THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

1HE FLIES.

 $\Rightarrow 2$

ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON AT GREEN PARK AYLMER.

One summer afternoon 'bout four-It might be less, it might be more-I sat me at the old hall door With one of Dickens' books !-An hour I thought to while away, By dreaming of some bygone day, Quite comfortable, you would say, I was at least in looks.

Quite comfortable—yes, indeed! But still a line I could not read. Nor to its meaning could I heed. But, then, in vain the 'eagemess, 'Tis true, at times, I had to pause, 'Tis true for anger there was cause. But still—'twas but the files

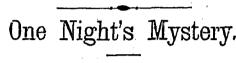
I left the doorway-lif T came, But in or out, 'twas all the same, A single fly I could not maim. I could not read. To rise And put the book upon the shelf, To swear a little to myself, To feel like smashing all the delf, Or murder all the files!

The supper called. I went to eat, And here the files again I meet, I scarce have time to take my seat, They stick themselves upon the bread, In tea they're swimming round half dead, Some on the butter soft are fed. The nation's pest—the flies !

They're buzzing here, they're buzzing there, They're buzzing in your mouth and hair; And even to your face, they dare To mix them in the ples! In vain at files, in vain you shout, And just us vain at files to yout, In vain you try to drive them out, The humming, buzzing files !

Alas! 'lis true each man has got. Upon this earth, a fearful lot, And woman, too; exempt is not Until the day she dies; But, of their trials, one I know, Would do them 'till 'the day they go. (Tho' not the greatest earthly woe) I mean the summer files!

But for the files I know a trick, Give me a horse-tail on a stick, And let me beat 'fill I am sick, Or 'fill my angers rise; Then I will take the stick again, And hammer them from wall and pane, My strokes aball fall like summes rain-'Till I destroy the files l JOSEPH FORAN.



By May Agnes Fleming.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

A BASKET OF FLOWERS AND A DINNER.

'KATHEBINE,' says Mrs. Macgregor, "do lay down that book, get off that sofa, dress, and go down town, match this fringe, go to Fratoni's for ices, and to Greenstalk's for the cut flowers. Do you hear ?'

'I hear. Anything else ?' 'And make haste. Where your own personal

gratification is not concerned, I say you are unbearably lazy. Here, the whole forenoon was spont in bed-

' Did you really expect me to get up, and go to matins at St. Albans after dissipating at Mrs. Grahams' until two this morning ?'

'I expect very little of you, my daughter, that will put you to the least inconvenience. I know of old how useless it would be to expect These commissions I mentioned must be done this afternoon. My dressmaker is a dead-lock for the fringe. Perhaps, you expect me-worn out as I am, to go after it myself ?'

Blessed are they who export nothingof which number am I,' retorts Miss Katherine.

She has been laying on a sofa in the family sitting-room during this discussion, a provoking drawl in her voice-her eye never once leaving her book, In an arm-chair by the window, also reading, and in a dress whose faultness neatness is a striking contrast to her consin, sits Miss Owenson. Mrs. Macgre-

der that mamma's frisette does not turn gray with all the struggling she has to keep up across town, Sydney to seek Sixth Avenue, appearances. I owe'lt to her to tide over these and match the fringe. This was a tedious troubled waters. Vanderdonck, miser as he is, shall pay my price to the last farthing before he puts the ring on my finger. It shall cluded. Fearless in most things, Sydney yet be a clear matter of money from first to last. had a nervous dread of being out alone in the He shall give his written bond to pay mamma's debts, and settle five or six thousand a year passing car, which she knew would convey on me, or he shall never call me wife. If I must be sold I shall fetch as good a price as I can.'

Sydney shuddered.

(It is horrible. It seems to me I would go out as a shop girl, as a servant, sweep a crossing, starve, sooner than that.'

Yes, I daresay, Miss Macgregor retorts, coolly; trich people always say that. They, would work their fingers to the bone, starve, die, sooner than degrade themselves. Unhappily, I have no talent for work. I can't go on the stage and become a Ristori in one night, or write a novel and become famous as they do in books. Starvation would not agree with me. 1 am something of an epicure, as you may have noticed, and dyingah! dying is something I never want to think of. In my place, belle cousine, you would be as heartless, as mercenary, as calculating as I am. In my place you would marry old Van-

.derdonck.' 'Never!'

