THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

"THE DESERTED WIFE."

2

With look forsaken and cast, With cheeks all wrickled and dim, With cheeks all which the dud und, With opes growing lastreless fast, And step void of courage and vim. A wreck of man's passion was she, Fast treading the read to the tomb-Her life, an observer could see, Was nothing but darkness and gloom.

A few fleeting years since the seemed So sprightly, so gallant, but shy ; In fancy the wildest no'er dreamed That those eyelids would never be dry. Her lover, so noble and kind.

She deemed he would ever prove true But young admiration was blind, And ever its folly will rue,

Time passed, and the love-light that beamed From the eyes of that lover so fair Had changed into hatred, that gleamed And caused her to sink in despair. Then cruelty, anger and strife Took the place of contentment and peace, Took the place of contentment holen wife While the careworn and heart-broken wife

Prayed God for existence to cease.

And what was the cause of this chapge ? And why turned that husband away ? Ob, what caused this misery strange ! Ob, what led what husband astray ! Bad company, wicked and fierce, Drowned noble impulses in shame,

While jealousy seemed for to pierco And blot out for ever fair fame,

Oh, God, eave that heart-broken wife !

As she wanders forsaken and ead, Deserted and ruined for life, Distracted and miserably clad.

" Kind reader, should you in your path

Meet one so afflicted and poor, Oh, turn not away as in wrath,

But for God's sake wide open your door." JAS. T. NOONAN. Brockville, Unt., Oct. 13, 1885.

GODFREY, THE FENIAN.

BY MRS. HARTLET.

CHAPTER XL.

'God !' hurst from O'dfalley's lips. 'It is he indeed ! Who found him ? Where ?' The woman who had found the corpse lying in

the sedges, whither the fload had carried and left it in the night, was kneeling beside the head, wiping the stalls away with hel apron, and stroking back the long dark lock of hair. She looked up in Tighe's face by way of answer to his question, then resumed her occupation.

Lethbridge, this is murder !' cried O'Malley, flinging himself on his knocs beside the body,

* They have murdered the boy l' B the knelt down. Tighe lifted and turned the face round tewards himself. On one temple a bluish, slightly lacerated mark was visible. They examined his head-there was not a trace of a wound.

Send up for Daly !'shouted Tighe. 'Carry him up to the barrack. I'll have justice done i If they have murdered the Loy, I'll know it i' The policeman got an empty sack and laid the body on it. The four of them lifted it easily, and before long the barrack was reached. Docter Daly was summoned hastly, and to-

gether with Lethbridge he examined the corpse thoroughly. Not a trace of a wound or mark could be found save the contusion on the temple. which in itself was not sufficient to account for his death. ' Is that a blow, or acc dental " asked Tighe,

pointing to the mark. The doctor shrugged his shoulders. ' Did he

get a blow and was thrown into the river after that? Did he fall or stun himself, and so drown? Eh? Who can tell that, Mr. O'Malley? He died by dr wwing-I'll certify that. As for this,'he indicated the bruised temple, 'no one could say whether that was caused by a fall or a blow.

When he left us last night,' said Chichele, 'it was something about half-past ten. Can you not sey how long he has been dead ?'

Well you see the blood is not fluid-that's all the test we have - consequently he must be

more than six hours dead. 'O'Malley, he used to walk across the weir, at your gates, I know that. The horse was found in the park this morning by the keepers. Could he have fallen in, having attempted to cross it in an excited state in the dark last night? The he handed her the cards. Peggy curtaied down to the ground. 'Wouldn't you walk in, your honour, to take a look of "herself" ?' she asked, opening the door

of Miss D'Arcy's old sitting room, and exposing to view a mass of flowers and wax lights. 'No, no; it would—I cannot go in," he said bastily, shripking back. 'No, no; it would be an intrusion.' He slipped an honorarium into Peggy Feelan's hand, and made good his retreat

to the gate. 'I saw no one,' he said, climbing up beside Tighe ; ' but there are nuns with them, and the

priest and the housekeeper.' Tighe was silent, and Chichele was glad to be le't to his own meditations. He wished he had not seen the room, transformed and changed as not seen the room, transformed and changed as it was now. He would have preferred the image stamped on his memory, and so often, so fondly traced, of the scene ho had witnessed there—it seemed as though years had elapsed since—the old woman with her quaint face and snowy hair rolled under her lace cap, sitting at the head of that queer dinner-table, and the strauge trip of wome creatures before her. Godstrange trio of young creatures before her. God-frey, in his wild picturesque beauty, rose before him once more. The thought of him now, lying dead in the miserable barrack in the town, was

unbearable in its hideousness.

Tig' e broke the silence at last. • Er-about what you told me this morning. I am going to telegraph to Blanche to come on immediately-to start to night. If she does that, she may be here the day after to-morrow.

