REDMOND O'DONNELL

LE CHASSEUR d'AFRIQUE.

CHAPTER II. MRS. VAVASOR.

The London express, due at Castleford station at 7.20, rushed in with an unearthly shriek, like Sinbad's black monster, with the one red, fiery eye. There were five passengers for the town—four men and a woman. The train disgorged them and then fled away, shricking once more, into the black October

A wet and gusty autumn evening, a black and starless sky frowning down, upon a black and sodden earth. A bitter blast blew up from the sea, and whirled the dead leaves in drifts before it. The station, dreary and isolated, as it is in the nature of stations to be, looked drearier than ever to-night. Far off the lamps of the town glimmered athwart the rain and fog, specks of light in the eerie-gloom.

The four male passengers who had quitted the train hurried with their portmanteaus, buttoned to the chin, and with hats slouched forward over their noses-honest shopkeepers of Castleford, but looking villanously brigandish in the light of the station lamps. Only the temale passenger remained, and she came tripping up the platform with a little satchel in her hand, crisp and smiling, to the chief station official.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but can you tell me if the carriage from Scarswood Park is waiting for me?"

She was a beautiful little woman. Two great dark eyes of lustrous light beamed up in the official's face, and a smile that lit up the whole station with its radiance dazzled him. She had feathery black ringlets-she had a brilliant high color-well, a trifle too high, probably, for some fastidious tastes—she had teeth white and more glistening than anything the official had ever seen outside a dentist's show-case-she had the tiniest little figure in the world, and she had—as far as the official could judge, for the glitter of her whole appearance—some three-and-thirty years. With the flash of her white teeth, the spakrle of her black eyes, the glow of the rose-red cheeks, she dazzled you like a sudden burst of sunlight, and you never stopped

The carriage from Scarswood? No, it had not-that is to say the official did not know whether it had or not.

Would the lady be pleased to sit down there was a fire in here, and he would go and ascertain.

"I certainly expected to find it waiting," the little lady said, tripping lightly after him. "Sir John knows I am coming to- gloves, and mantle. night. He is such an old friend of mine-Sir John. It's odd now the carriage isn't waiting-tell them when they do come, Mrs. Vavasor is here."

"The carriage has come," announced the official on the moment. "This way, madame, if you please."

The close carriage, its lamps, glowing like two red eyes in the darkness, its horses pawing the ground, its coachman stiff and surly on the box, was drawn up at the station door. The official held the door open—she thanked him with a radiant smile, and then Sir John Dangerfield's carriage was flying through the darkness of the wet October night over the muddy high road to Scarswood Park. Little Mrs. Vavasor wiped the blurred glass, and strained her bright black eyes as the vehicle whirled up the avenue, to catch the first glimpse of the house. It loomed up at last, a big black shadow in the darkness. Lights gleamed all along its front windows, and the night. Mrs. Vavasor's fascinating face was brightest—the sparkle in her eves sparkled more than ever.

A party-a ball perhaps. Let me see, the third of October-why la petite's birthday, of now you mightn't believe it. Ring the bell, waltzer." course. Miss Dangerfield, Heiress of Scarswood, is just seventeen to-night. How stupid of me to forget it." She laughed in the darkness and solitude, a little low laugh not pleasant to hear. "I wonder how poor dear Sir John will meet me, and what account he will give of me to his daughter? It couldn't have been pleasant for him to receive my note. I dare say by this time he bell." thought me dead."

She stepped out a moment in the rain, then into the lighted vestibule, then into the spacious entrance hall, where Mrs. Harrison, in a gray silk gown and white lace cap, and all the dignity of housekeeper, met ber courtesy. "Mrs. Vavasor, I think, ma'am?"

Mrs. Vavasor's enchanting smile answered in the affirmative.

"Sir John's orders are every attention, ma'am, and he was to be told the minute you arrived. This way, if you please, and you're | go. to wait here, ma'am, until he comes to you." bright with upholstery, curtains, and carpet of

blue and gold. "How very nice," Mrs. Vavasor remarked, glancing pleasantly around; "and you are the housekeeper, I suppose, my good soul? And your young lady is having a party on her

only seventeen, and handsome, and rich, and a baronet's daughter."

birth-night? How pleasant it must be to be

Mrs. Vavasor laughed that sharp little laugh of hers that rather grated on sensitive

