

The Leaves of October.

BY THOMAS J. MCGEEHAN.

The leaves of October are falling,
Over brown, over brooklet and rill;
They are blasted like hopes I'm recalling,
And they drift o'er the graveyard hill.

When the sky of October's unveiled,
They drop through the autumn and lie
Like poor little strangers unattended
That far in some desert wastes die.

Those frail, broken leaves of October,
That are shaken by breeze as they fall,
They seem so sad, yellow and sober,
Once they sheltered the humming-bird's fall.

They once were arrayed all in beauty,
To grace some gay school-girl's brow;
But the school-girl deems it her duty
To trample the fallen leaves now.

Ah! sure, such is the way of the world,
When high up 'twill court you awhile,
And when you're down to the dust it's hurled,
The world will heed you no more!

To the frail, broken leaves be tender;
Though you trample them down in the
glen,
The woodlands, arrayed all in splendor,
Will wave their green foliage again!

So the poor, bowed in grief and abjection,
Who once they had rich robes of gold,
In the day of the great Resurrection
Will spring into glory once more.

TOO STRANGE
NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

"Very young, and he has left no
brother to succeed him. Have you a
brother, Mademoiselle Wilhelmina?"
She blushed very much, and answered,
"Ours is my adopted brother. When
my mother was afraid Osceola would
drag me away from her, Ontario adopted me
as his sister, after the manner of the In-
dians."

"I have heard that they consider the
tie of adoption as sacred as that of blood.
And so you have no real brothers and
sisters? Neither have I; but when I was
young I had a playmate who was very
like you."

"And did you love her very much?"
"With all my heart."
"And is that little girl dead?"

"I thought she was for a long time,
but I now believe she is still alive. But
I am afraid we shall never have any
more happy hours together. We can
never be children again. Our early years,
Mademoiselle, were the happiest in
our lives."

"I suppose so," said Mina pensively.
"I don't think I shall ever be so happy
as I was at St. Agathe."

"On the banks of the great Indian
River in the Illinois. It is the most beau-
tiful place in the world."

"More beautiful than Paris, or Versail-
les, or St. Cloud?"

Mina shrugged her shoulders in a con-
temptuous manner, which infinitely
amused the count.

"Were you born in America, Mademoi-
selle Wilhelmina?"

"Yes; at St. Agathe, and I lived there
till I was nine years old. But it is said
to strangers, and I shall never see it
again."

"Did your mother love it as much as
you did?"

"She loved it very much, but she
never talks of it now. My father was so
ill after the 'Natchez' misadventure, that
she does not wish to live amongst Indians.
I do not think she herself would mind it."

"Do your parents intend to remain in
Paris?"

"O no; my father is trying to get an
appointment in the West India island."

At that moment the conversation be-
tween the Count de Saxe and the young
girl was interrupted. M. and Madame
d'Orgeville were going away. Lookers-
on in which the count had been conversing
with her. She said "good bye" to him in
a confident friendly manner, which seemed,
for some reason or other, to affect him.

He kissed her hand with a respectful ten-
derness which puzzled the lady who had
vainly tried to attract his attention. She
wondered how he could find amusement
in talking so long to a pretty child.

When Mina was gone, he remained some
time in the same place brooding in thought.
Did she or did she not know who her mother
was? That was what he could not make
out. She seemed quite indifferent about
the death of Peter the Second, but had
seemed agitated when he asked if she had
a brother. He resolved to call in a few
days at Madame d'Orgeville's, and to sift
the mystery.

