to me always, and to everybowhen I killed the squirrels I said

"These are young, j

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE.

XVII.-CONTINUED.

The lady continued: "Women are such emotional creastures running after their fancies one momen running after their lancies one moment and running away from them the next, adoring the men in one breath, and vilify-ing them in the second, that they have hecome the fools of the word; but you are young yet and may be educated to better things. How old are you?"

Almost nineteen." "Umph! not so young as you look— have you any followers? Are you in

love?"
The young lady blushed violently as
she answered in the negative, and the
gentleman's face was contorted with sup-

penteman's lace was contorious with soppressed mirth.

They were within sight of the broad porch of the house, and Ned in her embarrassment, turning unconsciously to look in that direction, saw a gentleman descend the steps and come toward them. Mrs. Doloran, following the course of Miss Edgar's eyes, also observed him, and said conselve.

"There's Alan!"

She seemed to have forgotten Ned in the watch she maintained on the approaching person; indeed, she appeared to be secretly admiring the easy grace and manly swing of his gait; as he came nearer, even Ned was struck with the clear, eagle-like look in his dark eyes, and the firm, yet kind expression about his mouth, the upper lip of which was covered by a thick, black moustache.

Waiving all forms, Mrs. Doloran grasped Ned's arm and pulled her forward with a eagerly:
"There's Alan!"

Ned's arm and pulled her forward jerk, holding her as if in a vise, while she

"This is Ned Edgar, Alan, the compan-This is Ned Edgar, Ann, the companion you made me engage. She isn't nineteen yet, and pretty enough to have you noticing her, and she making a fool of herself by falling in love with a man who wouldn't marry her if he could. She

At which point of her unnecessary stopped her; it was evident, that, if to no one else, at least in some things she suc-sumbed to the will of this young, slender

but firm-faced individual.

He said quietly, but in a voice that
was deep, and like his face, firm:
"Now that you have so summarily introduced the young lady, be good enough

to introduce me."

Mrs. Doloran broke into one of her ty laughs; so hearty, so prolonged so funny that it was irresistible; Mas

car joined in it, while the gentleman called Alan, bit his lip in a fruitless encaned Anan, but his hip in a fruitless endeavor to maintain his own gravity, and Ned laughed also in spite of herself.

Mrs. Doloran only stopped when the tears came into her eyes, and then, placing her arms akimbo—a fashion which she severely deprecated in every other female, but lemently tolerated in herself—she said:

"Alan's my nephew—Alan Carnew— he is a good feilow enough when his will is not opposed, and a pretty bad one when anybody attempts to drive him. He likes women when they're women, benkes women when they're women, be-cause he hasn't sense enough to see that women were only made after all the brains had been given to men, and he won't know what the world is till he gets a wife that will fool him to the top of his a wife that will fool him to the top of mis bent. Now, I'm going into breakrast and to see what Cawson's done for that poor fool, Ponald; I'm going in with Mascar, here," taking that gentleman's arm, "and you, Ned, can follow with Alau. Use your opprunity, for you won't have many of them, as I don't intend to allow you and him to be much together.

and him to be much together."
"A wholesome introduction, upon my faith," exclaimed the gentleman, called Mascar, laughing as he received the arm extended to him, and turned to accompany its owner; but young Carnew was flushed with anger; he did not answer, however, and after a moment, during however, and after a moment, during struggle with himself, he turned to Ned, struggie with himself, he turned to Ned, saying, with a smile, that seemed to change his whole countenance and make him very handsome:

"Obedience, in this instance, seems to be the only course for us. So we shall follow my eccentric aunt."

She smiled in reply and he continued.

ollow my eccentric aunt."
She smiled in reply, and he continued

she smiled in reply, and he continued as they walked:

"I have read Mrs. Mowbray's correspondence to my aunt concerning you, so that I know whence you come, but she did not say what relation you were to this Mr. Edgar of Barrytown."

"I am no relation," was the answer.

"That is a little singular, since you bear his name and he has taken such an interest in you; but fate sometimes pro-

bear his name and he has taken such an interest in you; but fate sometimes provides for us surange coincidences"—he sighed faintly, as if he was oppressed by the memory of some gloomy coincidence in his own life—" and," he continued, "it is rather unusual for a young lady like you to give up voluntarily a home such as Mr. Edgar provided in order to eat the broad of strangers."

as Mr. Edgar provided in order to eat the bread of strangers."

"But it will be earned bread," she could not refrain from answering.

