[Now First Published].

CAMIOLA A GIRL WITH A FORTUNE

> BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY. of "Mine Misahibrope," "Maid of

CHARTER III. Continued Walter had left the place in contemptuous silence, while Merridew was still pouring forth all his eloquence of denunciation. Even after the morning callman had shut out the

world by returning to his house and closing his door with a bang, he still kept on relieving his mind at the expense of Fitzurse, Fitzurse's name, family connections, persons, character, and social prospects. Walter went his way and walked slowly along the road that led to the river and the old churchyard upon its bank. One of the smaller gates the churchyard was open, and went in. It was a soft evening of a summer not yet advanced into a heat. The sky was silvery grey towards the horizon; grey blue overhead. The faint sun was sinking behind silver-edged clouds. The place was ionely, the young man sat on the low wall and looked to where, on clearer evenings the spires and domes of London could be seen. "How can one live in this accursed place," he said audibly, "and see London so near." Then he looked anxiously back across the churchyard as afraid that some one might have heard his words. There was no one there yet He was evidently expecting but himself. some one. He looked at his watch. "Past the time," he said; "distinctly past the time; nearly five minutes late." As he was uttering the words he heard the gates open oftly and close again, and he heard a footfall coming towards where he was seated. He did not get up; he remained just as he was, and affected to be buried in thought and to have heard no sound until a girl ran up to him, and put a hand upon his shoulder.

You naughty boy! you did not come to the gate to me; you sat there thinking and thinking; and I dare say not thinking of me one bit. No, nonsense; don't—I won't, Walter; you ridiculous thing."

Miss Vinnie, or Vincentia Lammas, was a

decidedly pretty girl. She had dark curly hair and twinkling eyes, a particularly win-some mouth and chin. She was dressed neatly—what Fitzuresham would have called genteelly; but the experienced eye would have detected the fatal evidences of poverty about the very neatness of her attire. There was something pathetic in the little worn gloves, frayed at the finger ends; and one could almost imagine a highly sympathetic creature being touched to the heart by the little boots which were going down slightly on one side. Miss Vinne herself did not appear to be thinking of these things or anything that would diminish her good spirits. Her eyes danced with pleasure as she came up to her lordly lover, who was indeed impatient for her coming, but chiefly because he wanted to tell her his good news.

They began walking up and down the churchyard along the line of the river wall. Much of their talk turned on the approaching oncert to which Vinnie had, of course, been invited. She was well known to Lady Letinia, who always spoke of her as "a nice respectable little girl; the daughter of a very proper decent mother." "Vinnie was beginning to make suggestions to her lover about the time he was to call for her to take her to the concert; and here now was the opportunity for Walter to tell her his piece of good news. He had been longing for the chance ; and now he let it out with the most careless and casual manner as if it were something

hardly worth the telling.
'Well, the truth is, I couldn't very well take you in any case; because I shan't be going at the same time ; Lady Lisle-Lady Letitia" -he suddenly bethought him of Mr. Merridew's correction-" has asked me -has been kind enough to ask me to dinner that dayand of course I suppose I must go," he added with heroic attempt to appear mere or less indifferent on the subject.

"Asked to dinner? Lady Letitia? Oh. you lucky, lucky boy! I say, Walter, how I do envy you! Fancy -dining there with all these swell women.'

"Yes; very kind of her, wasn'tit? I suppose I must go?"

"Go? Why of course you must go-what else would you think of doing? I feel quite proud, Walter, to know such a grand young man. I say, you must look your very best. We must get mamma to throw her whole soul into the shirt question for that occasion -- and you must let me make you a present of a pair of gloves. I want you to look spleudid; I hope there wil be other young men thereyoung swells ; a lot of them.' Why do you hope that, Vinnie?"

"You goose, can't you gness? Why, of course, in order that you may look so much handsomer, and cutthem all out with the ladies and make them awfully jealous. I know there won't be any of them half so handsome. I must give you the gloves.'

