mildly benignant and complacent, as a virtuous man should be when, by patience and meekness, he has overcome

Arrived at The Towers, he was received by Mrs. Muggleton, who glided smoothly, and with s woman's tact, over the difficulty of the meeting.

She said much of 'dear Marie,' and nothing at all of Mr. Muggleton, who meant to keep out of the way as long as he decently could, and then invited him upstairs to her daughter's room.

Force of habit was so strong, that when he entered the virginal chamber of his betrothed bride, he was very near beginning with the office for the sick, as appointed by took Marie's hand, and asked her how she was, in a low gentle volce, which brought the tears to her eyes.

She was a little better this afternoon, but still weak.

She looked very pretty and charming, with her faintly-flushed cheeks and large blue eyes, but woefully delicate.

Mr. Tiptaft thrilled with gratified vanity at the thought that she had pined away like this for love of him.

The Reverend Augustus deceived himself in supposing that Marie loved him; but the thought pleased him immensely.

He whispered a tender inquiry as to how she felt; then growing bolder, he stooped and kissed her, Mrs. Muggleton standing by, and exhibiting no disapproval of the

Marie, if not exactly happy, had a feeling of restfulness at the thought of belong-

ing to such a good man. The agitation of her spirits becoming

And Tumors

cured to stay home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 130-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason Medicine Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario. composed, she rapidly grew stronger, and within a week, was able to leave her bed. might have done, then turned to Sylvis, Mr. Tiptaft was a most devoted lover. He came to see her twice, and sometimes

During one of his visits, he met Mr. Muggleton, who held out his hand, with a brusque 'How d'ye do ?' and made no further reference to that memorable interview, when he had called him a beggarly parson, and refused him his daughter's

Of course it was understood that Mr. Tiptaft was to become his son-in law, though not a word was said about it, and in a tew days the society papers had got hold of, and were chronicling, the fact that a marriage had been arranged, and would shortly take place, between the Reverend Augustus Tiptaft, rector of Little Cleeve, Hants, and nephew of the Earl of Gowan, and Marie, eldest daughter of the wellknown millionaire, Mr. Samuel Muggleton.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE HOME COMING. Lights were gleaming from many win-

dows in Vivian Court. The great door was thrown open, and the entrance-hall was lined with servants, butier at the head of the men, the stately, silver-haired housekeeper-in stiff black silk, and cap of Maltese lace—at the head of the women.

The cause of all this unwonted excitement was that Sir Gerald and his bride

were coming home. They had spent the lune-de miel at The Dower House, in perfect privacy and retirement, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot'; but now they were returning home, to take up the duties of their

It was a wild night—one of those nights which are not infrequent with us in late October- the wind blowing tempestuously the rain beating in the face, the swollen rivers mornful in their sound.

Certainly not a night of happy augury, so tar as the elements went.

If the newly-wedded pair had been superstitious, they might have said it was nnlucky to take possession of their home in such a storm.

However they had come, and, perforce, must make the best of it.

Lady Ruth in dainty silver-grey and Honiton lace, sat in the drawing-room awaiting their arrival, glancing at the clock every other minute or so, and listening anxiously to the howling of the wind and to the beating of the rain.

'What a terrible night!' she murmured, on a footstool at her feet—a dainty little figure in a white silk slip, with blue ribbons in her hair.

'Will they come, auntie ?' said the child, anxiously. 'Perhaps they won't in all this | in the drawing-room.

'They are sure to come dear. For one thing, they would probably have started before this storm came on. Besides, your brother always keeps his word.' 'And the rain won't hurt them in the

closed carriage, auntie.' 'No; the rain won't hurt them,' assented

Lady Ruth. 'But it's a terrible night. I really shouldn't care to be out in it myself. The clock struck seven. Lady Ruth rose, drew aside the heavy purple curtain from one of the windows,

and looked out into the night. She was the more anxious for the arrival of her nepnew and his bride because she had not once seen them since the

Her neice, Lady Hamlyn, had been suddenly taken ill, and she had had to go to her, and stay with her over a fortnight.

She had returned to the Court only two days ago, and had brought Sylvia back with her, Lady Vere having asked that the child might be at home to welcome them. Tae night grew wilder.

A terrific blast of wind was followed by a storm of rain, which beat like rain upon the windows, and, in the midst of this tempest, Sir Gerald's carriage turned in at the lodge gates, the coachman urging on his horses at a tremendous pace.

The servants in the hall could hear the wheels and see the carriage lights. A few more moments, and the coachman

pulled up his steaming horses at the door, and Sir Gerald was assisting his bride to

He drew her arm through his, and, with head thrown proudly back, walked with her through the lines of bowing and curtseying servants. 'I hope you are all well he said, !' in his

old genial manner, then turned to the housekeeper, and shook hands with her cordially.