'Love is all very well,' pursues Katie, a hard, cold look, curiously like her mother's. crossing her tace and ageing it; 'it is one of the luxuries of life-life's very sweetest luxnry perhaps; but for me it is not to be thought of. You can afford it, can fall in love with a beggar if you choose, and turn him into a prince. Oh! Sydney! cousin mine, what a lucky young woman you are. This is Mr. Greenstalk's.'

Baskets and bouquets littered the counters and perfumed the warm air, wreaths fes-tooned the walls, shrubs stood' around in pots. A damsel in attendance behind the counter, waiting on the one customer the shop contained, a gentleman bending over some curious foreign plant, his back towards them.

'What a lovely basket ?' says Kacherine 'Look, Sydney.'

It was a small flat basket, such as florists use of purist white flowers, camellias, white roses, Japonicas, stephanotis. On top lay a card, having this legend in pencil, and in a man's writing: 'WITE LOVE. L.' And whether the hand struck her as familiar, or something in the back view of the man, Miss Macgregor

turned, and looked curiously at him. 'You will send the basket the first thing, says a voice she recognizes. 'Here is the address; and you will fasten the card I have laid on it among the flowers. Don't fail.'

'All right, sir; it shall go the first thing to-morrow,' cheerfully responds the lady in waiting.

'Look, Sydney!' says Katherine ; and Sydney looks, and sees the tall form and dark face of Lewis Nolan. He pushes a five-dollar bill to the shopwoman, buttons up his overcoat, and with absorbed look on his face hurries out without casting a last look at his purchase, or first look at the two ladies beside it. 'Lewis Nolan, poor as a church mouse, spending five dollars for flowers !' exclaims Katherine, aghast. 'Now what does this mean?

'You need not look at me. I am sure 1 don't know,' answers Sydney, laughing. ' Mr. Nolan shows very good taste in his selection that is the only opinion I have on the subject.'

'With love,' pursues Katherine, 'and the first thing to-morrow morning. Whom can they be for? Sydney, I shall ask.' 'Katie !' cries Sydney, indignantly.

'No, I shall not. But whom can they be for! Is he really in love with that horrid

Broadway and Grand Street, Katherine to go process, and the street lamps were twinkling in the gray November dusk before it was constreets of a city after nightfall, and hailed a her within a couple of blocks of home.

The car was filled, not a vacant seat, but a very youthful gentleman sprang up as if galvanized at sight of a beautiful young lady, and with a smile and a little bow Sydney thankfully took his place. At the next corner the car again stopped, and an elderly woman, with a large and heavy basket on her arm, got in. She looked tired, and proceeded to hang herself up by the strap. The double row of men glanced over the tops of their papers, saw only an old woman, rather shabby of aspect, and dived back again. Evidently she was to be allowed to stand, and Sydney real-izing it, drose and proffered her place. 'Oh, no, thank you -- no, the woman said.

I could not think of it, my dear young lady. Keep your seat.'

"You are tired and I am not; I don't mind standing. Oblige me by sitting down. 'Thank you, I am tired,' the woman said with a sigh of relief, sinking down; 'but it is too bad to make you stand.'

'I have not got far to go; that is, 1 think not. How far is it to ——th street?' '?'Fully fifteen blocks; too long for you to stand, I ought not to have taken your seat.'

'I won't have to stand ; just wait and see,' whispered Sydney, with an arch smile; and

as she said it the man beaide the old lady got up, with a bashful 'Here, miss,' and suspended himself in mid-air.

'Did I not tell you?' says Sydney with a subdued laugh. 'Virtue is its own reward.' Ah it is a fine thing to be young and handsome, answers her new acquaintance.

Miss Owenson glanced at her and made up her mind that she must have been handsome in her day, also. It was a kindly and matronly face, with dark, gentle eyes, and snowwhite hair.

'Tell me, please, when we get to ——th street,' Sydney said. 'I am almost a stranger in New York. and don't want to get belated. What ncomfortable conveyances these street cars are.'

She chatted with her chance acquaintance until her street was reached, and then with a smiling 'good bye,' got out and walked into Madison Avenue, and her aunt's house.

On Friday night Mrs. Macgregor gave a guests in all, and Mr. Nolan made one of the number.

'Although, really, what you want to ask that young man for, I cannot understand. It | right piano, its keys yellowed by time, covered is all nonsense having him here. These sort | with music, stands in a corner; one or two of people should keep their place. I can't | oil chromos and steel engravings, in home-

see what you want him for, Katherine. 'Can't you, mamma? 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy.' Perhaps [want to flirt with this poor young man and make Mr. Vanderdonck jealous. Is that not to be in it. a laudable object?

