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ARMINIE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID. CHAPTER XIII.

When Arminie reached home on the day of the visit just recorded she found her father, whom she had supposed far away, seated quietly at work in his cabinet de travail. This unexpected appearance did not surprise the girl, who was accustomed to his sudden movements; but she was surprised by the animation of his appearance and manner. Though always an amiable, he was not generally a genial man; but there was about him now the indefinable expression of one whose spirits are elated, and after returning her affectionate greeting, he began to observe at once that she looked a little pale.

"You need change, petite," he said kindly. "I must take you with me when I go away again. Should you not like to go down into Brittany for a few weeks? The country is charming at this season." "I should like it of all things," she replied quickly, pleased as much by his thought for her as by the prospect thus opened.

"And can you be ready by tomorrow?" he asked—"for I can delay no longer." "Oh! that is not difficult," she answered. "I have made too many sudden journeys not to know how to be ready in less time than that. And I have always wished to see Brittany. Have I not heard you say that it is your native country?"

"Only in a certain sense," he answered. "I was born in Marseilles—the fiery cradle of revolution—but I am of Breton race." "And shall we go to the home of your race?" she asked with eager interest. He did not answer for an instant. Then he said: "What does it matter? Why should we care for the home of a race when all mankind are our brothers? The noblest spirits are those that forget name and race and social ties for the sake of acknowledging their brotherhood with the poor and the oppressed. I saw such a man the other day—one born to princely rank, but now the friend and companion of ouvrier, working not for an order or a family, but for the advancement of humanity."

"Yet," said Arminie hesitatingly—for she always dreaded to take issue with her father on this subject—"it seems to me that a man need not disown his ancestors because he devotes his life to what he considers nobler aims than theirs. None the less he owes them gratitude for whatever is illustrious in his name." "It is a narrow sentiment," said her father, "and we wish to banish whatever is narrow from human life. But I see that, like most women, you have aristocratic proclivities, my little Arminie. You would like to belong to what is called an old and noble family, would you not?"

"I do not feel as if I should care very much about it," she answered; "but if I did belong to such a family I should be proud of it—of that I am sure." "And so am I," said her father, smiling. "But now you must run away, for I have much to do." "Can I not help you?" she asked after an instant's almost imperceptible hesitation. "Not to-day," he answered, "this is work which I alone can do." Then, as she was withdrawing, he looked up and added: "I had almost forgotten: you must be prepared for a guest this evening. I met the young American who was here with Leroux—you remember him, do you not?—on the boulevard this morning, and asked him to dine with me, since it is my only evening in Paris."

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Received Highest Awards AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

"Why need you have asked him for that reason?" said Arminie, whose countenance fell a little. "Because I wish to see him," answered her father. "He is in a state when a word may decide him; and he would be an accession of value to our ranks. He has enthusiasm, position, and wealth, I am told. It is worth while to go a little out of one's way to gain such a man."

Arminie did not answer, but her face wore a disappointed look as she left the room. She had hoped that, being set in the way he should go by D'Antignac and the Pere Monsabre, Egerton would dally no more with the fascinations of Socialism; but it seemed, if her father were right, that he was still in a state of mind when "a word might decide him," and that word would certainly be spoken with emphasis by the eloquent voice which has already made so strong an impression upon him. Why her interest should have been great enough for her to be sorry for this may be easily explained. She had, in the first place, inherited from her father the philanthropic spirit, which was none the less strong with her because directed in an opposite channel from his; she had, in the second place, been interested in Egerton because he was a compatriot and friend of the D'Antignacs; and, in the third place, having extended her hand to draw the rash moth from the flame, she was not pleased to see it rush back. Whether she would have been reassured if she had known how much it was the wish to meet herself which made Egerton seek her father is doubtful. She was entirely devoid of vanity, and she would have been sorry to prove an attraction to draw him under an influence the power of which no one appreciated better than herself.