"I rather think, my dear girl, gloves are not worn now by gentlemen at dinner par

"Oh, well, you must have gloves, anyhow; and if you don't see any of the swells putting them on you can keep yours for another time. You are sure to do whatever is right-you have the way of it always. Mamma says it runs in your far ily -I'm sure it don't run in hers or mine. Wa ter, I am so delighted.'

Now perhaps on the whole this way of taking his news was a little disappointing to Walter. He was afraid at first that the girl would be displeased, or jealous, or alarmed at the thought of his going into this inner circle of brilliant society without her. He had not expected anything of the childlike and simple joy with which she heard of his invitation. Her way of taking it was a relief to be sure in one sense; but in his heart he would have liked her to be a little jealous and frightened. He had hopes of giving her just a little pain and alarm; of impressing her practically and effectively with a sense of his superiority, and of the social distance which must be growing greater and greater between them. It spoiled all this when she received his news with more

delight and pride. I suppose I shall meet Miss Sabine," he "I have not seen her yet; they say she is very rich and very handsome."

Church on Sunday; and so is Miss Lisle, I think. Don't you attempt to make love to ither of these swell ladies, Walter-or do. if you like, my dear; I shan't be jealous; only I hope they won't make love to you; that be more serious, wouldn't it?

..... carry there was no making this girl ealous. "1 цаve talked to Miss Lisle," he said; "she is very nice and very clever. We agree in many of our opinions on social questions." "Do you, really? Why, Walter, I never knew that you had any opinions on social questions. What are social questions? Why don't you ever talk to me about social questions ! I am not clever, I suppose ; I couldn't

boy? And you know Miss Lisle already Where did you see her? of I saw her at her house ; I have been to oall there, once or twice. She talks to me a

No, I told you I haven't seen Miss Sabine, to see her.

Janette Lisle speaks very highly of her."

"Yes, Vinnie; the eldest Miss Lisle. Janette is her name. Very pretty name, don't

"Yes," said the girl, rather blankly. A ydúlthink ?" chill had come over her. Walter had not accomplished his purpose of making her jealous; but he made her uncomfortable. She had not the faintest idea of distrusting him; but she began to distrust herself. How could she ever look well in his eyes, after those eyes had been accustomed to gaze on girls like Miss Sabine and Miss Lisle? He was much too good for her in any case; but up to this time he had hardly seen any girl

Now, however, that Walter saw he had made her uneasy he was satisfied with himself, and he set to work to restore her spirits and her confidence in herself again. This was easily done. He talked to her pettingly and lovingly, and she thought she had never seen him look so noble and splendid, and had never heard his voice sound more sweetly. His caressing words had a new charm to her because of the knowledge that he had spoken to great ladies and found favor with them. There was no one near; the churchyard was lonely save for those two: and as they walked up and down Walter kept his arm around the girl's waist. When the skies began to deepen, and it was time for Vinnie to go home, he took her in his arms, and looking cautiously round to see that there were no observers near, he kissed her lips. This seemed to be the recognized signal for leaving the churchyard. Vinnie put up her lips for the kiss. Then they passed out of the gate, and from self-confessed lovers became an ordinary pair of wayfarers again. Walter walked with her to her door, and left her in a condition almost tearful for very pride and

happiness. Walter Fitzurse had lived all his life in the region where we find him. His father and mother had long been dead.