"Why? Have you found it so hard to eat bread that is bestowed?" And then, as if he was anxious to leave the topic he himself had introduced, he did not wait

himself had introduced, he did not was for her answer, but continued:

"Your duties here will be light, but they will be most trying; my aunt's whims sometimes change every hour, and I fear she will make you the puppet of them; however, when her yoke presses too hard, you can return to your recent home."

home."
They were now on the porch itself, and he was ready to pass her gracefully into the house, little dreaming how his last words had evoked within her a stern determination to submit to the most ex travagant of Mrs. Doloran's whims rather than return to Weewald Place.

Ned's duties, as Mrs. Doloran's com-panion, were exceedingly trying; but there was so much amusement in the lady's various oddities that often our heroine's tears, on the point of secretly flowing, were checked by the remem-brance of the laughable whim which had given rise to the awakard or unpleasant

duty.

Mrs. Doloran's house, which she insisted upon calling Rahandabed, after the hero of some wild East Indian story told hero of some wild East Indian story told to her by the gentleman she had called the her by the gentleman she had called savong which, in spite of her frequently awowed contempt for the sex, it was fairly represented. The guests were mostly New York people, Mrs. Doloran's residence having been there until the death of the pool of

of her husband left her free to follow the caprices which were the bane of her unfortunate consort's life, and that made him hardly sorry when his demise came, since it was his only chance of release from so odd and exacting a companion. Their union had been childless, and that Their union had been childless, and that perhaps was an extenuating cause for her frequent sudden and amusing infatuation for chance acquaintances. Alan Carnew, an orphan at an early age, when not at college or travelling, made his home with the Dolorans, taking his aunt abroad on the death of her husband, and fondly hoping that on their return some change would be effected in her eccentric ways. would be effected in her eccentric ways. He was doomed to disappointment: foreign scenes but imbued her with a deeper love for the grotesque in dress and the singular in forming friendships. She returned with her trunk fall of the bright hues of nearly every foreign loom, and

the singular in forming friendships. She returned with her trunk fall of the bright hues of nearly every foreign loom, and accompanied by a gentleman whose acquaintance she had insisted on making. Her strange fancy was caught first by his odd and striking dress, as he stood in an cuter room of one of the Italian palaces that Alan had brought her to see, and next by his conversation with a companion; it was in English, and was a spirited account of some exciting adventure in India. Had not Alan restrained her, she would have gone up to him and asked him to repeat his narrative; as it was, she gave her nephew no restuntil he learned that the stranger was an unmarried English gentleman, who had resided for some years in India. which country he had left to return to England in order to receive a fortune bequeathed to him, to receive a fortune bequeathed to him,

to receive a fortune bequeathed to him, and that he wes now about to make a tour of the world for pleasure.

"Then we shall have no difficulty in inducing him to come to America with us," said the impetuous lady.

"Aunt Doloran, are you crazy?" replied her astonished and indignant nephew.

"No, my exemplary Alan, but very

"No, my exemplary Alan, but very much in love with a project of my own which could never be complete without this delightful Indian gentleman. I intend, when I return, to transfer my residence from New York to some pretty spot along the Hudson, and summer and winter my friends shall have a carnival. This gentleman, with his exquisitely horrid stories of all that he has seen and heard in the Indian jungles will be just the thing. Maybe he'll consent to become my steward, or head man in some way."

Alan, horrified, could only gaze at her. But, as every woman does, she carried her way, and the Indian gentleman, though he was not asked to become her steward, did actually accompany herself.

steward, did actually accompany herself and her nephew to America. The latter, in spite of all his protests and entreaties to his aunt to have some regard for pro-priety, was obliged to manage the intro-duction; and Mr. Mascar Ordotte (his year name being such an odd one was in very name being such an odd one was in his favor with Mrr. Doloran) was in no wise loth to attach himself to the train of a woman who, from the mement of his acquaintance with her, afforded him in-finite amusement. He accepted very nuite amusement. He accepted very readily her invitation to accompany her to New York, and once there, required little persuasion to prolong his visit until they should be settled in their country

To Alan, this new acquaintance was most undesirable, even though occasionally there was a fascination about Ordotte's manner and conversation that he found hard to resist, but as his aunt was neither to be moved by entreaties, nor by threats to deprive her of his own com-panionship, and as he feared that his depanionship, and as he leared that his de-parture might give rein to some unpleas-ant gossip from those who were unac-quainted with the guilelessness of her motives, and as he hoped for a termina-tion of Codetaria wight he telegrated all motives, and as he hoped for a termina tion of Ordotte's visit, he tolerated all and treated the visitor with a rather cold

out marked politness.

