THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

REDMOND O'DONNELL; OR

and the second

LE CHASSEUR d'AFBIQUE.

CHAPTER I. KATHEBINE.

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She threw the letter across the table. With her first words the face of the Indian officer had changed a hunted look of absolute terror had come into his face.

His hands tightened over the paper, his eyes fixed themselves upon the dainty missive his daughter held before them, his florid, healthiul color faded-a dull grayish whiteness crept over his face from brow to ohin.

"Papa!" Katherine cried, "you're sick, you're going to have a fit! Don't tell me! ean't 1 see it? Drink this-drink it this moment and come round !"

She held a glass of water to his lips. He obeyed mechanically, and the color that had faded and fled, slowly crept back to his bearded, sunbrowned face. "There!" said bearded, sunbrowned face. "There !" said Miss Dangerfield, in a satisfied tone, "you have come round ! And now tell me, was it a fit, or was it the letter ? Tell me the truth, sir; don's prevaricate 1"

"It was one of my old attacks, Kathie, nothing more. You ought to be used to them by this time. Nothing more, I give you my word. Go back to your breakfast, child," he said testily, "and don't stand staring there in that uncomfortable way !!

"My opinion is, papa," responded Miss Dangerfield, with gravity, "that you're in a bad way and should turn your attention immediately from the roast beef of old England to water gruel and weak tea. A fine old English gentleman of your time of day, who has lett his liver behind him in India, and who has a Sency bullet lodged for life in his left lung, and a strong tendency to apoplexy besides, ought to mind what he eats and drinks, and be on very friendly terms with the nearest clergyman. A ren't you going to read that letter, paps, and tell me who the woman is who has the presumption to write to you without my knowledge? Now where are you going?" For Sir John had arisen has-

tily, his letters in his hand. "To my study, Kathie. Finish your breakfast, darling, and don't mind me." He stooped down suddenly and kissed her, with almost passionate tenderness. "My darling! my darling !" he said. "Heaven bless and keep vou always, whatever happens-whatever happens."

He repeated the last words with a sort of anguish in his voice, then turned and walked ont of the breakfast parlor before his very much amazed daughter could speak.

"Well! exclaimed Miss Dangerfield a last, " this does cap the universe, doesn't it ?" This question being addressed to vacancy re-ceived no reply. "There's a mystery here, and I don't like mysteries out of sensation novels. I have no secrets from papa-what business has papa to have secrets from me?"

She mose with an injured air, gave the bell a vicious pull, and walked in offended dig nity back to her room. The broad, black, slippery oaken staircase went up in majestic sweeps to the regions above. Miss Dangerfield ascended it slowly and with a face of perplexed thought.

It was never an attack-don't tell me-it was that nasty, vicious, spid-ry written little of Ilderim. He tossed his little black letter! Now what woman wrote that letter, and what business had she to write it? I shall insist upon papa giving me a full ex-planation at dinner-time. No woman in Parls or any other wicked city shall badger my precious old soldier into an early grave. And meantime 1 shall have a gallop on Ilderim over the golden Sussex downs."

foreign beauty of whose face, had haunted her remantic seventeen-year-old miad ever since.

'and before now. But y ou're a young persing that won't be hadvise d, and you'll come to grief one of these tasys through 'aving tou much of your own way, as sure as my name's Roberts "" And then, Dar., Roberts philosophically

Art is a second second as

went back to the Castlefora Chronicle, and nover dream d that he had uttered a prophecy.

Miss Drangerfield dashed away over the breezy Srassa downs-gold-green in the Sep-tember sunshine. But the brilliance of that sunlig at grew dim and dimmer with every passing moment, and looking up presently she saw that her "cloud no bigger than a man's hand" had spread and darkened, and was fast glooming over the whole sky. Old Roberts had been right then, after all; and unless she stayed at Castleford, or turned

back at once, she was in for a drenching. "I won't turn back and I won't stop at Castleford," the baronet's daughter said, setting her white teeth. "I'll get my books, and I'll go home, and Ilderim and I shall out-

strip the light ing after all." She dashed into the town. Castleford was a military depot, and knots of red-coated officers grouped here and there lowered their crests, and gazed after her with admiring eyes as she flew by.