During the following week Mina was
taken every day by Madame Maret to the
Bishop of Auxerre's house, near the
church of St. Sulpice. There she met
Ontario; and it was a curious thing, in the
midst of the Paris of that day, to see a girl
and a youth, both totally unacquainted
with the world, in the midst of which they
had been suddenly thrown together, en-
gaged, the one in teaching, the other in
learning, the Christian religion. The
group in M. d'Auxerre's study would
have made an admirable subject for a
picture. The gray-haired bishop looking
kindly on the two young crea-
tures at his feet. The dark-haired, olive-
coloured youth, with his eyes fixed on the
fair girl, who, half sitting, half kneeling,
her hands clasped together and her soul
shining through her face, translated the
prelate's instructions, and by gestures and
looks, as well as words, transmitted to him
their meaning. It was a labour of love.
The bishop had said something to the
effect that Ontario would prove hereafter
the future teacher of his dispersed coun-
trymen, and she seized on the word with
enthusiasm. He would not, she felt sure,
live for himself alone. He would carry
to his unhappy brethren the religion
which hollows suffering, and can enoble
even the condition of a slave. His words
would one day enlighten the children of
the Sun now sunk in the depths of a two-
fold darkness. High and pure were the
teachings of her guileless lips, and deeply
did they sink into the heart of the young
Indian. The aged man could scarcely re-
strain his tears as he looked on these chil-
dren of different races, born under the
same sky and endowed with such kindred
natures. "Out of the mouths of babes
and sucklings hast Thou ordained
strength," he often thought, as Mina
spoke and Ontario hearkened to her words.

Sometimes he was called out of the
room on business, and then the brother
and the sister stood at the window look-

ing on the Luxembourg gardens, on the
fountains and the lilacs; and talked of the
grand forests and the waterfalls, the
purple fields and fiery blossoms of their
own land, their hearts throbbing with the
chance, then the pain of remembrance.
These were Ontario's only bright hours in
the city of the white men. The bishop's
house appeared an oasis in what was to
him a desert. The religious instructions
he received there, the gradual enlighten-
ment of his mind, the innocent affection
of his adopted sister—the only tie he had
in the world—gradually healed the bleed-
ing wounds of his soul. In the afternoon,
M. and Madame Maret took him to see all
the sights of the capital; and in the evening
they sometimes conducted him to
place of public entertainment. But
amusement, and shows of any description
did not the least attract for him. No
thing pleased his eye except the beauties
of nature. He was perfectly indifferent
to art in all its shapes. But his quick in-
tellect discerned the practical uses of
mechanical inventions, and examined with
interest the wonders of physical
science. Many a plan Mina and he laid
together; many a castle they built in the
wilderness to which their thoughts were
ever turning. A temple more grand than
Notre Dame itself was one day to rise in
an American forest, and many black robes
were to dwell there, and a great Christian
city to rise around it. Mina and her par-
ents would come and live in the new city
of the Sun, and the black robe would join
their hands before the Christian altar, and
Ontario become the son of the white chief.

Mina used always to shake her head when
the closing scene of this vision was drawn.
She knew now that French girls did not
do that. She had seen her mother's
marry, and she remembered her mother's
saying that she must never marry an In-
dian. Then she wondered if his being a
Christian would make a difference. And
then she thought that the sight of one of
his race made her father shudder, gave her
the shudder, she felt as if her heart
would break if her parents greeted him
coldly.

"They arrived in Paris about three weeks
after the eventful evening at the Hotel de
Saxe. Madame d'Auxerre had been taken
ill the day after her daughter's letter had
so abruptly announced to her her son's
death. She had been forced to stay some
time at Havre, and then to travel by slow
journeys. Her greatest desire now was,
as has been said, to leave France, to break
off all associations, and carry Mina away
to some place where they might begin life
afresh. A vague disquietude stole over
her as she noticed on her arrival the ever
increasing love, but very delicate ap-
pearance, of her daughter. The peculiar
light in her eyes was more vivid than usual;
there was a spiritual beauty in her face
which is seldom seen in persons of strong
health."

The body talked, the fine mind overwrought.
With something faint and fragile in the
soul.

That night, bending over her bed, her
mother whispered to her, "My beloved
child, henceforth pray for the repose of
your brother's soul; God has taken him
out of this world." Tears choked her
utterance.

Mina then her arms around her neck
and murmured, "O mother, may he rest
in peace." Thoughts of that buried
brother often haunted Mina in future
years. Her father was right when he had
wished her not to know anything of the
past which was weary to her actually
closed to her. Mysteries always throw a
shade over the sunny days of youth.

Mina had sat between her parents on
the evening of their arrival, gazing first
on the one and then on the other with
the deepest tenderness. She told them
Ontario had been so kind, that morning.
It was in the Church of St. Sulpice that
the ceremony had taken place. The
world had crowded to witness a novel
sight; the sacred building was filled with
courtiers and women of fashion. Spy-
glasses were held up, and all eyes were
fixed on the young girl, who, in answer
to questions asked and answered round
M. d'Auxerre, had sheathed them not. "Her
eyes were with her heart," and both were
beamed on the youth for whom she had so
long and so ardently prayed. She was
kneeling near the pulpit from which the
Bishop of Auxerre had been preaching,
and was so absorbed in her devotions that
after the whole ceremony was over, she
did not notice that Madame d'Orgeville
had gone into the sacristy to speak to him,
and that every one had left the church ex-
cept one lady, who came up to her and
touched her on the shoulder. She raised
her head and recognized Mademoiselle
Gaudier, whose eyes were, like her own,
full of tears. They had been both deeply
wakened in the midst of that crowded
cathedral, and as each child had been
state of their souls at this time, but both
had felt what others had not felt. There
was something in common between them,
one was struggling out of the depths, the
other going forward in the brightness of
faith, but both following from afar.

The banner with a strange device.

"Pray for me," said the actress, bend-
ing unceremoniously her knee as she ap-
proached the young girl, and then disap-
pearing before the latter had had time to
recover her surprise.

People often think themselves better
than they are, but it also sometimes hap-
pens that they are taken by surprise in
other way. Madame d'Auxerre had been
struggling ever since she had heard of On-
tario's arrival in Paris, to conquer her
voluntary coldness towards him. She was
angry with herself for her ingratitude,
and she dreaded showing what she had
persuaded herself she felt. When Mina
spoke of him there was something nervous
and constrained in her manner, which in-
creased her daughter's sensitive apprehen-
sion. On the following day,
the young Indian suddenly entered the
room, all feelings of coldness vanished at
once from his mind. The scenes of her
captivity rose again before her, but with
them vivid remembrance of what that
youth had done for her child and herself,
and she clasped him to her heart with a
tenderness heightened by the reaction
which had taken place in her feelings. It
was some time before she could master her
emotion.

Mina visits to the bishop continued,
but now her father was with her. His
intimate knowledge of the Indian lan-
guage enabled him to assume the task she

had hitherto performed, and M. d'Auxerre
in a few days confided to him the care of
Ontario's instruction. He came every
night to their lodgings, studied with Col.
d'Auxerre, and read with Mina. These
were his happy hours. He began to un-
derstand the enjoyment of domestic life—
the blessings of the Christian idea of home.
His affection for Mina was unbounded.
One day he said to her—

"You are all things in one to me: my
angel, for you pray for me; my teacher,
for you instruct me; my sister, for you
love me; my child, for I once carried you
in my arms; and one day, when I have
learned all the white men can teach, you
will be my wife, and we shall live in our
own land in a palace covered with roses,
on the shores of the beautiful river."

Mina did not believe in this palace in
the new world, but she left off saying so
when it vexed Ontario; and she was happy
to see her parents so kind to him. She
was no longer anxious to leave Paris.
There did not seem any immediate pros-
pect of it. Solicitation is weary work;
day after day d'Auxerre was disappointed
of the answer he was expecting. Two out
of the three months, at the end of which
his appointment was to be made, he had
with the Count de Saxe, had already
elapsed. Mina related to her the conver-
sation she had had with him at Madame
de Senac's. Sometimes she thought of
dismissing to him her secret, and obtain-
ing his assistance in forwarding her hus-
band's appointment; but as soon as the
idea took the form of a resolution, it
caused her indescribable apprehension.
It had always been in her nature to meet
with courage inevitable evils, but de-
cisions frightened her. She intensely de-
sired to see her father, and she had prom-
ised her mother when she would be
rolling between them. Every morning
awoke with the hope that that day would
be the last of tedious suspense.

