## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

## EDITH YORKE. OHAPTEB III. - Continued. 1

DIEU DISPOSE.

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They did not row to the wharf, where the steamer had already arrived, but to a place a few rods above, where the set had taken a good cemicircular bits out of the land. Here a stragging bit of diapidated woods had been allowed to gremain. by the vandals who had turned all the rest to grass and pasture, and a mossy ledge broke the teeth of the soft, gnawing waves.

Edith stopped lightly on shore. Bhe was young, healthy, brave, and ignorant, and pain, though it called forth her tears, was stimulating to her. That pang had not yet come which could cut her heart in twain and let all the courage out.

"You are spry," Captain Cary said, smiling down upon her.

She smiled fainily in return, but said nothing.

Mrs. Rowan needed assistance at either hand. She had been broken by pain.

They stood awhile in the grove, Dick and the captain making some business arrange-The " Haloyon" was to remain four mente weeks at Seston, and it was spreed that Dick should have that time to get his mother settled. Then the ship would touch at New York, where he would embark for the East egain

While they lingered, a large yellow coach, loaded with passengers, ratiled past amid clouds of dust. "There is no harry," Dick said. "It will

take an hour to get the freight off and on. But you needn't wait, captsin. They'll be looking for you at the village."

The others drew near to Captain Cary at that, holding his hands and trying to utter their thanks.

"Oh! it's nothing," he said, much absence. "I haven't done anything to be thanked for. Good-by! Keep up your coursee, and you will come out first-rate. There's nothing like grit." A subsiding ripple tossed his boat against the shore. At that bint be stepped in, dallied with the rope, then said, with a perfectly transparent affectation of head with the hammer." having only just thought of it : "I've got a ring here that Edith is welcome to, if she your famous English walks, Melicent," the will wear it. 1 brought it home for my niece ; but the child is dead. It won't fit anybody else I know."

Mrs. Bowan immediately thanked him, and Eilth smiled with childish pleasure. - You are very kind, Oaptain Cary," she said. "Lalways thought I would like to have a j **ring**"

Dick alone darkened; but no one noticed It. He had meant to do everything for her; and here was a wish which she had never expressed to him, and he had not known enough to anticipate.

The captain drew a tiny box from his pocket, and displayed a small circlet in which was set a single spark of diamond. Edith extended her left hand, and the sailor, leaning over the boatside, slipped the ring on to her forefinger.

"Good-by, again !" he said then basiliy. and gave each of them a grasp of the hand. Dick could take care of himself; but the other two, putting out their tender hands impulsiwely, grew red in the face with pain at the grip of his iron fingers. The next instant his bost shot out into the bay. They looked after him till he glanced back and saluted them with a nod, and two arches of spray tossed from his care; then turned and climbed the shore, Dick assisting his mother, Edith following.

"Good-by, trees " said the child, glancing "Good-by, moss!" stooping to gather a silken green fiske and a cluster of red-tonned The prettiest cup had a splder in it. gtay. and she would not disturb it. "Good-by, spider !" she whispared, "I'm never coming ok again,<sup>a</sup>

and liver-medicines are a superstition. He who shall discover a way to eradicate bile from the system will be a great moral reformer. Every sin I ever committed in my life took its rise in my liver. - I believe the liver to be an interpolation in the original man. We should be better without it.". The gentleman who: spoke had a wide,

thin mouth, very much drawn down at the corners and nowise hidden, the gray moustache he spared in shaving boing ourled up at the ends: His manner, was that of a person who would scarcely brook contradiction. His speech was clear and emphatic, and he pronounced his words as if he knew how they were spelt. A long, delicate aquiline nose had a good deal to do with his profile, as had sico s pair of overhanging eyebrows. From

beneath these brows looked forth a pair of keen gray eyes, with countless complex wrinkles about them. The chin was hand-some, well rounded, and, fortucately, not projecting. A projecting chin with an aquiline nose is one of the greatest of facial mistortuce. Carloature can do no more. The

forsheed was intellectual, and weighty for my m enough to make it no wonder if the elight mother." frame grew nervous and irritable in carrying out the beheats of the brain hidden there. The head was crowned by a not inartistic confusion of gray hair which seemed to have been stirred by electricity. "I am corry, madam, that I cannot compli.

ment the climate of your native state," he allowed to go abcut the country like a Gypsy remarked after a pause. "The spring is a month or ciz weeks behird that of Massachu." "It is just as papa says," Melicent intersetts, and the fall as much earlier." The traveiling here is simply intolerable. It is either clouds of dust, bogs of mus, or drifts of snow. 1 quite agree with the person who sold that Maine is a good State to come from."

surpasses that of any other part of the world," the lady replied with great composure.

