## WONDERS OF THE POYAL IRISH ACADEMY

## Its Approaching Centenary.

WHAT IS TO BE SEEN IN ITS ROOMS.

The Royal Irish Academy is preparing to celebrate the centenary of its foundation on the 25th of next September. The year 1785, which gave official birth to this institution, was memorable in more than one way.

It followed close on the failure of the volunteer movement to secure reform in the Irish Parliament, effective protection for Irish Parliament, effective protection for Irish industries, and any measure of alleviation for the oppressed majority of the nation. It saw the rise and growth of the United Irishmen, the enforcing of Fitzgibbon's atrocious Coercion bill, destined to crush the agrarian secret societies, the natural offspring of the working of the tithe proctor and evicting landlords. But the first breath of legislative independence in the two preceding years, even though succeeded by repression and bitter national disappointment, had developed a wonderful intellectual as well as material activity throughout the land. It was like a few weeks of extraordinary fine weather in early spring, bringing out leaf and blossom in grove and garden, and then succeded by a sudden black

In 1789 sprang up among the professors of Trinity College the Society of Palwosphers, devoted to the study of antiquities, and more particularly to reviving a knowledge of the writings of the early fathers. Soon afterward the celebrated Dr. Perceval returned from the Continent, bringing with him a knowledge of the new chemical theories successfully developed there; and his exposition of them before the cultivated men of Dublin led to the foundation of the Neosophers, a society devoted to the culture of chemistry, physics, and mathematical science. The leading men in both soon saw their way toward joining hands and promoting together both the study of Irish archaeology and that of the new sciences which were revolutionizing industry in France and elsewhere.

The Earl of Charlemont, who had been the head of the volunteer movement, generously seconded the efforts of these men, the élite of the Irish scholars of the time. The two societies met at his house on April 18, 1785, formed themselves into one brdy, to be called the Irish Academy, of Science, Polite Literature, and Antiquities, drew up ten preliminary by laws, most of which are still in force, and Ireland had a national Academy as it had a national Parliament. On Sept. 25 of that same year the King issued letters patent officially establishing the Royal Irish Academy, and nominating Lord Charlemont as

the first President thereof.

The most illustrious men in the kingdom at once hastened to seek the privilege of mem. bership, for there did not exist in the hearts of many of them an ardent and enthusiastic desire to lift up their country to the level of other nations on overy line of progress. Hence we read the names of Grattan, Curran, Flood, Sylvester O'Halloran, Hamilton Bowan, Francis Hardy, and Charles O'Connor (of Ballynagar) on the first rolls of the Academy. The first volume of transactions was published in 1786.

Irishmen at home or living in exile on the Continent at once accepted this publication as an omen of returning prosperity, and of dawning religious and civil liberty. The most precions literary monuments belonging to the first Christian ages, and more than one relic of the prehistoric times, were sent to the Academy to form the nucleus of both a library and a museum. Thus, already in 1785 Chevalier Thomas O'Gorman presented the Book of Ballymote," a most beautiful compilation. In September, 1787, the Abb Kearney made a gift of the "Book of Leacan, another exquisite and voluminous history of Ireland, written on fine vellum, and embrac ing the annals of the country down to the fifteenth century. The compilation was begun in the twelfth century, and carried on by the family of MacFirbis down to the fifteenth. In 1789 came another precious gift, the Leabhar Breac. or "Spotted Book" of the MacLagan, a very ancient manuscript. These generous donations stimulated the liberality of others, while the academicians themselves were equally zealons and generous in seeking to increase their store of literary monuments. The last addition to these come from the famous Ashburnham library, and they are stowed away in the Museum of the Academy, to which I now invite the reader to accompany me.

The rooms allotted to Irish antiquities in the present academy buildings are evidently and painfully insufficient for their purpose. The larger archeological monuments are stowed away in a dark basement, and the others are huddled together in two small rooms up stairs. The new buildings, of which the Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone a few weeks ago, will afford the Academy space to display all its treasures becomingly. As you enter the first room your eye is met

with a profuse show of prehistoric implements, flint arrow heads, lance and javelin points, axes and hammers of the hardest and heaviest stone. Here, by the side of these warlike weapons of two and three thousand years ago, are cists or cinerary urns of the prehistoric period, whose form and ornamentation recall the ancient Etruscan sepulchral remains accumulated in the museum of Bologna by my friend Count Gozzadini. The cists are much smaller than the generality of those in Bologna; but they resemble closely those found recently in a very ancient Etruscan cemetery discovered in the Modenese foot-hills of the Apennines to the north of Bologna, and described in a pamphlet published and sent me by Count Gozzadini. The shape of some of these earthenware urns. is extremely elegant, one being borround from a beautiful sea shell. The surface is ornamented with scrolls and punctures made by a style in the unbaked clay. But the lines already indicate a native Celtic art, further traced in the wealth of prehistoric gold ornaments in the adjoining room, and up, I was cured by Kidney-Wort. I want fully developed in the fifth century illumina-everybody to know what a boon it is." tions, and those wonderful works of the revel-ler's art, the Cross of Cong and the Brooch of Tara. There is one cinerary urn still full of the materials, as if the damp earth to whichit was placed had become indurated or half vitr. fied. Near these sepulchral remains are hang ing up some ancient woollen garments, woven, preserved during unknown centuries in bogs, and there discovered by accident. Their preservation is due to the antiseptic qualities of the peat and the bog water impregnated with it. Here is also a long thick

There is matter for study and reflection in

tress of human hair, retaining its rich auburn

Gold Room. There not yet been able to see with my own leves any of the gold or alments discovered in the sepulchre of ithe Arida in Greece or dug ut by Schliemann near ancient Troy. Bat here even a first glance of the gold translation of the grant lets, bracelets anklets and costi (or bands for the grant red of these discoveries. It were a vain task to attempt conveying an idea of a vain task to attempt conveying an idea of the richness, the variety, the beauty of these relica, all or nearly all prehistoric, discovered in bogs, buried away beneath deep growths of peat arguing the greatest antiquity. Some of the tiaras are of the finest workmarship, the metal hammered out with extreme care, and so beautifully harmshed that one might think at had burnished that one might think it had just left the jeweller's hand. The tracery is carefully executed, being all of the angular pattern, line for line, preluding to the marvellous filagree work of the early Christian and middle ages. Here are large gold balls, also beautifully shaped and finished and supposed to be worn by the Druids on solemn occasions. There are also a number of very curious gold implements of various sizes resembling somewhat the expanded basins of a double funnel only that the narrow connecting tube is solid. Were they sacred emblems or instruments carried in the hand during rublic worship, like the sistra of the ancients? Then you are shown ancient gold coins of various sizes and weights, formed like a very thick ring. One of these was a false coin heavily plated and made to deceive the unwary. So they had coiners of false money in these faroff times as well as we have in our own.

But to the lover of art the great attractions in this room are the admirable pieces of gold and silversmiths' work known as the Cross of Cong, the shrine of St. Patrick's Bell, the shrine for the O'Donnells' Battle Relic (a manuscript copy of St. Matthew's Gospel by St. Columbia), the Chalice of Ardagh, and the Brooches. The Cross of Cong belonged to the abbey of that name in the county Galway. It is the upper part of a large processional cross of wrought silver, adorned with filagree work in gold, one surface above the other, each of a different design and managed with such skill that the upper does not hide the lower, while each adds to the effect of the other. Large uncut gems still stud the surface here and there, the more precious ones, cut very probably, having been picked out. You are given a powerful magni-fying glass to examine in det.il the wonderfully intricate tracery of the filagree work. It would be the despair of our modern jeweller. If possible still more beautiful is the workmanship of the roval brooch from Tara. And all around this gem are others in silver, bronze, and other metals, scarcely inferior in elegance of design and skilful workmanship to the royal relic from the once splendid halls of Tara. There is an Irish royal harp also, from which rude and greedy hands have picked out the inlaid work of gold and silver and gems. But the form of the in-strument and the tracery itself bespeak rare refinement and elegance. Of the Chalice of Ardagh, most exquisite as it is in form and execution, I can only say a few words. It is double-handed, the cover being missing; and was evidently destined to receive, on Holy Thursday, the consecrated host, carried in solemn procession to the sepulchre, and destined to be consumed in the Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday morning. This masterpiece of mediaval art was warthy to be the chalice containing the Sang-Réal of medieval poetry and chivalric devotion. Ireland still retain the spirit which will revive the world to which all this belongs.—Rev. Bernard O'REILLY, D.D., in N.Y. Sun.