"Miss Dangerfield is handsome, no doubt, Mrs.——ah— "Harrison," the housekeeper responded, rather stifly. "And Miss Katherine is very andsome, indeed, in my eyes. I'll tell Sir John you're here, ma'am, at once, if you'll

please sit down." But it pleased Mrs. Vavasor to stand-she turned up the lamps until the room was flooded with light then walked over to a fulllength mirror and looked at herself steadily

and long. "Fading!" she said; "fading! Rouge, French coiffmes, enamel, belladonna, and the rest of it are very well; but they can't make ever a woman of thirty-seven into a girl of twenty. Still, considering the life I've led" -she set her treth like a little lion-dog. "Ah, what a bitter fight the battle of life has been for me! If I were wise I would pocket my wrongs, forego my vengeance, keep my secret, and live happy in Scarswood Hall forever after. I wonder if Sir John would

marry me if I asked him?" The door opened and Sir John came in. Little Mrs. Vavasor turned round from the glass, folded her small hands, and stood and looked at him with a smile on her face.

He was very pale, and grim as the grave. So for a moment they stood, like two duelists waiting for the word, in dead silence.

Then the lady spoke: "How do you do, Sir John? When we parted I remember you found me admiring myself in the glass; when we meet again, after fifteen years Dieu! how old it makes one feel-you find me before the glass again. Not admiring myself this time, you underthe way from Paris to see see you?"

She held out her little gloved hand. He guests as Mrs. Vavasor. drew away with a gesture of repulsion, and crossing to the chimney-piece leaned upon it, bis face hard and set, in the light of the of adventuress was on her face and raiment.

lamps.
"Why have you come here?" he asked. "Ab, Ciel! hear him!-such a cruel question. And after fifteen years I stand all alone in this big, pitiless world, a poor little friendless woman, and I come to the gallant to society masks, showed his trouble all too gentleman who fifteen years ago stood my plainly in his perturbed face. friend-such a friend-and he asks me in that cruel voice why I have come!"

"That will do, Mrs. Vavasor-this is not a theatre, nor am I an appreciative audience. Tell me the truth, if you can-let us have plain speaking. Why have you come here? liant fairy of-well, five-and-twenty sum-What do you want?"

"That is plain language certainly. I have and teeth of a goddess.
ome here because you are in my power—ab "But, Miss Dangerfield, Sir John—Miss come here because you are in my power-ab-

Her deriding black eyes mocked him, her gerfield." incessant smile set his teeth on edge. Hatred

"You want money, I suppose? Well, you shall have it, though I paid you your price long ago, and you promised to trouble me no | And that face! You look like the Death'smore. But you can't stay here; it is simply impossible."

"It is simply nothing of the kind. I have come to stay-my luggage is down yonder in the hall, and you will tell them presently to fetch it up and show me to my room. I do want money-yes, it is the universal want, and I mean to have it. Eight thousand a year and Scarswood Fark, one of the finest seats in Sussex. And such an old family !baronets created by James the First, and knights centuries and centuries before! How proud your daughter must feel of her ancient name and lineage!" And Mrs. Vavasor laughed aloud, her tinkling laugh that struck shrilly on hypersensitive ears.

"You will leave my daughter's name out den burst of sunlight, and you never stopped to think until afterward how sharp and rasposed to the question, if you please," the baronet retorted haughtily; "such lips as yours sully her name. If you had one spark of womanly teeling, one grain of self-respect left from the life you have led, a woman's heart in your breast, you would never come near her. Heaven's namego—I will give you anything, anything, only don't insist upon staying here."

For answer she walked back to the mirror, and deliberately began removing her bonnet,

"As I intend going down and joining your party presently, and being introduced to the county families, I think I will go up to my room at once, if you please, Sir John-By the way, is Mr. Peter Dangerfield one of your guests on this happy occasion? It strikes me now I should like to know him. He is your only brother's only son and heir-in-law -after your daughter, of course. How awkward for that young gentleman you should have a daughter at all. And the estate is strictly entailed to the nearest of kin." There was a gleam of almost dangerous malice in her eyes as she turned from the mirror. "Yes, I am really anxious to make

the acquaintaince of Mr. Peter Dangersield." He turned almost livid-he made a step to-

"You would not dare," he said huskily! "you wretch! You would not dare-'

"I would dare anything except being late distant sound of music floated out into the Just seventeen! a charming age, and an heiress, and a beauty, no doubt? Ah! what a ning youth. I grow melar please, and let that nice old creature, your housekeeper, show me to my room. And when I'm ready-say-at ten o'clock-you will come for me here, and present me to your guests. No, really, baronet-not another word to-night on that subject. These serious matters are so exhausting; and remember I've been travelling all day. Ring the

> He hesitated a moment, then obeyed. The look of a hunted animal was in his eyes, and she stood there mocking him to his face. It between a huge Newfoundland and a little trated yet." King Charles, and the King Charles had the victory this time.

