BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XV.

Life at Weewald Place, as Miss Edgar Life at Weewald Flace, as miss Edgar christened her father's spacious home (baving taken the name from one of the novels she had managed to read surreptitionally at school) was enchanting enough, could Ned divest herself of a certain uncomfortable feeling of dependence. Everywhere she turned there was a haunting reminder of her obligations to Mr. Edgar; a feeling that was intensified by his own a feeling that was intensified by his own cold, stately couriesy toward her; for, while he was careful to see that she rewhile he was careful actived equal attention with his daughter, he could not veil his own feelings sufficiently to treat her with more than the introct politeness. Her face recalled, or iently to treat her with more than the utmost politeness. Her face recalled, or he imagined it did, the lineaments of his hated brother, and he often forebore, even when talking to her, to allow his eyes to meet hers. So, while his countenance kindled with pleasure at the approach of his daughter, it often fell at the coming of his niece; and while his voice frequently assumed an exquisite tenderness in addressing Edna, it was more frequently cold, almost to repulsion, when speaking to Ned. And Ned felt the difference—felt it many times with a sickening heart felt it many times with a sickening heart as she contrasted it with the warm affec-

as an contractor in the contract of the contra now much she owed to him in the matter of her education. In accordance with Dyke's wish, she had taken an early opportunity of explaining to the gentle-man how she had learned, or rather of herself had divined her indebtedness, and she had attempted to express her grati-tude. But Mr. Elgar sternly desired her

tude. But Mr. Eigar sternly desired her to stop, and his manner, even more than his words, had made her feel that she was never to refer to the subject again.

Regarding other things she had nothing of which to complain. The servants were as deferential as if she also were Mr. Edgar's daughter, though they were not slow in ascertaining and repeating among themselves that she was only a dependent, and really belonged to a poor dependent, and really belonged to a poor nome up among the mountains, and heteford took a kindly interest in her.

Mess Edgar herself, delighted with the novelty and beauty of a home that exceeded even her expectations, and in rapture with a father who seemed disposed to gratify all her wishes were the considerable of the constitution of t posed to gratify all her wishes, was ex ceptionally companionable.

It added to her pleasures to have Ned

share them, and she often astonished our heroine by a sudden embrace, and an exclamation expressive of her delight

exclamation expressive of her delight that they were together.

The cousins took long daily rides—a gentle, graceful pony having been provided for Ned—and, to her, those hours in the saddle were the happiest ones of the day. There was a sense of independence and freedom on the horse's back that proximity to Mr. Edgar's presence prevented her from feeling in the house. prevented her from feeling in the house and she was very thankful that the gentleman never offered to accompany them.

It was well she did not divine that she He would not endure oftener than was absolutely necessary the company of his

brother's child
One afternoon, somewhat tired from a longer canter than usual, and very thirsty, the riders drew up with longing eyes before a spring bubbling by the side of the road. The groom, in obedience to the imperative order of Miss Edgar, who wanted at all times to be certain that the man could never overhear her conversawanted at all times to be certain that the man could never overlear her conversa-tion, was a long way behind. There was no house in sight, and Ned decided to dismount and help herself to a drink in the manner she used to do when a child; but, ere she could spring from her stirrup, there was a racting among the foliage on but, ere she could spring from her stirrup, there was a restling among the foliage on the other side of the road, and in a moment there appeared a tall, graceful young man carrying what might be a portfolio of sketches. He was evidently no rostic, for his dress was of stylish city mode, and it was grown with a certain restling online.

rink in our rustic way."

He laid his portfolio down, and darted

He laid his portfolio down, and darted into the wood which skirted one side of the road. When he returned he bore with him leaves skilfully formed into cups. Filling one with the sparkling spring waver, he presented it to Miss. Edgar. She quaffed, and returned the leafy vessel; her eyes meeting his, and her face sufficed with a hot blush. She had never seen such eyes, not such a had never seen such eyes, nor such a face; to her girlish facey, all unformed in the matter of manly beauty, both were perfect, and the unbounded but respect-ful admiration his look expressed set her

heart to beating rapidly.

Ned also queffer from the second leafy cap be presented to her, but further than to thank him briefly she scarcely looked at the bearer, and she was somewhat sur at the bearer, and she was somewhat sur-prised to find her cousin asking of the groom, who had overtaken them and whom she had beckoned to her side when they were out of sight of the stranger, if he knew the latter.

"Yes, Miss; he is Jim Mackay's son.