"Plucky girl that," said Captain Vere de Vere of the Plungers Purple to his friend Captain Howard of the Bobtails Blue. "Gad! how squarely she sits on her saddle. And what a waltzer she is-as graceful as a Parisienne ballerina, and as springy. Comfortable thing there waiting for some lucky beggar-clear eight thousand a year, and strictly entailed. Not a bandsome girl, I admit, but what would you? Doosidly clever, too, and that's a drawback. I hate your clever women,-put a fellow out of countenance, by Jove ! Shouldn't know anything -women shouldn't, beyond the three great feminine arts, dancing, dressing, and looking pretty." With which terse summary of pretty." women duties the Honorable Plantagenet Vere de Vere lit his huge manilla aud sanntered away. She seemed uncommonly sweet on that foreigner, that Creole fellowwhat's his name-at the concert last night," he thought. "It's always fellows like that with tenor voices and long eyelashes, that draw the matrimonial prizes. Heard her tell Edith Talbot last night all the officers at Castleford had ginger whiskers, and knew no more how to waltz than so many lively young elephants."

Miss Dangerfield's errand was to a Castlefoid bookseller's, and her order was for all the newest novels. She came out presently, followed by the obsequious shopman carrying her parcel and bowing his thanks, The storm was very near now. The whole sky was dark-there was that oppressive heat and stillness in the air that usually precedes a thunder-storm.

"Coming !' Miss Dangerfield thought vaulting into her saddle. "Now then, Il derim, my beauty, my darling, outstrip the storm if you can !"

She was off like the wind, and in a few minutes the town lay far behind her. But fate had decreed to take sides with Roberts. On the bare downs, treeless and houseless, the lightning leaped out like a two-edged sword. There came the booming crash of thunder, then a deluge of rain, and the midday summer tempest was upon her in its might. The swift, sudden blaze of the lightning in his eyes startled the nervous system Arabian head in the air with a snort of terror, made a bound forward and fled over the grassy plains with the speed of an express

"A runaway, by Jove!"

train

A man carted forward with the cry upon his lips, and made the agile spring of a wild cat at liderim's bridle rein. A moment's struggle She entered her room sinking the song the and then the spirited Arab stood still under handsome tenor had sung at the concert the the grasp of an iron hand, quivering in every night before, the melody of whose silvery voice, the dusky fire of whose eyes, the dark her saddle, met full two of the most beautiful Mrs. Vavasor." eyes into which it had ever been her good fortune to look. It was Mr. Gaston Dantree, the handsome, silver-voiced tenor of last night's conce.t, and a flash of glad surprise lit up her face. "Mr. Dantree !" she cried, "you ! and in this tempest, and at so opportune a moment. How shall I thank you for save-for renderdering me such very timely assistance ?" "For saving my life," she had .been going to say, but that would have been coming ita little too strong. Her life had not been in the smallest danger-she was a thorough horse-woman, and could have managed a much wilderanimal than Ilderim. But the knight to the rescue was Mr. Dantree, and last night Miss Dangerfield, had looked for the first time into those wondrous eyes of gold-brown light and falien straight in love the air and water are diminishing. The ocean, with their owner. He was very handsome; perfectly, faultlessly haudsome, with an olive complexion, a low forehead, a chiselled nose, a thick black moustache, and two dark almond eyes, of "liquid light." Not tall, not stout, not very manly looking, perhaps, in any way, men were rather given to sneer at Mr. Gaston Dantrea's somewhat effeminate 'ooauty. But lower; but the absorption will continue with they never sneered long, There was that in the cooling of the globe. The oxygen, nitro-Mr. Dantree's black tyes, in Mr. Dantree's gen, and carbonic acid which compose our musical voice, in Mr. Dantree's trained atmosphere also appear to undergo absorpmuscles, that would have rendered a serious tion but slower. The thinker may foresee, difficulty a little unplasant. He took off his hat now, despite the pouring rain, and stoud

"Welcome to Scarwood, Mr. Dantree, " said One Night's Mystery, Norman arch. He raised his hat

"Thank you, Miss Dangerfield," he said gravely; and so, still by her side, walked up the drippling elm avenue and into the house His fatal beauty-tatal, though he was but seven and twenty, to many women-had done

its work once more. Her own hand had brought him there, her own voice had spoken her sentence. Gaston. Dantree stood under the roof of Scarswood Hall, and until her dying hour, this day would stand out distinct from all other days in Katherine Dangerfield's life. Sir John sat in hij library alone, that letter

from Paris still crushed in his hand as though it had been a serpent. It seemed a very parmless serpent. It seemed a very harmless serpent at first sight; it only contained lines, written in an elegant, flowing Italian chirography :

