for the first of the second

WORK WHILE IT IS CALLED TO-DAY.

The poem' "Work While it is Called To-Day," is just as applicable to Irish condition and Irish needs as it was when it first challenged the admiration and aroused the spirit of thoughtful men thirty years ago:—

"No man hath hired us"-strong hands droop-

"No man hath hired us"—strong hands drooping,
Listless, falling in idleness down:
Men in the silent market-place grouping
Round Christ's cross of silent stone.
"No man hath hired us" pale hands twining,
Etalwart forms bowed down to sue,
"The red dawn is passed, the moon is shining,
But no man hath given us work to do."

Then a voice pealed down from the heights of

Heaven; Men, it said, of the Irish soil!

men, it said, of the Irish soil!

I gave you a land as a Garden of Eden,
Where you and your sons should till and toil;

I set your throne by the glorious waters,
Where ocean flung round you her mighty
bends. That your sails, like those of your Tyrian fathers,

Might sweep the shores of a hundred lands.

Power I gave to the lands of your leaders,
Wisdom I gave to the lips of the wise,
And your children grew as the stately cedars,
That shadowed the rivers of Paradise.
What have you done with my land of beauty—
Has the soldier bereft her of robe and crown,
Have my people failed in a people's duty?
Has the wild hoar trampled my vineyard
down?

True, they answered, faint in replying—
Our vines are rent by the wild boar's tusks;
The corn on our golder slopes is lying.
But our children feed on the remnant tusks,
Our strong men lavish their blood for others;
Our prophets and wise men are heard no

more; Our young men give a last klss to their mothers, Then sail away for a foreign shore.

From wooded valleys and mountain gorges, Emera d meadow and purple glen,
Across the foam of the wild sea surges,
They free away like exiled men.
Yet the chant we hear of the new Evangels,
Rising like incense from earth's green sod;
We—we alone—before worshipping Angels,
Idly stand in the Garden of God.

Then the Lord came down from the heights of

Heaven,
Came down and the garden fair to view,
Where the weary men waited from morn till

For some one to give them work to do. Ye have sinned, He said, and the angel lustre Darkened slowly as summer clouds may; Weeds are growing where fruit should cluster, Yet ye stand idle all the day.

Have ye trod in the furrows, and worked as truly

As men who knew they should reap as they

Have ye flung in the seed and watched it duly, Day and night, lest the tares should grow? Have ye tended the vine my hand bath planted, Pruned and guided its tendrils fair; Ready with life-blood, if it were wanted, To strengthen the fruit its branches bear?

Have ve striven in earnest, working solely To guard my flock in their native fold?

Are your hands as pure and your hearts as holy,
As the saints who walk in the City of Gold?

Go! work in my vineyard, let none deceive ye,
Each for himself his work most do;

And whatever his right shall my Angels give

ye. The work and the workmen shall have their

Who knoweth the times of the new dispense tions?
Go on, in faith, and the light will come;

The last may yet be the first amongst nations, Wait till the end for the final doom.

The last may be first! Shall our Country's

glory
Ever flash light on the path we have trod?
Who knows?—who knows?—for our future

story Lies hid in the great sealed Book of God. -LADY WILDE.

One Night's Mystery

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPTER XXIII-CONTINUED.

Eh? I beg your pardon, you know, drawls Freddy; but have I ever had the pleasure of-er-seeing you before, madam?" Miss Jones laughs.

You do it very well as well as she could herself. Give my best respects to Mrs. Carew-I don't think she good health, and is quite reconciled to the match. Good-day to you Mr. Carew.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

VENDETTA! DRAW that curtain, Niece Cyrilla, and don't sit mooning there, out of nothing. You might know all that glare of light would hurt my eyes, if you ever thought of anybody

The croaking, rasping old voice stops. With a tired sigh, Cyrilla arises and does as

she is told. Will that do, Aunt Phil?

There is no reply for a moment, then a dull, prolonged groan of misery from the old woman on the bed. 'Oh! my back. Oh! my side. Oh! this dreadful, racking pain. Niece Cyrilla, what

are you sitting there like a stone for! You have no more feeling than a stone. Get up and do something for me.'
The girl comes to the bedside, and looks

pitifully down at the drawn, distorted face and writhing form.

