

"She has our name, and, what is more remarkable, her name is Letitia."

"How strange!"

The Duchess looked at her son, smiled, and then said, "Tell the young lady when she has rested and refreshed herself, I shall be glad to see her."

The footman being gone, the eager young Duke asked, "Who is she?"

"My new companion, my dear; and you will be glad to know she speaks French as well as yourself. Her people have lived chiefly in France for a very long time. She is of considerable family, I believe; she has been recommended to me by the Count of the Comte de Chambord, whose people have shown the young lady much favour. I hear she is charming and well-bred; but I need not say, Tudor, that I trust you will be reserved in your intercourse with this young lady, for you are sufficiently good-looking to attract attention, while, of course, your title is a further attraction."

These two persons, mother and son, were perfectly honest individuals, but, of course, they had their class prejudices; and it is scarcely to be wondered at that they considered the mass of people, including ladies' companions, as really very much below them in station.

As the young lady entered the room, her glance fell on Tudor, and his on her; their hearts beat responsively, and a fascination at once was felt by both. Meanwhile, her Grace the Duchess was as completely ignored as though she had been in the next country.

Even in that very instant the honourable lady knew she had committed a foolish act in receiving this young lady into the house.

But this conviction was almost immediately swallowed up in amazement as she marked that these two persons, strangely attracted toward each other, were in some degree alike.

"I am glad to see you here, Miss Bradfax," said the Duchess, wisely desirous of ending this strange scene. "I am afraid you will find this house dull, and discover me to be a dull old woman; but we must endeavour to make it up to you by extended kindness. Come and sit by the fire."

"Your Grace is very good," replied the young lady, obeying with charming unaffectedness.

"Tudor's very choice," thought the Duchess, "as far as a woman's tones can resemble a man's! This is my son, the Duke," she continued.

And as both saluted each other, she added, "Tudor, this is the young lady with your family name, who is good enough to brighten up the old place, especially after you have gone away!"

"I am so glad to see you, Miss Bradfax!" And he saw with great satisfaction that she trembled as his voice came to be heard. "It seems very familiar here, does your name. My mother has spoken of my going away, but I am not about at once to leave the Chase, and I must myself show you all our wonderful antiquities and curiosities."

"Your Grace is very good," she said, in a low, soft voice.

When the Duke went to his rooms that night, he knew not what was the matter with him.

This was his malady: he had become possessed of a violent passion for his mother's new companion.

She, in turn, appeared charmed.

Within those following three weeks she never resented or mistrusted one word or look of his. She yielded her will and individuality before him as a bird does under the spell of a serpent.

The Duchess was made but little uncomfortable by all these things. She knew her son was a noble-hearted gentleman, and her womanly knowledge convinced her there was no harm in Miss Bradfax.

But the Duchess had not reckoned upon the nature of mutual passion.

Had Letitia Bradfax shown any comprehension of her danger, Tudor would have at once been master of himself.

But it was her blind concession to him, her utter relinquishment of herself, which completed his wild adoration.

He never stopped to ask himself whether he could marry her. He was not arrested by any truth of the every-day life around him. He did not even give thought to the enquiry as to the necessary watchfulness of the servants.

If she was under his influence, he, in another degree, was dominated by her.

She remained calm, serene—resigned, it might have seemed, to his will.

But he was beginning to war with the grosser portion of his nature.

Yes; it was the conviction that she never contemplated her danger which so immeasurably increased his passion.

At last, one evening, as the winter was passing away, he could endure no more.

"Letitia," he said (for by that time he had come to call her by her Christian name), and when they were alone—"Letitia," he said, "my mother does not like you to see the new French books. I have known that—but when all is quiet to-night, I will bring two or three to your rooms."

She looked at him with the angelic glance which always confounded him, and said softly, "Yes, my lord, I shall be delighted."

He pressed her hand.

But her eyes did not droop; indeed, she appeared grateful for the kindness.

It was a perilous moment, but he turned away.

Night came, and the young noble, taking several books in one hand, and a branched candlestick in the other, hurried towards the painting gallery, at the end of which he knew he should find the outer door of Letitia's room unfastened.

To his great surprise, he found that several of the gallery sconces held burning candles.

