VINEGAR HILL.

BY FION BARRA.

Ah dear, Father Tom! how you're panting!
I'm sorry I hurried you so.
But my heart was red hot in my bosom to see
the old hillere I go.
To stand on the top as I'm standing, the town
huddled there at my feet,
Some eyes, I dare say, in its houses that looked
on the rebels' defeat.

п.

Very dark is the green of the grass here, and sullen it shows to the brutes;
But we know what it's drinking for ever from under the sod where it shoots—
We know, but we're not going to mention, the fiesh and the blood and the bones
Hidden here since our Wicklow was widowed, and Wexford glutted with groaus!

Do you mind, Father Tom, how around us the land stretches flatly for miles?
You can see every road winding whitely—no rocks, and no shelter defiles;
Oh God! how six brave rified cannon, rammed home with the vengeance of years,
Had shattered the skulls of the Saxons till Ireland rang round with her cheers!

IV.

And yet on this hill-top, bare-breasted, bare-armed, and hungry and weak.
They taught the brave truth which our babies are learning to think and to speak.—
Rong a shout to the hearts of the nations, that lives there for ever and aye.
How Ireland can tight for her freedom, were some one to show her the way!

The way! How the great hearts are withered, the great muscles to the land Because the great brain yet is wanting to hold all the nation in hand,

all the nation in hand,
To bind up its strength in one body, and point
out a place where a blow
Sent straight from the shoulder of Ireland
would reach to the heart of her fee!

VIII.

Ah no. Father Tom! I'm no Fenian, but one who must think now and then.
Of the red streams that made Ireland fruitful, poured out from the hearts of her men!
Of the tears that her women are shedding o'er babes with a fate such as theirs—
To slave while there's vigor within them, and starve when they get their gray hairs?

IX,

Very right, Father Tom, to speak cooly, had your eyes never gone to the past—
Had your heart never bled for the thin bands that hold to your own at the last—
That elling to you just as their owners first feel that God's mercy is near,
To take them, before their mad hunger has eaten His love and his fear!

Yes, I know all the worth of forbearance; but bill, are our brothers to blame,
Who say that the great God of Patience and the God of Revenge are the same?
Who point to the long, weary ages, crammed fast with the sighs and the groams
Wrung out from the breat-begging p ople, whose masters have offered them stones.

[XI.]

Let us fling aside cant for a moment, and open our bosoms to each, And hear what our hearts ever whisper, despite what our tongues have to teach,
Ho! ho! Father Tom, why you're blushing—
your heart mutters fiercely and long
That the great law of God and of Nature is war
to the Enife against wrong!

XII. Never mind, We'll go down from the hill-top.
We've seen all we wanted to see;
The rank grass that feeds on our fathers—the
fields where their feet used to be.
Poor fellows! We don't call them heroes—the
land of their love wasn't Greece;
But we—you and I—give them pardon, and pray
that their souls are at peace.

HAUNTED ME.

A workingman says: "Debt, poverty and suffering haunted me for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my paster, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost."-Christian Advocate.

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

The TRUE WITNESS has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the True WITNESS will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticise Darwins theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The TRUE WITKESS has survived a generation of men all but two years, and it is now what we may term an established fact.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the TRUE WITNESS is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circula- insurgent tribe.

tion doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still frounn enlarged and improved during

the coming year.
On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the TRUE WITNESS for one vear.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the TRUE WITNESS; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The TRUE WITNESS will be mailed to clergy-

men, school teachers and postmasters at

But, you see, the poor rebels had pitchforks, and pikes, and a pistol or two.

And friends from afar had not risen to teach their rude hands what todo;

So they came home to die, dimly dreaming the will as good as the deed.

And that Ireland will honor her children, who knew not to fight but to bleed.

\$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. \$1.00 per aunum in advance. amounts until the club is completed. We And the poor fellows too were half-starving.

