## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

# REDMOND O'DONNELL ; 4

LE CHASSEUR d'AFRIQUE. OHAPTER VII .--- CONTINUED.

"Just this-that she has some secret in her possession which you are atraid she will tell, and the secret concerns my mother. The is trading on that secret in forcing berself into this house, for you dislike her as much as I do, Sir John Daugerfield, only you won't own it. I am to be kept in the dark, it Besins. Very well ! I don't want to pry in to your mysteries, only you can't expect me to shat my eyes to what goes on before them That woman has some secret which you are afraid the will tell, and you pay her large sams for keeping it, and that secret concerns my mother. Don't look so thunderstruck, papal I won't turn amateur detective, and try to find it out, and I will be as civil as it is in human nature -- such human nature as mine-to be, only don't try to pass off that eresture as an old friend or anything of that sort. And get her out of this house as soon as yon can, for all our sakes."

And when Miss Dapperfield walked out of the room in offended majesty, Sir John was Jest to enjoy the Times as best he might after learning his sharp-sighted daughter's discov-

ary. Extherine turned in her suddle now and looked after her pony phaeton and its occu.

pend "Mow I do dislike that woman, Gaston!" she exclaimed.

# And you're an uncommonly good hater, ma belle," Mr. Dantree answered, coolly. "You can love, but you can bate also. In the bliesful days to come, when I am your lawfal lord and master, it shall be my Chris tian endeavor to teach you better morality I know several people whose enmity I should prefer to yours."

"I could never be an enemy of yours, Gaston-never! Do what they might, I never could hate those whom I once loved. My likes and dislikes come at first sight. I detested that woman from the moment I set eyes on her."

"Feminine Instinct, I suppose. There is ne love lost between you, darling. I've canght her looking at you at times when she 'thought no one was watching her, and -- well, it wasa't a pleasant look, either, to give or receive. She smiles a great deal, but it isn't , a very mirthful smile, and she's the sort of woman to present you a dose of strychnine and a kiss together. What does she do ut Somewood? Ap old friend of his. I think Sir John said. He didn't loook at her in a very friendly manner, by the bye, as he said it She is a most unwelcome intruder, it is easy to he seen, to Sir John as well as to you Why, then, does he not give her her conge?" "Ah, why, indeed," Katherine repeated.

with a frown; "I wish some one would rely me why. There is some secret understanding between them that I cau't fathom. I wooder if pap : ever committed a murder, or a forgery, or some interesting crime of that sost and that this little human cat has found it ont, and holds the secret like the sword of Dam-what's his name-suspended over his head by a single hair. That would be like the plot of a modern novel."

"Like the plot of a modern novel, perhaps but not in the least like Sir John Daugerfield. Still I think you're right, Kathie; there is a secret understanding, and if that understanding relates to a crime, I don't believe Sir John ever committed it. The dear old dad doesn't over and above like me, my dashing ; still he's a game old bird, and never did mortal man or woman wiltul wrong in his life, I'm positive. Doesn't our florid Hitsle widow often at 100e in an odd sort of way to your mother, Kathie? Now, it strikes no the scoret-for there is one-involves

only wanted Pauline for her fortune, until he proved his disinterestedness. Of course they say I'm a fortune-bunter and adventurer-I would be very greatly surprised if they did not. Your father thinks so-Mrs. Vavasor, knowing how she would act in my place. thinks so-your cousin Peter, furious with his late rejection, thinks so. But you-Kathie-my darling-" he bent his pathetic liquid dark eyes upon her, "you surely do not; if you do-then here-this moment bid

me go, and I will obey ." "Gaston-what nonsense! If I believed. would I be at your side now? I should die if I doubted you.'

Mr. Dantree laughed a little cynically. "No, you wouldn't die, Kathie. Broker bearts went out of fashion with Paul and Virginia and our great grandmothers. You'd not die, Kuthie-you'd forget me in six months for-what you could easily find-a better man."

Mr. Dantree was right, it would have been very easy to find a better mar, but Katherine Dangerfield was seventeen, and the glamour of a melodious voice, of Spanish eyes, and a face like some R-mbrandt picture was upon her, and her whole heart was in the words. "I would never forget. When I forget you

-true or false-I shall have forgotten all things earthly." Something in her tone, in her eyes, moved him. He lifted one of her hands and kissed it.

"I am not half worthy such love and trust as yours. I am a villain, Kathie-not fit to kiss the hem of your garment. My life has been one long round of

"Reckless days and reckless nights-Unboly songs and tipsy fights "

But I will try-I will-to make you happy when you are my wife. And the sconer that day comes now the botter. Miss Dangerfield, resuming his customary careless tone, "are you aware it is hegtuning to rain ?"

