dvertised in all the eligious, are having a supplanting all other s no denying the virtues and the proprietors of e shown great shrewdness compounding a Bitters, whose ner and Chronicle. HE BI-METABLIC QUESTION.

JONE, March I:—At the banquet given this ovening in honor of Mr. Walker, United States Consul-General at Paris, and delegate to the Monetary Conference, Mr. Minghetti, in proposing the health of Mr. Walker, set forth forth the present stage of the Bi-Metallic question, and Mr. Walker, in replying, laid, stress upon the necessity of restoring the value of silver.

WORSE THAN WAR.

"The throat has destroyed more lives than the sword," by imprudence in eating and intemperance in drinking; but when the health becomes impared the miserable dyspeptic may find prompt relief in Burdock Blood Bitters. public It regulates the bowels, acts upon the liver and kidneys, purifies the bood, and stimulates all the secretions to a healthy action. 29-2

THE ANDRE MONUMENT.

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iblic esteem, which in fact

However, we may criticise

theory as applied to the species there

no doubt it holds good in newspaper enter-

rises, it is the fittest which survives. The

TRUE WITHESS is now what we may term an

established fact, it is over 35 years in ex-

But we want to extend its usefulness and

Its circulation still further, and we want its

friends to assist us if they believe this jour-

nal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think

they do. We would like to impress upon

their memories that the TRUE WITNESS is

without exception the cheapest paper of its

It was formerly two dollars per annum in

the country and two dollars and a half in the

city, but the present proprietors having taken

charge of it in the hardest of times, and know-

ing that to many poor people a reduction of

twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the

old subscribers to retain it but new ones to

enroll themselves under the reduction, they

have no reason to regret it. For what they lost

one way they gained in another, and they

assisted the introduction into Catholic

families throughout Canada and the United

States of a Catholic paper which would de-

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheap to offer

premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to

subscribers, even if they believed in their

efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a

journal, and it is for the people to judge

tion doubled in 1881, and all we can do to

encourage our agents and the public generally

is to promise them that, if our effects are

seconded by our friends, this paper will be

still further enlarged and improved during

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the Taux Witness for

Any one sending us the names of 5 new

subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50

each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00

cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one

Our readers will oblige by informing their

friends of the above very liberal inducements

to subscribe for the Taus WITXESS; also by

sending the name of a reliable person who

will act as agent in their locality for the pub-

lishers, and sample copies will be sent on ap-

out Canada and the Northern and Western

States of the Union, who can, by serving our

Interests, serve their own as well and add

materially to their income without interfer-

The True Wirness will be mailed to clergy-

man, school teachers and postmasters at

confine themselves to any particular locality,

but can work up their quots from different

towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send

all the names at once. They will fulfil all

the conditions by forwarding the names and

amounts until the club is completed. We

have observed that our paper is, if possible,

more popular with the ladies than with the

other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, there-

fore, to use the gentle but irresistible pres-

half on their husbands, fathers, brothers and

sons, though for the matter of that we will

take subscriptions from themselves and their

five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

ing with their legitimate business.

\$1.00 per annum in advance.

But as we have stated we want our circula-

fond their religion and their rights.

whether they are right or wrong.

the coming year.

copy free and \$2.50.

ODS VEST.

plication.

Va war

elass on this continent.

The New York Sun says in relation to the defacement of Major Andre's monument :--

To mutilate or deface a monument is an offence against the laws of this State, punishable by fine or imprisonment or both

If the person who recently removed the inscription from the Andre monument at Tarrytown is duly apprehended, tried and convicted, he should of course be punished.

An appropriate punishment, in our judgment, would be a fine without incarceration.

In a criminal case it is always proper to consider the circumstances in mitigation of the penalty to be imposed.