Nor did the grave, handsome, and scholarly nephew mingle as much as might be expected from his youth, being hardly twenty-six, with his aunt's guests; he joined their pastimes occa-sionally, but it was a well-known fact that he preferred his solitary rides a the country, and his books, to all their sports, and many a feminine heart grew sick with disappointment that no charm of beauty seemed potent enough to win the heart of this handsome heir of "Ra-

handabed."
Ned, of course, was thrown much with the company, being in constant attendance up n Mrs. Doloran; but she was so shy and reserved that she attracted little attention save when some absurd request made to her by the widow drew every

eye upon her.

She was a month in her new home, and during that time she had heard once and during that time she had heard once from Dyke, his letter being sent to her from Weewald Place. She had answered, informing him of the change she had made; but she had done it in such a manner that, unless of his own intuition, he could never divine the unhappy feelings which had prompted her. And she had also written to Miss Edgar, according the stream of the friendly should be the second of the friendly and the second of the s ing to her promise, a brief, but friendly note, and received in reply from that young lady quite a gushing epistle, detailing how Mr. Edgar had decided to the company that taking how Mr. Edgal had believe throw open his house to company that winter, and previous to doing so, intended to take his daughter for a brief visit to

New York.

December's chilly blasts had set in and the evenings found the gay company in the spacious winter parlor—to which in the spacious winter parlor—to which blazing grate fires at opposite ends of the room, and crimson moire curtains, imparted an air of delightful comfort—deep in the amusement of charades, or tableaux, or laughable puzzles that taxed alike mental and mirthful faculties. Mrs. Doloran was the queen of the assemblies, and with her grotesque and startling dress, to which her unusual height imparted greater oddity, she presented a most novel sight. Her jewels she wore upon all occasions, varying she wore upon all occasions, varying them only as to kind, and insisted upon adoring her hair with either lace or silk-en drapery. Her dress, ample enough in the skirt to have clothed two ordinary

women, trailed far behind her, and was always of some hue of the rainbow.

Poor Ned was obliged to be constantly in the shadow of this great, ill-dressed woman, and she never knew what moment would call forth such requests as:

"Sing me a lullaby, Ned; I want to forget that I am a woman, and go back to my cradle days." or, "tall me about that

my cradle days;" or, " tell me about that delightful story you were reading yester-

gratification in the presence of the whole assembled company as when she was alone with her young companion. One evening, the lady's fancy settled upon Ordotte, rather than upon Ned. Calling him from the group with whom he had been deciding on the manner in which some game should be played, she said in the loud tones she always used:

the lond tones she always used:
"Give the company that story, Mascar,
that you said Ned's face here put you in

mind of."

The allusion to Ned's face brought every eye upon the young girl, even the piercing look of Alan Carnew, who happened to make one of the party that evening, and she dropped her eyes beneath the battery of glances, and blushed until she thought she must suffocate under the sudden rush of blood.

Young Carnew pitied her: her modesty

Young Carnew pitied her; her modesty charmed him, while the quiet, uncomplaining way with which she attempted to do the abourd things so often required of her appealed to his heart, and frequently made him strongly inclined to interfere in her behalf; feeling, however, how futile would be his efforts in such a cause, and interested in watching the struggle that he saw it cost her to discharge such reougnant duties, he recharge such repugnant duties, he re-mained aloof, never seeming to take further notice of her than courtesy re-

quired. Neither had Ordotte noticed her par ticularly since the morning on which had showed such surprise at the mention had showed such surprise at the mention of her name. Now, however, when he was thus loudly and impetuously appealed to, he let the group to which he had been talking, and, approaching Ned, said, with the air of one who was stirred to mention deeper things than might be prodent: prudent:
"Miss Edgar's face reminded me of

mystery-an Indian mystery-that is

"All?" vociferated Mrs. Doloran, "why, we want the mystery, the whole mystery; how delightful that it occurred in India. Who knows but that Ned here,

in India. Who knows but that Ned here, with her Indian hair and eyes, will be the solving of it."

A strange look passed over Ordotte's face, a look at once sad and fierce, and catching it for the instant that her eyes lifted, Ned involuntarily shuddered.

