<u>کې د</u> NUCCEIDAFIDEL SITS THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOEIC CHRONICLE '82 pril 5. 2 STUDUITITITITI fwo days ago. Business d I don't want to hurt you," she says, getting her things. called me ; othe COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS. GATHOLIG CALENDAB "When she is TROUBLED IRELAND. witi wise, Lwas sufficiently comfortable where was to make me wish to remain there." trousseau I want her to have every certary was summary in the state of thing she can possibly fairy, the bays at last was to make me with to remain there. 4 desperately, "Con't you manage that for "And Constance is the quite well ?" me? Do; and make any use you like of "And Constance is the quite well ?" "And Constance is the quite well ?" "Quite well thank you. You you her const this." "And constance is the quite well ?" "Quite well thank you. You you her const the fings a checked into her is through the series prolonged and underirable. "She shall have everything she wante," says her You will take some clarot ?" says Sar. Clarises, " but I don't think "-taking up the toris, be as pushing the bottle toward him, book - "we shall require fills." trousseau-I want her to have every earthly a sob; "and I know. I am not heartless." Our darling rests like an angel's smile, On the broad Atlantic's waters, Breathe but, her name, and the hear's stirred. Of her exiled sons and daughters. APRIL There is a faint tinge of indignation in her Mary Anderson is said to be very saving. Epist. TRUBEDAY 6. Holy, Thursday. Epist. Cor. cl. 20 32 Gosp. John Xill. 1-15. FREDAY, 7. Good Friday. Less. Osce vi tone. There are 7,000 Irish voters in Liverpool. " Of course you are not. It was a rather brotal thing my saying so. Darling, what-There is talk about making one city of New York and Brooklyn. 1.6 and Exod. xil 1-11; Passion, John 1-6 and Drod. XII derivery and XIII and XIX. xviii, and XIX. BATURDAY 6. Holy Saturday. Epist. Col. iii. 1-4; Gosp. Matt. XXVIII. 1-7. SUFFAT, 9: Easter Sunday. Epist. 1 Cor. V. 7.8; Gosp. Mart. XVI. 1-7. MONDAY, 10. — Easter Monday. Bp. Quarter; ever else may render me unhappy, I can atall Stirred by a love no time can change, And close us hand to hand, Are the links that bind these exiled ones To Thee, bright beautiful land. events find comfort in the thought that you Sergeant Mason is to have another trial, never loved any other man." this time by a civil tribunal. "But I did," says Miss Broughton, still de-The belief in a general election for the book- we shall require this? "Nonthank you; I have only just dined. cidedly tearful; "you must always remember that. There was one; and "-she is plainly in the mood for confessions "I shall never So fair in thy perfect loveliness, But crowned with a dower of wos, That swift to the mind comes that quaint of Dominion is not so strong as it was a month "Nevertheless keep it. You must want it and don't mention me in the matter, at all. 1 came up to-night to=tall you what 1 days ago. say byithis you have heard from somebod It is said that ex-Lieut Governor Macdonald Ohicage, died, 1848. else Lam going to be married on the 9th of love you or any one as I loved him." And-look here sgain-what do you think "God's mill grinds sure but slow." TOBSDAY, 11.-Easter Tuesday. Bp. England, will be a candidate for Glengarry at the next she would like as a wedding-present?" "What are you going to tell'me now?" next month.' Lord Sartoris turns suddenly to confront Charleston, died, 1842. election. Of course he has given her long ago the So slow that we cry in sheer despair, When will this strife and wrong— How long must Erin's sufferings last— How long, Oh God, how long? says Dorian, desperately. He had believed WEDBESDAY, 12. -Of the Octave. The Mail says Hon. Mr. Chaplean would him. orthodox engagement ring, the locket, the his cup quite full, and only now discovers his "I had not heard it," he says, with amaze. make his mark in France. Does the Mail mistake. Is there a still heavier amount of bracelet, and so forth. DON'T BE ALABMED ment "To be married !... This is very sud. den..." Then changing his tone, " I am glad," "Wny don't you ask har ?" says Miss Peywant that? misery in store for him ? ... Is the worst to be For centuries seven thy rulers have held Thee manacled, bound and chained, Like some born playe, in a pagen mart, To be goaded, and scourged, and maimed. at Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any diseas There will be a grand convention of all told me yet?" he says, with the calmness of ton. of the kidneys, liver or urinary organs, as Hop Bitters will optiality and lastingly ours you, and it is the only thing that will. despair, being quite too fat gone for vehe-mence of any description. "Why did you keep it from me until now?" he says, slowly, and with an unmistakable "Because the other day she said she adored the branches of the Land League at Washingsneer, "that at last it has occurred to you to ton, D.C., 12th April. surprises. And I am sure she doesn't care set that girl right in the eyes of the world, about heing asked what she likes." The Rev. Mr. Nelson, M. P., for Mayo, for They have filled the prison cells and wards "You have your mother's diamonds." As a man of honor, there was no other course "I didn't keep snything," cries she; some reason or other, is always absent from THE BEDEMPTOBIST FATHERS. With thy noblest, thy truest, thy best Men whom no Eaglish gold could buy From thee, little Isle of the West. " Oh; of course "-airily-" all my mother's left open to you." told you long ago-at least, Ihis seat in Parliament. "To whom are you alluding ?" asks Brans. things will be hers; that goes without tell. HABITAI, N.S., March 29 .- St. Mary's and "What is the name ?" demands he, gloom-The Montreal! Herald writer obtains his combe, growing pale with anger, an ominous St. Patrick's chapels are crowded every night, They have laid at Erin's wounded feet, The dearest things they own, All that a true man's heart loves best Within the walls of home. ily. fully expecting the hated word "Kening; but I hate old rubbish. I want to give knowledge of Irish history from the Y.M.C.A. flush betraying itself in his gray eyes. her something from myself to wear on her marriage morning. Don't you see? or is it the former with men and the latter with nedy " to fall from her lips. " Better let me "I hope I understand you to mean to 'offer women, to hear the sermons of the Bedemp-Sunday school books. know it. Nothing you can possibly say can At the Kilkenny Assizes last month the full, though tardy, reparation to Buth Anners. sorist Jathers from the United States. Serthat you grow imbecile in your old age, my make me feel more thoroughly stranded than Judge was presented with a pair of white kid good Clarissa ?" vices are held by them every day during the And biding back of prison bars, They fill a living grave, Waiting the Royal pleasure, These gallant sonis so brave. ley.' Iam." "No; it only means that you are growing With an effort Branscombe restrains the gloves. There were no prisoners. "I think you are taking it very unreason week. fierce outburst of wrath that is trembling on The Quebeo Telegraph says "it is rumored" extravagant in your dotage, my good Dorian ably," says Miss Broughton, with quivering THE IMPRISONED "SUSPECTS." if the Quebeo Ministry falls Mr. Carbray will enter the new Cabinet as Irish Catholic " If I cannot bring myself to love any-Well, mention something that I may object to his lips. llps. WARBINGTON, March 29.—In the Senate to-night, Mr. Cockrell offered a resolution "You still persist, then, in accusing me o Is justice dead ? has mercy fied ? 11.77 body as well as poor papa, I can't help it-From off this fair broad earth, That the fate of these mon a nation loves, Should be food for their rulers' mirth. being accessory to that girl's disappearance? "Emeralds, then ?" and it isn't my fault-and you are very unrepresentative. directing the Secretary of State to ascertain "You have never yet denied it," exclaims kind to me-and ----" "No; papa has set his heart ou giving her Patrick Egan acknowledges the receipt of Sartoris, pushing back his glass, and rising to his feet. "Give me the lie direct, if you can "Good gracious! what a fright all about whether citizens of the United States are those. \$75,000 for Land League, purposes from Ire-But steeped to thy lips in sorrow and woe, One precious pearl is thind, It cheers thy darkest, gloomlest hours, By the might of its light divine. now confined in Ireland, and for what length "Rubies ?" nothing " says Mr. Branscombe, with a sigh land, Great Britain, America and Australia --if you dare--and I will believe you." "I never will," returns Dorlan, now thorof time and what cause, and, if charged with of intense relief. "I don't mind your poor "Oh, nothing red; they would not suit for the week ending March 11th. grime, what steps have been taken to secure father, you know-I rather admire your faithher. 