

though he was to repair, as much as possible, so doing an injustice. But how could I do it? I would have been only too happy to return him that fortune which he considered it his duty to place in my hands; but knowing your son as well as I did, I feared not only to be refused, but that my offer would offend him.

'You were right, my dear,' said Madame de Targy, softly.

'Then I tried to think of some way in which I could be useful to him, without hurting his feelings, and I believe that I have found it. You must induce him, dear madam, to purchase this seat, and accept from me as a loan, the necessary sum to pay for it. It is the simplest thing in the world; he can repay me from his profits. Does not my proposition seem to you a very reasonable one?'

Madame de Targy's eyes were full of tears, as they rested upon the fair face of the young widow, so full of generous enthusiasm.

'Such an offer, my dear Armande,' she said, 'is what might have been expected from your kind heart, and I acknowledge that, as far as I am concerned, I would be willing to accept your loan. But, with Henri it is a different matter. I don't know what he would say.'

'But why should he not accept?' exclaimed the baroness, persistently. 'What reason can he offer for not doing so. Ah! with a shade of sadness, perhaps he would be unwilling to accept any service from me personally.'

'From you, personally?' cried Madame de Targy. 'What nonsense! How could you think such a thing as that?'

Armande flushed as she replied with some embarrassment:

'He treats me, it seems to me, in a very singular manner. One would say, that in spite of himself he feels still a little rancour against me as the cause of his troubles, and, especially, since my mourning. During the settlement of the affairs at the bank, to which he applied himself with so much zeal, you have no idea how cold his attitude toward me was. I do not mean that he was not always courteous and devoted to my interests, but it seems to me as if it were painful for him to meet me.'

As Madame de Targy listened to these words, a new idea suddenly entered her brain, a hope that made her heart beat faster. Perhaps, after all, there was a new and brighter future for that son she so dearly loved.

'My dear,' she said affectionately, 'you are certainly mistaken. I know that he has every sympathy and respect for you in the world.'

Armande smiled sadly.

'I wish I could believe it,' she said, 'but at all events, I beseech you, use all your influence to induce him to accept what I propose, and I shall be very happy.'

Madame de Targy drew the lovely girl, for she was scarcely more than that, toward her, and kissed her on the forehead.

'You are one of the dearest girls I know,' she murmured.

'Please tell him,' continued Armande, 'that, in permitting me to render him this little service, he does not inconvenience me in the least. He knows that, he knows my fortune. And, moreover, tell him, in order to remove any lingering scruple that he may have, that the wealth of this earth, for which I have never cared much, is of less consequence to me than ever. I intend to abandon the world.'

Madame de Targy started.

'What do you mean?' she asked, in bewilderment. 'You, surely, are not contemplating entering a convent.'

'Not exactly that,' replied Armande, with a faraway look in her sapphire eyes, 'that is, I do not intend to take the black veil, but I have almost resolved to become a sister of charity. Why is it not the best fate for me? I have no children, no near relatives. What better future can I have than to make a family of all those who suffer?'

'But,' exclaimed Madame de Targy, both alarmed and pained, 'you are so young. No one can tell what the future may have in store for you. You can still begin life all over again.'

'Life has been one long disappointment to me,' replied Armande, with a sigh. 'I renounce it.'

Madame de Targy regarded her fixedly, as if endeavouring to read her inmost heart.

'So, my dear child,' she said, slowly, 'there is nothing, and no one attaches you to this world, no one whom you may regret having abandoned?'

Armande shook her head, sorrowfully.

'Are you very sure?' persisted Madame de Targy.

'What is the use of hopeless attachments?' returned the young widow, a look of sorrow and mortification contracting her brow.

Madame de Targy laughed softly. The ambiguous words told her much, and her fears were set at rest.

'You do not mean me,' she said, slyly, 'when you say that, for you know how dearly I love you.'

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

HAS NO EQUAL

For the Rapid Cure of

Colds, Coughs

INFLUENZA,

AND

SORE THROAT.



is no other remedy so effective as

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

HIGHEST AWARDS AT THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR, 1893.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Beware of cheap imitations. The name—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—is prominent on the wrapper, and is blown in the glass of each bottle.

Milwards' Needles

Buy Milwards only.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

The most beautifying, soothing, healing, and refreshing milk for the skin ever produced; it removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness and Roughness, soothes and heals all irritation, and produces soft, fair, delicate skin and a beautifully pure and healthy complexion. Warranted harmless.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Nourishes, preserves and beautifies the hair.

