

DANGEROUS DRUGS.

HOW TO CONTROL EFFECTUALLY ALL SUCH HORRIBLE HABITS.

Rocheater, N. Y. Post-Express.

A gentleman who has spent the summer abroad, says in a report, that the thing that impressed him most of all was the number of holidays one encounters abroad and the manner in which the people display in the conduct of business affairs.

"Mr. H. L. Warner, who was present at the time, said, 'This is the first summer in years that I have not spent on the water. Deen too lousy.'"

"Then, I suppose you have been advertising extensively?"

"Not at all. We have always heretofore closed our laboratory during July, August and September, but this summer we have kept it running day and night to supply the demand, which has been three times greater than ever before in our history at this season."

"The increase has come from the universal recognition of the efficacy of our preparations. We have been on nearly ten years before the public and the sales are constantly increasing. Why, high scientific and medical authorities now publicly concede that our Warner's safe cure is the only scientific specific for kidney and liver diseases and for all the many diseases caused by them."

"Have you evidence of this?"

"Abundance! Only a few weeks ago Dr. J. L. Stephens, of Lebanon, Ohio, a specialist for the cure of narcotic, etc., habits told me that a number of eminent scientific medical men had been experimenting for years, testing and analyzing all known remedies for the kidneys and liver, for, as you may be aware, the excessive use of all narcotics and stimulants destroys those organs, and until they can be restored to health the habits cannot be broken up! Among the investigators were such men as J. M. Hall, M.D., President of the State Board of Health of Iowa, and Alexander Kell, M.D., Professor of Surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons and President of the Academy of Medicine at Columbia, who, after exhaustive inquiry, reported that there was no remedy known to schools or to scientific inquiry equal to Warner's safe cure!"

"Are many persons addicted to the use of deadly drugs?"

"There are forty millions of people in the world who use opium alone, and there are many hundreds of thousands in this country who are victims of morphine, opium, quinine and cocaine. They think they have no such habit about them—so many people are unconscious victims of these habits. They have pains and symptoms of what they call malaria and other diseases, when in reality it is the demand in the system for these terrible things, a demand that is caused largely by physicians' prescriptions which contain so many dangerous drugs, and strong spirits, and one that must be answered or silenced in the kidneys and liver by what Dr. Stephens says is the only kidney and liver specific. He also says that moderate quinine and other drug eaters, if they sustain the kidney and liver vigor with that great remedy, can keep up these habits in moderation."

"Well, does not this discovery give you a new revelation of the power of safe cure?"

"No, sir; for years I have tried to convince the public that nearly all the diseases of the human system originate in some disorder of the kidneys or liver, and hence I have logically declared that if our specific were used, over ninety per cent. of these ailments would disappear. The liver and kidneys seem to absorb these poisons from the blood and become depraved and diseased."

"When these eminent authorities thus publicly admit that there is no remedy like ours to enable the kidneys and liver to throw off the frightful effects of all deadly drugs and excessive use of stimulants it is an admission of their power as great as any one could desire; for if through its influence alone the kidneys, morphine, quinine, cocaine and liquor habits can be overcome, what higher testimonial of its specific power could be asked for?"

"You really believe then, Mr. Warner, that the majority of diseases come from kidney and liver complaints?"

"I do? When you see a person mooping and groveling about, half dead and half alive, year after year, you may surely put him down as having some kidney and liver trouble."

"The other day I was talking with Dr. Fowler, the eminent oculist of this city, who said that half the patients who came to him for eye treatment were affected by advanced kidney disease. Now many people wonder why in the middle of life their sight becomes so poor. A thorough course of treatment with Warner's safe cure is what they need more than a pair of eye glasses. The kidney poison in the blood always attacks the weakest part of the body, with some it affects the eyes; with others it attacks the stomach or the bowels, or the lungs, or rheumatic disorder follows and neuralgia tears them to pieces, or they lose the powers of taste, smell, or become impotent in other functions of the body. What man would not give his health to the vigor of youth at command?"

"The intelligent physician knows that these complaints are but symptoms; they are not the disorder, and they are symptoms not of disease of the head, the eye or stomach, or of virility, necessarily, but of the kidney poison in the blood and they may prevail and no pain occur in the kidneys."