It had been a fiful October day-now sungleans, now gray gloom. Katherine looked up at the sky, and one great drop, then another fell upon her face. The whole sky was dark with drifting clouds, and growing each iustant darker. The storm which had been prewing all day was close upon them."

"And we are five miles from Scarswood, and in five minutes the rain will descend in torrents. Gaston; what shall we do? I had rather not get drenched, papa will scold " "And I had rather not get drenched even with ut a papa to scold. Drenching includes influenza, watery eyes, and a tendency to talk through ones nose, and is not an interesting complaint. Can't we run to cover somewhere? You know everybody in this neighborhood. There's Major Marchmont's voucer-aren't those the jvied turrets of

Marchmont Place I behold through the trues ?"

" Y-e-e-s."

"My dear, I understand your hesitation The gallant major did his best to snub me the other day, but I'm of a forgiving turn and don't much mind. I think I could endure that old officer's grim looks more easily than the raging elements on the open downs. Suall we make for Marchmont?"

"No," said Katherine ; "if you can endure Major Marchmont's insults, I cau't. We can do better than that-we can go to Bracken Holl w."

"With all my heart. Where is Bracken Hollow ?" "Nut a quarter of a mile off. This way,

Gaston, or we shall get the dreaching atter of the wet October evening. ail. The place belougs to my old nurseshe came with us from India, and papa gave her the place to end her days in, and to get rid of her; she and Ninon, my maid, led a verfect cat-and-dog life. Quick, Gaston! Good gracious, what a deluge !"

derim fairly flew before it-sud Mr. Dantree followed his leader. They were close to the coast ; far away the white foaming sea heaved any cause-yet. its dull booming on the shore mingled with

"I've heard of Mr. Gaston Dantree-yes Miss Katherine, and I'm glad you've brought triumphantly, a few minutes after. "Your him to see me." "You don't seem to be very cordial about a Vavasor for an enemy."

it then; you don't say you're glad to see him." "I'm not a fine lady, Miss Katherine-I

don't tell polite lies. I'm not glad. You're going to marry him, they say-is it true ?" "Well, yes," Katherine laughed, good-naturedly, "I'm ufraid it is. You pity him, devil drops into eight thousand a year and nursey, don't you? You took care of me a the finest place in the county." decade of years or so, and you know what he has to expect.'

second solemn, prolonged stare at her nurse. pretty well, but who knows-you may belings lover; "I pity you! Only seventeen, and trouble, trouble, trouble before you." It was not an easy matter to stare Mr. Gas-

ton Dantree out of countenance as a general thing, but his eyes fell now before old Hannah's basilisk gaze. "Confound the hag !" he muttered, turning

to the window; "wuat does she mean ?" Katherine was fond of her old nurse-too

fond to be irritated now by her croaking. "Don't be disagreeable. Hannah," she said ; and don't stare in that Gorgon-like way. It's rude, and Mr. Dantree is modest to a fault. See how you put him out of counten-Sit down here, like a d-ar old thing, ансе. and tell me all about the rheumatism, and they looked at one another steadily for an inwhat you want me to get you for the winter ; stant, then began the game. you'll have lots of time before the rain holds

up. "The rain is holding up now, Kathie," her lover said, "I knew it was too violent to last. In ten minutes it will have ceased. Come, we can go."

He could not account to himself for his leverish baste to leave this place-for the bear the light falling on the cinders in the sudd-n and intense dislike he had taken to grate, the ceaseless beating of the rain on the this g im old woman.

" I'll go and see to the horses," he said, and moke a cigar in the porch, while you talk to your nurse."

He quited the room. Katherine looked alter the graceful figure and negligent walk with eyes full of girlish admiration; then sho turned to Hannah.

Isn't he handsome, nursey ? Now confess; you're sixty or more, but you like handsome people still, don't you? isn't he just the very handsomest man you ever saw in all your life?"

"He's rare and handsome, Miss Kathie," the old woman said, slowly; "rare and handsome surely. But, my little one, don't you marry him. It's not the face to trustit's as false as it's fair."

"Now Hannah, I can't listen to this-I really can't. I thought you would have wished me joy, if nobody else. Everybody says horrid things-nothing is too bad to be said of Mr. Dantree-and all because he is poor and I am rich-tortune-hunter, adventurer, talse. It's a mame

"It's the truth, my bairnie. Be warned, and draw back while there is yet time" Miss Daugerfield arose with calm dignity. It wasn't worth while losing one's temper with old Hannah.

