last.

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treal.

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darlings of the gods.

ing's paper had given her. The-

wormwood to him, she knows.

her nap by Miss Dormer, Cyrilla obeys.

evil day comes. Shall I call Joanna?'

butter and cold meat. It is a silent meal.

her none the less for it.

principles of my lite, and not even for Mr.

parture of Mr. McKelpin?

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MARCH OF THE DEATHLESS

DEAD. S. BY FATHER A. J. RYAN.

的过去时命

Gather the sacred dust Of the warriors tried and true, Who bore the fiag of our People's trust, And fell in a cause though lost still just, And died for me and you.

Gather them one and all ! From the Private to the Chief, Come they from hovel or princely hall, They fell for us, and for them should fall The tears of a Nation's grief.

Gather the corpses strewn O'er many a battle plain; From many agrave that lies so lone, Without a name and without a stone, Gather the Southern slain.

We care not whence they came, Dear in their lifeless clay ! Whether unknown, or known to fame, Their cause and country still the same-They died—and wore the Gray.

Wherever the brave have died, They should not rest apart; Living they stroggied side by side— Wby should the hand of Death divide A single heart from heart.

Gather their scattered clay, Wherever it may rest; Just as they marched to the bloody fray; Just as they fell on the battle day; Bury them breast to breast.

The forman need not dread This gathering of the brave; Without sword or flag, and with soundless We muster once more our deathless dead; Out of each lonely grave.

The forman need not frown. They all are powerless now— We gather them here and we lay them down, And tears and prayers are the only crown We should bring to wreath each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead, While the living o'er them weep; And the men by Lee and Stonewall led, Ard the hearts that once together bled, Together still shall sleep.

Ey May Agnes F.cming.

One Night's Mystery

CHAPTER XXI. -Centinued.

After tea, by order of the chatelaine, Miss Hendrick aired her accomplishments for the benefit of her prospective husband; she played, she sang, she showed her drawings. she recited a poem in French and another in German, of which language Mr. McKelpin knew as much as he did of Coptic and Runic. But he deigned to listen soberly to all, his ten "Hagers clasped before him as though in prayer the door. -his chalky sodden face never losing its owllike solemnity.

' Verra good, ver-r-a good, indeed,' he said, when the performance ended. 'You've improved your opportunities I make no doubt. But these things are but vanities and frivolity at best. Housekeeping in a' its brenches and ramifications is the great accomplishment the young miss o' the praiennt day should lairn.'

'My niece Cyrilla will begin to-morrow, put in the piping voice of Miss Dormer. 'It is my intention she shall spend three hours of each day in the kitchen under the instructions of Joanna.'

And so life began for Cyrilla. Three hours a day in a calico dress, in a hot kitchen, under the tuition of a deaf old cook, learning the mysteries of puddings and pies, roasts and broils, for the future delectation of Donald McKelpin. Four hours of reading and playing for Aunt Dormer; no visitors, no going out, except at stated times with a market baswas one of the elect of the earth, one of the army, and they sail for England in April. darlings of the gods. If she calls do you think Miss Dormer will let you go?' The second event was the news that morn--th had

'I think so, so long as she does not suspect arrived in Montreal, and were quartered here you are here. Warn Mrs. Delamere. If my for the winter. So ! Freddy was come, and aunt knew you were in Montreal, I believe she would see a sympathetic human face at she would never let me out of her sight And now, Freddy, I positively must go.' He does not detain her. It is very cold, The third event was the departure of Mr.

and cold Mr. Carew does not like. McKelpin for Scotland on the morrow, to be absent until the first week in June. The 'Mrs. Delamere shall call to-morrow; you

wedding is fixed for the close. This will be will come to her house, and we can talk the last night for over three months the dethings over where the thermometer is not a hundred or so below zero. Don't make vonr voted Donald will spend in the company of his betrothed. But as she stands here and farewells to the Scotchman too affectionate, looks dreamily out, it is not of her betrothed. Beauty, please. because my prophetic soul I regret to say, Miss Hendrick is thinking. Where-when how-will she see Fred tells me you'll never write your name Cyrilla McKelpin.

The game of whist is finished as she enters, Carew? Poor Freddy! he has not said much in his letters about her faithlessness, but the and the clock strikes nine. Miss Dormer news of her betrothal has been as gall and has won her ninepence back, and is in high good spirits once more. Colorless and smileless, Mr. McKelpin stands up and buttons Shut the shutters, Niece Cyrills, and don't

stand mooning there all night. I suppose his coat to go. you have been crying quietly over the de- 'Good-by, h 'Good-by, