# THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

#### MARINE DISASTERS.

2

COLLISION OF THE DRACONA WITH AN ICE-BERG.

HALIFAX, N. S., May 20.—The new steel Thompson line steamer Dracona, 2.300 tons, Capt. Sangater, arrived to day from Charente. On Saturday at midnight she crashed into an iceberg while going at the rate of ten knots an hour. Her stem was smashed from the sixteen-foot mark up to the main deck and the plates twisted around to the starboard side, leaving a gaping hole nine fect wide. The bow was broken clean through to the bulkhead, and shows the great force of the collision and the wonderfully narrow escape of the ship. The Dracona has a cargo of fruit and liquors, from Charente, for Halifax and Montreal. She passed the first iceberg on Saturday morning on the Banks of Newfoundland

#### LOSS OF THE ANNA CHRISTINA

QUEBEC, May 20-The Norwegian barque, Anna Christina, from Cork, April 20th, bound for Quebec, on May 7th dashed on heavy ice, opened out, filled and sank almost immediately. The crew put provisions in the boat and barely escaped when the barque keeled over and sank. The crew were eighteen hours in the boat, then 300 miles from Cape Race, when a large three-masted black funnel, red band steamer approached. Signals of distress were made, but the steamer passed unheedingly by. A few hours afterwards the French ship Cornelius Stokern hove in sight, bore down on the ship, rescued the crew and lauded them at St. Pierre

#### THE BARQUE MOEN CRUSHED,

The barque Orion, Captain Mathieson, which arrived in port from Havre last night brought the captain and part of the crew of the Danish barque Moen which foundered in the ice, while on a voyage to Quebec. Captain Juul makes the following statement regarding the disaster: The Moen left Elsinore for this port in the beginning of April, the vessel being in ballast. All went well till May 1st, when in lat. 46 N., long. 41 W., at 7.30 p.m., during thick weather, the vessel collided with an immense iceberg towering out of the water as high as the ship's masts, The ship having become firmly jammed in the berg, the boats were got out to save life. Twelve men got into the first boat, which was speedily carried out of the vessel's reach. As six more of the crew still remained, another boat was got ready, but was at once smashed and filled. Matters had begun to look serious for those on the vessel, when the first boat managed to get within heaving distance and a line was thrown to her and hauled alongside. Then the remainder of the crew succeeded in getting on board, with the exception of Johann Robt, a native of Denmark, who was lost. The captain himself, who was the last to leave the vessel, had a very narrow escape, heing precipitated into the water and carried down a considerable depth, losing consciousness. They were picked up and kindly treated by the Norwegian ship Helgia, of Lonsberg. They were subsequently divided and transferred to the Moen and barques Magdalena and Agatha, and all arrived here last night.

### A GHASTLY DISCOVERY,

NEW YORK, May 20 .- Early this morning Louis Francis, a Frenchman, living on 10th avenue, was arrested while on his way to the river, bearing on his back a bag containing the mutilated corpse of a woman. The body was doubled up and in almost a nude condition. There were ghastly wounds about the head and also on the trunk from which the blood had flown and congealed. Francis declared the corpse was that of his wife, and that she had died a natural death, and being without the means necessary to defray | previous evening. the expenses of a funeral, he had conceived the idea of carrying the corpse to the river and throwing it in. The officer refused to accept the explanation, and directed the Frenchman to accompany him to the police

STRUCK BY TWO YOUNG SAVAN NAHIANS.

Yesterday it was developed that one fifth of ticket No. 59,075, in The Louisiana State Lottery, in the drawing of April 14th, was purchased by two young men of Savannah, Messre. John W. Haywood and L. M. Verdery, who have secured for fifty cents each the handsome sum of \$7,500. They are clever, worthy young gentlemen, and have congratulations upon their fortune.-From the Savannah Evening Times, April 19th.

A music expert says only 1 man in 1,000 can whistle a tune.

## A GOVERNMENT SHERIFF.

Mr. Edward L. Green, Sheriff, Auckland, New Zealaud, writes :-- "I received an injury to my shoulder in Jane, 1882, and from that date until July, 1883, I could not use my arm. I applied to medical men and used all sorts of liniment, without any benefit. I have great pleasure in stating I had occasion to use St. Jacobs Oil for it, and I had not used it more than ten minutes before I felt the beneficial effect, and I can work with my saw or spade as well as ever I did, and recom mend it to any one suffering pain."