'Mr. Vanderdonck knows you well enough not to be jealous of a pauper, my daughter. And I do hope, Katherine, you will manage to make him speak soon, for these entertainments I can not afford.'

'Poor, dear mamma! Well, never mind; when the five thousand a year are settled on me you shall have half for life.'

Miss Macgregor certainly did flirt with Mr. Nolan, and as certainly succeeded in causing you,' Uncle Grif responds in his flurried ner-Mr. Vanderdonck to scowl with malignant blackness, as they reversed the general rule, the gentleman singing and the lady bending old friend, Miss Sydney.' devotedly by his side and turning his music.

jealons as a Turk, relentless as a Nero, his in-ward man as hideous as his outward. What a happy destiny will be mine as Mis. Vander-donck! Don'f marry him, Katherine.' And go to the dogs with mamma and Dick? We are over head and ears in debt, and short of this marriage can save us. I actually won-der, that mamma's frisette does not turn eray.

lies forth under the protecting wings of Un-cle Grif. That amiable old gentleman's tace. She looks-from the room to list occupant eams with delight. with ever growing interest. In a great in-We will take a Seventh Avenue car. You Falid chair she sits no girl—a woman of thirty with ever growing interest. In a great in-ney?? Decidedly not, Uucle Grif. Why on earth transparent. But it is the sweetest face, Syd-hould I? ney thinks, her eyes have ever looked on,

should I? 'Katie does; that is all. One has to ride, with an expression of so gentle, so patient, so with such a motley assembly of the Great Un-

womanly, that her heart is taken captive at a glance. There is a subtle likeness to the not take her literally. There is nothing T the same thoughtful brow, the same cast of enjoy more than riding in those city street feature. Only the somewhat stern mouth of cars, and watching the different phases of the the young man is soft and tender in the woman, and the likeness makes the contrast human race divine. It is quite a new expebetween them more marked and pathetic-he, rience to me. Who is the-the lady who does the very type and embodiment of perfect the lace work ?

"A most respectable person, Miss Sydney: health, strong and manly vigor-she, with Oh, a most respectable person, cries Uncle death, it seems to Sydney, already imprinted Grif, eagerly. Of course, Sydney answers; that goes 2 without saying, since you are taking me to

on her tace.

ness. recommended us.'

Mrs. Macgregor ?'

tograph well.

Miss Owenson?'

do if you like.'

next week.'

'Lucy,' says Mrs. Nolan, 'this is Miss Owen-

son. She has brought some lace to be repair-

ed, and Mr. Glen, with his customary kind-

'Mrs. Macgregor is my relative-yes.'

Sydney thinks, when she smiles, and where-

where has she seen Lucy Nolan before. Ideal-

ized, and as this sick woman may have look-

ed ten years ago, her face is the pict ared face

Evidently Monsieur Von Ette derives his

inspirations from this family,' thinks Sydney,

Mr. Lewis, over the mantel. That strong,

dark face, and those piercing eyes of his pho-

'You can do this, can't you, Lucy?' says

her mother, exhibiting the rent; and Lucy

examines it in her turn through a pair of

'Not at all-next week, next month, will

worth a thousand dollars in our possession any

longer than we can help. I shall do it early

'I must go and see after Uncle Grif,' says

'What very lovely flowers,' remarks Miss

'Yes, plants flourish with me. Is not that

calla beautiful? My brother takes the trou-

'Your brother is right. Yes, your calla lily

'Yes, Lewis sent me that on my birthday.

was one-and-thirty last Thursday; and he

told me he met you and Miss Macgregor at

the florist's. I am glad I have met you, Miss

'I have heard of you until my curiosity has

.Heard of me?' Sydney repeats, her blue

'I never go out; it is months since I left

this room, and Lewis tries to amuse me by

telling me every evening what goes on in the

oxygen my poor lungs need.'

Owenson,' Lucy says with a smile.

glasses with a practical eye.

How much the sister resembles her brother,

her But who is she, maid or matron, wife or widow? ... A widow lady and her daughter; there are two. Once she was well off, and she is a person of culture and refinement. They are poor now, and she ekes out her income by doing fine needlework for ladies, and for fancy

stores.' They are riding up town now, and as Miss Owenson does not fancy conversation at the nitch it must be carried on in a street car. she relapses into silence, and watches with of 'The Little Sister.' never-flagging interest and amusement the people who perpetually get in and out.