"Yes, Miss; he is Jim Mackay's son. Jim Mackay, the gardener, that lives a little below there," indicating with his whip a point south of the direction they were taking. "He's never been much good to his father, having ways different from us country-folks, and taking to books, and painting and such things. An uncle of his took him away to Europe a few years ago, and now he's just come years ago, and now he's just come k, and his father says he's as bad as ever about books, and making pictures of everything.

Miss Eigar made no reply, and the groom fell back to his usual respectful distance.

The next day they took the same route, Ned forgetting the occurrence of the pre-vious day until handsome young Mackay started before them; there was no excuse to stop, Miss Elgar being afraid to feign thirst as she would like to do, lest her feint should discovered by her cousing and so there was only an exchange of bows. But the heiress could devise other means of meeting one who had made such an impression on her susceptible heart; and all that she had heard about heart; and all that she had heart about him but enhanced her strange predilec-tien. "His ways so different from those of country-folk, his taste for books and painting," what were they all but indica-tions of a refined and cultured mind? It painting," what were they all but indications of a refined and cultured mind? It would be like some of the stories she had so curreptitiously read, for her to help

him secretly—to lend him books, to impart to him some of her own instruction, and at length to make him feel how much he owed to her; it would be delightful, and quite justifiable, since her father so unaccountably deferred asking company to the house. Also, by making this young man her protege there would be afforded an opportunity to satisfy partially her craving for admiration, for she felt that the handsome face that had looked up to her while she drank was then and there caught in the toils of her beauty. She had some misgiving about the prothere caught in the tone of her beauty. She had some misgiving about the propriety of this quixotic plan of hers, and of the stern disapproval of her father should he hear of it; but her misgiving

should he hear of it; but her misgiving was of short duration. She craved excitement, and since Weewald Place farnished none, she would embrace this opportunity of making it for hereelf.

Thus Dick Mackay found himself the recipient of an order for some sketches of the scenery about Barrytown, and he was further delighted by the present of a valuable book on the art of sketching. The note that accompanied the present The note that accompanied the present besought the utmost secrecy, and con-tained at the same time a most flattering offer to assist the young man in any way that was in the writer's power. Dick had one confident—a sister a year

younger than he was; a fragile, delicate younger than he was; a fragile, delicate girl, but one so gentle and winning in disposition that she gained love as easily as she breathed. She sympathized with Dick; she entered into all his tastes, she admired him, and she well nigh worshipped him; all of which feelings the handsome, dreamy poetical young fellow. handsome, dreamy, poetical young fellow returned. To her, then, D.ck showed the note, and told everything, even to the revelation of his own sudden but deep at-tachment for Miss Eigar, and he laughed at the castles in the air which his sister at the castles in the air which his sister built. She could see neither the impossibility nor the improbability of a future marriage of her brother to the heiress. In her eyes, Dick was handsome and clever enough for a princess, and good enough to win even Mr. Edgar's warm regard could that gentleman but know egard could that gentleman but know him; at which sweet praises Dick laughed again, but he did not contradict her. Stranger things had happened, and love, that stops at no barrier, might even overthrow Mr. Edgar's opposition.

The canker of discontent entered more and more into Ned's heart, being enhanced by the change which had come into her consin's manner; for Edna, fast in the toils of an attachment she dared not reveal, and for the secrecy of which she was always anxiously planning, had grown unaccountably estranged from Ned. She seldom rode or walked with her, and often seemed disposed to avoid all conversation, and the sensitive, spirit ed girl was too proud to seek any explan ation, or to make any complaint. She never dreamed of the secret acquaintance She

never dreamed of the secret acquaintance progressing under her very eyes, nor that it was fear of her own truthful, straightforward character which made Miss Edgar assume so chilling a demeanor.

She heard rarely from Dyke, as his frequent journeys and ceaseless business pertaining to his invention left him little time; he did not add that by this infrequent writing to her he was schooling quent writing to her he was schooling himself—schooling himself to be prepared to yield her entirely, when occasion should demand it; and Meg, since Dyk was not likely to be home until spring had decided to spend the winter in Al

It was now November, and as New counted the months until summer, be-fore which season she could not expect to make the briefest visit visit to her

mountain home, her heart sank.

"I cannot endure it," she said, pressing her forehead against the window of her own room by which she was standing—that room, in whose comfort and elegance she found less charm than in tracing in imagination against the sky the outlines of her own loved mountains. Then she thought as the had often the which her , as she had often thought lately, about Dyke's means, and whether she for his dress was of stylish city mode, and it was worn with a certain neglige quite becoming He seemed to understand the desire of the ladies, and, with a bow as graceful as it was something like that, and then her same graceful as it was something like that. might not earn her own livelihood; and

graceful as it was courteous, he said in a deep, low, musical voice:

"Do not, ladies, be at the trouble of dismounting; allow me to bring you a drink in our matic way."

something like that, and then her summer visit would be truly delightful. She went to her desk, and wrote to Mrs. Mowbray, the womanly and kind-hearted principal of the Pennsylvania indicates the said of the said of the principal of the Pennsylvania indicates.

stitute.