CONSUMPTION CURED; An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indivisionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and and voluminous volum manuscript of the fourteenth century, containing the history of Nervous Complaints, after having tested its has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 10—19 eow

Builon's great delight was in gleaning the village gossip from the village barber during his morning toilst.

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 diminish the perspiration, they must of course af feet the health. Nothing so suddenly ob structs 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-Consumptive Syrup.

Tasso's livelicst amusement was to see mas querades and enjoy the diversions of the populace during the public festivals.

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No young man born and bred in a Congregational Church in Hartford within the last fourteen years has because a minister.

## HARD TO BELIEVE.

It is hard to believe that a man was cured of a Kidney disease after his body was swollen as big as a barrel and he had been given up as incurable and lay at death's door. Yet such a cure was accomplished by Kidney. Wort in the person of M. M. Devereaux of Ionia, Mich., who says: "After thirteen

Vegetarianism is making rapid strides in England. One restaurant keeper says he has supplied 1,500 poor women with vegetables at 6 cents a pound.

## O. ZAPP DREAMED OF SUDDEN WEALTH,

Orsini Zapp, of Round Top, Fayette Co., o his duty there he collared one-fifth of Tiket No. 21,258 in the May Drawing of The Loisiana State Lottery, and dreamed he won color, or, perhaps, it was a bright red on the head of the wearer, and has been dyed into head of the wearer, and has been dyed into the apital prize, and he received for his one this rich tint by the brown peat, and the doll one-fifth of the first capital prize of lapse of 2,000 years.

S15,00. Truly it is often better to receive There is matter for study and reflection in than not to give. Every ticket does not all these crowded cases, those remains of ages and generations long gone by, and leaving no Dauple, New Orleans, La. -New Orleans voice to tell of the dead. We pass into the (La.) leavure, May 23.



Author of "Miss Misanthrope," "Maid of

Athens," dec. CHAPTER XIV .- Continued.

"My dear kind, friend, pray don't misunderstand me. You may see too much or see in dreadfully exaggerated proportions. I know what I am doing quite well; I have misgivings every now and then; but I think I should have them in any case. I funcy most girls must have some little touches of misgiving at such a time under the very happiest conditions, and I don't think I am naturally a marrying girl. I think I could be very happy living my own free life with my friends. But I don't think I feel any misgivings on account of him-of Georgie. I think I can make him happy, and I don't see why I should not feel quite happy too in the end. Now that is really how I feel, and I want you not to misunderstand me; with all your mysterious insight and reading of hearts I think you do misunderstand me some;

times."
'Very good," said Mrs. Pollen; "we shall see. Meanwhile I take account of your protest, Camiola: I make a note of it, as I believe they say in the courts of law."

They had a delightful time of it on the river. Camiola had not been so happy for many a day. It seemed to her a season of relief and of reacue. She was really tired almost out of all patience of being adored. She was weary of hearing her own praises sternally chanted in a somewhat minor key; of listening to words of passionate ecstasy in unending iteration. "I love you, I love you, I adore you," such was the weary burden of the song that was always sounding in her ears. She could not even resent it; she had to endure it. She could only encourage herself with the sad sick hope that it would not last forever. To this it had already come. Camiola looked out in hope and with positive yearning to a time in their impending married life when poor dear Geergie would not be quite so much in love with her; when his passion should have cooled and quieted lown; when he would regard her with a less lover like and ecstatic admiration; when he would take her for granted and not weary himself and her with any more protestations of his devotion, his gratitude, and his happiness. "Then we can talk to each other like rational human creatures," she thought to herself; 'we shall be like an ordinary man and woman; I shall hear no more aboutmy own perfections; thuse sickening perfections; and I shall like him ever so much and be very happy with him. Perhaps he will come not to care for me at all in the end : but even that will be much better.'