It is not strange that the enthusiasm which Mr. Warner displays in his appreciation of his own remedy, which restored him to health when the doctors said he could not live six months, should become infectious and that the entire world should pay tribute to its power. For as Mr. Warner says, the sales are constantly increasing, while the newspaper advertising is constantly diminishing. This speaks volumes in praise of the extraordinary merits of his preparations.

LIMERICK RENTS.

DUBLIN, Oct. 26.—Numbers of Limerick tenants are paying their rents. Some have been granted large reductions. In one case the rent has been reduced from £332 to £200, and another from £212 to £140.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.

You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Menstruation, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

HOME RULE IN SCOTLAND.

The Duke of Argyll, Earl of Stair and Messrs. Venon, Sutherland and Thorburn, members of the House of Commons, have been made vice-presidents of the Scotch Unionists' association.

THE TWO BRIDES.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"But you know, my child," the old gentleman said, "that the Count de Lebriz is going to Mexico on a secret mission, that is not unattended with danger. You do not intend to give him a formal refusal, or to discourage him by a show of indifference?"

"Oh, not that, grandpapa. I mean to wish him heartily such success."

"As may be best for Mexico," Mr. D'Arcy said, with a laugh.

"Just so, grandpapa. And that he may come back with honor," Rose replied.

"That he may have the honor of failing in his negotiation, is what I wish him," said the far-seeing old gentleman. "And that is pretty sure to be the upshot,—at least if the United States are to have a voice in the matter. But let him come back, after having honorably fulfilled his mission, and then we shall see."

"And when do you think we shall be able to go home, dearest grandpapa?" the girl asked, wearily.

"Ah, my poor birdling, yearning to be back in the old nest?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she said, bursting into tears.

"I do not blame my little Rose for that," he said, tenderly. "There is a heart there that hungers for your presence, my love," he continued, caressing the head, and encouraging this outburst of filial affection.

"I would give worlds," she said, "to find myself again in dear papa's arms. He must be so wretched without mamma and without you."

"Well, darling," he said, "there shall be no unnecessary delay. If you are strong enough to go with the Ashtons, I am more than willing to go with them."

"Have no fear of me, grandpapa," she said. "I shall do my best to get strong. The presence of our dear friends will cheer and help me. And," she said, looking down, "I hope I shall shall do and say the right thing to-morrow."

"That I am sure of," he said. "And now put away all thoughts of the morrow, all fears and doubts. Remember that grandpapa is still left to you, and that you long ago placed your interests in God's hands. I will pray for you, my darling, and to grant her sweet rest and forgetfulness." And with his usual nightly blessing he left his grandchild to the needed repose of body and spirit.

The next morning, a little before noon, Diego was at Mr. D'Arcy's with his father. Diego was not a little agitated when they were left alone, but weak as she was, her strong will repressed every sign of nervousness.

"You do me an inestimable favor," Diego said, when she had seated herself, "by allowing me the privilege of seeing you thus before my departure."

"When do you leave Ronda?" she inquired.

"This afternoon. I must take the express train Madrid to-night and be in England within three days. So I shall have to travel to-night."

"That is very wearing," she said.

"I shall not feel it, now that I have seen you," he said, with emotion. "For I know that time and rest and the sweet atmosphere of your own home at Fairy Dell will restore you to perfect health."

"Oh, yes," Rose replied, as the tears forced themselves into her eyes, "I shall be well when I have my dear home and my dearest and best of fathers."

"And will you not allow me to see you there on my return from Mexico?" he asked, as she looked up at him through her tears, with a flash of glad light in her eyes.

"Oh, I should be so happy to have you come and see papa, and dear grandpapa, and all of us, who have known you to be so good and generous," she replied, holding out her hand to him with a sudden impulse.

"Rose," he said, taking the proffered hand, and sinking on his knee before her, "I thank you for this. More than this I will not ask from you now,—if by leaving this dear hand in mine a moment longer, you allow me to understand, without any possibility of doubt, that you love me."

She did not withdraw her hand, although she covered her averted and tearful eyes with the other. "This assurance," he continued, kissing the hand she left passively in his own, and again, "makes me the happiest and proudest man in all Spain. I am going on an honorable mission, though I know it to be one that is not approved of by your family. Yet it is honorable to me, because entrusted to me by my own sovereign. And I undertake it with the loftiest and purest motives. It shall render me more worthy of you."