It was a characteristic letter, hones and open as her own nature, and so clearly stated that to the good lady who received it, it was a complete mirror of the writer's feelings.

She waited for the answer with fever-

ish impatience. It came promptly, and

ish impatience. It came promptly, and she read:

"My Dear Miss Edna Eddar:—It was, as you surmised, with a good dead of astonishment that I read your letter. I think I understand the feelings you detere to be leafly, and knowing your natures I do, I must admit that I sympatize with them. Whether however, it will be best for you to choese a self-supporting life which Mr. Edgar's tome so generously shelters out I cannot say. I would at vise you to place the matter before him. "Singularly letter, I was handed another from a very wealthy, but exceedingly eccentric them of mine. She is a widow, and living nosent home. She desires a companion a date herself to whims and vagaries; her duties will be exceedingly light (but I add from my self that I fear they will be very trying) and her remuneration will be quite liberal.

"If, my dear Miss Edna, you are disposed to try this position, and that you gain Mr. Edgar: "Now the place is open you."

Ned went with the letter to Mr. Edgar she met him in the broad entrance hall, and at the same moment a servant crossed, carrying a rare and exquisite crossed, carrying a base and crossed, carrying a southern exotic. The gentleman, attracted by the beauty and rarity of the flower, stopped the bearer.

"Mr. Dick Mackay sent it, sir; it is the first of the kind that has blossomed in

one of the new sort of green-houses his father's had put up, and Mr. Dick cut this flower off to send to Miss Ned E1-

Mr. Elgar frowned, and looked with something like angry wonder at the young girl who was now standing beside im; but he said no more, only motioned

him; but he said no more, only motions to the servant to deliver the gift.

Ned, being full of her errand to Mr. Edgar, took it mechanically, and she gave hardly a thought to the strangeness of Dick Mackay—whom she rarely saw, and then never to bestow upon him the slightest recognition—making any such slightest recognition—making any such gift to her, and she turned immediately to Mr. Elgar to ask him for a private in-

That gentleman was secretly very

such an acquaintance with a gardener's son as emboldened the latter to the presumption he had just witnessed—a presumption that amounted to familiarity, judging by the fact that the plant was sent to Miss "Ned" Elgar; in the house, owing to his daughter's preference for the sent to Miss "Ned Eigar; in the losses, owing to his daughter's preference for the name, she was called Miss Ned Eigar. Such being the case, Ned was no companion for his child, and he led the way to the library with his wonted courtesy, but with a very grave and stern face. At the door he paused to say with an illegreeseled agreesm:

oncealed sarcasm:
"Allow me to ring for your flower to be "Allow me to ring for your inher to be taken care of; it may wilt before you can give it your attention," with a slightly marked emphasis on the word your. "But unsuspecting Ned noticed neither his sarcasm nor his emphasis; she noticed nothing save his sternness, which chilled and frightened her, and when the chilled and frightened her, and when the servant appeared she gave up the flower mechanically, heard like one who heard not, Mr. Edgar's directions for its care, and sank into the seat he drew forward

and sank into the seat he drew forward for her like one cruelly oppressed.

"You wished to see me," he said coldly, when he had waited an unusual length of time for her to begin.

She was roused at last; the old hot spirit flamed within her, and while her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled with secret indignation that she had borne this servitude so long, she handed him a letter.

him a letter.
"This will tell you my object in desiring this interview."

Her very voice was trembling from suppressed indignation. He read the letter, and evidently more than once-it was so long before he

ooked up.
Did she wish to leave Weewald Place so as to facilitate, perhaps, her marriage with Dick Mackay? Such was the thought that flashed through his mind and which kept his eyes fastened to the letter, even after he had perused it. Had she, even in her bold-facedness, come to tell him that she had made this low match for herself, as her father before her had done for himself?

He looked up and waited for her to speak.

She arose.
"I thank you, Mr. Edgar, for the charity"—there was a trembling emphasis on the last word—" which has educated me and given me a home; I thank you particularly for the education which I now feel will enable me to gain my own

support.

She was obliged to pause; for pride, anger, regret that she was indebted for anything to this proud, stern man were vermastering her. He also are Her spirited face and manner disguste

Her spirited face and manner disgusted him; he fancied that she lacked all gratitude, indeed, all heart, and that she was incapable of the very candor which he considered his due.