It's only right, you know.' 'Toanks,' replied Chichele, indifferently

*I-I don't think I could stand this place nntil Blanche comes, I've too great a shock. I shall go down to Cork. Come with me ? Eh ?' 'Leave Barrettstown now ! now ! Impos-

sible!' 'All right! As you like.' Tighe O'Malley felt truly that it would be impossible for him to remain in the vicinity aby looger just now. It was not that he wanted to escape the gloom and melancholy of the place, but that be found his very existence intolerable to him. It was no want, but excess of feeling. If he did not find some counterirritation he thought he would surely go mad. Open any telegrame, and send them to the County Club. There he is-there, Marchmont. I say, let him get up beside me. I want him to see the funeral arrangements, and to send Father Collins money.'

OHAPTER XLI.

Tighe O'Malley was disturbed in the midst of his processes of distraction by a telegram from Father Conroy which Chichele sent him on. It

was explicitly worded, and in length exceeded the prescribed number of words. 'What is the meaning of this? and what in the world is he doing in Glasgow of all places, and at such a time? Wants an interview im-mediately on his arrival at Barrettstown on mest urgent business. Phew !' whistled Tighe. 'The morning mail train up will be lots of time.

He dismissed the telegram from his mind, of loc, he played steadily and for high st dress all night. Then having bathed, chanced his clothes, and breakfastod, he took himself off in the up train, feeling considerably more in his usual form.

Captain Marchmont had driven Chichele over to meet him. Both were standing on the rlat

form. 'Well!' cried Tighe. 'How do, old boy?' How d'ye, Marchmont? What's the news? Hay, what's the news?' Both were silent. Tighe, as if a thought where the him looked from one to the

gasped. 'Oh, no, no ! It is nothing of any import-ance now, O'Malley !' Captain Marchmont made hasts to say. 'Nothing you need distress yourself about at all.'

'What is it, then?' snapped Tighe with an execution. 'Ohichele, tell me, I have had sensations enough this week to last my lifetime.'