Aunt Dormer, what shall I do for you? I

do feel for you, indeed. Shall I fetch your

Once again there is no reply. In the midst of her querulous cry, Miss Dormer has fallen into a fitful doze. Cyrilla goes back to her place; but she has hardly resumed her seat, when the harsh, complaining voice

breaks out again-'Isn't it time for my spoonful of morphine yet? You never know or care whether it is time for me to get my medicine or not. I wish you had this pain in your side and back, and all over your body, as I have; perhaps you would be as glad as I am to get morphine. Look at the clock, Niece Cyrilla, and don't sit gaping out of that window like

For the third time the girl arises, almost like an automaton; it is only a specimen of what goes on all day now. Passing her hand wearily across her forehead, she looks at the clock; the morphine hour has not arrived. but she administers the drug in a tiny crystal cup-that, at least, will quiet her tyrant for the next hour.

The scene is still Miss Dormer's room, but the arm-chair has been exchanged for a bed -Miss Phillis Dormer will never sit in armchair or other chair agair. It is almost the close of May-asoft opal-tinted, exquisite May evening, but still a coal fire burns on the hearth, the windows are sealed, the doors are tightly closed by order of the invalid, the foul mephitic air is in itself sufficient to kill any one. Cyrilla has been breathing it since seven o'clock this morning; she has been breathing it for many weary days past. A fortnight ago Miss Dormer's incurable disease made one rapid stride forward, and brought Miss Dormer to the door of death. At death's door she lies now. The dread and gloomy portal that will open for all flesh one day may open for her any moment now. She knows it too, only even to her own soul, she refuses vehemently, fiercely, to believe. It is but a temporary illness-she will recover-she must recover-her affairs are not arranged, her will is not made, she cannot

make it in all this pain and misery—she has not time to die. When she is better she will make it, she will send for a clergyman, she will read her Bible, she-she will try and prepare for death. She is not so very old, only fifty-five; why many men and women, not as strong as she is, live to seventy, eighty, ninety!' This is not death, she is only a little worse; next week, or week after, she will be better, and then—then she will

amend her life and get ready to die.
So she puts the thought fiercely from her. and no one dares tell her the truth. She has to you is this: if, through Miss Jones, it lived a most gedless and unboly life, at should come to your aunt's knowledge that wrath with all the world, for the wrong of one man; she will die an impenitent and most despairing death. Oh, vanitas vanitatem ! What preacher that ever preached can speak to the heart as does the death-bed of a hoarv sinner.

She takes her anodyne, falls back upon her pillow and sinks at once into dull stupor. Then, still with that jaded, worn face, Cyrilla gets up, leaves the room, descends the stairs and stands out in the lovely freshness

of the sweet spring night. The air is full of balm, of perfume, of balsamic odors; it is warm and windless as June is to bring Donald McKelpin to claim his bride. Up in the blue sky shining stars look | thing I fear. primrose lustre of the sky. Away in Montreal half-a-dozen bells clash musically out, calling the good French Canadians to the dewhite, fagged look gradually leaves the girl's made me your wite!"
face, and her dark melancholy eyes lose a Again there is silen little of their sombre expression. But still by Fred Carew in a troubled voice. she is very grave, and-where has her youth gone to? she looks ten years older than three weeks ago.

Will Aunt Dormer die without making her by night and by day, that robs her of appe- is a sufficient excuse for no preparation, no ite and sleep, that makes her bear imprisonment in that most miserable sick-room, that of which I cannot see my way." makes her endure the fierce impatience, the ceaseless complainings of the sick woman, with a patience that never fails. If Phillis Dormer dies without making her will, she and her father are heirs-at-law, and her father. even if alive, will never disturb her in her possession. Ail will be hers and her hus-If she only dies without making a will! if she only dies before Donald McKelpin comes home.

Even to her own heart-selfish, mercenary, irreligious as Cyrilla is, she will not own that she wishes this sudden death. But she she misses me. I have watched with her two dees; and the shadow of murder---the murder of desire-rests upon her as she stands

here. With a horror none but those who fear death can know, Miss Dormer shrinks from the thought of making her will. She loves been to her husband, children, friends, re- go." ligion. To will it deliberately away to her niece, or even to Donald McKelpin, is bit. She turns to go in. He has gone a few terer than the bitterness of death itself. steps, when he wheels suddenly and comes This the girl knows; no will has been made, none is likely to be made; on that now all Cyrilla's life hangs. If Miss Dormer dies intestate, riches, happiness, this world and the glory thereof, will be hers, with the husband she passionately loves; if she does not

· My solemn Cyrilla!' says a voice drawing near, 'bow wan and unearthly you look standing here in the gloaming, gazing at the stars. If you had on a white dress, you might have been taken for the ghost of Dormer House. And Dormer house is just the sort of gruesome place to have a ghost.'