"Good-by nursey-I'm going. You are disagreeable to day, and I always go away immediately from disagreeable people. I shall send you those fiannels, though, all the same. Gocd-by."

She was gone as she spoke. The rain had nearly ceased, and Mr. Dantree was waiting for her impatiently. His dusk, Southern face looked straugely pallid in the gray twilight

"Come, Kathle," it will rain again preently, and night will fall in half an hour The sooner we see the last of Bracken Hollow the better." "How frightened he is of Bracken Hol-

low !" Katherine said, laughing: "like a The rain was falling in torrents now. 11. child of a bogie. Why, I wonder?" "Why, indeed? Why do you hate Mrs.

Vavasor, Katherine? She hasn't given you

"I do not like you Dr. Fell,

"Obeck !? Mrs. Vavasor cried, sharply and race may always win except-when they have Katherine's eyes sparkled.

"Try again, Peter," she said : "a Danger-field never yields!"" 1 fear I must ;, I am no mutch for Mrs. Vavasor. Ah ! here is Dantree-lucky dog! I must go over and con-gratulate him. It's not every day a poor

"Katherine dear, suppose you try," Mrs. Vavasor gayly exclaimed, "and viudicate the "I pity you!" Old Hannah answered, with bonor of the Dangerfields. I play chess come more than a match for me.' "Well," Katherine said coolly, "I think in

the long run I would. I have a great deal of determination-okstinacy perhaps you might call it-and when I make up my mind to do anything, I generally do do it."

"Such as marrying a handsome tenor singer. Don't be angry. Katherine. Mr. Dantree is worthy of you, I am sure. Now, then, for a pitched battle between you and me, and woe to the conquered !"

There was a sneering defiance underlying her words-a sardonic gleam in her black eyes that Katherine understood. There was more at stake than a simple game of chess;

The two gentlemen approached. Peter Daugerfield took his plac behind the chair of the widow; Mr Dantree leaned lightly over that of Kathie. They stood like two seconds watching a duel, and neither spoke. A profound stilln as filled the long, velvet-hung, lamplit drawing-room, in which you could glass. Which would win?

The widow, it seemed. In the gleam of the lamp-light there was a flush on her cheek that was not all rouge, a sparkle in her black eyes, not belladonna. She wore a winecolored silk, decollete, and her plump, white shoulders and arms shone like marble; the rich, ruby-red jewels flashed on her fugers, on her neck; a bracelet of fine gold and rubies encircled her waist, and a crimson rosenestled in the shining, inxurious blackness of heir. All crimson and black-with a fiery

intensity of purpose flushing her face-and that peculiar glittering smile of hers on her thin lips. Gaston Dantree thought of some beautiful Circe-some fatal siren come on earth to werk ruin and darkness.

"And yet, after all," he thought, "I believe in my soul Katherine is more than a match for her. How coolig-how ti oroughly calm and self possess d she sits, not one pulsbeating the quicker-while the eyes of her enemy are on fire with her devilish determin ation to win. In a long drawn battle of any kind between these two, I'd back the heirese of Scarswood."

Then more and more absorbed in the came he forgot even to think. He bent over until his crisp black curls touched Katherine's cheek. She glanced up at him for a second -her still face brightening-a faint color coming in her cheeks.

"A drawn battle is it not, Gaston ?" she said, "and a true Dangerfield preters death to dofeat."

Mrs. Vavasor saw both look and smile, and savage resolution to win at all hazards possessed her. She knit her straight black brows, and bent to the game, her lips compressed in one straight red line. She hated Kutherine at that moment with an intensity she had never felt before. How coolly she sat there making ber moves, with a face of marble, while she was thrilling in every vein with a fever of excitement. And how she loved that man behind her, and how happy she was in that love

"And to her mother I owe all I have even suffered-the sin, the sorrow the shame! Pray Heaven they may fix the wedding-day speedily, or I shall never be able to wait! I

strike is the one that proves him the traitor beaven. Then came New Orleans and my and fortune hunter he is. I believe in my soul it would be her death." "I shall strip her of all-all-lover-

father-name even I will wait until her wedding-day and strike home then. When her Marie-poor little Marie. I thought I had cup of bliss is fullest and at her very lips I found the purse of Fortunatus then, when, shall dash it down. And, my brilliant, lo! the old fool must up and get married haughty, high-spirited hearess of Scarswood, how will it be with you then ?" Sir John was in his place-a darkly moody