Presently their turn comes, and they walk amused. (That is a very good likeness of three or four blocks westward, and stop at last before a two-story wooden house, sadly in want of paint. A tiny plot of grass is in front; there are flowers in all the windows, Miss Owenson notices, and augurs well therefrom. Uncle Grif knocks with his knuckles, and this primitive summons is answered immediately. An elderly lady opens the door, smiles upon Uncle Grif, and glances at his companion. Then there is a simultaneous exclamation.

'My dear young lady!' 'My dear old lady!' Sydney was on the point of saying, but substituted 'madam;' and Uncle Grif gazes agape from one to the other. 'Ah! but we don't like,' responds Lucy Nolan; 'we do not want to keep a flounce 'Why, you're not acquainted already, are

you ?' he asks. "We met; 'twas in a crowd,' laughs Srdnev: we met by chance the usual way, last week, Uncle Grif, in a car. Really it is quite a coin-

cidence.' Mrs. Nolan, leaving the room. 'He is !an-guishing in solitude down stairs.' 'Come in,' says the mistress of the house, dinner party for the special delectation of Mr. | and ushers them into the tiniest, the trimmest Vanderdonck. There were but seven or eight | little parlor Miss Owenson has ever seen out Owenson. 'Your windows are perfect floral bowers, Miss Nolan.' of a doll's house. A flower stand filled with pots is in each window; muslin curtains, delicately embroidered, draped them ; a little upble of banishing them every night. He has hygenic notions about their absorbing all the made rustic frames, hung on the papered walls; books in profusion litter the centre is a gem. And what a superb ivy. This,' Sydney points to the basket, 'is an old actable. The chairs are cane, the carpet old and faded, but the little room is so sunny, so sweet, so dainty, that it is a positive pleasure quaintance.'

> · People who have seen better days decidedly,' Miss Owenson infers, taking all this ir. with one comprehensive feminine glance, What a very nice face the old lady has.

Will you not introduce this young lady, Mr. Glen ?' says the mistress of the house, as she places chairs. 'We have met before, and the young lady did me a favor, but I have not had the pleasure of knowing her name. 'I beg your pardon, I-I forgot to introduce

vous way. 'This is Miss Owenson, Mrs. No-lan-Miss Sydney Owenson. And this is my outer world, the people he meets, and the sights he sees. And he has told me a great deal about you.' 'Nolan,' thinks Sydney, a little startled.

'Indeed,' says Miss Owenson, coloring.

been strongly aroused.

eyes opening.

thinks Sydney: it a good son and a good but ther. Mr. Lewis is a gentleman and a Chris tian; and I like him. So they, sit and talk; and the minutes fly

So they, at But which the start the start but the start bu noon wanes and sheidoes not see it. The charm of manner that makes the brother a agreeable a companion is possessed by the in. valid sister. Her needle flies as she talk, her eyes laugh behind her glasses, she is free of pain to day and quite happy. It is only when washed—that is what she says, glance. There is a subtle likeness to the of pain to day and quite harpy. Loss only when "Katle says more than she means; you must brother in the sister, the same dark, deep eyes. Lucy lays down her work that Sydney sees "Katle says more than she means; you must brother in the sister, the same dark, deep eyes. Lucy lays down her work that Sydney sees the same than she means is nothing to the same thoughtful brow, the same cast of the shadows of coming night filling the room. " Oh !' she exclaims, starting up in conster nation, 'how I have lingered. It is nearly dark. What will Uncle Grif say ?'

Uncle Grif went away half an hour ago says Mrs. Nolan, entering. 'I left him to do something in the kitchen, and when I looked in again he was gone.

Highly characteristic of Uncle Griff says Lucy; laughing. 'Don't be mortified, Miss Owenson, but he forgot all about you five minutes after you were out of his sight.' 'What shall I do?' cried Sydney in des.

'Miss Owenson ?' Lucy Nolan's face lights pair. air. • Here is Lewis—you must let him take you p. '.The Miss Owenson who resides with home,' says Mrs. Nolan. 'It is altogether too late for you to venture alone.'

The house door opened and closed, a man's step came two or three at a time up the stairs and Lewis Nolan, ' booted and spurred,'-that is, in great coat and hat, -stood in the door way amazedly contemplating the group.

'Miss Owenson!' The color flashed vidvidly into Sydney's cheeks, but she held out her hand with a ner vous laugh.

vone laugh. You see before you a damsel in distress, Mr. Noian. Uncle Grif-perfidious, like all of his kind-inverghed me here and then basely deserted me.