"You are old enough, Miss Edgar, to decide for yourself in this matter. To a young lady who has undertaken such a step as this latter, indicates, without constep as this letter indicates, without consulting me, neither my approval nor my

soliting me, neither my approvat for my consent are necessary."

She was stunned; in her natural simplicity and impulsiveness, she had never thought of acquainting Mr. Edgar with her intention to write to Mrs. Mowbray; as he was not her relative, and that she was merely a dependent, it did not seem to be any part of her duty.

She answered, as soon as she recovered

er voice:

"I was not aware that in writing to Mrs. Mowbray before I acquainted you I was wanting in any regard for you. If such has been the case, I am very sorry."

It was her old fashion of asking pardon for a fault in almost the same breath with her temper; but Mr. Elgar was not to be appeased. He looked upon her now as somewhat of an actress, and he was really anxious to have her influence removed from the house.

He answered with an unmistakable decision: "I wish to say no more upon the subject, and whenever you decide to

the subject, and whenever you decide to leave your present home. I shall see that you are provided for your journey."

He held the door open for her to pass out, bowing as she did so. Then he sent for his daughter.

Miss Edgar obeyed the summons in

some trepidation, having learned that Ned had just come from a private conver-Ned had just come from a private conver-sation with her father, and not knowing but that conversation might have had some reference to herself. Still, she felt assured that Ned knew nothing, and she assured that Ned knew holning, and she congratulated herself on the forethought with which she had instructed her lover always to call her Ned Eigar. She had carefully forborne to tell him at the same time that she was usurping the name of her companion, for every hireling in Weewald Place termed our heroine by the masculine diminutive; and though Mr. Eigar never used it, he at no time, after liscovering his daughter's preference for

it, disclaimed against it.

Knowing sll this, Elua smiled as she saw the plant borne to her cousin's room.

"My dear," said Mr. Edgar, leading his daughter fondly to a seat, "I want you to prove year, fragally some questions I answer very frankly some questions Her heart beat wildly; had he, despite

her heart beat wildly; had he, despite her efforts at secrecy, heard anything about herself and Died? "Do you know anything of Miss Edna's acquaintance with Mr. Mackay's son? Has she made you her confidant?"

She breathed freer.
"No, p apa," opening her beautiful eyes breathed freer.

very wide.
"She must have permitted him to make her acquaintance, for he has been bold enough to send her a handsome floral gift to day. She has also acquainted ne with her intention of engaging as

companion to a lady in C—. Has she said nothing of all this to you?"

Miss Edgar breathed very freely; she could trathfully answer, "No, papa," his last question; but she was careful not to add that it was her own coldness which repelled every confidence on the part of

ner cousin.
"Well, my dear, it is evident that Miss "Well, my dear, it is evident that Miss Edna is not a companion for you; I am very glad that she has not given you her confidence; there might have been con-tamination in it. She is enamored, I fancy, of this gardener son, and perhaps wants to leave us in order to marry him. wants to leave as in the displeasure too much to tell me; but as she is not my daughter, her marriage with this low fellow can neither hurt nor annoy me. You, my love, will never disgrace your father by an unequal marriage."

He stooped and kissed her.

was alone, told how much she suffered.

She wrote at once to Mrs. Mowbray, assuring her of Mr. Edgar's consent, and urging her to complete all arrangements with the lady in C—, that she might enter at once upon her new position. She did not write to Dyke, fearing to give the honest fallow increased anxiety, and

she did not write to Dyas, learning to be to the honest fellow increased anxiety, and feeling that she could write to him with better heart when she should have become accustomed to her new home.

Such arrangements as Mrs. Mowbray could make were speedily completed, and Mrs Doloran, the wealthy and eccentric widow of C— wrote to Miss Edna widow of C-, wrote to Miss Edna Edgar that she was quite ready to receive

Her departure was marked by nothing save the motherly solicitude of Mrs Stafford; that lady would be assured that Ned was amply provided for his journey, and when the girl protested at so much preparation, she insisted that she must obey Mr. Elgar's orders, at which Ned bit her lip and was silent.

XVII.