stions enough this week to last my lifetime.' "This,' began Captain Marchmont, FD3king very slowly and impressively. 'Miss D'Arcy recovered her senses before als died, and placed in Father Conroy's hands full evidence, or proof, or indicated to him how to prove fully the marriage of her nicce Ismay D'Arcy with your cousin Mauleverer. That was the busi-ness which called him say in such a hury and ness which called him away in such a hurry; and he has telegraphed home that he has obtained full proofs, witnesses, entry of this Scotch or broomstick marriage, etc., and 18 bringing everything that is necessary home with him to day, 'I say, O'Malley, you are not faint, are ate and s ange and emply ed before them and obscured it all-mercifully you ?" Faint !' echoed Tighe, who had caught his perhapy. He moved back quickly, and stepping to one side, pushing the door open as he did so with one hand, mentioned to Chichele and Lady arm, and was leaning heavily on it. 'Good reason to be, I think !' son to be, I think ? Ohichele hastened to the station natur's office and procured a glass of water. O'M. by swallowed a mouthful. 'Oh, what a tragency ! This will kill me! My nerves are shattened Bianche to enter. Then he closed the door, and for a moment stood as if listening for some one in the ball. The silence was unbroken, save for the diam d completely.' 'Give him your arm, Lord Ansdale,' said the cries of the parrot, which had been exiled to the kitchen, where the turf-smoke was choking it. agent ; and so they passed out of the station and got into Cap). Marchmont's dog carb, which was 'Could they be in the church ?' he said alcud, striking his walking-stick on the floor. But at that instant a door chened above, and hasty feet came rushing along the corridor. In "Poor boy ! poor boy !' exclaimed Tigbe. Then, after a moment's ellence, 'What a sell for Father Courcy it'll be. I declare to you, Chi-chele, I'm on the right side of the ditch, no doubt, bat, faith | I feel for that poor old chap one moment Marion and Gertrade were cling-"Why did you go away? Father Paul, how could you leave us?" insisted Gertrude, paling at his sleeve. Marion said not a word. She and what he is coming home to to day.' 'Well, well! There are two of them left, you looked at him with wild even like those of some know. Poor girls ! they are to be pitied, in-deed! God's ways are not our ways, observed hunted creature. 'Oh dear ! oh dear !' moaned he; 'and to any I was late-that everything was too late ! Oh, my poor boy ! the plor young boy ! gone Captain Marchmont. O'Malley folded his arms. and leaned back in a fit of depression and gloom, from which no-thing could rouse him. Chichele, who, from -gone i Marion quivered from head to foot. for some nights past, was only too glad of the "He is not here, Father. Paul, not even here! They had him brought up to the Castle. "Silence 1' ordered he. ' That is the proper Not one of them broke it; only the crash of a stone as the wheel took it in its onward course, the measured beat of the horse's feet, place. His own house-and yours !' Gertrude laid her head sgainst his arm and cried quietly. The child was exhausted with the caw of a rock overhead, as it flew across the road, disturbed the stillness of the autumn grief and excitement. Merely to see him again It all passed before Chichele's eyes like comforted her. air. some unreal phantasmagoria that might at any minute shrivel up and disperse, leaving things Marion also felt a sudden sense come over her of calm and restfulness. It seemed as if a year had passed since she last saw the ragged kindly as they were. 'Marchmont,' said O'Malley at last, 'get features of their old friend. She let herkelf fall into a seat, and, without speaking, just looked Godirey's corpse, you know, carried up to the Castle and placed in the dining-room. As soon as Father Conroy hears about the funeral lat at him, content and soothed merely to know his presence. Her eyes were heavy with weeping notices be sent out to the tenantry. Whatever her last. She had not slept nor eaten since we can do now—is the least.—— 'I shall meet Father Conroy at the train this afternoon,' Chichele said. 'I must speak to bim his departure, and a sort of burning fever consumed her. at once. Father Paul stroked Gertrude's tangled hair "The inquest was held yesterday. I saw it in the Cork papers this morning,' said Tighe. 'Ac-cidental death' they only found. Well, until the silently, looking at Marion the while, but un-eonscious of them both. The vision of the empty, changed room, and all that/it meant for 'him, his own loss, filled him entirely. He was old-he was alone! Miss D'Arcy was, gone; Cadira and a wat the state of the back day of judgment we shall never know if that be true or no.' 'Lethbridge has information that after he left Godfrey was taken; and now these. These he was about to give up of his own accord. Then the Fenians that night in the shaking bog they really were going to follow him and attack the it would be an empty, an altogether last year's house, but some one warned them that the thing was blown upon and the house fully defended. nest, torn and riven, unvisited, desolate. He took a hand of either. Lethbridge says not one of them would harm 'Lady Blanche is there,' he said hoarsely. 'and Lord Ansdale—for you, Mation, child. You will go home to the Castle with her. Now, the hoy.' e hoy. 'There is some awful mystery below it. Suicide is out of the question. Accident? I can't understand how that could have been. Did he come l' go back to the house or not after he left us? How was it that the horse was found loose in the He opened the door and led them both in Lady Blanche was standing, fevered with im-patience and nervoueness, Chiobele, hardly lese so, by her side. She looked from one to the other cagerly, yet half atraid. Gertrude held fast to Father Paul, her flashed excited face uppark ? 'Who was to tell? The servants at the Quaker's house heard no one enter during the night. But even if they had-he has been to turned to Lady Binche. Chichele had taken and was holding both Marion's hards. Her much in the habit of coming in late at night, For the last six months that boy has turned white and face proved more appealing to her new night into day. An impatient gesture from O'Malley was his only comment on this. friend, for she stooped forward suddenly and kissed her. 'Listle girl,' she said shen to 'Gertrude, 'will The day wore on somehow, lengthily and way, 'its terrible !' She began to cry, an i the people without, seeing this, resumed the keening and rooking. 'Is any one with them?' he asked. 'Are they alone?' 'My God I'no, sir, they are not alone,' replied 'rigg with 'shem. 'It' was' done as much out of Peggy Leelan, as shooked as if he had suggested you be my daughter? Gertrude made a half step forward, still not relaxing her hold of Father Paul. Lady Blanche laid her white hands on the child's hoad, and drew her gently towards her-self until the tangled beautiful hair was resting on her breast 'My God I'no, Bir, they are not alone," replied Peggy Reelan, as shoaked as if he had suggested some impropriety. 'They's two of the hole suggested with the m, sir, your honour, an' Miss Johnston from O up 1 House, and Fader Collins. Day'? all above stairs wit' demi'rir.' This was something better that 'with father Conroy had come some streng rected, and it was with a sense of relief that 'withessed the run away marriage of 'Captain' the of nor and provide the solution of the hole some of the hole of the solution of the solution of the solution of the hole solut on her breast. Gertrude, 'she said again, 'will you' not ? will you take me instead of your poor aunt-instead of poor Godfrey? But a quick sob shook her as the answer came 'Nob Godfrey 1 Oh, Godfroy, goor Godfrey !'

Mauleverer and Ismay D'Arcy sighteen years ago. Captain Marchmont and Father Co.lins conveyed these to the hotel.

'I'll go do rn by and by with you, Father Conroy, and go into the thing,' Tighe said, 'if you see any necessity for it now. The sconer we let those people go home about their busi-ness the batter' ne s the better.

The carriage stopped at the Chapel House, and they all got down and went into the parish bausted. She had travelled straight on from Nice without stopping, and for a frail being like her the strain was overpowering. But she could not rest yet.

'Father Conroy, where are they-Marion and Gertrude ?'

His reverence had let himself drop weightily into his usual seab before his writing table, and was looking round him with a helpless, scared look. He seemed to have aged by twenty years; his hair was whiter; he had not shaved; his cost was travel-stained and worn; and his great shoulders were stooped as though the weight of trouble and grief had fallen in tangi-

weight of frontie and grief had fallen in weight ble and ponderous form upon them. He raised his head, which had been sunk on his breast, on hearing Lady Blanche's question. "Where are they?' he repeated. 'They——) they should be at home. They tell me the body has been removed to the church at twelveo'clock at the been removed to the church at twelveo'clock to-day. Yes, poor children, they are surely at home.