One evening at dusk, as d'Auxerre was
walking up the stairs of the house where
they lodged, he met somebody coming
down, who took off his hat and passed on.
He could not see who it was, but his ser-
vant Antoine, who was in the ante-room
of their apartments, told him it was the
German, Reinhardt. He had been talking
to the Count de Saxe, and he had seen him
go in and out two or three times.
D'Auxerre was much disturbed at this
intelligence. He had heard, since he
was in Paris, that this man was a spy, and
in the pay of whatever governments chose
to employ him. He did not at all like
his having traced them. Whether he was
still seeking evidence about the jewels, or
was on the scent of a still more important
discovery, in both cases he dreaded the
consequence, and began to consider if it
would not be desirable to leave Paris at
once, or at least to send his wife to some
place where she would be out of this man's
way. One measure of prudence he
thought it necessary to suggest to her;
this was to pack up and hide the jewels
she still possessed.

"I have nothing now of any value,"
she said. "Perhaps we had better sell
what there is..."

"On no account," he exclaimed. "That
would be most imprudent. But my dear-
est, what do you mean by nothing of
value? Where is the locket, with the
ear's picture?"

"She smiled, and said, 'I did not mean
to tell you, but as you ask about it, I sup-
pose you must needs be informed that I
parted with the diamonds last September,
when I wanted money to pay the doctor
and our lodgings in the Rue de Louvre.
Part of that sum I still have in bank
notes. What is the matter?' she asked,
alarmed at observing a look of annoyance
in her husband's face."

"Oh, my dearest," he said, "why did
you not speak to me before you sold that
locket?"

"I did not sell the picture, Henri, only
the diamonds. You were ill, and I was
determined you should not be troubled
about money matters."

"I know. I see how it was. You are
an angel of goodness. But whom did you
sell them to?" d'Auxerre asked, trying not
to seem anxious.

"To a dealer in diamonds, whose direc-
tion I got from M. Lenoir, Wisbach, a
German."

"Good heavens! an agent of the Russian
Embassy. O, my own precious one,
who you thought to save me anxiety!
Well, but never mind. Do not be un-
happy. I have no doubt it is all right."

"But what do you fear, Henri?"

"Why, my dearest, you know that
years ago in America there were inquiries
made and reports circulated about your
jewels having been stolen. And if these
diamonds should be recognized and traced
to you, no explanation can be offered but
that I stole them."

"O, but the picture was not seen. Only
the setting; only the locket..."

"But, my dear heart, this man Wisbach
has for years and years executed all the
orders for Jewellery at the Imperial Court.
I should not be surprised if he had made
that locket himself. Do not be fright-
ened. I only want you to see the neces-
sity of prudence. If you will put the
picture and the trinkets together, and seal
them up in a box, I will take the parcel
to M. Maret, who will, I know, take
charge of them, without inquiring as to
its contents."

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out of her bedroom. She took out of it a
miniature, and a few chains and brooches,
and was just placing them in a small case,
when her husband was lighting a candle,
and looking for ceiling-wax, when they
were startled by a sound of steps on the
stairs. She had scarcely time to thrust
back all the things into the large box, be-
fore two men entered, and announcing
themselves as police agents, arrested them
at the strangeness of their position. His
usual coolness and presence of mind all
more forsook him in this complicated em-
barrassment. Under the weight of so
plausible an accusation and such over-
whelming evidence, the only defence that
could be set up would of necessity appear
an absurd invention, a preposterous lie.
It seemed to him incredible that that
moment that he had not more fully realized
the danger hanging over them from the
possession of those things. He felt
stunned and bewildered. There was no

time to confer with his wife on the steps
they should take, or the answers they
should give when separately examined,
which he knew must follow. Would even
his own friends believe his story? They
had known him long and well, but he
scarcely at all. Sooner than give credit
to so improbable a story, they might deem
that he had been taken in by an impostor.
These thoughts passed through his mind
with the quickness of lightning, for the
whole scene did not last more than two or
three minutes. He asked leave to write
a few words to M. d'Orgeville. This was
refused, with a hint that such a note
might convey instructions for removing
other stolen property. They scarcely al-
lowed Madame d'Auxerre time to put up
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could only strain her throat, and d'Auxerre
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Hotel d'Orgeville. Tell them that through
some extraordinary mistake we are ac-
cused of a crime, and thrown into pris-
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"No more talking, if you please," said
one of the police agents, and hurried them
down stairs. When Madame d'Auxerre
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to look at her daughter, who was follow-
ing her in silence; too agitated to speak,
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"Mina," she cried, as the carriage-door
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young girl could not hear. When it had
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"Ah! Mademoiselle Mina," he cried,
"for God's sake do not look so. You
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is no wonder. To see monsieur and ma-
dame go off in such company, and to such
a place, is enough to upset one. I am
ashamed of my country, that I am. Let
me get you some wine and water, ma-
dame, you are nearly fainting!"

