EDITH YORKE.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED. DEANATIS PERSONA

When he learned that she was half Polish, he delighted her by telling how, in the glorious days of Poland, when the mobiles heard Mass, they unsheathed their awords at the Gospel, to show that they were ready on the instant to do battle for the faith, and he promised to produce for her the faith, and he promised to produce for her a little handful of earth from the sacred soil of Prage. He then repeated and translated for her an anonymous hymn to the Holy In-mocents, written in the fourth century and, at Mrs. Yorke's request, copied it into the prayer book. It was this

"Salvete, flores martyram, Quos lucis ipso in limine, Quos lucis ipso in limine, Christi insecutor sustulit, Ceu turbo nascentes rosas, Ves prima Christi victima, Grex immolatorum tener.

Aram ante ipsam, simplices, Palma et curonis luditis."

Miss Yorke presently excused herself with the smiling announcement that she must prepare the dessert for dinner, and Clara went out to gather flowers for the dinmer table, taking Eugene Cleaveland with

They roamed about the edge of the woods, Anding wild roses and violets; they vensured into wet places for the blue flower-de-Ince; they gathered long plumes of ferns, and in a dusky oldister where a brook had hi den one of its windings, they found a cardinal flower lighting the place like a

Suddenly the little boy oried out and began to dance about. There was a bug gone away up in his jacket, he declared.

Clara searched him, but found nothing. "There's nothing on you, little dear i" she said. "Come home, now. It is dinner time, and you must help me to arrange the flowers. There is no bug, child; it is all your imagimation,"

"Does my imagination wiggle?" he oried Indignantly. "There!"

The last exclamation referred to a creeping at his throat; and out hopped an active Little frog, which had been circumnavigating the child ever since he pulled the last blue Hilv.

They went homeward with their backets of Howers, and encountered on the way Boadicos Patten with her baby in her arms. She had come to see her son and daughter, and was trying to keep out of sight of the front windows, where she saw a stranger.

Clara Yorke immediately seized upon the infant. No baby ever escaped their careeses; and this one the young ladies had taken mader their especial charge. They supplied its wardrobe, and went to see it, or had it come to them every week. It was a pretty shild, bright, white and well mannered, with a lordly air of taking homege as if it were

When Clara entered the parlor, she found only the gentlemen and Edith there; but that did not prevent her insisting on her little one being received with enthusiasm. She called attention to the wonderful dimpled shoulders and elbows, pulled its eye lids down pitilessly to display the long lashes. mnourled its yellow looks and let them creep back into rings again, and crowned it with wielets, quoting Browning:

Violets instead of laurel in the hair, As those were all the little locks could bear.

Then she consigned the child to her brother. sil have domestic cares to attend to." she said, "and you must amuse my beauty while I am gone. 'What must you do?' Talk to It, of course. 'What shall you say?' Why, Owen, do not be stupid! Say whatever you can think of that is suited to the darling's capacity. Come, Eugene, we have important mffairs on hand.'

Cari looked at his charge with immense good will and not a little perplexity, and it stared back solemnly at him, waiting to be entertained. Something must be said.

"What is your opinion concerning the wrigin of ideas?" asked the young man, at length, with great politeness.

Instantly the little face brightened with delighted intelligence; the lips became volmble in a strange language, and the dimpled

hands caught at Carl's sunny locks. "Oh! for an interpreter," he exclaimed. " If we had an interpreter, we could confound

the savants. Clara," to his sister just returning, what is this little wretch saying?" "He is enging that he loves everybody in the whole world!" she cried, catching the

babe in her arms, and half-stifling it with

kisses. "And, now, please come to dinner." "It is not a bad solution," mused the minister, as he and Carl went out last. "Perhans love is the root from which our ideas grow. Undoubtedly the kind of ideas a person has depends on the nature and degree of his loving."

order of our going," Clara langued back from the doorway; " or, rather, we follow the style of ecclesiastical processions, and place the principal person last."

There was a cluster of yellow violets by Mr. Griffeth's plate. His eyes often turned on them, and always with a grave expression. They remind me of a brother I have lost," he said at length to Mrs. Yorke, "Philip used to paint flowers beautifully, and a bunch of yellow violets was the last thing he painted. If you were not new comers in Seaton, I should think it possible that you might have seen or heard of him. He went to school here to an old minister, Mr. Blake, the predecessor, I believe, of Dr. Martin."