"Do you remember," he went on, presently, "having said to me, when I bade you farewell at Seville, that I should wear your colors if I ever went to Mexico on an errand undertaken for God and Spain?"

"I do," said Rose, "and you shall have them."

Rising suddenly and going into her own private room, she presently returned with a small miniature of our Lady of Gaudalupe, set in an exquisite gold frame, adorned with American emeralds and pearls, and suspended to a strong silk braid of white and blue silk.

"Here are my colors," she said, as Diego knelt again, and throwing the braid round his neck, after kissing the miniature, she also bent and kissed his forehead.

"God bless you, Diego," she said, fervently, "and make you a knight after his own heart and here who is Mother of us all."

"I shall stand sponsor for your knight, Miss Rose," said the voice of the old lady Marquis, who, with Mr. D'Arcy, had entered the ante-room unperceived by either of the actors in this little scene.

"We were both fearful lest this interview should be too long for your strength, my child," said Mr. D'Arcy, "and so have been intruding at the wrong moment."

"At the happiest moment of all my life," said Diego, who had risen to his feet, and had taken Rose's hand with an air of proud and respectful devotion. "Do not misunderstand me, Senor," he said to the marquis; "I have not demanded, nor have I received, any new promise. I am only going away with the assurance that I have the love of the noblest of women to be my guiding star in the future."

Rose gently withdrew her hand, and found herself, she knew not how, folded in her grandfather's embrace. "It is too much for you, darling," he said in her ear. "Let me take you to your room."

"Yes, dear grandpapa," she said, with a look of love toward Diego, who lost not one of her movements, and who answered her look with another of deep and grateful affection.

And so these two parted.

The next day brought the Ashtons to Ronda; and Mr. D'Arcy insisted on their being guests during the whole time of their stay in the city. Rose, as well as her sisters, was much moved by this meeting with Mrs. Ashton, after her own recent bereavement. But the motherly tenderness of the excellent lady proved to be a most salutary balm for the orphaned girls. Rose clung to her with the instinctive yearning for sympathy of a young heart that has discovered a motherly heart responsive to its need.

The two old gentlemen found an inexhaustible mine of interest and instruction in the monuments and antiquities of Ronda and its neighborhood, as well as in the rich native

flora of its mountains and valleys. And so they spent their days visiting all these treasures of nature and art, while discussing the fearful chances of the great civil struggle which threatened to devastate their beloved common country.

Charles served as escort to the ladies, and was aided in his task by some of the best informed citizens of Ronda, whom the Marquis de Lebriz had enlisted in favor of the American friends, whom he represented, and not untruly, as staunch friends of all anti-Spanish filibusters in the United States. And so the ladies—Mrs. Ashton as kindly as any of them—revelled in the glorious weather, and the still more glorious nature of the Sierra de Ronda. Beautiful, and most beautiful, as she and her husband had found Ventimiglia and Latte, and the whole of the lovely Riviera, in its springtime wealth, they were amazed, as they passed from Cordova to Malaga, at the glimpses obtained from the railway of a country that seemed fairer than in the first days of May. Around Malaga they saw vast plantations of cotton and sugar-cane, reminding them of their own Louisiana. But how different from the swampy shores of the Lower Mississippi, and its forest vegetation, luxuriant to rankness, was that golden seashore, with its walls of sublime mountains, reaching away to the west, with the deep-blue expanse of the Mediterranean to the east, with fields of waving grain between, and the picturesque slopes of the nearest hills covered with lemon and orange trees, with the olive and the vine, while behind and above these rose the wooded mountain acclivities, rich beyond compare with chestnut, cork-trees, and lordly oak, clothing them almost to their summits. And on every side, perched on inaccessible heights, like eagles' nests, were historic cities, sung by Christian and Moor, or white hamlets settling on the slopes, amid orange-groves and vineyards. Mr. Ashton could with difficulty be induced to tear himself away from such an enchanting scene as Velaz, and promised himself to return, and have his fill of sight-seeing in this paradisaical land, even though the weather was sometimes intolerably hot.