They iell of a thousand or more,
Whose food for a week had been turnips—raw turnips, and soft to the core;
Bad stuff in a stomach that stationed to stand against bayonet and ball;
Bad stuff when the heart must be steady, the feet rooted fast like a wall!

have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible presure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their busbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will have observed that our paper is, if possible, take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

Do not drug the system with nauseous pur gatives that only debilitate. Burdock Brood Bitters is nature's own Cathartic, it acts at once upon the Bowels, the Skin, the Liver and the Kidneys, arousing all the secretions to a healthy action. It purifies the blood and cures all Humors, even the worst forms of Scrofula, and tones up the Nervous and Debilitated.

THE VICTORIA DISASTER.

VERDICT OF THE JURY.

LONDON, Ont., June 14.—The jury in the Victoria case did not reach a verdict till nearly three o'clock this morning, when they handed in the following:-"We, the jury, empanelled to investigate the cause of the death of Fanny Cooper, do find that she came to her death by drowning in consequence of the capsizing of the steamer Victoria on the 24th of May, 1881. We do find that the capsizing of the steamer Victoria was caused by water in the hold. We believe that the water leaked in through a hole stove in the bottom from some unknown We suppose that this injury cause. was caused by coming in contact with some stone or sung in the river. We are also convinced, from the evidence adduced, that the boiler was not securely fastened, and that the stanchions supporting the promenade and hurricane decks were of too slender a nature. and made chiefly of pine, and not properly braced. We are also of the opinion that the engineer was guilty of great neglect in the discharge of his duty in not seeing that the ion of the boat. We think that the captain was to blame in accepting the dual position of captain and wheelsman, which prevented him from giving his undivided attention to the proper management of the boat. We are also of the opinion that he was to blame for leaving Spring Bank without making a proper examination of his boat, as there was undoubtedly water in the hold at that time. We are further of the opinion that the manager did not do his duty in not employing sufficient hands to man his boat, that he should have had the boat inspected and a certificate for the same. The jury think that the Government Inspector deserves blame for the manner in which he inspected and passed the boat Victoria last year, as, from the evidence her upper construction was not fit to carry a large load of passengers; and we urge upon the Government the necessity of making more stringent inspection and regulations in regard to passenger steamboats."

Reader have you tried every known remedy for Chronic disease, Impure Blood, disordered Liver or Kidneys, Nervous and General Debility, Constination of the Bowels, with the manifold sufferings pertaining thereto? Have you given up in despair? Try Burdock Blood Bitters: it will not fail you. A Trial Bottle only costs 10 Cents, Regular size \$1. Any dealer in medicine can supply you.

IT TRAVELS ON ITS SHAPE. THE STORY OF THE TRUNK WHICH THE BAGGAGE SMASHER RESPECTED.

A big Saratoga was shunted on a track at the union depot, and as it struck one of the metallic corner-pieces flew across while the artistic smasher grinned his satisfaction The circumstance was not a noble one, save as it suggested to Mr. E. P. McCarty, who was waiting the departure of a train, the adventures of a friend of his. The gentleman was a great travelor, and after observing the habits of the baggage-smashers in various countries he had constructed a trunk of a particular pattern. It was as near the shape of an egg as the maker could frame it, and it was covered with side leather. After one encounter with this trunk the smasner always treated it with respect. If it was tossed carelessly on the truck or the floor of the car and other bagage piled upon it, the first jar would bring down the heap. In time the eccentricities of the peculiar piece were duly recornized, and no matter what the haste or confusion, it traveled safely on its shape, always on top, no matter how high the mountain of baggage was built. The egg-shaped trunk has always outlived a score of zinc-covered, metal-ribbed and corner-protected boxes and still it is on the road, good for the owner's

The Liver is the grand purl ying organ of the system; when inactive or obstructed bad blood and ill health are certain results. Burdock Blood Bitters cure all diseases arising from disordered Liver, Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys, purifying, restoring and strength ening. It regulates the Bowels, cleanses and enriches the blood, and imparts tone to every organ of the body. Trial bottles 10 cents.