This was the mood, these were the hopes, in which our poor rich girl was contemplating her approaching marriage. No wonder that she found it a relief to spend some hours alone with Mrs. Pollen. Mrs. Pollen was, she believed, the only living creature who understood her and sympathized with her. only advantage she found was that Mr. Pol-len understood her rather too well, and was in the habit of auddenly holding up a lamp by means of which Camiola was able for the first time to read clearly the innermost secret of her own heart. Yet then that, while it startled her, also gave her a sense of sympathy and made her feel that she was not alone. She clung to Mrs. Pollen with a closeness and tenderness that touched the elder woman be-

yond expression.

After a while they landed again, and got into the carriage to go home. The Albanian mounted the box with the coachman. Mrs. Pollen did not say much as they were driving small uncurtained windows. Mrs. Pollen, home, but whatever she did say harped on absorbed in her music, did not hear the door the one string. It had always something to open or see her Albanian come in. She lo with Camiola's engagement to George Lisle. Camiola's nerves had by this time be come a little unstrung, which was exactly what Mrs. Pollen wished them to be. Isabella Pollen had to perform an experiment in heart surgery, which she firmly believed was needed for the preservation and the welfare of her all unconscious young patient, and the patient had to be brought to a certain condition of nervousness before the remedy could effectively be tried.

As they were entering the house Mrs. Pollen said a few words to Joseph in the Italian which he understood, telling him she would ring for him presently, and would have a letter for him to take. The two women entered the music room. Just then it was flooded by the amber rays of the descending

Mrs. Pollen had taken her seat at the organ, and was playing a few soft, sonorous chords. Camiola stood near.

"How beautiful this room is," Camiola "You have made everything beautiful here. How sorry I am the day is so nearly over. I have enjoyed it so much." "Come again to morrow."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," Camiola said, hastily. "Your lover couldn't do without you, I

виррове ?" I suppose not, I don't know." She took

up a book and began to turn over its leaves.
"Tell me, Camiola, has he ever kissed "Never; oh, indeed, never."

"Nor even tried to?"

"Oh, no."
Camiola did not add that she had never ince their engagement been one moment alone with her lover.

" I give you my word, Camiola, I wouldn't have such a lover as that for all the world. "But, dear Mrs. Pollen, you don't understand; you don't do him justice"-and Camiola could not help laughing at her own defence of her lover. "He knows I would not like it; he falls in with my humor; he is a very chivalrous boy; he is indeed. I am afraid he knows only too well that I don't really love him—in that sort of way; and he is willing to take me as I am, but he would not do anothing that I didn't like." not do anything that I didn't like,"

"Except marry you," Mrs. Pollen said

scornfully.

"Yes, but I am willing to marry him; quite willing. It was I who made the advance; at last, I mean. He had dropped the thing altogether; he was not saying anything more about it; but I told Lady Letitia that I would marry him if he liked."
"Nice unselfish boy," Mrs. Pollen mur-

mured. "But indeed he is unselfish, he was prepared to let me do as I pleased, he didn't intend to press me any more, and I am very much attached to him, and I am sure I shall come to love him in the end; I am growing quite tender to him already. And then they are all so fond of me. Lady Letitia seems so happy. Mrs. Pollen, you are the last woman in the world who could pretend not to understand what a happy thing it is to make other people happy—you who live for nothing else; you who have no pleasure at all of your own

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ca Fanoy your not innderstanding why lishould like to make I adv Letitia and Georgie vand

standing mute as a statue awaiting Mrs. Polten's commands. Mrs. Pollen had a letter in

her hand which she was about to give him. " Have you thought of what your feelings would be if before your marriage or after it you were to meet—yes, I will put it plainly
—you were to meet Mr. Romant again?"