"PARIS. September 23. "MY DEAR SIB JOHN DANGERFIELD: HOW delightedly my pen writes the title! A baronet! Who would have thought it? And Scarswood Park is yours, and your income is clear eight thousand a year. Who could have hoped it? And you re back in England, and la petite-the little Katherine. Darling little Katuerine! So full of spirit and self-will, as she was when I saw her last, and that is fifteen years ago. Ab, mon dieu! fifteen weary, weary, weary years. My dear baronet, I ani coming too see you; I know you wil be enchanted. On the third of October you will send your carriage to Castleford Station to meet the 7.29 London express and me. And

your servant will ask for Mrs. Vavasor. I adapt my names as I do my conversation, to my company; and, among the aristocratic county families of Sussex, let me be aristocratic, too. Adieu, my baronet, for the present; and allow me to subscribe myself by the old and, alas! plebeian cognomen of

HARBIET HARMAN. "P. S.-Tell my pet, Katherine, I am coming. Kiss the darling child for me."

He had sat for hours as he sat now, the letter crushed in his hand, a grayish pallor on his face, his eyes looking blankly out at the drifting rain, at the tossing, wind-blown trees. The lightning leaped forth at intervals, the summer thunder broke over the roof, the summer rain beat on the glass. He neither saw nor heard; he sat like a man stunned by great and sudden blow.

"And I thought her dead," he muttered once. "I hoped she was dead. I thought, atter fifteen years' silence, I was safe; and now-oh, God I will the wicked wish Lever be granted ?"

He sat there still as he had sat since he left the breakfast table, when the door was flung wide, and Katherine, dripping like a mermaid stood before him.

"May I come in, papa, or have you fallen asleep? Do you know it is two o'clock, and past luncheon time, and that I have brought home a guest? It's Mr. Dantree, papa-you remember him, you know-and he wants to answers. "By-the-by, if ever 1 meet that best see the house, and I want you to be civil to of little sisters I must thank her for sending while I'm changing my habit I wish you would go up and entertain him. "Papa! She broke off suddenly, catching sight of his

altered face. "What is the matter? You look like your own short!" He rose up stiffly, as if his limbs were cramped, crushing the letter more tightly still

in his hand. He turned away from the window so that his face was hidden from her, as he aus wered:

"I am a little cold. Who did you was waiting, Katherine? Oh, yes; 88.V the singing man-Gaston Dantree. By the bye, Kathle, tell Harrison to prepare one of the front chambers for aa lady-an old friend of mine-wLo is coming to visit us. She will be here on the evening of the third of October next, and her name is

By May Agnes Ficming.

So intense is the surprise that he is almost stunned. Then a sudden startling thought strikes him-why has she come? Does she know? He draws back and looks down into the face that is dearer to him than all earth beside-that he has seen only in dreams for two long years....

"Sydney," he asks, "why have you come? How is it that what parted us once does not part us still ?"

"Because it should never have parted us she says with a great sob; " because my life away from you was one long death. I could Wheth r you want me or not, not stay. Lewis, I had to come. Do what you may, I can never have any life apart from you more."

She knows nothing. She has come to him because she loves him too well to let even guilt stand between them. And he bows his head, and from his full heart come the words, sublime beyond all others to speak the utter joy of human souls ; "Thank God !"

CHAPTER XXIV.

" INTO MARVELLOUS LIGHT."

The first shock of glad meeting, of joyful surprise is past, and they sit side by side and its Sydney who talks. She has much to tell. First and chief is Lucy's death, of which as yet he has not heard, and he covers his eyes for a moment as he hears it. It is well perhaps that some dimness should shadow the radiance of too much light-that is the dark spot in his picture. He has long known she must die; but let death be ever so long expected, it is none the less a shock when it comes. He has loved and venerated that tender, patient sister, even in the most thoughtless days of his youth, but it seems to bim he has never known how dear she was to him before. Looking up in his face, his hands clasped in hers, Sydney tells him all. How Sister Monica and Lucy pointed out the path of duty that has led her here. She tells him. too, the story of Teddy's loss, and the happy reunion, after long parting and pain, of