1 Le Monde referring to the antice of Mr. oughly roused-"Never !" If my own char-" Opals ?" their speedy trial, and if not charged with fulness there-but 1 thought-er-it doesn't Its gleams are strong, as in conturies gone, When Saintly Patrick bore The Cross of Christ, and with it blest, acter all these past years is not denial enough, McShane at Quebec asks in astonishment why " Too unlucky, she would die or run away in the least matter what 1 thought," hastily ; erime what steps have been taken to secure his constituents do not ask him to resign. I shall give no other. Believe what you from you." "every one has silly fancies at times." He their release? But would he resign if they asked him ? "Pearls? But of course,"-quickly ; " why will. Do you imagine I shall come to you. Thy land from shore to shore. kisses her lids warmly, tenderly, until the AGNES BURT. CANADIAN BISHOPS IN BOME. The French pilgrimage of explation, which like a whipped school boy, after every sup. did I not think of them before ?" heavy drops beneath press through and run posed offence, to say. "I did do this,' or, 'I did not do that?" I shall contradict nothing; all down her charming childish face. "I am sure of this, at least," he says, hopefully, will leave Paris at the end of April for Jeru-"Why, indeed? they will be charming Longon, March 30 .- The Bishops of Oltawa FAITI By the bye, Dorian, have you told Lord Sar and Three Rivers, Canada, and the Sector of salem, is likely to be far more numerous than therefore judge me as it may so please you. was expected. The royalist provincial "that you like me better than any living toris of your engagement?" Dorian's brow darkens. the American College in Rome, were present I shall not try to vindicate my actions to any noblesse will be largely represented. in Bome at the ceremony of creating Arch--:0:man. "Well, I do, indeed," replies she, in a curi-"No. He has been from home, you know, living man." bishop McCabe and other cardinals. It is A Dublin comic paper says that the Gov-By "THE DUCHESS." His tone, his whole bearing, should have ons tone, that might be suggestive of surprise either in Paris or the Lybian desert, or someernment are about to prohibit "The meeting stated that another consistory will be held in carried conviction to the hearts of most men; ----:0:-where. He only turned up again two days at her own discovery of this fact. "But. of the Waters" at Avoca, and that the grow-May, when the Archbishop of Cologne and but to the old lord, who has seen so much o then, how bad you are to me at times | Dear CHAPTER XXV .-- CONTINUED. ago. Seen him since?" the Papal Nuncio to Spain, will be created ing of potatoes is to be interdicted because the world in its worst phases-its cruelties the Government objects to "drilling" for "Are you not afraid to go too far ?" de-Dorlan,"-laying one hand, with a pathetic "He was here, but I was out. Have you oardinals. and falsehoods-and who has roughed it to seen him ?" gesture on his cheek--" do not be cross to "Irish champions." mands he, very pale, moving back from her, long among his fellow-men, faith, in its finer THE PATTON MURDER. "Well, yes-at a distance ." and regarding her with moody eyes. "Do me again." According to the Bombay Gazette, the total "My sweetest !-- my best beloved !" save "Dorian, there is certainly something sense, is wanting. Sweetsburg, Que., March 28. -The trial of you quite know what you are saying ?---what number of cases of cholera during the past Mr. Branscombe, instantly, drawing his wrong between you and Lord Sartoris. I breath a little quickly, and straining her to have noticed it for some time. I don't ask "Enough," he says, coldly, with a slight you are compelling me, against my will, to Edward Peters and his wife, for the murder of year was 30,966, of which 14,282 proved fatal. wave of his hand. " Let us end this subject Henry Sweet, was concluded yesterday afterunderstand ? The latest returns show that for the present, now and forever. You have come to tell me you what it is, but I entreat you to break The prisoner, Edward Peters, was his heart. She is plainly not listening to him. She is 2000 at least, the disease has wholly disappeared through the coldness and be friends with him of your approaching marriage ; may I ask the found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on lost in a mournful reverie, and, leaning back in that part of the world. CHAPTER XXVI. name of the lady you intend making your Friday, April 28th. The judge gave him no again." She stoops toward him, and looks in her chair, is staring at her little white fin-"The wisdom of this world is idiotism." DECKER. "If thou desirest to be borne with, thou must bear also with others." At the first representation of Lalo's new earnestly into his face. He laughs a little. wife?" hope of mercy. His wife, Clara Elliott, was gers in an absent fashion, and is twisting "Broughton; Georgie Broughton," ballet "Namouna," at the opera house in "I'm tremendous friends with him, really," found guilty of mansiaughter, and sentenced 8876 round and round upon her third finger an old Paris a few evenings ago, the toilets of the ladies were magnificent. Mrs. Mackey were Branscombe, briefly. "Broughton--1 hardly fancy I know the he says, "if you would only try to believe it to ten years in the penitentiary. I think him no end of a good follow, if slightly IT takes some time to produce another gov pale blue satin ornamented with bunches of