An Englishman has offered a prize of \$2,-500 "for the invention or discovery of an economical, efficient and safe substitute for gunpowder and other explosives employed in the getting of coal."

## DAIRY MEN GETTING RICH.

Progressive dairymen, who are only satisfied with the best results, are adding to their wealth and conferring a benefit on society by the rapid improvements they are making in the art of butter-making. This class use Wells & Richardson's Improved Butter Color, and know by actual test that it fills every claim made for it.

-Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound strengthens the stomach and kidneys and aids digestion. Is equally good for both sexes,

The grasshopper plague is assuming alarming proportions in California.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use.

There is more railway travel in Massachusetts than any other state in the Union. If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Extermin-

ator ; safe, sure and effectual. According to the London Times the price of diamonds has steadily fallen from \$15 to

\$3.75 per karat. THE LAWS OF THE MEDES AND PERSIANS were not more immutable than those of nature. If we transgress them we suffer. Some times, however, we break them inadvertent-Damages frequently take the form of ly. Dyspepsia, Constipation and Biliousuces, which can be easily repaired with Northrop

& Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the Great Blood Purifier and renovator of the system.

Prussia has now 17,659,114 adherents of the Evaugelical Church, 9,220,329 Roman Catholics, and 357,554 Jews.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. Is composed of two of the most valuable remedies in the department of medicine for the cure of Consumption, Scrofula, and all wasting conditions of the body.

A Tennessee Justice of the Peace some years ago fined himself \$10, and paid it, for having inpulged too freely in stimulants the

H. Gladden, West Shefford, P.Q., writes: For a number of years I have been afflicted all would vanish; but I should peep from my with rheumatism. Two years ago I was at- | concealment behind a curtain somewhere and and in memory severely. I suffered a great deal see the movements of their dance, and per-of pain, from which I was not free for a day, natit last spring, when I began to use Dr. Would not that be delightful, Mr. There were times and moods when in soher ourse.

CAMIOL A GIRL WITH A FORTUNE. BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

[Now FIRST PUBLISHED].

Author of "Miss Misanthrope," "Maid of Athens," &c.

CHAPTER VI.-FUANTONS AND SHADOWS.

"The dark old place will be gilt by the gold of a millionaire." Mrs. Pollen was spending her gold freely enough; but not so much to gild the dark old place as to bring anew the splendour of its ancient gilding. She did not hope to have the old place completely renovated in time for what might be called its housewarming. The entrance hall, the staircase, two large rooms, and two or three smaller apartments were the utmost objects of her present designs. The teas, the suppers, the wines, and the at-tendants, were to be imported straightway from a great West-end caterer, and all that was asked of Fitzurse House was that it should furnish a decent casket for the reception of the company and the feast. All the old designs and ornaments were carefully and skilfully brought out anew on walls and roofs. Shepherdenses with sheep, pastors with gilded crooks, which had been hidden for generations in dust and soot began to 'simper out upon the living world once more. Goddesses whose nudity had long been concealed by the protecting web of the modest spider, shone forth again upon the day naked and not ashamed. Ancient tapestries shook off their dust and displayed their dismal imitations of the painter's art. Lights burnt all through the right in Fitzurse House, and the once deserted chambers resounded unceasingly to the work of the busy carpenters, and upholsterers, and renovators. People who had beeu passing up the river every night of their lives in the late steamers without knowing there was such a place in existence 85 Fitzurse House, now stared in wonder at the windows whose light streamed across the water. They could hardly believe their eyes, and asked in amazement what place that was, and why it was lighted up now, having never been lighted up before. The popular mind of Fitzurseham was nearly as much astonished and agitated as the mind of the Sultan in Aladdin's story when he weke up one morning and saw the palace of his son in law standing in all but perfect completion just opposite his own. "I should like to spend a whole night

said Mrs. Pollen one evening to her here.' aithful henchman, Christian Pilgrim.

"Yes, madame," the faithful henchman said, and he inclined his head in the attitude of one who deferentially awaits explanation. He was in the nabit of spending every night in the house, and had been so for many years, and it did not seem to him to be an experience likely to have great interest for the outsiders.