Teddy's father and mother. "So you lost all," he says to her, looking down into the fair earnest face with a tender smile, "your friend and your boy. It

must have been very lonely for you, my princess. "Lonely!" She makes a little passionate gesture; "I had lost you, Lewis-it could

not matter who came or went after that." "Still you would never have come to me if it had not been for Sister Monica;" he

him. He's in the blue drawing-room; and me my wife. You never would have come of yourself, would you, Sydney ?? "Ah! I don't know," Sydney says sorrowfully; "it was such a miserable, miserable

time, Lewis. It gives me the heartache even now that I sit beside you and look back upon it-the long, desolate months of waiting, and hoping, and fearing, and longing. Lewis, I thought you would have returned when the war ended. I so hoped you would have come; I would never have let you go again, if you had. Duty-as I thought it then-my promise to the dead-all would have been flung to the winds at the sight of your face. But you did not come, you did not seem to care to come; you had your work as d your ambition; men do not feel these things as women do. My life has been one long

recall the message Dolly De Courcy gave you not return, all the while the ceaseless nag, for me, the afternoon she came to you? Do you remember the words? You look puzzled ; let me help you. She said, "Ask your hus-hand how he last parted with Bertie Waughan." his career, there is one episode_she does not Was that not it?" "Y-e-8 (I think 50."

"Becall the story I told you. You may recollect I said that after flinging Vaughan from me and seeing him fall over, I took it

for granted that he was smashed to atoms, and never looked to confirm the supposition. Now does it not strike you that there may have been a mistake?; That he may not have been killed after all ?" "Lewis, what is this? I-I do not under-

stand you p She lifts a white startled face, and he

smiles down upon her a smile she does not understand.

"I do not believe Bertie Vaughan was killed. Indeed I have excellent reasons for believing that he is very much alive at this moment. I believe that he is in California; more, that he is in San Francisco ; still more, that he is in this very hotel at this very hour ! Beneath the same roof with you, Sydney-

think of it-Bertie Vaughan!" She is trembling from head to foot ; she is clinging to him with a terrified face.

"Lewis, what are you saying? Oh! you vould not jest about this. If you have any pity speak out-what do you mean ?"

"My dear little wife, what I say. All my remorse, all our suffering, all our parting have been for nothing. On that long-gone wedding day of yours, when the bridegroom did not come and you mourned for him as dead. he was the bridegroom of another bride. On the day he was to have married you, my

Sydney, he married Dolly De Courcy. She utters a gasping cry, clasps both hands

together, and sits breathlessly waiting. "Oh i" she cries out, "he was not killed after all ! Thank Heaven, thank Heaven !" "Amen. No, he was not killed. He was but a poor creature to suffer for at the best, but your suffering was in vain. Had your father known the truth, proud, high-spirited, as you told me he was, the shock of the reality would have been worse to him than the shock of the delusion. Dolly De Courcy saved his life that night, and he married her next day. Married her and deserted her, and is now under this roof the husband of another woman. Don't tremble so, Sydney, I will tell you the whole story !"

He cells it, the story of that sultry night, of Doily, of the services he was able to render. and of her return. And Sydney listens, dazed, in a dream. Bertle Vaughan alive and here She has thought him dead so long that it is impossible to realize it. And Lewis's hand is unstained by blood, not the shadow of a shadow need stand hetween them. She turns so white, so deathly faint and sick, that he thinks she is going to swoon, and springs to his feet in consternation.

"Good Heaven! Sydney, the shock has been too much for you. Don't faint, I beg!" cries Lewis, with a man's comical horror, wait! I'll get a glass of wine-of water."

He rushes off, despite Sydney's gasping protest. Under the open window there is a marble stand and a crystal jug of ice-water. He is bastily filling a goblet, when the stentor tones of "You Pete," on the sidewalk below arrest his band.

"Look-a-heah | you darn black nigger !" is what "You Pete" is vociferating; "does you m an to loaf up dar all day? Jest fotch along Missy Vaughan's tother Sairytoggy, and look alive 'bout it, will yer!"