'Freddy!' she exclaims, waking from her gloomy reverie and holding out her hand, I must have been far away, indeed, since I never heard you come.'

'And what were you thinking of, Beauty? The husband who adores you, I trust?

'No, sir; of a much less tender subject---Lunt Dormer's will. There is a pause. She takes his arm and

walks with him up and down the grassy path. dim lamp was lit; the close atmosphere The high wooden wall shuts them from the seemed stifling to Cyrilla coming in out of view of outsiders; Miss Dormer's drugged the fresh cool air. Miss Dormer opened her knew me in the stage. I hope her aunt is in The high wooden wall shuts them from the sleep will last for another half-hour. Old eyes at the moment and peevishly cried out Joanna, deaf and stupid, never was guilty of looking out of a window in her life. So Mr. Carew can come to see his wife this time every evening without fear of detection.

'Beauty,' he begins, gravely, at the expira-tion of that pause, 'you think too much of Miss Dormer's will. Don't be offended at my saying so, but one may buy even gold too dear. I'm not a preaching sort of fellow as a rule,' Mr. Carew goes on apologetically, and I never interfere with any of your projects, because you've got twice the brains I have, and in a general way you know what you're about. But, my dear child, there is something absolutely revolting in the way you look forward to that poor old lady's death.'

Cvrilla looks at him a moment in whimsical surprise, then she laughs.

'Trust in Providence and my Uncle Dunraith, and live on my pay meantime,' responds Freddy, promptly.

Where, Fred? In the back bed room of a third-rate boarding house? And if Uncle Dunraith turns a deaf ear to the penniless cry of his starving nephew and niece, what

'I'll sell out and start a grocery, set up a boarding-house, teach a school, sweep a crossing; anything, anything, says Fred, with a vague wave of his hands, 'except wish poor Miss Dormer dead before her time.'

'I don't wish her dead,' answers Cyrilla. with asperity, but die she must, and that speedily; is there any harm, then, in my hoping she may die without a will? If she does, all is well for you and me, Freddy; we will go back to England, dear old England, and when we tire of that we will run about the world together-that modern marvel, as the poet says:

'Two souls with but a single thought, That never disagree!'

'Ah! Fred, we can be very happy together, with Aunt Dormer's money.'

'We can be very happy together without,' Mr. Carew answers. 'If I lived in a garret and starved on a crust I could be happy, 'Rilla, love, so that you were near. Don't hope too much; the disappointment when it comes

will be all the harder to bear.' 'Don't talk of disappointment,' cries Cyrilla, angrily; 'I will not listen. There shall be no disappointment. She has no thought of making a will I know, no thought of dying; and Dr. Foster told me only this morning she would hardly live this week

out ' Again there is silence. They walk slowly up and down under the scented, budding trees, with the pale, sweet shine of the little yellow moon sifting down on their grave faces. Pre-

sently Fred speaks. You have heard nothing yet from Miss

Jones? Nothing; she has not written. Every letter that enters the house passes through my hands. No one has been here except Dr. Foster. Mrs. Fogarty, as I told you, called twice, and each time I refused to let her in. She looks as if she meant mischief, too.' And Miss Jones meant mischief, if ever I

saw it in a woman's face. It is odd abe has not written, but I have a conviction she will yet. I never saw such hatred before in human melancholy circumstances.... not written, but I have a conviction she will

eyes.'
'Miss Jones has eyes exactly like a cat,' Bays Cyrilla. . Well, so that Aunt Dormer is comfortably in her grave, they may do their worst. Oh! Fred; how can one help wishing she would die and have done with it, when so much is at stake!'

'All the money in the world is not worth one such wish, 'Billa. What I want to say we were together in New York, don't deny our marriage. Mind Cyrilla, don't! Neither Miss Jones, nor your aunt, nor any one else shall ever think you were with me there except as my wife.

'Nonsense, Fred! Even if Aunt Dormer does hear it—and I will take care she does not-she still thinks I was visiting Sydney; and I can prove our meeting was accidental.