"I mean when the workmen were all gone; and no one was in the house but myself ; not even you, Mr. Pilgrim. I feel sure that after the darkness had set in all around, and in the house as well-for I shouldn't have any lights of myown-I should find the place illuminated with the mild beams of innumerable wax candles, and should see a stately company filling the freat rooms and crowding the staircases, and flirting in the corners and corridors. would come to the doors in They noiseless carriages; and the gentlemen would wear gorgeous full-bottomed wigs and carry swords, and the ladies would have yast hoops and patches, and would play with their fans after the most coquettish fashion described by The Spectator. I should not dare to mingle with such a company, for if they saw me

for the sake of the reading, which was the best of life to him. He found himself once laid up with illness in a provincial town, and the daughter of the woman in whose house he lodged nursed him and was kind to him, and she was a pretty girl-a sort of pretty girl; and he felt grateful to her, and thought he was in love with her. He married her, and soon found that he had mar-ried a worthless little creature with a shrewish tongue and an insatiable thirst for flattery and flirtation. There was no harm in her, however, he thought, and he put up with her ways and was a good husband to her and worked barder for her than ever to keep her in dress and in little comforts, and he spent every spare moment with her, although they had not two ideas in common. They had children, but the children all died, and the home was very lonely. It was made more lonely still and dreary for him when his wife's mother came and lived with them. The mother and daughter incessantly quarreled, and used to insist on his hearing out the whole story of each successive quarrel. Once the mother lost her self-control and her sense of decency so far as to make a vile charge against her own daughter in the presence and to the face of that daughter's husband. The mother screamed out that the daughter had been badly conducted long before she married Pilgrim. Upon this he insisted that the mother must leave his house at once and for ever ; and he had his way. He never saw her again. He never spoke one word to his wife concerning her mother's odious statement. Whether he believed there was any foundation for it or not his wife never knew. Certainly her manner was for ever after more to all appearance not unhappily. At last the wife died ; and he was sorry for her ; sorry for himself ; for his loneliness ; for his lost youth; for her wasted youth and barren life ; sorry when he thought of what she might have been under different conditions. Perhaps he would have been less sorry if he could have leoked back on her with pure unalloyed affection ; if she could have remained in his memory as the ideal wife of his youth, if he could have thought of his married years with sweet and tender regret. After a while his regrets, such as they were, settled down to a mere sediment at the bottom of his life's quict pool. He awake to the perception of the fact that he was now a prematurely old man ; that the time of youth had long since gone by, and that he never had been young. He was forty-four years old, and looked still older than that. The world had nothing more for him, he thought ; all was over but

the dying; it did not matter when that came. After a while, however, he became conscious

of a strange bewildering sensation growing stronger and stronger within him. It was as if in late autumn the sap were to flow anew in some withered branch and quicken it into the vitality of spring once more and out of time. He found that his heart was still young ; still full of youth's most exquisite feeling; was capable of love, was longing and straining for love. He know now that he never had loved before, and he felt, with something like terror in the feeling, that he was certain to fall in love. It was the strangest sensation, this lighting up of late passion in premature old age. Well he knew that there was no human creature in all the land or in all the world that loved him, or was likely to leve him. He was sensitive to an almost extravagant degree, and he trembled at the absurdity of the position in which he might be placed if his passion were to take shape, were to centre itself in some one woman—he at his time of life to fall in love and let his folly be seen ! Sweet, poetic, and charming in a Cherubim is the sentiment that yearns to be in love with some woman, any woman, to be in love for the sake of being in love. But oh, how unspeakably ridiculous it would be in an ancient or even an elderly Dr. Bartole ! There were times when

