REDMOND O'DONNELL;

LE CHASSEUR d'AFRIQUE. CHAPTER IX .- CONTINUED.

"It is good to be home," she said. "Take off these tiresome things, Ninon-quick-and

The deft-fingered French girl obeyed. The floating, brown hair was brushed and bound for the pillow, the lace and tulle, the silk and diamond sprays were removed, and her night-robe donued, and Katherine thrust her feet into slippers, and drew her chair close to the fire.

"Anything more, mademoiselle?" "Nothing, Ninon; you may go."

The maid went, and the heiress was alone She felt tired and sleepy and out of sorts, but still she did not go to bed. She lay back in her chair and listened to the bleak morning wind howling through the trees of the park with closed, tired eyes.

"Marie De Lansac! Marie De Lansac!" She seemed to hear that name in the wailing of the wind, in the ticking of the little Swiss clock, in the light of the cinders, and, with it ringing still in her ears, she dropped asleep.

"And, sleeping, she dreamed. She was Boating somewhere down a warm, golden river, overhead a sunlit, rosy sky, all the air quivering with music. And as she floated on and on in a delicious trance she saw the golden sky blacken, she heard the winds rise. and the river darken and heave. The music changed to the wild song of a siren, luring her on to the black depths below. Down, wown she felt berself sinking, the cold waters elosing over her head. She looked up in her death agony, and saw her lover standing safe ou the shore and smiling at her throes. She

stretched out her arms to him. "Help, Gaston, help!" she strove to cry, but the tising waters drowned her voice, and the shrill wind bore t'em away. The siren song grew louder. She could hear the words, "False as fair! false as fair!" And still the waters rise. The white arms wreathed round her lover-standing smiling there-s beautiful, deriding face mocked her over his shoul-

"I am Marie De Lansac," said the taunting voice, "and he is mine."

Then the bitter waters of death closed over her head, and with a gasping cry she started up awake-the fatal words yet ringing in her ears, " False as fair! false as fair!"

The chill, gray light of the October dawn filled the room, the fire had died out black on the hearth, and she was cramped and cold. Even in her dreams that warning came to her! She drew out her watch and looked at the hour. Only seven, but Katherine Dangerfield slept no more.

CHAPTER X.

BEFORE THE WEDDING.

MARRIED on New Year's Eve! Married on New Year's Eve, Katherine! Do I hear you wright? Is it possible, you really mean this?"

Sir John Dangerfield, seated in dressinggown and slippers before the study fire, laid down his Times, and blankly asked this question. His daughter stood behind his chair. keeping her face steadily averted.

"Let me look at you, child-come here. Let me see if this is my little Kathie who sang her doll to sleep yesterday, and who comes to me now and asks to be married on New Year's Day. Ah, you cannot—you do not mean it after all."

" Papa, I do," Katherine cried, desperately, feeling again what a cruel thing it had been of Gaston to subject her to this ordeal; "at have explained already.'

* You have repeated Mr. Gaston Dantree's Plausible pretexts of which I don't believe one word. He dared not face me again; he sidered you to come to me and obtain my consent to your marriage on New Year's Eve. Coward! craven coward!"

* Papa, don't. You misjudge him-he is no coward-even you have no right to call him so. Oh, papa, how can you be so unkind to him, to me. You were so harsh to him when he spoke to you before, and you knew he would not, could not retort in kind. You wouldn't like it yourself-to sit still and be abused. You must not call Gaston such hard names. Even from you I cannot bear

But in the depths of her heart, even while she fought desperately for her absent lover, she felt it to be true. He was a coward. " Hear her," the baronet said, with sup-

pressed intensity; "hear her take his part against me-this man whom she has not known two months. Well, well, it is the reward the old always receive from the YOUNG."

Two white arms clasped his neck, two impetwous lips stooped down and kissed him. " Papa, darling, is it generous of you to say this? You know I love you dearly, dearly; but, papa, I love him too. I can't help it, I don't know why; I only know I do with all my beart."

He looked at her tenderly—the hard bitterness of his mouth relaxing into a smile, half-sai, half-cynical.