Egerton, meanwhile, was congratulating himself upon that chance encounter with Duchesne which resulted in the invitation he had eagerly accepted. His interest in Socialism had been revived by contact with the man whose belief in it was so ardent, whose advocacy of it so impassioned; but more than his interest in Socialism was his interest in the daughter with the poetic face who disavowed belief in all that made the aim of her father's life. His wish to see her again was stronger than his desire to hear the creed of revolution expounded, though both existed and agreeably harmonized together. For in calling this gentleman an intellectual sybarite Winter had embodied a juster estimate of his mental character than is often contained in a descriptive phrase. He certainly liked a variety of stimulating and intellectual impressions; but the earnestness to seize, to make his own, to act upon any one, had so far been lacking in him, and there were many persons who believed that it would always be lacking. It was on this ground that the scorn of Sibyl Bertram was in a measure justified, although it remained an open question why she should have manifested such scorn.

What he lacked in definite earnestness, however, Egerton made up in the eagerness with which he received and entertained new impressions. There was something of the imaginative temperament in him, and those only who possess that temperament are aware of the great attraction which intellectual novelty has for it. That this element of novelty made the chief attraction both of Duchesne and Arminie to him there can be little doubt, and it was with a sense of interest pleasantly excited that he presented himself at the door of their apartment a few minutes before 7 o'clock—the hour designated for dinner.

He found the father and daughter in the salon, into which he was shown by Madelon; and the marked distinction of their appearance had never struck him so much as when he entered and saw them thus together, their faces of the same high bred type, and the easy grace of their manners framed, as it were, by the air of elegance which pervaded the pretty room, notwithstanding the simplicity of its appointments. With all the manner of a man of the world Duchesne received his guest, and Arminie, on her part, was not lacking in cordiality. They talked of indifferent subjects for a few moments, when dinner was announced and they went into the adjoining room to such a simple yet perfectly-served repast as one only sees in France. For great dinners, with great expenditure and many courses, are given elsewhere, but here only is the exquisite science of petits diners thoroughly understood. At table, also, conversation was for some time altogether commonplace; but a chance remark from Duchesne with regard to his departure the next day made Egerton turn to Arminie and say:

"You must see very little of your father, mademoiselle. He arrived only this morning, and he leaves to-morrow, he tells me!" "I do see very little of him," she answered; "but this time he is going to be very good—he is going to take me with him when he leaves." "Indeed!" said Egerton. The genuineness of her pleasure was evident, but he felt a little blank, as if a source of interest was about to pass out of his reach. "I hope," he said after an instant's pause, "that you do not go very far or intend to remain away very long."

Arminie glanced at her father, conscious that she herself knew very little on those points, and also that he seldom liked his movements to be inquired into; but on the present occasion he answered without hesitation: "We shall neither go very far nor be gone very long. An election is to

take place in Brittany soon to fill a vacant seat in the Chamber. The man who lately filled it belonged to the Right—was a moderate Legitimist and clerical. But the man who offers himself now as a candidate for the seat is an intense Legitimist and a clerical of clericals. He is well known as a leader in his party. No doubt you have heard of him—the Vicomte de Marigny."

Egerton replied that he had heard of him, and he did not notice Arminie's sudden start of surprise and attention. Meanwhile her father went on speaking: "He is a man to be defeated, if by any possible means it can be accomplished. But he has a strong hold upon the people of his district; and although even in Brittany the leaven of new ideas has begun to work, as yet it works slowly."

"And are you going to stand against him?" asked Egerton. "No," answered the other, with a slight smile. "The part which I have to play in the great onward movement of humanity does not lie within the walls of a legislative assembly. I am one of those who mould the public opinion which acts on the men who are there."