A GENERAL GAOL DELIVERY.

DETROIT, March 27 .- Saturday evening there was a wholesale delivery at the county gaol, thirteen prisoners having gained liberty by sawing a bar in the first window of Ward No. 1. The prisoners occupying this ward who escaped were as follows :-- Minnie Marx, obarged with robbing the First National Bank, who had been in gaol for nearly a year : Adolphe Ziesse, awaiting trial in the Becorder's Court for the murder of Henry Kammon on New Year's Eve; John Proctor, a notorious ex-convict, who was arrested a iew nights since for breaking into Hammel's saloon and stealing cigars; Harry Floyd, a desperado, who shot at Patrolman Whipple on Sunday morning last in front of the Board of Trade cofe ; George Ellis, covicted of larceny ; James Manion, ex-convict, again convicted in the Wayne Circuit Court last week of safe blowing at Wayne; Wm. Daily, charged with the robbery of Milton H. Butler at the Woodward avenue railway crossing last fall, and raiting trial in the Recorder's Court ; Louis charged with robbery; August Gagnon, Richards, convicted of attempted rape : Frank Beynolds, charged with forgery, awaiting sentence; Geo. Alkens (colored), convicted of larceny, awaiting sentence; Thos Fox (colored), convicted of larceny and awaiting sentence. A few minutes before seven durnkey Edmunds and night watchman Benton went up-stairs to lock the prisoners in the wards on the upper floors in their cells for the night. While the locking up was being doue upstairs Herman Dupka, a young man who is employed as an assistant watchman, and the ongineer were downstairs in the office. Edmunds and Renton had been upstairs only a few minutes when Ducks heard the heavy gaol gate shut. He went to the door to see who had passed out of the yard. He tried to open the door leading into the yard on the street side and found it fastened. He ran back into the office to get a revolver, and at the same time raising an alarm. Sheriff Clippart had just learned that the birds had flown. In the first window was an opening, and only two prisoners remained. The opening made was eleven inches high and fourteen inches wide. There was found a piece of broom handle which had Been colored with stove blacking and put in place of the bar that had been cut in order to avoid detection. There have now been two gaol deliveries within the past eight months the previous one being in August last. Four or dive persons escaped at that time, and only one of the number was recaptured.