"The mystery," answered Ordotte, "has the same elements as other mysteries—a woman's face, a wayward life, and a burning wrong. Nothing more, I assure vou."

assure you."

He dropped his hands, and turned smiling to Mrs. Doloran.

She would have the details.
"Weave your elements into a narrative," she demanded, "don't leave us to ve," she imagine that Ned is really the woman of

the mystery."

In her eagerness she had risen from her seat, and stood with one hand on the back of Ned's chair.

Ordotte shrugged his shoulders and laughed; one of the laughs that were so good an imitation of Mrs. Doloran's own

as to set most of the company laughing, despite their extreme curiosity aroused by the gentleman's words.

the gentleman's words.

"My mystery," he resumed, when his mirth had subsided, "must remain such even to me, the time has hardly come for its revelation; but if, by the singular fact of Miss Edgar's face reminding me of it, there can be won for that young lady the regard which her amiable qualities deserve, then shall my mystery ities deserve, then shall my mystery have its just revelation."

have its just revelation."

To one person, and one person alone, did his words convey a double meaning, and that person was Alan Carnew.

Watching the tawny face of the speaker, he imagined that he had read in its expression, not alone what the words had expression, not alone what the words had conveyed to the company, that the amiable qualities of the young lady deserved different treatment from Mrs. Doloran but also that Ordotte had a knowledge of something pertaining to Ned.

Mrs. Doloran, however, was too dull of comprehension to assume any part of the remarks to herself, and eager only to gratify her desire of hearing an account

of the mystery, she persisted "This is frightful of you, "This is frightful of you, Mascar, to plunge us all into such doubt. I insist that you tell us at least what you know."

At this moment a servant entered with some message, which he delivered in a low voice to Mr. Carnew, who immediate-ly arose and crossed to Ned.

"There is a gentleman to see you; he is in a great hurry, and begs if it be possible that you will see him immediately."

Mrs. Deloran also heard the message delivered by Alan, and with her wonted impetuous drift of attention from one subject to another, immediately said.

impetuous drift of attention from one subject to another, immediately said:

"A gentlemen to see you, Ned? I thought you had no followers, no lovers, no males of any kind in your wake."

Ned had arisen, and between embarrassment at the situation in which she found herself, and shame at the loud and coarse remarks of Mrs. Doloran, she presented a pitiable but most interesting picented a pitiable but most interesting picure. Carnew's manhood came

"Allow me to escort you from the parlor, Miss Edgar," he said, presenting at the same time his arm with an exquisite grace. She gladly took it, and under cover of his courtesy made her exit.

XIX.

The gentleman who wanted to see Ned was Dyke—Dyke, travel-worn and with a straugly haggard look in his honest countenance. Ned almost flew into his arms, but he avoided much of her embrace, without exactly seeming to do so. Since he loved her so passionately he must guard every avenue by which that love might escape and show itself unbidden to her unsuspecting eyes; so, did he suffer guard every avenue by which that love might escape and show itself unbidden to her unsuspecting eyes; so, did he suffer the warm caress which in her sisterly love for him she would have given, he must have suatched her to his breast and told how day and night she had been the star thatguided him. And the time had not come for that, for he had not yet made his fortune, nor had she had the opportunity of giving her heart to a worthier lover.

He held her at arm's length on the pretence of noting the changes in her, and she laughed and cried in a breath with joy, and could hardly keep still in her desire to do something for him, and to ask him so many questions in the same moment

to ask him so many questions in the same moment

"I did not expect to see you until summer," she said; "how did you get here, and at such a time of the night; But you must stay to night; Mr. Carnew told me that any friend of mine should be treated with the hospitality extended to the greats".

ten; I turned out of my way to see you, because I could not rest after your last letter—I could not understand why you had left Weewald Place."

had left Weewald Place."

"Was not I plain enough?" she said laughingly, and then she cunningly endeavored to throw him off the scent of her true motive in going away, but he was not to be turned from the clew he had shrewdly divined on reading her letter.

ter.
"You were very unhappy at Weewald Place," he said, looking at her with that peculiarly searching expression which as a child she could never withstand; and it and something of its old power over her now, for she dropped her eyes and blushed. "Tell me, Ned," he said, "tell me frank-But, after all what was there to tell?

But, after all what was there to ten.

