

REDMOND O'DONNELL

LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

"But then governesses always are heroines, are they not?—prime favorites with novelists. I rather fear she has found life too dark a tragedy, by any possibility to make a jest of."

"She is the best embroiderer I ever saw," Lady Dangerfield said, sweeping her silken robes up the sunlit stairs. "I found it out by chance yesterday. Her work in lace and cambric is something marvellously beautiful. I had some thought of sending her away—no one doesn't want a person about the house who terrifies every one she meets—but now I shall retain her. Her embroideries are worth three hundred a year to me, and she certainly has accepted a very low salary."

"By Jupiter!" Redmond O'Donnell exclaimed, under his breath, "That woman is a marvel."

Lady Cecil stretched out her hand for the book, a look of surprised admiration in her eyes.

"Miss Herculaste," she said, "you read that splendidly. The poet should have heard you. I knew you could read but not like that. You are a born actress."

The governess bowed, smiled, and walked back with immovable composure to her place.

"Shall we approach now?" Sir Arthur said, in a constrained voice.

There was no reply. He looked at his companion—the eyes of Redmond O'Donnell were fixed on Miss Herculaste with such a look of utter wonder—of sheer amazement and recognition, that the baronet stared at him in turn.

Standing there it had flashed upon him like an inspiration where he had seen Miss Herculaste before. He started like a man from a trance at the sound of the baronet's surprised voice.

"How thunderstruck you look, O'Donnell!" he said, with a touch of impatience in his tone; "did you never before hear a lady read?"

The half-irritated words fully aroused him. Redmond O'Donnell turned away from the governess with a slight laugh.

"Rarely like that, mon ami. And I have just solved a riddle that has puzzled me since last night. I think I have had the pleasure of both seeing and hearing Lady Dangerfield's very remarkable governess before today."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MYSTERY OF BRACKEN HOLLOW.

MISS HERCULASTE'S audience had been increased by still two more. The Earl of Ruysland and Major Frankland, sundering up the avenue, had also paused afar off to listen. Against the rose and gold light of the summer sunset, Miss Herculaste's tall figure and striking face made a very impressive picture. It was a pretty tableau altogether: Lady Cecil, fair, languid, sweet; my lady in her rich robes and sparkling jewels; Rose O'Donnell with her small, piquant face literally seeming all eyes; and the accessories of waving trees, tinkling sky, tinkling fountains, and fragrant flowers.

"Ah! Lord Ruysland said, when the spell was broken and he and his companion moved on—once more, 'what have we here? A second-rate actress from the Surrey side of the Thames? Upon my life, so much histrionic talent is quite too good for me. Miss Herculaste, if your father's name was Herculaste, by the bye?' is wasting her sweetest on desert air. On the bounds of Drury Lane her rendering of Fontenoy would be good for at least two rounds from pit and gallery. Bravo! Miss Herculaste!" He bowed before her now with the stately courtesies of his youth. "I have read of entertaining angles unwarmed—are we entertaining a modern Mars, all alone until now?"

The covert sneer that generally embellished everything this noble peer said was so covert, that only a very sensitive ear could have caught it. Miss Herculaste caught it and lifted her great gray eyes for one moment to his face—full, steadily. Something in the grave, clear eyes seemed to discern him—he stooped, and turned away from her.

"Glad!" he thought, "it is strange. Never saw such an unaccountableness in all my life. She has looked at me a thousand times with just such a look as Miss Herculaste gave me now. Confound Miss Herculaste! What the deuce does the young woman mean, by looking so horribly like other women dead and look-up."

"You will read it to Lady Dangerfield, will you not? Somehow I think you can read aloud."

"I can try," Miss Herculaste answered. She laid down her work, advanced, took the book, and stood up before her auditors. The last light of the setting sun shone full upon her tall, statuesque figure, her pale, changeless face, locked ever in the passionless calm of marble. She began. Yes, Miss Herculaste could read aloud—Lady Cecil had been right. What a wonderful musical voice it was—so deep, so calm, so sweet. She made a very striking picture, standing there, outlined against the purple glowing, the sunlight gliding her face and her dead hair. So thought Rose O'Donnell, so thought Lady Cecil Olive, so thought two gentlemen advancing slowly, unseen and unheard, up the avenue, under the trees—Sir Arthur Tregeuna and Captain O'Donnell. Both, as if by some simultaneous impulse, stopped to listen.