Mrs. Doloran's eccentricities took most Mrs. Doloran's eccentricines took most extravagant turns, not alone in the matter of dress, which made hdr secretly a constant subject of ridicule, but in the friendships she formed and in the disposition of her vast wealth. Her ample house was always open to every one whom she chose to honor with her acquaintance, house was always open to every one whom she chose to honor with her acquaintance, and were it not for the prudent care exercised over her by a nephew to whom she was very much attached, she might often be the prey of those who were most benefited by her lavish kindness. She insisted on having about her for weeks at a time any one who pleased her fancy, or contributed to her amusement by the gift of story-telling, no matter how brief might have been her acquaintance with the person, or how contrary to the rules of propriety might be her favor to him, and in this way she often tried sorely her elegant, reserved nephew. Nothing but his affection for this strange woman—his dead mother's only sister—and his firm conviction that, left to herself, she would become the speedy prey of dishonest persons, retained him with her. He had an ample fortune in his own right to that he had no need of his annu's wealth an ample fortune in his own right so that he had no need of his aunt's wealth, though gossiping tongues attributed all his devoted attentions to the fact that he expected to become her heir. Ned's arrival was too late for her intro

duction to Mrs. Doloran, or even to Mrs. Doloran's nephew, Mr. Carnew, and after refreshments had been provided for her, she was shown to her room. The apart-ment was pretty and homelike enough to invite to rest one even less wearied, but Invite to rest one even less wearied, but she was too full of sad emotions to slumber. Again and again she enacted her parting with Mr. Edgar; he had given her his hand, and told her to apply to him when she should be in any need, but the manner of his speech had seemed to freezs her very soul, and it renewed her determination to endure the most abject want in preference to any future aid from him. Miss Edgar, in the moment of parting, had resumed the affectionate manner with which she had treated Ned when they first came to Weewald Place. Her affection was resumed, not because it had returned (it could scarcely return, for, correctly speaking, her nature was incapable of feeling any affection save for those who ministered to her own selfish wants), and not because she experienced any sudden pity for her orphan companion going forth to earn her living, but because she was delighted at Nedly denart. the was too full of sad emotions to slun any sudden pity for her orphan companion going forth to earn her living, but because she was delighted at Ned's departure; and, as usual, anything that made her happy made her good-natured. She knew not what spy-like qualities her cousin possessed, nor what unhappy discovery she might make, if she continued to live beneath the same roof; so, under the influence of joy that there was re-moved at least one person whom she felt would denounce her secret attachment did she know it, she had thrown her arn did she know it, she had thrown her arms about Ned's neck, and kissed her warmly enough. And sensitive, loving, forgiving Ned, touched by even that late mark of affection, had thawed under it, and forgetten all the coldness that had gone before it.

"Write to me," Miss Edgar had whis-

"Write to me," Miss Engal has who pered, with her cheek, to all appearance, pressed fondly enough against that of her cousin, "write to me frequently;" and Ned had promised to doso, as well as she was able for the gulp in her throat.

These were the memories which ban ished sleep, and which made it, when it did come so brief that she awoke with

did come, so brief that she awoke with the dawn. She dressed herself, and waited for the November day to be fully ushered in; and when the sunlight broke upon everything with a radiance that seemed to belong to an earlier season, that seemed to belong to an earlier season, she threw a shawl about her and de-

Early as the hour was for a gay country house, where breakfast was served late, some one had evidently gone out before her, for the door of the main entrance was wide open. The air was somewhat chilly, but bracing, and under its invigorating influence, as she pulled her shawl about influence, as she philed her shaw about her and hurried on with elastic step, she felt her spirits rise. She had that sweet, ardent youth which requires so little to elate or depress it, and as she passed through wales, the beauty of which in summer time must have equalled those of Weewald Place, and looked about her at the vegetation that, not yet bare, was even bright with the colors which indicated its decay, she felt her griefs grow lighter and lighter. Independence was before her, and it only needed a patient, enduring will on her part to achieve it. Saddenly she came to a hedge of evergreen higher than herself; looking through the interetices, which in some places were large enough to admit of the passage of a hand, she saw a broad and well-kept gravelled walk. Wondering whether it ammer time must have equalled those

hand, she saw a broad and well-kept gravelled walk. Wondering whether it led directly to the house, and how she could get upon it from her present posi-tion, she was further attracted by the sound of approaching footsteps on the

gravel. moment there came into sight a very tall, stout woman, followed at a respectful distance by a tall, thin, awkward-looking man carrying a cup and saucer. The woman was dressed in a flowing robe of the brightest yellow silk, that trailed on the walk behind her silk, that trailed on the walk behind her like some gay plumage, a shawl of light green of the same material thrown scarf wise over her shoulders, and a red lace veil depending from her hair. Her hands were bare, but beautifully white and covered with sparkling rings, and her countenance, when she came into full view of the astonished and amused Ned was too proud te yield to tears; but the quivering of her lip, the heaving of her breast, and the moisture which came into her eyes despite herself, when she

the highest possible elevation. She took such long heavy steps that her gait was more like a manly stride, and it taxed her awkward-looking attendant to maintain the product of the state of the state

her awkward-looking attendant to main-tain the precise distance which she evi-dently required, for she turned once, and said sharply:

"You're too far, Donald; too far by two paces." Donald exerted himself to make up the two paces, and the lady, satisfied, resumed her walk; butshe had only taken a stride or two, when she stopped again, a stride or two, when she stopped again, and demanded Donald to bring to her the cup he held.