In a criminal case it is siways proper to consider the circumstances in mitigation of the penalty to be imposed.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field had a perfect legal right to erect a monument to a spy. The fact that to ther people, such as George Washington, thought this spy was properly and deservedly hanged, could not constrain Mr. Field to entertain the same view of the case. In this free country, a man may honor whomseever he likes, even it it be z foe whose success would have destroyed freedom in America. A monument to Benedict Arnoll would be entitled to just the same legal protection as the Tarrytown monument to the British spy.

We do not criticize the law, any more than we object to the law which makes a starving man who snatches a loaf of bread, liable to the their. But as the bread, under such circumstances, offers an overwhelming temptation to nunger, so the granite shart which perpetuates a hated memory may offer an overwhelming temptation to pariotism; and in both cases, the character of the temptation should be considered in fixing the punishment.

The following verses, not devoid of excellence, were found near the monument on Saturday morning, and are believed to be in the handwriting of Hendrex, the man arrested on suspicion :-

Too long bath stood the traitor's shaft!

A monument to shame,
Euilt up to praise a traitor's craft—
To sanctify ill-fame.
Are freemen bound to still forbear
And meekly still implore,
When conquered foes their altars rear

Within our very door?

This vulgarand insulting stone Would honor for all time—
Not sneaking Andre's death alone—
But black Ben Arnold's crime.
Are they who thus can glorify
The trailor and his deeds,
Themselves high treason would employ
If 'twould fulfil their deeds.

Americans! Resolve, proclaim
That, in our dear old land,
Never, while the people reign,
Shall Treason's statue stand!!
And he who dares erect it next
On fair Columbia's breast,
With failsome or with false pretext,
Shall dangle from its crest!

A GOOD FILTER.

To have pure water in the house every family should have a good filter, the health grand blood purifying, liver regulating tonic. 29-2

SCIENCE IN FI PROGRESS.

Thousands cured Cacarr. _ronchitis, Asthma and Lung discoves by Dr. M. Sou-Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to vielle's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the parts effected. These wonderful instruments who hare used in all first-class hospitals, and are ing?" prescribed by leading physicians. Full directions for treatment sent by letter, and instruments expressed to any address. It is only since Dr. Souvielle's invention that lung diseases are no longer feared except in their very last stage. Write for particulars to Dr. M. Souvielle, ex-Aide Surgeon of the French Army, 13 Phillip's Square, Montreal. Bead again, so I suppose he took it away with him ure of which they are mistresses in our bethe following notices :---

(From the Montreal Gazelle, December 24th

1880.)

sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of Parties subscribing for the TRUE WITNESS between this date and the 31st December 1881, will receive the paper for the balance of the year free. We hope that our friends or agents throughout the Dominion will make an extra effort to push our circulation. Parties requiring sample copies or further information please apply to the office of THE POST

Printing and Publishing Company, 761 Craig street, Montreal, Canada In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 ORAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!!! MOTHERS!!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINBLUW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will welleve the poor little sufferer immediatelysepend upon it; there is no mistake about it There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents

[G26 s bottle.

BEST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING. BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA! has no equal for relleving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any be in every family handy for use when wanted, 4 as really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. [G26 reliable. They alway rinn something.]

We are pleased to notice that a great many of our best citizens have bought Dr. M. Souvielle's Spirometer, which is used for the cure of those terrible diseases known by the name of Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma, and it is so highly spoken of as if those instruments and preparations were infallible in the cure of such complaints, and, to satisfy our curiosity, we visited Dr. M. Sauvielle at his office, 13 Phillips' Square, Montreal, and gave a thorough examination of his invention, so that we can speak with our own authority of it. We think that such a method, which conveys medicinal properties direct to the organs affected by those distressing diseases, cannot fail to be a benefit to humanity, instead of pouring drugs into the stomach and deranging digestion. These wonderful instruments, with their contents, were invented by Dr. M. Souvielle after long and careful experiments in chemical analysis, and used in hundreds of cases treated by him in the hospitals of Europe. We find the Docter a well learned gentleman, and he invites physicians and sufferers to try his in-

strument free of charge. Common Sense in Medicine.