Mrs. Harrison answered the bell ; in the brief interval no word had been spoken.

"You will show Mrs. Vavasor to her room," Sir John said shortly and sternly, turning to

" And I will be dressed by ten, and you will She led the way upstairs, and threw open call for me here," responded Mrs. Vavasor the door of a half lit, elegant apartment, all gayly, over her shoulder. "How fortunate I have been in not missing the opportunity of offering my congratulations to Miss Danger-

And then humming a gay French air, Mrs. Vavasor followed the housekeeper up another broad oaken stairway, along a carpeted corridor and into a velvet-hung chamber, bright with fire light and waxlight, luxurious with cushions, chairs, and lounges, fragrant with hot-house flowers, and rich with pictures.

"Your trunks are in the wardrobe adjoining, ma'am," Mrs. Harrison said: "and if there is anything I can do or if Miss Katherine's

maid--" "You good creature!" Mrs. Vavasor answered. "No, I am my own maid-1 haven't eight thousand a year, you know, like your darling Miss Katherine, and can't afford luxuries. Thanks, very much, and-good night;" and then the door closed gently in the housekeeper's face, the key was turned,

and Sir John's guest was alone. She stood and looked round the room with a smile, that incessant smile that grew just a trifle wearisome after the first half hour or

In the golden gleam of the light the tall mirrors flashed, the carpet looked like a green bank of June roses, the silken draperies shimmered, and the exotics in their tall classes pertumed the warm air. Outside the rain beat, and the wind blew, and the "blackness of darkness" reigned. She listened to the wild beating of the storm in the park with a little delicious shiver.

"Is it like my life?" she said softly. "Have I come out of the rain, and the wind, and the night, to the roses, and the wax-lights, and music of existence? Or is the gypsy, vagabond instinct too strong in me, and will the roses fade, and their perfume sicken, and the lights grow dim, and I throw it all up some day, and go back to the old freedom and outlawry once more? The cedar palace and purple robes of the king look very inviting, but I think I would rather have the tents of Bohemia, with their freedom, and the

stars shining through the canvas roof." An hour later there descended to the long drawing-room a lady—a stranger to all there. stand, I sadly fear I have grown old and She appeared in their midst as suddenly as man.

ugly in all those hard fought years. But you though she had dropped from the rainy skies, —you're not a day older, and just the same a charming little vision, in amber silk and handsome stalwart soldier I remember you. Chantilly flounces, and diamonds, and creamy Won't you shake hands for the sake of old roses in her floating feathery black hair. A times, Sir John, and say 'you are welcome' little lady whose cheeks outshone all roses, to a poor little woman who has traveled all and whose eyes outflashed her diamonds, and whom Sir John Dangerfield introduced to his

Who was Mrs. Vavasor? Women looked at her askance—the stamp The rouge was artistic, but it was rouge; the amber silk was shabby, the Chantilly, a very clever imitation, the diamonds Palais Royal beyond doubt. And then Sir John was so pale, so gloomy—the old soldier, not used

A woman not of their order-and the ladies' bows were frigid and chilling as the baronet presented her.

But the men—what did they know of shabby silks and brownish laces. They saw a brilmers, perhaps—by lamplight—with the eyes

solutely and wholly in my power. And I Dangerfield! Miss Dangerfield!" Mrs. Vavasor want to stay here as an honored guest just as cried, tapping him playfully with her fau long as I please. Is that plain enough to "those people are not the rose, though they satisfy you, or would you like me to put it have come to-night to do honor to that gorgestill plainer?" ous flower. I am dying to behold Miss Dan-

The stormy blue eyes of the Indian officer -abhorrence-were in his eyes as he looked | flashed; he gnawed his mustache, with an oath only heard by the lady on his arm. Her shrill laugh answered it.

"For shame, Sir John! So ill-bred, too head the Egyptians used to have at their banquets. What will people say? There, I see her-I see her! that is Katherine."