The gentleman winced very slightly. He walone of those who constantly make sarquently reminded of the little boy's complaint: "Mother, make Tommy be still. He keeps crying every time 1 strike bim on the

"Here will be a chance to practise father said. "I presume the old chaise is dissolved. I remember it twenty years ago nodding along the road in the most polite ingly. manner. By the way, Amy, did you ever obleave their defunct vehicles to decay by the nable smile, and sailed across the room. which they have rollen in life, and are me-mento mori to living carriages. It is not unlike the monument of Themistocles 'on the weary strand." "Pape," exclaimed Hoster, "wby didn't

you say fired wheels? You started to." " Breause I detesi a pun."

Melicent, who had been waiting for a chance, now spoke. "You don't mean to say, paps, that we shall have no carriage?" A shrug of the shoulders was the only re-

ply. The young woman's face wore a look of

dismay. "But, papa !" she exclaimed. "Weit till the pumpkins grow," he said with a mocking smile. "I will give you the perfectly confident and smiling address largest one, and your mother will furgish the yet knew not how to defend himself. If a mice. I don't doubt there are mice, and to epare."

" You don't mean that we must walk everywhere?' his daughter cried.

"Dear me, Melicent, how persistent you are l' interrupted Clara impatiently. "One emotion did not prevent her replying, and, would think there was no need of corrowing fortunately, to the point. trouble."

The elder sister gezed with an air of superiority at the younger. "I was speaking to away from us without leave or license, after papa," she remarked with dignity. to father frowned, the mot

Yorke died, she asked me to have pity on her daughter, and keep her out of the poor house. the tears that filled them. "Yes, you will!" I have taken care of her ever since." The he exclaimed. "I mean to do the best I Yorkes had turned them off."

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out his under lip. "Thank you for the in- high they may set you, Edith, I'll climb! I formation," he said bitterly. Then to Edith, "Come, child," and took her hand.

She allowed him to lead her across the room to his wife. "Mrs., Yorke," he said, " this is my brother

Bobert's orphan child !" There was a slight sensation and a momentary pause ; but the lady recovered immediately. "I am glad to see you, dear," she said in a kind voice. "Who is that person ?" she | with her uncle."

added to her husband, glancing at MIS. Rowan. "The widow was staring at them angrily, and seemed on the point of coming to take

Edith away by force. "One who has taken care of the child since

her mother's death, Amy," he answered. "She has no olaim on my niece, and will, of course, give her up to us. The little girl is named for my mother. Robert was always fond of

There was a pause of embarrassed silence. "You must perceive that there is no other wsy," Mr. Yorke continued with some state. Aside from natural affection ed, as the two stepped over the planks and and pity for the oblid's friendless came toward them. "It is like something condition, an Edith Yorke must not be out of the Arabian Nights. He is Sinhad, and

posed, and immediately took Edith by the hand and kissed her cheek. "You are my little cousin, and you will go home and live with us," she said sweetly.

Miss Yorke's manner was very conciliating; but her susvity proceeded less from real "We all know, Charles, that the climate of sweatness than from self-complacency. She Massachusetts, and particularly of Boston, prided herself on knowing and always doing what was comme il faut, and took great pleasure in being the mould of form.

"I shall go with Dick! I am going to live with Dick I' Edith cried, snatching her castic observations to others, but are peculi. [ hand away. A blush of alarm overspread hor arly sensitive when such are addressed to face, and the looked round in search of her themselves. In his society, one was fre- protector. At that moment he appeared in the door, paused in surprise at seeing where Edith was, then went to his mother.

"The Yorkes have got her," Mrs. Rowan said to him, breathless with excitement. "That is Mr. Charles Yorke. I know him the moment I set eves on hlm."

Dick wheeled about and faced them. Edith, too proud to run away, looked at him implor-

Then Miss Melicent Yorke arose, like the serve that in genuine country places people | goddess of peace, adjusted her most impregreadside? I am not sure that there is no am Miss Yorke," she said brightly, poetry in the custom. The weary wheels as though such an aunouncement would crumble to dust in view of the track over be sure to delight them. "Of course, the dear little Edith is my cousin. Is it not the strangest thing in the world that we should have met in such a way? I am sure we shall all feel deeply indebted to you for having protected the child while we knew nothing of her necessities. Of course, we should have sent for her directly if we had known. But, as it is, we have the pleasure of meeting you."