It is the name that arrests the attention. At the curbstone stands a back, the driver busily strapping on trunks. Within upon the front seat sits a nurse and a baby : upon the back, a lady, her head thrust out of the doorway giving directions. She is a woman of forty or mire, fat and yellow, with an unwretchedness ; and yours-has your protes- pleasantly billious look, a wide thin mouth, a sion kept sorrew and loneliness altogether at | sharp pointed nose, small fierce black black Has your life not been so full and so eyes, and shrewd, with vixon in every acrid

know, and never will know; one name she will never hear, and that Sydney Owenson The husband and wife on the plazza stand and watch the carriage of the other husband and wif- out of sight. Then she turns to him with a sort of sobbing cry-

" Oh, Lewis, take me in."

He obeys, almost sorry for what he has done, and she leans her face against him, and he knows that she is crying. Not for the man she has just seen, may never see again, and has so long mourned as dead, but for the memory of that other Bertie Vaughan, the brother of her youth, the pet of her father and mother-a memory that is dead and buried forever.

"Don't ory, my princess," her husband says, smiling, yet looking sympathetic, too; "he never was worth one of those tears; and, poor fellow, my deepest sympathies go with him."

"That wife!" Lewis Nolan laughs, in spite of his concern at the falling tears. "I knew you could never realize the fact of his being alive so vividly as if you saw him face to face. Mrs. Nolan, cease immediately! I object to your: crying for another man."

It is the briefest of summer showers. She lifts her face and dashes away the lingering tear-drops, indignant at herself.

" Oh !" she says, with a gasp, and clasping both her hands tightly around Mr. Nolan's grey coat-sleeve, "to think that I might have been his wife to-day if you had not thrown him over the cliff. I never want to think of Bertie Vaughan again."

"Then my rising jealousy is allayed. Blame him not, my princess-awful retribution has befallen him-an avenging Nemisis cas overtaken him in the person of that appalling Mrs. Vaughan. Even Dolly De Courcy is avenged."

"Let us talk of something else," says Mrs. Nolan, with a little distasteful look, as if Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan left a bad taste in her mouth-"yonder sunset, for instance. I did not think you got up such gorgeous coloring in the land of gold. It equals Venice."

For the sun is going down behind the myriad city roofs and steeples, in a glory of color we call golden and crimson, but which no hue of earth ever approaches. Fleecy clouds of palest rose or vividest red, faintest amber and deepest orange, go before like heralds, and in his royal purples, like any other monarch, the king of day is sinking from sight.

"How lovely ! how lovely !" Sydney murmurs. "What a glorious sky !"

"Ye-e-s," Mr. Nolan says in the critical tone of a connoisseur in sunsets. "When we do this sort of thing in San Francisco, we do it. A very fine celestial illumination my dear Mrs. Nolan, got up for your special delectation, no doubt, to convince you that nainted skies are home as well as foreign products. It is beautiful."

She smiles, but says nothing-her swelling heart too full for words. It seems to her as if the great new happiness that has come to her is but the reflection in that lovely western radiance. She still clasps his arm, and so, side by side, to part no more, they stand together, the lose light on their faces, the "light that never shone on sea or land," and watch the sun go down.

THE END.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE AND HIS CRITICS.

The Archbishop of Cashel, Most Rev. Dr. Croke, has replied to his numerous critics, who charged him with perverting Scripture in his ignorance of Greek, and with making St. Paul say that "the husbandman should first partake of the fruits of the soil" instead of, as they allege, "should labour before partaking of the fruits." The following is the Archbishop's letter, as taken from the Daily Telegraph :---Were I not to notice in any way the letters which have lately appeared in successive issues of your paper, in reference to the interpretation of St. Paul's text, 6th verse of Second Epistle to St. Timothy, your numerous correspondents in this matter, and, I suppose, others besides, would, no doubt, take it as a sure sign that they had crushed me completely, that I had, in fact, no defence whatsoever to set up, and that I am not only lamentably ignorant of Greekwhich, by the way, I taught for a considerable time-but a poor proficient, moreover, in Biblical science and criticism. Perhaps, then, considering all things, it would be right and wise for me to say a word or two on the main point at issue; and, with your kind permission, I shall do so accordingly. Your corresspondents have quoted ihe Greek text correctly. Allow me to give chronologically six different English renderings of it :-- 1. Wickliff's translation, as it is called, published about 1380-"It behoveth an erthetiler to rescevve first of the fruytis." 2. Tyndale's verson (1534)-"The husbandman that laboreth must fivrst receave o' the frutes." 3. Cranmer's version (1539)-"The husbandman that laboureth must fiyrst receave of the futes." 4. The Geneva ver-sion (1557)—"The husbandman must fiyrst laborying receave the frutes." 5. Douay version-"The husbandman that laboureth must first partake of the fruits." 6. Authonised version-"The husbandman that laboureth must be first partaker of the fruits." The Latin or Vulgate version has been already given by one of your correspondents. It is, "Laborattem Agricolam oporet primum percipere fructus." Epps's Cocoa-GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING. —" By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every iendency to disease. Hundrens-of subtle maindles are floating around us ready to attack wherever these is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping our-selves well fortified with pure blood and a pro-perly nourished frame."-Cirtif Arrize Graette. Sold only :: rackets an fied-" IAMES Feps & Co., Homespathic Chemists, London, England. Also makers of Errs's OllocolATE ESSENCE for afternoon use: afternoon use.