"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis merrily cried. "To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unwounded they died. On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein. 'Not yet, my liege,' Saxo interposed, 'the Irish troops remaina!'"

"'Lo! a Clare!' he says, 'you have your wish; there are your Saxons foes!' The mar-hal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes! How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay, The red and fringes of fifty years are in their hearts to-day. The treaty breaks the link wherewith 'twas writ could dry, Their plundered homes, their ruined shames, Their women's parting cry, Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown— Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone. On, Fontenoy—on, Fontenoy, nor over yet also— Reach'd on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were."

"O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as halting, he commands, 'Fix 'ay-bells—charge!' The mountain storm rath on these they band! This is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow. Yet mourning all the strength they have they've lost—yet mourning all the strength they have they've lost. They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that war— Their dyonets the breakers' foam; like rocks the men are craves from their line, when through the surging smoke,

She will make our heavy family dinner go off."

"Interest the gentlemen! Yes, I should say so. She seems to entertain Captain O'Donnell and Sir Arthur Tregeuna pretty thoroughly at this moment. Queenie, I don't understand you; you should be the last on earth to ask for much of Miss Herculaste. Where are your eyes?"

"In their old situation, you don't understand me?" Lady Cecil laughed a little, and glanced over at the two gentlemen to whom the tall governess talked. "No, perhaps not—perhaps, I don't quite understand myself. Never mind that; perhaps I like Miss Herculaste—perhaps the spell of the enchantress is over me, too. We won't ask questions, like a good little cousin; we will only ask Miss Herculaste to dinner to-day, to-morrow, and all the to-morrows."

"Well, certainly, Queenie, if you really wish it, but I confess I don't understand—"

"Don't try, ma chere; 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' Once a lady always a lady, is it not? and though Miss Herculaste be a governess to-day, she has been something far different in days gone by. Thanks for this favor. Let your invitation be generous, Geneva, as your invitations can be when you like."

She turned away and walked into the house. Her countenance looked after her with a perplexed face. What could Queenie mean? Why, it was plain as the rose-light yonder in the west that Sir Arthur Tregeuna was going to fall in love with her; Sir Arthur Tregeuna, who had come down here expressly to fall in love with Lady Cecil Olive; Sir Arthur, in whom all Lady Cecil's hopes and ambitions should be centred. And here was Lady Cecil Olive now begging this inconvenient governess might be brought forward, thrown into his society, treated as an equal, and left to work her Circean spells.

"It's the strangest thing I ever heard of—its absurd, preposterous. However, as I have promised, I suppose I must perform. And what will Uncle Raoul say? I shall keep an eye upon this first evening, Miss Herculaste, and if I find you attempt to entrap Sir Arthur, your first evening will be your last."

Miss Herculaste's two cavaliers fell back as my lady appeared. The other gentlemen had come to their rooms to dress for dinner; these two followed now. Captain O'Donnell's share in the conversation had been slight, but there was a look of conviction on his face as he ran up to his room.

"It is she," he said to himself; "there is no doubt about it. A nursery governess. Rather a disagreeable change, I should imagine, after the life she has led. What in the name of all that is mysterious can have brought her here?"

Miss Herculaste listened in grave surprise as my lady tersely and tartly issued her commands.

"It is my desire, at the solicitation of Lady Cecil Olive, Miss Herculaste, that you dine with us to-day, she said, snappishly. "There is no necessity for any change in your dress. You are well enough."

Miss Herculaste was robed like a quakeress, in gray silk, a pearl brooch fastening her lace collar, and a knot of blue ribbon in her hair. She looked doubtfully at my lady as she listened.

"Lady Cecil Olive wishes me to dine with you to-day, my lady," she repeated, as though not sure she had heard aright.

"I have said so," my lady replied, still more snappishly. "I don't pretend to understand, only she does, that is enough. Lady Cecil's wishes are invariably mine."