"No, Antoine; I am thinking," an-
swered the child, with her head resting
on her hands, and an expression of in-
tense thoughtfulness on her brow. The
color gradually returned to her cheeks,
and she breathed a deep sigh.

When Antoine had brought her the wine
and water, she swallowed it, and then said,
"Where are they gone, Antoine? I
mean to what prison?"

"To the Conciergerie," he said, in a low
voice; and then he added, "It is all a
great mistake. They will come back
very soon. But we must do as your papa
said, and go to the Hotel d'Orgeville."

"No, Antoine, I am not going there;
not yet, I mean."

"And where are you then going, ma-
dame?"

"Do you know where the Count de
Saxe lives?"

"No, mademoiselle; but perhaps I
can find out. But why do you want to
know?"

"Because I must see him immediately—
immediately, Antoine."

Antoine shook his head. "Monsieur
said I was to take you to the Hotel d'Or-
geville."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A CHAPTER FROM THE PENAL
DAYS.

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recently before the Osney Archaeological
Society. It dealt with a proceeding
against a "Popish recusant" in the County
of Kidare in 1658. In those delightful
days one might enjoy comfort in anything
but the profession of the Catholic re-
ligion, and the obstinate people who de-
clined to surrender the faith of their
ancestors were treated as rebels.

"I have no doubt it is all right."

"But what do you fear, Henri?"

"Why, my dearest, you know that
years ago in America there were inquiries
made and reports circulated about your
jewels having been stolen. And if these
diamonds should be recognized and traced
to you, no explanation can be offered but
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"O, but the picture was not seen. Only
the setting; only the locket..."

"But, my dear heart, this man Wisbach
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I should not be surprised if he had made
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were startled by a sound of steps on the
stairs. She had scarcely time to thrust
back all the things into the large box, be-
fore two men entered, and announcing
themselves as police agents, arrested them
at the strangeness of their position. His
usual coolness and presence of mind all
more forsook him in this complicated em-
barrassment. Under the weight of so
plausible an accusation and such over-
whelming evidence, the only defence that
could be set up would of necessity appear
an absurd invention, a preposterous lie.
It seemed to him incredible that that
moment that he had not more fully realized
the danger hanging over them from the
possession of those things. He felt
stunned and bewildered. There was no

time to confer with his wife on the steps
they should take, or the answers they
should give when separately examined,
which he knew must follow. Would even
his own friends believe his story? They
had known him long and well, but he
scarcely at all. Sooner than give credit
to so improbable a story, they might deem
that he had been taken in by an impostor.
These thoughts passed through his mind
with the quickness of lightning, for the
whole scene did not last more than two or
three minutes. He asked leave to write
a few words to M. d'Orgeville. This was
refused, with a hint that such a note
might convey instructions for removing
other stolen property. They scarcely al-
lowed Madame d'Auxerre time to put up
a change of clothes, and to kiss her daugh-
ter. She was taken too much by surprise
to be able to collect her thoughts. She
could only strain her throat, and d'Auxerre
called Antoine, who was standing pale
and trembling at the door, and said,
"Take care of her. Take her to the
Hotel d'Orgeville. Tell them that through
some extraordinary mistake we are ac-
cused of a crime, and thrown into pris-
on."

"No more talking, if you please," said
one of the police agents, and hurried them
down stairs. When Madame d'Auxerre
had reached the last step she turned round
to look at her daughter, who was follow-
ing her in silence; too agitated to speak,
too terrified to weep.

"Mina," she cried, as the carriage-door
closed upon her. What more she said the
young girl could not hear. When it had
disappeared she slowly went up stairs
again. Antoine was frightened at her still
composed look.

"Ah! Mademo