In a lonely way the boy grew up to be a man. He was intensely self-conscious, as one usually is who has spent his early years in such a place and such a manner. He was vain and ambitious. He yearned and pined for worldly success, and above all, for social distinction. He had convinced himself that he was destined for success in that way, and fed in his loneliness on the assurance of what the future had in store for him. His favorite heroes were Vivian Grey" and one or two of Balzac's brilliant adventurers. He had some capacity, he was clever, he could do most things well when he gave his mind to them, but he had not as yet done any one thing especially well. If he had been brought up at some great public school or had any opportunity of mixing much with other boys he would have had his measure taken, he would have had his wholesome selfconceit reduced in its dimensions, and perhaps he would as a result have applied himself steadily to some one pursuit and won distinction in it. But there were very few boys in the old foundation school during his time, and the few that were there were so preternaturally stupid that their presence and companly served to give Fitzurse still further assurance of his own intellectual greatness. He was something of a musician, something of a draughtsman; he had a certain taste for literature, he had an aptitude for learning modern languages, he was a good fencer, and the result of all this was that he found himself at 23 years of age absolutely without any pursuit or occupation, and with his scanty resources running rapidly out. Then he made up his mind that he had better go to the bar and in order to get to the bar he would have to make his way into literature : and in order to make his way into literature he proposed to pass through the iron gate of journalism. For this nurnose he was taking lessons in short hand from Christian Pilgrim. The ladder of success was all to be climbed as yet. He had not even put his foot upon the lowest round of it. Vivian Grey had done wonderful things at a much earlier age; that, Walter sorrowfully admitted; but he reminded himself at the same time of the immense advantages over him which Vivian Grev had to start with. Even the neediest of Balzac's youths had advantages over him. However, he was going on now; and the

success would come. He would muster short. hand; he would get an engagement on some London paper; he would write some brilliant thing which would attract attention to his literary genius; he would get literary employment; he would make money. Then would come the time to make his final choice for letters and politics combined; or law and politics combined. But the time to make the choice had not exactly come as yet, and he went on learning shorthand. He had taken the idea of shorthand from Vinnic Lammas, who was in hopes of being able by its acquirement to get an en gagement as secretary or amanuensis to some great lady. He had known Vinnie and her mother several years, and he had for more than two years been Vinnie's recognized lover. They were to be married when he saw himself in a fair way to make a living, meanwhile the girl and her mother were quite willing to wait, They both believed in him to the full. At first indeed Vinnie used to be rather amused by his airs and ambitious flight; but he was very clever, and in her eyes he seemed an astonishing genius; and he was good-looking, and had a graceful figure and ways that would impress and impose upon a girl; and she ended by believing that there was no one in all the world like him. He began by being very fond of her; although he had plunged into the love making partly because it seemed to him that the heroic and romantic part he was playing required to have a love adventure thrown in. Then he found something intensely gratifying to his self-love in the admiration, the devotion, the dependence She's awfully handsome. I saw her at of this pretty girl. When she sometimes dwest on her lowly birth and poor intellectual qualifications it seemed to him that he was indeed a generous creature, and out of very admiration for himself he came to feel a new admiration for her. Walter had one enjoyment which he did

not share with her; of which he never told her anything. It was a very harmless thing have allowed her to know of it. Many a night when he was quite a boy he used to strain his eyes from the river's bank to see the lights of London fusing themselves into a deep mass of glowing color in the distance. There among those lights was to be his future field of struggle and of success. Lately, understand. Is that it, you self-conceited however, he had made it his habit of nights

in the season to go to London; to haunt the West End; to wander up and down Pic-cadilly and St. James street and Park lane and other thoroughfares in the same enchantcall there, once or twice. She talks to me a good deal. They are very easy to get on with these aristocratic women, I find."

"And you never told me you had been there or met her," Vinhie said with a certain distinct reproachfuh stilling her manner as it now for the first time she did begin to enter than a misgiving.

"Didn't littell you before: El must have forgotten. Oh, yes twas there; they were the crowled beneath, and tried to make him all very kind."

"Me I told you see Miss Sabine?" although he did not write verses; a poet of stitution. He was a sort of poet, perhaps, although he did not write verses; a poet of keen but limited aspiring, a poet whose mostspecial [magination took him into and not
out of the world of prose. The heaven of
heavens into which he presumed an earthly
guest was the West End of London; the imspecial air he desired to draw was the atmos-phere of a factionable drawing room. He fed and pumpered his yearnings until they became the highest motive and the supreme law of life for him.