Another change was caused by the frequent visits of Kitty Romont's son. Bertie Romont was of inestimable value in helping Lady Letitis and Mrs. Pollen in everything. It must shan't be not be supposed that the Lisles limited their he said. exertions on behalf of the poorer people of Fifzürseham to the getting up of bazaars and concerts. They went about incessantly, sometimes all day long, among the worst of the dans and lairs where poverty is transfigured by daily friction into vice. Many a time good spirits, and hopefulness with Albert Romont confronted every difficulty lighter duties of charity and beneficence belonged to them ; and therefore Romont saw comparatively little of them. His first conversation with Camiola began somewhat oddly. Lady Letitia and he and the young women were bustling about doing something connected somebody who was to volunteer every service, and without giving himself a moment to think about what he was doing he called out, "Camiola, Camiola?" in ringing tenor that all too soon reached Camiola's ears. She had left Lady Letitia for a moment to talk to Georgie Lisle, who seemed to her to look rather lonely on the lawn. Lady Letitia saw her and wanted her back; for various reasons, Camiola ran across the lawn and sprang in at quiet and self-restrained and conciliating to the low window which was open. Girls do him than it had been before. They lived on, not always look well, and as she sprang lightly into the room she was a living picture of youth and active womanhood. She had hardly noticed who called her, until she saw Roment's embarrassed face. He then became aware that "Camiola" was none other than Miss Sabine, the young lady with the large fortune.

"I am sure I beg your pardon a thousand times," he said ; "I really didn't know at the moment ; I didn't stop to think." Camiola was a little vexed. For a moment

her usually sweet temper gave way.

"Perhaps you thought you were calling Lady Letitia's maid," she said saucily, and giving him a defiant look. "I didn't think anything ; and I beg your

pardon again."

"My name is Miss Sabine," said the young lady. "He is presumptuous," she thought to herself, "because he is Kitty Romont's son-whoever Kitty Romont is--and because he knows that I am not of Kitty Romont's class."

"She is a self-conceited, purse-proud young woman," he thought, "and I understand her His composure was quite restored. now."

"Your name isn't Miss Subine, it you come to that," he said, good-humoredly. "'Miss' isn't a name, so for as I undersand. It is a title, I suppose."

"I have nothing to do with titles," Carri-ola answered. "I am a plebeian; but I am called Miss Sabine all the same," and at the same moment she said to her own heart. " if I were called a fool now for going on in this way I should very well derive that title." She was angry with herself and therefore

angry with Romont. "What are you two talking about ?" Lady Letitia asked.

"Miss Sabine is vowing eternal enmity to me because I called her Camiola. Won't you protect me. Lady Letitia?"

"I think you are very well able to protect yourself. But why did you call her Camiola, she doesn't like it ?"

"I didn't know who Camiola was." "That makes it worse," said Camiola.

"So it does," said Lady Letitia. "But you will forgive him, dear, won't you ; and he

must never call you Camiola again." "Never again-hear me swear," Romon' declared gravely. Camiola inclined her head, He was laughing at her, she thought ; and she also thought it served her right.

lawn; Mr. Lisle presently came hurrying

1.1.

after them. "I am going for a ride with Romont; I shan't be more than an hour if anybody calls,"

"My dear," said Lady Letitia, " if I were you I wouldn't ride with Mr. Romont ; he looks so well on horseback."

Lady Lotitia was very fond of her husband and had always been an excellent helpmate to him. But she nevertheless liked to chaff Lady Letitia confessed that her heart would him in a certain good humored way, and have sunk within her from sheer despair if it, would even turn him into ridicule before his were not for the never failing courage and face without thinking any harm or supposing which that she was detracting in any way from the reverence due to his position in the church. The young women did not take did look well on horseback; his legs did not take bound bound of the seem to take hold. He was fond of the seem to take hold. He was fond of the seem to take hold. and other genteel and innocent games, but he played very badly and put people out. He was fond of talking with bright, elever girls, and Lady Letitis frequently disturbed and bewildered him by laughingly insisting that he was carrying on a flirtation. Lady Letitia had had the good or bad fortune to have a with the grand event of the approaching fes-tivities. Lady Letitia suddenly said, "Where is Camiola ? Somebody call Camiola." Now well, and whose clothes always looked well Romont had accustomed himself to be the on them; and she could not resist the temptation now and then to contrast their ways with the ways of her husband. Moreover, Lady Letitia came of a great old family, rich with titles since ever so long before the Conqueror, while her husband's father was the first peer of the name and got his peerage because he had been a dull and successful lawyer whom it was convenient for his party to turn into a Lord Chancellor. The well assured conviction which Lady Letitia so often expressed. that the days of aristocracy in England were over, did not by any means prevent her from feeling and often giving atterance to a pride in the knowledge that she came of a really aristocratic family, not one of whom had ever known what it was to earn a living.