He supposed they had been lit by some of the household for showing the paintings, and that they had gone to bed, having forgotten to extinguish them.

No thought of the guardian phantom of his house possessed him.

But as he traversed the gallery, he fancied that the light increased behind him.

He turned.

Ah! he knew that traditionary form in a moment.

The flowing dress of Queen Anne's time, the rich, black, training robe, the wide, lace-trimmed sleeves, the many lines of pearls, and the rich, clustered, flowing black hair.

In an instant he saw that he himself was more like her than he resembled his own mother.

She carried in one hand a spray of roses.

As he approached, rays of light seemed to dart from her body, and still more from her head.

There was nothing formidable about the apparition.

As it passed him, there was a glorious smile upon the features, and she gently waved the white flowers she was holding.

Then she swept grandly on her way, passing him.

As she glided on, he drew back towards the wall. When she had passed, he fell forward on his face, hiding from the beautiful yet terrible phantom.

Which way went it?

Where did it disappear?

Of those things he knew nothing.

When he was once more himself, he was in darkness, and quite alone.

He had no fear then.

He rose, and went to his room, his passion swept away, and his gratitude immeasurable that he was saved.

He fell asleep quite calmly. He had never done much harm; indeed his peers had but a poor opinion of him; and he awoke, inexpressibly thankful that the gentle phantom of honest Duchess Letitia had saved him and guarded Letitia.

Next morning the young lady met him with a charming smile.

"You came last night to my room, but I saw nothing of your Grace."

"I went to your room, Letitia?"

"Yes; for I found these white roses, which must at this time of year have come from the south of France, set in the carving of one of the oak panels in my sitting-room."

Suddenly Tudor Bradfax was struck as if by a revelation.

"Letitia," he said, seizing her hands, "have you ever been told that you belong to our family?"

"Often, your Grace. My grandma, there, frequently informed me that I came of the Dukes of Bradfax, and that my first forefather of that name, in the reign of Queen Anne, had been deprived of his rights by the daughter of the second so-called marriage of his father. But, your Grace, I have only looked upon their tales as I would upon fairy lore."

"No, no, Letitia, it is no fairy lore. As I am before you, I feel convinced that you are the true descendant—I, the false! Nay, I am absolutely certain that behind the oak panel, set in the carving of which you find these flowers, are the proofs of what you have heard as family legends."

"I should be very sorry to pain you by such discoveries."

"Letitia, listen! Before I seek these proofs, will you accept me as your husband?"

Her mute answer was to fall, pallid and insensible, into his arms.

It was as he had suggested. When the panel came to be examined, a secret spring was discovered, and the wood being removed, a casket was found, which, being opened, parchments and papers were there, which sufficiently convinced Tudor that the legend touching her Grace Letitia, second Duchess of Bradfax, was true.

He had no doubt the first Duke had described to his daughter the panel and the room where this proof of his first marriage was concealed; that she was then sickening for the complaint which possessed her father, and forgot this description; and that the honest spirit could not rest until justice was done.

He saw that right would prevail after all those years by uniting himself with Letitia, who, for her part, had yielded her heart to this her distant cousin, the very instant she saw him.

The poor Duchess, Tudor's mother, was at first desperately opposed to this wild marriage; but she yielded to the proof upon proof which Tudor adduced.

"So, finally, she conceded, in these words: 'Tudor, you are the head of your house, and I am glad to submit. I cannot love Letitia more when my daughter than I do at present.'"

But Tudor's peers maintain that he was always a fool, and that his marriage showed it.

At Bradfax Chase they have no fear of the spirit of her Grace Letitia.

It is reported that the unfortunate Empress Charlotte, who has so long been demented, is now dying.

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

EXPERIENCE may be a dear teacher, but she isn't any dearer than a pretty schoolma'am.

It is better to love a man you can never marry than to marry a man you can never love.

The wife who is presented with a water-proof by her husband exclaims, "Water-proof of affection!"

The newest style of dresses are made with a hollow pocket—a tunnel for the train to be drawn through.

The slipper season is at hand, and far-sighted young clergymen are having their bins fitted for the winter supply.

A NEW YORKER remarks that "Boston girls are not so well educated as the boys, but they know more."