And then my lady, with her silken train sweeping unjustly behind her, sailed away, and the governess, who had so signally come to honour was left alone—alone with the palling splendor of the sunset, with the soft flutter of the birds in the branches, and the peacocks, preening to and fro on the stone terraces. These peacocks, with their stately strut and outstretched tails, bore an absurd resemblance to my lady herself, and Miss Herculaste's darkly thoughtful face broke into a smile as she saw it.

"As the queen pleases," she said with a shrug. "And I am to dine with the Right Honourable the Earl of Ruysland, the Lady Cecil, and two baronets. Some of us are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. I am one of the latter, it appears. It being the power to wonder at anything earthly had left me forever, but I wonder—I wonder what Lady Cecil means by this."

Miss Herculaste, the governess, half an hour later sat down among this very elegant company at dinner. Sir Peter Dangerfield scowled through his eye-glass as he took his seat.

What the deuce does this mean, he thought, savagely; bringing the brats' governess to dinner? To annoy me, nothing else; that is her amiable motive always to annoy me.

Miss Herculaste found herself placed between the Earl of Ruysland and Sir Arthur Tregeuna. The earl, immaculately got up, spotless, ruffled, snowy linen, tall coat rose in his button-hole, diamond ring on his finger, hair perfumed, and hands white and delicate as his daughter's own, looked the whole patriarchal Peerage of England personified in himself. And with all the suave gallantry of a later-day Chesterfield he paid compliments to the lady by whom he was seated. His digestion might be upset, his peace of mind destroyed by the proximity, but his handsome face was placid as a summer lake.

"Your reading of that poem was something quite wonderful, Miss Herculaste, I give you my word. I have heard some of the best elocutionists of the day—on the stage and off it—but upon my life, my dear young lady, you might make the best of them look to their laurels. I wonder now, with your talents and pardon an old man—your personal appearance, you have never turned your thoughts in that direction—thegate I mean. It is our gain at present, but it is the loss of the theatrical world."

Miss Herculaste smiled—supremely at her ease.

"Your lordship is pleased to be complimentary or sarcastic—the latter, I greatly fear. It is one thing to read a poem decently, and quite another to electrify the world as Lady Macbeth. I may teach children of nine to spell words of two syllables and the nine parts of speech, but I fear I would receive more biases than vivas on the boards of the Princess."

By some chance she looked up as she finished speaking, and met a pair of dark, keen eyes looking at her across the table, with the strangest, most sarcastic look. Those cynical blue eyes belonged to the Irish-African soldier, Captain O'Donnell. He smiled as he met her gaze.

"Miss Herculaste does herself less than justice," he said very slowly. "A great actress she might never be—we have no great actresses nowadays—but a clever actress, I am very sure. As to 'Lady Macbeth, I have no means of knowing, but in the character of 'Ophelia' I am quite certain, now, she would be charming."

Miss Herculaste's steady hand was lifting a glass of champagne. The sudden and great

start she gave, overcast the glass and spilled the wine.

"How awkward I am!" she said with a laugh; "if I commit such gaffes as this, I fear Lady Dangerfield will repeat having invited her governess to dinner. Thanks, my lord; don't trouble yourself; my dress has escaped."

In the trifling confusion of the accident Captain O'Donnell's remark passed unheeded, and it was noticeable that Miss Herculaste look care not to meet those steel-blue eyes once again until the ladies left the table.

It was he who sprang up and held the door open for them, and as she swept by, he lifted her large eyes suddenly, and shot him a piercing glance. He bowed, slightly, smiled slightly, then the door closed, and the gentlemen drew up, charmed and toasted.

It was rather remarkable that Sir Arthur Tregeuna, usually the most abstemious of men, drank much more than any one there had ever seen him drink before. Major Frankland, from his place at the end of the table, saw it, and shrugged his shoulders with a soft voice comment to his neighbor, O'Donnell.

"Used to be absurdly temperate—a very anchorite, whatever an anchorite may be. I don't know whether you have noticed, but all the men who have lost their heads for Ruysland's peerless daughter and been rejected, have taken to port and sherry, and stronger still. It seems to be a bygone custom—falling in love with Lady Cecil, and falling a victim to strong drink."