Native Algerian forces have annihilated an

CHARLIE STUART

AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

CHAPTER XII. THE FIRST ENDING OF THE TRAGEDY.

Eight days after the burial of Lady Catheron, several events occurred that wrought the seething excitement of Chesholm to boiling-over point-events talked of for many an after year, by cottage fireside and manor hearth.

The first of these was Miss Catheron's examination before the police magistrate. The justice before whom the young lady appeared was the same who had already issued his warrant for her arrest-a man likely to show her little favor on account of her youth, her beauty, or her rank. Indeed, the latter made him doubly bitter; he was a virulent hater of the " bloated aristocracy." Now that he had one of them in his power, he was determined to let the world at large, and Chesholm in small, see that neither station nor wealth could be a shield for crime.

She took her place in the prisoner's dock, pale, proud, disdainful. She glanced over the dark sea of threatening faces that thronged the court-room, with calmly haughty eyesoutwardly unmoved. Her few friends were there—few indeed, for nearly all believed that if hers was not the hand that had struck the blow, she had been at least her brothers' abettor. Many were brought forward who could swear how she had hated my lady; how she had taken every opportunity to insult and annoy her; how again and again my lady had been found crying fit to break her heart after the lash of Miss Inez's stinging tongue. She had loved Sir Victor—she was furiously jealous of his wife-she had fiery Spanish blood in her veine, and a passionate temper that stopped at nothing. Jane Pool was there, more bitter than ever-more deadly in her evidence. Hooper was there, and his reluctantly extorted testimony told deal against The examination lasted two days. her. Inez Catheron was recommitted to prison to stand her trial for murder at the next As-Sizes.

The second fact worthy of note was, that despite the efforts of the Chesholm police, in spite of the London detectives, no tale or tidings of Juan Catheron were to be found. The earth might have opened and swallowed him so completely had he disappeared.

The third fact was, that Sir Victor Catheron had reached the crisis of his disease and passed it safely. The fever was slowly but steadily abating. Sir Victor was not to die, but to take up the burden of life again "—a dreary burden, with the wife he had loved so fondly sleeping in the vaults of Chesholm Church.

The fourth fact was that the infant beir of the Catherons had been removed from Catheron Royals to Powyss Place, to be brought up under the watchful eye and care of his grand aunt, Lady Helena.

On the evening of the day that saw Inez Catheron committed for trial, the post brought Lady Helena a letter. The handwriting evidently disguised, was untamiliar, and yet something about it set her heart to throbbing. She tore it open; it contained an inclosure. There were but three lines for herself:

"DEAR LADY H: If you will permit a reprobate to be on such familiar terms with your highly respectable name, 1 address I---, under cover to you, as per order.

The inclosure was sealed. Lady Helena destroyed her own, and next day drove to the prison with the other. She found her niece sitting comfortably enough in an armchair, reading, and except that she had grown thinner and paler looking little the worse. All that was possible to do to make her comforthold was clear of water, and in not conveying asis, nad been done. Without a word the in person to the captain the dangerous posi- elder woman presented the letter-without a window and read its contents. "Thank Heaven!" her aunt heard her fer-

vently say. " May I see it. Inez? What does he say?

Is he coming here to—"
"Coming here!" The girl's dark eyes tainly not. He is safe away, I am thankful to say, and out of their reach."

"And he leaves you here to suffer in his stead, and you thank Heaven for it! Inez Catheron, you are the most egregious ... Give me that note!"

Inez smiled as she gave it. Her aunt put

up her double eye-glass and read: "ON BOARD THE THREE BELLS,

"OFF PLYMOUTH, Oct, -. "DEAR I. :- I've dodged the beaks, you see.

I bought a disguise that would have baffled Fouche himself, and-here I am. In twenty minutes we'll have weighed anchor and away to the West Indies. I've read the naners, and I'm sorry to see they've taken you on suspicion. Inez. you are a trump, by Jove! I can say no more, but, mind you, only I know they can't commit you, I'd come back and confess I would, by jingo. I may be a scoundrel, but I'm not such a scoundrel as that.