PART II. CHAPTER XXIII .-- CONTINUED

'Risponeia a chit' implorat Rispondia a cara a me!"

"How handsome he was, how handsomehow han isome! If ever I marry, it shall be a man-a demi-god like that. Peter Dangerfield, indeed! Nasty little bore! Still I would rather have him in love with me than have no one at all. I wonder if it is I, myself, he loves, or Scarswood Park, and the heiress of eight thousand a year. Ninon! my green riding habit, and tell them to fetch Ilderim around. And ob, Ninon, my child. tell that tiresome groom I don't want him perambalating behind me, like an appoplectic shadow. Iderim and I can take care of ourselves."

"But, mademoiselle-Seer John's orders __*

""Ninon Duclos, will you do as I order yon? I won't have the groom-there! I'm alwaps shocking the resident gentry of this neighborhood, and I mean to go on shocking them. I feel as if I had a spy at my heels while that beef-eating groom is there. Hsip me on with my habit and say no more about it.'

Lettle Linon knew a good deal better than -15 dispute Miss Dangerfield's mood when Miss Dangerfield spoke in that tone. Miss Dangerfield had boxed her ears before now, and was very capable of doing it again. Perhaps, on the whole, smart little Ninon rather liked having her cars impetuously slapped by her impulsive young mistress, and the tingling oured, as it invariably was, by the present of Miss Katherine's second-best silk dress half-an-hour after.

Looking very bright and dashing, if not in the least pretty, the heiress of Scarswood Park ran lightly down the slippery stairs, out of the vast vaulted hall, where statues gle mud and suit of mail worn by dea .andgone Dingerfie'ds centuries before, flashed back the sunshine. Her dark green ridinghabit fitted her, as Katherine herself said, "as shough she hid been born in it,"--- the waving brightness of her brown hair was twined in thick plaits around her graceful head, and her pork pie hat with its scarlet bird's-wing perched ever so little on one side, set off the piquante face beneath-a thoroughly English face, despite the golden hue of a tropic sun.

• I beg your parding, miss," Roberts, the batter, said, stepping forward. He was a dignifed, elderly, clerical-looking personage. like an archibishop in silk stockings and knee breeshes; " hut if you will hexcuse the remark, miss, I think as ow we're going to 'ave a storm. There's that closeness in the hair, miss, and that happearance in the hatmosphere that halways perceeds a thunderstorm; if I might make so bold, miss, I should hadvise you not to stay hout more than a hour, at the furthest."

that onel why it's no bigger than my hand. I'm going to Castleford, and I don't believe in your thunder-storms "

"You'll catch it, though, for all that, my young lady," soliloquized Mr. Roberts, look ing after the slight girlish figure as it dashed in earnest. She was proud of the old blood out of sight down the elm avenue mounted that flowed so spiritedly in her veins, of thion a spirited black horse. "Great storms noble mansion, of the princely inheritance 'ave come from clouds no bigger than a man's | which was her birthright.

iacket. " You do me too much honor, Miss Dangerfield; I don't really think your life was in any danger, still it's pleasant to know I was the one to stop your black steed all the same. Rather a coincidence, by the bye, that I should meet you here just at present, as, taking advantage of last night's kind invitation, I was about to present myself at Suarswood." "And Scarswood is very well worth seeing, I assure you. As it is not more than a quarter of a mile to the gates, suppuse you resume your hat and your journey?' "But, Miss Dangerfield, you will get your

death at this pace in this downpour." "Oh, no, I'll not," Katherine answered coolly. "The rain will never fall that will give me my death! You don't know how strong I am. Come Mr. Dantree, let me see it you can walk as fast as Ilderim.'