Pausing, Miss Yorke looked at the two as if they were the dearest friends she had on earth, and it gave her heartfelt joy to behold their countenances. Dick chosed with the words he would have

nttered. He fost keenly the incolence of her man had been in her place, he could have met his airy assumption with a sufficiently blant rebuff; but the young sailor was chivalric, and could not look a woman in the face and utter rude words. His mother's

"Do you mean to eny," Mrs. Rowan exclaimed, "that you are going to take Edith we have supported her four years without of the bay. vour troubl no voursalves wi ether the starve:

Dick's eyes sparkled with resolution through can for mother and myself, and you shall The gentleman drew himself up, and put not be ashamed of us. And however won't be so far off but I can reach you !"

The coach had taken its first load of passengers to the village, and now came down to bring those who were to take the steamer and carry the Yorkes tack. It was time to go on board. Dick stepped to the door of the waiting room. "Come, mother!" he said. "Edith and I will see you to your state-room, and then I will bring her back. She is to go

He was not surprised to see that his mother had been completely talked over by Edith's relations, and that, though tearful, no opposition was to be expected from her. They seemed to be the best of friends; and when the widow rose to take leave of them, Mr. Yorke himself escorted her to the boat. In fact, it was all very comfortably settled, as Miss Yorke observed to her mother when they had taken their seats in the coach.

When Edith and Dick appeared again, hand in hand, Mr. Yorke stood at the coachdoor, waiting to assist his niece to her place.

"How ploturesque !" Clara Yorke exclaimed, as the two stepped over the planks and she is one of those princesses who were always getting into such ridiculous situations and difficulties. The child is absurd, of course, but she is lovely ; and the young man

is really very fine-of his kind." Sinbad and his princess were both very pale. "Sir," the sailor said, presenting the child to her uncle, "I hope she will be as happy with you as I and my mother would

have tried to make her.' As he released her hand, Edith's face suddenly whitened. All her little world was

slipping away from beneath her feet. Mr. York was touched and impressed. He liked the young man's dignity. "I must compliment you, sir, on your hunorable conouct in this affair," he said. "Lat us hear from you ; and come to see us whenever you are in our neighborhood."

Dick Rowan, in his turn, would have been touched by this unexpected cordiality, had not a slight raising of Miss Melicent Yorke's eyebrows neutralized its effect. The young woman thought that her father was really condescending unnecessarily. That faint, supercilious surprise checked the young man's gratitude, and he was turning away with a cold world of thanks, when Mrs. Yorke called him back. She was leaning from the carriage, and held out her hand to

him. "Good-by, Mr. Rowan !" she said aloud. "You need not fear that we shall not cherish this orphan whom you have kindly protected so far, and you need not fear that we shall try to make her forget you. Ingratitude is the vice of slaves. I am sure she will never be ungrateful to you."

"Thank you !' Dick said fervantly, molied by the kind smile and tremulous sweetness of tone. It was none of Miss Melicent's exasperating affability. "And I have a favor to ask," she added,

leaning still further out, and lowering her voice so that only he could hear. "I take for granted that you will write to my niece. Will you allow her to let me read your let-

ters? Dick blushed deeply as he stammered out another "Thank you !" It was a delicately the one to propose that the boy should retain given warning and kindly given permission. It showed him, moreover, that the lady's soft eves had looked to the bottom of bis heart. At that moment he was glad that the ring on Edith's finger was Captain Cary's gift, nct | bis. "I would like to see the steamboat just as

long as it is in sight," Edith said faintly. Her uncle immediately gave orders to the driver to take them round to a place from which they could look down to the entrance

He sat a moment with downcast eyes after | children, who night live in it. Now nobcdy she had communicated to him her design, His face expressed emotion. He seemed both pained and embarrassed, and quite at a loss what to say. In fact, his wife had proposed this very plan, and was anxious that

Amy should go, and be had entertained the project. Therefore he could not express surprise. For the first time, perhaps, a feeling of shame overcame him. He was obliged to deceive! His pride, revolting at that shame, made him impatient. Unwilling to acknowledge himself in the wrong, he wished to appear injured.