Camiola was so startled by this sudden

question that the book she was holding dropped from her hands to the ground. Her face crimsoned; her hands trembled; she tried to speak, and could not find utterance. The terror long present in a vague and shadowy way and in some remote corner of her mind was made by Mrs. Pollen's words to come out into the light and assume the shape of a menacing apparition. Poor Camiola's nerves, as we have seen, were all unstrung. She had been listening with a strange feeling or morbid pleasure and morbid fear to all that Mrs. Pollen had been saying about her engigement, and everything that had been said was made to lead up to this final stroke now given so suddenly and so keenly that it seemed to set all her heart's blood flowing at once. There was a moment's struggle, and then Camiola broke down utterly. Pride, shame, and all gave way. She covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

The Albanian made a sudden movement as if he were about to go to her; then he turned and abruptly left the room. Mrs. Pollen put her arms tenderly round

Camiola. "There, there, my dear; perhaps I ought not to have touched you quite so sharply. But you understand yourself and everything else better now, don't you? You will soon see vour way."

Camiola began to recover herself. "Oh, Mrs. Pollen," she sobbed out, "you have played upon my heart, as on the keys of your organ.

"I have brought out sweet, true, and tender notes from it, my dear," Mrs. Pollen answered; "the music of your future, be

Mrs. Pollen was indeed well content with the result of her experiment in playing on the keys of Camiola's heart.

CHAPTER XVII .- " BUT THERE REMAINS A SCRUPLE.

Camiola had gone home. Mrs. Pollen re turned to her music room, and, according to her custom when alone there, was playing on her organ. She was delighted at the result of her experiment thus far. She thought she had brought Camiola to a point from which the girl could not draw back. How the en gagement with Georgie Lisle was to be got rid of Mrs. Pollen did not know and did not much care; but she was determined that it must be got rid of some way or another. Her interest was all in Camiola and Romont; she had the poorest opinion of Georgie and was not in the slightest degree concerned about his feelings. With full recognition of Mrs. Pollen's many generous and some noble qualities we cannot profess to believe that she was rigidly acrupulous as to means when once she had convinced herself that her ends were all

The music-room was but faintly lighted a open or see her Albanian come in. She started when she heard his voice in the dim light. The voice spoke in remarkably good English this time, although with much emo tion.
"Is she gone?"

The voice, we need hardly tell any reader, was the voice of Albert Romont, although the complexion was still the complexion of Al banian Joseph.
"Well?" Mrs. Pollen asked exultingly

She had risen from her seat at the organ, and was coming towards him with both hands held out; "Are you satisfied now? Was I right? Do you begin to see your way at last?"

"Look here," Romont said, passionately "I can't have snything more to do with this it seems a dreadful thing-we two to find out all about this girl's feelings-it's like acting the part of a spy. I won't play this game any more."

"Isn't that heing a little toe scrupulous? Have you not a right to know how the girl feels to you? Have you not a right to save her from a fate worse a thousand times than death to a girl with such a heart, and brains, and soul? Death? Why, what is death to any woman with spirit enough to make her worthy to live?"

"Still I can't do it any more; I feel as if I were doing something which would wound her to the heart if she came to know." "What about the wound to her heart when

she is married to that young man and finds she has to live a long life with him, tied to him, chained to him, and knows she never, never, can love him. What about her heart then? Stuff and nonsense; Bertie Romont, you talk like a child. If I were you I would carry her off by force rather than let her sacrifice herself to him. Yes, I would, and more than that, I would kill her; I would indeed; kill her with my own hand rather than let her give herself up to him; and I should feel certain that I had done a good and a righteous deed. Oh, you men; what spiritless creatures you are !'

"But I so love her," he pleaded, "I so feelings. Every moment I see her or listen to her I only love and admire her all the more. You don't understand and you couldn't understand, how I feel; there is a sort of terror in my love, I am so afraid of offending her. You see, a woman can't feel to a woman as a man does. You can't have any sort of the goddess notion about any woman, but men can; I can. I feel to her sometimes as if she were a sort of divinity."