As the left Malaga behind, however, and wound their way upward among the Sierras along the banks of the Guadiaro, the ascent in all its stages seemed a new revelation of nature's magnificence, each page filled with objects of fresh wonder and delight.

So Rose and Charles, and their sisters, forgot awhile their grief and sadness in excursion after excursion through the grand old city and the surrounding towns and monasteries, enjoying, too, with a keen relish, the hospitable welcome given them everywhere by all classes, without exception.

It was while thus delightfully occupied, and while planning their approaching journey homeward, that the following letter reached them.

CHAPTER XXII.

DESTRUCTION IN FAIRY DELL.

"He alone never loatheth what is dear to him, to whom all things are dear in him who is never lost."—St. Jerome.

"God writes straight on crooked lines."—Spanish Proverb.

The first letter, received about the middle of May, was from Lucy Hutchinson to Rose, and ran as follows:

"ASHEVILLE, April 19, 1861.

"DEAREST ROSE,—I hoped, when I wrote to you last, that my next letter would only tell of pleasant things, for indeed I should love to bring nothing but sunshine to my own dear Rose, who has given me so many sunny hours."

"How shall I begin this dreadful letter?—though, let me say at once, that I have not to speak of the death or hurt of any of our dear ones. Well, about ten days ago, we were all startled here by learning that President Lincoln had sent a great fleet, with several regiments on board, to attack Charleston, and that all the militia of South Carolina was marching to that city to defend it. Our people here became dreadfully excited. Every man, whether he was for secession or against it, was getting arms and ammunition to defend his own house. For you must know that the tramps and outlaws, who are always lurking in the woods up on the high slopes of Mount Pisgah and the Grandfather, and such like, have been very bold since the treaty began. They have committed quite a number of daring robberies, and even murders, we are told."

"Some time in March twelve of them, well armed and wearing masks, surrounded old Jamie McDuffie's, broke open his door, tied his hand and foot, and took all the money he had in the house and all his best clothes, and threatened to return and burn the house over his head if he should make any attempt to find out who they were, or to have them punished. They also pillaged two or three farmers' houses up on the hill-sides, and paid poor old Aunt Sallie a visit, frightening her dreadfully, carrying away all her stored corn and bacon, butting poor Joe unmercifully, and threatening that they would come back soon and roast every nigger around Fairy Dell, because they belonged to that dough faced old Abolitionist, Francis D'Arcy. Aunt Sallie told mamma in great secrecy that she knew several of these men; that they pretended to belong to the Secessionists' Minute Men, but were only thieves and outlaws."

"A day or two after the attack on McDuffie's house, Gaston and young Jamie McDuffie were attacked, a little after night-fall, on their way to Fairy Dell, by a number of men who fired on them from behind the brushwood and timber on the river bank. Gaston's horse was struck in the shoulder, and, maddened by the wound, plunged into the water, while Jamie rode his horse straight at the place where the cowards were hiding. But they either made off or were contented with having frightened Gaston's horse, or, perhaps, with having drowned the rider. Jamie, after searching in vain for his assailants, rode his horse straight into the water, where he found Gaston struggling with his maddened beast, and helped him to bring the animal to land. Next morning your father found a notice nailed on the garden fence, and warning him that there were some who had old scores to settle with him, and that he should be paid off before long. That day your father had to go to Montlake, where Mr. De Beamon was reported dying, and Gaston was left in charge of Fairy Dell."

"He came over to see mamma in the afternoon—for she was very ill, and we too had been warned that we should quit our home, or have our home burned down. Besides, nearly all our negroes had managed to run away into Western Virginia, where the people are opposed to the Confederates. Gaston was not afraid of these outlaws carrying out their threats, and said he would not call any of the men from the factory to guard your house, but would only have the servants armed and watchful. He, however, had six of his most trusty two try workmen to come and watch our house every night,—two remaining by day near the premises to keep a good lookout. Indeed, darling Rose, I believe what he did to save us only made the villains more intent on robbing us."

"My brother is now an 'captain' of volunteers at Washington, and has written to some of his friends at Asheville that he hopes soon to be there with a force of Unionists

sufficient to awe the 'rebels,' as he calls our enemies. Of course they swear that if they catch him here they will hang him like a dog to a branch of the nearest tree. Papa is also at Washington, and is very active in urging the government to march an army into Tennessee and North Carolina, so as to prevent the Union men there from being oppressed and murdered by the Confederates. Your family are looked upon as being at the head of all the Unionists in these parts, because your father voted openly for Lincoln."