"Tighe,' she said, rising from her chair, 'why are we here? You know we do not need to wait to see the proofs of --well--that those per-sons have brought. Those poor girls are alone --it ought not to be so. Let us go to them. Father Conroy, you will go with me and Chichele. Chichele.

'Yes, yes, that's the best thing, Blanche !' assented Tighe beartily. Father Paul turned his eyes on her with a

ook that was dog-like in its grati-ude and simplicity.

I cannot bear to think of them being left

'I cannot bear to think of them being lets there in this way. Dear Father Correy, I will only too gladly take them—Marion until abe marries my consin, and Gertrude—— O', let us go to them without deiay.' Father Paul's head dropped for an instant. 'I will only too g'ad'y take them.' The words seemed to cut their way through him. 'Yes,' he said to himself, 'God has taken Miss D'Arc; and the boy. These were lefs, and now the will take them from me I God's will be done any-how !' and with something like a grean he laid how !' and with something like a groan he laid both hands on the table and raised himself with difficulty from his chair.

'You are right,' he said ; 'our place is with them now.'

She rose at the same time. Chichele advanced quickly and drew her hand within his arm. He

Pressed it affectionately. 'You were always good to me, dear!' he said.

'Oh, Chichele, what a shock this is ! But, abe added, after they had all got into the car-riage, 'it may be such a blessing to us all.'

They said no more. Lady Blancie pailed down her veil, and lay back in the cushionssher excitement alone sustained her. Father Conroy's lips were moving as though in prayer. He took not the slightest notice of the salutations and reverences with which the awe-struck people greated him; but, bent almost double, he sat, moticuless and silent, beside Lady Blanche on the back acat.

It was not long until they drew up at the gates of the Fir House. The carriage entrance had long been impracticable. Even if the green Both were silent. Tigbe, as it a thought buddenly struck him, looked from one to the other. 'What is up, I gay? No fresh disaster, for heaven's sake? Not-not my wife?' he cashed. gates could have been opered, the overarown shrubs behind forbade ingress. Ludy Blanche descended with the united help of Canchele and

The funeral was to take placy that day at three o'clock, and the c fiin had been removed the pravious night to the chapel, whence the procession was to set out. The sitting-room was empty, and had almost resumed its normal select. The bed had been put away, the white draper-ies all removed. The various articles of furniturs had all been returned to their usual pisi-tions, all, save a couple, —Juliet D'Arcy's chair and the little table that used to stand by her elbow. The chair was put away in a corner, where it looked so odd and out of place that it. was hardly recognizable. The little table was nowhere to be seen, nor anything else that had been hers. As Father Paul's tired eyes noticed the homely, once familiar scene, now so desoather.

[WRITTEN FOR THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS.] THE BLIND ARTIST'S STORY.

BY AGNES BURT.

How often we are attracted by some undeficable influence possessed by persons we encounter in the path and bustle of every day life? Not unfrequently are we repeiled, without even hear ing the sound of their voices or meeting the glance of their eye, and we each pass on our separate way, scarcely comprehending or giving a second thought to the cause. In the incident that this little story grew out of, the same inflaence fastened itself on my own antime theat without even will of my own

notice almost without any will of my own. One bright, sunny morning in the rose month of June, "when the buds were all in blossom and the birds were all in tune," I had been out making some purchases, and wishing to ascer-tain the hour, stood for a moment opposite the Just then two ladies walked slowly past me. The elder seemed to lean on her companian, either for support or guidance. I was so near them I could not avoid hearing their conversa-

"I fear, dear Alize, I am a cloz on your footsteps to day; your parcel must be on the after-noon train to reach its destination in proper time, and you have to call at Morgan's, Mus sen's, Oarsley's, and, perhaps, others. Let me think, we must be in the vicinity of Notre Dame think, we must be in the vicinity of Notre Dame Ohurch; take me in there, and leave me in a pew, near to the High Altar. When your "Dust as you say," was the younger lady's reply: "but are you certain you will not feel the time long until I return." "Ling, my dear. Oh not not in the Pres-

ence. You know the Forty Hours Adoration is going on iu.t now.

guing on just now." Slowly and carefully the younger lady hand of a guided her companion, whose uncertain step batrayed the wart of sight. I also passed in after them, to offer homage to our loving originals.

Redeemer. I was much occupied during the morning, and missid one of my many parcels. Thinking I might have dropped it in the church, I returned to satisfy myself. Sure enough, there it was under the footstool, and, to my greater surprise, the blind lady was still there, although fully two tours had elapsed. I noticed she listened attentively to each footste p that passed up the siste, and heard her sigh anxiously. Feeling that comething was amiss I ventured to address ther in a whisper, telling her I was beside her-self and young lady companion when they en-tered the church ; that, noticing her uneasiness,

tered the church ; that, noticing her incessiness, I offered her my side in any mannershe desired. "You are very kind, indeed, and gladly I avail myself of your assistance. I fear some-thing dreatful has happened to detain my young friend. So has not gone home, of that I am ce tain; if she had, some one of the family would have come for me long ere this. "Would you take a carrage from the tand. "Would you take a carriage from the stand, just in front of the church, and drive to No.— Saerbrook estreet. Tell Madum Atlant, the hady of the house, what I fear. I will wait here in case her daughter might return ; and to find