"My little one," he said, "my little one, you don t know why. Shall I tell you? A little for his dark eyes, a little for his silken hair, a little for his seductive voice and sugary words, and a great deal-oh, my romantic Kathie-for your own poetical imagination. If you saw Gaston Dantree behow the surface for an hour you would scorn him your life long. But you take this goodlooking Louisianian at his own valuation, and invest him with a halo of nobility all your own, and set him up and worship him.
My daughter, take care, take care. Your god will cramble to clay before your eyes; and what is left then? Believe me, Kathie, there is more needed to make a wife happy than

long lashes and a musical voice." Katherine looked up and met her father's eyes (all for the first time, her lips compressed into a resolute line. An hour ago she had seemed to him a wayward little girl-he knew now, for the first time, he had a woman to deal with-a woman in love, and resolute

to have her way. "You treat me as though I were ten years old and asking a new plaything. Papa, ! love Gaston, he wants me to be his wife, and I have promised. A promise given should be a promise kept. I will marry him, or go to my grave unmarried."

"Then Heaven help you! My years on earth will not be many-don't interrupt me, Katherine; I know what I am saying—and when I am gone, and you are left to that man's mercy, I say again Heaven help you!" "He has given you no earthly reason to say it? Eatherine exclaimed, "and it is not like you to be unjust. It is a shame, papa! a shame! You know nothing wrong of himmething. Even the grim, pittless English law takes the prisoner in the dock to be inmocent until he is proven guilty. You speak of him as though he were a villain, doubledyed? I repeat, it is a shame to slander the absent in this way, and a soldier who has

be the last to do it. You wrote to New Orleans to find out his character-did the answer justify such dark suspicions as these?" a pause. "The answer left me as much in the dark

as ever. Mr. Dantree's character in New Orleans is simply nil-no one knew anything much either to his credit or discredit. You defend your lover stanchly, Katherine. I you are, with all your special pleading, cannot make a hero of Gaston Dantree."

"I don't want to make a rero of him; he suits me well enough as he is. As he is, with all his faults, whatever they may be, I am willing to take him-to hold to him all my life; and be very sure, whatever that life may prove, no one alive shall ever hear me complain of him."

"I believe you," her father said, quietly; 'you're not a model young lady by any means, but you deserve a much better husband than Gaston Dantree. Child! child! you are hopelessly in attended—I might as well talk to the trees waving yonder outside the window as to a romantic girl in love. But think a moment—think how little you know of this man. Who is to prove he hasn't a wife already out yonder in the Southern States ?"

pang in her voice as she uttered the ludignunt cry. "Marie De Lansac!" the name that had haunted her dream that morning came back.

"Ah! Kathie, flying into a passion will not prove his worth. I repeat we know nothing of him-nothing but what he has chosen to tell or invent. Do you really believe, my poor Donna Quixote, that if some freak of fortune deprived you to morrow of the present, treat her civilly for my sake." Scarswood and its rent-roll, be would prove faithful to the love he has vowed? If you were pennile-s-as he is-do you believe he would ever make you his wife?"

She met his sad gaze full; but she was white to the lips.

"I believe it, papa. I know how I would act by him; poverty-disgrace even-would only make me cling the more devotedly to him. I would take his part against all the world, and why should I think him the less generous? Paps, it may be your duty, but you torture me! What is the use of saying such things except to make me miserable? But it was not her father's words that made

her miserable-it was the doubt in her own heart, the conviction that he spoke the truth. Not all her insane infatuation could convince her that this man was either loyal or true. She had been brought up in a peculiar way enough, this impulsive Katherin-, and if there is any excuse to be made for her wilful perversity, it lies in that. Motherless at the age of three, left to a doting father, spoiled by Indian nurses, indulged in every caprice, she had grown up headstrong and full of faults. The Indian colonel had taught her to scorn a lie as the base crime of a coward; and taught her to be as true as steel, loyal, generous, and brave; and she knew in her inmost heart that Gaston Dantree was none of these things-was twice as unstable as water. Only her girl's fancy had gone out to him, and it was too late to recall the gift.

Her father drew her to him and kissed her. "I will say no more-not one word; and yet it is a cruel kindness. Do you know what I should have done, Kathie, when that fellow came here to ask your hand? I should have said, She is there; take h r if you will. She is quite ready and capable of running away with you to-morrow, if you ask her; but as long as I live, not one farthing will she ever receive from me-not though she were starving. I will never forgive her; I will never see her. She is in love with you; take her and whon the honeymoon is over-starve! I mean this, Mr. Dantree, and we Dangerfields know how to keep our word. Beast I don't, but he—that is—oh, papa, I Kuthie, he would never have set foot again within this house, and you-you would hate your father. I don't think I could bear that. and so, oh, child! marry him, if you will, on New Year's Eve-what does a month more or less matter?-and may the good God keep you, and defend you from the fate of a broken hearted wife!"