"Well, dear Rose, I'm only wandering away from what I have to tell you.—Your people were all in the chapel on last Sunday morning, because good Mr. Bingham had sent one of his own clergymen to celebrate Mass at Fairy Dell, and to celebrate it of course he had to perform the duties of our pastor, as Gaston said. There were only one or two servants in the house. Old Hiwassee, who had come over from his own home near Waynesville, slept, as usual, in the house. He had been the last to go to confession to the priest, and noticed that there were among the men who were waiting for their turn, two or three faces that he did not know, and that were anxious not to be seen by him. As they perceived that the keen-eyed old Cherokee was watching them, they disappeared. After having been with the priest, Hiwassee said that, on his way from the chapel to the house, he observed the figure of a man lurking in the shrubbery."

"Both he and Gaston, before retiring, visited all the outhouses and let the dogs loose in the grounds. Gaston thought Hiwassee—who is very old, and has been much annoyed of late on account of his friendship for your family—was mistaken, and no more said about his suspicions. The next morning—Sunday morning, in fact—there was a very large crowd in the chapel at morning service. The people expected to hear a panegyric on their mother, or to hear practical advice given about which side to take in the war; and so there were more Protestants than Catholics there. No one seemed to think of danger."

"Yet, this was the time chosen by these murderous vagabonds to execute their purpose. The chapel bell was tolling for the consecration,—as I heard you call the solemn moment,—when the people were all startled by loud cries of 'Fire! fire!' There were several persons outside at the moment. They did not see who shouted 'Fire!' but in an instant most of the men present were running toward the house, and found the smoke pouring out of the outhouses as well as the Manor itself. The two servants—mamma and little Sam Porter, who had been left in charge during divine service, were found tied and gagged,—poor little Sam with his left cheek torn almost to the ear. The robbers had found the oil cans and lamps in the hall, and poured out their contents on the library, and on the beds, setting fire to every room they could at the same time."

"Gaston says they did not try to enter away the family plate, and he found his own secretary locked up to stop the fire. The people did not wonder to stop the fire. Gaston directed them to save first of all what belonged to your father and mother and grandfather's rooms, as well as the family portraits. It was as much as they could do. Before two o'clock nothing was left of your beautiful home but the solid stone and brick standing in the middle of the beautiful lawn, all blackened and scarred by the flames."

"Nannie, our cook, who was at Mass, says that the women, unable to help or to save anything, were all kneeling and weeping piteously. Indeed, I have heard people say that the strongest and hardest men could not keep their tears. Gaston alone and old Hiwassee were calm. Every body felt for your father and grandfather, and for dear Miss Rose, on all of whom they had placed so heavily after your late bereavement."

"I saw the smoke from Fairy Dell,—for I could not leave mamma,—and knew a great misfortune had happened. Mamma, as well as she was, could not be kept at home. She had the carriage brought round, and off we started for Fairy Dell, without reflecting for a moment that our own house might be burned down in our absence. But what do you think Gaston did? Ah, what could he do to brave and unselfish a man as he is!"

"Well, as we were well half way down to the river we met Jamie McDuffie and some twenty men on horseback, who were galloping as fast as they could to Fairy Dell, sent there by Gaston, who thought of our danger in the very midst of his own loss! So we had to go back, mamma crying bitterly all the way, and saying, 'Oh, what will become of poor Rose? How will her grandfather bear this new affliction?'"

"Oh, my darling Rosette, how I wish to be with you, just to tell you that I love you better a thousand times than anything in this world after my dearest mamma. For you have been to me the truest and most tender of sisters. And now I feel myself so powerless even to comfort you. But, indeed, dearest Rose,—if I can at all console you,—you must know that dear mamma was as much attached to your mother as I am to you. She has never receded entirely from the shock caused her by your dear mother's death, and she can never speak of her without tears."

"They are putting up a temporary building near the chapel, in which Gaston and the servants can live during this fine weather. But all the men left in the factory,—and you must know that a great number have left, the most part being mechanics from the North, who were threatened by the Secessionists,—as well as the lumberers and farmers, are at work preparing materials, and getting ready to put up a new house. They say they will build a finer and a better house than the other, even if they had to work night and day."