host, amid the lights, the flowers, and the wines. Mrs. Vavasor was even in higher spirits than usual. Mr. Dangerfield was talkative and agreeable, Katherine was happy, I believe I shall be a square peg, fitting neat and disposed to be at peace, with the world and all therein, even Mrs. Vavasor, She loved, she was beloven-all life's greatert happiness is said in that. For Mr. Dantree, the was simply delightful. He told them inimitable stories of life in the Southern States,

until even grim Sir John relaxed into interest, and after dinner in the drawing room sang for them his favorite after-dinner song. "When the Winecup is Sparkling Before Us," in his delicious voice, that enchanted even those who hated him most. The plano stood

in a shadowy recers down at one extremity of the long room-Katherine and he had it all some flimsy feminine handiwork. Mr. Daugerfield sat beside her, turning over a book of photographs and Sir John, lying back

in his easy chair, kept his eyes closed as though he were asleep. His face wore a worn look of car----be was watching those two shadowy figures at the piano, and as he listened to this man's voice, so thrillingly sweet, as he looked at his face-the lamplight streaming on his dusk S, anish beauty, he scarcely wondered at Katherine's infatuation "Fairer than a woman and more unstable

than water," he thought, bitterly. "and this is the reed she has chosen to lean upon through life! My poor little Kathie, and I an powerless to save you-unless-I speak and tell all. H-aven help you if this man ever finds out the truth "

"Sing me something Scotch, Gaston," Katherine said. She was seated in a low fauteuil, close beside him, her hands lying idly in her lap-her head back among the cashions. It was characteristic of this young ady that she had never done a stitch of fancy. work in her life. She was quite idle now, perfectly happy-listening to the howling of the October storm in the park, and Mr. Dantter's exquisite singing.

"Sing something Scotch-a ballad. If I have a weakness, which is doubtful, it is for cotch songs,"

Mr. Danties heard but to obey. He ran is figers lightly over the keys, smiled slightly to himself, and glanced balt-maliciously at the girl's supremely contented face.

"How well pleased she looks," he thought I wonder if I cannot change that blissiuexpression. Many women have done me the honor to fall in love with me, but I don't think any of them were quite so hard hit as you, not even excepting Marie."

He played a prelade in a plaintive minor key, wonderfully sweet, with a waiting under -train, quite hear breaking, and sang. His we changed and darkened, his voice took a pathos none of his hearers had ever heard before.

"A weary lot is thine fair maid-

- "A weary lot is thine fair maid-x weary lot is thine fair maid-To put the thorn thy brow to braid And press the rue for wine. A light-come eye, a weight's mien, A feather o ti e blue, A doublet f the Liccola green No more of n eyou knew, No more of n eyou knew, No more of n eyou knew,

No more of me i ou knew.

"This morn is merry June I trow,

The most is intersystener itow, The rose is buy uting thin, But she shall to contain winter snow Ere we iwn meet again ! He turned his consurer as he spoke Upon the river shore... He gave the relus a shake and said :

Adieu forevermore My love I Adieu forevermure.

new, and, I flattered myself, taking cognomen of Gaston Dantree, my literary ventures, and their success in their way. And then after three years more came old De Lansac and And, as if that weren't enough, there must follow an heir, and adieu to all Marie's hopes and mine. Then I crossed the Atlantic to try my luck on this side the pond, and I believe I've accomplished my destiny at last, as lord of Schrawood, at eight thousand a year, and trim into a square hole. Katherine's a drawback-exacting and romantic, and all that bosh-but everything as we wish it is not for this world below. The old gentle-man will go toes up shortly. I shall take the name of Sir Dantree Dangerfield, sink the Garton, and live happy for ever after "

Mr. Dantree was still singing that hallad of the faithless lover as he ran lightly upstairs to his room. He threw off his wet overcoat, poked the fire, turned up the lamp, and saw on the table a letter.

Now a letter to the handsome tenor singer was not an agreeable sight. Letters simply to themselves. Mrs. Vavasor vas husy with meant duns or else-He snatched it up with an oath. This was no dun; it was some-thing even worse. It was superscribed in a woman's hand, and was post marked New Orleans.

> "From Marie, by Jupiter!" he exclaimed. blankly. "Now, how the dev-sh, I have it. It came to my address in London, and the unblishers have forwarded it here. Shall I open it, or pitch it into the fire unlead? Dence take all women. Can they never let a tellow alone? What a paradise earth would be without them !"