A coldness on the part of Mr. Edgor which
she in her sensitiveness might have exaggerated, and an estrangement on the
part of Edna that she considered atoned
for by that young lady's last outburst of Dyke, however, knowing so well Ned's loving, generous nature. comprenended as much from her meagre and hesitating statements as though he had really been a witness of Mr. Edgar's manner, and he

"Now tell me about your life here," he said; and she told him, reserving only the humiliations which her duties sometimes entailed upon her; and the account sound-ed satisfactory enough, with her light tasks that, as she enumerated them, hardtasks that, as she enumerated them, hardly seemed to deserve the name, and the company with which she said the house was filled, and the pastimes that occupied many hours of each day. Dyke said he was glad she had so much variety, and he strove to make himself believe that he was glad that she was so happily situated, even though she might be already on a course which would bear her far from him.

The last moment of the time he had allotted for his stay arrived, and no per-suasions of Ned could induce him to pro-long it, even though she repeatedly urged

Mr. Carnew's invitation.

"Who is this I'r. Carnew," he said at last smilingly, "that you lay such stress upon his invitation?"

"Oh, I didn't think to tell you; he is Mrs. Doloran's nephew, and in some sense waster of the hone.

At this instant there was a knock at the

At this instant there was a knock at the door, and a message from the servant to say that refreshments awaited the stranger, and a room was at his disposal, all by Mr. Carnew's order.

"There, did I not tell you?" laughed Ned, delighted that Dyke should have such attention; but the young fellow would not wait, and half ready to cry that Mr. Alan's kindness should be so slighted, she accompanied him to one of slighted, she accompanied him to one of the side doors that led to the grounds. There he had to wait a moment whilesh rought a servant with a lantern, and in

doing soshe encountered Mr. Carnew.
"Alick, the man, tells me that your friend refuses to accept our hospitality; do you think it needs my personal invita-

He spoke so kindly that it banished her sement at meeting him, and she embarrassment at meeting him, and she answered: "I think not; he is a great hurry." "Nevertheless, I shall take it upon my

self totry," he said, and so he accompan-ied her back to Dyke.

She performed the introduction, and

She performed the introductor, and Mr. Carnew acknowledged it as gracefully and graciously as if the great, country-looking fellow was his equal in the so-cial scale, while Dykecould hardly refrain from staring so intently at the handsome from staring so intently at the handsome man before him as to lay himself open to the charge of rudeness. Carnew was so man before him as to lay himself open to the charge of rudeness. Carnew was so eminently handsome, with that clear, penetrating honest look in his eyes which never failed to win Dyke's admiration. But he could not be persuaded to stay, and Alan, with a kindly expressed regret and adien, turned away and left the two together.

"When shall I see you again?" asked Ned, clinging to the great, hard brown hand, that was of itself loth to withdraw. "Not until summer, I fear; there is so much to be done in the way of travel yet, that I shall not have an hour for myself until then."

She had already asked him all about

She had already asked him all about his invention, and while he had answered truthfully, he had still managed to conceal from her that his prospects were hardly as bright as they had been. Now, whether for the moment that he was off his guard, or that his gloomy anxiety had overmastered him, there was a despondency in his tones that started her.

She looked up, the lamplight from the hall on the verge of which they were standing, showing fully her anxious countenance, and bringing him back instantly to his wonted guard. He forestalled the question that he felt she was about to

tenance, and the to his worted guard. He forestalled the question that he felt she was about to ask, by saying, with his accustomed cheerfulness:

"You must ascribe my heavy-hearted to my fatigue."

"You must ascribe my heavy-nearest speaking, just then, Ned, to my fatigue, having journeyed a long distance to-day, and my anxiety to meet Patten. In June next, Meg will be home, and then I shall come for you to spend your summer with us, like you used to do when you were little Ned."

us, like you used to do when you were little Ned."

He stopped suddenly and kissed her and was gone, following the flash of he lantern which at that moment appeared round the angle of the house.

She went back to Mrs. Doloran, and found herself an object of most undesirable attention on the part of that lady, who would know all about Ned's "follower," as she termed Ned's visitor; but here again Alan Carnew came to her rescue, and so diverted his aun't questions by amusing interruptions of his own, that the attention of the company was withdrawn from Ned, and after a little, amused herself by the wit of her nephew, Mrs. Doloran forgot the blushing, embarrassed object of her searching and pointed observations. vations.

XX.

Mr. Edgar was preparing for his trip to New York with his daughter, when a servant announced that Dykard Dutton wished to see him.