"Well, yes, it does," the chasseur replied. "I remember Annesly Caruthers, in Paris, used to jump to his feet, half sprung, with flashing eyes and flowing goblet, and cry, 'Here's to La Reine Blanche—Heaven bless her!' I wonder if that dippy prayer was heard? He took to hard drinking after she jilted him; he used to be pretty sober before. There seems to be a fatality about it," the young Irishman said, reflectively, filling his own glass. "Powercourt drank himself blind, too, exchanged into a line regiment ordered to Canada, and he was seldom drunk more than three times a week before she did for him. I wonder how it is? She doesn't order 'em to 'Fill the bumper fair; every drop they sprinkle o'er the brow of Care smoothes away a wrinkle; you don't suppose, does she?"

"I don't suppose Tregeuna's one of her victims, certainly," responded Frankland. "Lucky beggar! he's safe to win, with his long rent-roll and longer lease."

"Ah! awfully old family, I'm given to understand," O'Donnell said; "were barons in the days of Edward the Confessor and William the other fellow. But then La Reine Blanche has such a talent for bewitching hearts and turning heads; and what a woman may do in any given phase of life is, as Lord Dunsinore says, 'One of these things no fellow can understand!'"

They adjourned to the drawing-room, where the sounds of music already came wafted through the open window but in the drawing-room they found Miss Herculaste alone. The soft, silvery beauty of the twilight had tempted the rest out on the lawn. Lady Cecil sat in her rustic chair, humming an opera air, and watching with pensive, dreamy eyes the moon lift its silver sicles over the far-off hills. And Lady Dangerfield and Rose O'Donnell sat chatting of feminine fashions and the last sweet thing in bonnets.

The gentlemen joined them—that is, with the exception of the Cornish baronet. Music was his passion, and then Miss Herculaste had looked up with a telling glance and smile, and some slight remark as he went by—slight, but sufficient to draw him to her side, and hold him there. The earl lingered also, but after off, and buried in the downy depths of a puffy silken chair, let himself be gently lulled to sleep. Major Frankland, as a matter of course, joined Sir Peter's wife, and Sir Peter, with a sheet of white paper, and some corks, on which motes were impaled, and a net, went in search of glow-worms. And Captain O'Donnell flung his six feet of manhood full length on the velvet award at the feet of the earl's daughter, the delicious scented evening wind lifting his brown hair, and gazed serenely up at the star-studded sky.

"Neat thing—very neat thing, Lady Cecil, in the way of moon rise. How Christian-like, how genteel, how calm, how happy a man feels after dinner! Ah, if life could be 'always afternoon,' and such trite as this, and such a sky as that, and one might lie at Beauty's feet, and—smoke! Smoking is useful among flowers, too—kills the aphides and all that, and if Lady Cecil permit—"

"Lady Cecil permits," Lady Cecil said, laughing; "prudence man's best comforter, Captain O'Donnell; light up, and kill the aphides."

Captain O'Donnell obeyed; he produced a cigar case, selected carefully a weed, lit up, and fumigated.

"This is peace—this is bliss; why, oh why need it ever end; Lady Cecil, what are you reading?" He took her book.

"Pretty, I know, by all this azure and gilding. Ah, to be sure, Owen Meredith—always Owen Meredith. How the ladies do worship that fellow. Cupid's darts, broken hearts, silvery beams, rippling strings, vows here and there, love everywhere. Yes, yes, the old story, despair, broken vows, broken hearts—it's their stock in trade."

"And of course such things as broken vows and broken hearts only serve to bring a poetaster's rhymes. We all know that in real life there is no such thing."

"We know nothing of the sort. Hearts are broken every day, and their owners not a whit the worse for it in the end. Better, if anything. 'The heart may break, yet brokenly live on; sighs and sighs the most lachrymose of all poets, and I agree with him. Live on uncommonly well, and if the pieces be properly cemented, grow all the stronger for the breakage."

"Captain O'Donnell speaks for himself, of course; and Irishmen's hearts are the most elastic organs going. Give me my book, sir, and don't be so horribly cynical."

"Cynical, am I? Well, yes, perhaps I am—cynicism is, I believe, the nineteenth century name for truth. Hallo! what's all this? There's my fellow Lanty, with a letter in his hand, and what has he done to Sir Peter?"