THE Celestial opinion is that the happy women died in a blind, deaf and dumb asylum many golden years ago.

OBSERVE a young father trying to appease a bawling baby, and you will witness ingenuity enough in ten minutes to make you think that the man ought to be an inventor.

A WESTERNER has invented something that beats the telephone. He proposes to put in a line of women, fifty steps apart, and commit the news to the first as a secret.

"Always try to hit the nail upon the head, my boy," said an uncle to his nephew: but the nephew's little cousin whispered to him, "Don't hit the nail on your finger, for it hurts awful."

THAT was a scrupulous young lady who refused to meet her lover—Justus his name was—at home, because she heard her minister say that justice should always be meted out.

"My dear," asked Mrs. J— of her husband, on coming home from church the other day, "what was the sweetest thing you saw in bonnets?"—"The ladies' faces," was the bland reply.

A GENTLEMAN named More proposed by letter to a young lady, who answered him with a glowing description of the last party, emphasizing the last line of her note, "So no More at present."

"How can I leave thee," he was singing in a very tender tone. He wasn't very popular with her parents, and it was verging on twelve o'clock, and the old man came in and showed him how he could leave her.

A NEW MILFORD (Conn.) maiden, who found herself in unpleasant company after accepting an invitation to take a sleigh ride with a young man, dropped her handkerchief on the road, and, when he got out to pick it up, applied the whip and drove home.

(CHARLIE, as everyone knows, is the pet name for Charles; but Charlie is also a short-and-sweet for a girl's name. It will help in pronunciation to remember that the original is Charlotte, but at the best it is as confusing as to have the girls wear the boys' overcoats and collars.

It seems hard, but the beautiful moon that smiles down a soft, encouragement to the lovers leaning over the garden-gate is the same old reprobate that provides illumination for the midnight cat concert, and smiles the same smile as the sounds of woe are wafted to his ears from the hapless denizens below.

A MAN more than half-seas-over was observed one day supporting the parapet of the North Bridge, Edinburgh, shaking his head and repeating to himself sadly, "It must be done, it must be done." An old lady passing by, thinking he contemplated suicide, said to him, "What must be done?"—"Must go home and face my wife" was the woful answer.

The prettiest curiosity at a recent baby show, was a yearling baby with a bonnet that wasn't big enough for the court house cupola. It came within eight or ten inches, indeed, of fitting the baby, but it is understood that the incomparable artist who designed it, expired with the effort. Awe struck Christendom would kneel in voiceless wonder at the feet of a baby with a perfectly fitting bonnet.

They were walking arm-in-arm up the street, and just ahead of them was a woman in a new princess dress. The setting sun was gilding the western heavens, and throwing a beautiful crimson glow all over the earth. He said, in a subdued tone, "Isn't it lovely?"—"Well, I don't know," was the reply of his fair companion; "I don't think the trimming matches very well, and it doesn't fit her a bit." He shuddered.

"Is this the place," she asked, as she wandered down on the barren sands, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell into the water last season, and was rescued by a gallant young man, whom she afterward married?" He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square forty-seven, with false teeth, and said, "Yes, ma'am, but I don't know how to swim."

A BIDDEFORD girl has just got a husband by means of her graduating essay. It was published in one of the papers of that city, and an extract from it, in which the young lady declared her intention of earning her own living, was widely copied, and met the eye of a Mr. P., a Cincinnati iron merchant, who was so much taken with it that he sought the author's name and address. A correspondence ensued, and the young lady was persuaded to abandon the determination announced in her essay.

Saxe Holm, alleged to be a woman, says:—Women have perpetual craving to be recognized, to be admired; and a large part of their ceaseless chatter is no more nor less than a surface device to call your attention to them, as little children continually pull your gown to make you look at them." Since reading it, a large army of indignant women are charging through the country with parasols in rest, inquiring with flushed faces who this Saxe Holm is.