He obeyed, but with the air of one most

He obeyed, but with the air of one most dissatisfied with his work, and she, having sipped from the cup extended it for him to take. Instead of doing so, he dashed it from her hand, breaking the vessel, and sending abroad a very appetiz-

vessei, and sending abroad a very appenzing odor of coffee.
"I'll noo be your lap-dog any longer, wi' your 'Donald keep two paces farther,' and 'Donald keep two paces nearer,' and 'Donald hand me me coffee,' and 'Donald 'Donald hand me me coffee,' and 'Donald carry the cup agen.' It's fine wark Donald Macgilivray's come to when he safter a leddy's beck and call like a cur that's afeered o' a beatin. You'll just get some other dog to do your biddin'."

He was standing as erect as was the astonished lady to whom he delivered this unexpected tirade, with his arms folded, and his stubble-indented Scotch face set in sullen wrath.

face set in sullen wrath.

face set in sullen wrath.

The lady burst into a loud laugh, and at that moment an elderly and somewhat strange-looking gentleman appeared upon the scene. He was strange-looking, both the scene. He was strange-looking, both because of his deeply bronzed and parchment-like face and his odd dress, pantaloons like a sailor's and a short cloak slung over one shoulder. With an air of protecting freedom he advanced to the

protecting freedom ne accomplate in the ard you lady's side
"I heard Donald's voice, and I heard you laugh," he said in such deep, clear and pleasant tones, that they seemed out of harmony with his appearance. "What is matter?"

"The matter? Why that fool of Scotchman objects to being my dog any longer. He'd rather be an ill-treated slave than a well-fed cur." And she laughed again; a laugh so lond, so hearty, and so prolonged, that it set peeping Ned to hearthy a laugh so lond. laughing also. But the Scotchman was not disposed to

take any mirthful view of the occurrence; he stood looking as angry and dogged as

The lady turned her mirthful face to him, and said, as soon as she recovered her voice: "I don't much blame you, Donald, and

tell Cawson when you get to the house to find a place for you somewhere, at what-ever work you choose to do."

The Scotchman's face changed instant-The Scotcoman's face changed instantly: he had expected to be summarily discharged, and instead he was promoted.

"O me leddy," he said, locking as if he was ready to fall on his knees at her

he was ready to fall on his knees at here
feet, "you are too good, and—"
She waived him away, and taking the
arm of the elderly gentleman was turning
to pursue her course, when she caught
sight of Nad through the interstices of the
hedge. Ned had been so interested and
amused that she did not once think of
abancing her position. changing her position.

"What have we here?" said the lady, dropping in her astonishment the arm on

which she leaned.

"What are you?" she continued, as Ned, violently blushing, started back; and too impatient to wait for an answer,

she continued to her companion:
"Take one of your flying leaps, Mascar,
and let me know all about it." and let me know all about it.

The gentleman obeyed, retreating to the opposite side of the road, and there collecting such force and energy for his

collecting such force and energy for his spring that it brought him flying over the top of the hedge and placed him almost at the fest of the astounded girl. She was frightened enough to scream, and only restrained herself by a great effort.

"Do not be alarmed," he said in that strangely pleasant voice. "My flight to you has only been for a very harmless purpose Since you are on these grounds you must be acquainted with some one in Mrs. Doloran's house. It is she who has commissioned me to get your name." in Mrs. Doloran's house. It is she who has commissioned me to get your name."
"I am the person whom Mrs. Doloran expects to receive as a companion; my name is Edna Edgar," was the trembling

"Edgar," said the gentleman with a sudden and strange excitement in his manner. "Did you say Edgar?"
"Yes;" she answered; but there was

herself had laughed a short time before, herself had laughed a short time before, and said with a merry twinkle of his sharp, black eyes at Ned:

"It is a young lady who doesn't know how to leap over hedges; it will go back to the end of this path and meet us where the path converges to the road," indication with his band as he spate the direction with the direction with the direction.

ing with his hand as he spoke the direc-

tion Ned was to take, and then he pre-pared himself for another flying leap back to his impatient companion.