Often did he spend long hours of the day in the old church by the river. He did not care for the beauty of the scene; he only went to gaze upon the monumental bust of the great man who lay buried there, and of whose illustrious family he had now finally elected himself a member. Vinnie Lammas knew of this favorite occupation of his, and thought it very high-souled and heroic. It grew to be a habit of hers to look for him in the church or churchyard every evening. His love and his hopes made her very happy. Until she loved him and came to believe he loved her, she had led a stilted, frozen sort of life. His love warmed the atmosphere and expanded the horizon of her existence. At one time she used to be discontented and complaining, and used to speak with scorn and bitter-ness now and then of the pinched and mean kind of struggle which she and her mother had to make. Since she and Walter had come into companionship her voice had no discontent in it. Her happiness made the poor little home all sunuy. Her lover sometimes came to have tea at Mrs. Lammas'-not the five o'clock tea of modern civilization, Mrs. Lammas did not admit such innovations—but the good old-fashioned meal of tea and bread and butter which comes long after the early dinner. Then Walter sang to them and played to them ; and when he was going away Vinnie stood on the door step with him for ever so long, and her mother did not object or rebuke. These were happy hours, and while they were here Vinnie was not merely happy-she knew that she was happy.

CHAPTER VIII, -Loves Lies Bleedieg. The little dinner-party at Mr. Lisle's went off very pleasantly for most of those who took part in it. It was early, very early; for the company had all to go off to Fitzurse House for the concert, and late hours were not kept 1 Fitzurseham, at least by the respectable innabitants, by those who took any account of nours at all. The party was small; Mrs. Pollen, Romont, and Walter Fitzurse being the only guests. Mr. Lisle took in Mrs. Pollen; Romont had Lady Letitia. Fitzurse was arm to Janette, and George Lisle had the happiness of Camiola's company. Lady Letitia asked Romont a great many questions about his mother, her old schoolfellow in whom she felt a reviving interest. They had not met for ever so many years, and probably would never have met again in their ordinary course of each other; but people in English society are ling the whole of that evening's entertainment. apt to drift away thus into different channels and not to be wafted or driven together say more. Mrs. Romont lives a good deal in the country and with her elder son, and on y oame to London now and then.

"Your mother must be very uneasy about you when you start off on one of these dreadful enterprises in emigrant ships and places," Lady Letitia said.

seen me come back all right so often that now she expects me to turn up in the usual way. You see, Lady Letitia, you let your boy go away to the war in Egypt; lots of fend English mothers do just the same, and you der't mind it much -

"Oh, don't we?" Lady Letitia interposed, with a shudder.

"Still you do it; because it is the custom. and because you think it is right and I don't see what a country would be worth if it hadn't mothers like that. Well, my mother begins to look on my goings on in the same light; and I suppose she has a firm belief that 'there's a sweet little cherub who sits up aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

"It all seems so strange," Lady Letitia said. "We were school-girls the other day, and now here am I talking to Kitty's son, and about my own sou. Please don't get married for a long time; it would be too awful to think of Kitty's grandson."

"Not much chance of my getting married besides, where should I find a wife as indulgent to all my ways as my mother is?' You would have to give up all your fads; I beg pardon, I mean all your philanthropic enterprises, then. A wife wouldn't

stand your coming home to her every now and then after spending a week in a fever den." "No," Romont answered gravely; could hardly expect that, could I? Then, besides, a wife would always keep me waiting, would she not? And I could not light a cigar and walk home from the theatre or the opera : I should have to go home with her in the growler, or the omnibus, according to the state of our finances, and she would be out of

temper a good deal.' "I don't see why she should be out of temper," Lady Letitia remonstrated.

" I don't see it either," Romont answered "but she would be all the same. Don't you think so, Miss Sabine?" he asked defiantly, for he saw that Camiola, who sat just opposite to him, had suddenly ceased from talk with Georgie Lisle and was looking fixed-

"I am sure I should be if I were she," Camiola answered defiantly also. "I should never be able to keep my temper with anyone who had started with a preconceived idea that all women lose their temper."