"TO MY FIRST LOVE."

|                     |                   |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| I remember          | Rather funny,     |
| Meeting you         | Wasn't it?        |
| In September        | Vows we plighted, |
| Sixty-two.          | Happy pair;       |
| We were eating,     | How delighted     |
| Both of us;         | People were!      |
| And the meeting     | But your father,  |
| Happened thus:      | To be sure,       |
| Accidental,         | Thought it rather |
| On the road         | Premature:        |
| (Sentimental        | And your mother,  |
| Episode).           | Strange to say,   |
| I was gushing,      | Was another       |
| You were shy:       | In the way.       |
| You were blushing,  | What a heaven     |
| So was I.           | Vanished then!    |
| I was smitten,      | (You were seven,  |
| So were you         | I was ten.)       |
| (All that's written | That was many     |
| Here is true).      | Years ago,        |
| Any money?          | Don't let any     |
| Not a bit.          | Body know.        |

## THE PRODIGAL.

Inheritors of vast wealth are proverbially spendthrifts. The golden ore is dug from the mine, refined, and coined, by the labour of other hands and the sweat of other brows. Like children playing with an expensive toy, they can form no just estimate of its value. When the donor weighed it, he cast into the balance so many days of unremitting and fatiguing toil, so many anxious and sleepless nights, so much self-denial and so much care. But the inheritor into his balance throws only—pleasure. The one values it, by what it cost him; the other for what it will purchase. Like the Prodigal in the Scripture parable, he thoughtlessly expends it to gratify the caprice and cravings of his nature. Then comes the last scene—the misery, the remorse, and the long and wearisome journey back to the home of frugal industry. But there are other prodigals. On her favourites our bounteous parent, Nature, has lavished her richest treasure—health. But the prodigal values it lightly, for it cost him naught, and recklessly squanders it in riotous living. Present pleasure obscures future want. Soon the curtain rises on the last scene. We see him helpless, impoverished,—the rich treasures of body and mind all lost,—in misery and despair. Remorseful Conscience holds up to him the mirror of memory. In his own reckless folly he perceives the cause of his present pain. He resolves to return. The journey is long and tedious, but if he perseveringly follows the right road, he will at length see the haven of his hopes in the distance, and Nature seeing her invalid child afar off, will come out to meet him, and receive him back with love and blessing. To find the right road homeward the suffering prodigal should read "The People's Common Sense Medical Advertiser." Therein it is completely mapped out, its landmarks all indicated and its milestones all numbered. Read it. Price \$1.50 (postage prepaid). Address the author and publisher, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

## ECCELESIASTICAL.

REV. A. J. BRAY lectured at Kingston last week, in connection with the Civil Rights Alliance.

REV. MR. LAING, of Montreal, has been invited to the pastorate of St. Matthew's Church, Halifax.

It is proposed to re-build the Archbishop's Palace at Quebec in a style worthy of the Metropolitan See of the continent.

A KINGSTON clergyman, who skated instead of driving across to Garden Island, to officiate last Sunday, has incurred the censure of his congregation.

It is said that Dr. Conroy, the Papal Delegate, will remain in the United States as Legate of the Holy See, endowed with all the powers conferred on Nuncios in Catholic countries.

It is understood that the Bishop of Ontario has suspended the Rev. Mr. Higginson, late pastor of St. Bartholomew's Church, from all clerical duty or employment for three years. This resolution will apply throughout the whole jurisdiction of the Church in Canada.

ON arrival of the foreign Cardinal the Sacred College will permanently constitute itself in congregation. The Bull left by Pius IX. authorizes Cardinals to deviate from the established procedure, but does not prescribe any special new rules. The public are admitted to St. Peter's to view the remains of the Pope. The body of the Pope, arrayed in Pontifical robes, lies on a crimson bed, at each corner of which stands a member of the noble guard, with drawn sword. The bed is surrounded by 12 large candleabra, and is so placed that the feet of the deceased are outside the altar rail, in order that the faithful may kiss them. The face is calm and unchanged.

## "PUBLIC HEALTH MAGAZINE,"

Edited by Geo. A. BAYNES, M.D., &c., &c.,

Says:—We have used Phosfozone in suitable cases with marked advantage, and were so pleased with the results that we now prescribe it constantly, having perfect confidence in its action. AS A TONIC during convalescence we know of nothing equal to it, and felt it a duty to recommend its use to our *confreres* and the public generally. Sold by all Druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.