In a few words Mrs. Nolan explained the situation, while Sydney hastily drew on her 'I have to wear glasses at my work,' she in-forms Sydney. 'What lovely lace! Yes, I can do this easily, and so that the mending

'You must permit me to take Uncle Grif's place, of course,' said Lewis Nolan. 'His loss is my gain. Uncle Grif is to be trusted no will never be known from the original pat- further than you can see him. If he were a tern ; but not this week. Are you in a hurry, genius he could not be more absent minded. Stay for tea,' said Mrs. Nolan, hospitably. 'The evening is cold, and a cup of tea will warm you.'

'Tea is my mother's panacea for all the ilie of life,' said Mr. Nolan.

But Sydney would not listen to this-she was nervously anxious to reach home before Aunt Helen and Katherine, and avoid questioning. So taking the arm of Mr. Nolan, Miss Owenson went forth into the gaslit highways of New York.

'Come again soon-do,' pleaded Lacy, at parting; 'you don't know what a pleasure if will be to me.

And Sydney had kissed the patient, gentle face, and promised.

'Your sister is charming, Mr. Nolan, she said; 'she bewitched the hours, I believe. How patient she is, how sweet, how good.'

'Poor Lucy !--- yes. I hope, among your multiplicity of engagaments you will sometimes steal an hour for her. Her pleasures are few, her sufferings so great.' She does suffer then? She would not say

so to me.'

'Miss Owenson, her life for the past ten years has been one long martyrdom, and she has borne it all with patience angelic. She does not seem to think of her own suffering, only of the pain and trouble she gives us. Her happiness is in days like this, when she can sit up and work, or talk to a friend. So it will be a work of charity if sometimes-

"I shall come often-very often,' says Miss Owenson. 'The visits will be a greater pleasure to me than they can possibly be to her. I owe Uncle Grif a debt of gratitude for having brought me.'

"In spite of his heartless desertion ?" asks I wish I might tell vou what he has said. | Lewis Nolan. 'Miss Owenson, shall we wa or ride? The cars are sure to be crowded at this hour, and it is doubtful it you will be able to get a seat. Besides their progress is so slow, with continual stoppage-'I will walk, then,' Miss Owenson answers. 'I have no fancy for bad atmosphere and practice among the Swiss mountains and over the Cornish moors.' 'You have been in Cornwall, then ?, For nine months-and thought a six-mile walk between breakfast and luncheon a mere bagatellé.' She pauses suddenly with a keen sense o pain; There is Miss Leonard's letter to b answered, and it flashes upon her she can never say 'come' to Sir Harry Leonard. She has never been sure before, but she is tonight. The walk is nearly an hour long, and the frosty stars all a twinkle in the November sky when they reach the palatial brown stone front, and lights flash from dining-room and hall. "Will you come in ?" Miss Owenson says. 'If you will excuse me, no. I shall be busy writing until mid-night. Good-night,

gor, a portly matron, with a frisette of glossy darkness, coldly blue eye, an austere Roman nose, a thin severe mouth, and a worried and anxious air generally, looks up from her sewing to regard her undutiful daughter with an angry glance.

Katherine, will you or will you not get up and go down town?'

'Best of mothers, I would much rather not. The day is cold and disagreeable ; I feel dreadful sleepy yet, and this novel-Mr. Van Cyler's, mamma-is thrillingly interesting. Send Susan.

'Aunt Helen,' cries Sydney, starting up, 'let me go. I will match your fringe, and deliver your other messages with pleasure." 'Thank you, my love. I cannot think of

troubling you_ 'It will be no trouble: I was just meditating a walk on my own account-my daily con-

stitutional, you know. It will give me pleasure to be of some service to you." 'Very well, my dear; but if my daughter

thinks she can set me at defiance this fashion, she is mistaken. Katherine, and the cold blue eyes light and flash, 'put down that book this instant. and do as I command von."

"When my mammy takes that tone,' says Katherine, with imperturbable good temper, and addressing her remark placidly to Sydney, I know better than to disobey. Let us -match the lringe-order the ices-see to the flowers. But the confectioner's and the fringe stores are at opposite ends of the town -can't do both in one short, dark November afternoon. One of them must go, dearest mother.'

'You and Sydney can go to Greenstalk's from here, then she can walk over to Sixth. Avenue and match the fringe, while you take a car and visit Fretoni's,' rapidly and concisely, says Mrs. Macgregor. 'What a business-like head this mater of

ours has, Sydney! Pause, wonder, and admire. Very well, Mrs. Magregor-you shall be obeyed to the letter; but what a pang it costs me to have to give up Van Cyler's novel ! There are times when even filial duty is a painful thing.'