"You would show him he was wrong by showing him he was right!" Roment asked with a laugh. "I would give him 'reason to cry,' as the

nurses say to the children sometimes." "What would you do if you lost your temper Miss Sabine!" Mrs. Pollenasked." "How would you show it?"

"Throw things, I suppose," Camiola an swered placidly. "I thought as much," said Mrs. Pollen.

There is a girl who positively knows nothing about it, and evidently never lost her temper in her life. I do know how a woman vexes a man when she loses her temper; and I know it isn't by throwing things."

There was a moment's pause, after which Janette was distinctly heard to say, in a voice of intense earnestness :-

"You do believe with me, Mr. Fitzurse, in the coming of a great day of equality for human beings on this earth?'

Walter Fitzurse found his head swimming for sheer happiness at this dinner-table. 1: had ever worn a dress suit in private life. H) made to the decision of Romont. had felt nervous in the beginning; but was

e in fixed for a while on the small thin hands of that Janette Lisile, in order that he might beguided him by the rexample in all his provements of fork and sploon and naphin. He began by followed him by the rexample in the might beguided him by the rexample in the mitter of food, despiting the courses she declined and theywines she would not have. But he soon found that was a first the recommendation of time. Therefore he fook his cue from Romont, who sate and drank everything and talked all the time. What a delight there its in being in soft of gratified heart.

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"And do you not agree with me," Janette said, "in hating the miserable distinctions of class and the frivolous ways of the thing we call good society?"

Walter promptly assured her and himself that if there was one object of his scorn for which he felt more contempt than any other it was the frivolous thing which we call good "One seldom exchanges a true word there:

a word from the heart and the soul," Janette

said, warming with her own earnest eloquence

and happy in the conviction that she had found in him a kindred spirit.

Walter entirely agreed with her; but he did not explain that until that night society had never affected him by any opportunity o exchanging a word, true or ortherwise, with anybody belonging to it. Already, therefore,

he was reaching a third stage of his career. He was becoming weary of society, and he was as yet only half through his first dinner party.

George Lisle was not very happy. He was trying to absorb Camiola, and he feared he was not successful. She made several efforts to get into the general conversation and to draw him into it as well. He would not be drawn in, and she could not leave him out: and therefore she had always to return to her talk with him. He was afraid he was boring her, and that she sometimes hardly listened to what he was saying, and yet he could not give up his attempt to keep her all to himself. He was disappointed; he thought he ought to have been more of a hero in Camiola's eyes. Sometimes he longed to be back again in Eypt. He often wished the Arab spear had finished him off altogether. Would she have really cared for him then, and regretted him, and shed tears over his early grave? The poor youth was almost inclined to shed tears over himself. Mrs. Pollen observed all that was passing,

and she read poor George's little story as clearly as if it had been put into print. She pitied; she had a great tenderness for young men; but she did not think him much of here, and the thought of his being the lover proud and delighted to be asked to offer his of the superb Camiola seemed to her utterly absurd.

"The more he bores the girl," she thought the better for him and for her; it will bring the matter more quickly and more surely to an end."

She resolved that so far as she could influence things George Lisle should have the ing the whole of that evening's entertainment. She was much interested in Walter Fitzurse and Janette. She knew as well that that was Walter's first experience in society as if he had told her. She followed and understood every furtive glance of his at the movements of his neighbors. But she rather liked his flexibility, his advoitness, his courage, and his faith in himself.

"How if he were to turn out to be the long-lost relative?" she thought. "I should be glad. I thick he is a young man who would go far if he got a good start. If he wants it he shall have it; I'll give him a :hance.'

She took her imperious way with him; she knew it would be the right way in his case. As the ladies were leaving the dining room she spoke a passing word or two to him. "I have not had a chance of saving any thing to you, Mr. Fitzurse. Come and talk to me in the drawing room.