> He did not throw the letter into the fire. how-ver. He threw himself into an easy chair instead, stretched forth his splashed riding boots to the blaze, and tore is open. It had the mark of being brief at least, and remarkably to the point ;

### NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 161 h. 1869.

Rew ORLEANS, Sept. 1618, 1859. GARTON:- Arr you never going to write t-are you never coming back? Are you it or are you faithless? The last, surely; it would be in keeping with all the rest. Does your dead slience mean that I am described and forevert It so, only say it, and you are free as the wind that brows. I will never follow you-never ack aucht of you. No man allve-though he were ten thousand times more to me than you have beer - shall ever be used for fist it's by me. Come or stay, as you choose; this is the lastlet ter I shall ever the used for fist it's by me. Come or stay, as you choose; this is the lastlet ter I shall ever the used for fist it hy me. Come or stay, as you choose; this is the lastlet ter I shall ever the used for fist it hy me. Come or stay, as you choose; this is the lastlet ter I shall ever the used for fist it he last it and all my other letter as my pict we allo, if I am described. Mut, oh, Gaston ! Gast n i have f deserved this ?

That was all. The woman's heart of the writer had broken forth in that last sentence, and she had stopped, fearing to trust herself. Mr. Dantree read it slowly over, looking very calm and handsome in the leaving firelight.

· Plucky little girl !" was his finishing comment; "i is hard lines on her, after all that's past and gone. But there's no help for it, Marie. "I bave learned to love another-I have broken every vow-we have parted from each other-and your heart is lovely now and a 1 that sort of thing. I wonder if I ever bad a hearth I doubt it. I'm like Minerva, a heart was left out in my make-up; I pever was really in love in my life, and I don't want to be. Women are very well as stepping-stones to fortune, fame, ambition; but for love in the abstract-bab! But poor little Mariel if I ever did approach the sphoney, it was for her; if I have it in me to care fo anything or anybody but myself, it is for her.'

And then Mr. Dantree proruced a little black pipe, loaded to the muzzle, struck a usee, and fell back again to enjoy himself. He looked the picture of a luxurious Sybarite, lounging negligently among the cushions before the genini fire. "And I know she'll keep her word," he

muttered reflectively. "No breach of promise, no avenuer on the track in this case, Guston, my hoy; all nice and smooth, and going on velvet That's a good idea about sending back the letters and photograph. l'hact upon it at once. A married man's a fool who keeps such souvenirs of his backelorhood loos- about. And Kathte isn't the sort of girl either to stand that species of nonserse-she's proud as the deuce, as becomes the daughter of an old soldier, and as fealout as the devil."

• I think it very likely, indeed," responded Ketherine, " and I told papa so only yester-

• You did 1 And what did he say?" " Bothing satisfactory-only lost his tem-

pes-a chronic loss with him since Mrs. Vavanon's advent. He used to be the dearest old lore, but he's become completely demoralinad since that woman's been in the house. The always talks as if she had been an intimate # lend of my mother's, and papa fidgets, and wincer, and turns red and pale by turns, and mover save a word. Mysteries may be Very mieresting," said Miss Daugerfield with a irown, " but I'd rather have them neatly bound in cloth than live in the house with them. One confort is, she is going to leave Smrwood before-"

Katherine blushed, and laughed, and broke

"Well, ma belle, before when ?"

"Before-oh, well, nefore we are married ! How, Guston-on the public road, sir, don't! We all very well to know that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children, and all that, but it's nowhers in the catechism. that the inconvenient friendship of the mothe shall, and I devoutly wish our visitor in Jones I L never saw my mother that a can wouldedt. I never heard papa speak much about her, and everybody tells me I dun't lank the least in the world like her-I don't look like paps either-Colonel and the late Mas. Dange field were both bandsome. No, I den't want a compliment----not even your eyes, Guston, can uske me out other than and w and plain. And," with a little droop of the head, a little faiter of the young voice, "I never wished in all my life as I have wished to be beautiful since-I have known **Jet 1** 

"My dearest Kathie," Mr. Dantree said, pulitedy, struggling with a yawn, ' for a very aensible girl, as girls go, you can talk precious monetice sometimes! Sallow and plain! 1 emfent I should never have found it out if yes had not told me. You don't want to be east in the mould of the stereotype British yever lady, I hope, with a fice like a pink and white wax-doli, and a head more hollow. I can only say if you had you would never have bewitched me."

" Guston," Miss Dingerfield said, " do you know what they say in Castleford-what Mrs Vavaent says about you ?"

"Not at present," answered Mr. Dantree, with his customary imperturbable sang froid, -mothing good though, I'm quite certain,"

"They sav-it is almost an insult to you to repeat it-that it is not Katherine Dangerfield you love, but the beiress of Scarswood." She looked up to see some outburst of indignation-to bear an indignant denial. But Mr. Dentree only smiled benignly.