(Montreal Star, January 5, 1881.)
Dr. M. Souvielle, the Parisian physician and inventor of the Spirometer for the acientific treatment of diseases of the lungs and air passages, who recently took up his residence among us, is meeting with excellent success. Already the doctor has had hundreds of patients, who have given his system a trial, and, so far as we have learned, with both satisfaction and benefit. Dr. Souvielle 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 benefitting 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 other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should invitation to physicians and sufferers to visit him and test his instruments free of change. His office is at 13 Phillip's Square, Montreal.

Of all shares, plough-shares are the most say."

2 Sounds

There to believe grang grange grandeline a didit from a minimum or maintends from and himself for the management of the contraction of the contrac

Branscombe is at first surprised, then pustified. It is a least let me introduce you to my friend. It is a least let me introduce you to my friend. It is a least let me introduce you to my friend. It is a least let me introduce you to my friend. It is a least let me introduce you to my friend. It is a least let me introduce you to my friend. It is a least let me introduce you to my friend. It is a least let me introduce you to my friend. It is a least still lie heavily upon her cheeks, and then moves a little away from him, so as to educe his touch.

Branscombe is at first surprised, then pusting a then insoling with a least still lie heavily upon her cheeks, and then moves a little away from him, so as to educe his touch.

Clarisas leads. He finds himself presently at they other and of the room, near where a little would have been so because it with some speech that with this girl all is dainly black tobed figure stands, with three leading question. But with this girl all is a pretty sight; and it. Is. I have been so pleased.

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OHAPTER XVI.—Construed.

OHAPTER XVI.—Construed.

A mine goes without talling, says disay, in an overtowering desire to inscribe their approaches their and process of the belief.

A mine goes without talling, says disay, in an overtowering desire to inscribe their approaches their and upon her cheeks, and then moves a little way from him, see a little would be a pretty sight; and it have been so because the moves a little way from him, see a little way from him, seed, a little way from him, seed the moves a little way from him, seed the mo

sort of comfort in everything, even in one's heirloom?

"If it is the gown you wore the other night mula, "May I have the pleasure," etc. at the Bellews', you look very sweet in it," says Clarissa, looking very sweet herself as

she utters this comforting speech,"
"You are an angel, you know," says Clasy,
within merry little laugh. "You see everybody through rose-colored spectacles." "Isn't she rude?" says Clarissa. "One

would think I was an old fogy of ninety-five. Speciacles, indeed!" "I must run," says Miss Clasy. "I entireleft it to me, as she had to go and see old gaged to her for this!"

Mrs. Martin. Good-by, dear, dearest Clarissa. How I wish I could go with you to this lovely ball!" "Never mind; people always meet," says

Clarissa, consolingly.

"Yes,—at Philippi," returns the irrepressible, and, with a faint grimace, she vanishes. Georgie walks as far as the entrance-gate with Clarriss. When there, she looks at the iron bars wistfully, and then says, in her

pretty childish way, "Let me go a little way with you, Clarissa, will you?" Miss Peyton, who is walking, is delighted. "As far as ever you will. Indeed, I want to speak to you. What—what is your dress

like, Georgie ?" Georgie hesitates. Clarissa, misunderstanding her silence, says, gently, "Let me give you one, dearest ?

"Oh, no, no." says Miss Broughton, quickly. "I have one-I have, indeed; and it is rather pretty."

"But you told me you had never been at a ball." "Neither have I. The gown I speak of

was bought for a musical party. It was given while I was with Aunt Elizabeth." " Who gave it?"

"The gown?"

"Oh, no-the party."

"Lady Lincoln. She has one son, Sir John, and I think it is he gives the parties. Aunt Elizabeth was so pleased that I was asked that she insisted on my going, though I cried, and prayed hard to be let stay at home. It was only "-dropping her voice, with a heavy sigh-" eleven months after papa had-had left me."

It was cruel to force you to go against your will; but, when you were there, did you enjoy yourself?"