the gone would all in her." I carried the in stage, as directed. Madam introduced me to her cother, Moneicur fastien, a starty old g rilemin of the real French type, who cowed with the politeness of a control of the wind with the point of the board of her daughters marcountable delay, all his dignity flew to the wind with the carptise he received. deed given me a treat. Some other day you will, I trust, renew it. I feel like the child 1 will telephone to t'o different stations to know if an accident is reported as having hapsnow it an accident is reported as having hap-pend to a yourg late of my client's description, and I think you is huid take one of the maid servants with you to the euron, to remain in the same pew, in the Aline may return; and to find Miss Berarger gone may alarm her. "Now, my dear sister, compuse yoursell; do not give way to unnecessary contents.

beau, replied - Like both beau. The two ages are so beautiful in my eyes that, like the child, ' like both beat, also." "With the greatest of pleasure, my friend; and, if you desire it, will give you the story of our acquaintance from its commencement until the grave closed over my dear Dolores Hamel do not give way to unnecessary excitement, as it will only rebard your movements, and perhaps the dear child is all right ; at all events, lot us ton. I can write my ideas if I cannot paint them, and if you think them worthy of publicahope our frars are groundless," and the old gentleman was away down the street with the tion, the story is yours to send abroad to the reading portion of our people" "Twenty years is a long period to look for-ward to, but, looking back, it seems less than step of a boy of sixtcen, himself the most excited of the two.

Madam was ready in a vew moments, and we were soon whirling over the road I had passed, with the speed I did not think lay in a hack driver's horse.

We found the blird lady sitting 'n the same seat, and, as Madem Atlant conducted her to the old saying, "truth is offimes stranger than fiction." Some of the ups and downs that occurthe carriage, I could see a burst of tears would have relieved bath.

"Perhaps there will be some tidings of the young lady on your return, and as I am anxious to have them confirmed, I will, with your permission, ladies, accompany you home. feel instified in

red in the lives of the parties that figured in this crude sketch may possibly illustrate the proverb "I had made the acquaintance of Wiss Dolores

"And yet how strange and varied would be

the record some lives could give ; it would varify

half.

Hamelton while passing the summer holidays of 18- at Newburyport, Massachusets, then a pleasant, but old fashioned, resort for those

years old ; one almost forgot she was out of he twenties in the rare fascination of her manne To me she was the most charn ng women I he met with. I am not good at p n and ink point traits, but let me attempt to describe her also then appeared, and as she will ever remain memory's picture gallery. "Just a shade over the medium height graceful, willowy form; month and chin tende loving and firm; eyes, deep dark grey, and su lashes, rather say curved silken fringes. He from the easel repaid me more than the golden years old ; one almost forgot she was out of h "Ob, why was I gifted with the intense love

Ост. 24, 1858

tainmente were in keeping. Mistress of the languages, an artist with pencil and bruch

fairy kinks called fancy work, (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TRIUMPHANT THREE.

"During three years' suffaring with dyspen

sia I tried almost every known remedy, b kept getting worse until I tried B B.B.

ter ; three bottles completely oured me."

Nichols, of Kendal, Ont.

water.

eoda water.

pirits of wine.

out the grease.

but linseed is better.

had only used it three days when I felt be

HINTS FOR YOUNG HOUSEWIVE

Let clothes that fade soak over night in o

Ceilings that have been smoked with

An excellent furniture polish is of equ

For a scald or burn apply immediately pa verized charcual and oil. Lamp oil will do

A sure and safe way to remove gresse spot

from slik is to rub the spot quickly with brown paper. The friction will soon dray

A simple remedy for neuralgia is to appl

Papered walls are to be cleaned by being

saves wear and prevents the inreads of moth

which however, will seldom give treable salt is sprinkled around the cdyes of the roo

For dyspepsis pour one quart of cold wate

on two tablespoonfuls of unslacked lime, h

it stand a few minutes, bottle and cork i

and when clear it is ready for use ; put three

There is nothing better for a cut the

powdered resin. Pound it until fine, an put it into an empty, clean pepper box wit

perforated top ; then you can easily sift !

out onto the cut, and put a soft cloth around

the injured member and wet it with col water once in awhile. The treatment will prevent is flummation and soreness. ---Birming

IMPORTANT TO WORKING MEN.

Artizane, mechanics and laboring men at

llable to sudden accidents and injurice, a

well as painful cords, stiff joints and lam

ness. To all thus troubled we would recon

reliable pain cure for outward or interna

mend Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the handy an

THE BUSTLE

tablespoonfuls into a cup of milk and drick a any time, usually before meals.

where the carpet is laid.

