

LADY LEOLINE.

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

There was such a terrible look in the beautiful eyes, that he felt expected to see her spring at him like a wild cat, and bury the dagger in his own breast. But the rule of life works by contrasts; expect a blow, and you will get a kiss, look for an embrace, and you will be startled by a kick. When the virago spoke, her voice was calm, composed, with what it had been before, even mild.

"You refuse? Well, a wilful man must have his way; and since you are so quarrelsome about a little blood-letting, we must try another plan. If I release you—for short as the time is, I can do it—will you promise me to go direct to the king this very night, and inform him of all you've seen and heard here?"

She looked at him with an eagerness that was almost fierce; and in spite of her steady voice, there was something throbbing and quivering, deadly and terrible, in the up-turned face. The form she looked on was erect and immovable, the eyes were quietly resolved, the mouth half-pityingly, half-sadly smiling.

"Are you aware, dear lady, what the result of such a step would be?" "Death," she said, coldly. "Death, transportation, or life long imprisonment to them all—misery and disgrace to many a noble house; for some I saw there were once friends of mine, with families in honor and respect. Could I bring the dwarf and his attendant imp to Tyburn, and treat them to a hempen cravat, I would do it without remorse—though the notion of being informer, even then, would not be very pleasant; but as it is, I cannot be the death of one without ruining all, and as I told you, some of those were once my friends. No, madame, I cannot do it. I have but once to die and I prefer death here, to purchasing life at such a price."

There was a short silence, during which they gazed into each other's eyes ominously, and one was about as colorless as the other. "You refuse?" she coldly said. "I must! But if you can save my life, as you say, why not do it, and fly with me? You will find me the truest and most grateful of friends, while life remains."

"You are very kind; but I want no friendship," Sir Norman—nothing but revenge! As he spoke, I could have done that any time since we came here, for I have found out a secret means of exit from each of these vaults, that they knew nothing of. But I staid to see him dead at my feet—if not by my hand, at least by my command; and since you will not do it, I will make the attempt myself. Farewell, Sir Norman Kingsley; before many minutes you will be a corpse, and your blood be upon yourself!"

She gave him a glance as coldly fierce as her dagger's glance, and turned to go, when he stepped hastily forward, and interposed: "Miranda—Miranda—you are crazed! Stop and tell me what you intend to do." "What you feared to attempt," she haughtily replied; "sheathe this dagger in his demon heart!"

"Miranda, give me the dagger. You must not, you shall not, commit such a crime!" "Shall not?" she uttered scornfully. "And who are you that dares to speak to me like this? Stand aside, coward, and let me pass!"

"Pardon me, but I cannot, while you hold that dagger. Give it to me, and you shall go free; but while you hold it with this intention, for your own sake, I will detain you till some one comes."

and in a twinkling he was on his back, and dashing away to the city, to love—to Leoline!

CHAPTER XV.

LEOLINE'S VICTORS.

If things were done right—but they are not—and never will be, while this whirligig world for mistakes spins round, and all Adam's children, to the end of the chapter, will continue sinning to-day and repenting to-morrow, falling the next and bowelling it the day after. If Leoline had gone to bed directly, after she had done her duty, she would have had a good deal of trouble and tears; but Leoline and sleep were destined to shake hands and turn their backs on each other that night. It was time for all honest folks to be in bed, and the dark-eyed beauty knew it too, but she had no notion of going, nevertheless. She stood in the centre of the room, where he had left her, with a spot like a scarlet rose-berry on either cheek; a soft half-smile on the perfect mouth, and a light inexpressible tender and dreamy in those arched wells of beauty—her eyes. Most young girls of green and tender years, suffering from "Love's young dream," and that sort of thing, have just that soft, shy, brooding look whenever they are thought to have turned to their particular beloved; and there are few eyes so soft as those of Leoline, even should they be as cross as two sticks. You should have seen Leoline standing in the centre of her pretty room, with her bright rose-satin glistening and glittering, and flowing over rug and mat; with her black waving hair clustering and curling like shibing flax silk; with a rich white shimmer of pearls on the pale smooth forehead and large beautiful arms. She did look irresistibly bewitching beyond doubt; and it was just as well for Sir Norman's peace of mind that he did not see her, for he was bad enough without that. So she stood thinking tenderly of him for a half-hour or so, quite undisturbed by the storm; and how strange it was that she had risen up that very morning expecting to see one man's bride, and that she should rise up the next expecting to be another's. She did not realize it at all; and with a little sigh—half pressure, half presentment—she walked to the window, drew the curtain, and looked out at the night. All was peaceful and serene; the moon was full to overflowing, and a great deal of extra light ran over the brim; quite a quantity of stars were out, and were twinkling pleasantly down at the dark little planet below, that went round and round, with grim stolidity, and paid no attention to nobody's business but its own. She saw the heaps of black, charred ashes that the rush of rain had quenched; she saw the still and empty street; the frowning row of gloomy houses opposite, and the man on guard before one of them. She had watched that man all day, thinking, with a sick shudder, of the plague-stricken prisoners he guarded, and reading his piteous inscription, "Lord have mercy on us!"