"If you mean to deprive me 01 my only child, and would rather live with strangers than with your own father, I will not oppose you," he said. "But I think you might have shown some confidence in me, and told me your wishes before."

Amy's impulse had been, at the first sight of his emotion, to throw herself into his arms, and torgive him everything, or take upon herself all the blame. But at these words she recoiled. Her silence was better than any answer could have been.

"I don't blame you, child," her father resumed, blushing for the evasion he had practised. "It would be cruel of me to wish you to stay in a home where you cannot live in peace. I am grieved, Amy, but I can do nothing. What can a man do between women who disagree ?"

"Find out which is wrong !" was the auswer that rose to her lips, but she suppressed it. She had already exhausted words to him. She had poured out her pain, her love, her entreaties. and they had been to him as the idle wind. She had been wronged and insulted, and he

would not see it. She turned away with a feeling of despair. "At least, lot us part as a father and

daughter should," he said in a trembling eotov.

She held out one hand to him, and with the other covered her face, unable to uttor u word ; then broke away, and shut hereelf in. to her chamber. There are times when entire reparation only is tolerable, and we demand full justice, or none.

So they parted, and never met again, though they corresponded regularly, and wrote kind arm not to be cheated by them. They are if not confidential letters. The only sign the not good to sat, but only to walk on. I daughter ever had of any change of opicion in her father regarding the cause of their separation was when he requested her to send her letters to his office and not to the house. After that they both wrote more freely.

In her new home, Amy did not find all sunshine. Miss Clinton was old and notional, and had too great a fondness for thinking for others as well as hereelf. Consequently, when the young lady favored the addresses of a poor artist who had been employed to paint her portrait, there was an explosion. With her father's consent, Amy married Carl Owen, and her cousin discarded her. There was one year of happiness; then the young husband died, and left dis wife with an infant 80D.

In her trouble. Mrs. Owen made the acquaintance of Mrs. Edith Yorke, who became to her a helpful friend; and in little more than a year she married that lady's eldest son, Oharles. From that moment her happiness was assured. She found herself surrounded by thoroughly congenial society, and blest with the championship of one who was

her father, busband, and brother, all she had ever lost or longed for. Mr. Yorke adopted her son as his own, and, so far from showing any jealousy of his predecessor, was his own father's name in addition to the one i he adopted.

As daughters grew up around them, he appeared to forget that Carl was not his own son, at least so far as pride in him went. Probably he showed more fondness for his girla.

Mr. Arnold diad shortly after his daughter's second marriage, and his wife followed him the shirt up in front and pinned it behild, in a few years. By their death Mrs. Yorke and tied on a large spron. For further sate became the owner of her old home. But she guard, the slowes were turned up and pipzed ad no desire to revisit the scene of so much to the shoulder by the wristbands. At every The boat steamed cut over the water, misery, and for years the house was left untenanted in the care of a keeper. Nor would tled. they ever have gone there, probably, but for pecuniary losses which made them glad of

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builds with any reference to his descendants. But Mr. Arnold's plans had proved larger than his purse. The park he meant to have had still remained three hundred acres of wild, unfenced land, the gardens never got beyond a few flowers, now choked with weeds, and the kitchen-garden, kept alive by Patrick Onester, Mrs. Yorke's keeper. As for the orchard, it never saw the light. Mrs. Yorke's father had done the place one good turn, for he had planted vines everywhere. Their graceful banners, in summer-time, draped the portico, the corners of the house, the dead cak tree by the western wing, and swept here and there over rock, fence or stump.

Back of the house, toward the right, was a huge harn and a granary; the eaves of both underhung with a solid row of swallows' nests. On this bright April morning, the whole air was full of the pwirl and titter of these birds and with the blue glancing of their wings. Some invisible crystalline ring seemed to have been let down from the heavens over and around the house, and they followed its outline in their flight. But the homely, bread and butter robins had no such mystical ways. They flaw or hopped straight where they wanted to go, and what they wanted to get was plainly something to eat. One of them alighted on the threshold of the open front door and looked carlously in. He saw a long hall, with a steircase on one side, and open doors to right and left at the furthest end. All the woodwork, walls, and cellings in sight were dingy, and rats and mice had uselsted time in graw. ing away; but the farmiture was bright, and three fires visible through the thrs upen doors were brighter still. Redbreast seemed to be much interested in these fires. Probably he was a bird from the city, and had never seen such large ones. These in the front rooms were large enough, but that in the kitchen was something in.

mense, and yet left room at one side of the fireplace for a person to sit and look up chimney, if so disposed. "Ben !" says the bird, with a nod, hopping

in, "the kitchen is the place to go to. As to those flowers and cherries on the floor, I not good to eat, but only to walk on. I am a bird of culture and society. I know how people live. I am not like that stupid chicken."