She stopped short, still holding Sir John's arm, and a vivid light came into her black eyes. The baronet's daughter was advancing on the arm of Mr. Gaston Dantree. "Katherine," her father said, bringing out

every word with a husky effort, " this is Mrs. Vavasor, a very old fri-acquaintance." If his life had been at stake, he could not have said "friend." "You have heard me speak of her; she is our guest for the present." He turned abruptly, and walked away.

Katherine Dangerfield held out her hand—for the first, the last time—to her father's jacquaintance. Their eyes met, and on the only occasion, perhaps, in all her seven-and-thirty years of life, those of the elder woman fell. bright gray eyes of the girl looked straight through her, and distrusted and disliked her with that first glance.

"My father's friends are always welcome to Scarswood." She said it very briefly and coldly. "May I beg of you to excuse me now, I am engaged for this waltz to Mr. Dantree."

She was looking her best to-night and almost pretty; but then "almost" is a very

She wore pink tissue, that floated around her like a rosy mist, with here and there a touch of priceless old point, and a tiny cluster of fairy roses. She had pearls on her neck, and gleaming through her lovely auburn hair, a rich tea-rose nestling in its silken

She looked graceful; she looked unspeakably patrician; she carried herself like a young princess. And the vivid light in Mrs. Vavasor's black eyes grew brighter as she watched her flost away.

"She has her mother's face," she whispered to herself; "she has her mother's voice-and I hate her for her mother's sake! A home in Scarswood forever, the fleshpots of Egypt, the purple and fine linen of high life, would be very pleasant things, but revenge is pleasanter still."

One of the gentlemen to whom she had, at for Miss Dangerfield's brth-night party. her own special request, been introduced, came up, as she stood, and solicited the pleasure of a waltx.

choly when I think of it. I was seventeen always tell, by some sort of Terpsichorean inonce, too, Sir John, though to look at me stinct, I suppose, when a lady is, or is not, a

> Mr. Peter Dangerfield was right at least in this particular instance; Mrs. Vavasor waltzed like a fairy-like a French fairy, at that. "
> She and the baronet's daughter whirled

past each other more than once-Katherine with her brown hair floating in a perfumed cloud, her lips breathless and apart, and her bright eyes laughing in her partner's face. "Is she in love with that very handsome young man, I wonder?" Mrs. Vavasor thought;

and is he rich, and in love with her? If seemed about as unequal a contest as a battle so, then my plan of vengeance way be frus-"Mr. Dangerfield," to her partner, "please tell me the name of that gentleman with

whom Miss Dangerfield is dancing? It strikes me l have somewhere seen his face before. "Not unlikely, he's been everywhere. His

name is Gaston Dantree, and he is, I believe, a native of the State of Louisiana." "An American! He is very rich, then-

all those Americans are rich." "Dantree is not. By his own showing, he is poor as as a church-mouse; his only wealth is his Grecian profile and his tenor voice." There was just a tinge of bitterness in his tone as he looked after the handsome Southerner and his partner.

"" My face is my fortune, sir, she said,"

hummed gayly Mrs. Vavasor. "How, then, comes monsieur to be here, and evidently first favoritelin regards of Sir John's heiresss? "His handsome face and musical tenor ngain. Miss Dangerfield met him at a concert, not three weeks ago, and behold the result! We, poor devils, minus classic noses, arched eyebrows, and the voices of archangels, stand out at the cold and gaze

"Does Sir John like it?" "Sir John will like whatever his daughter likes. An human creature persistent enough can do what they please with Sir John. For his daughter he is her abject slave."

afar off at him in Paradise."

The bitterness was bitter than ever in Mr. Peter Dangerfield's voice; evidently the heiress of Scarswood and her handsome Southerner were sore subjects.

He was a pale-faced, undersized young man, with very light hair and eyes—so light that he was hoplessly near-sighted—and a weak, querulous voice. It was just a little hard to see Scarswood slipping out of the family before his very eyes through the headstrong whims of a novel-reading, beauty-loving, chit

of a girl. He, too, was poor-poor as Gaston Dantree himself-and at thirty, mammon was the god of his idolatry, and to reign one day at Scarswood, the perpetual longing of his life.
"And Miss Dangerfield is a young lady

whose slaves must obey, I think; and Scarswood will go out of the family. Such a pity, Mr. Dangerfield! Now, I should think you might prevent that."