ĥam (Ala.) Age.

use,

parts of shellao varnish, linseed oil,

kerosene lamp should be washed off wi

ounce of sugar of lead poured into a pail

of the beautiful, thus faculty of taking and re-producing visions of loveliness that give us a foretaste of heaven itself ? "God knows best. 'He doeth all things well.' Perhaps my art was my idol, and, in following

it with such intense love, I might one day be led to forget the 'Great Artist,' Our God." Up to the present outburst of feeling I had seen her so patient and resigned to her blind-ness that involuntarily my heart bowed down

loving and firm; eyes, deep dark grey, and sud lashes, rather say curved silken fringes. He face seemed to me (if I may be permitted to us an architectural expression) to be first built and the brow laid on last, so broad, firm an compact, binding all the other parts of the structure together. Masses of purple blad bair, colled around an exquisitely poised base and you have before your mind's eye, althous b fore this passionate sorrow that swept away As the stood with clasped hands, and sightless eyes raised to the sunset sky, she recalled to my mind an old study I had seen, by an in-known artist, of one who had tasted life's sorbair, colled around an exquisitely polsed head and you have before your mind's eye, althoug poorly drawn, the picture of a really beautiful woman. And her voice, that great charm in woman; sweet, rich and rare, whether speaking singing, or reading, was a mine inexhau-tibl These were her natural gifts; her acquired a there were her natural gifts; her acquired a

rows, and had still to endure. My voice was unsteady as 1 attempted some words of consolation. Instantly her quick ear detected the tremor.

"Ah, pardon, my friend, I am giving you han, parton, by through a sub-strugger of the patient, for a great many blessings are yet, mine. My friends are all kind, to the blind arbiste. Dear little Aline, who was the means of making you and I know each other, giving me the use of her sight—in leading me where I desire to gotells me what is passing around me; reads, plays, and when all else fails to cheer, sings for me with her soul-stirring angelic voice, and to the danty touch of her light hand I can safely trust the keeping and care of my art gallery." "You have not been through my treasures

yet, Miss Austen, but to morrow forencen, if pleasing to you, Aline and myself will give you an introduction to the silent personages that look down upon us from their places."

took down upon us from their places." The following morning the promised treat was given me. It seemed something wonder-ful, the number of exquisite pictures from the band of an artiste still in the prime of life. True, they were not all models of beauty, but then more sufficient to the prime of the they were all true representations of

Then, there was a large miscellaneous collection of American and Canadian scenery, mountain and valley, river and prairie, lake and glen.

Ab 1 there was one enchanting picture of Indian Loretto, below Quebec, that was so real, I almost fancied I heard the dash of the river as it rushed past between the high embank-

as it rushed past between the high embank-ments. "Oh, Miss Beranger," said Aline, "will you allow us to see your friend, Miss Hamelton, in the two ages. They are in the glass cabinet, under a curtain, Miss Austin, and the most be-witching pictures I have seen. Knowing how Miss Baranger prizes them, I never lift the curbain without permission." "Ah I this is something to enjoy," I ex-

grated horseradish, prepared the same as to table use, to the temple when the head of face is affected, or to the wrist when the pair claimed, as the youngest face smiled on me from is in the arm or shoulder. its curtained recess; rare grey eyes, whose lids were fringed so exquisitely as would make a Circassian besuty envious. A smooth, broad brow, crowned with masses of purple black hair, wiped down with a flannel cloth tied over broom or brush. Then cut off a thick piec of stale bread and rub down with this. B: mouth and chin moulded in nature's most pergin at the top and go straight down. Thick brown paper should be laid unde carpets if patent lining is not to be had. I

tect fashion. It was a face for whose smile some men would have dicd. The next was taken some years later. The hair was silvery white, the eyes had a tired, sad expression, while the mouth, that lent such a charm to the younger face, wore a pained, drawn lock, but, over the whole, there rested. like a misty veil, an air of perfect resig-nation, that made it difficult to chose batween the two ages. "Oh! my dear Miss Beranger, you have in-

who, when asked which of its parents it loved best, replied—'Like both best.' The two ages

storm, some sudden gust of wind, might have overbalanced him.'

'Let us go and examine the weir, and inquire if he were at home during the night.'

Miss D'Arcy, his grand-aunt, died suddenly last night, you know,' said the doctor. 'I was there this morning. Heart disease and a paralytic seizure ! It was curicus, seventy had left her to all appearance well at a few minutes before eleven.

before eleven.' Just as well she is dead,' said O'Malley. 'This'-nodding towards the table-' would have killed her. Now, what's to be done? These poor girls must be told, and I hear l'ather Conroy has gone away and will not be back until the day of the funeral. Lethbridge, 'he said after a I'll get Father Collins to go and break pause, ' I'll get Father Collins to go and break this to them. Telegraph to Cork for a shell. You know we must send the body to the millhouse.

1 shall see to all that,' said Chichele quietly
' I shall see to all that,' said O'Malley. ' I
' Yes-yes, to be sure!' said O'Malley. ' I
wish my wife were at home. I tell you what;
I'll send for Mrs. Marchmont. Send a man on a horse to Roundstone House to tell Mrs. Marchmont what has happened, and to say that I wish her to go to Fir House and break this to the family; and ask Captain Marchmont to

come to me.' Mrs. Marchmont's not at home, sir,' said a constable, stepping forward. She went to England ten days ago."