Lady Vere did the same, adding a pleasantly uttered word of greeting. Then they passed on to the drawing room at the door of which Lady Ruth stood

awaiting them. She saw, in a moment, that her nephew looked radiantly happy; but she saw, also. that there was about him a certain excitability of manner which made her feel

rather uneasy. From a boy, though always generous and affectionate, he had shown a tendency to become over-sensitive and impression-

This, united with a singularly romantic and poetic nature had threatened to unfit him for the wear and tear of everyday life. Careful training had done much to counteract this tendency, but Lady Ruth, who knew and understood him as a mother might have done, saw signs of nervous excitability now underneath all his radiancy

of happiness. From him she turned to gaze at Lilian, and thought she had never before seen look so beautiful.

For one thing, she had never seen her in such rich attire.

Her carriage dress was of dark blue velvet, bordered with the costliest fur. It enhanced the exquisite fairness of her complexion, and the beauty of her wonderful dark eyes. She looked happy, but calmly and ser-

enely so, not radiantly like her husband.

She kissed Lady Ruth as a daughter

and clasped her in her arms. 'Darling, I am your sister now. Will you try to love me?' she said.

and with great earnestness. You know I

A tender smile parted the lips of Lady That little affectionate speech of her late

pupil's seemed to have pleased her well. 'Are you tired, my love?' said Sir Gerald, bending tondly towards his wife. 'A littl -- only a very little!' she answer-

'Tea shall be brought in this moment. said Lady Ruth. 'I thought you would take it here. But if you would rather

have it in your own rooms-'Oh, no! We would ever so much rather have it here, with you, wouldn't we,

Gerald ?' So tea was brought in, the table being already set for it and Lady Ruth dipensed it in her own quiet refined fashion, while Lilian, having simply loosened her cloak from about her neck, leaned back in an easy chair to partake of it, with little Sylvia on a footstool at her feet, and Sir Gerald sitting beside her, alert, and eager to minister to her lightest want.

That she was grateful to him for his de-

votion, Lady Ruth could see. It was not that she thanked him much in words, but her eye rested on him, now and again, with a look in its depths which quite satisfied Lady Ruth, notwithstanding that she had a belief-strong as his own mother's could have been-that he was worthy of all wifely worship.

After a pleasant half-hour spent in this way, Lady Vere retired to her room to dress for dinner, her husband accompany-

ing her. She came down again, as the second dinner bell was ringing, in a white silk dress, with trimmings of priceless lace.

Lady Ruth had scarcely expected she would drese so splendidly on this her first evening at home; but when she saw the look of gratified pride with which Sir Gerald regarded her, she understood that it was to please him that the costly dress was donned.

Certainly she looked peerlessly beautilul in it, and nobly fitted to be the mistress of

that proud old home. In all the picture gallery of the Veres, there was not one face or form to be compared with hers.

After dinner. Sir Gerald left the table with his wife and aunt.

half to herself half to little Sylvia who sat | time, and just now he seemed as though he | 'I fancy there has been a good deal of could scarce suffer his wife out of his sight for a single unnecessary moment. 'Will you sing for me, dear?' he asked as

soon as they were comfortably ensconced She complied in a moment, as, indeed, she seemed to comply with his every

He turned the leaves of her music-book

this which had taken possession of Sir Gerald Vere.

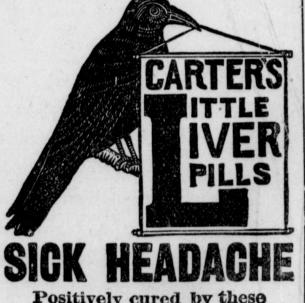
strongly set. He was rich enough himself not to need riches with a wife, and Lillian was unmistakably a lady of gentle birth, though not

of the highest rank. The ordinary young ladies one met in society were not very well-fitted to please taste at once so romantic and so fastidious as his; whereas this girl, with her startling, peerless beauty, had not only won his heart, but would assuredly have

the power to keep it. And what a sensation she would make when she was presented at Court next

Her beauty would be the rage. Her husband would be far prouder of her than ever he could have been of a duke's daughter, or of an heiress who had

brought him boundless fortune. 'I needn't have troubled Emilia about it; for I really believe it's all for the best!' | leaning forward in his eagerness, so as to thought Lady Ruth, as she sat by the fire



Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They

Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's,

Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Ask for Carter's,

and listened, dreamily, to Lilian's thrillingly sweet voice.