She made this audacious home-thrust looking full in his pale, thin face, with her black, resplute eyes.
The blood flushed redly to the roots of his

dull yellow hair. "I! My dea madame,"-with a hard laugh -I stand no chance. I'm not a handsome "Miss Dangerfield-I am a woman, and

may say so-is not a handsome girl." "All the greater reason why she should without a sou in his pocket, a foreigner, an adventurer, for all we know to the contrary, will one day reign lord of Scarswood. See them now! Could anything be more lover-

like than they are, Mrs. Vavasor?" He spoke to her as though he had known her for years. Some rapport made those two

friends at once. Sne looked where he pointed, her smile and

glance at their brightest. The waltz had ended; leaning on her handsome partner's arm, the last flutter of Miss Dangerfield's pink dress vanished in the green

distance of the conservatory. "I see; and in spite of appearances, Mr. Dangerfield, I wouldn't mind betting-my diamonds, say, against that botanical specimen in your buttonhole—that Mr. Gaston Dantree, Grecian profile, tenor voice, and all, will NEVER reign lord of Scarswood; and for you -why you know the old rhyme:

"'He either dreads his fate too much, Or his deserts are small, Who fears to put it to the touch, To win or lose it all.""

She walked away, with her last words, her ever-mocking laugh coming back to him where he stood. What did the woman mean? How oddly she looked and spoke. How could she prevent Gaston Dantree marrying Katherine? But the last advice was good-

why despair before speaking?
"To win or lose it all!" repeated Peter Dangerfield. stroking his feeble, colorless mustache. "By George! I will try. She can

but say no." There was a call for Mr. Dantree on the in

stant—Mr. Dantree was wanted to sing. Mr. Dangerfield stood where he was, and saw the dark-eyed tenor emerge leisurely from the conservatory, and—alone. He sat down at the piano; his slender, shapely hands flew over the keys in a brilliant prelude. Everybody was listening-now was his time. Katherine was in the conservatory yet. He made his way slowly down the long vista of rooms to where, at the extreme end, the green brightness of tropic plants gleamed in the lamplight.

She still stood where her late companion had left her, in the recess of a window, her robe of pink tissue shining rosily, her jewels glancing softly. Tall tropic plants spread their fan-like leaves about her; the air was rich and faint with exotic odors, and over all the soft abundant light poured down.

Gaston Dantree's song floated in-an Irish song, half gay, half sad, wholly sweet—and a brooding tenderness lay on the girl's face a great happiness, new and sweet-and made it almost beautiful. The rain lashed the windows, the wind of the October night blew in long, lamentable blasts through the rocking trees; but the storm and darkness without only made the contrast within the more brilliant.

" Katherine!" She neither saw nor heard him until he was close at her side. She lifted up her dreamy

eyes, her trance of bliss over. "Oh, you, Peter! What an odious habit you have of stealing in upon me like a cat. I never heard you."

"You never heard me, Miss Dangerfield? You need hardly tell me that. You were listening far too intently to Mr. Gaston Dantree to hear anything else."

"Was I?" retorted Katherine. They rarely met, those two, except to quarrel. "Well, all I can say is that Mr. Gaston Dantree is very well worth listening to, which is more than I can say for you, cousin Peter."

"You mean I'm not a singing man, I suppose, Kathie? Well, I admit my brains do not lie in my throat and lungs." "Nor anywhere else, Mr. Dangerfield."

"And when is it to be, Kathie?" Mr. Dangerfield demanded, folding his arms; "when are | 25,000,000 francs, or to increase it to 50,000,all to offer our congratulations? Such a | 000. M. Thois, who sailed from Havre about flirtation as yours, my dear cousin, with this a fortnight ago, remains in New York until Apollo Belvidere from the Southern States, can have but one ending,"

"And such a filrtation as yours with this pretty Mrs. Vavasor, from nobody knows in the Journal des Debats a series of letters where, can have but one ending, too, I sup- | intended to shed light upon the resources of pose," responded Katherine, coming up to this country, and the opportunities which it time bravely. " She is some five or six years your senior, I should think; but, where true love exists, what does a little disparity of years signify? A case of love at sight; was it not, cousin?"

"You might have spared me that taunt, Katherine; you know very well who it is I am so unfortunate as to love."

Peter, his loves and hates, are subjects that seizures were made in fifteen different estabtrouble me very slightly. There! Mr. Dan- lishments, almost all of the retail dealers in tree's song is done, and they are playing the the city having thus suffered. The tobacco Lancers. Suppose we leave off quarreling so seized was confiscated in virtue of the Act and go and have a cousinly quadrille?.'