> She made no reply; her face was bidden on his shoulder.

"I fear for your future, my child!-I fear! I fear!' the old soldier said, with strange pathos-"I foresee more than I dare tell. Kathie, listen! Do you"-his steady voice taltered a little-"do you think you could bear to be poor?"

"Poor, papal" she lifted her head, and looked at him in surprise.

"Yes, Katherine; to be poor-not as we were poor in India, with servants to wait upon us, and a colonel's pay to live on; but it were to ai ; and it may be soon-child, be still-and you were left alone in the world friendless and portionless, to earn your own living as other girls do-do you think you could bear that ?-to eat poor food? to wear poor clothing? to labor for others?-that is the sort of poverty I mean."

She gazed at him, lost in wonder.

"Poor, poor! I, a baronet's daughter, the heiress of Searswood! Papa," bursting into a laugh for the first time-" what nonsense are you talking? It is impossible for me to

"But suppose it were not"-he spoke with feverish eagerness, shifting away from the gaze of the bright, wondering eyes-"suppose it were possible-suppose such a fate overtook you-could you bear it?"

"Sir John Dangerfield," the young lady responded, impatiently, " I don't want to suppose it-I won't suppose such a preposterous thing! No, I couldn't bear it-there! I would rather die than be poor-living on crusts-wearing shabby dresses-and working for insolent purse-proud common rich people. Papa, I would just quietly glide out of life in a double dose of morphine, and make an end of it all. But what's the use of talking such rubbish? I'm Katherine Dangerfield, heiress; it is about as likely that I shall go up to the moon, like Hans Pfaal. and live there away from everybody, as that I shall ever turn shop-girl and be poor."

He set his lips hard beneath his iron-gray mustache, and his soldier's training stood him in good stead now. Of the sharp pain at his heart his face showed no sign.

"And you consent, paps—you dear, goodnatured old papa?" the girl said, her cheek close to his, her lips to his ear; "you do conent? I am only seventeen, and silly, no doubt, but let me be happy in my own way. I can't help liking Gaston-I can't indeedand I want to trust him-to believe in him. You'll let me, won't you? You wan't say bitter, cynical things any more. And you know you won't lose me, as you would if I laugh. Are there ghosts, do you know at married any one else. You'll only gain a Scarswood? Such a dear, romantic old son instead—and we'll all live together here, house ought to be haunted, you know, to as the fairy tales say -- happy forever after.

He sighed resignedly, disengaged himself, and arose. "When a woman will she will," etc. Have your own way Katherine. Let the wedding be on New Year's Eve. I give von carte blanche for the trousseau-order what you pieuse. I can say no more than that. I will make the best of a bad bargain, since it is inevitable; but I can't like him-I never can. Marry him if you will, but I would al. life, and in two months you marry the man

had rather not meet him. And Katherine-

"Well, papa," she spoke rather sadly. It seemed very hard that the two beings on earth whom she loved best could like one another no better than this. Her father was | py girl you ought to be!" standing with his back to her, looking out of don't think the worse of you for it, but it the window at the beeches tossing their won't do. Even you, my child, eloquent as striped branches in the high autumnal gale.

"Yes, papa—what is it?" "Don't offend Mrs. Vavasor." He spoke with an effort. "You don't like her, and you take no pains to hide it. Katherine, it won't do."

"Why not, papa?" "I can't tell you why-only she is your guest; as such she should be treated with

courtesy." Well, I do try to be courteous—that is, I try to endure her; but papa, she's simply unendurable; it stifles me to live in the house with her. I don't know why-1 suppose we're antagonistic, as Gaston says, but my flesh creeps when she comes near me, just as it does when I meet a toad. She's like a serpent, papa—one of those deadly cobras we used to have out in India-with her glitterwife already out yonder in the Southern ing eyes, and her sharp, hissing voice, and her noiseless, gliding walk. Why can't you give her all the money she wants and pack her off about her business?"