While words seemed branded on her brain, she looked now, an upper window was opened, a night cap was thrust out and a voice from its cavernous depths balled the guard. "Robert! I say, Robert!"

"What's that?" said Robert, looking up. "Master and mistress be gone at last, and the rest won't live till morning."

"What's that?" said Robert, phlegmatically; "what a pity! Get 'em ready, and I'll stop the dead-cart when it comes round." Just as he spoke, the well-known rattle of wheels, the loud ringing of the bell, and the monotony of the drive. "Bring out your dead! bring out your dead!" sobbed on the pale night's silence; and the post-cart came rumbling and jolting along with its load of death. The watchman hailed the driver, according to promise, and they entered the house together, brought out one long, white figure, and then another, and threw them on top of the ghastly heap.

"We'll have three more for you in an hour or so—don't forget to come round," suggested the watchman. "All right!" said the driver, as he took his place, whipped his horse, rang his bell, and joggled along nonchalantly to the plague-pit.

Sick at heart, Leoline dropped the curtain, and turned around to see—see somebody else standing at her elbow. She had been quite alone when she looked out; she was alone no longer; there had been no noise, yet some one had entered, and was standing beside her. A tall figure, all in black, with its swaying velvet robes spangled with stars of golden rubies, a perfect figure of incomparable grace and beauty. It had worn a cloak that had dropped lightly from its shoulders, and lay on the floor, and the long hair streamed in darkness over shoulder and waist. The face was masked, the form stood erect and perfectly motionless, and the accent of surprise and consternation that arose to Leoline's lips died out in wordless terror. Her noiseless visitor perceived it, and touching her arm lightly with one little white hand, said in her sweetest and most exquisite tones:

"My child, do not tremble so, and do not look so deadly white. You know me, do you not?" "You are La Masque!" said Leoline, trembling with nervous dread. "I am, and no stranger to you; though perhaps you think so. Is it your habit every night to look out of your window in full dress until morning?"

"How did you enter?" asked Leoline, with uncertainty overcoming for a moment even her fear. "Through the door. Not a difficult thing either, if you leave it wide open every night, as it is this."

"Was it open?" said Leoline in dismay. "I never knew it." "Ah! then it was not you who went out last. Who was it?" "It was—was—" Leoline's cheeks were scarlet; "it was a friend!"

"A somewhat late hour for one's friends to visit," said La Masque, sarcastically; "and you should learn the precaution of seeing them to the door and fastening it after them."

"Because," said La Masque, in her low, silvery tones, "what I have come to say is not for the ears of any third person living." "We are entirely alone, madame," replied Leoline, opening her black eyes very wide. "Prudence is gone, and I do not know when she will be back."

"Prudence will never come back," said La Masque, quietly. "Madame!" "My dear, do not look so shocked—it is not her fault. You know she deserted you for fear of the plague."

"Yes, yes!" "Well, that did not save her; nay, it even brought on what she dreaded so much. Your nurse is plague-stricken, my dear, and lies ill unto death in the pest-house in Finbury Fields."

"Oh, dreadful!" exclaimed Leoline, while every drop of blood fled from her face. "My poor, poor old nurse!" "Your poor, poor old nurse left you without much tenderness when she thought you dying of the same disease," said La Masque quietly.

"Oh, that is nothing. The suddenness, the shock, drove her to it. My poor, dear Prudence!" "Well, you can do nothing for her now," said La Masque, in a tone of slight impatience. "Prudence is beyond all human aid, and so let her rest in peace. You were carried to the plague-pit yourself, for dead, were you not?"

"Yes," answered the pale lips, while she shivered all over at the recollection. "And was saved by—by whom were you saved, my dear?" "By two gentlemen."

"Oh, I know that; what were their names?" "One was Mr. Ormiston, the other was," hesitating and blushing vividly, "Sir Norman Kingsley."