"Then you go down into Brittany in order to mould this opinion?" "Exactly. I am sent to aid in bringing about, if possible, the election of the Republican candidate." "May I ask what kind of a Republican he is?" said Egerton. "I have been long enough in France to discover that there are many kinds. The other shrugged his shoulders. "Ma foi, yes—many kinds indeed. He is, I believe, a moderate Republican of the bourgeois type; but there is a fierce logic working behind these men of which they know little. In the end they must do our will or be swept away. It is so with their chief and leader, Gambetta. Oh! yes, revolution was very fine; the rights of the people were noble and great so long as the tide was lifting him toward power; but when he has seized power he would like for the revolution to subside and be quiet. But the revolution has other ends in view than to make M. Gambetta dictator of France—ay, or to make the fortune of any other man. He lifted his head; a flash of fire was in his dark eyes. "The day for such men has passed," he said; "the day for the people has dawned."

"Has it?" said Egerton, a little sceptically. Yet as he spoke he felt himself stirred by the magnetic influence of this man's strong conviction, and he forgot to look at Arminie, who sat quite silent with downcast eyes. "Yet the ends for which you and those who feel with you are working seem as far off as ever." "As far off as ever!" repeated Duchesne. He smiled with a mingling of amusement and scorn. "Forgive me, mon ami, but how little you and those like you know of anything save the surface of affairs! Why, the triumph of all our ends is merely a question of time—and, it may be, of very short time. Because you see the old tyrannies standing, the old abuses in progress, do you think the friends of humanity are idle? Nay, we work without ceasing; nor is our work in vain. From end to end of Europe our organizations extend, and when the signal strikes, when the moment of uprising comes, it will not be France alone which will renew the days of '93. That was but a prelude of the great drama of revolution finally accomplishing its results which we shall see when the Volga answers to the Seine, and from the Baltic to the Mediterranean an emancipated Europe will rise and shake off its fetters for ever."

Unconsciously Egerton felt himself shudder a little. The man's voice, with its intense earnestness, its ring of positive prophecy, conjured before him those days of '93 of which the self-believing prophet spoke, and he seemed to see the blood-red cloud of revolution rising which was to whelm the civilization of more than a thousand years. "I know," he said after a moment's pause, "that Europe is honeycombed with your societies, but surely a century of revolution has proved that, after all, it is no easy thing to overturn an established government."

"So far from that, it has proved just the reverse—it has proved that nothing is easier than to overturn any government, if the people are but united in what they desire. To secure this union of purpose is the work to which we give our lives, and wherever there is a chance for an opening wedge there we enter it. Such a chance is this for which I am now going down into Brittany. The people there have long pinned their faith to the nobles and the clergy, but it is time to let them hear the sound of the new gospels—the dignity and rights of man, of the necessity of revolt instead of the duty of submission."

"But," said Egerton, "I confess that I fail to see what you will gain if you elect a man with whom you have little more in common than you have with the Vicomte de Marigny."

"Do you know so little of fundamental principles and the life that is in them as to think that?" said Duchesne. "Why, the most timid and opportune Republican has, in common with us, belief in the equality of men's rights and the supremacy of the popular will. That is the basis of all Republicanism, whether marred by halting and compromise, or carried out logically to its inevitable conclusion that it is a crime to withhold from man any one of his rights. From that basis the Vicomte de Marigny totally dissents. He does not acknowledge the rights of man and he does not recognize the supreme authority of the people. An absolutist in politics and a bigot in religion, there can be no

quarter between him and us. We may respect such an opponent, but we cannot spare him." "Do you think it possible to defeat him?" asked Egerton. "He is a man of power and influence, and in his own hereditary home—"

"The triumph will be to defeat him there," said the other, with a quick light in his face—the light of animation and elation which had puzzled Arminie. "They begin to realize that the Middle Ages have passed, these nobles, when their personal prestige wanes even under the walls of their chateaux, and the descendants of their vassals rise up against them."