"All right," said Mrs. Pollen, coolly, "I am very glad. I don't think any the worse of a young man because he is a little crazy about a girl. The fault I find with you is that you are not half crazy enough. But any-how, my very sensitive and scrapulous young man, don't your scruples come rather late? There is nothing more to find out, is there? You can't pretend to have any doubt on your mind as to the state of her feelings now? "Oh, no, I can't have any doubt now, If

I had only known, or thought, or guessed before! But what is the use now? "There was no watching or spying need-ful on my part," Mrs. Pollen said: "I knew

toldlit to me; Leter on the told it tome; berself like to make lady Letitis and Georgie, and all of them happy "I all of them happy" "I all of the happy "I all of

shouldn't know what so no with it and now and it o account way. Now, what are you going to sacrifice? use my eyes and my senses. You were in from this moment, and now and it o account way. Now, what are you going to sacrifice? use my eyes and my senses. You were in from this moment, and now and to account your life—your love; your love with her the very first day you saw her. for his coming like a shadow and so departiment your life—your whole life—your love; your love with her the very first day you saw her. for his coming like a shadow and so departiment and now and to account your life—your love; your love; your love with her the very first day you saw her. for his coming like a shadow and so departiment in the same with his moment. I saw how your eyes rested on ing!" Must I say he was a mere ghost; or inner sense of what is right. Remember that the week when you did not yet know who shall I give out that I have packed him off to you have a heart, and a warm heart. Have her, even when you did not yet know who you thought of what the condition of that the was. I felt sure that you had found heart would be if anything were to happen?" your fate, in the matter of love making Joseph had entered the room, and was at least; so far as that sort of work makes up a man's fate. I tried you with oneor two ques tions as we were driving away—as we passed Georgie Lisle on the bridge, and even before we saw him, and your answers made me I don't keep any of my thoughts from you." quite certain that I was right. I dare say you didn't know it yourself then, but I did. I didn't find her out until the night we saw

her stooping over him and kissing him." "But surely that ought to have made you think she was in love with him. It made me think so; it made me sure of it. I made up my mind to leave England at the first possible moment—after that."

"Men are so dull in these affairs. As if a lips, almost; yes, it was really from her own girl kissing a young fellow whom she had lips. But in my case I should tell her." known like a brother—a young fellow wound. "Must you tell her now?" ed, who had just fallen in a faint under her very eyes—as if her kissing him was any roof of her being in love with him !" "Well, but anyhow it surely wasn't any proof of her being in love with me."

Mrs. Pollen smiled. "Directly, no; indirectly, yes; yes. The moment she saw you your name came out in a cry from her lips. I saw the way ste looked at you and to you, and then away from you; I saw that for the moment she was only thinking that you must have seen her kiss him, and then I knew; I told her so that

very night." "Then, in the name of heaven, my dear, kind, and mysteriously gifted Mrs. Pollen,

why on earth did you not tell me?"
"My dear, kind, and by no means mysteriously gifted, but on the contrary, remarkably dull and stupid Mr. Romont, why should I have told you anything at all about it ?"

"Since you professed to be my friend and her friend," he said gravely; "since you are so anxious now to save her and me from a life of wretched and cruel mistake-

"I don't know that I had professed any great friendship to either of you at that time; although I did like you both; but in any case how was I to suppose that a young man who appeared to have plenty of spirit, and had done all sorts of plucky things for people he never spoke to, would venture nothing to find out whether the girl he was in love with was in love with him? How was I to suppose that you would quietly let the matte drop? How was I to suppose that she would never make the slightest use of her eyes to encourage you! If I were she I would have contrived with one little quiet, half glanco that her mother, if she were living, might have seen and failed to understand- I would have contrived to make you understand that you were welcome to say something to me. No, though; I am not so sure about that. I doubt, after what has happened, whether I could have made you understand; but I would have

tried. "Oh, but she wouldn't; she couldn't do anything like that," he said hastily.

"Thank you very much; such a nice graceful compliment to me! She couldn't do such a dreadful thing; no, of course, no; but trick at the expense of a beautiful and innocent girl. He began to think he

"I didn't mean that,"
"Well, no matter; I forgive you; I quite

admit that there are things I would do and your divinity would not do. But to come back to the point. How was I to suppose that you would have acted so absurdly as you did, both of you? Of course, I wasn't yet. The twilight had not wholly faded from the skies, which could be seen through the going to betray the girl's secret to you, or to

> said. "Yes, I put you in the way of finding it

out, certainly. But I wasn't going to say to you, dear good generous young man, take pity on this young woman who has failen in love with you, and if you are really in love with her prythee be kind enough to tell her so."
"Well, we have muddled it among us."