"Philip Griffeth!" Mrs. Yorke exclaimed, blushing with surprise, "Why, I went to school with him. I re-collect him perfectly. This is my mative place, Mr. Griffeth. Yes, Philip was the favorite of every one, teacher and pupils. He used to help me with my Virgii. Mr. Biske made us all study Latin, and the boys had to study Greek. The minister thought that no person should be admitted into polite society who did not know one at least of these languages. I recollect him, a small, potapous man, with an air of fierceness very foreign to his character. He wished to be thought a stern and faithful personage, while in truth he was the softest man alive. When he used to come to our house, and extend his awful right hand to me; I always knew that the left hand, hidden behind his back,

held a paper of candy." The discovery of this mutual friend formed a strong tie between the minister and his new acquaintences, so that they seemed quite like old friends. The family grow on trees," she said soltly. pressed him to stay till evening, when they would send for some of his people to come for him; and he, nothing loth, con-

sented. "But, I warn you," he said to the young people, when they had returned to the parlor, "that, unless you allow me to see you often this hospitality will be a cruel kindmers. I should find it harder to lose than never to have had your society. I could He sobered instantly, and went about Yorke rose to go, cordially inviting the priest not console myself with less than the for some time with a very forlorn countent to visit him. As they were going, "I think, hest, as this pretty rustic did," taking up an ance. After awhile, when she had forgotten

A MARKET BANK BANK AND STORY

el a liker a comiter an area.

olbow. "But what a perfect thing it is!" he idded. Yorke was just passing through the She paused by the table, and glanced at the book. "It is, perfect all but the ending," able said; "that is too pre-Raphaelite for me. Betsey, as she saw the family stand on the m on her way to take an afternoon siesta.

but I do not wish to know that it did," "But should not art be true to nature?" asked Mr. Griffeth. He liked to hear and see the lady talk. Her gentle ways and delicate, pathetic grace, all charmed him.

not to copy and perpetute its defects. -Other wise it is not elevating; and what it makes you admire chiefly is the talent which imita-tes, not the genius, which sees. I believe dignity. that genius is insight; talent only outsight. "And s My husband defines genius as artistic intuition. Why should the poet have cheated us into loving a fair, empty shape? If the girl had been disappointed, and had lived apart and lonely to the end of her days, the picture would have been lovely and pathetic. But

now it is revolting." "I sgree with mamma," Miss Yorke Interposed. "If Maud Muller had married the udge, she would never have appreciated him. If she had been capable of it, she could not have consented to the other after having seen

"I should believe," the minister said, "that, if she had possessed true nobleness of soul, she could not have so lowered herself, even if she had seen nothing better. To my mind people rise to their proper livel by spontancous combustion, needing no outward spark, women as well as men. The philosophy of the Comte de Gabalis may be very true as to gnomes, sylphs, and salamanders; but for vomen I think that such radical changes never occur. The theory belongs to those men who, as Mrs. Browning says, believe that a woman ripens, like a peach, in the cheeks chiefly."

"So we have disposed of poor Mand Muller," said Mrs. Yorke. "I repent me of having been so harsh with the sweet child. Let ns say that the post wronged her; that in truth she faded away month by month, and grew silent, and shadowy, and saint-like, not knowing what was the matter with her, but feeling a great need of God's love; and so

died." With a sigh through the smile of her ending, Mrs. Yorks passed poiselessly from the room. The shadows of the vine-leaves seemed to strain forward to catch at her white dress, and the sunlight dropping through turned her hair to gold. Then shadow and sunlight ell to the floor and kissed her foot-steps, missing her.

Mr. York was out walking about his farm, inquiring of Patrick how many months it took in that country for plants to get themselves above ground; if green peas were due early in September; if cucumbers were not in danger of freezing before they arrived at Mr. Yorke. maturity; if their whole crop, in short, did not promise to give them their labor for their plains; and making various other depreciatory comments which his assistant inwardly re sented. The young people sat in the parlor and improved their acquaintance. Soon they

Mr. Griffeth strongly urged his remaining in Senton. "I think it would be better to remain it you should conclude to study law." he said. "You could pursue your studies here without the distractions of a city life, and you could begin practice with a clearer field. You would at once be prominent here, but in the city there would be a crowd of able and experienced practitioners in your way. " I would rather be second in Athens than first in Eutor," Carl objected.

ilight in Athens."