For a little yellow chicken, without a sign of tail, had followed the rotin in, and was ergerly pecking at the spots in the carpet.

The bird of culture hopped along to the door at the back of the hall, and paused again to reconnoitre. Here a long, narrow corridor ran across, with doors opening into the front rooms, and one into the kitchen, and a second stairway at one end. Three more hops brought the bird to the threshold of the kitchen-door, where a third pause occurred, this one not without trepidation; for here in the great kitchen a woman stood at a table with a pan of potatoes before her. She had washed them, and was now engaged in partially paring them and cutting out any suspicious spots that might be visible on the surfaces. " It takes me to make new potstoes out of old ones !" she said to herself with an air of satisfaction, tossing the potato

in her hand into a pan of cold water. This woman was large-framed and tall, and over forty years of age. She had a homely, sansible, pleasant, quick-tempered face, and the base of her noze was an hypothenuse. Her dark hair was drawn back and made into a smooth French twiet, with a shell comb stuck in the top a little askew. It is hard to fasten one of those twists with the comb guile even, if it has much top to it. This comb had much top. The woman's face shone with washing ; she wore a straightlyfitting calico gown and a white linen collar. The gown was newly done up and a little too stiff, and to keep it from soil she had doubled

She had friends to take leave of, after allnot human irlends, but God's little creasures, who had never hurt her cave in self- leaning on his arm, whispered that, if Mel datence.

one is sight but the men who trundled the treight off and on. At the upper end of the wharf there was a small building used as office and sitting room. The passage to the boat being obstructed, Dick sent his mother | us laugh." and Edith there, while he went on board to get tickets. They went to the door of the waiting room, hesitated a moment on seeing it occupied, then went in, and seated themselves in a retired corner.

The party who were already in postession glanced at the newcomers, and immediately became oblivious of them. This party were evidently the members of one family. Some indefinable resemblance, as well as their air of intimacy, showed that. An elderly gentleman walked up and down the floor, his hands clasped behind his back, and a lady not much over forty sat near, surrounded by her | waiting before answering them, no flinging | three daughters. At a window, to which the the reply over his shoulder, nor growllog it the village, stood a young man whose sge could not be over twenty-three. The ages of with weeping and loss of eleep -- that the daughters might vary from sixteen to he had looked kindly at her. Oace she was twenty. They formed a rather remark. able group, and were attractive, though did not know what he said. It was this: the faces of all expressed more or "My dear. do you observe that child? She less dissatisfaction. That of the young man has an uncommon face." Indicated protound disgust. The elder lady had a sweet and melancholy expression, and and nodded. She appeared like an invalid. The youngest preoccupied to think of anything but daughter, who sat beside her, was as like her | their own affairs. But her husband, mother as the waxing moon is like the wan- on whom these aflairs had the contrary effect ing. Bhe was pretty, had clinging, catessing ways, a faint dimple in her left cheek, spiendid auburn hair, and gray eyes. They called for Hester. On the other band But the eldest daughter, a rather stately, self-satisfied young women, whose attentions to her mother had an air of prironage. This was Melicent. She was rather fair, mentral in color, and excelsively near-sighted. The second daughter stood behind her mother, and was very attentive to her, but in an absens way, often doing more harm than good by her assistance. " My dear Olara, you are bonding the shawl all about my neck! My love, you pull my bonnet off in arranging my weil! Wny, Ciars, what are you doing to my wearl ?" Such remarks as these were constantly being addressed to her. Clara was a dark brunctte, with small features, a superb but not tall figure, and targe gray eyes that looked black. Her coal-black hair graw rather low on the forehead, straight black brows overshadowed her eyes and nearly met over the nose, and an exquisitely delicate mouth gave softness to this face which would otherwise have been

severe. She seemed to be a girl of immense but undisciplined "energy, and fail of enthu-. 20 8 8 20 . The gentleman who paced the floor was

Bigorly under sized and thin in figure, thin in 100, 100, dark and sallow. The very look of bim suggested bile and sercasm. But let him speak for himself, since be is just now on this spojent. "Bile,my dear,"he said to his wife,"bile come into the world with original sin. I am while this conversation was going on, and not sure that blie is not sing. It is Marah in when Edith put out her hand, she grasped it

deprecating hand, and the immittent retort in the street or not?" was hushed. Clara went to her brether, and, For a moment Mis were not her own sister, she should really

When they reached the wharf there was no get to dislike her. "How silent you are, Owen," said Hester, looking around at him. "All you have done to entertain us so far has been to make faces when you were sick. To be sure, that made

"A sea-sick person may be the cause of wit in others, but is soldom himself witty," was the laconic reply.