"Oh, I don't mind," Mr. Lisle sa'd, "So long as one doesn't fall off what matter how he looks – at any time of life."

"I don't think Romont rides particularly well," said George. "I should like to see how he would look on acamel."

h hw he would for k on acamel." "You may be sure he has ridden camels scores of times, George," said Mr. Lisle, "At the Zoo, perhaps," George suggested. I should like to see him gallop a camel his

these Bedouin fellows do, and then turn the can el right round when at the very top ofhis speed. I should like to see him do that." "Can you do that, Georgie, dear ?" asked little Alice, gazing on her brother with even

of wonder and admiration. "That isn't the question, Alice ; we were not talking about what I could do; but what he could do."

"Well, he can do a great many things, Lady Letitia said ; "that's certain. So could his mother, Kitty Romont; before she be-came Hitty Romont. When we were at school she could do everything and I couldn't do anything. Goodness gracious, what a stupid girl I was !"

"Perhaps she has changed, too," said the Rector.

Lady Letitia smiled at the delicately in sinuated compliment to the more matured condition of her own intellect.

"I am very much disappointed with Mr. Romont," Janette said, and she shook her little grave head with the air of one whese former idol is so utterly broken that it would not be worth while even to try to pick up the pieces.

George looked gratefully at his sister. "Why disappointed, Janette ?" her father

asked. "Because he is not enthusiastic. He

doesn't seem to have one thrill of what I call enthusiasm in himf; he doesn't believe n the greatness of the present age ; he has no real sympathy with its noblest hopes. He does not believe in the coming of a time when all class distinctions and social distinctions are to be levelled, and men and women are to be brothers and sisters. I was much more

impressed by Mr. Walter Fitzurse." "Oh, well, Fitzurse," Mr. Lisle said hastily; "He's a good-looking young fillow

station. He again shouldered the bag and bore the corpse to the station. He was placed under arrest, and steps will be taken to investigate the supposed crime. Francis is 37 years of age. Later-It has been ascertained that the

woman was not Francis' wife, but his mistress. Her name was Selina Fehot. She was 38 years old and has a son 18 years of age who lives in Boston. Francis has worked for some time in the marble yard. Three months ago the courle moved into the apartments where the crime was committed. His three rooms were comfortably furnished and neatly kept. Both were persons in appearance above the average in the neighborhood, but both drank freely of beer, the man often to excess. They quarrelled frequently.

## AN INDIAN AGENT IN YARKAND.

CALCUTTA, May 18.-The Indian government has decided to send Mr. Carey, a member of the British civil service, to Yarkand, in Chinese Turkestan. It is believed Carev's mission has relations to the possible importance of the relations of Kashgar in Chinese Turkestan in the event of war with Russia, aud it is thought he may arrange preliminary steps for an Anglo Chinese alliance.

#### CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, May 18 .- Secretary Manning has called the attention of collectors of customs to the fact that a large quantity of goods manufactured in Europe have been imported from Canada at ports on our northern frontier, which were invoiced in Canada at original European values, and which passed at our custom houses without any addition being made to raise the invoice prices to the market values of goods in the markets of Canada.

#### Young Men!-Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIO BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIAN-CES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Com-plete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thir ty days trial is allowed. Write them at .nc for illustrated pamphlet free, 22G

The married women of Flushing, L. I. have organized a vigilance committee for the purpose of meting out punishment to all husbands who spend their evenings away from home.

Mesers. Mitchell & Platt, druggists, London, Ont., write December, 1881 : We have seid Dr. Thomas' Eclectric' Oil since its first introduction, and we can safely say no medicine on our shelves has had a larger sale, or gives better satisfaction. We always feel safe in recommending it to our customers. \*.\*

#### ANTI-CATHOLIC DEMONSTRATION.

Another anti-Roman Catholic demonstration occurred at Bay Roberts on Sunday, The house of William Daley, a leading Caliblic, was almost demolished by stones. Several Catholic boys and men were assaulted on the way to church. The Orange ringleaders were

Thomas' Eelectric Oil, and I rejoice to say it Pilgrin?" "Not for me, madame. I should have no

Two hundred years ago there was a fish in the Arabian seas so large that the natives sawed it into planks, which they used to make roofs for their houses.