" I see the baronet's down with brain fever. If he goes off the hooks, there will be only the young 'un between me and the succession. Suppose he goes off the hooks too, then I'll be a full-fledged baronet! But of course he won't. I'm always an unlucky beggar. You may write me on board the Three Bells, at Martinique, and let me know how things go on in Eugland.

A flush—a deep angry flush reddened the tace of Lady Helena Powyss, as she finished this cool epistle. She crushed it in her hand

as though it were a viper. "The coward! the dastard! And it is for the heartless writer of this insolent letter that you suffer all this! Inez Catheron, I I command you—speak out. Tell what you know. Let the guilty wretch you call brother, suffer for his own crime."

Inex looked at her, with something of the stern, haughty glance she had cast upon the rabble of the court room.

"Enough Lady Helena! You don't know what you are talking about. I have told you before; all I had to say I said at the inquest. It is of no use our talking about it. Come what may, I will never say one word more." And looking at her stern, resolute face, Lady Helena knew she never would. She tore the letter she held into minutest morsels. and tied them up in her handkerchief.

"I'll burn them when I get home, and I never want to see his face again. For you," lowering her voice, "we must save you in spite of yourself. You shall never stand your trial at the Assizes."

Miss Catheron looked wistfully at the heavily bolted and barred window.

"I should like to be saved" she said. wearily, "at any other price than that of speaking. Once I thought I would die sooner than stoop to run away—a fortnight's imprisonment changes all that. Save me if you can, Aunt Helena-it will kill me to face that the bright broad sea. horrible mob again."

Her voice died out in a choking sob. She

the merciless eyes that had confronted her yesterday on every side.

Lady Helena kissed her quietly and turned to go.
"Keep up your heart," she said; "before the

week ends you shall be free." Two days later, Lady Helena and the warden of Chesholm jail sat closeted together in deep and mysterious conference. On the table between them lay a crossed cheque for On the seven thousand pounds.

The jailor sat with knitted brows and trou bled, anxious face. He had been for years a servant in Lady Helena's family. Her influence had procured him his present situation. He had a sick wife and a large family, and seven thousand pounds was an immense temptation.

"You risk nothing," Lady Helena was say ing in an agitated whisper, "and you gain everything. They will blame you for nothing worse than carelessness in the discharge of your duty. You may lose your situation. Very well, lose it. Here are seven thousand pounds for you. In all your life, grubbing here, you would never accumulate half or quarter that sum. You can remove to London; trust to my influence to procure you a better situation there than this. And oh, think of her-young, guiltless-think what her life has been, think what it is now destined to be. She is innocent-I swear it. You have daughters of your own, about her agethink of them and yield!"

He stretched forth his hand and answered resolutely:

"Say no more, my lady. Let good or ill betide—I'll do it."

"The issue of the Chesholm Courier four days later contained a paragraph that created the profoundest excitement from end to end of the town. We quote it: ESCAPE OF MISS INEZ CATHERON FROM CHES-

HOLM JAIL-NO TRACE OF HER TO BE FOUND-SUSPECTED FOUL PLAY-THE JAIL. ER THREATENED BY THE MOB.

"Early on the morning of Tuesday, the under jailer, going to Miss Catheron's cell with her breakfast, found, to his astonishment and dismay, that it was empty and his prisoner flown.

"A moment's investigation showed him the bars of the window clearly filed through and removed. A rope ladder and a friend without, it is quite evident did the rest. The man instantly gave the alarm and aid came. The head jailer appears to be as much at a loss as his underling, but he is suspected. He lived in his youth in the Powyss family, and was suspected of a strong attachment to the prisoner. He says he visited Miss Catheron last night as usual when on his rounds, and saw nothing wrong or suspicious then, either about the filed bars or the young It was a very dark night, and no lady. doubt her escape was easily enough effected. If any proof of the prisoner's guilt were needed, her flight from justice surely renders it. Miss Catheron's friends have been permitted from the first to visit her at their pleasure and bring her what they chose-the result is to be seen to-day. The police, both of our town and the metropolis, are diligently at work. It is hoped their labours will be more productive of success in the case of the sister than they have been in that of the brother.

