

THE VILLAGE ANGEL.

Or. Agatha's Recompense. CHAPTER LXXXIII.—Continued.

He had married Agatha! How small, and paltry, and trifling all the reasons seemed to be that he had once thought all sufficient! For those who had flirted with him—who had met him half way in this terrible game of flirtation, he felt no remorse, no pity; but the very life-blood of those two innocent girls were on his hands. How like a child he had been in his eagerness of heart, how like a child he had been in his earnestness of belief in being good and seeking for heaven!

to her since the sunlit morning when he had left her, as they both thought, for a few short hours—the whole long history of the kindness of the noble French lady, the tragedy of the unhappy Phyllis Norman, had the way in which fate or Providence had brought her to Penrith Castle. She spared neither him or herself the details, and she lingered long over the story of Beatrice. Her voice was very low and gentle, but to him it was as clear and terrible as the voice of an avenging angel.

It was known that Miss Brooke was leaving, she was so beloved by the whole household; but she noticed one thing, that Lord Penrith never smiled upon her after he knew her story. They were married in London, very quietly and without any display; only two witnesses were present, distant relatives of the earls, and no mention was made of the marriage except in one or two papers. If ever man made ample reparation, it was Vane, Lord Kelso. The first thing he did was to take his beautiful wife home to Whitecroft.

UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER I. OUT OF THE MIST.

It appears to me, looking back over a past experience, that certain days in one's life stand out prominently as landmarks, when we arrive at some finger post pointing out the road that we should follow. We come out of some deep, rutty lane, where the hedge-rows obscure the prospect, and where the footpaths of some unknown passenger have left tracks in the moist red clay. The confused tracery of green leaves overhead seems to weave fanciful patterns against the dim blue of the sky; the very air is low-pitched and oppressive. All at once we find ourselves in an open space; the free winds of heaven are blowing over us; there are four roads meeting; the finger-posts point silently. "This way to such a place; we can take our choice, counting the milestones rather wearily as we pass them. The road may be a little tedious, the stones may hurt our feet; but if it be the right road it will bring us to our destination."

drove down Bond Street, where Sara had some glittering little toy to purchase. I reiterated my intention of not calling at Hyde Park Mansions. "I do not want any tea," I said, wearily, "and I would rather go home. Give my love to Lesbia; I will see her another day." "Lesbia will be hurt," remonstrated Sara. "What a little misanthrope you are, Ursula! St. Thomas has injured you socially; you have become a hermit; you are all at once, and it is such nonsense as yours!" "Oh, let me be Sara," I pleaded; "I am tired, and Lesbia always chatters on; and Mrs. Fullerton is so noisy. Besides, did you not tell me she was coming to dine with you this evening?" "Yes, to be sure; but she wanted us to meet the Percy Glyn; Mirral and Winifred Glyn are to be there this afternoon. Never mind, Lesbia will understand when I say you are in one of your ridiculous moods." And Sara hummed a little tune gaily, as though she meant no offence by her words and was disposed to let me go my own way.

SUNDAY READING.

Jedburgh Abbey. Of Jedburgh less is known than of any other of the large religious houses on the Scottish border. It was founded by David I. of Scotland; but whether in 1118, during the lifetime of his brother Alexander, as Warton alleges, or in 1147, when he occupied the throne, according to Fordun, is not determined. The well-known accuracy of the first-named authority inclines us to rely on his statement. Certain it is, however, that the 'David of Scotland' is indebted for the institution of the regular canon of St. Augustine, whose first inmates were first brought from St. Quentin, near Beauvais, in France; in one or other of these years. The death of Abbot Othbert, the first superior of the house, is recorded in the 'Chronicle of Melrose' to have occurred in 1174. Restormel, in Dorsetshire, and Canonby, in Dumfriesshire, were cells belonging to Jedburgh; and the Priory of Bartyre, in Clydehead, is also said to have been a dependency of it.

FATHER KELLER MADE A CANON. DUBLIN, April 8.—Father Keller, the imprisoned Catholic priest, has been appointed canon of Clonfert by the bishop of the diocese.

PRISON CRUELITIES. DUBLIN, April 6.—Twenty-three moonlighters have been arrested at Castle Island. Thomas Doyle, one of the Invidious connected with the 'Henric Park' assassination, has been released from prison; the term of his sentence having expired. He gives horrible details of prison life and of the cruelties practised upon the prisoners.

THE PITCHEPPE. This was an instrument of very remote antiquity. It was used in Greek and Roman oratory, to suggest the rise or fall of the pleader's voice. It was adopted to fulfil the self same office in ecclesiastical sequence; and the voices of St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom were roused or subdued by the pipe, in accordance with the size of the structure, or the extent of the audience. It is to be lamented that modern oratory is devoid of such an excellent means of modulation, and that the usage of the pipe is limited to rural choirs.

ANTIDOTE FOR CANCER.

A REMEDY WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL. (From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.) About thirty years ago a woman belonging to the middle walks of life, suffering with cancer, was pronounced beyond their skill by the physicians of the St. Andrew Infirmary, England, the tumor being such close proximity to the jugular vein that, rather than risk the imperilling of her life, they deemed it best not to undertake so grave an operation. Straightway after this announcement was made she returned to her home, which was three miles from Oswestry, the nearest railway station in the County of Montgomery, North Wales. Here she became a greater sufferer, when one day she became herself of a neighbor, whom she soon found, and with all the eloquence of one enthralled by an implacable foe she appealed to her sympathy. "If it were possible," she implored, "do, do something to assuage my pain." With that tenderness and sympathy characteristic of the every true and noble woman to ally her every pains this friend, for she proved a friend in need and deed, forthwith sent her boys (one of whom is our informant) to gather what in the United States is known as sheep sorrel; by the people of England as "sour loaf or the cuckoo plant." The "Wald" language, to the people of North Wales, is "Dall" or "Dall" or "Dall." To this timely opportunity, and the efficacy of a hand-some, high-spirited young woman to be with her surroundings, looking bright, unconcerned, good-humored, in spite of her mother's fancy criticisms; Aunt Philippa was always a little fussy about dress.

THE END.