The sisters sagerly seconded the proposal delighted with any plan by which they could keep their brother with them and yet not injure his prospects. Carl listened with favor. His new friends had completely captivated him; and, sure of such congenial companionship, Seaton appeared to him a tolerable place

"Of course, I am not quite disinterested," Mr. Griffeth said. "I want you to stay. But, also, it does seem to me well. The pince is promising. I am told that it has some superfor people, and that it is growing rapidly. My own coming was a chance, and already [rejoice in it. One impulse pushed me toward the south, another toward the north : obeying a philosophical law, I came east, and here 1 shall stay. I recognize a Providence in it. May not you the same?"

"On! do stay, Owen," Hester said, laying her hand on his arm.

"What can I do when the evening star pleads with me?" said Carl with a smile. When he was pleased with his younger sister, he callen her Hesper.

"And you know, Carl, you promised to teach me how to spell, this summer," said dignified, one might think at first; but it Clara. "I cannot spell! she confessed to soon appeared that he could be genial beyond and admire; and infinite beauty is infinite

the minister.
"Madam, I congratulate you!" he replied. "But it is not ignorance," she said, blush ing very much. "English spelling is nothing but memory, you know. Now, my memory is altusted in my heart, not my head, and it retains only what I love or hate. You do

surely. The minister protested that he was always eccuanted to meet with an educated person who could not spell. It was, he said, the mark of a mind which catches so ardently at the soul of a word that it misses the form. "I have no doubt," he said, "that you might talk with a person a hundred times, and comprchend his character periectly, yet not be able to tell the color of his ofes nor the shape of his nose. You could also go unsiringly to a place you had once visited, though you could not direct a person there. You do not gather your knowledge like corn in the ear, but in the golden grain; and when anybody wants the cob, you have to go searching mirable, his visitor owned, but inimitable by about in waste places for it."

Mr. Yorke came in, and presently Mrs. Yorke, with a little sleep-mistiness hanging yet about her.

"Where have you been, auntie?" cried Ea- shall see that she follows your directions." gene Clevelaud, running to her. He had his hands full of dandeline curls, which he began hanging in her cars, having thus adorned the young ladies.

"I have been to the land where dreams "" Mr. Griffeth says that I am a little man." the child announced, with an air of consequence. The remark had been made an hour before, and was not yet forgotten. The lad sion." had indeed an exceedingly good opinion of

himself, and never forgot a word of praise. Clara called him to her. "You are no more a man," she said, "than potato balls he did not offend her. are potatoes."

illustrated copy of Maud Muller that lay at his the remark, he came back to her! "Cousin ask Father Basic's blessing."

Clars, do potato balla sver grow lato pota toes?" he saked anxious ly.
In the evening the Universalist deputation arrived, and took their minister away

moonlight verands to watch their visitor Doubtless it would have happened quiet so; down the avenue; "that man will marry one of the Yorke girls." of the Yorke girls."

Betsey considered the speedy marriage of

the young ladies a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Art should be true to nature when nature offered to his garden, and would not in any pre-Bapacite. I believe that the mission of case have halled the alliance of a minister with the familie. "Oh, bah! they wouldn't with the familie art is to restore the lost perfection of nature." Patrick was still smarting under the insults with the family. "Oh, bahi they wouldn't look at him!" he replied crossly. "A rogue of a minister, with his nose in the air!" "I have eyes in my head," said Betsey with

"And a bee in your bonnet," retorted the

man. Betsey went into the house, banged the door behind her, and began setting the kitchen to rights with great vigor. She swept up the hearth so fiercely that a cloud of ashes came out and rettled on the mantispiece, and put the chairs back against the wall with an

emphasis that made them rattle. Patrick put his head in at the door, prudently keeping his body out, and looked at upon his cross in peace." her with a deprecating smile. "Now, Betsey!" he said.

"You needn't speak to me again, to-night," she exclaimed, looking severely away from him. "You've said enough for one time." "And what have I said to you, Betsey?"

She faced him. "I wonder if in your country it is considered a compliment to tell a woman that she has a bes in her bonnet." she said. "Ah! is that where you are?" said Pat,

coming half into the room, "I never meant the least harm in life. And, sure, Betsey, did you ever see a bonnet, without a b?"