Ned pursued the course indicated, her mind very much divided between anxiety lest she should not please this exceedingly eccentric lady, amusement at the oddition she had already witnessed, and astonishment at the surprise which the mention of her name had occasioned in the strange gentleman. Lost in the maze of her

gentieman. Lost in the maze of her thoughts she reached the end of the walk before she was aware of it, and saw ap-proaching her the strange couple. "Miss Edgar, the young lady who has come to be your companion. Mrs. Doloran," said the gentleman, gracefully relinquishing the arm that leaned upon his and how inclose to both ladies. his, and bowing low to both ladies.
"Umph!" said Mrs. Doloran, holding

her head at a greater elevation, while she inspected this new addition to her house "And what's your Christian name? when she had finished her survey.

"Edna!" "Faugh! it's like most women's names good for neither sense nor sound."
"I used to be called Ned," ventured out

heroine, anxious at any hazard to win the favor of this woman, without which she might be returned to Weewald Place. "Ned, eh! well that was sensible; nothing like masculinity in some shape for raising a woman to dignity; eh, Mas

Mascar assented by a bow to the speak-er, but a look at Ned expressive of his secret mirth. TO BE CONTINUED.

Count not that labor an evil which helps to bring out the best elements of human nature. - George MacDonald.

How the Aged Bishop Favier Held Off the Chinese Rabble.

All summer the venerable Bishop Favier was desperately besieged in the Peh-tang, the North Cathedral of Pekin. The Peh tang is well within the walls of the imperial city, in its northwest quarter. It was a beautiful church, surrounded by extensive grounds, where there were buildings for the shelter and occupation of many hundreds of native converts. Bishop Favier was one of the men who understood the signs of the times and made preparations. He it was who was responsible for the conversion of M. Pichon, the Minister, to a realization of the gravity of the situation when every other Minister there was still doubtful that there would be trouble. The Bishop laid in supplies of his own when he found he could not move the French of the legation. He bought rifles for some of his converts and ammunition and prepared to defend himself. Then at last they got thirty French guards, with two officers and ten Italians. This was the whole band then-Favier and two priests, three nuns and forty two guards, with about two thousand native converts huddled in the huts around the grounds. The Chinese attacked them night and day and battered the face and east wall of the beautiful Cathedral almost to pieces with their shell fire. From the north and west they could not attack so fiercely for fear of firing over into the forbidden city just beyond.

EXPLODED A MINE. How the graveyard grew behind Oace the Chinese exhe church ! ploded a mine they had laid under the corner of the lines held by the little garrison. It was a tremendous ex-plosion and made a hole big enough to put a good sized ship in. It killed nearly three hundred of the converts, men, women and children, and delivered the garrison the worst blow it had in the loss of both of its officers and three of the guards. held on so well that the Chinese could not come over the hole they had made; they had breached the line, but it did them no good. Out in front of the cathedral the

Chinese mounted an old brass gun in the beginning which the besteged promptly sallied out and took from them. After that, whenever the Chinese fire was too heavy from the front or they were edging their barricades up too closely, the garrison would run out this old Long Tom and give them a few rounds. That always had the effect of holding them off.

It was not until the morning of August 10, the day after the American fissee on the gates, that the British deided to send a force to the relief of the French at the Cathedral. Then they found that the Japanese had done the same thing aiready. The small French force went along with the British de-tachment and did not arrive until the work had been done. There was very little fight left in the Chinese. They had had enough in the last few days and flew on the appearance of the Jap anese.

They were glad to be relieved, these Frenchmen and Chinese. They had had a long, hard fight of it, the real fight of Pekin, but old Bishop Favier simply smiled and said, Yes, they had pulled through.

BURNING OF THE SOUTH CATHEDRAL, The Tung tang, or East Cathedral, was one of the first structures destroyed, and it was clear that the Nan tung, the South Cathedral, was in danger. the Tung-tang, had refused to leave his post and had perished in the flames. But the Fathers and Sisters at the Nantang might yet be saved. Their lives "Yes;" she answered; but there was no further opportunity for him to question, for Mrs. Poloran was screaming from the other side of the hedge:
"Bring it over here, Mascar; I want to know all about it."
He laughed as heartly as Mrs. Doloran hereof here laughed as heartly as Mrs. Doloran hereof here laughed as about time before. night, and early the following morning safely escorted to the hotel every member of the mission-Pere d'Addveio and his two colleagues, a French Brother, five Sisters of Charity and some twenty native nuns of the Order of Josephine. They were rescued just in Scarcely had they reached a place of safety when the splendid edifice they had forsaken was in flames. To the sky wreathed the smoke, a pillar of cloud marking the destruction not of a faith, but of a nation. This historic pile of great historical interest, the home of Verblest and Schaal, with its memorial tablet given to the Cathedral by the Emperor Kang Hsi, was ruth-lessly sacrificed. It continued burning all the day, the region round it, the chief Catholic centre of Pekin, being also burnt. Acres of houses were destroyed and the Christians in thousands put to the sword.'