"The head jailer, it is said, will be dismissed from his post. No doubt pecuniarily, this is a matter of indifference to him now. He made his appearance once in the street this morning, and came near being mobbed. Let this escape be rigidly investigated, and let all implicated be punished."

The escape created even more intense and angry excitement than the murder. The rabble were furious. It is not every day that the upper ten thousand comes before the lower ten million in the popular character of murderess. They had been lately favoured with such rich and sensational disclosures in high life, love, jealousy quarrels, assassination. Their vic-tim was safely in their hands; they would word the younger took it. She turned to the window and read its contents. the aristocracy, law was a game two could play at. And lo! in the hour of their triumph ed out, and the stoniest of the stone colours she slips from between their hands, and, like chosen, the parcel tied up and paid for. her guilty brother and abettor, makes good her escape.

The town of Chesholm was furious. If the looked at her in grave astonishment. "Cer- jailer had shown his face he stood in danger of being torn in pieces. They understood thoroughly how it was-that he had been bribed. In the dead of night, the man and his family shook the dust of Chesholm off their feet, and went to hide themselves in the busy world of London.

Three weeks passed. October, with its mellow days and frosty nights, was gone. And still no trace of the tugitive. All the skill of the officials of the town and country had been baffled by the cunning of a woman. Inez Catheron might have flown with the dead summer's swallows for all the trace she had his visitor. It was evident that, when in good

The first week of November brought still another revelation. Sir Victor Catheron had left the Royals; Lady Helena, the squire, the baby, the nurse, Powyss-place. They were all going to the south of France for the young baronet's spirit and health. Catheron Royals, in charge of Mrs. Marsh and Mr. Hooper, and two servants, on board wages, was left to silence and gloom, rats and evil repute, autumnal rain and wind. The room of the tragedy was shut up, a doomed room, "under the ban" for ever.

And so for the present the "tragedy of Ca theron Boyals" had ended. Brother and sister had fled in their guilt, alike from justice and vengeance. Ethel, Lady Catheron, lay with folded hands and sealed lips in the grim old vaults, and a parchment and a monument in Chesholm Church recorded her name and age-no more. So for the present it had ended.

> PART II. CHAPTER I. MISS DARRELL.

It had been a week of ceaseless rain-the whole country side was sodder. The month was March, and after an unusually severe January and February, a "soft spell" had come, the rain had poured or dripped incessantly from a smoke-colored sky, the state of the earth was only to be described by that one uncomfortable word "slush." Spring was at hand after a horribly bitter wintera spring that was all wet and slop, miserable easterly winds, and bleak, drizzly rain.

Perhaps if you searched the whole coast line between Maine and Florida, you could not light upon a drearier, dirtier, duller little town than the town of Sandypoint Massachusetts. It was a straggling place more village than town, consisting mainly of one long street, filled with frame houses of staring white, picked out with red doors and very green shutters. Half a dozen pretentious stores," a school-house, one or two churches, a town hall, and three hotels, comprised the public buildings. Behind Sandypoint stretched out the "forest primeval: before Sandypoint spread away its one beauty

To-day it looked neither bright nor broad, but all blurred in gray wet mist; the surf was thoroughly brave, but she shuddered cannonaded the shore with its duli thunder; with sick fear and loathing, from head to foot the woodland in the background was a very as she recalled the dark, vindictive faces, the black forest in the dreariness, and the roads- sort of projection in the cliff, partly sheltered

who shall paint the state of the Sandypoint roads? Worst of all, the weather showed no sign of relenting, no symptoms of clearing up. The new clock recently affixed to the Sandy-point Town Hall was striking the matutinal hour of ten. The population of Sandypoint might all have been dead and buried, for any sign of life Independence street showed. Doors and windows were all closed in a melancholy way—a stray, draggled dog the only living creature to be seen.