CHAPTER VIII. FATHER RACLE.

One summer morning, Mr. Yorke appeared at the breakfast-table with a very sour face. He was bilious, and he had not slept well. Even Hester's cooling ways failed to mollify

"Why, you are feverish paps," she said. "Your hand is hot and dry."

He moved his chair impatiently. "Yes your mother insisted on my taking charcoal instead of calomel, and I think she must have slily administered a lucifer-match with it; I radiate beat."

Mrs. Yorke took these complaints very quietly. She knew that nothing could be further from her husband's heart than to be dissatisfied with anything she did. "We were disturbed by the fearful noise,"she said quietly,

taking her place at the table.

Owen began to laugh. The Seaton "cast-iron hand" had been out the night before, the young man found himself very much

amused by it. "Do you like lawlessness, sir?" demanded

"That depends on what the law is," the son eplied pleasantly.

"Well, Bir, in this case it is the law of common decemoy, of respect for the clergy, and courtesy to strangers. Father Rasle, the Oatholic priest, came here yesterday, and that found themselves talking of personal matters Babel of cow-bells, and sleigh-bells, and mill-and family plans, especially those relating to saws, and tin trumpets, and worden drums. saws, and tin trumpets, and wooden drums, and I know not what else, was before his door. I call it a shameful outrage."

" So do I," Owen replied promptly. "I had no idea what it meant."

The young ladies all exclaimed indignantly; but Edith dropped her eyes and was silent. Theology was nothing to her, and as yet her faith had no life in it. She was deeply ashamed of that religion which all seemed to sooff at save those who tolerated it for her sake. Only ber promise kept her to it. That the voice of the people is not always, is very "Undoubtedly!" was the immediate resoldent the voice of Gcd, she could not be find that out, you must concentrate your sponse. "But you might save time by try-expected to know; neither could she be expowers, and that you hate to do. If this your wings in Eules before essaping your peoted to love that church which as yet she world were but a playground, then you would remove from him all dangerous acquaintandid not dream of forsaking the religion of every new beauty which calls you; but life is nicce might be captivated by some ineligible to her of the same nature as Mrs. Rowan's constancy to her drunken husband.

had heard priests spoken of in the street and sort of truth even for one without faith. by the school-children with contempt and reviling, and her impression was that they must be very disagreeable persons to meet. stand by it, never confessing to a doubt nor she must stand by the priest.

Father Rasle, being only a missionary there, bad no house in Seaton, but stopped with a decent Irish family. It was a poor failed, but never when you have tried weakly place, and the room in which he received or not at all. What the flatterers like in you no fine setting to show that he was that noblest object on earth, a Christian gentleman. His ago might have been a little over forty. and his manner was almost too grave and ultra-pagan. The infinite beauty is nione

Mr. Yorke presented his niece, and, before explaining their errand, apologized for the you seek beauty first, you will find to your insult that had been offered the priest the sorrow, possibly to your ruin, that it is often night before.

"Oll I certainly did not expect the honor of a seronade," said Father Rasle, laughing not expect me to be fond of vowels and con-pleasantly. "But, if it gratified them to sonants, or enamored of poly-syliables, give it, I am not in the least offended. It is, perhaps, a loss to me that I did not care ; for I might have derived some profit from the mortification. On the contrary, I own to a man should be. Discipline yourself, and you, sir, that I enjoyed that concert. It was tre most laughable one I ever heard."

Mr. Yorke looked at the sucaker in astonshment. Here was a kind of pride, it pride of suffering. it could be called, which he could not understand. In such choumstances, his own impulse would have been to shout his insuiters down instantly. What he despised he wanted to crush, to rid the earth of, to spare himself the sight of; what the priest despised he pitied, he wished to raise, to excuse, to spare God and the world the sight-of. It was ad-

Not being able to say any more on the sub. ject, he then stated Edith's case. "You will know what she needs," he concluded, "and I

The isther questioned his young catechumen and found her in a state of the most perfect ignorance. "The child is a heathen!" taking the harsh edge off the words. "She must study the ontechism—this little one and see how much of it she will have to say to me when I come here again in a month. I will then prepare her for her first confes-

liked him or not; she was only certain that field, was crying her eyes out over poor little

There was a little more talk, then Mr.