## THE MYSTERIOUS SILENCE.

How strangely mysterious is the law that presides over the departure of souls from this world! Young or old, tarnshed by vice or resplendent with virtue they disappear in silence. They go forth without telling who summons them, without saying why or how. Their faces suddenly set towards eter nity and look back on us no more, so irresistible is the beauty that enrap tures or the power that seizes them. voice has called them in the eternal distance. A sound has vibrated like a funeral reveille, which they alone can hear. And while ignorant of what thus absorbs them we still seek to retain them, to speak to them. Noiselessly they escape without bidding us farewell, gliding as invisible phantoms from our loving hand.

NOVEMBER 24, 1900.

THE PRELATE'S HAND.

A Story of The Peninsular War. BY EDWARD LEAMY.

Dr. Brisson was the last man in the world you would suspect of credence in superscitions. As a student in art his life had been a wild one, and be fore he had well crossed the threshold of manhood he was a pronounce sceptic. A daring thinker, he has questioned every creed, and found i wanting Life to him was an inscru-able riddle, because he had persuade himself that death was its end. The immortality of the soul he regarded an old wife's fable, unworthy the creence of a man of robust intellect, an he might fairly claim to be classed that caregory. His fame had passe beyond Paris—beyond France. He hapublished works on his art which he been adopted as text books in all t medical schools of Europe, and when made his acquaintance, in the forti he was almost as full of honors as

I was a student then, living in attic of one of the dingy streets the clustered round the Sorbonne. neighbor on the opposite side of landing on the fifth story was a veran who had seen service in the P insular wars, and who had taken p under Baron Le Jeune in the asse on Saragossa, where he had left a and from which he had carried me scars, as evidence of his devotion to The doctor had taken an in flag. est in him because it happened that as one of the French army surge had attended poor old Jacques in hour of need, and had won his g by his attention and kinds and he had met him years afterw Paris in an unexpected man when the one legged Jacques fi simself in front of the runaway he of the carriage in which the doctor his wife were seated as they were ing along the Rue de Rivoli. Jac succeeded in stopping the runav but not without some serious irj to himself. The doctor would g have recompensed Jacques by a g money, but the old soldier was at

proud and grateful. "You saved my life, doctor, wi was ebbing," said Jacques, "and shouldn't I offer it to you and ma

when my turn came?" And Jacques refused all offe money, but the doctor and his wi not forget him, and many a t heard the rustle of silken skirts ing up the stairs when the doctor ing little luxuries, which were with such unaffected courtesy was impossible for him in spite pride-the heritage of the old r tionary days, when every o -to refuse. But, despite these tions, poor Jacques was always and despondent, and again and I heard him wish that he had fa the assault on the Convent of St cis, at Saragossa, where some most desperate fighting had

One night he was seized wh den illness. It chanced that about entering my room, and a cry of anguish from my ne

"What is the matter, Jaco asked. He answered hearsely: here! He is here! Save me

His door was only on the poor fellow, he had little re bolt it, for there was nothing tempt the burglar or the thief I pushed it open I, by the flickering candle, saw him ha from his bed, or substitute for with his right hand stretched shirt had opened at the neck played the shrunken breast lank arm, and the thin fing sorry witnesses of the inevita

of age.
"This is the way he he hand!" he cried—"this is the held out his hand!"
He was I Poor fellow! He was, I

delirious, and I thought i humor him. Yes, that is the way, "But lie down and try to go "Go to sleep! Go to s shricked, and a horrible sen laughter that made my blo escaped his lips. "He we He had been asleep for years when we woke him roke him, and he held ot this way-do you see-this I had bent over Jacques soothe him, and hisfeeble ha

my face. "And there was a ring ger," he continued, "and the ring and there was a de Oh, yes, there was iewel. ! Whisper; come close And the weak hand stro

me down almost to his lips "Lock, it burned into "Look, it burned into and he showed me a fir deep, circular marks that to the bone. "There it moned. "I were it un moaned. and the sight of it made m the jewel-oh! the jewel. 'twas alive! Alive, I say. its color every hour, even Oh! a brave jewel it was the thousand hues of the Would it not have been a it again in the coffin-in and he was dead, you kn hundred years or more? not have taken it except marry you, she said, w back from the wars with ring for my finger.' S jest, I dare say, for we we at the windows of a jewe Palais Royal, a few nig.