She looked down at him with that brilliant smile that lit her dark face iuto something brighter than beauty. "Come, Mr. Dantree," she repeated, "let me

be ciceione for once, and show you the splen-dors of Scarswood. It is the show place of the neighborhood, you know, built by a Dangerfield, I am afraid to say how many centuries ago. We came over with William, the what'shis name, you know, or, perhaps, William found us here when he arrived ; I m not posi-• Good gracious, Roberts, what nonsense! tive which. We're a dreadfully old family, There's not a cloud in the sky. Oh, well! indeed, and I'm the last daughter of the race; and I wouldn't be anybody but Katherine Dangerfield, of Scarswood Park, for the world l"

She dashed under the huge stone arch of column. ma-onry as she spoke, half laughing, wholly



The following dismal picture of the end of the world is by the noted French scientist, Cammille Flammarion : The earth was born ; she will die. She will die either of old age, when her vital elements shall have been used, or through the extinction of the sun, to whose rays her life is suspended. She might also die by accident, through collision with some celestial body meeting her on her route; but this end of the world is the most improbable of all. She may we repeat, die a natural death through the slow absorption of her vital element. In fact, it is probable that like the atmosphere, appears to have been formerly much more considerable than it is in our day. The terrestial crust has Denetrated waters which combine choinically with the rocks. It is almost certain that the temperature of the interior of the globe reaches that of boiling water at the depth of six miles, and prevents the water from descending any through the midst yet to come, the epoch, yet afar off, in which the earth, deprived of the before the heiress of Scarswood, looking like atmospheric, aqueous vapor which protects he Apollo himself in a shabby shooting her from the glacial cold space by preserving the solar rays around her, will become chilled in the sleep of death. As Hearl Vivarel says: From the summit of the mountains a wind

ing sheet of snow will descend upon the high plateau and the valleys, driving before it life and civilization, and masking forever the cities and nations that it meets on its passage." Life and human activity will press insensibly toward the inner tropical zone. St. Petersburg, Berlin, London, Paris, Vienna, Constantincple and Rome will fall asleep in succession under their eternal shroud. During very many ages equatorial humanity will undertake Arctic expeditions to find again under the ice the plaus of Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux aud Marseilles. The sea coasts will have changed, and the geographical map of the earth will have been transformed. No one will live and breathe any more except in the equatorial zone up to the day when the last family, nearly dead with cold and hunger, will sit on the shore of the last sea in the rays of the sun, which will thereafter shine here below on an ambulent tomb revolving aimlessly round a useless light and a barren heat.

CAN'T PREACH GOOD.

No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See " Truchs" and " Proverbs," other

GOOD ADVICE. We advise every family to keep Dourns' Elixir always on hand. It is the best remedy for coughs and colds ever offered to the public.

busy that you have had little time to grieve tone of her piercing voice. for your wife ?" There is a smile on his face as he listens to

tender and grave.

"What do you think about?" he asks.

"Your work has not filled your life;" she answers. "Look here, Lewis," she lifts his | tin his whistle in de bar. Now den old whip dark hair, and with a touch that is a caress there are gray hairs here, my dearest, and when I saw you last it was all raven dark. You have not changed much, but I can see that you have suffered. My husband, I should never have let you go,"

She lays her face on his shoulder, and ther is silence for a little; her beart full of the loneliness and loss of these past two years.

"It was such a hard couflict between duty and love," she goes on, "my duty, it seemed. to me, forbade me ever seeing again the face of the man who had caused Bertie Vaughan's death-forgive me that 1 speak of it, Lewis, I never will again-and my love called always for my husband's return Many, many times, when half wild with thinking of you alone and wretched as I was, have I begun letters imploring your reiden, telling you the past was forgiven and forgotten; but when they were finished and the impulse was past I could not send them. My promise to my a crime, and these letters went into the fire, one and all."

"And yet, my wife, you are here."