She knelt at once, for her mother's and her mote's sake, with a murmured, "Please to bless one, air". But when he had given the blessing laying his hand upon her head, and looking down into her face with that expression of serious sweetness she falt a dawning sense of reverence and confidence, and perceived dimiy some sacredness in him.

She went to Mass the next day in the little chapel that had been descerated. The ploture frames still hung on the walls, with the rags of the stations in them. There was nough left to show hew Christ the Lord had suffered, and this new insult was but a fresh. ening of the original text. Mr. Yorke sat on the pench beside his piece, and she stood, or knelt, or sat with the rest, not in the least understanding what it all meant, but impressed by the gravity and earnestness of those around her. When Mass was over, the priest, who hadseen them, sent for them into the sacristy. He had some books for Edith, and wanted to point out the lessons she was to learn first.

"And I have a present for you," he said. giving her an ormolu crucifiz, with a broken foot that showed marks of violence. "This is the cructfix that was torn from our tabernacie, I want you to keep it; and whenever you are called upon to suffer, and feel disposed to compl-in, look at this, and remember that our Lord was not even allowed to hang

She took the crucifix from his hand silently, and held it against her breast as she went out. She did not propose to endure suffering; she desired and looked for happiness; but something in this relic stirred her to a strange pity, mingled with anger. The idea that lay behind it was to her dim and vague; but, failing to grasp that, she would have defended with her life the symbol of that monstrous wrong and that heart breaking patience. Reaching home, she went directly to her own chamber and hung the crucifix beneath the picture of her father, then stood and looked at it awhile. There was a wish in her heart to do something-to offer some reparation to the real sufferer behind this image of pain She took it down, and pressed the rough edge against her bosom till the sharp points plerced the skin and brought a stain of blood. Then, hearing some one call her, she hastily replaced it, and brought as an ottering to it a precious bouquet of ribbon-grasses, that Carl had gathered that morning to fasten in her halr. She had meant to keep it because of some sweetness with which it was offered, but now she gave it up to that unseen Patience and Love. Her instinctive action proved that the feeling and precept of the church only sanctifies, but does not change the impulse of a pure and tender nature.

Meantime, the child was being discussed down stairs. "I observe that Edith has an inclination to stay slone a good deal," Mr. Yorke said, "and 1 do not wish to have that excouraged. It is not a wholesome dis-

"A vision!" concluded Mrs. Yorke, as Edith appeared, with the thoughts of the last few hours still in her eyes and on her

position. Her father was a visionary, her

mother was a visionary, and she is...."

lips. About that time, Carl received a letter from Miss Mills which he read many times. "You ask my advice," she wrote, "and you tell me that I known better than you know yourself. I would not claim so much as that, but I think I may tell you something more clearly than you yourself perceive it, or confirm you in some thought which you doubt or wish to doubt. As to your choice of a profession and staying in Seaton for the present, you might well try the experiment; but | persons of respectability and even of emi-I cannot express any great confidence as to the result. It is almost a disadvantage to you that your powers are se various. There are a good many things which, with application, you could do excellently; whether you have any specialty remains to be proved, and will be hard to prove; for, in order to had heard spoken of only by its enemies. She | have nothing to do but follow in the trail of | her mother; but her constancy to it seemed | earnest, and you must work, or you not only loss what you might accomplish, but you lose yourself. You are one of those whom the After breakfast, her uncle bade her dress to devil finds worth fighting for, and, lacking go with him to call on Father Rasie. She faith to your armor, you have all the more obeyed, though with a shrinking heart. She need of labor. Qui laborat orat, might have a

"Let me warn you against dangers: one is, that you may injured by flatterers. Not that But the religion was hers, and she must like fistery in itself, but it will scothe your painful sense of not having reached your allowing any one to reproach it unchalleng- own ideal. It will seem to you that your for some of their coings she was held respon-ed by her. And if she stood by the religion, best must have transpired at least, and that | sible; but the fact was that they laughed her you must have done better than you thought. Not so; receive that soothing praise only when you have striven bard, even though you Mr. Yorke and his niece was as humble is not your best, but your worst. They have as could well be imagined. But there needed no wish for you to rise above them; they praise you to keep you low.