Or stay-no! there was a girl beside the dog, almost as draggled as her four-footed companion. A girl of eighteen, perhaps, who walked along through rain and discomfort, without as much as an umbrella to protect her. She had come out of one of the ugliest of the ugly buildings nearest the sea, and walked along in a slipshod sort of way, never turning to the right or left to avoid an unusually deep puddle. She plunged right on through it all-a dark, sullen looking girl in a shabby black dress, a red and black tartan shawl, an old black felt hat with dingy red flowers, long past being spoilt by rain or

And yet she was a pretty girl too—a very pretty giri. Take the Venus Celestis, plump her down in a muddy road in a rainstorm, dress her in draggled black alpacca, a faded hawl, and shocking bad hat, and what can ou say for your goddess but that she isn't a bad-looking young woman! Miss Edith Darrell labors under all these disadvantages at present. More—she looks sulky and sour; It is evident her personal appearance has troubled her very little this dismal March morning. And yet as you look at her, at those big black sombre eyes, at those almost classically regular features, at all that untidy abundance of blackish-brown hair, you think involuntarily, "what a pretty girl that might be if she only combed her hair, put on a clean dress, and wasn't in bad temper!"

She is tall, she is slender—there is a supple grace about her even now-she has shapely feet and hands. She is a brunette of the creamy velvet, just touched on either ripe cheek with a peach-like glow, and with lips like cherries, You know, without seeing her Helena was recommended a sea voyage for hellaugh, that she has very white teeth. She is health, and her nephew accompanied her. in no way inclined to show her white teeth laughingly this morning. She goes steadily along to her destination—one of the "stores" where groceries and provisions are sold. The storekeeper smilingly accosts her with a brisk Good-morning, Miss Darrell! Who'd have time ago. And they are included some thought of seeing year out the year of year out the thought of seeing you out this nasty weather! Can I do anything for you to day?"

"If you couldn't do anything for me, Mr. Webster," answers Miss Darrell, in no very conciliatory tone, "it isn't likely you'd see me in your shop this morning. Give me one pound of ten, one pound of coffee, three pounds of brown sugar, and a quarter of starch. Put them in this basket, and I'll call Fancy yourself reading in the papers: for them when I'm going home."

She goes out again into the rain, and makes her way to an emporium where dry-goods, boots and shoes, millinery and crockery are for sale. A sandy-haired young man, with a sandy mustache and a tendency to blushes, James Stuart, Esq., banker, of Fitth avenue springs forward at sight of her, as though New York. No Cards." galvanized, reddening to the florid roots of

"Miss Darrell?" he cries, in a sort of ranture. "Who'd a thought it? So early in the morning, and without an umbrella! How's your pa and ma, and all the children?"

"My pa and ma, and all the children are well, of course" the young lady answers, impatiently, as though it were out of the nature of things for anything to ail her family. "Mr. Doolittle, I want six yards of crash for kitchen towels, three pairs of shoes for the children, and two yards and a half of stone coloured ribbon for Mrs. Darreil's drab bonnet.

And be quick." The blushes and emotions of young Mr Doolittle, it was quite evident, were entirely thrown away upon Miss Dairell. "Not at home to lovers," was plainly written on her moody brow and impatient lips. So Mr. | ied alive down in that poky Sandypoint, with Doolittle produced the crash and cut off the your cleverness, and your accomplishments of shows were nick. and good looks, and everything. If I many six yards, the three pairs of shoes were pick "We didn't see you up to Squire Whipple's

surprise party last night, Miss Edith." Mr. Doolittle timidly ventured, with a strong "Down East" accent. "We had a hunky supper, and a rale good time." " No, you didn't see me, Mr. Doolittle, and

I don't think you are likely to in a hurry, either. The deadly liveliness of Sandypoint, and its heastly weather, are about on a parthe parties, if anything, the most dismal of the

With which the young lady went out with a cool parting nod. There was one more errand to go-this one for herself. It was to breaking, over the deserted city streets. A Lady Macbeth says, 'To bed—to bed! With the post office, and even the old postmaster lit up into a smile of welcome at the sight of temper, Miss Darrell must be rather a favourite in the neighbourhood.