of the Comedie Francaise. The Rev. Dr. Willits lectured to a Cincinnati audience of unbelievers on a Sunday afternoon, on the subject of "Sunshine." The question whether he desecrated the Christian Sabbath has been raised by soveral ministers, and may come before a church tribunal for settlement, inasmuch as he announces that he will repeat the act.

pale pink roses, and her set of turquoises, un-

rivalled for their size, excited envy in many

The curfew bell that sounds in the third

same bell that on Aug. 24, 1572, sounded the St. Barthelemy at St. Germain-l'Auxerrois,

and gave the signal for the massacre. In

1793 this bell was transported to the Palais

Egalite, whence it passed into the possession

a female breast.

A remarkable rough diamond has been lately brought into England from India. It is a pure blue-white stone, weighing sixtyseven carats, in form nearly a drop, and when cut and polished would be about the size of the Sancy diamond. The surface is slightly indented, but there are no marks of cleavage The value of this precious stone is estimated at \$175,000. It is evident that the Mormon leaders fea trouble from Edmunds' bill when it goes into operation. John Taylor, an apostle of Joseph Smith, and others, have quietly removed their wives to separate houses, thinking thereby to avoid arrest under the clause which makes co-habitation with more than one woman a misdemeanor. It is said that no polygamous marriages have been celebrated since the bill passed. Prince Andreas Poniatowsky, the second son of Prince Stanislaus Poniatowsky, has just | her? She has so woven herself into his very entered the regiment of Classeurs now stationed at Rouen and commanded by the Duc de Chartres. The Republican War Offico has abolished the Lancers, or a Poniatowsky would have found his traditional place in the famous light horse his great uncle, Napoleon's dashing Marshal, died among at the fatal passage of the Elster. It is rumored that Mr. John Livingston, of The Masl needs him most, as it has become a medium for the propagation of mediaval ecclesiasticism, thus depriving the Montreal Witness of its old-time distinction of being 'the only religious daily.' It seems that the present editor of the Mail is a Catholic, but is so frightened lest the Orangemen should. find it out that he writes like a Grand Master. A mass meeting was held in the Assembly Chamber, Trenton, N.J., yesterday, to protest against the passage over the Governor's voto of the bill granting the river front at Jersey City to the railroads. One speaker said : "Any Legislature that would, do the bidding of any railroad corporation, may God d-----n it." The audience was so impressed not a whisper was heard for some that seconds. Suddenly it burst forth into loud and prolonged cheers. It is believed the House will sustain the veto. 'L he New York Herald's Washington special says : It is generally believed that the President will veto the anti-Chinese Bill. The Atorney-General is to consider whether it does not violate the treaty with China in the spirit if not in the letter. It is said, though on no good authority, that most of the Cabinet regard the 20-year clause as violating the treaty, and some members think that the general provisions of the bill are needlessly harsh and unfriendly. It is, however, said that, by general agreement, it would be well to suspend the immigration of the Chinese for a time. The disciples of Father Mathew may al most claim Victor Hugo as one of them; for he has always taken water with his claret and been of unusually sober habits. Once when he was dining at the Tuilleries the Duo de Nemours ordered a bottle of costly wine to be placed before him. The wine was poured into a glass and presented by the servant. The Duc watched to see how Victor Hugo would like the vintage, and was greatly piqued when he saw him take up the water bottle and coplously bantize wine which was considered by the other guests as well worth a king's ransom. Victor Hugo owes his con-tinued health and the full enjoyment of his of life.

" It was very fortunate," she says, suddenly with a smile, and without looking up at him, being still engrossed in her occupation of was more than fortunate that the first rich

"Much more," he says, in an indescribable tone. Then, with an effort, " would you have

"I shouldn't have consented to marry you "I don't think I could love any one to distraction," replies she, quite simply. It seems

"I believe you speak the very honest truth when you say that," says Dorlan, drawing his to sit down before the citadel and carry on a breath quickly. "You are indeed terribly prolonged siege. You don't even shrink from telling the man you have elected to marry that he is no more to you than any other man might be | yet at this first tea she gains a victory. Arwho was equally possessed of filthy--- if desirable-lucre?

On inspection, she proves to be a large, gaunt, high cheek-boned daughter of Caledonia, with a broad accent, a broader foot, and uncomiortably red hair. She comes armed with testimonials of the most severely compl mentary description, and with a pronounced opinion that "salary is not so much an object as a comfortable home." Such a contrast to Georgia can scarcely he imagined. The Redmonds, in a body, are.

covered with despair, and go about the house, siter her arrival, whispering in mufiled tones, and casting blanched and stricken glances a each other. Dire dismay reigns in their bosoms: while the unconscious Scot unlocks her trunks, and shakes out her gowns, and shows plainly, by her behaviour, that she has come

cured, and forwarded, " with care," to the vic-

To tea she descends with a solemn step

impossible at times. When he recovers from the attack of insanity that is at present rendering him very obnoxious, I shall be delighted to let by-gones be by-gones. Bat until then

"You will tell him of your engagement?" * Perhaps; if occasion offers.

"No, not perhaps. Go to day, this very ovening, and tell him of it."

"Ob, I can't really, you know," says Mr Branscombe, who always finds a difficulty in refusing any one anything. "You must,"-with decision; "he surely

deserves so much at your hands." "But how fow of us get our deserts ?" says

Dorian, still plainly unimpressed. " Well, then, I think you should speak of it

onaniv to him -- if only for Georgie's sake." "For her sake?" He colors again, and bites his lip. "If you really think I owe it to her, of course I shall do it, however distasteful the task may be ; though I cannot see

how it will benefit her." "He is your uncle; you will wish your own family to receive her ? "I dare say you are right," says Branscombe, with a shrug. "People always are when they suggest to you an unpleasant course. "What is unpleasant now? How can there week." be anything to distress any one on such a heavenly day as this ?" cries the soft petulant voice he loves so well, calling to them across a flower bed near.

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sig tol name; and yet am I wrong in thinking there qul the is a governess at the vicarage of that name? "There was. She is now staying with Cla-rissa Peyton. I am to be married to her, as I BOT have already told you, early next month." a-d

"A governess!" says Sartoris. There is world of unpleasant meaning in his tone. "Beally,"-with slow contempt-" I can hardly congratulate you on your taste ! You, who might have chosen your wife almost anywhere, can find nothing to suit you but an obscure governess."