"I warn you, too, against your excessive love for the beautiful, in which you are an worthy of the passion with which you seek truth. Seck truth first, and you will always be rewarded by the vision of beauty; but, if sorrow, possibly to your ruin, that it is often

but the mask of falsehood. " Lay aside some of your fastidiousness, my dear friend, and take up your life strongly with both hands. Do something, even if it should prove to be the wreng thing. Wrong work done honestly prepares us for right work. Strengthen your will, and be manly as you will escape much pain and loss of time, for, let me assure you, Carl, you need either an immensity of resolution or an immensity

"My lecture is done, and I am Minerva ro longer. My thoughts follow you with solicitude and indulgence. On the night after you leit, which you spent on the ses, I went to the quiet chapel near me, and placed you under the protection of Stella Maris. But life has waves and guils more fearful than those of the sea, and my prayers for you do not cease with the end of your journey.

"Look well at Robert Yorke's child, remembering what the story of my life is; and then, if you think that I could love her, kies her on the forehead for me, and tell her that I send a loving greeting."

Owen folded the letter and hid it in his bom. He, had been walking in the woods, perfect ignorance. "The child is a heathen?" and he returned thoughtfully homeward. The autumn—only a year longer! A second he said, in his odd, broken English, his smile afternoon was sultry and still. The low winter wore itself away—but tix months taking the harsh edge off the words. "She brooks hissed along like white flames, the left! and what you can have back again in must study the categorism—this little one mured, and the flowers hung wilted. All about the house was silent as he entered. Going through the kitchen he saw Betsey sitting in the northern window reading a Edith uttered not a word, except to answer novel. Betsey was the most romantic soul his questions. She was not sure whether she alive, and having got hold of David Copper-Dora, Passing on to the sitting room he found his father sitting asleep in a deep wicker He sobered instantly, and went about Yorke rose to go, cordially inviting the priest chair, a copy of Religio Medici lying open on bours are so long. You begin to fancy that his knee. The quiet tone of the book familiar | heat dilates time as well has metals. You Edith, he said, that you should kneel and by many readings, had fulled him into a say that it is just your luck that the only ask Father Basic's blessing."

| Edith, he said, that you should kneel and by many readings, had fulled him into a say that it is just your luck that the only pleasant slumber, and his hand had dropped time in the year when two months in success. on the contraction of the contract of the second of the contract of the second state of the contract of the co

with the finger pointing to a passage on which he had closed his eyes: "I love to lose myself

Owen, stepping noiselessly on. He paused at the foot of the stairs and listened. No sound came down. His sisters, in white wrappers, each with a pillow under her head, were lying on a cool matting in the north chamber, too much exhausted to talk. He went out into the portico and stood there a moment, seeing no one. They, turning, he beheld Edith asleep on a bench in the shadow of the vines, her arms thrown up over her head. Smilingly he approached her, literally to obey the command of his friend, and look well to see if his uncle's deserted mistress could leve his uncle's child. She was fair enough to love, for all the roughness of her former life had passed away. The bloom of the lily was in her face, warmed now to a rose by the heat, and her hair had a shine of

gold. "Dear little cousin," he said, "a friend of yours sends loving greeting."... She stirred, her face grew troubled, and she started up with a cry: 'Dlok, come back. I

did not mean to." She sighed on seeing Owen, "I was dream. ing that I had hurt Dick, and he was going

away angry," she said.
"Are you, then, so fond of him?" Carl asked, eating himself by her. "O Cari!" she said sarnestly, "you have no

idea how fond he is of me.' "And you of him, then, of course," said

"Why, of course!" she echoed, with a look of surprise. "If I were to do anything to Dick to make him unhappy I should never forgive myself, never! I have written him a letter to-day, and told him I want him to be

a Catholic. "You have!' said Carl with a faint smile. Do you think he will obey you?" "Oh! yes," she said confidently, "I told

him some good reasons why he should." "And may I ask what the good reasons vere, Edith?" was the smiling question.

"Why, in the first place, I want him to." "Excellent! laughed the young man. The doctors couldn't do better. Edith blushed deeply. "No; the good reasons were the reasons why I wanted him;

> CHAPTER IX. TWO YEARS AFTES.

to." she said.