'O'Malley, let us go to Fir house !' oried Chi-chels. 'I cannot bear this any longer. If these people run to tell her ! It is too dreadful.

They mounted the dog-cart and crossed the bridge, the last not without difficulty, for an immense crowd had gathered now about the harrack, and the lamentations and outcries were heartrending. Chickele was glad to get on to the quiet river road. Hurry as they did, the news had reached the house before their arrival. People were crowded round the house door, and moaning and keening and clapping of hands

moaning and keeping and capping of hands filled the air lugubriously. 'See, Chichele,'said Tighe, taking out his pocket-book. 'Let me see,' he said. 'I have some of Blanche's cards. Just wait an instant.' He wrote with the pencil which 'was attached to his formuch of summary to his watch-shain some formula of sympathy on his visiting cards, and handed them down to the impatient Chichele, who pushed in through the bystanders quickly and made his way to the

door. 'Stand back there! Hush! H'sh.' A strange woman, whom he did not recognize as one of the Fir House relainers, advanced the moment that he appeared on the steps, and, waving back the crowd at the same time,

imperiously commanded silence 'I came to inquire ---' he aid but at that moment he heard a cry resound through the Marion's voice, and he stopped, unable to con-tinue. The thought of her, desolate, unfriended, and in such terrible affliction, overpowered him. His own impotence to help her was the hardest of all to hear. For a moment everything seemed misty and indistinct. His breath scemed insufficient, or the air was stifling. He put his hand against the door post for an instant.

The ladies are in great trouble, sir. God help them! Twas enough to lose their per-aunt, but Mr. Godfrey to be killed on them used way, 'tis ferrible!' She began to cry, an the the people without seeing this command

St. 80. F. Barry, Pc. Treespre

leaving them alone in their present excitement.

"You are very kind, and I thank you from my soul; but, my darling Alino, my heart will break if anything has h-ppened to her," she moaned rather than spoke. There was no news b fore us, and as the

mother's is quietude seemed only to be civerted by exertion to obtain some clue to the case of her child's delay, I proposed to accompany her in further erquiries.

On our way to the nearest plice station, we called on some friends of the family-cousins, I b lieve madam mentioned, and instantly they are off in an opposite direction to ours in search of tidings of the missing Alive. It was late that evening when the carse of

her absence was learned.

On leaving the blind lady, whom we will now all by her proper name, "Miss Beranger," call by her proper name, "Miss Berauger," she proceeded to the different stores already mentioned. Looking as her watch, she found more time had be a consumed than she anticipated. To quicken for speed, she stepped into a hired carriage. Either the horse was wild and u governable, or the driver did not under stand his work in managing him, for, after a breck-neck rup, turning up one street and tear-ino down ano her, the c im ax of the race came in a grand smash, burling the driver from his seat, and poor Alias was lifted out from the debris by some passers-by. She was carried into the nearest house and a doctor sent for, who ound her leg broken and shoulder dislocated. To remove her to her home in this condition would ondanger her life, so cur young sufferer found herself an imposition on total strangers. It appears there are some good Samaritans

still left in this hard, practical world, for the family, on whose hospitality she had been so unceremoniously thrown, vacated two apartments for her mother and nurse, until such time as she could be removed with safety.

And, as Madam Atlant said, "friendship rommenced under such circumstances was not likely to die." Gratitude on her part, and the As for Mrs. It —, their kind hostess, she the clared "she would miss the sweet, gentle girl more than she could express" when the time came for her removal. So two more links were added to the family

circle on Sheibrooke street, Mrs. H--- and myself.

Miss Berasger was a distant connection of the Atlant family, whose moome was sufficient to support her in an elegant manner, and to allow a y-arly sum adequate for her board, so that she might feel she was no useless incumbrance on her friends. An urtiste in the highest sense of the word,

she had studied under the best teachers in Canada and the United States, and, after five years spent in Italy, but chiefly in Rome, the nursery of the "Livine Art," had returned to her native land to follow the inspirations her Oreator

hadrow and the four soul. The second tiful women cut show in after years their life. general manager. like resemblances, that in colouring, tinting and expression would bear comparison with what art critics call "Priceless gems of the Italian were both seafaring men. "Two of her brothers school."

who liked a quiet home by the sea,

"Boarding in the same hotel, we had grown to look for each other's apparence on the beach, at the breakfast and dinner table, and, when tired of the noise, bustle and whirl caused by the arrival and departure of guests, generally took refuge in the quiet of each other's ap art-

ments. Miss Hamelton was accompanied by two nieces, Marion Hamelton and Kate McCam-bridge. Marion's parents were both dead. Kate's faiher still lived, but both children were consigned to the loving care of their sunt. At the time I speak of they were about twelve years old, fine strong, healthy girls, able to play, romp and enjoy life, as it came to them, under their aunt's loving and tender, but firm came to them,

"Oa account of the rush of guests to the house the bustle had become unendurable. Mirs Kamelton and myself agreed to charge our residence to one that would afford us the quiet we desired. A few miles nor h, on the opposite side of the Merrimac, where its silvery waters join the Atlantic, stood a charming courage. At the time I speak of 15 was vacant. Some absuid story was effort that it was haunted. 10 had] been built by a retir d sea captain, who selected the site on account of its itolation from the public highway.