La Masque leaned across her chair, and laid one dainty finger lightly on the girl's hot cheek. "And for which is that blush, Leoline?" "Madame, was it only to ask me questions you came here?" said Leoline, drawing proudly back, though the hot red spot grew hotter and redder; "if so, you will excuse my declining to answer any more."

"Child, child!" said La Masque, in a tone so strangely sad that it touched Leoline, "do not be angry with me. It is no idle curiosity that sent me here at this hour to ask impertinent questions, but a claim that I have upon you, stronger than that of any one else in the world."

Leoline's beautiful eyes opened wider yet. "A claim upon me! How? why? I do not understand." "All in good time. Will you tell me something of your past history, Leoline?" "Madame Masque, I have no history to tell. All my life I have lived close with Prudence; that is the whole of it in nine words."

La Masque half laughed. "Short, sharp and decisive. Had you never a father or mother?" "There is a probability I may have had at some past period," said Leoline, sighing; "but none that I ever knew."



Mrs. Dart's Triplets. President Cleveland's Prize for the three best babies at the Aurora County Fair in 1887, was given to these triplets, Mollie, Ida, and Ray, children of Mrs. A. K. Dart, Hamburg, N. Y. She writes: "Last August the little ones became very sick, and as I could get no other food that would agree with them, I commenced the use of Lactated Food. It helped them immediately, and they were soon as well as ever, and I consider it very largely due to the Food that they are now so well." Lactated Food is the best Food for bottle-fed babies. It keeps them well, and is better than medicine when they are sick. Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1.00. 24 drugists. Cabinet photo. These triplets sent free to the mother of any baby born this year. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., MONTREAL, P. Q.

It is only just beginning to be recognized as such, and they reject all arrangements which are untrue to nature, as violating the first principles of art. The florists set forms, the lyres and the harps, the wire-stemmed flowers, are relics of bygone barbarism no longer acceptable to people of refinement.

EUROPEAN WOMEN HOLDING OFFICE. Nearly one hundred women are now serving on School boards in England and Wales. Boards in four country districts have women as clerks. Fifty-eight women are serving on boards of guardians in England and seven in Scotland. A few instances are on record of female overseers, church wardens and parish clerks being elected. Four ladies are on the Metropolitan Asylum Board, one is a Poor-law Inspector, one an Inspector of Lactated Food in Ireland, and at least six women are filling the office of Registrars of Births and Deaths, in each case the woman having assisted a husband or father in carrying on the work, and at his death succeeded to the post. In France there is a female delegate-general for the inspection of infant schools. Three married women are members of the committee of consultation of primary instruction in Paris. Another is Inspector of schools of design in that city, and a fifth is not only Inspector of Ecoles Maternelles, but was elected to the council of education last year. In Holland only one woman holds a public office—that of conservator of the museum of international art at Amsterdam. The Inspector of normal female schools at Naples is a lady, and Queen Margherita of Italy has a lady physician. An English woman fills the post of curator of the natural history museum in Hawaii, capital of the Sandwich Islands.

Members of a certain London mission to the poor are expected to contribute two garments a year. These are sent to one of the vice-presidents, who in her turn sends them to the president, who disposes of them in various ways. Some are given away, some are sold at low prices, some a kept to lend to the sick.

Old fashioned dances, accompanied with song, were danced at a fashionable fancy dress ball in a Breton chateau the other day, and it is said that this is an indication of what may be in store at balls in Paris this winter. The little dance in Mr. Howells' new farce comes just in time, then, and is one of his usual pieces of good luck.

Two young women of Sacramento went hunk-berrying near Bolinas, where they were spending a few weeks, and a big brown bear came into the patch and endeavored to monopolize it. One of the girls had a small rifle, and finding that either they or the bear must go took careful aim and put a bullet through the brute's brain.

Mrs. Cleveland has taken to wearing the Hadding veil, but she has added to that article a few clever improvements of her own. The heavy cloud of gauze which hangs around her face is gathered in around the top of her hat and under her chin. The thick screen thus made is an effectual protection against the impudent gaze of curious eyes.

"The young ladies of to-day," says a veteran observer, "are all dressed in the most perfect copy of the dresses worn by Josephine, Hortense and the beautiful Pauline, the Princess Borghese. The fashions have come back in exactly eighty-eight years. For it was in 1800 that this short waisted dress with little puffed sleeves was most marked."