"I don't think there is anything particularpoc ly obscure about Georgie," replies Dorian, with admirable composure, though he flushes hotly. "Have you ever seen her? No? Thon, of course, you are not in a position to judge of either her merits or demerits. I shall gir! mi: thank you therefore,"---surveying his uncle isvot ther insolently, from head to heel-"to be silent on the subject,"

After a slight pause, he turns again to Sarg08 toris. and, forcing him to meet his gaze, says cho tus wedding. my lord ?" ded wh " I thank you, no. I fear not," returns the older man, quite as haughtily. "I hope to be the many miles from here before the end of next Dorian smiles unpleasantly.

worn ont gold ring. Poor little ring, so full of sweet and moving memories!

arage twisting the ring round her slender finger, " it

I think," says Miss Broughton, quite calmly, "As I said before, to be candid is your forte," exclaims he, with bitterness. "I wonder even if you loved a man to distraction (am not talking of myself, you know-that is quite (evident, is it not ?) would you reject him if he was not sufficiently-bon parti?"

erness suited to the Redmonds' wants. At length, however, the desired treasure is pro-

man should be you."

act of Bauberine in Paris is asserted to be the thrown me over had I been plor?"

the very easiest answer to this question.

The Globe is always harping that the cost of living has been greatly increased by the. N.P.; and yet, though that journal has much larger receipts now than at any time in its previous history, it practically refused its printers a ten per cent advance on Saturday. The Mail, on the other hand, has been telling the country that the N. P. has done everyone -good, and has been the direct cause of an advance of some thirty per cent in the wages of mechanics, artizans and workingmen generally; and yet, though that journal claims to do an immense business, and one of its proociators owns a silver mine, the compositors were also refused the advance of ten per cent asked for on Saturday. How people do stultify themselves occasionally !--- Toronto World.

> Not many weeks ago the world was startled by the announcement that in the report of a speech in the Times of Sir William Harcourt, 31. P., inil the House of Commons, a most flithy interpolation had been inserted by some compositor or other person in the Times office. A rigid search failed to find the offender, and a wholesale dismissal of employees was the consequence. Since then every precaution has been taken in every department of the "Times, but it has been caught again notwithstanding. This time the proof-reader must bear the blame. In the Times of Feb. 21 the following notice appears :---

" On the 20th inst, at No. 27 Park lane, the wife of Albert Edward, of a son."

The house belongs to General Macdonald but was recently let to a well-known fashionable beauty ... There is but one Albert Edward in England, and the advertisement, of course, is a malicious shaft at the Prince of Wales. (South fifth in assiliably)

The official returns of persons apprehended by the police in England and Wales during the official year as confirmed drunkards give the number at 37,940. Of these 27,878 were | faculties to his modest and temperate mode males and 10,062 females.

He turns from her, and, going to the window, stares out blindly upon the dying daylight, and the gardens strotched benestb, where dying flowers seem breathing of, and suggesting higher thoughts.

He is unutterably wretched. All through his short courtship he had entertained doubts of her affection; but now, to have her so openly, so carelessly, declare her indifference is almost more than he can bear. "We forgive so long as we love." To Dorian, though his love is greater than that of most, forgiveness now seems difficult. Yet can he resign heart strings-this cold, crnel, lovely childthat be cannot tear her out without a still further surrender of himself to death. To live without her-to get through endless days and interminable nights without hope of seeing her, with no certain knowledge that the morrow will bring him sure tidings of her-seems

impossible. He sighs; and then, even as he sighs, five slim cool little fingers steal within his.

"I have made you angry," says the plain tive voice, full of contrition. A shapely yellow head pushes itself under one of his arms, that is upraised, and a lovely sorrowful plead ing face looks up into his. How can say one be angry with a face like that?

"No, not angry," he says. And indeed the anger has gone from his face-her very touch has banished it-and only a great and lasting sadness has replaced it. Perhaps, for the first time, at this moment she grasps some faint idea of the intensity of his love for her. Her eves fill with tears."

"I think-it will be better for you-togive me up," she says, in a down-hearted way, lowering her lids over her tell-tale orbs, that are like the summer sea now that they shine through their unwonted moleture.

" Tears are trembling in her blue eyes, Like drops that linger on the violet,"

and Dorian with a sudden passionate movement, takes her in his arms and presses her head down upon his breast.