"And so, mademoiselle," said Egerton, turning to Arminie, "you are going to take part in a political battle?" "As she looked at him he saw that all the pleasure which had been in her eyes when she spoke of leaving Paris with her father had died out of them, and instead there was the pained and anxious expression which he had seen more than once before. "No, monsieur," she answered quietly. "It does not follow that I shall take part in the battle because I go with my father."

"I fear that Arminie has but a half-heart for the cause," said her father. "A man's foes are of his own household, it is said; but thou, petite," he added kindly, seeing that his daughter looked distressed, "thou art only like a child and a woman, fond of clinging to the dreams of the past." "The question is," said Egerton, "what are dreams and what are realities? It is rather hard to determine. Your hopes, for example—are they not dreams to the majority of the world?" "That is a question yet to be answered," said Duchesne. "But however much of dreams they may seem to those who are only able to recognize accomplished facts, be sure they will yet prove realities of the most stern and undeniable character."

Egerton had himself little doubt of it so he did not challenge the assertion. And in this vein the conversation continued until they rose from table. Coffee was served in the salon, and it was then that Duchesne apologized to his guest for the necessity of attending a revolutionary meeting in the Salle Rivoli. "Knowing that I must attend it," he said, "I should not have asked you to dine with us this evening had it not been my only evening in Paris."

"Pray do not let any consideration of me trouble you," said Egerton. "I am very happy to have had the pleasure of dining with you, even though I must resign your society for the evening to the patriots of the Salle Rivoli." He paused a moment, tempted to say that he would spend half an hour longer with Mlle. Duchesne, if he might be permitted. But in French society such a request would be inadmissible, and the air of this salon was too much that of French society for him to venture on it. So he asked instead if he might be allowed to accompany Duchesne to the meeting.

The latter hesitated a little before replying. Then he said: "If you will you may do so; but I am bound to warn you that you will hear a great deal of tumultuous nonsense. A meeting like this, full of unfeigned and unpractical enthusiasts, is very different from the grave councils in which the real business of the revolution is transacted." "Yet what is that but government, and a very irresponsible government, too?" said Egerton. "As far as I can understand your councils demand implicit obedience, yet are accountable to no one. Could a king of the most absolute type do more?"

It was quite evident that this homethrust from so promising a disciple disconcerted Duchesne for an instant. Then he said: "If we demand obedience it is only from those who willingly give it for the sake of the end which we have in view; and if our councils sit in secret and render an account to no one, it is only until our end—the great end of freedom for all—is gained. But," he added, glancing at the pendule on the mantel, "I see that I am nearly due in the Salle Rivoli, so we have no time to discuss the subject now. But if you care to accompany me, and if I may detain you until I change my coat—"

Egerton professed, sincerely enough, his readiness to be detained for any length of time, and while Duchesne disappeared he turned to Arminie. "I hope, mademoiselle," he said quickly, "that you did not misunderstand my question at dinner; that you did not think I imagined you were about to take part in the political battle of which your father spoke, or that I could have meant to bring forward the points of difference between you? I spoke, as one too often does, lightly, heedlessly." "It was very natural. Believe me I did not misunderstand you," Arminie answered, regarding him quietly with her deep, soft eyes. "You did not mean to bring forward the difference, but it is always there, and my father feels it as well as I. But he is kind, he says little. Ah! monsieur," she broke off abruptly, "it seems to you, perhaps, interesting and exciting to hear of plots and plans and revolutions, of preparations for the whirlwind which is to destroy everything; but do you ever think what that whirlwind will be when it comes? And can you conceive what it is to live ever with the sound of its terror in one's ears?" She extended her hand suddenly with one of the dramatic gestures which are so natural to the southern races. "You play, you palter with it now," she said, "but God have mercy on you when it breaks!" Her tone, her look were like a grasp of passionate earnestness laid upon one

who is trifling with momentous issues; and while Egerton was still silent with surprise Duchesne entered, saying: "Pardons, mon ami, but I am ready now."

TO BE CONTINUED.

IRISH "ANGLO-SAXONS."