His wife, a stately, self impressed dame, of the old English type, who prided her-self on being a distant connection of the Duke of Davonshire, completely repelled all neighborly advances and civilities had, on the captain's death (shortly before our stay in Newburyport) closed the house and returned to ber aristocratic friends in England. Her agent

affixed the placard, "for sale or hire," and we secured it for the season. "It was indeed a lovely situation. The great waves of the Atlantic rolled up just in front of the house, leaving the pale yellow sands, they retired, strewn with heautifully tinted shells that gave us a never-failing amusement in collecting the most perfect for our cabinets at home.

It was my happiest experience of life by the sea, in such charming companion-bip and parfect seclusion from the out-side world. The remembrance of it often comes back. The feeling of an undis-turbed enjoyment of God's great gifts to His

which way at once. "If y friend brought with her from her home

in Boston a trusty maid, one to whom she committed the management of her household. Nora Casey had come to reside with her on the death of her sister, Mrs McCambridge, with whom she had lived in the capacity of nurse Journeying with that lady wherever Captain McCambridge's vessel was ordered. On her demise, Nora was entrusted to convey little Khre McCambridge to her aunt, Miss Hamelon. Since then she had lived with her present mistress filling the place of housekeeper an

from the glad light of day, just as an artist's trather's ship, Pearl of the Orient, she was born, glorious future was opening before mean I have So you see, my dear Miss Research it was born, had dreams of such excuisite tenes in a start of the orient, she was born. ber from the glad-light of day, just as an artist's tather's ship, Pearl of the Orient, she was born, the glad-light of day, just as an artist's tather's ship, Pearl of the Orient, she was born, the young lady say when you gave her had dreams of such exquisite beens, peopled his no wonder live Old Ocean in its belin tran-bad dreams of such exquisite beens, peopled his no wonder live Old Ocean in its belin tran-with faces and forms perfect in the beauty that rullity. It speaks to me of home, and heaven, with her if he didn't want iome for a katt God had bestowed on our first parents, and then I have awakened to transfer, them to canvas. From the early morning to the seam, hours and heaven in its she worked untiringly ; never felt fatigue or dispassion shore upon the short. The should be beauty that smilled on mis the great wayes thundering their in the sail worked untiringly ; never felt fatigue or dispassion shore upon the short. The should be beauty that smilled on mis the great wayes thundering their of pass second as an another is the contract of the short. The should be an another is the distingtion in ignore. The second as a short of the sho

NO LONGER & FASHIONABLE ADORNMENT-REEDS REPLACING IT.

"The bustle is no longer precisely the thing," said the chief m diste in a Boston establishment, " though they are a worn by many women, who disregard the tates of fashion. Something had to be d about the buatle, as it was being carried the greatest extremes. Thanks are de Mrs. Cleveland for the reformation. If will take a look at the dresses of the class of ladies you will see that, all large and small bustles are both wear, latter ure rapidly taking precedence, and the time the fall fashions have been fall; troduced only a few large ques will be se The big bustles are very ungraceful, capceial on thin women, by whom they are most in

quently worp. "The bustle itself will be replaced by rea in a short time, many dresses having b made with them sircady.

"The reeds vary in size, about four of the being put in the back drapery of the dres The largest ones are placed at the botter and those above gradualy decrease in siz Tae uppermost one is placed about six inch below the waist line, and in this way t dress materially slants off gradually from the waist, presenting a smooth, sloping surface It is very graceful, much more comfortab than the bustle, which is sometimes qui heavy, and, above all, it is ultra-fachion able.

FOR FROST BITES.

There is no better remedy for frost bit childians and similar troubles, than Ha yard's Yellow O.I. It also cures rheumatist lambago, sore throat, deafness, and lament and pain generally. Yellow Oil is used ternally and externally.

A LEVER RASCAL.

Some clever rescal in London advertise that he would on receipt of sixpence stamps, return to the sender one shilling The advertisement was published prominen ly enough to attract considerable attention "Years have gone, but when I recall that summer I fancy I feel the sea breezes as they wantoned through my hair, blowing me to the right and left, cr, as the children, when describ-ing it at the time, said, 'knocking me every which way at once their sixpences. By roturn mail each one ceived the shilling. A few days after, same advertisement again appeared in eral of the newspapers, and everybody w tried it before told all of his friends about The result was that several hundred sixpen work received ; and next day as many en ings went : back. The third time the sai theements appeared the mail rossived by olover sharper was simply enormous. ters came from all parts of the kingdom from all sorts of people, high and low, ri and poor. The rogue pocketed cuver thousands of pounds, and curiously enoug neglected to make any returns.

> ". Young man to messenger boy-What flowers? Missenger boy-She seked t young follow who was sittln' in the 100 with her if he didn't want tomo for a batto