"Yes, Lewis, it all seemed so clear that night Sister Monica and Lucy were neares heaven than I; they knew best. All was dark with me; I could not decide what was right or what was wrong. I was like one shipwrecked, tossing about on a troubled sea without rudder or compass or pilot to guide. But they knew, and my heart, hungry for the sight of you, echoed every word that they said. Aud so I am here, and I know at last past come to darken my life. I want you to Sydney are face to face. know and feel ,hat, to believe that I love and honor you as greatly as though the past had She has changed but little, and that little for never been "

She flings her arms about him with a great sob as she ceases, and they sit in silence. Presently he reaches over and takes up the sheet of paper on which he has been writing.

"Look here, Sydney." She looks and reads, "My Dear Wife," and lifts her surprised eyes to his face "Were you writing to me, Lewis?"

"I was writing to you. Does it not strike

you as strange that after a silence of two ears I should to day begin a letter to you? I could get no further than these three words; they hold a charm for me. I thought I had written them for the last time that morning in my mother's house. Do you not wender what I was going to say?" She laughs and blushes in the old charming on." way that Sydney Owenson was wont to do,

under Lewis Nolau's eyes. "You were going to tell me what I have come all the way from New York to San Francisco to tell you-that life apart was im-

possible any longer." "Well, not exactly, although I think it is But I had something to tell you. Do you

"Say, you darkey," she shrieked to "You Pete," " just go and see what Mr. Vaughan's the impassioned reproach, but his eyes are about, will you; I can't wait here for him all day.'

"All right, missus, he ain't doin' nuffin, missus," briskly responds Pete; "jest a wethere's dat are Sairytogy at last."

"Wetting his whistle !" repeats the lady vindictively. "Will you go, you black boy, and tell him to come here this very minute. I shall drive on if he isn't here when that trunk is strapped."

" All right 'ni," says Pete with a grin, and an intense appreciation of the situation, and into the hotel.

" Sydney," says Mr. Nolan, with what can be called nothing else than diabolical malice,

come here. The air will do you good." There is a wicked laugh in his eyes as he draws her hand through his arm. His windows "give" on the plazza, like doors, and he throws them wide, and leads her out.

"Iam better, Lewis," she says, it was no thing. It was only-

She suddenly stops. In flaring painted capitals, on the canvass cover of the "Sairytogys" there is the name VAUGHAN.

"Well," cries the owner of the vinegar face, in a most vinegary voice to "You Pete," who me. To ask you to return seemed to me like reappears; "is Mr. Vanghan coming or is he not? Does he mean to keep me here all day, - Ohl really, Mr. Vaughan, here you ar at last !" (this in accents of scathing polite ness). "How very good of you to condescend to come at all !"

"What a devii of a hurry you're in, Caro-line," says a sulky masculine voice; "it wants twenty minutes of train-time yet, and it isn't a ten-minute drive. Can't you let a man —

He pauses and looks up. For from the piazza there comes a low, irrepressible cry of Berlie !" And the words die on his lips, and my first earthly duty is to the husband I love the deep, permanent flush fades into sickly and venerate above all men, and to whom I pallor on his face, and he stands like a man have pledged to cleave until death. And whom every power is leaving but the one never-no never, Lewis, shall the shadow of power of sight. And Sertie Vaughan and

He recognizes her instantly and she him. the better; he has changed much, and that much for the worse, but they know each other instantaneously. Grown stout and somewhat bloated, indeed, all that delicacy of fleure and complexion that once made Bertle Vaughan beautiful, with a woman's beauty, forever lost it is yet Bertle Vaughan who stands there and

looks at Captain Owenson's daughter. He has turned dead white to the very lips he stands paralyzed, and for ten seconds they look straight into each other's eyes.

Then Mrs. Vaughan comes to the rescue in tones of smothered fury.

" Mr. Vaughan, for the last time, will you or will you not get into this carriage? What are you standing there gaping like a fool for? Driver, dou't wait another minute; drive

It arouses him from his trance. Alas! those tones of verjuice arouse him often. He turus and leaps in.

"Drive and be---- " is the awful expression he makes use of, in his recklessness, to his wealthy wife.

He pulls his bat over his eyes, shuts his highly probable I might have said that too. | lips, folds his arms, and is driven to the station. But all the while the ruddy color does ' in the constitutions of the weak and nervous

For cleansing the system of all morbid matter and warding off diseases, no medicine possesses such efficacy as Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.

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