"Excuse me; we have not muddled any-thing; at least, I have not muddled it. You and she may have done a good deal of mudd ling between you; but I have not. I have done my best to counteract the effects of your muddling, and will still do it." " What would you have me do now?"

"Go to her, go to her at once, this minute; tell her all. Tell her that you are in love with her, and that you know she is in love with you.

"And she will say I am too late; she will say that she is pledged, and promised, and engaged, and all the rest of it to Lisle."

Tell her she must break it off. Tell her she shall not marry him. Don't hesitate or allow her to think for a moment that you would hesitate. Prevent her from making herself unhappy just as you would prevent her from throwing herself ont of the window. I suppose if you saw her going to throw herself out of the window you would not scruple about putting your arms round her waist to hold her back? Take my word for it you would do a much kinder thing to a girl like Camiola if you were to let her throw herself out of the window than if you were to allow her to marry George Lisle."

"We don't live in the days of young Lochinvar, Mrs. Pollen," he said "I wish to Heaven we did. I wish I might take her up on my saddle and gallop off with her. But I am afraid Camiola," he felt his cheek grow hot as he spoke out her name in this way, "is not the sort of a girl to stand being car-ried off in that kind of a way. And then, don't you know, I am very much inclined to believe that she will think I have played her a shabby trick by getting her secret out of her in this way—this absard disguise. I now it does seem to me an awfully mean thing

to have done."
"There!" said Mrs. Pollen. "I might have expected this. I put you in the way of knowing for certain that the girl you love loves you; and my thanks is to be told that I have done a mean trick, which a woman of better bringing up would despise. I wonder any woman ever goes into any sort of enterprise with a man. Why, you pitful creatures don't seem to understand even the principle of bone away they so since Fre was followed. of honor among thieves. Since Eve was fool enough to try and please her shabby husband things were always just like that. Very good, Mr. Romont; I have my reward. Settle the

matter for yourself."
"No; no; don't be angry with me," he pleaded, "I didn't mean that or anything like that, but what was only kind and friendly of you to think of for our sakes, hers and mine, may not have been quite right for me to do. You see she's not a woman of the world."

"Well, well," Mrs. Pollen said impatiently, people happy—you who live for nothing else; ful on my part," Mrs. Pollen said: "I knew you who have no pleasure at all of your own it all before. I suspected it from the beginning, I knew it just as soon as she did; you include me in your vote of censure not be supposed, however, that he cut the something for everybody and anybody else. I have me out of it. I am quite willing Lammas pair or behaved radely of makindly.

The second second

to ladmit that both you and she are far too lofty in your natures and too refined in your scruples for this rough world altogether; and lou't feel muself by any means at home in such very auperior company. Perhaps after all she had better marry Georgie Lisle. The boy is a very nice boy, in his way; and I dare say she'll get to be awfully fond of him in time. Anyhow we can't do anything more can we'! Now to come to a practical matter, what is to become of my Albanian Joseph ! Does he disappear Albania again ?"

As if it mattered," Romont said; "as if

you or I cared about that! Come, Mrs. Pollen, don't be angry with me : I can't stand it; I must have you for my friend and on my aide. You see how outspoken I am with you "All right," Mrs. Pollen said, "I am not easily offended, and I am very easily appeased. Now about your scruples; must you tell your divinity the part you have played?"

"Oh, yes," he answered quietly, but very firmly; "I could not keep that from her. If I tell her what I know I must tell her how I came to know it. Why the whole strength of my position is that I know it from her

" Now ? Why of course. At what other time could I tell her, if not now ?"

"After," Mrs. Pollen said, coolly. "After what?"

"Oh, you most stupid young man; after you are married, to be sure. It would be all ight then."

Romont positively colored like a girl.
"Oh, no, that would never do; that would be a marrying under faise pret nees. Besides, I think it is very, very doubtful whether she will every marry me at all. She isn't like other girls.'

