| THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICL |  |  |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| REOMOND ODOWHELL: LE CHASNEUR OBAFRIQUE. COEAPTER I. GATIEBME: |  |  | One Aights My ýstery, <br> By Máy gnea Feming |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | lesb bazzing of a summer fly. Whatever this |
|  |  |  | By May a ges wicming <br> PALTTII |  |  |
|  |  |  | OHA PTER XXIII-CONTINED o intense is the surprise that he is-almost | recollect I said that after flinging Faughanfrom me and geing him fall ofer I took itfor granted thatite was smanhed to atoms, and |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | killed. Indeed I have excellent reasons for believing that he is very much alive at this moment. I believe that he is in Oslifornia ; |  |
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|  |  |  | lime beyond all others to speak the utter jo <br> of human souls; |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  | , |
|  |  |  |  | the day he was to have married you, my Sydney, he married Dolly De Conrcy." She utters a gasping cry, clasps both hands together, and sits breathlessly waiting. |  |
|  |  |  |  | Hege | tion bas befallen him-an avenging Nemisis Las overtaken him in the person of that ap- palling Mrs. Vaughan. Even Dolly De Courcy |
|  |  |  |  | citat |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { Nolan, witha little distastefal look, as if Mr. } \\ & \text { and Mrs. Vaughan lett a bad taste in her } \\ & \text { mouth } \rightarrow \text { " yonder sunset, for instasce. I did } \end{aligned}$ |
|  |  |  |  |  | (e) |
|  |  |  |  | not, minitherl | $\begin{aligned} & \text { For tne sun } 18 \text { going down behind the } \\ & \text { myriad city roofs and steeples, in a glory of } \\ & \text { color we call golden and crimson; but which } \end{aligned}$ |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  | other monarch, the king of day is sinking <br>  |
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|  |  |  |  | protest. Under the open window there is a maible stand and a crystal jug of ice-water. |  |
|  |  |  |  | He is bastily filling agoblet, whon the stentor tones of "You Pote" on the sidewalk below, arrest his hand |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| comer |  |  |  |  | "light that agver shone on sea or land:" and watch the sun go down. |
|  |  |  |  | ditas |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | in his ignorance of Greek, and with making. St. Paul gay that "the husbandman should first partake of the fruits of the soil" instead |
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|  |  | END OF THE WO | the impassioned reproach, but his eyes are <br> "What do you think ahout?" he asks. "Your work has not filled your life " | about, will you; I can't wait here for him all day." "All right, missus, be ain't doln' nuffin, |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | "Your work has not filled your life ;" she answers. "Lonk hero, Luwis," she lifts his dark hair, and with a tonch that is a caress |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | You have not changed much, but I can see that you have suffered. My husband, I should |  |  |
|  |  |  | never have let you go." She lays ber face on his shoulder, and there is silence for a little; her beart full of the |  |  |
|  |  |  | Hen |  |  |
|  |  |  | ate |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | draws her hand through his,arm. His windows "give" ou the plazz?, like doorsthrows them wide, and leads her out. |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  | ceave of the frutea.". 4. The Geneva rer- sion ( 1557 )-"The hustindman must fiyrst |
|  |  |  | me. To ask fou to return seemid tome me and these leters went into the fire, one and all.""And yet, my wife, you are here." |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | ness). "How very good of you to condo"What yon're in, Caro- |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | ready given by one of your correspondenis.It is, "Laboractem Agricolam oporet primanpercipere fractus." |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | without rudder or compuss or pilot to puideBut they tnem, and my heart, hungry for th |  |  |
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|  |  |  | $\left\lvert\, \begin{aligned} & \text { aud venerate above all men, aud to whim I } \\ & \text { have pledged to cleave until death. And } \end{aligned}\right.$ |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | power of sight. And Bertie Vaughan and fdney are face to face. He recognizen her inatantly and she him. |  |
|  |  |  | know and fuol ihat, to believe that I luve and honor you as greatly as though the past had honor you as greatiy as though the past had never been." |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Preseatly he reaches over and takes up the it ook hate systayy. |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | is yet Brrtie Vaughan who stands there and |  |
|  |  |  | Sbe looks and reade, "My Dear Wife," and "W Wre you writius to huce | He bas turned dead white to the very lips;Hestands paralyzed, and for ten seconds they |  |
|  |  |  | ": Were you writing ta mr, Lewis ? a I was writing to you. Does it not strike you as strange that ufter a silence of two jears I should to day bugin a letter to you? |  |  |
|  |  |  | you as seang ing to day bugin a letter to you? jears I I conlig get no furtber than these three words; |  |  |
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