"You don't think that is news to me, do you, Kathie? Of course, they think \_\_why shouldn't they-I would myself in their place. My dear child, you are seventeen and haven't seen much of life-I'm seven and twenty and have seen it in all its phases. And I tell you no poor man, such as I am. ever married a wealthy wife yet, that the same wasn't said. He may love her with the passian of a s cond Romeo-it will make no difference. She is rich, he is poor, and it na surally follows he must be a mere mercenary fortune-hunter. There were people in Igens, perhaps, who said Claude Melnotte brilliant little eyes.

1. .

the rush of the rain. "Here we are!" Katherine cried ; "and we

have got the dienching after all." And then Gaston Dantree looked up and beheld Bracken Hollow.

A long, low, black-looking house, lying in a shettered green hollow, close to the shore. the brake or bracken growing thick and high all around, and tall elms shutting it in. An eerie spot, with the sternal thunder of the wea clove down below the cliffs; a lonely spot, with no other babitation near

Gaston Dantree was in no way a superstitious or imaginative man, but now as he looked, that chill, creeping feeling stole over him-that impressible shudder which makes | somewhat before midnight. people say, "some one is walking over my grave," thrilled through him.

" A ghastly place enough, Kathie," he said, committed here and no one be the wiser."

"A murder was once committed here," Katherine answered; "a terrible murder. A young girl, no older than I am, shot her false lover dead under those funeral elms They took her, tried her, condemned her, and keep tryst here still."

Gaston Dantres still stood by his horse, looking with extreme disfavor at the black cottage, at the blacker trees.

"A horrible story, and a horrible place. don't know why, but if vou'll brlieve me, Kathie, I feel afraid to enter that house. I'm not a coward in a general way, and once, out dead man, a fellow who had cut his own about it; but I'll be hanged if I want to enter here. If I believed in presentiments now, or if there were such things, I should of the savagest Sepoy out yonder. I wish I say some awful fate was going to befall me

at Br cken Hollow!"

"Gaston, don't be a goose, and don't be German and metaphysical. Some awful fate will overtake you at Bracken Hollow, and that speedily if you dou't come in out of the rain-an attack of inflammatory rheumatism.'

She skurried with uplifted skirts into the low porch, and her lover slowly followed. Katherine knocked loudly and imperatively at the door

"She's deaf poor soul," she said. " Its the only one of her faculties, except her teeth, that she has lost. Are one's teeth one's faculties, Gaston ?"

"Yes, my dear, and extremely important about dinuer-time. I cau't say I envy you: ex-nurse the cheerful spot in which she is spending the lively remainder of her days Ah, the door opens. Now for the presiding witch of Bracken Hollow. Bracken Hollow -there's something ghostly and gloomy in the very name."

A tallold woman, hale and erect, with irongray hair and preternaturally bright eyes. held open the door and looked stolidly at her two visitors.

"How do, Hannah? Get out of the way, you hospitable old soul and let us in. You needn't mind if you're not dressed for company-considering the weather we won't be fastidious. Any port in a storm, you know. This is Mr. Gaston Dantree, Hannab. You've beard of bim, I dare say." Old Hannah reared herselfa little more up-

right and transfixed the Louisianian with her | this, that always win."

The reason why. I cannot tell.

I can't tell you why. but I never want to see Bracken Hollow again." She looked up into his face. What a darkly mondy expression it worel It half spoiled his beauty. And all the way home, through the chill, rainy gloaming, old Haunah's words

rang like a warning in her ears; "False as fair-false as tair 1"

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. DANTREE dined at Scarswood, and role 'omeward through the wet darkness

It had been a very pleasant evening, and the Louisianian was in the best possible spirits as he rode hack to Morecambe. The leaving off his horse; "a murder might be day was drawing near when a more splendid shode than Morecambe would be his-when he would reign supremeat Scarswood Park. The governor can't hold out very long now," Mr. Dantree mused. "After thirteen years of hill life in India his liver can't be the size of a walnut-and then he's apoplec hung her, and they say those ghostly lovers | tic. Your short-necked, florid-faced, healthylooking old buffers are always tragile blos

some; it's touch-and go with them at any moment, And hes taking his daughters engagement to my noble self desperately to heart-be's been breaking every day since. I wonder what s up between him and the litthe widew? It wouldn't be pleasant if she should turn out to be a first wife, or some West, slept a whole night in a room with a thing of that sort, and at his death produce an interesting heir or heiress and oust Mrs throat, without feeling any parricular qualma | Dantree. It looks suspicionally like it; she's got a strong claim of some kind upon him, and he's more afraid of her than he ever was

could get at the bottom of the matter, before I commit myself further and slip the ring over Miss Dangerfield's finger. Not that it matters very greatly-neither matrimonial nor any other fetters ever could bind me. It

may all turn out right, however, and I may reign grand seigneur of Scar-wood. Rather a change in a few mouths, for a penniless penny-a-liner. Marie's the only drawback.