Puny, sickly, fretfal dolldren, are very trying to the potience of all who have the care of them, and in the majority of cares the fretfulness arises from a weak and emaclated condition of the body, caused by the drain on the constitution during the period of teething, or the rapid growth of childhood, in such cases give Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion according to directions, and---or the advice of your Physician.

An infidel colony in Missouri, after five years' experience, is falling to pieces. The people are continually wrangling, and "1's a wise child that knows its own father" in that town.

Mr. T. C. Berchard, public school teacher, Norland, writes :-- " During the fall of 1881 I was much troubled with Biliousness and Dyspepsia, and part of the time was unable to attend to the duties of my prefession. Nor-throp & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was recommended to me, and I have much pleasure in stating that I was entirely cured by using one bottle. I have not had an attack of my old complaint since, and have gained fifteen pounds in weight."

"Some like it hot, some like it cold, some like it in the pot nine days old." Thus runs the song about peas porridge, which is not often found on a modern bill of fare. Our porridge, the much abused oatmeal, is improved, according to a scientific writer, by keeping in closed jars several days before using. It is sweetened by the formation of sugar, while the fibrous material is softened.

Mr. C. P. Brown, Crown Land Agent, Ste. Marie, writes :- " Two or three of my friends and myself were recommended to try Northrop & Lyman's Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, in preference to Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. We prefer your Emulsion, and think it better for the system than the Syrup," &c,

Invalids who depend upon cod liver oil to sustain their vital forces should, be careful to get a pure article. Cotton seed oil is now doing for the cod liver product what it long since accomplished in the matter of olive oil.

In this country the degrees of heat and cold are not only various in the different seasons of the year, but often change from one extreme to the other in a few hours, and as these changes cannot fail to increase or dimi-nish the perspiration, they must of course affect the health. Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood. quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. In such cases use Bickle's Anti-Consamptive Syrup. An Obio scientist says the current of Lake Erie has an effect upon the adjacent shores to make the spring season from two to four weeks earlier at Toledo than at Buffalo.

sympathy with these courtly shadows; I should feel that they would never have cared for me ; and they would only drive away my own special shadows and phantoms which people the place for me."

" What shadows are these, Mr. Pilavim, if I may ask ? I don't want to know if you don't had been in his youth or his prime. Somequite wish to tell me."

She was always unaffected, always herself,

wanted to know. Shadows of youth, and-

"And of beauty, Mr. Pilgrim ? Why not ?

" And of beautiful people, madame ; and of friends, and of children, and of honorable ambition gratified, and of affectionate hoj es realized. All that sort of thing." "Mr. Pilgrim, were you ever young?"

He shook his head and answered gravely,

Never, madame, never." "Then you must have your youth before you--the best of your life I mean. Take my word for it, the best is to come. You are

young enough in years, and I am sure there s a good time coming for you yet. There isn't for me : but that's a different thing. I had my chances, and I didn't make anything of them: but I don't find from what you tell me, and what I guess, that you ever had a chance at all. Now I am sure you deserve better than this; and so I feel good hope that you will have it. Anyhow, you said the first day I spoke to you that you had only one friend in the world, didn't you-the time when Albert Romont came in ?"

"I did, madame."

"Could you say that now?"

He was for a moment hardly able to speak ; out of very gratefulness ; his lips moved spasmodically. At last he said :

"I believe-I know that I have a friend in you, madame, a true friend; and I thank heaven-and you."

" Come," she said, in a cheerful tone, "that is something. You see things are improving. Better things will come for you, I am sure. You will grow young : and you will fall in love ; and you will find happiness, perhaps, when, where, and how you least expect it. Weil, I am going now ; I shall be back early in the morning. I leave you to your phantoms for the present; but I hope they will begin soon to vanish and give place to substances, to good things, hope realized and all that."

Mrs. Pollen had seen the expression that passed over Pilgrim's face when she talked of his fatting in love and she augured well for it. She was thinking of the pretty girl to whom he taught shorthand. "I don't see why that should not be brought about," she said to herself.