The speaker was a slim, elegant youth, with golden tints in his light hair, with r ther beautiful, sensuous mouth.

Edith Yorke watched this party with interest, and the longer she looked at the elder gone to on her account, papagentleman the botter she liked him. His manner of addressing the ladies suited her inborn sense of what a gentleman's manner should be. There was no contamptuous -only half, for her eyes were heavy

sure that he spoke of her to his wife, but she The lady glanord across the room

was too much of driving him to seek distraction, approached Edith.

"Little girl," he said, "you remind me so much of some one I have seen that I would like to know your name, if you please to tell

"My name is Edith Eugenie Yorke," she replied, with perfect self-possession.

He had bent slightly toward her in spreking, but at sound of the name he stood suddenly upright, his sallow face turned very rad, and he icoked fally acknowledged the presence of, but of at her with a goze so piercing that the shrank from it "Who were your father and mother ?" he demanded.

"My mother was Eugenie Lubormirshi, s Polish exile, and my father was Mr. Bobert Yorke, of Boston," said Edith. Her eyes were fixed intently on the gentleman's face, and her heart began to best quickly. He turned away from her and resumed his walk, but, after a minute, came back again. "Your father and mother are both dead?' he asked in a gentler tone.

" Yes, sir."

"You have no brothers nor listers?" "No. atr."

Who takes care of you?"

" Mrs. Jano Rowan," Edith replied, laying her hand on the widow's lap.

He bowed, taking this for an introduction. a cold but courteous bow. "May I cak, madam," he' inquired, "what

claim you have on this ohild ?"

Mrs. Boyan had shown come agitation a pleasant land. It is a fountain of gall in as if meaning to hold on to the onild. not tell him so. "Thon I shall never see you the gaiden of paradize. It polsons life Her, reply was made in a sumewhat any morel' the said in a whisper, without Ductors know nothing whatever about bile, deflant, ione, with the Mire. Bobert looking up.

For a moment Miss Yorke's social poplard wavered before this broad thrust, but only for a moment. "Every family has its own private affairs, which no one else has either the power or the right to decide upon," she said

smilingly. "All I need say of ours is that, if Mr. Yorke, my father, had known that his brother left a child unprovided for, he would have adopted her without delay. He did not know it till this minute, and his first thought is that there is only one proper course for him. His niece must be under his care, as her natural protector, and must have the advantage of education and society to which she is entitled. drooping and very bright blue eyes, and a I am sure you would both be friendly enough to her to wish her to occupy her rightful

position. As for any expense you may have

"Stop there, madam 1" Dick interrupted haughtly. "We will say no more about that, if you please. As to Edith's going with you, she shall choose for herself. I don't deny that it seems to be the proper thing; but | abe was in every way unworthy of him and allow me to say that it was my intention to mother's back was turned, looking uptoward out like a bear. Besides, she half believed give her a good home and a good education, such as no girl need be ashamed of. I terence. Truth itself never appears to true that I am a gentleman and not an advenwill speak to Edith, and see what she thinks as vanished falsehood does. Mr. Arnold was about it."

He turned unceremoniously away from Miss affair was that Amy had the misery Yorke's protestations, and went to the door, beckoning Edith to follow him. As he looked back, waiting for her, he saw that the whole family had gone over in a body to talk

to his mother. Edith clasped the hand he held out to her. and looked up into his face with large tears

fisshing in her eyes. "I wouldn't leave you if they would give

me all the world !" she exclaimed. He smiled involuntarily, but would not take advantage of her affectionale impulse. He saw clearly that her true place was with her relatives. They could do for her at once what he could do only after years of weary labor. Perhaps they could do at once what he could never do. But it was hard to give her up. Down in the bottom of no Catholics above the class of servants and street, a very respectable looking road started his heart was a thought which he had never which he was always conscious ; he had meant to bring the child up to be his wife some day, able, indignant, and desperate, the young if she should be willing, to load her with benefits, to be the one to whom she should owe everything. But with the pang it cost him to put this hope in peril came the glimpse of a possibility how far more triumphant! Following his own plan he should be hedging her in; giving her up now would be making her free choice, if it should fail on him, an infinitely greater boon. Secides, and above all, it was right that she should go. Dick leaned back against the wall of the building, and folded his arms while he as to theirs, she had nothing more to say. talked to her. At first Edith broke, But their surprise was that she contended no into . reproaches when she learned that