If ever she finds this out, there'll be the devil to pay in New Orleans." Miss Dangerfield had been rather surprised

when on entering the drawing-room that evening, after her wet ride from Bracken Hollow, she found her cousin Peter playing chess with Mrs. Vavasor. It was the first time since their quarrel that he had entered the house. She went over to him with the frank. girlinh grace that always characterized her.

and gave him her hand. "Welcome back to Scarawood, cousin," she said; "I began to think you had quite deseried us. Is it to the claims of kinship or

to the fascinations of Mrs. Vavasor we owe the present visit, I wonder?" "A little of both, Kathie, and a consinly

derire to offer my congratulations to the future Mrs. Dantree. I wish you both every hauoinesa

He did not look at her as he said it, and something in his voice struck unpleasantly on Katherine's car.

"You are very good," she said, a little coldiy. "May I overlook your game? Who is going to win ?"

"I am of course. We come of a race, Ka-

But Mr. Dangerfield was mistaken.

wonder how i have waited all these year. and years. Ahl a false move, my laily, a false move. The victory is mine !"

But the exultant thought came too soon Katherine's move, made after long deliberation, certainly looked like a false one-the widow answered in a glow of triumph. A second later and she saw her mistake-Katherive's false serming move had been mide with deliberate intention. Her ever flashed for the first time-she made a last rapid pass and rose conqueror.

"Checkmated I" she cried, with a slight laugh of triumph. "I knew I should vanquish you in the end, Mrs Vavasor !"

"Dinner!" announced the butler, flinging wide the door, and Miss Dangerfield took the arm of Mr Dantree and swept with him into

the dining-room. "You did that splendidly, Kathie," he said You have no idea how proud I am of your conquest ; and she was so sure of winning. She bates you as those little venomone

women only can hate-do you know it ?" "Certainly I know it," Katherine reponded with supreme carel samess. "I have known it ever since I saw her first. She hates me and could strychning me this moment with all the pleasure in life."

"But wby, I wonder ?" said Mr. Dantree, you never knew her before she came hereyou never did anything to harm her?" "My dearest Gaston, it is not always the people who have done something to harm us we diwlike most. We detest them because we detest them. Mrs. Vavasor and I are antagonistic; we would imply hate each other under any circumstances. How hent she was on winning that game, and I-I should have

died of mortification if she had." "Take care of her, Kathiel that woman means to do you injury of some kind before she quits this house. Whether it be for your mother's sake or your own, doesn't mattershe means to barm you if she can."

Katherine threw back her head with an imperial gesture.

"Let her! I am not alraid. If it comes did five minutes ago. She can't take you from me, Gaston," with a fine gay laugh "can she? Anything else I fancy I can bear."

He stooped and answered her in whispered words, and Katherine's face was quite radiant as she took her place at the table.

Mrs. Vavasor followed with Mr. Danger field. She had risen from the table and taken his profiered arm, quite white for an instant through all her rouge. He saw that pallor beneath paint and powder.

"And you are beaten after all, Mrs. Vavasor, and by Katherine Dangerfield! Your same of chess meant more than a game of chess-is it emblematic? She's fearfully and wonderfully plucky, this cousin of mine. Will she come off victorious at other games than chess, I wonder ?"

She looked up at him for one moment, and all the passion, the rage, the hatred, smouldering within her, burst forth.

" I'll crush her !" she cried in a furious whisper. "I'll crush her! And the day is very near now. This is only one more item added to the long account I owe her. She | light-fingered proclivifies from my father as shall pay off all-the uttermost farthing, with compound interest."

"And stab through him," Peter Dangerfield said darkly; "the surest blow you can | wits-doing a little of everything under | lised world .- Lummas Indicator.

It died out fairt and low as the last ca dence of a funeral hymn. And then be glonced at Extherine. He had changed the expression of that sensitive face coully- it isy beck now against the ruby red of the velvet, as colorless as the winter snow of which he sang. He arose from the piano with a laugh.