"Not yet, Kathie. I can endure this suspense no longer. No, you shall not go; I prohibits the sale of any cut tobacco except will be heard! To watch you as I have in stamped packages. This law has not been watched you to-night with that man would enforced in Quebec until within the past few simply drive me mad!"

it? I don't want to be watched, and I don't new law, and consequently our dealers redon't put on that tragic face; it isn't your style dear. You're too fair complexioned. And what business is it of yours, and why should it drive you mad?"

"Little need to ask, Katherine. You know only too well—because 1 love you. Kathie, don't look like that! 1 love you, and you know it well. I haven't had thoughts or eyes in stock when the new law was sanctioned for any living creature but you since you first came here. Ah, Kathie! Listen to me. Don'tlaugh, as I see you are going to do. I love you with all my heart—better than ever that fellow can do-and I ask you to be my in the future, proper instructions should at wife. Katherine, don't laugh at me, for

Heaven's sake!" But the warning came too late. Katherine broke out into a ringing peal of laughter, that the music happily drowned.

Peter Dangerfield looking desperately in earnest, very, very yellow, and, with folded arms, stood glaring at her in an uncommonly savage way for so tender a declaration.

"I beg your pardon, Peter, but I can't help it The idea of marrying you—only five feet five inches, andan attorney, and my first cousing First cousins should never marry, you know. What would papa say, you silly little boy, if he could hear this?"

"My uncle knows," the young man answered, with sulien anger; "I spoke to him a month ago."

Miss Dangerfield opened her big gray eyes. "Oh, you did? That's what he meant, then, that morning after the concert. I remember; he tried to plead your cause. And you spoke to him first; and you're a lawyer, and knew no better then that! No, Peter; it is not possible. You're a nice little fellow, and I think a great deal of you; and 1'd do almost anything you wanted me, except marry you. That's a little too much, even for such good nature as mine."

"Then I'm to consider myself rejected?" "Now, Peter, don't put on that ill-tempered face; it quite spoils your good looks, and you know you have none to spoil-spare, I mean. Well, yes, then; I am afraid you

worship beauty in others. Gaston Dantree, drawing-room for my dance. It is a sin to things, was formally excommunicated, as well

you keep on. If there were no Mr. Dantree the high road. The graves were surrounded in the case I should reject you all the same. You're very well as a first cousin; as a hus but notwithstanding that these have long band-excuse me! I wouldn't marry you if you were the only man left in the world, and spected by the successive owners, and neither

"Very nearly! Thank you for your plain pressed anger. "But lest we should miscause in that case, for the honor of the family I should endeavor to discover the gentleman's antecedents. A classic profile and a fine formal entry of the act was made in the parish voice for singing may be sufficient virtues in records.—Toronto Globe. voice for singing may be sufficient virtues in the eyes of a young lady of seventeen, but I'm afraid they will hardly satisfy the world or Sir John."

"For the world I don't care that! For Sin John, whatever makes me happy will satisfy him. I am trying to keep my temper, Peter, but don't provoke me too far-it isn't safe. Will you, or will you not, take me out for the dance? I am not accustomed to ask favors

twice." "How queenly she says it—the heiress of

Scarswood!' His passion was not to be restrained now. And it is for this Yankee singing man-

this needy adventurer—this negro minstrel in his own land, that I am cast off?" She whirled round upon him in a storm of sudden fury, and made a step toward him. But rage lent him courage; he stood his

ground. "You little wretch!" cried Miss Dangerfield, "how dare you stand there and say such things to me? How dare you call Gaston Dantree an adventurer? You, who would not of the martyrs to the Faith, though certain presume to call your soul your own in his presence! Negro minstrel, indeed! You wretched little attorney; One should be a gentleman to judge gentlemen. That's why Mr. Dantree's beyond your judgment! Don't ever speak to me again. You're very offer is an insult. To think that I—I would ever marry you, a little rickety dwarf!"

(To be continued.)

Canadian News.

Rev. Father Whalen, chairman of the Separate School Board at Ottawa, left the city recently, and owing to a deadlock, his successor has not been appointed. The French and English-speaking elements cannot be brought together .- Mail.