"I did," confesses Miss Broughten, with a so much in all my life. I forgot everything for the time being, and was quite happy. To me the flowers, the lights, the music, the pretty dresses, everything were new and fresh, and helped to take me out of myself. And then, everybody was so kind, and Mr. Ken-

"Who was he?" asks Clarissa, interested at once.

" A tall thin dark man, in the Guards-the Coldstreams or the Grenadiers, I quite forget which. He talked to me all the evening; and, indeed, so did Sir John, Lady Lincoln's son; but I like Mr. Kennedy best." " Poor Sir John!"

"Oh, no. Of course he cared nothing. When I left, Mr. Kennedy, and Sir John, and and comfort depends largely upon the use of Aunt Elizabeth's maid, walked home with properly filtered water. The liver is the me; and I think they were cross—the men, I true filter for the blood, and Burdock Blood mean. When I got home I found one of my Bitters keep the liver and all the secretory gloves was missing, and Aunt Elizabeth said sigh of utter content, and a soft, if rather too organs in a healthy condition. It is the I was very careless; and then she asked me where was the crimson rose I had on my bosom when starting, and, you see,"-apologetically-"I had given it to Mr. Lennedy, because he asked me for it; but when I told her so, she told me I was very forward! Did you ever hear such a word?" says Miss Broughton, tears of indignation in her eyes. Was it forward to give a dead rose to a man who had been very kind to me all the even-

"Certainly not," says Clarissa emphatically. "I would give a rose to any one who was kind to me-if they asked for it. Did you ever see Mr. Kennedy again?"

"Yes; he called next day, to return me my glove, which, he declared, he had kept by mistake. But somehow I never got that glove

"I suppose so. Well, I shall write to Dorian for your ticket." "Perhaps Dorian' will think me a great

bother I" "Let him," says Clarissa, impatiently; as yet she has not forgiven him that speech (so much mistaken) at the concert.

The 5th has arrived. The day has dawned, lived, grown to its full size, and then sunk, as we all must into the arms of Death. The night has come, with sound of music and breath of dying flowers, and the drip, drip of

softly flowing fountains. The rooms are looking lovely; fair faces smile, and soft eyes gleam; and figures, round and evelte as Venus's own, sway with the music and mingle with the throng.

The ball is at its height, when Clarissa, see

ing Dorlan, beckons to him with her fan. It is a very slight invitation to her side, but one instantly obeyed.

"Keep one dance for a friend of mine," she says, earnestly. "Let me keep one for you."

"That, too, if you wish it; but I have a littie friend here to-night, and she knows nobody, and, though I know you won't like it' (calling to mind sgain his supposed disparaging tone at the concert), " still, for my sake, be kind to her."

"I shall be nectar to her. It you entreat me in that fashion. Who is she?" "Well, she is only a governess," begins Clarissa, beating about the bush; she is quite determined, nevertheless, that Georgie shall not be neglected or left out in the cold at this

"A governess !" says Dorlan, unthinkingly. "Oh, Clarissa, don't let me in for that. I don't mind them a bit; but I'm afraid of them. She is safe to ask me if I don't think Murray's Grammar the most articlly complled book in the world, and I shan't know what to say in

reply." "You need not be airaid of my governess," says Clarissa, earnestly; "she will not trouble you about Murray or his Grammar."

"Of course, if you say I must dance with her, I must," says Branscombe, with a heavy

"I see her now. Come, let me introduce you to her."

"But not for this dance. I am engaged—I

er unity is that he desired the control of the cont

misfortune. Now, all my young men won't excitement; her lips are parted, and, like have the trouble of looking for me, they will Herrick's "Julia," are like "rubles," soft and thow me directly the instant their eyes light rich. She is glancing up, in a little puzzled motion that she cares no more for converse upon my gown, which is fast becoming an fashion, at the fall fair man who is bending At last, heirloom. over her whilst going through the usual for-"Well, where is this dreadful woman?"

says Dorian, at this moment almost impa-tiently; he is watching Georgie and the fair man, and feels distinctly savage.
"Why, here," says Clarissa.