"Kathie, you are as white as a ghost. I have given you ti a blues with my singing, or bored you to death. Which? She laughed a little as she rose,

"Your song was besutiful, Gaston, but twice too sad-it has given me the beattache. It is too suggestive, I suppose, of man's perfidy and woman's broken trust. I never went to hear you sing that again."

It was late when the two gentlemen hade good night and left. Mrs. Vavasor took her night imp and went up the plack oaken stairway, her rohy silk tisiling and gleaming in lurid splendor behind her.

"Good-night, Kathie, darling-how pale and tired the child looks. And you didn't like that divine Mr. Dantree's last song? It was the gem of the evening to my mind-so suggestive and all that Bonne suit et bonnes reves, ma belle"-Mrs. Vavasor had a habit among her other gusbing habits of gushing out into foreign languages now and then -" and try and get your bright looks back to-morrow. Don't let your complexion fade for any nan-there isn't one on earth worth it. A demain / good night.

"A lightsome eye, a soldier's mion A feather of the blue, A doublet of the blue, No more of me you knew, My love, No more of me you knew!"

And with a last backward glance and still

singing the ominous soug, brilliant little Mrs. Vavasor vanished.

Mr. Gaston Dantree rode back to his temporary home at Morecambe in very excellent spirits. What an us commonly good-looking, fascinating sort of fellow he must be that all the women should lose their heads for him in to that, I may beat her at her own game, as I this fashion. Smely the gods who presided over his destiny must have been in a most propitious mood when they created him their bright particular star.

"I've always heard it is hetter to be born lucky than rich, and gad! I believe it. I was born a pauper. My mother vended apples in the streets of New York; and my father-well, the less said about him the better. He bequeathed me his good looks, his voice, and his-loose fitting morality. Until | are forbidden by law tave relexed their strinthe sge of eight, I ran wild about the streets; then my pretty face, and curly head, and artistic way of singing 'Oh, Susannah l' attracted the attention of Mrs. Weymore, rich, childless, sentimental good-natured, and-a fool. I was sent to school, tricked out in velvet and rufflas, kissed, praised, petted, flattered, spoiled by all the ladies, young and old, who visited my foster mamma; and, by Jove 1 they've been at it ever since. Then at sixteen came that ugly little episode of the forged check. That was bushed up. Then followed the robbury of Mrs Weymore's dismonds, traced clearly home to me. They would not overlook that. I inherited my well as the good looks they praised ; but they wouldn't take that into consideration. Then for four years there was the living by my

(To be Continued.)

Followay's Ointment and Pills .- Onughe, Influenza.- The southing properties of these medicaments render them well worthy of trial in all diseases of the langs. In common colds and influenza, the Pills taken internally and the Ointment ruhbed externally are exceedingly efficacious. When influenza is epidemic this treatment is easiest, satest, and surest. Holloway's Pill and Ointment purify the blood, remove all obstructions to its free circulation through the lungs, relieve the overgorged air tubes, and render respiration free without reducing the strength, irritating the nerves, or depressing the snirits. Su h are the ready means of saving suffering when sflicted with colds, coughs, boachitis, and other complaints by which so many are seriously and permanently afflicted in most countries.

#### THE LAW OF GRAVITATION.

Lying beneath an apple tree Sir Isaac Newton saw an apple fail to the ground. His en-quiring mind led him to investigate the cause, and the result was the promulgation of the theory now known as the law of gravitation a system which at once won the assout of the learned world, and by means of which the motions of all the known heavenly bodies are explained, and those of the yet unknown can be determined. A singularly comprehensive principle is that propounded and carried into practice by Holloway. He divides all the usual diseases into two classes-those arrising from imperfect action of the digestive organs, and those proceeding from impurities of the blood. These two classes of disease he treats by means of his celebrated Pills and Ointment, two skilfully prepared remedies which have been must successfully used in all the habitable parts of the globe. His unparalliled success has made his namea household word not only in his native land, but throughout the length and breadth of the world. Countries where proprietary medicines gent regulations in his favour. True merit is always at length recognized. the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, physicians, statesmen, monarchs, a nation of enlightened freemen, has sanctioned, used, and extolled them. They are fixed facts in medical history. Is not this better than having light under a bushel ? If anything is worth knowing it is worthy of being universally known. So thinking , Hollaway proclaims the virtues of his medicines through the press, and fortune, fame, and gratitude of millions bave been his reward In making these statements, we are guided by an earnest wish to benefit the sick and suffering of all nations: and in directing their attention to the wellattested curative properties of Hollowsy's romedies, we only reiterate facts and opinions which are patent to three-fourths of the oivi-

A LETTER FROM NEW ORLEANS