'Miss Jones knows better: she knows we were at the hotel as husband and wife. For Reaven's sake, Cyrilla, don't tell that dying woman lies, it is too contemptible. Let us tell the truth if we must, and take the conse--the June that will be here next week, that quences. Nothing they can do can ever separate us, and our separation is the only

'The only thing.' Cyrilla laughs," and down; a faint, silver, baby moon is away youder over her left shoulder, half-lost in the all in a moment her face grows old and hard: "you don't fear beggary, then, or squalor, or misery, either for yourself or for me? That is not love, as I understand it. Freddy, let votion of 'The Month of May.' It is all me tell you, once and for all, if Aunt Dormer sweetness, and peace, and beauty, and the disinherits me, I shall hate you for having

Again there is silence; again it is broken "When does Mr. McKelpin come home

Cyrilla ?" "Week after next: and if Miss Dormer is still alive, she proposes that the wedding will? That is the thought that haunts her shall be the day after his arrival. Her illness expense. It is a tangled webb, Freddy, out

> She passes her hand across her forehead with the same weary gesture as in the sickroom, and sighs heavily.

> "I cannot advise you, Beauty; I'm not a good one at plotting and duplicity. Tell the truth; that is the only way out of it, that I can see. And you need not be so greatly afraid, things are not as black as you paint them. If the worst comes to the worst, tell the truth and trust in me."

"I must go in." Cyrilla answers coldly. "Aunt Dormer will awake, and be furious if nights; I feel hardly able to stand."

"You are wearing yourself out, my darling," her husband says, looking at her with wistful tenderness. "Ab! Cyrilla, I never much wished for fortune before. I always seemed to have enough; but I wish I were rich for her money; all her dreary life long it has your sake. Good-bye, then, since you must

"Good-bye," she repeats, mechanically back

"Beauty," he says, "I want to warn you again. If our being together in New York comes to Miss Dormer's ears confess our marriage. It would take a good deal to make me angry with you-you know that; but if you let any one-any one-think you were with me there other than as my wife, I couldn't forgive you. Promise me this."

"I will promise you nothing. "Goodnight," she says, shortly, and disappears into the dark and dreary dwelling.

Fred Carew goes back to his quarters, his handsome, genial face, looking strangely anxious and troubled. And Fred Carew's wilful wife drags berself spiritlessly up to her aunt's room. You may buy gold too dear, had said Fred,

Surely she thought if every penny came to her, she was buying her gold at a fearful price.

It was Joanna's night to watch, Joanna was already in the sick-room. The for her wine and water.

'Here, aunt.' Cyrilla raised the feeble old head, gave her the drink, shook and adjusted the pillows and replaced her among them.

'I am very tired, aunt, I am going to my room now. Joanna is here. Is there anything more I can do for you before I go.'

'No. Go-you are only too glad to go. You hate to sit an hour with me after all I've done for you. Ah! the Hendricks were a bad lot, a bad lot-how could you be snything but bad, too?

'Good-night, Aunt Dormer.' Aunt Dormer disdains reply. Cyrilla goes. She is so dead tired, so utterly exhausted, that she flings berself on her bed, dressed as she is, and in five minutes is soundly and

dreamlessly asleep. So soundly, so deeply, that when an hour later Dr. Foster comes, she never hears his loud knock. Two ladies are with him; two ladies who take seats in the chill, vault-like parlor, while he goes up to the sick-room. He feels his patient's pulse, says there is less fever: she is sinking rapidly, but he does not tell her that.

'Miss Dormer,' he says, 'two ladies have accompanied me here on what one of them says is a matter of life and death. Her name is Miss Jones. The other is Mrs. Fogarty, one of my patients and the wealthiest lady in Montreal. They are down stairs and beg most earnestly to be admitted to see

· I never see ladies,' cries Miss Dormer, shrilly; you know that. What did you bring them here for? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Foster.'

Doctor Foster knows her. He expects to send in a bill to her executors presently that will make them open their eyes. He bears this, therefore, like the urbane gentleman that he is. Furthermore, Mrs. Fogarty, one of his best paying patients, has given him to understand that if he does not procure her this interview, she will be under the painful necessity of taking herself and her ailments

'My dear lady,' he blandly says, 'did you observe when I told you it was a matter of almost life or death? I really think you had hetter break through your excellent rule in this instance. They are ladies of the utmost respectability, and one of them of great wealth. They have no sinister motive I assure you. It is concerning some extraordinary deception that is being practised upon you by your very charming niece. Miss Hendrick. Miss Dormer has been lying back on her

pillows glaring at him, an awful object. At these last words she utters a shrill cry. 'I knew it! I knew it! I always said so! She comes of a bad race, and she's the worst of them all. Fetch them up here at once! do you go, Joanna! fetch them up, I say at

A moment more, and with a rustle of silk. and a wait of periume, Mrs. Fogarty sweeps smilingly into the chamber. Upright, stiff. angular, solemn Miss Jones comes after.