Mrs. Macgregor's brow cleared. Sydney laughed. 'Katherine's habituai manner of cheerful impertinence to her mother at times startled, at times amused her. Real impertinence the girl did not mean, but this vapid surface manner had become second nature. The young girls started forth together. Sydney with her seal jacket buttoned across her chest, and a tall black hat and plume. The day was cold, gray, and overcast-windy, dusty, and supremely unpleasant.

'I feel like the little boy who thought it was such a delightful thing to be an orphan, and do as he liked,' says Katherine, bending before a windy gust. 'Poor mamma, she works and worries, toils and troubles, year in and year out, for Dick, and me, too."

"When you are Mrs. Vanderdonck, the wife of the millionaire, you will be able to do as you please, with a whole regiment of lackeys to fly at their lady's bidding.' 'I am not sure of that. A millionaire old

Vanderdonck is, that is historical; and that he intends to ask me to marry him, Iam also her voice. And for a moment there is silence quite certain; but about the lack eys and liberty sgain. I have my doubts, He is stingy as a miser, 'Wh

Mrs. Harland? 'Are you concerned in knowing, dear ? Mr. Nolan would feel fiattered if he were aware how deep is your interest in him.

'Mr. Nolan would not feel in the slightest degree flattered. Vanity, the predominant weakness of his sex, is not his weakness. But he cannot be as poor as I imagined if he can afford to spend five dollars in flowers.'

"Under the influence of the tender passion man may be extravagant to the extent of five dollars, and still be pardoned.' says Miss Owenson.

The flower woman approaches, Miss Macgregor gives her various orders for the day after to-morrow, which are duly transcribed in black and white, and the two girls depart. 'I wonder who the flowers are for ?' is Miss Macgregor's thoughtful remark as they reach the street. 'Sydney, your fastidious notions are decidedly in the way. I've a good mind to go back and ask.'

Sydney laughs outright, then stops, and blushes, for a gentleman, approaching rapidly, lifts his hat, with a smile. It is Mr. Nolan

"Quand on parle du diable----' begins Miss Macgregor, in execrable French, and, with unruffled coolness. 'We were just speaking of you. We saw you in Greenstalk's, ordering flowers, but you never deigned to notice US.

'What an unpardonable blindness !' answers the gentleman. 'I am on my way back to Greenstalk's; I forgot one of my gloves.'

' Your floral taste is excellent, Mr. Nolan,' says Katherine, mischievously. 'Your big bouquet is beautiful.'

'Do you think so? Ycs, it is pretty. She prefers white flowers. Cold, is it not,' says Mr. Nolan, 'for November.'

'You dine with us, do you not, on Friday evening?' inquires Katherine. 'Mamma verbal invitation.'

'Thanks, very much ; but I am afraid I cannot have the pleasure. I am very busy, Miss Katie.'

'You are never too busy to go to Mrs. Graham's, it seems,' says Miss Macgregor, with must ask Katie. her most effective and best-practised pout. "I insist upon your coming. That stupid ney?' inquires Uncle Grif, in his timid way, trial will surely take no harm for being laid coming forward. aside one evening.'

"You are most kind, and I am most grateful; all the same-

'He paused, and involuntarily, unconsciously, glances at Miss Owenson. She meets that glance with a bewitching smile.

'I think I must add my entrecties to Katherine's,' she says. 41 would very much like to hear Korner's Sword Song once more.'

'You will come?' asks Katherine. 'You do me too much honor,' replied Mr.

Nolan, flushing slightly. 'Yes I will come.' Then he was gone, and the cousins go on their way, in silence for a moment, silence

broken first by Sydney. 'What a great deal of coaxing your Mr. Nolan takes. Evidently the honor of his pre-

sence is not to be lightly bestowed. 'But he yields at your request, dear, not mine,' says Katie, with a sudden sharp ring in

But at last Miss Macgregor deserted him for her Auld Robin Grey, and Mr. Nolan tinues Uucle Grif, apelogetically to Sydney. sought out the owner of the 'noble and lovely' 'This is his mother. She-she is acquainted face, and lingered in its vicinity until the hour of departure. They seemed to find endless subjects in common, those two-literature | have it mended.' art, music, travels; their conversation never

seemed to flag. 'Decidealy, Mr. Nolan improves on acquaintance,' thought Miss Owenson, enroute to bed ; 'it is a positive pleasure to hear him.' 'To know her is a liberal education,' quotes Mr. Nolan, wending his homeward way. What a very excellent thinking machine there is behind that Madonna face. How poor Von Ette would rave at its beauty, how he would delight to paint it,

"And if any painter drew her He would paint her unaware. With a halo round her hair."