"Lanty—Lanty Lafferty! How glad I am to see Lanty. He has murdered some of poor Peter's beetles I'm afraid—the slaughter of the innocents over again. See how excited the baronet is over it."

It was Lanty, and Lanty had murdered a beetle. He had espied it crawling slowly, slowly along Sir Peter's nice white sheet of paper, and had given it a sudden dexterous whip with a branch of lilac and annihilated it. Sir Peter sprang to his feet with flashing eyes.

"How dare you, sir! how dare you kill my specimen, the finest I have found this summer? How dare you do it, you muddle-headed Irishman?"

For Lanty's nationality was patent to the world. Lanty pulled off his hat now, and bowed the baronet a politely depreciating bow.

"How dar I do it? Is it dar to kill a dirty cockroach? Shure yer honor's joking! Faith I wish I had a shillun' for ivery wan av this

I've killed 'in my day; it's not a footboy I'd be this rascal. Begorra, I thought I was doin' ye a good turn. Shure ye seen yerself, black 'creepin' over the clane paper, a big black 'creepin' divil av a cockroach."

"Cockroach, you fool! I tell you it was a specimen of the Blatta Orientalis—the finest specimen of the Blatta Orientalis I ever saw."

"Oh, Mother of Moses!"

"And you must come along, you thick-headed numskull, after all the trouble I've had with it, and kill it. And only two days since it was born, you blundering bog-trotter!"

Mr. Lafferty's expression was fine, as he regarded the smashed cockroach and the little baronet with mingled looks of compassion and contempt.

"Born is it? Thin dirty little bastes! Born ol' wirra! Maybe it was christened, too! Faith, I wudn't wonder at all!"

With which Lanty took his departure, and approaching his mistress, presented his letter with a bow.

"Miss Rose, alanna! a bit av a letter av ye please. An' 'mselfs thinkin' from thin postmarks that its from the old museum himself, in New Orleans beyant."

"Lanty!" called the sweet, clear voice of Lady Cecil, "come here, and tell me if you have quite forgotten the troublesome mistress of Torryglen, for whom you performed so many innumerable services in days gone by? You may have forgotten, and grown cynical and disagreeable—like master like man—but I have not."

She held out her white-ringed, slim hand, and Mr. Lafferty touched it gingerly, and bowed before that fair, gracious, smiling face, his own beaming with pleasure.

"Forget ye, is it? Upon me conscience, my lady, the man or woman isn't alive that cud do that av they tried. Long life to yer ladyship! It's well I rimbore your beautiful face, and troth, it's more and more beautiful it gets every day."

"Draw ye mild, Lanty," Lanty's master said, lazily; "we are not permitted to speak the truth to ladies about their looks, when, as in the present case, the simple truth sounds like gross flattery. You may go now; and for the future, my good fellow, let Sir Peter Dangerfield's black beetles alone."

Mr. Lafferty departed accordingly, giving the beetle-hunting baronet a wide berth, and ordered. The next moment Rose came hurriedly over to where her brother lay, still lazily smoking and star-gazing, her open letter in her hand.

"News from New Orleans, Redmond, a letter from grandpapa. Madame De Lansec is very ill."

The twilight music, floating so softly, so sweetly into the silvery gloaming, had ceased a moment before, and the two figures at the piano approached the open window, nearest Lady Cecil and the chasseur. Miss Herculaste had paused a second before joining the lawn party, something in the stary moonlight loveliness of the fair English landscape stirring her heart with a throbbing remembrance and pain. Sir Arthur Tregeuna—grave, sombre—by her side, was very silent too. How will he like to be here, he alone knew; and yet his place was at the feet of yonder fair, proud peer's daughter, thrice as lovely, thrice as sweet, as this dark daughter of the earth, the spell of whose sorcery had fallen upon him. So standing, dead silent both, they heard the words of Rose O'Donnell.

"Madame de Lansec"—it was Redmond O'Donnell who spoke, removing his cigar and looking up—"ill is she? It ought the handsome Creole was never ill. Nothing serious I hope?"

"It is serious—at least grandpapa says so. Perhaps his fears exaggerate the danger. She is ill of yellow fever."