It is a curious fact that some of the most strenuous defenders of the mythical "Anglo-Saxon" race have been Celts, and particularly Irish Celts, or at least Americans of Irish descent. It is now many years since Mr. James Buchanan, afterwards President of the United States, but then American Minister to England, in a speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London, expressed the hope that eternal peace might reign between England and this country, or, as he termed them, "the two great Anglo-Saxon nations," apparently ranking himself as an Anglo-Saxon, though, of course, if he was entitled to his surname, he was a Celt and not an "Anglo-Saxon." There have been hundreds of instances since of a similar kind.

But the most singular example of this apparent incongruity, of men of Celtic race, and especially, of men of Irish Celtic race, appearing as champions of the "Anglo-Saxon," is offered in the current *North American Review*. In an article on the "Possibilities of an Anglo-American Reunion," the American side of the discussion is taken by Captain Alfred T. Mahan, of the United States Navy, and the English side by Captain Lord Charles Beresford, of the English Navy. It is not necessary to go over the pedigree of either of these gentlemen, except to point out that the name of Mahan is, of course, merely a modification of an ancient Irish clan name usually written in English form, as MacMahon, McMahon or M'Mahon and, that Lord Charles Beresford is of the family of the Marquis of Waterford, and that his family is Irish and has been for seven hundred years, previously to which it was Norman.

And herein is contained a fact which the real Anglo-Saxon of England, if any such thing as a real Anglo-Saxon exists, would turn to advantage, if they had the quick wit and political understanding of these pseudo Anglo-Saxons of Irish race. That is, that nothing would so quickly reconcile the people of Ireland to the policy of identifying themselves with the interests of the British Empire as the establishment of Home Rule in Ireland. Until the end of the Jacobite wars England had no bitter enemies than the Scotch, who, to a man, hated the *Sasannach*, or so-called Anglo-Saxon. But from the moment that Scotland was fairly admitted into the union and sincere friendship of England, Scotchmen became more English than the English themselves. The probability is, however, that this Irish Home Rule will be accorded in a comparatively short time. It will most certainly be won in the course of the political changes that are bound to come in the polity of the British Empire.

In the meantime, it is fair to presume that all these amiable plans of reunion between nations so widely apart geographically and in their natural destinies as the United States and the British Empire will have passed into oblivion, so that not even facile "Anglo-Saxons" of Irish race in either nation will be able to resuscitate them without exciting the wonder, if not derision of persons of a less impressionable race.—Catholic Standard.

Macaulay's Famous Description.

The contrast between Carlyle and Macaulay which Frederick Harrison draws in a recent magazine article is well worth preserving. After quoting Macaulay's famous description of the Catholic Church to be found at the beginning of the essay on Rank's "History of the Popes," he goes on to say: "Here we have Macaulay in all his strength and all his limitations. The passage contains in the main a solid truth—a truth which was very little accepted in England in the year 1840—a truth of vast import and very needful to assert. And this truth is clothed in such pomp of illustration and is hammered into the mind with such accumulated blows; it is so clear, so hard, so coruscating with images, that it is impossible to escape its effect. The paragraph is one never to be forgotten, and not easy to be refuted or qualified. No intelligent tyro in history can read that page without being set a thinking, without feeling that he has a formidable problem to solve. Tens of thousands of young minds must have had that deeply-colored picture of Rome visibly before them in many a Protestant home in England and in America. Now, all this is a very great merit. To have proposed a great historical problem, at a time when it was very faintly grasped, and to have sent it ringing across the English speaking world in such a form that he who runs may read—nay, he who rides, he who sails, he who watches sheep or stock must read—this is a real and signal service conferred on literature and on thought. Compare this solid sense with Carlyle's ribaldry about "the three-headed Papa," "pig's wash," "servants of the Devil," "this accursed nightmare," and the rest of his execrations—and we see the difference between the sane judgment of the man of the world and the prejudices of intolerant fanaticism."

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