Mrs. Fogarty has fluently and smilingly got thus far when Miss Dormer, with a harsh cry, cuts her short. I don't want any of your fine talk, ma'am,

I know what fine talk is worth. Old Foster and my niece, Cyrilla, give me enough of that. It's about my niece, Cyrilla, you've come. Now what have you got to say?

First, I must really apologize for the hour of our coming, says Mrs. Fogarty; 'but this, also, is the fault of your niece. I have been here twice this week, and she refused me admission. I don't call her Miss Hendrick, because Miss Hendrick has ceased to be her name !'

A second barsh cry from Miss Dormer, har sunken eyes are glaring in a ghastly way up at the speaker.

Not her name? Woman, what do you mean 1 Why is Cyrilla Hendrick not her name?

Because, answers Mrs. Fogarty, snapping her white teeth together like an angry little dog, 'it is Mrs. Frederic Carew!' 'Or ought to be!' in a solemn voice, puts

At the sound of that name, that name unheard so long, Phillis Dormer gives a gasp and lies speechless.

in Miss Jones.

Frederic Carew! Frederic Carew! It is the tather the is thinking of, not the son. 'We have taken you by surprise,' Mrs. Fogarty goes on. 'You did not know, I presume, he was in Canada at all. Such is the fact, nevertheless. He came last October, and your niece has been holding continual intercourse with him ever since.'

She knows now, the first shock is over. It is the son of Frederic Carew, whom Cyrilta knew years ago in England, they mean. A savage light comes into her eyes, a horrid hungering eagerness comes into her face.

'Go on! go on!' she pants. 'It is Miss Jones who has to tell the story,' says Mrs. Fogarty. 'We have the strongest reason to believe your niece, Cyrilla, is Lieutenant Frederic Carew's wife." "Or ought to be!" croaks again Miss

Jones. "Or ought to be, exactly. Still I think she is. Three weeks ago your niece was in New York and living with Mr. Carew at a hotel as his wife. Tell her about it, Miss

Jones. And then Miss Jones begins at the beginning and tells her all. All-all that occurred in Petite St. Jacques when Miss Hendrick was so nearly expelled the school, Cyrilla's revenge upon berself, and their accidental meeting three weeks ago in the streets of

New York. In stony, rigid silence the sick woman lies

and listens fury and rage in her eyes. "It may seem wicked to you," says Miss Jones, with grim truth; "but I will own that I have taken the trouble and expense of this journey here, all the way from New York, to tell you this, because I owe your niece a grudge. I knew from Mademoiselle Stephanie Chateauroy, as I say, that you disliked this young man; I felt certain when I saw them together that you were being cheated and wronged. Still, it is for my own sake I have come. One good turn deserves another. By the merest accident I fell in with this lady upon my arrival in Montreal, through her I found my way to you. Your niece, Cyrilla, and whether she is this man's wife or not, lived with him as such for a week in the

Clarendon Hotel." "I have known this long time they were lovers," interrupts Mrs. Fogarty. "I once witnessed a disgusting love scene between them myselt."

Still that stony, rigid silence, still the stricken woman glares up at them awfully from her hed. "This is all?" she hoarsely asks, at length.

"This is all; enough, I think," responds Mrs. Fogarty, with a short laugh. Tae burning, eager eyes glance away from

"You are prepared to repeat all this in my niece's presence, I suppose?" "Whenever and wherever called upon," re-

plies Miss Jones. "Then you may go now; I'll send tor you both to-morrow. I'll pay you, ma'am, for your news. I'm a poor woman, but I'm able and willing to pay for that. Ring that bell

for Joanna, and go. Her hands clench in a fierce grasp on the bed-clothes, her eyes stare, blind with pain and rage, up at the ceiling. The bitterness, the fury of this hour is like nothing the wretched woman can ever remember before. Long ago she loved and trusted, and was betrayed; now she has neither loved nor trusted, and she has been betraved, once again, by the girl she has cherished and cared for, the only creature in whom her blood runs, and by the son of the man who wrecked her

Cyrilla Hendrick is the wife, or light of love, of Frederic Carew's son—to Frederic Carew's son will all her loved and hoarded wealth go, if she dies without a will. She shricks out like a mad woman at that, and

beats the bed clothes with frautic hands. Go to Shelbourne Street-go to Lawyer Pomíret's house. Joanna, do you hear? Go -go at once. Go, I tell you quick!