" Because -well, because the world is civilized, and she is our gnest. Let us respect the sanctity of the bread and salt. She has a hold upon me-I may admit that much--and it places me in her power. If I or you offend her, Katherine, it is in her power to injure us both more than I can say. It is impossible to explain: I can only say for

"I will try For your sake, papa, I would do austhing." "Except give up Gaston Dautree! Well, well! it is the way of the world—the way of women-a very old way too. And now go-I think I'll settle my mind by reading the Times after all this. Arrange everything—buy the wedding dresses, let the wedding guests be bidden, and when the hour comes I will be ready to give my daughter away to a

man of whom I know nothing. That will do,

Kathie-I'd rather have no thanks. Let the

subject of Mr. Dantree be dropped between

us-it is a subject on which you and I can never agree, though we talked to the crack of Kutherine laid her hand on the handle of the door. There was a swift swish of silk outside. She flung it wide. Had that odions little wretch, Mrs. Vavasor, been listening? But the passage was deserted, and a tall Indian cabinet hid the little crouching

figure completely. Miss Dangerfield rode out under the open sky and sunny downs with her affianced, and Mr. Dautree simply heard that papa had consented that the marriage should take place upon New Year's Eve-no more. But he could easily infer the rest from Katherin's clouded face

"The sharp-sighted old haronet has been abusing me," reflected Mr. Dantree; "he has taken my gauge pretty accurately from the first. I wonder how it is, that my face, which makes all women fall in love with me, makes all mon distrust me? Is it that women as a rule are fools, and the other sex What an awful muddle I nearly are not? made of it by carrying that confounded packet of letters about. Katherine's a prey to the green-eyed monster already, and will be for the rest of her life. I suppose it is in he eternal fitness of things, somehow, that plain women should be always savagely jealous, especially when they have remarkably handsome husbands. Before the year ends I will be the son-in-law of Scarswood Park, and the husband of eight thousand a year! Gas- black, glittering eyes strangely upon her. ton Dantree, my boy, you're a cleverer fellow

than even I gave you credit for." There was a dinner-party that evening at Scarswood, and Mr. Dantree, with a fatuous "Mrs. Vavasor!" she cried out, "what do smile, made known to all whom it might convenience but the hanny day was new Mrs. Vavasor!" she cried out, "what do you look at me so? cern that the happy day was near. Mrs. Vavasor's black eyes sparkled with their sunkiest light-the rustling silk twisted, and twined, and gleamed about her in more serpentine coils than ever. She flashed a glance across at Peter Dangerfield, who sat, with spectacles over pale, near-sighted eyes, on the opposite side. And Captain De Vere stroked again his big, heavy, dragoon mustache, and shot sharp glances of suppressed ferocity at the smiling bridegroom elect.

"Hang the beggar! I'd like to throttle him, with his self-satisfied grin and confident airs of proprietorship. I suppose Sir Johu's falling into his dotage-1 can't account for is in any other way, poor little fool," with a look at Katherine; "if he treats her as I know he will treat her after her marriage, I'll thrash him within an inch of his life, fore George! I wish I had asked her myself."

The wedding day was announced, Katherine was congratulated, and a little before midnight, with her lover's parting kiss still on her lips, singing softly, she went up to her room. Draped with rose-silk and laces, the carpet wreaths of rosebuds on snow, puffy sitken chairs, a Swiss musical-box playing tinkling tunes, fire-light and waxlight gleaming over all-how pretty-how pleasant it looked. And Kutherine, in her dinner-dress of rich mazarine blue, and sapphire ornaments set in fine gold, sank down in the plances, her ominous song? Was it in the puffiest of the chairs with a tired sigh.

There came a soft tap at the door, not the tap of Ninon. Katherine lifted her dreamy eyes from the fire.

The door opened, and Mrs. Vavasor entered. She too still wore her dinnerdress-the rich sea-green silk glowed in the light far behind her. The diamonds that were not from the Palais Royal flashed spleudidly on neck, and arms, and ears, and fingers. Her shining, luxuriant black bair floated over her shoulders, and the smile that rarely left her

was at its brightest on her face. "Am I an intruder?" she asked, gayly. What blissful visions of ante-nuptial felicity have I frightened away? You will forgive me, I know, my pet. I had to come. Kathie, dear, you don't know how glad I am

your wedding day is so near." She took both the girl's hands in hers. Katherine's first impulse was to anatch them impatiently away, but she remembered her father's warning. This odious, fulsome, fawning creature had some mysterious power

over him; for his sake she must be civil. "You are very good," but, despite the best intentions Miss Dangerfield's voice sounded cold. "Will you sit down, Mrs. Vavasor?" "No, love; I will stay but a moment. See.