"Here? not the-the girl in black, talking to Bellew!"

"Yes; that is your dreadful woman." "Oh, look here, you know, it is too absurd," says Dorian, with a low laugh. "I have ly forgot all about the dinner, and mamma danced twice with her aiready, and am en-

> "She is your child, then?" asks Clarissa, opening her eyes. "Yes; but a governess, my dear Clar-

issa ?" "She is teaching the Redmond children. I told you so at the concert."

"I quite forgot-utterly. How could one think of her as that, you know?"

"Now, please, do try and write plainly," breaks in Georgie's voice, plaintively. "Up to this I have not been able to read a single name upon my card."

"I'll do my best," says the fair young man " Is that legible?" "Bellow, is it? Yes, I can read that.

Thank you, so much. Do you know, I haven't the faintest idea who I am going to dance this with, because "-examining her cardit looks like 'Barlevcorn," it can't be that: you know?"

"There once was a John Barleycorn," says Mr. Bellew, thoughtfully. Clarissa has been claimed by Horace Branscombe, and has disappeared. Dorian,

coming to the front, goes up to the little beauty in black and lilver, and save in a contrite tone.-"I am so sorry I can't write; yet nevertheless I am John Barleycorn, and this dance

belongs to me." "Why, so it does," says Georgie, recognizing him in a naive manner, and placing her hand upon his arm. She performs this last act slowly and with hesitation, as though not entirely sure of his identity, which has the

effect of piquing him, and therefore heightening his admiration for her. "You have forgotten me," Le says re-

proachfully.
"Oh, no,"—slowly. "It was with you I denced the last waltz, I think."

"No. The last polka." He is even more blush. "I enjoyed myself more than I can piqued now. "It has slipped your memory; say. I do not think I ever enjoyed myself yet there are some things one never forgets." "Yes," says Miss Broughton, with a suppressed sigh; " but those are unhappy things. Why think of them now? Let us dance again, and forget while we can."

"You mistake me," says Dorian, hestilv. "I thought of nothing unhappy. I thought of you. I shall never forget this night." "Ah, neither shail 1!" says Miss Brough-

ton, very earnestly indeed. By an artificial observer, it might be thought somewhat sentimentally. "Do you mean that?" says Dorian, hone-

fully, if curlously. "Am I to understand you mean to keep this particular ball forever in mind?" "You may, indeed."

"But why?"-with much animation, and an

ever-increasing show of hope. "Because it is my first," says Miss Broughton, confidentially, with a little quick-drawn general, smile.

"I see"-disappointedly. "Is that your reason? What a curious one?" "You think it ridiculous, don't you?" says Georgie, faintly, ashamed of herself, "but it is quite true, and I can't help it. I was eighteen last month, and never before was I at any ball. I shall never forget this room-I know that—or the lights, or the flowers, or

the man over there beating time for the band, or-or anything." "I think the man over there, has much the best of it," says Dorian. "I wish I was the leader of that band. Is there any chance that | a faint sound of music from the band comes your partners of this evening, will be remem-

bered by you?" "Well, I suppose I shan't quite forget you," says Georgie, seriously, after a moment's careful reflection.

"I'll take jolly good care you don't," says Mr. Branscombe, rather losing his head, because of her intense calmness, and speaking with more emphasis than as a rule belongs to him. "You are staying at the vicarage, aren't you?"

"Yes," says Georgie. " And I live just three miles from that Here he pauses, as though afraid to make his instruction too plain.

"At Sartoris, isn't it?" asks Georgie, sweet-

ly. "Yes? Clarissa showed me the entrance-gate to it, last week. It looks pretty."

"Some day will you come up and see it?" asks he, with more earnestness than he acknowledges even to himselt; "and," with a happy thought, "bring the children. It will hes nice walk for them."