A heavy heart is a wonderful assistant in scoulring repose of manner, it weighs so on the impulses and desires, and thus keeps them in order-fortunately for Mrs. Jane Rowan. On the whole, she behaved very well in her new situation, and did not fret herself nor the family too much. By the gentleman of the house and his daughter she was not treated as a hired servant, but as Mr. Williams' sister might have been treated, if he had had one to take care of his establishment. With the sister-in-law, Mrs. Bond. and the servants, it was otherwise. The former was one of those persons who merit pity, from the fact that they can never feel the delight of a generous emotion. She worshipped the guinea's stamp, but the preciousness of fine gold she knew not; for her, the guinea might as well have been made of copper. If she had been born to a service estate, she would have remained there, and adorned her position; but she had been associated with nence. The advantages of this association she showed in that the arrogance with which she treated her supposed inferiors was cold and quiet, and her subservience to her ac-

knowledged superiors had an air of personal

This woman's greatest fear was lest some one should marry her brother-in-law, in consequence of which she labored incessantly to CBB: her second som person, and the result was that every hovering monsieur and professor who assisted in educating the young woman was watched as if he had been a pick-pocket, Helen Williams used to complain bitterly to the housekeeper of this espionage, and Mrs. Bond used as strenuously to invoke the all of the housekeeper in watching; so that the unfortunate woman was between two fires, and scorched pro and con. But the great trial of her life was the servants. Over these potentates she was supposed to exercise some authority, and for some of their doings she was hold responto scorn. As to commanding them, Mrs. Rowan would as soon have thought of commanding the lancers or the cadets, and indeed the lancers or the cadets would quite as soon have thought of obeying her. But through all these mean annoyances, thanks to sorrow, the quieter, she walked with a gentle palience which saved her from serious hurt.

Happily, the person on whom her fortunes most depended put her quite at ease in his regard. Mr. Williams was moderately kind, not expressively polite, and did not scruple o make her useful. He had also certain habits which soothed her senses of inferiority, since she did not consider them polite : he reached across the table sometimes in a shocking manner to help bimself, he boited his food when he was in haste, he smoked & pipe in the sitting room without asking leave, and, while smoking, habitually assumed a position contrary to the apparent intention of nature, by placing his feet higher than his head. There were times when the housekeeper dared to think that she was almost as much a lady as Mr. Williams was a gentleman. But she liked him all the better for his deficiencies. She liked him, too, for the interest he took in her son.

In the fall, Mr. Williams and Major Cleaveland had entered into partnership, and onlarged their shipping interests, and the former had said to Mrs. Bown of Dick, "If the boy continues to do well, we must give him a Bblp." The mother's heart boat high. In two

years Dick would come back, and then perhaps Mr. Williams would remember his promise. That her son would deserve such favor she never doubted. Young Mr. Rowan had the power of inspiring any one who knew him with entire confidence. So the mother set herself to endure and count away the months to the coming home of her son. The winter melted, and spring came—six months neares! The summer growed, and grew chilly into branches drooped over the birds that mur. six months, you touch a ready. Six months in only twenty four weeks; and while you are counting thom, the four bave slipped away. What signifies five months? One sleeps through nearly a third of them, which leaves three mouths of conscious waiting, Hearts do not count fractions, Three months -and now they begin to drag. It is July, and that month has so many days, and the days have so many hours in them, and the

sion have thirty-one days should be precise this time. Good by to July! I would have in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an O spoken you more courteously, O month o altitude!" From that the reader had gone of the spoken you more courteously, O month of altitude!" From that the reader had gone and me. Not Castar's self may do at the spoken you more courteously, O month of the spoken you more courteously. in a mystery, as purposed in a mystery of sleep with a smile out into the mystery of sleep with a smile lingering on his face.

Two months now; but much ma happen in that time: kingdoms hav been lost and won in less. Fade, (summer flowers for ye can bloom again when love its dead. Hasten, O fruith autumn! and bring the harvest long waited for. The weeks grow less, and only one i left; but you dere not rejoice; so much may happen in a week Days roll round with a audible jar, as if you heard the earth buzz on ber axis, and only one is left. O God! bot much may happen in a day! The pendulun much may napped to a may have pendulum swings entangled in your heart-strings, the minutes march like armed men. Merding Father! hearts have broken in a minute. Yes Father! hearts have proken in a minute. Yet but hearts that were sinking have grown glad in a minute, shall grow glad, Deo volente.