"Ah! I should have thought she was pretty well acclimated by this time. And our infant uncle, Rose—how is he? Lady Cecil, it is given to every man of eight-and-twenty to possess an uncle or two old. Such is my happy fortune. How is the Signor Claude?"

"Little Claude is well," his sister answered. "Poor madame—and I liked her so much. Her's was grandpapa's says. 'Dear Marie, if there is any change for the worse I shall telegraph over at once, and I shall expect Redmond to send or fetch you out again. Claude has pinned to a shadow, and calls for Marie night and day.' So you see, Redmond, it may end in our returning after all. Still, I hope there may be no necessity."

Miss O'Donnell folded up her letter and walked away. Lady Cecil looked inquiringly at her companion.

"Marie?" she said. "Your sister's name is Rose, Captain O'Donnell, is it not?"

"Rose, yes; Rose Marie—called after her paternal and maternal grandmothers. Our mother was a Frenchwoman—I think I told you the family pedigree before didn't I?—and our grandfather is M. de Lansec, of Menadary. When Rose's mother's betroth was brought up as her grandfather's betroth changed, without troubling Congress in the matter, the obnoxious Celtic cognomen of O'Donnell for the Gallic patronymic of De Lansec. In other words Rose O'Donnell is De Lansec. And twelve hours after her arrival in the Crescent City became Marie De Lansec."

There was a faint exclamation—it came from the open window. The speaker and Lady Cecil both looked up, and saw that pretty tableau—the Cornish baronet and the nursery governess.

"You are ill, Miss Herculaste," Sir Arthur said. "The night air, the falling dew—"

He stopped. No, my Lady Cecil! Lovely, gracious, highborn as you are, there never came for you into those calm, blue eyes the look that glows in them now for your cousin's silent, sombre governess. He stopped and looked at her. It was not that she had grown pale, for she was ever that, fixedly pale, but a sort of ashen gray shadow had crept up over brow and chin, like a waxen mask. For one instant her lips parted, her eyes dilated, then, as if by magic, all signs of change disappeared. Miss Herculaste was herself again, smiling upon her startled companion with her face of marble calm.

"A neuralgic twinge, Sir Arthur." She put her hand to her forehead. "I am subject to them. No, no, you are very kind, but there is no need to look concerned. I am quite used to it, and it only means I have taken a slight cold."

"And we stood here in a draught of night air. Shall I close the window, Miss Herculaste?"

"And shut out this sweet evening wind, with the scent of the sea and the roses? No, Sir Arthur; I may not be very sentimental or romantic—my days for all that are past—but I think of a more practical person than myself might be a cold in the head and a twinge of the loins, for such a breeze and such a prospect as this."

"At least, then, permit me to get you a shawl."

He left her before she could expostulate. She caught her breath for a moment—hard, then leaned forward and listened to the low-spoken words of Lady Cecil.

"Your grandfather's betroth," she was repeating, interestedly. "Ah! yes, I remember, you told me that also once before."

"Did I? I'll tell you the sequel now, if you like," the Chasseur d'Afrique said. "There is many a slip, you know, and old Frenchmen sometimes have unexpected hearts. M. De Lansec suddenly and unexpectedly got married, six years ago—Master Claude is four years old now, the finest little fellow from here to New Orleans, the heir of Menadary, and the De Lansec millions. After her grandfather's marriage—I don't know how it was either—she and madame always seemed excellent friends; but Marie fell into low spirits and ill health, pined for the green hills of Ulster, and the feudal splendor of Castle O'Donnell—perhaps you remember that venerable pile, Lady Cecil—and wrote me to come and fetch her home. Her grandfather did not wish it. I did not wish it. I could give her no home equal in any way to that she wished to leave; but when a woman will, she will, and all the rest of it. Marie De Lansec, like Marianne in the Masted Grange, was 'a weary, weary.' The result of many letters, and much feminine logic, was, that I obtained six months' leave of absence, sailed the brim-guns and—Finis!"

"Not Finis, Captain O'Donnell; there is still a supplement. How is it you chanced to appear before us so suddenly here?"