'What a contrast she is to that dark daughter of the earth, Katherine Macgregor.'

CHAPTER V.

A LONG TALK AND A LITTLE WALK.

The dinner was a pleasant affair, and my chat with Mr. Nolan most agreeable, but, after all, I doubt whether the game was worth the candle.'

Miss Owenson makes the remark, and makes it to herself alone. She holds up to view, at the same time, a mass of rich Chantilly lace, woefully torn and rent. On Friday night last it was the costly appendage of a silken robe, upon which a masculine boot heel had accidently trodden, with the aforesaid re-.sult

It is the afternoon of Monday, and with the exception of Uncle Grif, Miss Owenson is quite alone in the coziest apartment of the Macgregor house, the family sitting-room. sent you a card, I know, but I want to add a | Her aunt and cousin are out making calls, in which social martyrdom she has declined participating.

'I must have it mended,' thinks Miss Owenson; 'but who is to do it? ' Experts in lace work are rare, 1 fancy, in New York. I

'Is anything the matter, my dear Miss Syd-

'Do I look so woe-begone over my torn flounce, then ?' says Sydney, laughing. 'This is the matter,' she holds the large rent, 'not a matter of life or death, you see.' 'Ah! toru,' says Uncle Grif, in profound

sympathy. 'What---what is it !' It was a flounce, and will be again if I can

get it mended.' 'Are you going to do it yourself, Miss Syd-

ney?' asks Uncle Grif, and his dull eyes light suddenly.

•Not I!' replies Miss Owenson. 'I never did anything half so useful in my life. This lace belonged to my poor mamma-she wore it when a girl, and it is a souvenir, so of more value than its intrinsic worth.'

The sparkle in Uncle Grif's dull eyes grows

brighter, and more eager. 'Miss Sydney,' he says, 'I know a persona lady who will mend that for you. She makes lace-and embroidery, and all that. She was educated in a convent, and does the loveliest

' You -VOU KDOW LOWIS, YOU KDOW ?' COD-This is his mother. She—she is acquainted Lucy. lace is torn, and I made her bring it here to

Uncle Grif pulls out his handkerchief and wipes his forehead, very much upset at finding himself master of the ceremonies, even on this small scale. Mrs. Nolan looked at her fair visitor with a pleased smile.

'You have met my son, Miss Owenson?

'More than once, madam. But I had not the slightest idea, I assure you,' says Miss Owenson, blushing suddenly, ' that in coming here-

'Didn't I tell you it was Lewis' mother ?' says Uncle Grif, looking surprised. 'No, by-the-by, I think I didn't. She tore her --what was it, Miss Sydney? Oh, her flounce and I asked her to bring it here, and let you mend it- You can mend it, you know, Mrs. Nolan ?'

'I will be able to tell better when I see it,' Mrs. Nolan answers; and Sydney unwraps her parcel and hands it to her, feeling oddly nervous herself.

'Lewis Nolan's mother-Lewis Nolan'shome she looked at both with new and strong interest. That was his piano, those his books -how refined everything was in its poverty. What was the sister like, the girl wondered. Mrs. Nolan took the torn lace to the window and examined it with the admiring and appreciative eye of a connoiseur in laces.

'What exquisite Chantilly-what a beautiful pattern-what a pity it should be torn. I never saw a lovelier piece of lace-it must be very valuable.'

'It is,' Sydney answers : 'but its chief value i cle Grif assures me you work miracles with j as the days are long.' your needle.'

"My eyes are very bad for fine work, particularly black; but Lucy can, I am positive. Lucy is my daughter, Miss Owenson, and very proficient in lace work. She is an invalid, and cannot come down-stairs, but I will bring

it up, and show it to her, if you like.' 'Cannot Miss Owenson go up too?' cries Uncle Grif, in his eager way. I-I should be glad to have her know Lucy.'

says Mrs. Nolan gently, 'if you will come up, my dear Miss Owenson-

'Sydney rises at once; that strong feeling of profound interest still upon her, and fol-lows Mrs. Nolan up a little flight of steep stairs to an upper landing off which three small rooms open The door of each stands open; tthey are all bed-chambers, all spotless and tasteful, one' the mother's, one the son's, the young lady decides, and this front one the

invalid daughter's. Sydney pauses a moment |.i on the threshold und takes in the picture. The it-Ecce Homo,' and 'Mater Dolorosa,'-a

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I wonder if you would be offended,' laughs

ary I think I might stand it. It is well sometimes to see ourselves as others see us."