The gentleman's brow clouded slightly; he imagined that he knew the object of Dyke's visit; it had reference to his niece, and he was not a little annoyed that he was nerthans about to be reproached for and he was not a little annoyed that he was perhaps about to be reproached for what his own conscience more than once had twinged him—suffering Ned to leave his house so unprotected—and while the scowl deepened upon his brow, he ordered the young man to be admitted to his presence.

what might be the nature of his errand. His singular honesty of purpose raised him above the awkwardness and embar-rassment of coarse and conceited minds, and gave to his bearing a grave simplicity which won and retained involuntary raand gave to his bearing a grave simplicity which won and retained involuntary respect. And Mr. Edgar felt this when byke was ushered into his presence, perhaps more than he had done on any previous exercision for his brow cleared, and he ious occasion, for his brow cleared, and he accorded to Dyke the gracious salutation

he might have given to an equal.

The honest fellow stated his errand at once. Had Mr. Elgar renounced all in-

once. Had Mr. Figure to the seriest in his nice?

"She has withdrawn herself from my interest," was the quiet reply.

Dyke grew hot. "Would you suffer the merest friend, especially if that friend was a young girl who had accepted the hospitality of your house, to leave it in such a friendless condition; would not your managed, have prompted you to accompany hood have prompted you to accompany her to her destination, and ascertain for her to her destination, and ascertain for yourself that her new home was her proper place? Would not your sense of common charity have impelled you to impress upon any unprotected orphan thrown into your charge, that you were her friend, and not one of whom she was to be afraid, and by whom she was to be repelled? The orphan you have suffered to go forth in such a manner has a tie upon you which you will not be able always to conceal and repudiate, and it may be a part of the justice of Heaven to show you one day that you have made a bitter you one day that you have made a bitter mistake."

Edgar himself was now stirred to wrath; words like these burned into his soul, and his eyes flashed with the fore-boding look of a temper which once loosed knows little bounds. You are insolent, young man; I shall

brook no such language."
"Hear me out," said Dyke with a firmness which! Mr. Edgar felt impelled to

"Since you were satisfied to let her go, "Since you were satisfied to let her gy, you not have written to me of her desire; I, at least, would attend her, as I have attended her before, and ascertain the suitableness of the life she had decided to accept. Instead, you sent me no word, and I only you would not be a sent and had you would not be a sent a sent and had you would not be a sent she had decided to accept. Instead, you sent me no word, and I only learned from her letter that she had gone forth to earn her living. Better you had surrendered all claim to her long ago, and permitted Meg and me to educate her for a simple, useful station. Now she is a lady, and yet she is compelled to be a hireling."

"Cease your insults," thundered Edgar, so maddened by reproaches, the truth of

so maddened by reproaches, the truth o which he could not deny, that he was un

which he could not deny, that he was unable to hear more.

But Dyke was undaunted. Drawing himself to his full height, and looking unflinchingly into the flashing eyes before him, he resumed:

"I have come to-day to get your final answer: Will you resign forever all claim of, and interest in Ned?" The name came so realily to his lips he would not change it for another.

"And if I do, what then?" replied Edgar.

Edgar.
"Then I shall not be so hopeless of her hand one day; unprovided for by you, she will be somewhat nearer to my own station in life, and when I have won station in life, and when I have won the competency that will insure for her a happy home, and if her hand be not given to a worthier suitor, I shall lay my heart at her feet. Did your interest continue to provide for her, my hope could never be realized; the difference in our social scale would disce my lins."

would close my lips."

In spite of Mr. Edgar's indignation at what he considered the unabashed impertmence of this young man, he could not but secretly admire, him, and also secretly pity him; remembering the in-cident of the flower sent by Dick Mackay, and Ned's own, as he considered it, want of candor, he felt that her affections, if not already bestowed upon Dick, would in all probability be given to some one like him, handsome but worthless, in preference to the honest country fellow before him. He wondered to himself it is recalled to the transfer him lithia. it would not be truer kindness to tell this trusting man all that he had observed so unfavorably in his niece; but when he attempted to do so he far

attempted to do so he failed—he had not sufficient heart to crush Dyke's hopes, and he said instead:

"I renounce from this moment all in-terest in my brother's daughter. You are at perfect liberty to do for her whatever your regard may prompt. When I meet her I shall salute her with the courtesy of an acquaintance; further than that she is and she shall be nothing to me."
He bowed and turned away, and Dyke

sion and gloom.