he meant to give her upply but im. mediately an instinct of teminine pide and dellosov checked the words upon her lips. It was impossible for her to press her society on one who voluntarily relinquished it. She listened to her sentence in elience.

"" No you see, Edith," he concluded, " wo must make up our minds to part." Bhe perceived no such necessity, but dia

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glided like a swan down the bay, and soon disappeared around a curve that led to the Narrows. Edith gazed immovably after it, unconscious that they were all watching her. When it was no longer visible, she closed her eyes, and sank back into Mrs. Yorke's arms.

> CHAPTER IV. THE OLD HOME.

Mrs. Charles Yorke was a native of Seaton; her maiden name, Arnold. Her his inherited wealth i mother had died while Amy was quite nearly all swept away. young, and in a few years the father married again. This marriage was an unfortunate one for the family; and not only the daughter but many of Mr. Arnold's friends had tried to dissuade him from it. Their chief argument was not that the person whom he proposed to marry was a vnigar woman whom his lost wife would not have received as an acquaintance, but that

would be a discreditable connection. They met the fate which usually swalts such interflittered and duped; and the end of the of seeing his deceiver walk triumph

antly into ber mother's sacred place. Nor was this all. In a moment of weakness the lather betrayed to his new wife the efforts that had been made to separate them, and she half-guessed, half-drew from him every name. From that moment her instinctive jealous dislike of her step-daughter was turned to hatred.

Had the young girl been wise, she would to withdraw from the field; but she was inexperienced and passionate, and had no better adviser than her own heart. Had she been a Catholic, she could have found in the confessionat the confident and counsel she needed : but she was not. In Seaton there were day laborers. She was left, therefore, completely to hereelf, and in the power of an unsorupulous and subtle tormentor. Misergirl descended to the contest, and at every step she was defeated. She called on of her trials, or was made to believe that the had herself, provoked them. It was the old story of adriot decelt arrayed against impolitic sincerity. But, happily, the contest was not of a long duration.

Amy was not a person to remain in a position so false and degrading. There came a time when, quite as much to her own surprise longer, hers that she had contended so long. The way was clear before her, and her plane were soon made. Her father had an unmarried consin living in Boston, and this lady consented to receive her. Only on the day preceding her departure did she announce her intentions. The sufferings she had undergone wore a sufficient excuse for her abruptness. She had become too much weakened and excited to bear any controversy

her father, if prolonged, would have been unbearable. She must tear herself away.

any refuge. Mr. Obsrles Yorke appreciated the value of money, and knew admirably well how to spend it; but the acutences which can foresee and make bargains, and the unscrupulousness which is so often necestary

quently, when in an evil hour he embarked his inherited wealth in speculation, it was

Creditors, knowing his probity, offered to

walt. "Why should I wait?" he asked. "Will my debts contract as the cold weather comes on? I prefer an immediate settlement."

Not displeased at his refusal to prefit by their generosity, they hinted at a willingnose to take a percentage on their claims.

"A percentage i" cried the debtor. "Am I a swindler? Am 1 a beggar? I shall pay a bundred per cont., and I recommend you in your future dealings with me to bear in mind turer."

A very old fashioned man was Mr. Charles Yorke, and a very hard man to pity.

Behold him, then, and his family en rout for their new home. We have said that the two principal streets of the town of Seaton crossed each other at