'Then! you're not to be offended, mind ! He told von Ette he had seen many beautifn! | hanging suspended in mid-air. Besides I am faces in his time, but never one of such ideal an excellent walker; I have had no end of purity and nobility, half womanly, half angelic.

'Oh !' Sydney cries, 'hush !' The rose-pink blush is scarlet now. 'If Mr. Nolan had the bad taste to say that, you should not have repeated it.'

'I apologized beforehand, remember. He would be as indignant as yourself if he knew I had told. Von Ette says you have bought 'Sintram.' What do you think of the likeness?'

'It is a very good one, if one could imagine your brother in so tragic a frame of mind. So you never go out; how sad that must be. You look very ill-too ill to work. 'Have you been ao invalid long ?' 'For ten years,' said Lucy Nolan.

(Oh l'

'I have consumption, as you may see,' pursued Miss Nolan, with perfect cheerfulness, and complaint of the spine, that chains me to this chair. But I am quite able to work. Oh, I assure you, yes : and my work and my books are the two chief pleasures of my life. You don't know how thankful I am to be able to work and help mother and Lewis, who

work so hard. My needle passes the days, and then there are the evenings. My sun rises, Miss Owenson, when other people's set, for the evenings bring Lewis and Carl von Ette, and we have music and the magazines, in my eyes, is that it belonged to my dear and the news of the world outside. And I mother. Can you mend it, Mrs. Nolan? Un- am happy, I assure you. Oh, just as happy

There are tears in Sydney's eyes as she listens to the bright voice, and looks in the wan face, all drawn and pallid with pain.

But you must suffer, surely-your face shows that.'

'Yes,' Lucy says, and says it with cheerfulness, 'a little sometimes. My back—a spasm twitches the pale lips—'I suffer at times with my back. The worst of it is, I e glad to have her know Lucy.' 'And Lucy will be very glad to know her,' mother and Lewis, and keeps them awake nights.'

'It keeps you awake too, does it not?' 'Yes, but it doesn't matter so much about me. They have to work so hard all day, that it is too bad their rest should be broken by my wretched cough.'

Lucy Nolan says this with such gonuine sympathy for them, such genuine indignation at herself, that Sydney smiles. although tears still stand in her eyes.

'Are you ever confined to bed, Miss Nolan ? 'Miss Nolan !- how comical that sounds,' green carpet on the floor, the small white bed says the invalid laughing. (Call me Lucy, in the corner, the two pictures that hang near. please-I don't know myself by any other name. Yes, I am sometimes, when my back trailing Irish ivy filling one window, roses is very bad, and then poor mother is nearly and geraniums the other. The same muslin worn to death waiting on me, and Lewis will' draperics as down-stains, a large photograph have a doctor and expensive medicines, say of Lewis Nolan's strong face and thoughtful | what I will. 1 am a dreadful drag on them forehead over the mantel; a table with a | both-all Lewis earns he is (bliged to spend | What does Katherine Macgregor mean by needlework you ever saw. If you come with family Bible and one or two other books of a on me. Ah I you don't know how good he is See other column.

and still a see a station of the ast

Miss Owenson. He rings the bell, and waits to see her admitted ; then, with another good-night, Lewis strides away.

What a long walk I have given him, and no doubt he is tired enough already,' Sydney thinks. 'Susan, have Mrs. Macgregor and Miss Ka-

therine returned ?'

'No, Miss Sydney, not yet.'

'Dieu merci !' thinks Sydney, running up to her own room. Strangely enough, when they do come, and all meet at dinner, she says not a word of where she has spent the aiternoon.

At ten o'clock she goes up to her chamber, but before she goes to bed she writes her letter. It is rather a difficult letter to write; but since it must be written, why the sooner the better. Near the close she says this:

'I hardly know whether to be glad or sorry Sir Parry has not sailed with the expedition. I am glad for your sake, certainly. But dear friend, I can never say to him the word he wants-I can never say 'come.' If I ever doubted, I doubt no longer. I do not love him, worthy of all love (as he is; and I shall love my husband, or go to my grave unwedded. Tell him this as gently as you . can, and forgive me the pain I cause you both ...

To be continued.

11 61 W . WORKINGMEN. a sollie.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague; Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save much time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family. Don't welt.

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