'I'm afraid I'm wearying you, my darling,' said Sir Gerald, at length, and Lilian, looking round at him with a smile, 'I do love you!' said the child, promptly, let him draw a chair forward to the fire,

and seather in it with a screen in her hand, to protect her from the heat. 'Well, now, auntie, tell us the news!'

he said gaily. What's happened while we've been away ? 'But I've been away, too, my dear. You

forget that. However, there is some news, I heard yesterday, which will interest you, I think. In the first place all the Muggleton girls are engaged '

'What! all of them ?' 'Yes. I thought you might of heard.
'No; Lilian and I lived in quite the oldfashioned honeymoon style. I should say we have'nt had audience of half-a-dozen eople since we want away from here. The Dower House might have been quite out of the world. And so they're to be married, are they? Well, I am sure I wish them every happiness. They are genuinely nice girls.

'Yes I like them-especially the youngest one,' said Lilian. 'She is a bright pretty little thing. I think they call her

'Who are the happy men, aunt? asked Sir Gerald.

'Guess.' 'Well, Sir Granville one, of course. He takes the middle girl-Jane or Janetta isn't she,

'Yes.' 'And Harry Rolleston pairs of with Lillian's favourite, the little bright one.' 'Yes said Lady Ruth, again. She smil-

ed amusedly, as she added: 'One more guess Gerald.' Why, you know we always hoped Donovan would make up to the eldest girl. I'm sure she favoured him. But he went off and never spoke, like the hair-brained tellow he always was. I suspose it isn't he. No such luck !

'A nearer neighbour than Sir Patrick, my dear. Guess again.' 'Not Tiptatt !' exclaimed Sir Gerald, dis-

gustedly. Yes Mr. Tiptaft,' said Lady Ruth, quietly enjoying his look of indignation.

Are you surprised? By Jove! I am. I saw the fellow's game, of course, and, indeed spoke of it to Donovaan, I said-'Old fellow, if you don't go in and win, that sneaking parson will cut you out.' But I never really thought he'd manage it. I believed Mug-He was no great drinker of wine at any gleton would never give his consent.

trouble over it,' said his aunt. And then she told him all the current

gossip about the engagement. 'I never felt more disgusted in my life !' ejaculated Sir Gerald. 'Poor old Donovan! What a miss he's made! And, do you know, I'm certain the girl cared for him. Indeed, how could she help it? Such a dear old fellow as he is! I shouldfor her, and hung over her in a kind of n't be surprised if there's been some underhand business somewhere. Don't tell A passionate, soul-absorbing love was | me that any woman could prefer that sneak-

ing parson to a man like Donovan.' 'Tastes differ, my dear.' said Lady Lady Ruth, watching them together, Ruth, placidly. 'It is fair to suppose it is told herself that her nephew, after all, a love match on the lady's side, whatever it could scarcely have done better than is on his. But I've some more news for marry this girl on whom his heart was so you. When did you hear from Morewood

'Oh, a month or so ago. What about him? Is he going to be married, too?' Lady Vere, who had been toying with the gold handled fire-screen, here pushed her chair further from the fire, as though

she could not bear the heat. A deep pink flush suffused her face. She hurriedly held up the screen, so as to almost quite conceal it.

Sir Gerald, in his interest in his aunt's news, did not notice this. 'Is he going to be married?' he repeated, as Lady Ruth answered only with a smile. 'At any rate, he is engaged.'

'I think I know to whom, then—that very lovely girl the Muggletons had staying with them-Miss Lisle?" 'Yes, Miss Lisle is the young lady,' 'And when was it all arranged?' demand-

put himself quite in front of Lilian. 'Three or four weeke ago, I tancy; but it is only within the last few days it has been made public property.'

ed Sir Gerald, keenly interested, and

'Have you seen him since?' 'Yes, he was here vesterday. He told me about it quite frankly, and said I might tell you. I am very pleased. She is a particularly charming girl; and, although she has no money, her family is of the best.'

'Does he seem happy?' 'Happy! He is in raptures. He can talk of nothing but his Kate.' 'Well, I'm very glad, I'm sure. I must go over in the morning, and congratulate

Sir Gerald, as he said this, put back his chair, and, in so doing, caught sight of Lilian's face. 'My desrest, don't you feel well?' he arked, with love-like anxiety. 'You can't think how pale you look-doesn't she,

'The fire was so excessively hot-I ought not to have sat so near,' murmured Lilian, dropping the screen. 'It has made me feel a little faint. Please don't take any notice. I stall be better in a moment. But Sir Gerald would take notice, would

insist on ringing for wine and water, and or smelling-salts. Neither was all this anxiety without some cause, for Lady Vere's face was as white as the face of the dead.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE BALL A month after the home-coming of Sir

Gerald and Lady Vere, a grand ball was given at the court. Sir Gerald, of course, wished to present his beautiful wife to the county. In her honour it was that the ball was

being held.
Coatinued on Fifteenth Page.