TO BE CONTINUED. A LETTER FROM HOME.

went out with a strange sense of oppre

A Passing Glimpse of the Heroic Soul By Maurice Thompson

Although Father Beret was for many years a missionary on the Wabash most of the time at Vincennes, the fact that no mention of him can be found in the records is not stranger than many other things connected with the old town's history. He was, like nearly all the men of his calling in that day, a self effacing and modes hero, apparently quite unaware that he deserved attention. He and Father Gibault, whose name is so beautifully and nobly connected with the stirring achievements of Colonel George Roger Clark, were close friends and often companions. Probably Father Gibault himself, whose fame will never fade, would have been to day as obscure as Father Beret, but for the opportunity given him by Clark to fix his name in the list of heroic patriots who assisted in winning the great Northwest from the English. Vincennes, even in the earliest days

of its history, somehow kept up com-munication and, considering the circumstances, close relations with New Orleans It was much nearer Detroit; but the Louisiana colony stood next to France in the imagination and longing of priests, voyageurs, coureurs de bois and reckless adventurers who had Latin blood in the veins. Father Beret first came to Vincennes from New Orleans, the voyage up the Mississippi, Ohio and Wabash, in a pirogue, lasting through a whole summer

claimed right of dominion over the great territory drained by the Wabash and, indeed, over a large, indefinitely utlined part of the North American continent lying above Mexico ; a claim just then being vigorously questioned, flintlock in hand, by the Anglo Amer. can colonies.

Of course the handful of French people at Vincennes, so far away from every center of information, and wholly occupied with their trading, trapping and missionary work, were late finding out that war existed be tween England and her colonies. Nor did it really matter much with them, one way or another. They felt secure in their lonely situation, and so went on selling their trinkets, weapons, domestic implements, blankets and intoxicating liquors to the Indians, whom they held bound to them with a power never possessed by any other white dwellers in the wilderness. Father Beret was probably subordinate to Father Gibault. At all events the latter appears to have had nominal charge of Vincennes, and it can scarcely be doubted that he left Father Beret on the Wabash, while he went to live and labor for a time at Kaskaskia beyond the plains of Illinois.

It is a curious fact that religion and he power of rum and brandy worked together successfully for a long time in giving the French posts almost absolute influence over the wild and savage men by whom they were always sur-rounded. The good priests deprecated the traffic in liquors and tried hard to control it, but soldiers of fortune and reckless traders were in the majority, their interests taking precedence of all spiritual demands and carrying everything along. What could the brave missionaries do but make the very best

of a perilous situation ? In those days wine was drunk by almost everybody, its use at table and as an article of incidental refreshment and social pleasure being practically universal; wherefore the steps of re-form in the matter of intemperance were but rudimentary and in all places beset by well nigh insurmonntable dif ficulties. In fact the exigencies of frontier life demanded, perhaps, the very stimulus which, when over indulged in, caused so much evil laria loaded the air, and the most efficacious drugs now at command were then undiscovered or could not be had. Intoxicants were the only popular specific. Men drank to preent contracting ague, drank again. between rigors, to cure it, and vet again to brace themselves during convalescence.

But if the effect of rum as a beverage had strong allurements for the white man it made an absolute slave of the Indian, who never hesitated for a moment to undertake any task, no matter how hard, bear any privation, even the most terrible, or brave any danger, although it might demand reckless desperation, if in the end a well-filled bottle or jug appeared as his

reward. Of course the traders did not overlook such a scurce of power. Alco-holic liquor became their implement of almost magical work in controlling the lives, labors, and resources of the Indians. The priests with their capti-vating story of the Cross had a large influence in softening savage natures and averting many an awful danger: but when everything else failed, rum always came to the rescue of a threat

We need not wonder, then, when we are told that Father Beret made no being informed of the arrival of a boat loaded with rum, brandy or gin. It was Rene de Ronville who brought the news, the same Rene already mentioned as having given the priest a plate of squirrels. He was sitting on the doorsili of Father Beret's hut, when the old man reached it after his visit at the Roussilon home, and held in his hand a letter which he appeared proud

to deliver.

"A batteau and seven men, with a cargo of liquor, came during the rain, he said, rising and taking off his curious cap, which, made of an animal's skin, had a tail jauntily dangling from its crown tip; "and here is a letter for you, Father. The batteau is from New O. leans. Eight men started with it; but one went ashore to hunt and was killed by an Indian.

Father Beret took the letter without apparent interest and said :

Thank you, my son, sit down again ; the door log is not wetter than the stools inside; I will sit by you."