Pilgrim had spoken truly to Mrs. Pollen. He had never been young; at least, he had never been a young man. He had been first a child, and then an elderly man. Boybood and youth he had not known. He had crossed their frontier lines unconsciously, as one asleep traverses a country in a railway train et night. The years which ought to have heen boyish he had commed in working the bare idea of its being and that she had hard for his living and in studying with pas- soused her position as the caretaker of a girl sionate zeal meanwhile, rising unnaturally of fortune by trying to make a match be-carly and sitting up unnaturally late tween the heiress and her son.

seriousness he wished he were safely dead. It was as if a living soul were to be imprisoned in a dead body thus to feel the emotions of youth, the emotions that his youth had never

Pilgrim could have cursed himself for the ex-

istence of this feeling which was day by day

known, thus ilushing the feeble veins of age, Feeble ! Was he feeble ! More than once he grimly tested his strength and found that he was physically stronger now than he ever times he said to himself impetuously, "I am not old : I will not admit that I am old. After all, I am not yet quite forty-fivewhen speaking to Mr. Pilgrim. "Shadows, madame, of all the pcople, that is not old. Why shouldn't I fall and things I have not known and always in leve, and marry again if I like, and if I can find any one to love me?" This thought always brought him back to his sober self and made him smile bitterly at his outbreak of folly. He looked in the glass and saw his white hair, his grey beard, his deep lined and bloodless face, his stooping shoulders, and he asked himself, "what woman on cartle could think of me as anything butan old man? I must only grin and bear it," he said. "Iam old and I never was young ; I am unlike the Psalmist in that respect at all events." He went about like a man with a terrible secret. The sight, the name, the thought of a woman

frightened him : in the approach of any woman there was a possible discovery of his weakness and an exposure of him to the ridicule which it deserved. For he saw only too clearly that it did deserve ridicule ; he ridiculed it himself with quite merciless deliberate scorn. . He analyzed his own folly with chill, unsparing study; he did not leave one scrap or rag of self-delusion to cover. He left it naked and ashamed. But it would not be of shame. It lived and thrived and grew stronger day by day. His only hope was that the woman, the

one woman, might never come. & Meantime some changes had taken place in the domestic life of the Lisle family. Young George, St. George Lisle had come home, and he had been wounded. He had had a thrust of an Arab spear in the neck ; he got it, not in one of the big encounters, but in a sudden and casual skirmish. It was not a very bad business in itself, but George Lisle was never a robust youth, and his commander thought it better to send him home. Home he came, having managed to con-cual from his people any knowledge of what had happened until he was able to show himself in bodily presence among them, and thus assure them that he had not any daugerous hurt. He was, of course, the hero and the idol of his mother and his sisters; of all the girls in fact. Camiola petted him and attended to him just as de-

votedly as either of the other two girls. He was, in appearance, like his sister Janette : he was not much taller, or, to all outward seeming, much stronger than she. His mother watched him with a tender anxiety, different from that of anyone else, un-known to anyone else, She kept all her thoughts on this subject even from her husband ; but sho did in her heart wish, oh, so fervoatly, that her son had not come back to his home and his country until Camiola Sabine had got safely married and out of the way. She did not believe he was at all the sort of man with whom Camiola would be likely to fall in love ; she dreaded his falling in love with Camiola, and she shuddered at

The incident was not quite ride, according the French phrase. When Camiola afterwards went back to Georgie Lisle she found him very angry.

"Why do you allow that man to call you

by your name?" he asked pettishly. "I don't allow him, he did it in mistake without thinking. But he will not do it again."

"I detest him," said George, emphatic ally.

"But, Georgie, my dear boy, every one likes him. He is a splendid fellow, although

he did call me Camiola by mistake." "I don't see anything splendid about him. What has he done? Disguises himself as a house painter, I believe ; nothing very great in that, surely.

"But you must remember what he did in for.

"Did it to get talked about, I dare say. He seems mad with self-conceit."

"Oh, come now, Georgie, I don't think he is self-conceited at all. You are very unfair to him."