L'Evenement of last night contains a long and interesting setter from Paris by its editor, Senator Fabre. Speaking of Mr. Wurtele's mission to France, Mr. Fabre says that he was successful in both objects he had in view, viz., the completion of negotiations with the French bankers concerning the new provincial loan and relative to the Credit Foncier Franco-Canadienne. On the 1st inst. Mr. Fabre states that he assisted at a re-union at the Banque de Paris, held to define the objects and the mission of a delegate of the bank to be sent to Canada, and to regulate the last details prior to his departure. There were present at this re-union M. Joubert, Vice-President of the Bank, Mr. Cohen Danvers, M. Sautter, M. de Molinare, M. Thois, and Mr. Wurtele. It seems that the mission of M. Thois is to ascertain what sort of a field Canada will offer for the operations of the Credit Foncier, and also whether it will be most advisable to leave the capital at the arrival of M. de Molinare, who was to have sailed a week later. The latter gentleman, an eminent French publisher, will write

offers for European speculation. It is stated that the recent seizures of tobacco at Quebec, by the officers of the Collector of Inland Revenue are more serious than is generally supposed. From the result of enquiries made and calculations estimated, it appears that some four thousand pounds in all of tobacco have been seized, some of it "Upon my word, I don't. My little cousin | being worth as much as \$2 per pound. The last session of the Dominion Parliament, sanctioned on the 7th of May, 1880, which days. No instructions have been forwarded "Would it? Then why on earth do you do to the trade relative to the working of the pot been instructed what was required of it, portion of that which was in store when the paid duty. It appears that this fact is not sufficient to prevent seizures, that the tobacco should have been sent back to the manufactures, according to the authorities of the Inonce be communicated to those principally interested in the business.

Anglais," (Sir, you have preached long enough on the English). This occurrence, as may be supposed, created a considerable sensation, and the matter was reported to the Bishop, Mons. Briand, who thereupon wrote to the cure demanding the name of the offending parishioner in order that he might deal with him as to him might seem proper, at the same time ordering the priest to inform his parishioners, both of St. Michael and Beaumont, that unless the offender was made known he would issue an edict of interdiction. His Lordship declared that in acting as he did the party in question had been guilty of being what is called "Mustard Condiments," disrespect towards the temple of God and His that is mustard mixed with famila clo.,-and minister, and had exhibited a spirit of revolt do not possess the pungent aromatic flavour against the ecclesiastical anthorities. There of the genuine article—Be sure you get is a tradition in the parish that the unfortu- "Colman's" with the Bull's Head on every must consider yourself rejected. I really nate who thus interrupted the preacher, hav-tin.

should like to oblige you in this matter, but ingrefused to acknowledge his fault, or to be you perceive I can't. Come, let us make it guided by the advice of the cure, who did all up—I'm not angry—and take me back to the in his power to bring about a better state of lose such music as that."

"In one moment, Katherine. Will you answer me this, please? Is it for Gaston pantice I am refused?"

"In one moment, Katherine. Will you are story became reconciled to the Church, but it is certain that five did not and were story." "Cousin Peter, I shall lose my temper if cially buried in unconsecrated ground, near with a fence, and a cross was placed there, since disappeared, the ground was always rethe penalty of refusing you to be to go to my grave an old maid. Is that answer decisive enough?"

spected by the successive owners, and neither plough nor harrow ever touched it. At the instance of the present proprietor an authorication was recently obtained from the February iastical and civil authorities, and on the 11th speaking, Kathie." He was white with sup- of the present month, in presence of a large assemblage of persons, the lot was opened, understand each other in the least, won't the bones were taken out of their respective you tell me whether or no Mr. Dantree is to coffins, which were in a good state of preserbe the future lord of Scarswood Park? Be- vation, placed in a new one and reinterred in the portion of the cemetery reserved for infants who died before being baptized. A

CATHOLIC NEWS.

London October 18 .- A despatch from Vienna says :- Monsignor Vanulti succeeds Cardinal Jacobini as Papal Nuncio here, and will take charge of the negotiations between the Vatican and Germany, Cardinal Jacobini succeeding as Papal Secretary of State on the retirement of Cardinal Nina.

A statement has been going the rounds of the press, and lately appeared in the New York Herald, to the effect that Monsignor Capel was a bankrupt. The London Tablet says: "We are authorized to state most positively that this paragraph has no foundation in fact." Furthermore, we find the Tablet's statement confirmed by our Roman correspondent's letter which appears in today's issue.