Old Joanna, returning from bolting her visitors out, stares blankly at her mistress. 'Idiot! fool! what do you stand gaping there for? Don't you hear what I say?deaf old addle-head! Go to Lawyer Pomtret's house, and fetch him here. Tell him it's the rich Miss Dormer who wants him, and that it is a matter of life or death!

Joanna never disputes her mistress's will. She looks at the clock-only ten. Without a word she puts on her shawl and bonnet, locks the door after her, and starts at a jog-trot for the lawyer who is to make Miss Dor-

mer's will. In the lonely sick-room the dim lamp glimmers, shadows thick in the corners of the large room. On her death-bed the striken old sinner lies, body and soul full of pain and torture, hatred and revenge. And up-stairs, in her bare comfortless chamber. Cyrilla sleeps deeply, while the retribution her own hand has wrought gathers above her head.

CHAPTER XXV.

"GOOD-BYE SWEETHEART."

CYRILLA, as a rule, was inclined to sleep late of mornings; Miss Dormer, as a rule, was inclined nor to let her. At seven, precisely, winter and summer, Joanna stood at her bedside, to summon her down stairs. At seven on the morning after her interview with Fred, Cyrilla expected to be routed out as usual. But when she opened her eyes, after the long unbroken sleep, it was to find the sunshine filling her scantllyfurnished little upper chamber, and the clock of a neighboring church tolling the hour of

Nine! she sprang from her bed in dis-What was Aunt Dormer, what was may. Joanna about, to let her sleep like this? Had anything happened in the night? Was ngular, solemn Miss Jones comes after. Aunt Dormer—, she would not finish the question even to herself, but her heart gave a

greatbound. The next moment she knew better; If anything like that had occurred, she would have been instantly summoned by the deaf old domestic, she felt sure. She hurriedly arranged her clothes, made her hasty ablutions, smoothed her dark rippling bair and ran down to her aunt's room. She softly opened the door and entered. The close, fetid atmosphere seemed to sicken her,—ill or well, Miss Dormer had an insuperable aversion to fresh air. She advanced to the bedside; in the dim light, the skinny bloodless face lay still upon its pillows; the eyes, glitteringly bright, looked up at her with a weird

"Dear aunt, I am sorry I overslept myself. How was it Joanna did not call me as naual ?"

"You have watched with me two nights in succession, Niece Cyrilla. Young people need rest." "How are you this morning, Aunt Phil?

Eacier, I trust? Have you had a good night i'' At that question the old woman broke into the strangest, widest laugh; a laugh most dreadful to hese most ghastly to see.

"A good night, Niece Cyrilla? Yes, a good night, a good night, the like of which I've never had but once before, and that fiveand-twenty years ago! And I'm strong and well to-day; you'll be glad to hear, for I've a great deal to do before night. Niece Cyrilla, given. do you believe in ghosts?"

" Dear aunt." "Yes. I am dear to you, am I not? You wouldn't deceive or trouble me in any way, would you ? I'm going to see a ghost to-day, Niece Cyrilla-ghosts don't generally appear in daylight either, do they?-the ghost of a man dead and buried five-and-twenty years. Five-and-twenty years! Oh, me, what a while ago it seems!"

Was the old woman going insane? Was this the delirium that precedes death? Cyrilla stood looking at her, and yet there was no fever in her face, no wildness in her eyes, and crazy as her talk was it did not sound like delirium. The golden rays of the jubilant morning sunshine tried to force a passage in, and here and there succeeded, making lines of amber glitter across the dull red carpet. All things were in their places, no voice spoke to tell her that in this room her ruin last night had been wrought.

"Go down stairs, Niece Cyrilla, and get your breakfast. Fetch me up mine when you come. I have something to say to you when it is over.

Something to say to her! Wondering uneasily, the girl descended to the kitchen, the only clean and cozy apartment in the house, where Joanna, on a little, whitedraped stand, had her ten and toast set out. "Joanna!" shouted Cyrilla, sitting down to

customary happen here last night?" The old woman nodded her deaf head. "Aye, miss, that there did. She had visitors. Ladies," (Joanna spoke invariably

her morning meal, " did anything more than

in short jerks), "fine ladies. Sliks and scents on one. Come with the doctor." Ladies! Instantly Cyrilla's mind flew Miss Jones. But "s!lks and scents"—that did

not apply. "Was one of them tall and thin, with a folding her hands in front of her-so?" "Aye, miss-that's her. Tall and thin.

to the life." Miss Jones then, at last. "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" While she slept, off guard, her foe had forced her way in and all her secret was told. She turned for a momentsick and faint—she turned away from folly, aunt—I did steal out and spend ten

her hands. This, then, was what Miss Dormer meant.