it is midnight. Weird hour!!" with a shrill make it complete. I suppose every house, as the post says, where men and women have lived and died, is haunted, and we all carry our ghosts with us through life. But I won't turn prosy and metaphysical on this bappy night. Ah! darling Kathie, what an enviable girl you are-how brightly your life bus been ordered. Seventeen, rich, flattered, caressed, and beloved! I suppose you have never had a single wish ungratified in your fought for his country as you have, ought to most sooner see you dead than give your fate you love with your whole heart—a man like

into his hands. Keep him away from me-I one's dreams of the Olympian Apollo. And goes to market, and this little pig stays at home.' Katherino Dangerfield, what a hap-

"I am happy, Mrs. Vavasor." Still Mrs. Vavasor stood, and looked at her.

How strange the gleam in her eyes, how strange the smile on her lips! The firelight sparkled on her emerald silk, on her costly jewels, on her shining laces, on her coils of satin black hair. Katherins had never known fear in all her life-but something in that woman's face made her shrink away in a sort of terror.

" Mrs. Vavasor," she said, rising and turning white, " what is it you have come here to say to me?"

The widow laughed aloud-that shrill, metallic laugh that rasped upon the ear.
"What have I come to say?" Why, to wish you joy of course, and to tell you I am

going away." "Going away!" Ah, Kathie, what a poor dissembler you are! The light of unutterable relief and gladness lights all your face at the words.

"Going away, my dearest; and if I dared harbor so inhospitable a suspicion, I should say you looked glad to hear it. But you're not, are you, Kathie, love-and you will speed the parting guest with real regret? Yes, my pet, I am going-never to come back -well, not more than once again, perhapson your wedding day. For I think I must really come to your wedding, little Kathie, and wish that beautiful Mr. Dantree joy. How well he loves you, Kathie; he is one of those artless, frank kind of men who wear their hearts on their sleeves, for all the world to read. Yes, I leave Scarswood just lovely blue silk and sapphires, you are fear- as surely as we both stand here." fully and wonderfully like her. Would you believe it, Miss Dangerfield-your mother once prevented my marriage?" " Mrs. Vavasor?"

"Yes, my dear," the little widow said in her airiest mauner, "prevented my marriage. It was all for the best, you know-oh, very much for the best. I am not speaking of Mr. Vavasor, poor dear-your mother never knew him. I was quite young when my little romance happened, a year or two older than you are now. He was scarcely older than myself, and very handsome-not so handsome as that divine Gaston, though, of course. And I was-well, yes-I was just as deeply in love as you, my impetuous darling are this moment. The wedding day was fixed, and the wedding dress made, and at the last hour your mother prevented it. It is nearly twenty years ago, and if you will believe it, the old pain and disappointment. and anger, and mortification comes back now, as I talk, almost as sharply as they did then: For I suffered-as I had loved-greatly. I have never seen him for twenty long years, and I never want to now. He is alive still, and married, with grown-up sons and daughters, end I dare say, laughs with his wife-a great lady, my dear-over that little episode of a most silly youth. And I-I eat, drink. and am merry as you see, and I forgave your mother, as a Christian should, and married poor, dear Mr. Vavasor, and was happy. Your mother died in my arms, Kathie, and now I am coming to her daughter's wedding.

She laid her hand-burning as though with fever-on the girl's wrist, and fixed her "Look for me on your wedding day, Ka-

therine-I shall be there!" The girl snatched her hand angrily away.

You frighten me.' "Do I?" with her mocking laugh. "Now I never meant to do that. I don't mean anything, how could I ?-but best wishes for you. Good night, Katherine-bride electheiress of Scarswood-baronet's daughtergood-night, and pleasant dreams.

> 'The morn is merry June, I trow,
> The rose is budding fair;
> But she shall bloom in winter snow But she shall bloom in winter snow
>
> Fre we two meet again.
>
> He turned the charger as he spoke,
> Upon the river-bore,
> He gave the reins a shake, and cried
> Adieu forevermore,
> My love!
> Adieu forevermore!"

A last derisive glance of the black eyes, a taunting smile-singing Mr. Dantree's song -Mrs. Vavasor vanished.