"But you are always in London, are you not?" says Georgie. "Oh, no, not always; I shan't go there

again for ever so long. So promise, will "I'll ask Mrs. Redmond. But I know we can. She never refuses me anything," says

this most unorthodox governess. "I'm sure I'm not surprised at that," says Branscombe. "Who could?" "Aunt Elizabeth could," says Miss Brough-

"I haven't the misfortune to know your

aunt Elizabeth, for which I am devoutly half-suppressed sob falls upon the air. grateful, because if she 'could,' as you say, she must be too good for hanging. By the bye, this is not my first ball; yet you have never taken the trouble to ask me (though I asked you) why I intend keeping this night as a white spot in my memery.' "Well, I ask you now," says Georgie, peni-

tently.

"Do you care to know?" "I do. indeed?"

"Then it is because to night I met you for the first time." He bends his head a little, and looks into

her eyes— the beautiful eyes that smile back so calmly into his, and are so cold to him, and yet so full of fire—eyes that somehow have power to charm him as no others have yet been able to.

He is strangely anxious to know how his

words will be received, and is proportionately aggrieved in that she takes them as a matter of course.

names upon the morsel of inted and glided careless of the beief.

paper she holds in her hands.

Dorian, passing his arm round her waist.

Her large blue eyes are almost black with leads the roun into the room, and again they excitement; her lips are parted and, like waitzin silence he having nothing to say Herrick's "Julia," are like "rubles," soft and to her she being so filled with joy at the bare rich. She is glancing up. In a little pure letter that the she is a little pure letter.

she grows languid in his arms, and stops before a door that leads into a conservatory,

It has been exquisitely fitted up for the occasion, and is one glowing mass of green and shrubberies. white and crimson sweetness. It is cool, and faintly lit. A little sad fountain, somewhere in the distance, is mourning sweetly, plaintively—perhaps for some lost nymph. "You will give me another dance?" says. Branscombe, taking her card. "If I have one. Isn't it funny?—I feared

when coming I should not get a dance at all, because, of course, I knew nobody; yet I have had more partners than I want, and am enjoying myselt so much."

"Your card is full," says Branscombe, in a tone that suggests a national calamity." Would you would you throw over one of these fellows for me?"

"He shan't find you out. I'll take care of again lays her hand upon her heart, and holds that. The crowd is intense. Of course,"- it there, as though in anguish. slowly-" I won't ask you to do it, unless you

wish it. Do you?"
"There is one name on that card I can't bear," says Miss Broughton, with her eyes ing her hand still more closely against her fixed upon a flower she holds. Her dark side. "This morning I felt well and strong lashes have fallen upon her cheeks, and lie and now-. My mother died of heartthere like twin shadows. He can see nothing but her mobile lips, and delicately penciled brows. He is watching her closely; and now wonders vaguely if she is a baby or

coquette. "Show me the man you would discard." he says, running his pencil down her programme.

"There-stop there. The name is Huntley, is it not? Yes. Well, he is old, and fat, and horrid; and I know he can't dance. You may draw the pencil across his name-if you are sure, quite sure, he won't find me out."
"He shall not. But I would far rather you condemned that fair-haired fellow you were

talking to just now," says Dorian, who is vaguely, faintly jealous of young Bellew. "But he is so much nicer than Mr. Huntley," declares Georgie earnestly; "and he was my first partner, and I promised him so

faithfully to keep this dance for him." "He'll never see you in the crush," sys Branscombe. d
"But 1 told him exactly where to find

me." "It is the most difficult thing in the world to be anywhere at the precise moment

etated. "But I should like to dance again with him," declares Miss Broughton, innocently, being driven into a corner.

"Oh, of course that ends the matter," says

Dorian, in an impossible tone, drawing the pencil with much uncalled for energy across Mr. Huntley's name. Then one other man comes up, and claims the little wilful beauty for the waltz then playing, and, carrying her off in triumph.

leaves Branscombe alone. CHAPTER XVII.

"It is the hydra of calamities, The sevenfold death; the jealous are the Damn'd."