Boston women are considering the subject of physical education for their sex. They say that of late years the pursuit of athletic sports by boys and men has so developed the latter that there is a decided inequality and that the balance should be restored. A gymnasium for the exclusive use of women will probably be built by Boston within the next few months.

A Ludlow, Mass., housewife, who dreamed that she put a tramp to flight with her son's shotgun, the next morning resolved to see if she could manage the weapon in case she needed it. Accordingly she raised the gun and began fingering the trigger, when off went a heavy charge of shot, tearing a panel out of a door, ridding the jacket of the parlor stove and destroying two portraits on the wall.

A London journal recently requested its subscribers to send in lists of the world's twelve greatest women. The collective vote gives Joan of Arc the preference, there being 9 ballots for her. Georges Sand received 8 votes, Queen Elizabeth 7, Marie Therese, George Eliot and Mme. Roland 6 each, Stephen 4, and Mrs. Browning and Mme. de Staël 3 each. There was 1 vote for Grace Darling, 1 for Mrs. Stowe and 1 for Miss Willard.

It is said that Mme. Patti wants to be a Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur. It is for that she is willing to sing in Paris at a price which is much below what she could obtain in South America or at the Cape of Good Hope. Patti begins to think that she has enough money and she now longs for decorations. Recent revelations led to the conclusion that with a large fortune at her disposal she can obtain almost any European order. The notes of her voice having been turned into bank notes, she may readily become an aristocrat of note.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY. Under the Patronage of the REV. FATHER LABALLE. Established in 1864, under the Act of Quebec, 89 Vic. Chap. 86, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of the Colonization of the Province of Quebec. The 18th Monthly Drawing will take place WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16th, 1889, AT TWO O'CLOCK P.M. PRIZES VALUABLE: \$50,000.00 Capital prize, 1; \$5,000.00 5,000.00 Tickets, \$1.00. Offers are made to 10 winners by their prizes, less a commission of 10 cents per prize. Prizes names not published unless specially authorized. Drawings on the 15th Wednesday of every month. Office: 19 St. James street, Montreal, Canada.

Allan Line. Under contract with the Governments of Canada and Newfoundland for the Conveyance of the CANADIAN and UNITED STATES MAILS. 1888—Winter Arrangements—1889. This Company's Lines are completed by the following Double-Engined, Clyde built RUN STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, are unsurpassed for strength, speed and comfort, and are equipped with all the modern improvements that practical experience can suggest, and have made the fastest time on record.

Table listing shipping routes and agents for the Allan Line. Includes destinations like Acadia, Assipovic, Buenos Ayres, Canadian, Carthaginian, Caspian, Circassian, etc., with corresponding agents and dates.

NEWFOUNDLAND LINE.—The steamers of the Halifax Mail Line from Halifax to Liverpool, via St. John's, N.E., are intended to be despatched from Halifax: Caspian, Monday, Jan. 7; Nova Scotia, Monday, Jan. 21.

GLASGOW LINE.—During the season of Winter Navigation schooners will be despatched regularly from Glasgow for Boston, and regular ly from Boston to Glasgow direct, as follows: Carthaginian, About Dec. 3; Siberian, About Dec. 17.

THROUGH BILLS OF EXCHANGE to Liverpool and Glasgow, and at all Continental Ports at all points in the United States and Canada and from all stations in Canada and the United States to Liverpool and Glasgow, via Boston, Portland or Halifax.—Connections by the International Grand Trunk Railways, via Halifax and by the Grand Trunk, Montreal, Boston, New York, Albany, New York Central and Great Western Railways (Merchants' Despatch), Boston, and by Grand Trunk Railway Company.

NOTICE.—The testamentary executors and admors of the estate left by the late Hon. John Louis Beaudry, of the County of Beaufort, in the Province of Quebec, by his will, dated 15th Feb. 1881, and by his codicil of Sept. 14, 1885, and of the said John Louis Beaudry, late of the Province of Quebec, at his last illness, for a bill of the entire execution of the said will, and to see to the replacement of one another in case of death—on payment of the actual debts and liabilities of the estate, and to transfer all or any part of the immovables of the said estate upon notice being given the family duty called together.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. District of Montreal. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. No. 202. DAME MARIE M. VALLIQUETTE, Plaintiff. vs. ALOYS M. HULEK, Defendant. An action for separation as to property, instituted in this cause. Montreal, 21st November, 1888. J. C. DE LORIMBER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Why is a clever man like a pin? Because his head generally prevents him from going too far. A good constitution is like a money-box—its full value is never known till it is broken.