"Letters for you? Well, yes, Miss Edie, I think there is. What's this? Miss Edith S. Darrell, Sandypoint, Mass. That,s for you and from New York again, I see. All! I hope none o'them Yorkchaps will be coming down hear to carry away the best-looking gal in town."

He handed her the letter. For a momen ner dark face lit up with an eager flush; sa she took the letter it fell. It was superscribed in a girl's spidery tracery, sealed with blue wax, and a sentimental French seal and mot-

"From Trixy," she said, under her breath; and I felt sure there would be one from-Are you sure this is all, Mr. Merriweather? I expected another." "Sure and certain, Miss Edie. Sorry to

disappoint you, but that's all. Never mind my dear-he'll write you next mail. She turned shortly away, putting the letter in her pocket. Her face relanged again into what seemed its habitual look of gloom and

discontent. "He's like all the rest of the world," she thought, bitterly, "out of sight, out of mind. I was a fool to think he would remember me long. I only wonder Beatrix takes the trouble of writing to this dead-and-alive place. One thing is very certain she won't do it very

long." She returned for her parcels, and set out for her wet return walk home. Mr. Doolittle volunteered to escort her thither, but she made short work of him. Through the rain through the slop, wet, cold, comfortless, the girl left the ugly town behind her, and came out on the lonely road that led along to the se . Five minutes more, brought her in sight of her home-a forlorn house, standing bleak and large on a cliff. One path led to it -another to the sands below. At the point where she must turu either way. Miss Darrell stood still and looked moodily up at the

"It I go there," she muttered, "she'll set me to hem the towels, or trim the bonnet, or make a pudding for dinner. It's wa-h day. and I know what that means in our house. won't go-it's b tter out in the rain; the towels and the drab bonnet may go au diable, and my blessed stepmother with them, if it comes to that.'

She turned sharply and took the path to the right. Half way down she came to a

from the rain by a clump of spruce tree Seating herself on this, with the grey sea sending its flying spray almost up in her face she drew forth her letter, broke the seal, an read:

"NEW YORK, March 13, 18-" DEAREST DITEY: -Just half an hour ago]

came home from a splendid ball, the most splendid by far of the winter, and before the ray of all its brilliance fades from my frivol ous mind, let me sit down and tell you about it if I can.

The ball was held at the De Rooyter House up the avenue, in honor of their distinguished English guests, Lady Helena Powyss, of Pow english guests, Lady Heidla Lonyas, of Pow yes Place, Cheshire, and Sir Victor Catheron of Catheron Royals, Cheshire. How grant the titles sound! My very pen expands as it writes those patrician names. Lady Helena. Oh, Dithy! how delicious it must be to be "My Lady!"

"What did I wear you ask? Well, my dear, I wore a lovely trained green silk—gas-light green, you know, under white tulle, all looped up with trailing sprays of lily of the valley and grasses—ditto, ditto, in my hair, and just one pink half-blown rose. A trying costume, you say? Yes, I know it; but you see, the only beauty poor Trixy can claim is a tolerable pink and white complexion, and decent head of light brown hair. So I can ried it off—everyone says 1 really looked my very best, and—don't set this down to vanity, dear-the gentlemen's eyes endorsed it. dauced all night, and, here is where the rapture comes in, three times with the baronet.