The Comte de Chambord did ask the Pope to enrol the name of Louis XVI. among those French prelates took the initiative in collecting documents on the strength of which they thought they might lay before the Congregation of Rites the unfortunate King's claims to beatification. The Comte de Chambord, when appealed to on the subject, offered to bear the expenses attendant on collecting the documents and also those incurred in proceeding with the "cause" before the above mentioned

Congregation. The Roman Catholics of Liverpool have organized a club known as "The Newman. The chairman stated at the first meeting that there was no Roman Catholic representative in Parliament for any constituency in the whole of Great Britain, and he believed this arcse in a considerable degree from the Roman Catholics not acting together, and not giving up pet schemes of their own. He believed Liverpool had a better chance of returning a Roman Catholic member than any other constituency, and that was an object to which they should look forward, as its realization would have its most powerful influence in favor of their Church.

To the excessive use of Tobacco must be attributed in great measure the Dyspeptic symptoms from which, as a people, we so generally suffer. MILK OF MAGNESIA by its action in eradicating impurities, removes the craving for stimulants, always accompanying an unhealthy organization. MILE OF MAG-NESIA is an entirely different preparation to all other fluid Magnesias. Sold by all Chemists.

Canadian consolidation takes another step through the British order in council which annexes henceforth to the Dominion of Canada every British territory and possession in North America, and all British islands adjacent thereto, except Newfoundland and its dependencies. It is well. perhaps that Canada should thus acquire betimes whatever British possessions there are on and near this continent, because, in case she should one day set up for heaself, they will be handy to have already in the house. -N. Y. Sun.

Austria is better provided with public libraries than any other country in Europe. There are altogether 577 libraries in Austria. containing collectivelly 5,475,798 volumes, exclusive of maps and manuscripts: this is an average of 26.8 volumes per 100 inhabitants. The 500 libraries of France possess 4,598,000 volumes, and 135,000 manuscripts, or 12.5 volumes per 100 of the population; Italo has 593 libraries, 4,349,281 volumes, 330,570 manuscripts, equal to 16.2 per 100 inhabitants; Prussia has 398 libraries, 2,640,450 volumes and 58,000 manuscripts, equal to 11 volumes per 100; Great Britain has 200 libraries, 2,871,493 volumes and 26,000 manuscripts; Bavaria has 168 libraries, with 1,368,500 volumes and 24,000 manuscripts, a number which places the country next to Austria as regards the number of volumes per head of population: Russia has 145 libraries. 952,000 books and 24,300 manuscripts, equal suppose Mr. Dantree does, either. You mained in ignorance of its provisions until to 1.3 volumes per 100 persons. Of separate mean Mr. Dantree, don't you? And, Peter, their large stocks of tobacco were seized in institutions, the National French Library is their stores. The trade complains that it has the largest, containing 2,078,000, or nearly half the total contents of the 500 libraries of and also that the tobacco now seized was a the country; the British Museum comes next with 1,000,000 volumes; then the Royal new law was adopted, and which has already Munich Library, 800,000; the Berlin Library, 700,000; that at Dresden, 500,000; at Vienna, 420,000. The Oxford University Library, 300,000, outnumbers the National Belgian Library by 90,000 volumes; the Heidelburg University Library has also 300,000; so has land Revenue Department, to be repacked the Hamburg Town Library and that at Stuttand stamped. To prevent misunderstandings gart. The library of the Vatican, at Rome, is small comparatively, having only 30,000 volumes, but it is rich in manuscripts, which number 25,000.

An interesting page in Canadian history has just been made public here, from which it would appear that for several years after the conquest in 1859 a certain number of the people did not take kindly to the new regime, notwithstanding the efforts to that end of the Bishop of Quebec and his clergy. On one occasion in 1775, in the parish of St. Michael, near this city on the south shore, on the patronal fast of the parish, whilst a priest was preaching on the duty of submission to the church interrupted by exclaiming:—"Monster, c'est assez longtemps precher sur less desires well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil dervice Gazette. Sold only in case of Epps's Chocolate Essence for the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladles are floating around us ready to attack wherever these is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil dervice Gazette. Co., Homopathic Chemists, London, England. Also makers of Epps's Checolate Essence for Also makers of Epps's Onocolate Essence for

> As a Liniment for horses Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment is unequalled. It cures Sprains, Bruses, and ameness, at once.

"The pure flour of the finest Mustard Seed without any adulteration or dilution." This is the report of the Government Analyist on Colman's Genuine Mustard. Users of this article may just as well buy the best. This is the only pure brand in the market, all others