Hours and hours after Katherine sat very still, very pale, and very unlike her bright, dashing, defiant self, before the flickering fire. What did it all mean? Mysteries in books were very nice, the thicker and blacker the better; but in every day life-well, they were exasperating, What power did this woman hold over her father ?--why could be not speak out and tell her! If he could not trust the daughter who loved him, whom could he trust! What did Mrs. Vavasor mean by her sneering taunts, only half bidden, her innendo, her delusive smiles and power of this dark, evil woman to part her and her lover?

"No," she said proudly, lifting her head with that haughty grace that was her chief charm; "no man or woman on earth can do that. Nothing in this world can come between Gaston and me, unless he should

"False!" Not even to herself could she repeat that word. She got up shivering a

little. "It grows cold," she thought; "I will go to bed, and to-morrow I shall tell papa, and beg him once more to explain. I cannot endure that woman's presence much longer."

If early rising be a virtue, Mfss Dangerfield possessed it. She might dance all night, until " the wee sma' hours ayont the twal," but she was prepared to rise at six next morning, as fresh as the freshest. When Sir John came out on the terrace for his morning smoke, he found his daughter pacing up and down slowly in the pale, chill sunlight. A scarlet bournous wrapped her, and her dark face looked wan and sombre from out its

glowing folds. "You here, Katherine!" the baronet said, as he stopped and kissed her. He was very gentle with her of late; there was a sort of and, abnormal tenderness in his face now. It did surprise him to find her here so early but looking again at her, he saw how heavy the bright eyes were, how slow the elastic foot fell, the shadows on the tell-tale face. "What is it, Kathie?" he asked. "You look as though you hadn't slept last night. 'Has

anything gone wrong?" "Well, no papa; nothing exactly gone wrong, perhaps; but I feel unhappy, and cross, and mystified. I didn't sleep last night, and it's all owing to that detestable woman. Light your cigar, papa, and I will tell you while we walk up and down." She clasped both hands round, and round his arm, and looked with dark, solemn eyes "Papa, I want you to send her away. She is a wretch afternoon."

-a wicked, plotting, envious wretch! I was others of us go through life, and don't find happy last night. I don't think lever was one completely happy day. It is the old happier in my life. What business had she nursery story over again: This little pig to come and spoil it all? I hate to be unhappy-I won't be unhappy | and, papa. I insist upon your sending the odious little killjoy away !"

His bronzed face paled perceptibly; an angry glance came into his steel-blue eyes. "You mean Mrs. Vavasor, I presume What has she done?"

"Done!" Katherine repeated, with angry impatience-"she has done nothing-she is too cupning for that; and it isn't altogether what she says, either; it's her look, her tone, her smile that insinuates a thousand things more than she ever utters. That horrid, perpetual simper of hers says, plainer than words, 'I know lots of things to your disadvantage, my dear, and I'll tell them, too, some day, if you don't use me well.' I hate people that go smirking through life, full of evil and malice, and all nucharitableness, and who never lose their temper.'

"You seem to have decidedly lost yours this morning my dear. May I repeatwhat has Mrs. Vavasor done?"

"This, papa; she came to my room last night, instead of going honestly to bed like any other Christian, and began talking to me about my-mother. Sir John Dangerfield took his cigar sud-

denly from between his lips, a dark red flash of intense anger mounting to his brow. "About your mother!" he repeated in a tense sort of voice. "What did Mrs. Vava-

sor say about your mother, Kathie?" "She said for one thing, that my mother once prevented her marrfage. Now, did

she? "Not that I am aware of. Was that all?" "Well, that was all she accused her of. but there were volumes implied. My mother one week preceding your wedding day. You | died in her arms, she said, and she had long look as if you did not understand-but you ago forgiven her. Papa, if ever I saw a devi are ever so much relieved after all. By the in human eyes I saw one in hers as she said bye, Katherine, you grow more and more like it. She hated my mother; she hates me; your mother every day. Just at this moment, and if it is in her power to do me or you any as you stand there in the firelight, in that harm, she will do it before she leaves Sussex

"Katherine, for Heaven's sake-" "She will, papa!" Katherine cried, firmly

"All the barm she can do us she will do. But is it in her power to really harm us? The will is there fast enough, but is the Mark 5.,

"My child," he said, and there was a sob in every word, "It is in her power to ruin usto ruin you.