ture comes in, three times with the baronet. I can't say much for his waltzing, but he delightful, Dithy—charming. Could a baronet be anything else? He talks with the delightful English accent, which it is impossible to imitate or describe—he is very young and the same of the same about three-and-twenty, I should judge, and really (in that blonde English way) very handsome. His hair is very light—he has large, lovely, short-sighted blue eyes, and wears an eye-glass. Now, I think an eye-glass is distinguished looking in itself, and it has been also been als is haut ton to be short-sighted. Why are they in New York do I bear you say? Lady Lady Helena is not young nor beautiful, se you might imagine, but a fair, fat, and sixty, I should say, British matron. She is the time ago. And they are immensely rich IMMENSELY Dithy! Capitals can't do justice to it. And of course all the young ladies las night were making a dead set at the your baronet. Oh, Dithy—child, if he should only fall in love with me-with ME, and make n

"On the-th inst by the Rev. Blan Blank, assisted by etc., etc, at the residence of the bride's father, Sir Victor Catheron, Baronet, of Catheron Royals, Cheshire, England to Beatrix Marie Stuart, only daughter 6 " Dithy, think of it! It makes my brain

swim, and stranger things have happened My twentieth birthday comes next week, an ma gives a large party, and Lady H, and Sir V. are coming. I am to wear a pink silk with trimmings of real point, and pa sent home a set of pearls from Tiffany's resterday for which he gave \$1,000. If the rose silk and pearls fall to finish him, then there is another project on the carpet. It is this: Lady H. and Sir V. go home the first week of May, and we are going with them in the same ship. I say we—pa, ma, Charley, and me. Won't it be lovely? If you were coming, you might write a book about our haps and mishaps. I think they will equal the Dodd Family Abroad.' Seriously, though Edith dear, I wish you were coming with us. It's a burning shame that you should be butthe baronet, Dith, I shall take you with me to Eagland, and you shall live happy for ever

after. "I set out to tell you of the De Rooyte ball, and see how I run on. All New York was there-the crush was awful, the music excellent, the supper-heavenly! Sir Victor likes us Americans so much; but then who could help liking us! Oh, it has been a charming winter-parties somewhere every night. Nilsson singing for us, some sleigh ing, and skating to no end. I have had t loveliest skating costume, of violet velve satin and ermine-words can't do it justice "Hark! A clock down-stairs strikes five and, Kathleen Mayourneen, the grey dawn is

endless love, and endless kisses, ever thing

She finished the letter—it dropped upon her lap, and her large, dark eyes looked blank ly out over the cold, gray, rain-beaten see This was the life she longed for, prayed for dreamed of-the life for which she would have sold half the years of her life. The balls, the operas, the rose silks and pearls, the booths and merry-go rounds of Vanity fair. She thirsted for them as the blind thirst in sight. She longed for the "halls of dazzling light," the dainty dishes, the violet velvet and ermine, with a longing no words can paint She had youth and beauty; she would have suited the life as the life suited her. Nature had made her for it, and Fate had planted her here in the dreariest of all dreary sea-coast LOWNS.

The rain beat upon her uncovered head, the cold wind blew in her face-she felt neither Her heart was full of tumult, revolt, bitte ness untold.

Beatrix Stuart's father had been her de mother's cousin. Why was Bentrix chose among the elect of Mammon, and Edith lef to drag out "life among the lowly?" She st there while the moments wore on, the letter crushed in her lap, her lips set in a line of dull pain. The glory of the world, the flesh pots of Egypt, the purple and fine lines of life, her heart craved with an exceeding great longing, -and all life had given be was hideous poverty, going errands in shabby hats and her stepmother's rubbers through rain and mud, and being waited upon by such men as Sam Doolittle. She looked with eyes full of passionate despair at the

dark stormy sea. "If I only had courage," she said, between ber set teeth, "to jump in there and make an end of it. I will some day-or I'll run away. don't much care what becomes of me. No thing can be worse than that sort of life-no

thing. She looked dangerous as she thought if dangerous to herself and others-and ready for any desperate deed. So absorbed will she in her own gloomy thoughts, as she st there, that she never heard a footstep descending the rocky path behind her. Suddenly two gloved hands were clasped over her eyes, and a mellow masculine voice, sang a verse of an

appropriate song: "'Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, oh sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.' "I would that my tongue could utter the