This was epoken in her very best tragedy queen style, and it greatly impressed Fit-

aurse. There was only a formal sitting of the geutlemen after dinner; a cigarette halfsmoked; nothing more. Walter went up to the drawing room feeling a little anxious.

Mrs. Pollen at once signalled to him to come near her. He went and sat by her. He was somewhat in awe of her dark eyes, her dark draperies, her diamonds, and her white shoulders. She was still a handsome woman, with a commanding air; when it suited her humour to put it on. She looked much more like his original idea of an aristocrat than the aristocrats themselves. He did not speak: he waited to be spoken to; he had read or heard somehow that that was the proper way to behave with queens and princesses; and this was at least a social princess.

"Mr. Fitzurse," she said in a voice that went through him, but which no one else heard, "I should like to talk to you, but not here. I am interested in you. Come and see me to-morrow; in Dover-street, Piccadilly. That will do now; go and talk to Miss Lisle.

So she dismissed him, and he went to Misa Lisle; hardly knowing what he was saying or doing. The very words "go and talk to Miss Lisle," were such a recognition of the reality of his position, such an indication of a sort of acknowledged bond of companionship between him and Miss Lisle, that he felt as if he were becoming almost too great and too happy all in a moment. There was not much time to talk to Miss Lisle then, however, for the whole company was speedily whirled off to Fitzurse House to take part in or look on at the evening's performances. But Walter found more than one opportunity during the performances of saying a word to Miss Liste. Janette was most innocent in her carnestness. and her eyes paid him the compliment of sparkling with pleasure whenever he came near her. He could not but see this; and it made him intoxicated with utter happiness.

Fitzurse House had seen many a brilliant company in its great days, but it had never seen a company so curiously assorted as that which gathered beneath its ancient roof-trees this night. There was rank in the person of Lady Letitia, there was wealth in Mrs. Pollen's splendid dress and rivers of diamonds. There was Camiola, the girl with a fortune; and there were Vinnie Lammas and Vinnie Lam. mas' mother, and Christian Pilgrim; there were the smallest of small shopkeepers and their wives and daughters, and the young men who were paying attention to the daughters, and there were a great many workingmen and green-grocers, and their account and subdued womankind, who enjoyed everything, but hardly ventured to speak their joy aloud. Lady Letitia and Mrs. Pollen jointly received for sheer happiness at this dinner-table. It is and when Mrs. Pollen was for leaving had ever worn a dress suit in private life. Hy

"Oh, you had better help Lady Letitia,"

quite surprised now to find how well he was getting on, and how much he was at his ease. As the eyes of the servant are fixed on the hands of the mistress, so were Walters eyes fixed for a while on the small thin hands of Janetts Lisle, in order that he might be guided by her example in all his novements of fork by her example in all his novements of fork and side on and napkin. He began by follow-

and dismay. Romont sought out the de-

linquent Look here, old pal," he said, in a rough good-humored way, " this will never do, you snow. You have been having too much beer, haven't you? Come along with me; a quiet smoke in the open air will do you no end of good. You are not half a bad sort, I know. Come along."

With good humor and a little gentle pressure he got the inebriate out into the grounds in a moment, and there gave him into the charge of a decent but withal sympathetic working man, lenient to all human weaknesses, who undertook to get the bemused comrade safely home.