"So you see there is some gratitude still left in the world. This burning has created a good deal of indignation among the most moderate people here. But it is hard to find such people now,—everybody being afraid not to be either an out-and-out Secessionist or a Black Republican."

"We are expecting your father home every moment. Gaston is very anxious about him. But Gaston is now as grave as an old man. The people say that he shows splendid executive ability. He will not allow the works to be stopped for a single day, in order that the people may have money to earn and bread to eat. He says your father and grandfather are resolved to spend all their fortune to support and defend the families that have been faithful to them. And it would do you heart good to hear all the blessings you get every day."

"One word about our schools, and I shall send this long, dull letter. Gaston and your father have taken more pains since the war began than ever before, to have the schools, the Sunday-school particularly, carried on without interruption. Both of them, or, at least, one of them, visit the schools daily. Mr. Bingham has sent us two excellent teachers in the place of those who have gone away. They are both from St. Louis, and are strongly Southern in their feelings. But they never allow themselves to speak of politics."

"Oh, grandpapa," she said, "I am almost glad that mamma was spared this terrible blow! She would have felt it so much on your account."

"Darling," he answered, "it matters lit-

tle to abstain and remain idle at home, when all the youth of my country were taking arms in the struggle.

"To such implied threats I had no answer to make. And so we stand, with the smoking ruins of our house lying around us, and enjoying a brief quiet, full of future foreboding, on what is in reality the smoking crater of a political volcano."

"I know that my saintly mother—she, who good and devoted to God and charity, and her own dear ones!—that she is watching over us and praying for us. And these beautiful consolations of our holy faith are to me what I know they are to my much-ried father—a source of unending strength and courage."

"Fray, give my fondest love to Rose, whom I would give worlds to see, to my darling Viva and Maud, and to my dearest Charles, who must come home to me. Indeed, I cannot do without him any more. To my dear grandfather I need not say more, than that I am ever, with the deepest love and reverence and gratitude, your affectionate daughter, Lucy Hutchinson."

"GASTON D'ARCY."

Rose was given her letter on her return from a delightful excursion which she and Mr. D'Arcy, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, with Charles and the girls—had made to a beautiful spot six miles distant, most picturesquely situated amid the mountains, and surrounded with smiling hamlets and a most fertile country. The people to whom the D'Arcys were now no longer strangers, and who heard with deep sympathy of the death of the "beautiful lady," received the party in every village with evident respect and affection. Not without reason; for Mr. D'Arcy and his daughter-in-law had, during his former stay in Ronda, given substantial proofs of their generosity and piety in the surrounding villages. Nor had the old gentleman and Rose been less liberal since their return. Rose, in seeking out hidden wealth and relieving it, did so in her mother's name. Mr. D'Arcy followed the same rule in his charities. So that their praises on the name of their dear departed one were on the lips of the rich and poor alike. The Ashtons were greatly touched by the demonstration of affection and reverence shown by the many mountaineers and their wives to the Americans.

Mr. Ashton was particularly struck by the beauty of both men and women, by their courtly manners, and the evidence of laborious thrift, comfort, and independence that abounded in the snug, well-roofed white houses, embowered in olive-trees and cedar, and in the well-cultivated fields and pastures. He thought both country and people far superior even to what he had so much admired along the Riviera of Genoa.

The whole party had thus come back to Ronda, bearing with them the delicious aroma of the perfumed mountain atmosphere, now in all the splendor of early summer; the satisfaction caused by the sight of so much happiness amid so much well-earned thrift, and that intoxication of the inner senses produced by finding in the moral and physical world around one the spectacle of beauty, order, peace, plenty, and brotherly love.

So, alighting from their mules before crossing the new bridge of Ronda, ladies and gentlemen walked in the calm evening air across the sublime structure, through the crowded streets, along the busy market-place overlooking the Chasm and the rushing river far beneath, and along the unrivaled Alameda to their own beautiful abode.

There the letters from America, with the latest newspapers from New York, awaited them. Rose, who knew Lucy's handwriting, with the post-mark of Asheville, waited to open her until she was quietly seated in her own room. Her sisters had followed her, anxious to have news from their dear old home, and teased Rose until she consented to sit down and break the seal. She had not gone beyond the first line, when she laid the letter on her lap, and pressed her hand to her heart, with an exclamation of pain.