"Tother one," began old Joanna, still in Aunt, I assure you that was the first and only jerks. "Tall, too White teeth. Silks and time—ob, well! with one exception." scents. Boses in her bonnet. Red spots on "And that exception. my dear

her cheeks. Paint I think." Mrs. Fogarty! There was no mistaking the description—the only two who hated her on earth. All was over-nothing remained but to "cover her face and die with dignity." And then, in Joanna's little kitchen, all aglitter with its floods of May sunshine, a

struggle began-a struggle for a soul. "Tell the truth. All the money in the world is not worth one such a lie as this. It is too contemptible to deceive that poor old dying lady," whispered her good angel in the voice of Fred Carew. "Come with me; I will care for you. Things will not be as bad as you fear. Trust in Providence and my uncle Dunraith. Meantime we can live on my pay." Fred's honest blue eyes shine upon her, Fred's tender, manly voice is in her cars. "If this does come to your aunt's knowledge, don't deny our marriage. Mind! I warn you. It would take a great deal to make me angry with you, but I could not torgive that." The tender voice grows stern, the pleasant face grave and set as he says it. 'Oh! tell the truth,' her own heart pleads; it is a revolting thing to tell de-

liberate lies to the dying.' 'And lose all for which you have labored so hard—suffered so much—borne so many insults-endured months and months of imprisonment worse than death! Leave this house and go out to beggary, to humiliation, to pinching and poverty, scant dinners, and scantier dress! Let your arch enemies, Fogarty and Jones, triumph over you, throw up the sponge to Fate at the first defeat, and resign the fortune justly yours—yours by every claim of blood and law-to Donald McKelpin!

Never! She looks up, her eyes flash, her teeth set her hands clench. Never! She will fight to the last against them all-against Destiny itself. She will die sooner than

vield. The battle is over, the victory won, and the tempter, whispering in her ear, in the archives below, 'records one lost soul

'Joanna,' she says, rising, 'is Aunt Dormer's breakfast ready? I want to bring But you've eat none yourself? Tea ain't

drunk-toast ain't eat. Sick, are you?' says old Joanna, peering in her face. 'You're white 'Am 1?' Cyrilla answers with a laugh. 'I

am never very red, you know.' She seizes a coarse crash towel and rubs her cheeks and lips until a semblance of color returns.

'Now, quick, Joanna,' she says, with another reckless laugh. 'I go to put it to the touch, to win or lose it all.' She takes the tray and ascends to the

lows. 'I hope you have an appetite this mornng, Aunt Phil?' she says pleasantly. Everything is fresh and nice, and perfectly

cooked? struggle-for lie upon lie-yet even the hawk voice of face.

Has Joanna been telling you I had visitors of larger profits.

last night-ladies? she asks, watching ber keenly.

Yes, aunt, and I have been wondering who they could be. Joanna doorn't seem to know.

Don't you know Niece Cyrilla? I?' Cyrilla elevates her eyebrows. not a clairvoyant, Aunt Phil. Aunt Phil laughs her elfish, uncanny, most

disagreeable laugh.

"You're a clever girl, Niece Cyrilia—oh
an uncommonly clever girl. But the Hendricks were all clever—all clever and all had
bad! bad! bad!—bad to the core." "You have told me that so often Aug

Dormer," says Cyrilla in an offended took "don't you think you might stop now! Seeing two of the bed Hendricks are your nearest of kin, bad as they are, you might spare them, I think."

"You think so, do you? Well, I mean to spare one of them to-day if she gives me the chance. Take away this tray, Niece Cyrilla Now put up that blind and let in the light plenty of light. Now sit here on the side of the bed, and look me in the eyes—straight in the eyes. I want to see if I can read the lies you will tell, in that nineteen-year old face of

"I am not in the habit of telling lies. Aunt Dormer," says Cyrilla, in the same

"Are you not?" Then you differ from all the Hendricks I ever kney. Your father never told the truth in his life, and we don't gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles we are told. Your mother was a weak little fool perhaps you take your truth-telling preclivities from her. Let me see where I want to begin! Niece Cyrilla, is Frederic Carew,

"Ah; you have found that out! How crue! to tell you—you hate the very sound or the

"You own it, then? He is here. You have met him; have been meeting him constantly

ber eyes.
"No, Aunt Dormer, I deny it. Whoere tells you that, tells you a falsehood. I have seen him-only a few times-and I did no: speak of it to you. Why should I? I knew

Niece Cyrilla?"