Katherine looked at him-very pale, very grave, very quiet. You could see at once how this impulsive girl, ready to cry out lustily with impatient anger over little troubles, would bear great ones.

"Then Heaven help us!" she said, "if that be true. I don't understand, and it seems to me you will not explain until the blow falls. Perhans I could hear it better if I knew bo orehand what I had to endure. Just now i seems strangely impossible. You are a wealthy baronet and I am your only childhow can a woman like that injure or ruin us? Papa," suddenly, " is there any flaw in your right of succession to Scarswood-is there any heir whose claim is better than your own?"

He looked at her, a look that haunted her for many a day, with eyes full of trouble.

"And if it were so. If there were a claimant whose right was better than my own-if some day, and very soon, Scarswood were taken from us, and we went out into the world poor, disgraced, and penniless, how would it be then. I have asked you before, I ask you again—could you bear poverty. Katherine? Could you bear to leave Scarswood and its splendors, and go forth among the women and man who work, and be happy?"

(To be Continued.)

Croup, that dire disease, has lost its terrors to those who keep Yellow Oil at hand Congestion and Inflamation of the Lungs. Now is the season to guard against sudden attacks of diseases. Ask your Druggists for Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

Into one of our largest drapery stores entered a gentleman the other day and with the air of one who had been used to this sort of thing all his life, you know he said to the astonished sales-woman, "Give me a yard of maroon-coloured flannel to-match a baby, please." Correcting himself hastily he began again: "I beg pardon; I mean a yard of flaunel to match a maroon coloured habyhere (producing a bit of flannel from his vest pocket), I want a yard of that."

The Physical welfare of children is seriously The Physical welfare of children is seriously endangered by the adminis ration of indigestible and drastic medicines in ended to relieve costiveness, some stomach and flatulence. Give them instead that bland gentle, yet efficueion remety, Milk OF MAGNESIA. Having an agreeable taste and a milk like smoothness it requires no persuasion to induce them to take it. Sold by all Chemists.

Consumption Cared. An old physician, retired from practice, baving had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable r medy for the speedy and permenent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, A-thms, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to reliave human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions | does one not speak of the murder committed for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, Leicester? Why does one not speak of the 11-eow-G

HORSEMEN. Ask your merchant for HENRY & JOHNSON'S ARNICA AND OIL LINI. MENT, and keep it always in the stable, to use in case of accident.

ONE OF THE MOST RELIABLE MEDI-CINES for Headache is Dr. Barvey's Anti-BILIOUS AND FURGATIVE PILLS.

On a a fairly uncrowded street of New York twenty men were counted as they passed rapidly along. Of the twenty exactly ten turned easily to the right when they met a pedestrian. The other ten then took a great deal of trouble to turn to the left, and made much confusion.

"Here is a sketch," said the poet, Unto the editor gray.
"That I tossed me off in an idle hour.
To pass the time away."

"Here is a club," was the answer.
In a bland and smilling way,
"With which I frequently loss me off
Six poets in a day."

"William," observed a Milwaukee woman to her husband, "Mrs. Holcomb feels pretty wish you would drop over there and see her.

THE IRISH QUESTION IN ROME

A Friend of Ireland Addresses A Roman Paper.

To the Editor of The Aurora.

"Sin-The article published in your excellent journal on the Irish question, under date the 4th instant, is such as to awaken sentiments of gratitude, not only in every breast which loves Ireland, but in any person who detests injustice and cruelty.

"To raise the voice against the abuse of power wherever it may exist was always considered the sign of magnanimity; but when this abuse comes from those who aspire to enjoy the reputation of "civilization" and "hu. mantarianism, and with these great words try to acquire and increase their power and influence in the world, then to raise the voice is the sign of a courage which leaves the common herd, and fears nothing in defence of the holy cause of truth and justice.

"The way in which, in the article of the 4th instant, the Aurora explains the state of the agrarian question in Ireland is certainly conformable to the pure and simple truth. dely any Englishman, inside or outside of Rome, lay or clerical, to confute a single statement made in it, or to discover even a small inaccuracy. Public opinion was enlightened by that article, because many are ignorant of the present state of the question. Assuredly it is not in the interest nor in the desire of Eugland that the European public should see clearly into the matter.