"Do you suppose I can give you up now," he says, vehemently, "when I have set my whole heart upon you?' It is too late to suggest such a course. That you do not love me s my misfortune, not your fault. Surely it is misery enough to know that-to feel that I am nothing to you-without telling me that you wish so soon to be released from your promise ?"

"I don't wish it," she says, carnestly, shaking her head. "No, indeed!' It was only for your sake I spoke. Perhaps by and by you will regret having married some one who does not love you altogether. Because I know I could not sit contentedly for hours with my hand in any one's.' And there are a great many things I would not do for you. And if you were to die-

"There that will do," he says, with sudden passion. "Do you know how you hurt, I wonder ? Are you utterly heartless ?"

Her eyes darken as he speake, and, release ing herself from his embrace-which, in truth somewhat slackened -she moves back bas from him. She is puzzled, frightened; her

" With that, the water in hereis With that, the water in hereis Arces, that she ne might it stopye; And, as men sene the dew be droppe Theleves and the floures eke, Right so upon her white cheke The woful sait teres felle."

slow; that Amy designates as a "thud." But thur, the second boy, who has been wicked

enough to get measles at school, and who is now at home to recruit him self and be the terror of his family, is at this time kept rather on short commons by his mother because of

his late illness. This means bread and butter without jam-a meaning the lively Arthur rather resents. Seeing which, the Caledonian, opening her lips almost for the first

time, gives it as her opinion that jam taken moderately, is wholesome. She goes even further, and insinuates it may

assist digestoin, which so improsses Mrs. Red. mond that Arthur forthwith finds himself at liberty to "tuck into" (his own expression) the resoberry jam without let or hindrance.

This marvelous behavior on the part of the bony Scott tells greatly in her favor, so far as the children go. They tell each other later on that she can't be altogether an unpleasant sort. Master Arthur being specially loud in her praise. He even goes so for as to insinu. ate that Miss Broughten would never have fore : said as much; but this base innendo is sneer-

ed down by the faithful children who have loved and lost her. Nevertheless, they ac cept their fate; and aiter a week or two, the new comer gains immense ground, and is finally pronounced by her pupils to be (as she herself would probably express it) "no' that

bad." Thus, Miss McGregor becomes governess at the vicarage, vice Georgie Broughton promoted. To be married at once, without any unne

cessary delay, is Dorian's desire; and when with some besitation, he broaches the subject to Georgie, to his surprise and great .content he finds her quite willing to agree to anything he may propose. She speaks no word of reluctance, appears quite satisfied with any arrangement he or Clarissa may think proper, makes no shrinking protest against the undue haste. She betrays no shyness, yet no unseemly desire for haste. It seems to her a matter of perfect indifference. She is going

to be married, sooner or later, as the case may be. Then why not the sooner? This is, perhaps, the happlest time of her life. She roams all day among the flowers and in the pleasure-grounds. Singing, laughing, talking gayly to any one she may meet at Gowran, where, since Miss McGregor's advent, she has been. When at length it is finally settled that the marriage is to take place next month, she seems rather pleased than otherwise, and is openly delighted at the prospect held out to her by Dorian of so soon see-

ing, with her own eyes, all the foreign lands and romantic scenes her fancy has so often depicted.

Just now, even as the tiny clock inside the room is chiming four, Dorian is standing ont side the low French window of Miss Peyton's morning room, and leaning half in, and half out of it, is conversing with her, alone. Georgle, for the time being, is lost to sight-happy, somewhere, no. doubt, in the warm sunshine she loves so well.

"Clarissa." he is saving, in a somewhat halting fashion-he is coloring hotly, and is looking as uncomfortable as a man can look, which is saying a good deal-"look here."

An ignominious break-down,

think it queer of me, will you ?" "I won't; I promise that. Though haven't the faintest idea whether I shall or f not."

Springing over it, she comes up to the window, and leaning her elbows on the sill close to him, langhs gayly up into his face.

"There shall be nothing to distress you, at all ovents, my "amber witch," returns he, gayly, too. "Come show me ouce more these gardens you love so well."

A promise with Dorian is not made of pie orust; though sorely against his will, he goes up to Hythe after dinner to acquaint his uncle formally of his approaching marriage. The evening is calm and full of rest and quiet, a fit ending to the perfect day that has gone be-

'The long day wanes, the broad fields fade ; the night-The sweet June night is like a curtain drawn.