right angles, one running north and south along the river, the other running east and west across the river. These roads carried themselves very straightly before folks, but once out of town, forgot their company manners, and meandered as they have known that her only proper course was | chose, eplintered into side tracks, and wandered off in vagabond ways. But the south road, that passed by the Rowans', was the only one that came to nothing. The other three persisted till they each found a village or a city, twenty-five miles or so away. Half a mile from the village centre, on North off eastward, ran across a field, and plunged into the forest that swept down over a long smooth rise from far-away regions of wildness. Following this road haif a mile, one saw at the left a tumble-down stone wall across an opening, with two gates, painted her father for protection ; but he saw nothing black in imitation of iron, about fiftuen rods opart. A little further on, it became visible that an avenue went from gate to gate, enclosing a deep half circle of lawn, on which grew soveral fair enough elms and a really fine maple. After such preliminaries you expect a house; and there it is at the head of the avenue, a wide-spread building, with a onpola in the centre, a portico in front, and a wing at either side: It is elevated on a deep terrace, and has a background of woods, and woods at either hand, on y a little removed. To be consistent, this house should be of stone, or, at least, of brick ; but it is neither. Still it would not be right to call it a "shingle palace :" for its frame is a massive net-work of solid osken beams, and it is strong enough to bear no moved a shock that would set nine. out of every ten modern city structures

ratiling down into their cellars. When Mrs. Yorke's graudiather built this house, in the house, a gantleman thought of his grand.

movement she made these stiff clothes rat-

This woman was Miss Betsey Bates. She had lived at Mr. Arnold's, and Miss Amy was a young girl, had left when she left, and was now come back to live with her egaio.

"Just let your water bile," Betsey began, addressing an imaginary audience-" let your water bile, and throw a handful of salt; to insure their success, he had not. Conse- ( then wash your potatoes clean ; peel 'em all but a strip or two to hold together; cut out the spote, and let 'em lay awhile in cold water; when it's time to cook 'em, throw hin into your biling water, and chap on your Itd ; then-"

Beissy stopped suddenly and looked over her shoulder to listen, but, heating no carrisge-wheels hor human steps, resumed ber occupation. She did not perceive the two little blpeds on the threshold of the door, where they were listening to her collicaty with great interest, though it was the obleken's steps that had attracted her attention. That silly creature, dissatisfied with his worsted banquet, had hopped along to the robin's side, where he now stood with a hangry crop, round eyer, and two or three colored

threads sticking to his bill. Betsey's thoughts took a new turn. "I must go and see to the fires, and put a good beach chunk on each one. There's a little ohill in the sir, and everybody wants a fite after a journey. It looks cheerfu'. I've got six fires going in this house. What do you think of that? To my idea, an open fire in a strange house is equal to a first cousin, sometimes better."

Here a step sounded outside the open window behind the table, and Pat Chester appeared, a stout, fine-looking, red faced man, with mischlevous eyes and an honest mouth. Curiously enough, the base of bis Lose also was an hypothenuse. Otherwise there was no resemblance between the iwo. Betsey used to say to him, Pat, the ends of our noses were sawed off the WIOOD WAY."

"Who are you talking to ?" asked Pat, slopping to look in and laugh.

"Your betters," was the retort.

"I don't envy 'em," said Pat, and went on about his basiness.

"And I must see to them clocks again," pursued Betsey." "The idea of having a clock in every room in the house ! It takes me tall of my time to set 'em forward and back. As to touching the pendulums of such clocks as them, you don't catch me. But I do abominate to see one mantelpiece a quarter past

and another quarter of at the same time." Here a little peak on the floor arrested Betsey's attention, and, stretching her nook, she saw the chicken, and instantly flaw at it with a loud "abool" With its two bits of wings extended and its best advanced as far as possible, the little wrotch fied through the hall, peeping with terror. But the robin flow up and escaped over Betsey's head. "Laud askes I" she cried, holding on to her comb and her eyes. " who ever saw a chicken fy up like that?"

Wondering over this phenomence, Betsey went up-stairs and replenished the fires in three, chambers, and set some of the clocks upon the subject. Basides, the parting from year 1780, English ideas and feelings still, forward and others, back, then hurried down to prevailed in that region ; and in building a perform the same duties below stairs. Just

નું દારાદાર દારાદાય આવ્યું છે. આ ગાળવા પ્રતાપાલનાં પ્રતાપાલનાં પ્રાપ્યા છે. આ ગાળવા પ્રાપ્ય પ્રાપ્ય છે. પ્રાપ્ય છે. દારાદાર સમયવા છે. આ દોડી સમય મુખ્ય છે. ગાળવા મુખ્યત્વે છે. ગાળવા મુખ્ય છે. ગાળવા મુખ્ય છેલા લાં છે. આ દોડી ને માન હાતરાદી પ્રાપ્ય સ્થળા ગાળવા છે. આ દોડી બાળવા મુખ્ય છે. આ ગાળવા છે. આ ગાળવા છે. આ દોડી માને છે. આ છ