The terrible if that held his skeleton fuger up before the face of your hops, that drove the face of your hops, that drove the face of your hops. sleep from your eyes, that weighed upon you ceaselessly, shall fade to a shadow, and the shadow shall disappear in sunshino—Deal volente la servicio de la companya del companya de la companya del companya de la companya de la

The sea was smooth—perhaps the prayers of the mother had smoothed it; the sky was or the mother have been for that mother's sake; and one blessed tide that came running up the harbor, ripple after ripple falling of the shore like breathless messengers, brough a ship in from the East with a precion freight for the owners, and for Mrs. Rowan freight more precious than if the ship had been piled for her mast-high with gold,

A young man's handsome bronzed face looked eagerly through the rigging, and saw a carriage drawn up close to the wharf, a man standing beside the open door of it, and a woman's pale face leaning out. The pale face turned red as he looked, and his metier's hands were stretched toward him.

"O Dick! my own boy!" "Jump right in and go home with your mother," said Mr. Williams. "I want to see the captain."

And this reminds us that we are before our story, baveral notable incidents had coourse in Mrs. Rowan's life before that happy day. One was that, on the first of September, jus a month before, Mr. Williams had asked her to be his wife. The two were sitting to-gether after tea, Helen having gone to a con. cert with her aunt. Mrs. Rowan was benming handkerchies for Mr. Williams, and thinking of Dick, wondering where he was and what he might be doing just at that mo ment, and Mr. Williams was glancing over the Evening Post, and thinking of himsel and his companion.

(To be continued.)

Assinic and quinine are not desirable com modities to carry about in one's system, and it is to be hoped that these poisonous sgu remedies have had their day. Ayer's Ago Cure is a sure antidote for the Ague, and a malarial fevers, and is perfectly harmles leaving the system in as good condition before the disease was contracted.

A friend of the family brought young Crichte a game of Patience. The youngster did not seen to be enchanted with the present, however, he thanked the giver and said: "It is really for me is it?" "Certainly, my boy," "I can do whi I like with it?" "Of course." "Well, I will sell it to you for ten cents.

Palpitation of the beart, nervousness tremblings, nervous headache, cold hand and feet, pain in the back, and other forms weakness are relieved by Carter's Iron Pill made especially for the blood, nerves at complexion.

The London Truth says there are rumors in piocess of time Prince Albert Victor, elde son of the Prince of Wales, will be advised a select as his wife the Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg, daughter of the King and Que of the Belgians. The Princess is now only years old, and the young Prince six years olds.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

For Wakefulness. DR WM. P. CLOTHIER, Buffalo, N. Y says: "I presoribed it for a Catholic price who was a hard student, for wakefulness, e treme nervousness, etc., and he reports it he been of great benefit to him."

Some cannon were recently made at Lille much less than ordinary weight, but the bree after being cast was carefully wound round wi with a protection of rubber. It is thought it the tenacity of the silk will be even greater th

that of the steel, with much greater elasticit LETTER FROM MEMBER OF CONGRE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

Washington, D. C., Feb. 19th, 1882. Gentlemen-Euclosed find one dollar, a will you send me some of N. H. Downs' Vege able Balsamic Elixir, by express. I have bad cold, as has almost everyone else her but cannot find the Elixir, which I use in quently at home, and consider a most valable medicine; in fact, the very best remed for a cough that I ever used.

Very truly yours, WILLIAM W. GROUT. To HENRY, JOHNSONS & LOED, Burlington, 1 Downs' Elixir is sold by all Druggie throughout Causda.

"After we had followed him awhile," the off cer said, "he tumbled to us." "That is a professional phrase that I don't know the meaning of," said the Court, ingeniously. "You will have to make it clear to the jury." Well, mean he caught on to us." "Caught on! "Yes; that is, he—well he piped us." "Yo mean that he discovered you, I suppose," said the District Attorney. "That's it," said the officer, with an expression of relief; "we turn bled that we were on to him."

Holloway's Pills and Ointment .- Diseases Women .- Medical science in all oges h been directed to alleviate the many maked incident to females, but Prof. Holloway, diligent study and attentive observation,w induced to believe that nature had provid a remedy, for those special diseases. Hels after wast research, succeeded in competit ing his celebrated Pills and Ointment, which embody the principle naturally designed the relief and cure of disordors peculiar women of all ages and constitutions, wheth residing in warm or cold climates. The have repeatedly corrected disordered fund tions which have defied the usual drugs pre cribed for such cases; and still more ratiofal tory is it that the malady is relieved com pletely and permanently.

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