This was the only hint of disturbance or interruption to the evening's performances. The performances consisted of vocal and instrumental music, with interjected recitations and some "living pictures" of a very simple and intelligible order. Walter Fitzurse took part in various concerted pieces; so did Ludy Letitia and both her daughters. Camiola did not play or sing well enough, she insisted, to do either in public. Vinnie Lammas was one of the chorus in a piece wherein also Walter took part. She was looking very pretty and pleased; thus far everything had been pleasant to her. She was delighted even to see Walter talking with apparent familiarity to dies Lisle. Walter had not much opportunity, up to this time, of saying many words to Vinnie; but Vinnie was content to wait; he would come and talk to her by and bye, and in the meantime she was satisfied with

the belief that his heart was with her always. She was dressed very neatly, but to Walter's eyes shabbily; and she had on some cheap little ornaments which did not seem by any means becoming, he thought. Mrs. Pollen observed Vinnie; was attracted to her in the first instance by her prettiness, and then by the fact that every oter moment Vinnie's eyes turned to where Waiter happened to be standing or sitting. It did not escape her observation that Walter by no means reciprocated this attention, but on the contrary seemed to avoid looking in Vinnie's direction. Romont talked to every body, talked a good deal to Vinnie, whom he remembered to have seen before, and talked to her mother, which much delighted them both. Mr. Lisle did his best to get into conversation with people, but could not make much of it. The company generally did not get on with each other. There was no tusion,

no real mingling or blending. " Can't we manage to stir up these people a little more?" Mrs. Pollen asked of Romont. This entertainment is like the materials for a plum-pudding thrown together into a bag without skill to blend them or fire to boil

"This sort of thing is always a failure." Romant said. "It must be so; it couldn't be any anything else in a piece like this. It is meant to bring people of dif ferent classes together, and they won' come tegether. It is an attempt to make people think they are on an counlity for the hour, and they know they are not on an equality, and what's the good The poor find themselves poorer than ever when they see all you smart women with your laces and your diamon s."

"I am sure I would have left my laces and my diamonds at home if that would have

made things any better." "But it wouldn't. They would know that you had them all the same. Half the girls here are ashamed of their poverty now, and are hiding themselves away behind doors and in corners, and I am certain they would have thought themselves and their dresses perfection if they were at some little tea party of their own. I have been talking to a nice little girl over yonder and all the time she kept glancing now at Miss Sabine's dress and now at her own, and I could see that she was ashamed of her own poor little fineriers, although I daresay she and her mother thought she was rigged out fit for a palace when she was setting out this evening. Equality? Stuff! Do you think anything on this earth would make the girl believe that she was on an equal footing socially with Miss Sabine? Ten to one if the girl has a sweetheart here he thinks less of her now than he did this afternoon. There will be some love affairs spoiled here this evening you may be sure; that will be one of the happy results of your pat-

onage. "Don't say my patronage; I never patronized anybody, unless some one who was trying to patronize me. You are an odd sort of young man, but there is some sense in what you are saying. I like the whole affair, however; it is as good as a play to me. It is a play, and I am only a looker on. All life is a play to me now, and nothing more. I um not a philanthropist."

"You are a deceitful woman," said Romont. "You are a fraud; that is what wou are. You took me in at first, but now I have found you out; I have unmasked you, as the people say in the melodramas."

"What is the young man talking about now?" Mrs. Pollen exclaimed. "Yes; it is quite true. You told me your-

self that you were egotistic and selfish, and I don't know what else, and that you cared nothing about your fellow man or woman. Don't I know now that you pass all your days and half your nights, I dare say, plotting and scheming and planning how to do somebody a good turn? Don't talk to me; I know you! so does my pal, Christian Pilgrim; he has found you out! That's not all—he has become your accomplice; he told me so.'

"Well, well," Mrs. Pollen said, not ungratified by his words, "time will unfold me and we shall see. Meanwhile it looks a lovely night, and the moon is up. Will you take me for one turn in the grounds or the gardens, or whatever they are called?" They passed out of the crowd and into the

quiet of the evening mir. Camiola and George Lisle were already in the gentler; and began wandering about there for some names. Camiola was not listening with deep attention to her companion's words. Her mind was a little distraught to-night. Almost for the first time in her life she was beginning to feel uphappy.

Suddenly George came to a sudden stand and said :

She turned on him a look half amused, half surprised; notificate least serious.

Yes; do you think I am a coward?

ALL THE PEOPLE UNANIMOUSLY APPLAUD IT.