"Aunt; I was a little girl when I knew him in England. I never thought of such a thing as lovers. . Here I have met him, but a few times as I say, and always in the pre-

"Always in the presence of others," Miss Dormer repeats, her basilisk gaze never leaving her niece's unflinching face. "Who were the 'others' the night you stole out of your bedroom window at school, to meet him in darknes, and by stealth, in the grounds of your school ?" "They have told you that, then !" exclaims

not be angry. I did do that-a rash act. I allow, and one for which I nearly suffered severely, but I did it only to hear news of sharp, pale face, a long nose, a tight, wide papa. You do not believe me, perhaps. — mouth pursed up like this—and a way of Oh! the infinite scorn and unbelieving of Miss Dormer's face-" but I love my father. and am always glad and eager to hear news With a long nose, And a wide mouth. And of him. Fred Carew was just from England, her hands in front of her. That's her, miss he had seen him shortly before, and brought from him a message for me. He tried to deliver it at Mrs. Delamere's-where by purest accident we met-but an odious woman, one of the teachers, gave him no chance.

I was dving to hear it—I know and regret my her untasted breakfast and buried her face in | minutes with ' n in the garden; not more. The woman-a detestable spy-found me out,

> Cyrilla?" "Was in New York. Leaving Miss Owenson's house one day, I encountered him in Madison Square. He rode down town with me in the omnibus, and in that omnibus we met by chance, Miss Jones, the spying teacher. It is from her all this has come. I know how

> spiteful, and contemptible, and a filse wretch

her Irish name-Fogarty?" "Aunt Phil, I told you I had met him a tew times, but always in the presence of others. I did not mention it to you at the time. was afraid you would forbid my accepting any more invitations, and these parties were all the pleasure I had. Was it any such great

ceived me then. And this is all, absolutely "All, Aunt Dormer!" Unflinchingly still

or Mrs. Fogarty's doing. They are both in love with him themselves."

"You did not live with him as his wife for a week in New York?" pursues Miss Dormer. Her eyes never seem to wink, never seem to go for a second from her niece's tace.

"Aunt Dormer!" she exclaims haughtily, this is beyond a jest. Even you have no who hate and are jealous of me-who will stop at no lie to ruin me—then I have no more to say!"

She stands before her, her dark eyes flashing, her dark face eloquent with outraged pride. As a piece of acting, the pose, the look, were admirable. When she said she would have played Lady Teazle better than

ally adulterated as is cocoa. This article in its pure state, scientifically treated, is recommended by the highest medical authority as the most nourishing and strengthening beveupper room. She places it before Miss Dor-mer, and assists her to sit up among her pil-an article that will tone and stimulate the most delicate stomach. Rowntree's prize medal Rock Cocoa is the only article in our markets that has parsed the ordeal to which these articles are all submitted by the Government analyist, and is certified by him to be Surely nature intended this girl for an pure, and to contain no starch, farnia, arrowactress. Every nerve is braced for the coming | root, or any of the deliterious ingreidents commonly used to adulterate Cocoa. When buyeve of Aunt Dormer can trace no change in ing be particular and secure "Rowntree's." Other kinds are often substituted for the sake 11-G

vours."

son in Canada ?"

name."

since last October ?" Cyrill looks up-a flash of indignation in

it would vex you to know he was here at all, and his presence made no difference to me, one way or other."
"None! Take care! Is he not your love!

sence of others. We have had no opportunity, if we had the desire to be lovers."

Cyrisla, in confusion. "Aunt, dear aunt do

"And that is all, Niece Cyrilla—ali? You never met him at Mrs. Delamere's here in Montrea!, or at that other woman's—what is

crime to meet him by accident there?' "No crime at all, only-what a pity you did not tell me. It would be so much easier to believe you now, if you had not de-

the black eyes above met the fiercely questioning eyes below. "He is not your lover?" "My lover! Nonsense! This is Miss Jones'

"What a fas inating young Lovelace he must be! I should like to see him. He is not your husband then, Niece Cyrilla?" "My ____." But this joke is so stupendous that Cyrilla laughs aloud.

Cyrilla starts up indignantly as if this was past bearing. right to say to me such things as these. If you choose to believe my enemies, women

poor Dolly De Courcy, there can be no doubt she spoke the truth.

(To be Continued.)

Probably no one article of diet is so gener-