ROWLANDS' EUKONIA,

A pure toilet powder in three tints, white, rose and cream.

Ask Chemists and Grocers for ROWLANDS' articles of 20, Hatton Garden, London, and avoid cheap, poisonous imitations.

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

... ROTORUA ...

Patent Kerosene Bath and Water Heater

READY IN ONE MINUTE. A HOT BATH FOR ONE PENNY.



FOUR GALLONS OF HOT WATER PER MINUTE.

WALKER & CO., Sole Agents, Queen Street, AUCKLAND.

Armande was silent for a moment as if fearful to betray too much, and then she said, timidly:

'Oh, no, I am sure of your affection.' 'Are there others that you mean, then, my dear?' asked Madame de Targy, with the gentleness and tenderness a mother might have used in interrogating her daughter.

Armande was evidently greatly troubled. Her cheeks were crimson, her lips trembled and there was just a suspicion of tears about her lashes.

'I am afraid so,' she murmured, in a scarcely audible voice. 'We women are rarely mistaken, you know, in matters of that sort.'

Madame de Targy was satisfied. She thought she understood the whole affair, now; and her maternal heart swelled with pride and joy.

'Sometimes, we are, however,' she said, meaningly, 'when we are too modest. I think I know whom you mean, and you are mistaken.' Here, the good woman allowed her desires to get the better of her judgment. 'How could any one remain long insensible to the charming qualities of mind and person that you possess.'

Armande knew that her secret was suspected, if not discovered; but it was a comfort to her sad heart to have a confidante.

'The one of whom we speak,' she said, with downcast eyes and fluttering hair, 'does not look upon me, I am afraid, with the same indulgence that you do, his heart is faithful to his first love, and—'

'But,' interrupted Madame de Targy, eagerly, 'that is but a memory that must eventually be effaced, especially since it is a memory with so much bitterness connected with it.'

Armande rose, as if half fearful to prolong the conversation.

'It is time for me to go,' she said, 'Good bye, dear, dear Madame de Targy.'

'But, why not remain to dinner? The doctor will be delighted to see you, I am sure.'

Armande hesitated a moment.

'Unfortunately, it is impossible,' she said. 'I have an engagement in town to-night, and I must return by the next train.'

Madame de Targy thought it prudent not to insist, and it was with a radiant face that she watched the graceful, black-robed figure of the young widow, until it had disappeared amid the foliage in a turning of the walk. The good woman's heart was lighter than it had been for many a day. Through a rift in the clouds, she saw a ray of the sunlight of hope. Poor Henri! Surely he had suffered enough. Why should not happiness come to him, at last, in the love of this noble woman. Surely, he could not long be indifferent to her beauty, intelligence, and goodness.

Full of the project, that night, while the doctor was smoking his cigar in the garden, she found an opportunity to say to Henri, in an indifferent manner:

'By the way, I had a very interesting caller to-day.'

'Ah, who was that?'

'Armande Chervial.'

'Indeed! Has she returned from Dieppe?'

'Yes,' said Madame de Targy, watching him narrowly out of the corner of her eye. 'She returned yesterday, and she passed the afternoon with me to-day. And in the course of our conversation she told me that there was a seat on the Bourse for sale.'

'Yes?' said Henri interrogatively, as his mother paused, apparently for a reply.

'What do you think of it?'

'Think of it?' retorted Henri. 'Why, my dear mother, how can it concern me? You might as well tell me that the chateau of Versailles was for sale.'

'Would you not like to have a seat on the Bourse?'

'What a question! Of course I would. I would naturally prefer to make a hundred thousand francs a year to drawing a salary of five thousand. But for me to think of a seat on the Bourse is very much like a child longing for the moon.'

'Not necessarily,' said Madame de Targy, slowly. 'Armande offers it to you. She proposes to lend you the necessary sum to purchase the seat. You will pay her back; of course that is clearly understood.'

Henri was silent for a moment.

'Did she come for that express purpose?'

he asked at last.

'Yes. What do you think of the proposition?'

It was twilight, and the lights had not yet been brought in, so it was too dark for her to see his expression clearly.

'What do you think of it, mother?' he asked, quietly.

'I do not think you would do wrong to accept it.'

'No, certainly I should not do wrong, but, it seems to me, that it would not be a very nice thing to do, all the same. As a rule, and they are right, men do not like to accept favours from women. It is a reversal of relations that is unnatural, not to say repulsive; and it is apt to give rise to evil suspicions. On your account, my dear mother, I am sorry to refuse this chance to