The crowds in New Orleans at the Great Exposition, on their return home are loud in their approval of the honesty of the renowned Louisiana State Lottery. This is true, even when the scheme meets their disapproval. The next grand drawing will occur on Tuesday, June 16th, when she will give \$150,000 for \$10, and throw around promisenously over half a million of dollars among her admirers, of which M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., will give all information. The entire management will be by Generals G. T. Beauregard, of La., and Jubal A. Early, of Va.

A German squadron is to be formed for service in Zanzibar.

A SUCCESSFUL RESULT.

Mr. Bloomer, of Hamilton, Out., suffered for many years with a painful running sore upon one of his legs, which hattled all attempts to heal until he used Burdock Blood Bitters, which speedily worked a perfect cure.

Mme. Cabel, a Belgian singer, and William Young, governor of Gold Coast, are

A TRUE STATEMENT.

"Kind words can never die," and there are none but kind words spoken regarding Hagyard's Yellow Oil, that old reliable 12 medy for external and internal use. It cures rheumatism, deafness, croup, sore throat, and all soreness and wounds of the fiesh.

During the two weeks ending April 4ti there were 188 deaths from cholera in Cal cutta.

A FOURFOLD WORK.

Burdock Blood Bitters act at the same time upon the liver, the bowels, the kidneys and the skin, relieving or curing in every case. Warranted satisfactory or money refunded.

The St. Petersbarg Novoe Vremya says f. arge number of Russian troops are going to the Afghan frontier.

Mr. T. C. Wells, chemist and druggist, Port Colborne, Ont., writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepie Cure sells well, and gives the best of satis faction for all diseases of the blood. It never fails to root out all diseases from the system. cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, etc., purities the blood and will make you look the picture of health and happiness.

Regular shipments of rhubarb are now made from Salem, Ore., to Boston.

Every bottle of Arnica and Oil line sold is narranted by the proprietors to give sati-faction or money will be refunded.

Sarvival of the ntest. Downs' Elixir has outlived every other cough remedy simply because it is the pest.

More people, adults and children, are trouided with costiveness than with any other ailment. Dr. rienry Baxter's Man drake hitters will care costiveness and prevent the diseases which result from it.

The Ohio Valley, not Dakota, is the great centre of wheat production in the United

TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. STRONGER THAN ANY OTHER BUTTER COLOR.

BURLINGTON, VT. May 3rd, 1882. I hereby certify that I have examined the Butter Color prepared by Wells Richardson & Co., and that the same is free from alkali or any other substance injurious to health ; that I have compared it with some of the best of the other Butter Colors in the market and find it to be more than twenty-five per cent. stronger in color than the best of the others.

I am satisfied that it is not liable to become rancid, or in any way to injure the butter. have examined it after two months free ex posure to the air in a place liable to large changes of temperature, and found no trace of rancidity, while other kinds similarly exposed became rancid. A. H. ŠABÍN. Prof. Chemistry, University of Vermont.

The ordinary revenues of the city of Paris are 254,494,983 francs - \$50,898,996 - per

Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap is a delightful toilet luxury as well as a good curative for skin disease.

The fortune of the Marquis of Ripon is \$600,000 a year.

As Sweet As Honey is Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, yet sure to destroy and expel worms.

Mr. Dodd, Queen's Counsel, has been appointed Crown Prosecutor at Dublin, to succeed to Mr. McDermott, recently appointed solicitor of Ireland.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

Its use in Lung Troubles. Dr. Hiram CauoRETTO, of Jacksonville, Fla., says: "I have
prescribed your Emulsion to a number of patients with lung troubles, and they have been greatly benefitted by it."

In this country the degrees of heat and cold are not only various in the different seasons of the year, but often change from one extreme to the other in a few hours, and as these changes cannot fail to increase or diminish the perspiration, they must of course of fect the health. Nothing so suddenly obstructa the perspiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. In such cases use "Do you think I am a coward, Camiola ?" | Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.