The dark lanes know no faintest sound and

The pailid hawthorn lights the smooth-blasched lawn; The scented earth drinks from the silent skies Bolt dews, more sweet than softest har-

monies. Going through the woods that lie upon his

right, he walks silently onward, impressed by the beauty of the swift coming night, yet too restless in mind to take in all its charms that are rich enough to satisfy a hungry soul. A soft wind is sighing ; benesth its touch the young and tender branches are swaying lightly to and fro ; all the " feathery people of midair" are preening their downy plumage and murmuring sleepy bymas ere sinking to their rest.

Scarcely a sound can be heard, save the distant lowing of cattle, and the drowsy drone of a slumberous bee as it floats idly by. The very sound of Dorlan's footsteps upon the soft grass can be distinctly heard, so deadly is the calm that ushers in the night; when, lo! from out some thicket, the nightingale,-

"Who is silent all day long; But when pale eve unseals her clear throat Her it wilight music on the dreaming boughs

Until they waken "bursts into song. .. High and clear and exquisite rise the notes one above the other, each vying in beauteous harmony with the last, un til ene's very heart aches for love and admiraation of their sweetness.

Dorlan, though oppressed with many dis cordant thoughts, still pauses to listen, until, silence following upon the passionate burst of melody he draws his breath quickly and goes on to Hythe, and into the dining-room there. where he finds Lord Sartoris still over his wine,

He is sitting at the head of the long table, looking strangely solitary, and very, much aged, considering the short time that has elapsed since last he left Pullingham

"So you are homa again, Arthur," says Dorian, coldly, but with apparent composure. They have not been face to face since that last meeting, when bitter, words and still more bitter looks, had passed between them Now, letting the quickly spoken sentence take the place of a more active greeting, they nod coolly to each other, and carefully refuse to let their hands touch.

"Yee," says Sartorie, evenly; "I returned

"You will at least call upon Miss Broughton before leaving the neighborhood ?" he says, raising his brows.

At this Sartoris turns upon him fiercely, stung by the apparent unconcern of his manner.

"Why should I call?" he says, his voice full of indignant anger. "Is it to congratalate her on her coming union with you? I tell you, were I to de so, the face of another woman would rise before me and freeze the false words upon my lips. To you, Doriso, in my old age, all my heart went out. My hopes, my affections, my ambitions, began and ended with you. And what a reward has been mine! Yours has been the hand to drag our name down to a level with the dust. Disgrace follows hard upon your footsteps. Were I to go, as you desire, to this innocent girl, do you imagine I could speak fair words to her? I tell you, no! I should rather feel il my duty to warn her sgainst entering a house so dishonored as yours. 1 should

" Pshaw !" says Branscombe, checking him with an impatient gesture. "Don't let us introduce tragedy into this very commonplace affair. Pray don't trouble yaurself to go and see her at all. In your present mood, rather think you would frighten her to death. I am sorry I intruded my private matters upon you; but Clarissa quite made a point of my coming to Hythe to night for that purpose, and, as you know, she is a difficult person to refuse. I'm sure I beg your pardon for having so unwarrantably bored you."

"Clarissa, like a great many other charming people, is at times prone to give very unsea-

sonable advice," says Sartoris, coldly. "Which, interpreted, means that I did wrong to come. I feel you are right." He laughs, faintly sgain, and, taking up his hat, looks, straight at his uncle. He has dawn himself up to his full height, and is looking quite his handsomest. He is slightly flushed (a dark color that becomes him), and a sneet u I hardly lies round the corners of his lips. "I hardly know how to apologize," he says, lightly, "for having forced myself upon you in this intro-sive fashion. The only amends I can pot-sibly make is to promise you it shall never ocour spain, and to still further give you my word that, for the future, I shall not even an-

noy yon by my presence." Bo saying he turns away, and, inclining hi head, gets out through the door, and, closing it gently after him, passes rapidly down the long hall, as though in haste to depart, and, gaining the entrance door, shuts it, too, be hind him, and, breathes more freely as he finds the air of heaven beating on his brow. Not until he has almost reached Sartoris once more does that sudden calm fall upon him that, as a rule, follows hard upon all our gusts of passion. The late interview has hurt him more than he cares to confess even to himself. Has to himself. His regard—nay, his affection— lor. Sartoris is deep and sincere; and, though wonnded now, and estranged from him, be-cause of his determination to believe the worst of him, still it remains hidden in his heart, and is strong enough to gall and torture him after such scenes as he has just gone through