"It was thus always, according to her polities, that she acted, so that an impenetrable veil should hide from foreign nations her conduct in the affairs of that island where an over-fine policy has always presided in the execution of that code of which your article has said so well. It will remain in the annals of England as a stain of blood (and it might have added of infamy), which all the waters of the British seas will not be able to wash out in eternity.

"The most dispassionate observers must confess that, whilst England has always repressed more or less feroclously, and on that account always efficaciously, the attempts the Irish have made to publish to the world their greivences and their trials, she has on the other hand always denounced that to other nations the turbulence and the ingratitude of the Irish, who, scorning such kind treatment, have always repelled fiercely the paternal cares of a Government which had no other desire than that of civilizing them. It the poor Irish have despised the gift, and have held an attitude of suspicion towards the giver, it is because they knew well the ancient Times Danaos et dona tirentes?

"The desire on the part of England to civilize the barbarous races subject to her rule is all tinsel, which now the nations of Europe have begun to distinguish from go d. The disinterestedness and the delicary of this Old Eugland is now too well written in the history and in the memory of other nations to be forgotten. Everyone knows what this work of civilization was on the banks of the Bosphorus and on the Ganges, and whether it has been always generous. The Indians, the Afghans, the Zulus, the Basutos would be able to tell us to-day what kind of civilization is that which Lord Beaconsfield and his disciples would wish to impart paternally amongst them.

"The article of the 4th inst, alludes to the crimes and as-assination and revenges of all sorts which have transformed Ireland accordng to English journals, into a den of brigands. But this gigantic publicity which the demi-gods of the Angle-Saxon Press give to the murder of the two lords-Leitrim and Mountmorres-can only deceive the simple. If the Press of the civilized world and all the telegraphic agencies on the terraqueous globe were to combine to repeat them every day, these two crimes would still remain two, and humanity would have only to mourn over again the death of the same two men. Their titles of "Lord" cannot make their death equal to the death of a hundred men. Call then as you will, break out into hyperboles of every kind-the landlords killed were two, not

more than two, and only two. "I do not want, Mr. Editor, to justify this murder: but I beg the over-severe consors to remember that the victims to samine in Ireand in this century alone were two millions. What a hecatomb compared with the offering of the omnipotent Irish landlordism.

" Moreover, to these crimes it has been sought to give a signification exclusively political, with what right? Who assures us that they were not caused by other motives?

"Are we certain these acts of violence were not the verdicts of the summary justice of a people wearied of seeing too long unounished some one of these mediaval tyrannies which are not yet unknown to the modern faudatories of Ireland.

"If, placed between dishonor and hunger, the tenant has recourse to vengeance, would you rather attribute his crime to deep-laid nlans of political rebellion than to the impetus

of a boiting passion? "I repeat it. No good lrishman will praise the murder of a man even if he be the cruellest of landlords. Veng-ance belongs to God, and is not a right of man But before condemning Ireland wholesale for the annasination of two aggressors the English newspapers should have called public attention to the numerous crimes committed daily on their side of the Channel. During the past week there were six murders in England. Who takes note of them? Why by Anderson and Grimes at Newcastle? Why does one not speak of the particide Collins at wife-murderer Smallcombe at Bristol? Or of John Binns, of Bratford, who almost killed his mother-in-law? Or of the innocent daughter of Shepaid, who was found brutally murdered, Friday fortnight, in London?

" 1s it because slaughtering women is of such common occurrence in England that English sensibility is accustomed to it? Or is it because the most horrible of ansausinations, that of a girl of eighteen, is not of the same enormity before the tribunal of

humanity as the murder of a lord? "I conclude, Mr. Editor, by thanking you beforehand for the jusertion of this letter. Permit me one last observation. If, as it seems, Ireland will be put under special legislation, because two or three sgrarian crimes have been committed, England should, for stronger reasons, be treated in the s me way. In short, if in Ireland the life of a landlord is not secure, neither is the life of the innocent daughter of the honest

artisan in England. "A FRIRND "P IBELAND."

WE BELIEVE

badly now since the loss of her child, and I That if everyone would use Hop Bitters freely, there would be much less sickness and misery You might say that all fieth is grass; that in the world; and people are tast finding this we've all got to go the same way; and see if out, whole families keeping we'l at a triling she is going to use her dripping-pan this cost by its use. We advise all to try it.—
afternoon."

U. & A. Rochester, N.Y.