" No girl ever is," replied Mrs. Pollen.

" Ever is like what?" "Ever is like other girls. At least, I never yet heard a man admit that the girl he was mashed upon was one bit like the other girls; and I never knew a girl who would admit or believe that she was like other girls. Well, you must only throw yourself upon her mercy. I wouldn't if I were you, but that's another matter.

" What would you do?" "Tell her that I loved her, and that I knew she loved me; and that we were to be married, and not to listen to a single word to the contrary. Show her that you meant what you said and were the master. I wish I

might do the love making for you."
"No, thanks," Romont said, with a brightening smile, "I mean to do my love-making all for myself."

"Very well; but do it." No one could have been more surprised than Romont himself if he had been told that while he was arguing with Mrs. Pollen he was not perfectly sincere. He thought he was sincere; he believed that he was giving expression to the truest feelings of his heart. But the moment he had left her, the moment he found himself alone, then the real feelings broke out and overwhelmned all others. In the sublime egotism of the lover he yielded himself to the mere rapture of the thought " she loves me; come what will she I ves me; nothing can ever alter that." He did indeed feel alarmed and a little ashamed as to the part he had played; ashamed on his own account, alarmed at the thought of how Camiola might take it. He felt a little like had no more right to find out her secret by means of his mumer's disguise than he would have to act the part of a spy on her or to open her letters. How would she take it? Mrs. Police, of course, was absolutely unscrupulous in such a matter, and could hardly understand Romont's scruples ; but would Camiola take that view? Sometimes he felt certain that she would not; that she would resent any man alive." that she would not; that she would resent 'But you have done it all the same," he the trick played off on her. All the same he was determined that she must know it. But for that, he thought, she might be induced to break off her engagement with George Lisle; the disguise and the discovery would make her pause, he feared. Still she loves me," he told himself again and again; "she will never marry him."

CHAPTER XVIII. - A SAD SUNDAY.

Of all the days that are in the week the dreariest to all outward appearance for Fitzurseham proper is the day that comes be-tween the Saturday and Monday. The great majority of the inhabitants in the poorer streets never could be induced to go to church. The women pleaded that they had not clothes good enough for church; the men did not even entertain the idea of going there. There was a park in the immediate neighborhood, and people from other quarters came in crowds every Sunday to disport themselves there. But the regular inhabitant of Fitzurseham did not care to go to the park any more than to church. One reason of his for not visiting the park was that the only house of rafreshment within its enclosure was a place where no liquid more stimulating than ginger-beer was allowed to be sold. In the lower quarters of Fitzurse ham the men merely hung about with short pipes in their mouths until the publicbouses were opened, and as long as the publichouses remained open the men remained in them. At night there was a good deal of singing and shouting to be heard in these public houses, and for a time in the streets fter the public-houses had closed; and later still there was a good deal of shræking from some of the dwelling-houses. Nobody much minded. A wife, perhaps, had been "nagging" her husband, and the husband at last or at first took to beating or kicking his wife. That was common in Fitzurseham, and disturbed no one but the kicked wife; and even she was so accustomed to it that she could hardly be said to be disturbed

by it We have to speak now of one particular Sunday, the Sunday after the day described a lore her. I hate the thought of hurting her | didn't think of it before in that light, but | in the last chapter. A duller Sunday had not been spent by any one in Fitzurseham than was spent by Vinnie Lammas and her mother. The mother and daughter had gone to church; they never missed attending the church on the Sunday. This Sunday they had both in their minds a particular reason for going which neither would for all the world have hinted, not to say confided, to the other. They were auxious to see if Walter Fitzurse would be there. Walter was not in the habit previously of troubling himself much about going to any church; he always lounged by the river while Vinnie and her mother performed their devotions, and then he used to wait for Vinnie outside the church door and they would go off on a ramble together. That was in the old days—the dear, dear old days which came to an end only a few weeks ago. Vinnie had not once seen Walter since the night at Fitzurse House; but something told her that he would be atchurch on that Sunday. She had heard that Mr. and Mrs. Lisle werein London, and that Janette was at the Rectory. Walter was at church, and when the service was

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