The wind had driven a flood of rain into the cabin through the open door, and water twinkled in puddles here and there on the floor's puncheons. They sat down side by side, Father Beret fingering the letter in an absent-

minded way.
"There'll be a jolly time of it to-night," Rene de Ronville remarked, a roaring time."

"Why do you say that, my son?" the priest demanded.
"The wine and the liquor," was the reply; " much drinking will be done.

The men have all been here for some time, you know, and are as thirsty as They are making ready to ensand. joy themselves down at the river "Ah, the poor souls!" sighed Father Beret, speaking as one whose thoughts

were wandering far away. "Why don't you read your letter, Father?" Rene added.

The priest started, turned the soiled square of paper over in his hand, then

thrust it inside his robe.

"It can wait," he said. Then,
changing his voice: "the squirrels you gave me were excellent, my son. It was good of you to think of me, "he added, laying his hand on Rene's arm.

"Oh, I'm glad if I have pleased you, Father Beret, for you are so kind

and tender, Father Beret must t these,' so I brought them along. The young man rose to go ; fo was somehow impressed that Fa Beret must wish opportunity to his letter, and would prefer to be alone with it. But the priest pr

him down again.
"Stay a while," he said, "I not had a talk with you for

Rene looked a trifle uneasy.
"You will not drink any to m
my son," Father Beret added. t not : do you hear?

The young man's eyes and mou egan to have a sullen ex sion ; evidently he was not pleased felt rebellious ; but it was hard for to resist Father Beret, whom he las did every soul in the post. priest's voice was sweet and gentl positive to a degree. Rene did n word.

" Promise me that you will no liquor this night," Father Beret on, grasping the young man's more firmly; "promise me, my promise me." promise me Still Rene was silent. The m

not look at each other, but gazed across the country beyond the W to where a glory from the W sun flamed on the upper rim of a cloud fragment creeping alon horizon. Warm as the day has horizon. Warm as the day has a delicious coolness now be temper the air; for the wind had into the northwest. A meado sang dreamily in the wild grass low lands hard by, over which three prairie hawks hovered wings that beat rapidly. "Eh bien, I must go," sai presently, getting to his feet

and evading Father Beret's which would have held him. . Not to the river house, my said the priest appealingly. "No, not there; I have letter; one for M'sieu' Roussi came by the boat too. I go to

to Madame Roussillon. Rene de Ronville was weather stained young fellow tall nor short, wearing bucksl casins, trousers and tunic. were dark brown, keen, quick set well under heavy brows.
had probably never touched and his thin, curly beard crini his strongly turned cheeks a while his moustaches sprang fiercely above his full lipped sensual mouth. He looked active, a man not to be ligh oned with in a trial of bodily

and will power.

Father Beret's face an changed on the instant. He dryly and said, with a sly gle eyes :
"You could spend the even

antly with Madame Rouse Jean. Jean, you know is amusing fellow." brought forth the

which he had spoken and l before Father Beret's face. "Maybe you think I ha letter for M'sieu' Rouse blurted; "and maybe you certain that I am not go house to take the letter."
"Monsieur Roussillon is know," Father Beret sugge cherry pies are just as goo he's at home, and I happe that there are some parti licious ones on the pantry Roussillon. Mademoiselle

me a juicy sample: but t say you do not care to have served by her hand. It fere with your appetite; el Rene turned short abou and laughing, and back to the priest he along the wet path lead

Roussillon place.
Father Beret gazed af face relaxing to a serious in which a trace of sadnes spread like an elusive to took out his letter, but di at it, simply holding it tig in his sinewy right han old eyes stared vacantly when their sight is cast many years into the pas sive was from beyond knew the handwriting—flowers of Avignon seem of it, as if by the pressure

A stoop shouldered, bu by leading a pair of good lowing. He was making citedly, keeping the gos trot. "Bon jour, Pere Ber out bree zily, and walked
"Ah, ah; his mind is
newly arrived cargo," ti
priest, returning the sai
throat aches for the liqu

man. Then he read aga superscription and ma move, as if to break hands trembled violet looked gray and drawn. "Come on, you bru receding man, jerking skin by which he led the Father Beret rose a

his damp little hut, was dim on the crucifi posite the door against wall. It was a ba clammy room; a rude wooden stools constitu ture, while the uneve the floor wabbled and the priest's feet.

An unopened letter

mysterious thing. ceive three or day, scan each
square with a s
Most of us know wi