Young. HAVING watched her until the last fold of er gown has disappeared, Branscombe turns girl who walks beside him. abruptly away, and, passing through a glass door that leads into the gardens outside, paces slowly up and down the winding paths beneath the subdued light of countless Chinese lanterns, that, hanging amidst the foliage, contrast oddly with the cold white brilliancy of the stars overhead, that

"Bush forth in myriads, as to wage War with the lines of darkness,"

Cold as the night air is, not a breath of wind comes to disturb the strange calm that hangs over land and sea. Far down in the bay the ocean lies at rest. From the distance softly, seductively to the ear; but beyond and above it comes the song of the nightingale that, resting 'n yonder thicket, pours forth its heart in tender hurried melody, as though

fearful the night will be Too short for him to utter forth his love-And disturbed his full soul of all its music."

The notes rise and fall, and tremble on the ir. No other sound comes from the breast of nature to mar the richness of its tone. No earthly thing seems living but itself. For it the night appears created, and draws its "sable curtain stained with gold" over the sleeping world. This nightingale, of all the feathered tribes, is wakeful, and chants 'its' hymn of praise at midnight, whilst all its

brethren rest in peaceful slumber. The intense and solemn stillness of all botter?" around renders more enchanting the trills and tender trembles that shake its tiny throat. There is

'No whispering but of leaves, on which the

Of heaven plays music to the birds that alum-Yet this one sweet bird refuses rest, and, as though one of those "small foules," that "elepen alle night with open eye," sings on

courageously amidst the gloom. Dorian, strolling absently through the walks, and into the shrubberies beyond, listens, and feels some sense of comfort (that has yet with it a touch of pain) creep through bim as the nightingale's sweet song smites upon

his ear. Yet this is not the only sound that disturbs the quiet of the night. Badly, mournfully, a

Branscombe starts, and looks round suddealy, but can see nothing. No footsteps make themselves heard.

The shrubs are sufficiently thick to concea the presence of any one, yet it seems to him as if the thought of that sob was born of fancy, and that the earthly owner of it, is un-

Then some ray from the brilliant moon opens his eyes, and he sees a woman's figure standing in a somewhat disconsolate attitude, with ner back against a tall elm, and her eyes fixed wistfully on the distant windows. through which the lights are streaming, and the passing to and fro of the danoing crowd

Porisi, recognizing her goes quickly up to her and lays his hand upon her shoulder. It is Ruth Annereley!

may be distinctly seen.

She stiffes a low cry, and turning to him, grows even a shade paler than she was a moment since.

sees what they see the line an open window, directly opposite to where they are standing, two figures can be seen in very close proximity to each other. Beyond are the forms of the dancers; the faint sweet strains of the band float out to meet the midnight air but the two in the window seem lost to all but the fact of their own existence, and that they are together. At least, so it seems to the onlookers in the

See, how he takes her hand—the kindly curtain hiding the act from those within; he s cops toward her; the girl leans a little forward; and then Dorian knows them; the man is Horace, and the girl Clarissa Poy.

Instinctively he glances from them to Ruth. She, too, is leaning forward, her whole attention concentrated upon the picture before her. Her eyes are wide and miserable, her cheeks pale and haggard.
"You have seen enough of this ball, Ruth,"

says Branscombe, very gently. "Go home now. "Yes; enough,-too much," says the girl.

"I would, in a minute," says Miss Brough- starting into life again. She draws her ton, naively; "but, if he found me out after-breath quickly, painfully; her brow contracts.

ward, would be be angry?"

As though unable to resist the movement sha

" What is it?" asks Dorian. " Are you in pain? How white you are!" "I am tired. I have a pain here," press-

disease; perhaps I shall die of it too. I think so : I hope so !" "You are talking very great nonsense,"

saya Dorian, roughly, though in his soul shocked to the last degree by the girl's manner, which is full of reckless misery. "Nobody sees any amusement in dying. Come, let me see you home." "Oh, no! Please do not come, Mr. Brans-

combe," entreats she, carnestly that he feels she has a meaning in her words. "I have the key of the small gate, and can run home in five minutes once I pass that." "Then at least I shall see you safely as far as the gate," says Branecombe, who is tender and gentle in his manner to all women.