"Ask Rose," Captain O'Donnell answered. "I never pretend to fathom the motives that sway the feminine intellect. She wanted to come to London—we came to London. She wanted to come to Castleford, Sussex—we came to Castleford, Sussex. Why, I don't know, and I am not sure that I have any curiosity on the subject. Probably Rose knows, just as probably though she does not. As well Sussex as anywhere else. I received and obeyed orders." And—Captain O'Donnell paused a moment and glanced up at the fair, stary face on which the cold moonbeams shone—"and I can truly say I don't regret the coming."

He flung away his cigar and sprang to his feet. Lady Dangerfield, with her major, approached at the moment.

"Queenie, are you aware the dew is falling, and that night air is shocking for the complexion? A little moonlight is very nice, but enough is enough, I judge. Come into the house; we are going to have low and music."

She swept toward the open windows, her trained dress brushing the dew off the wet grass, and her eyes fell upon the two tall, stony, statuesque figures there full in the moonlight. And over my lady's face an angry frown swept, and from my lady's eyes a flash of haughty displeasure shot.

"You here still, Miss Herculaste?" she said, in a voice of reproof. "I imagined when the music ceased that you had gone to your room. Are you aware whether Lanty and Pearl have gone to bed? Be kind enough to go at once and ascertain."

"And remain when you go, the frown that concluded the command said."

She swept by them, her shining laces wafting a cloud of mill flours before and behind her, and Major Frankland, with a knowing half-smile on his lips, stalked after like the statue of the commander.

Miss Herculaste fell back—once appealing, deprecating, wistful look she cast upon Mr. Arthur.

"Good-night," she sighed, rather than said, and was gone.

Lady Dangerfield was wise in her generation, but she had made a mistake to-night. A sudden dark anger had swept into the baronet's eyes, a flush of intolerable anger mounted to his brow. The lady he "delighted to honor" had been insulted, had been ordered from his presence and out of his room because he understood well enough—because of him. His face changed, so darkly, so sternly, so angrily, that you saw how terrible this man, usually so calm and impassive, could be in wrath.

(To be Continued.)

SHREVE AND ABILITY.

Hop Bitters so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters, whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

COMA ON SENSE IN MEDICINE.

(Montreal Star, January 5, 1881.)

Dr. M. Souville, the Parisian physician and inventor of the Sphrometer for the scientific treatment of diseases of the lungs and air passages, who recently took up his residence among us, seems to be meeting with excellent success. Already the doctor has had upwards of a hundred patients, who have given his system a trial, and so far as we have learned, with both satisfaction and benefit. Doctor Souville makes a departure from the usual methods of treating diseases of the air passages. He contends that the proper mode of treating them is by inhalation and absorption, not by pouring drugs into the stomach, and thus upsetting and disarranging one part of the system in the hope of benefiting another. This argument certainly has the advantage of being common sense, which is always the best kind of sense. The doctor certainly has the courage of his opinions and confidence in his system, for he gives a standing invitation to physicians and sufferers to visit him and test his instruments free of charge. His office is at 13 Phillips Square, Montreal.

It matters not how often your advisers tell you that diseases such as bronchitis, asthma and catarrh are incurable; read the following notices and judge for yourselves:—

DEAR DOCTOR:—I have great pleasure in making public my experiences of the beneficial effects I have derived from the use of your Sphrometer and remedies for the cure of Catarrh and Bronchitis, which I was afflicted with for several years; my health is now wonderfully improved since using your remedies. Yours truly, O. HILL, Dorchester street, Montreal.

MONTEAL, January 21st, 1881. My DEAR SIR:—I am very pleased to testify to the efficacy of your Sphrometer and remedies for the cure of Catarrh and Bronchitis, which I was afflicted with for several years; my health is now wonderfully improved since using your remedies. Yours respectfully, R. L. GAULT, Montreal.

MONTEAL, January, 1881. My DEAR SIR:—I am very pleased to give you this testimony of the benefit I have received from the use of your instrument, the Sphrometer, and the remedies accompanying it for my disease. I was three years troubled with catarrh in the head, loss of voice and bronchitis, and I am happy to say that I am now quite cured and able to thank you for the use of your Sphrometer and remedies. Yours respectfully, E. HILTON, Montreal.

Letters must contain stamp for reply. Instruments and preparations expressed to any address.