"I think it is you who are unfair; you seem to adore the man ; all of you, I mean. "I never saw you so unreasonable or in such a temper before. I often heard that men can't bear to hear other men praised, and

I do believe it is true,' "I don't like him ; but you know that I

don't object to hearing men praised when they descrve it." Camiola laughed,

"And they say men are reasonable, and women unreasonable. You don't object to hearing men praised when they deserve it that is to say when you think they deserve it Every man would say that, I suppose ; and yet it leaves my general proposition exactly where it was." "He thinks he knows a great deal too

much," George said, sticking tenacionaly to his point. "He contradicted me yesterday about something in Egypt ; in this very campaign ; and I was there, and he wasn't." "But didn't it turn out that he was right,

Georgie, and that you were mistaken ?" "Of course you think everything he says

and does is right," George grunbled, "I am in luck to-day," Camiola said, good-humoredly. "He is rude to me on the one side and you are rude to me on the other. I shan't stay with you any longer, Georgie ; I'll come back when you are in a better humor. No; 1 am not angry with you, silly boy; but I don't like you to be silly. I must go now ; Lady Letitia wants me. It is she who calls Camiola this time,"

Camiola was sorry for George. He appeared her to have very little indeed of the hero in him, except that courage which every man can call up when occasion needs. But she reflected that he was sickly, that he was still suffering from the effects of his wound; that he was distressed because he had to come back prematurely from the campaign, and she found various other qualifying conditions telling in his favor or his excuse. He certainly did not show to advantage by the side of Romont. He was not much younger than Romont, and yet he seemed like a peevish child sometimes when brought into comparison with the bright, brave, self-reliant young man who never appeared to know a moment's doubt or hesitation or ill-humor or despondency. Somehow even the soldier's wound did not seem horoic in poor George Lisle,

Lady Letitia and Janette came out on

enough, and I am told he is very elever : but I shouldn't have thought there was much of the enthusiast about him."

" Papa, you haven't talked much to him. "No, Janette, dear; there you have the advantage of mo; for I could see that you talked a good deal to him yesterday, and that he talked a good deal to you." "I think I like him," Ludy Letitia said,

'for the sake of the great old family he belongs to, I think he is like the portraits of some of them; and like the bust in the church."

Mr. Lisle did not usually say disparaging things of anybody, but he winced occasionally under the not infrequent allusions to great old families, and he could not keep from saying, " As to that, Letitia, I am told by those who ought to know, that he has no more to do with that family than you and I have-

" We have something to do with it," Lady Letitia interposed, calmly, "Our family in-termarried with theirs in the fifteenth century; and I think there had been an earlier intermarriage, too."

"I'll say my family, then, and stick to the ground where I know I am safe. I'm told he has no more connection with the historic Fitz-

"I should be delighted to think so," Janette said, gravely; "I should like him such better if he had sprung from the people. But I am afraid, papa, you are mistaken. I think you will find he does come from that family, once so famous for its oppression, lately for its vices, and more lately still for the ruin brought upon it by its own prodigality."

"Why, Janette, you are the most eloquent of social democrats," her father declared, with eyes wide opening and a good-natured, amused smile.

"Henry George is not in it with Janette, I should say," Lady Letitia remarked, looking by no means particularly delighted.

"But why do you think I am mistaken, Janette ?"

"Well, because-I think-he told ma-that he comes of the old Fitzurse family."

"Oh, as to that, from all I can hear-" and Mr. Lisle was about to add something highly disparaging to the value of any state ment coming from the lips of the modern Fitzurse, when he pulled up in time, and remembered that it could hardly be right to disparage anyone's character on hearsay.

## CHAPTER VII. - WALTER FITZURSE.

In one of the wider streets of Fitzurscham there stands a row of small houses, set a a little back from the road. These houses are lower than the level of the street : their foundations have perhaps for some time been going through the unsatisfac-tory process which is described as "setting;" sinking, that is to say, un-evenly down into the soil. Botween them and the street is an enclosure, marked off by a rotting fence, or paling. What to call the enclosure it is not easy to determine. No doubt the original purpose of the builder was to make it a front garden ; but the man who could cast his eyes upon it now and think of a garden must have a mind ruled by the oddeet of laws of association. It is simply a little damp, oozy patch of waste, bearing no-thing more like to flowors than a few ragged, stinted leaves of discolored grass, and having for its principal ornaments a few old shoes,

New Orleans was founded by a company of French adventurers in 1743.