"What is the matter, dear?" cried Maud, frightened by the deadly pale that overspread her sister's countenance.

"Oh, Viva, there is some dreadful news from home!" she called out to Genevieve, who was a little way off, pretending indifference and taking of her hat.

Genevieve was no less startled by Rose's pallor, and Rose, alarmed at the probable consequences of giving way to her own feelings, mastered herself with a mighty effort, and began to soothe the younger girls, keeping, however, the exciting letter in her own hand.

"Do not make a noise, Maud!" she said. "There is no one dead at home, nor ever sick, for that matter, thank God! This is only news about one of Mr. Hutchinson's neighbors, who has met with a great loss. And, I suppose, I cannot bear anything exciting."

"What neighbor?" asked Viva, scanning her countenance closely. "Any of our dear friends?"

"We have no very dear friends but the Hutchinsons, around Fairy Dell," answered Rose.

"Then why are you so alarmed?" inquired Maud.

"Because I am fatigued, and a little weak. And now, darling, won't you and Viva leave me alone for a few moments? This is something that nearly concerns grandpapa. When I have shown him the letter, you shall hear everything you desire to know," Rose said, kissing Maud, who was already weeping bitterly. And the two docile girls withdrew to their own room, making all kinds of conjectures, though greatly reassured by hearing there was no death or dangerous illness at Fairy Dell.

No sooner had they gone than Rose knelt for a moment in prayer, begging for strength for her grandfather and herself, to bear with this new blow from the chastening hand of Providence. She then rose and read quietly the remainder of the letter, passing again and again to let the bitter tears flow freely. When she had read it through she again lifted her soul to the Mercy Seat, and prayed for grace to come and sustain her grandfather. And, composing her countenance as well as she could, she went straight to his room. He, too, after reading Gaston's letter, had been praying for strength from on high, and had only risen from his knees on hearing Rose's footsteps on the marble floor of the adjoining room.

A glance at her face told him that she knew all, and the bright look of love on it was such as the Angel of Consolation might wear, when coming to raise some drooping soul on earth. He opened his arms to his child, and she wound her arms round his neck.

"God had given, and God has taken away my own darling," he said. "Shall we not both say, 'Blessed be His holy name who said, 'Oh, yes, grandpapa, from the bottom of my heart,' she replied. "I have already thanked Him. But I was only thinking of you and of dear papa."

"We must only think of him, dear," the old gentleman said, struggling hard to retain his own calmness. "Though I was forgetting that I have also to think of my little Rose in this new affliction."

"Oh, grandpapa," she said, "I am almost glad that mamma was spared this terrible blow! She would have felt it so much on your account."

"Darling," he answered, "it matters lit-

tle to abstain and remain idle at home, when all the youth of my country were taking arms in the struggle.

"To such implied threats I had no answer to make. And so we stand, with the smoking ruins of our house lying around us, and enjoying a brief quiet, full of future foreboding, on what is in reality the smoking crater of a political volcano."

"I know that my saintly mother—she, who good and devoted to God and charity, and her own dear ones!—that she is watching over us and praying for us. And these beautiful consolations of our holy faith are to me what I know they are to my much-ried father—a source of unending strength and courage."

"Fray, give my fondest love to Rose, whom I would give worlds to see, to my darling Viva and Maud, and to my dearest Charles, who must come home to me. Indeed, I cannot do without him any more. To my dear grandfather I need not say more, than that I am ever, with the deepest love and reverence and gratitude, your affectionate daughter, Lucy Hutchinson."

"GASTON D'ARCY."

Rose was given her letter on her return from a delightful excursion which she and Mr. D'Arcy, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, with Charles and the girls—had made to a beautiful spot six miles distant, most picturesquely situated amid the mountains, and surrounded with smiling hamlets and a most fertile country. The people to whom the D'Arcys were now no longer strangers, and who heard with deep sympathy of the death of the "beautiful lady," received the party in every village with evident respect and affection. Not without reason; for Mr. D'Arcy and his daughter-in-law had, during his former stay in Ronda, given substantial proofs of their