Silently they walk through the damp night grass, neither speaking, until, coming to a curve in the way, she breaks silence. " How beautiful Miss Poyton looks tonight,'I she says, in a tone impossible to trans-

late."

very kindly intent. "But then she is always one of the most beautiful women I know." "Is she very much admired?" this ra ther timidly. "One can understand that at once," says

"Very" says Dorian, unkindly, yet with

Dorian, quietly. "Both her face and figure are perfect." As he says this, quite calmly, his heart bleeds for the girl beside him. "Who has she been dancing most with?" Eagerly, almost painfully; this question is

put. The utter simplicity of it touches Dorian to his heart's core "With my brother, of course. She-she would not care to dance very much with any one else now, on account of her engagement."

" Her engagement?" "Yes. She is to be married to my brother

some time next year."

He hates himself bitterly as he says this; but something within him compels him to the cruel deed, if only through pity for the They are now within the shade of treez, and he cannot see her face; though in very truth,

if he could have seen it at this moment, he would not have looked at it. No word es-

capes her; she walks on steadily, though actually made strong by the receiving of the blow. Dorian would gladly believe that her silence means indifference; but to-night has forced a truth upon him that for months he has determinedly put behind him. Her tears, her sgitation, the agony that shone in her eyes as she fixed them upon Horace's form in

the window, have betrayed only too surely the secret she would so gladiv hide. She makes no further attempt at conversation, and, when they come to the little from gate that leads on to the road, would have passed through, and gone on her homeward way mechanically, without bidding him oven goodnight, as if (which is indeed the case) she

But he cannot let her go without a word. "Good-night," he says, very kindly, his tone warmer because of his pity for her. "Take care of yourself. Are you sure you do not fear going alone?"

has forgotten the very fact of his near pre-

" Yes." Her voice is low, and sounds strange, even in her own ears. "Wrap your shawl more closely round you. The night is cold: Is the pain in your side

"Yes,"-almost regretfully. That is right. Well, good-by. I shall

stand here until I see you have safely turned the corner; then I shall know you are out of all danger." He has been holding her hand somewhat anxiously all this time, not quite liking the strained expression in her face. Now he presses it, and then drops it gently? "Good-night," returns she slowly, and then turns away from him, never remember-

ing to thank him for his kindness—hardly, indeed conscious of having spoken the farewell word. Her brain seems on fire; her body cold as death. Oh, to be in her own room, free from all watching eyes, where she can fling herself upon the ground, and mosn and cry sloud

ness to overhear her! She hurries rapidly onward, and sood the corner bides her from (Continued on Third Page.) 18 miles

against her fate, with only the friendly dark-

ELEPHANTS IN CETTON. The Rev. Mr. Collins, a naturalist, twenty-five years resident. in Ceylon, says that elephants there live about one had and thirty years and come of age at forty. There are three sizes of them in the same herds, and when they are young, the sizes that they will attain is pretty, nearly known by the number of their toes. Those which grow to be of the largest size have eighteen toes-five on each of the two fore feet, and four on each of the hind ones. Those which grow to a medium size have seventeen toes five on each of the fore feet, and four on the hind tect and three on the other. The least size of elephant has sixteen toes—five and on each fore foot, and three on each hinds; foot. No Cingalese elephant has a fewer number than sixteen toes. The driver rules his elephant by means of an iron hook, with the

"But not for this dance. I am engaged—I ter of course."

am, I give you my word—to the prettiest girl in the room—the prettiest child, I should she says, in her sweet, petulant voice."

you here at his hour?"

"After all, my reason is better than yours."

"Buth," says Dorian, "what on earth brings his elephant by means an iron, hook, with your says, in her sweet, petulant voice."

you here at his hour?"

"You can dance with your child, of course; time."

"You can dance with your child, of course; time."

"You can dance with your child, of course; time."

"After all, my reason is better than yours!"

"After all, m anily the state of the contract of the state of the state

sight.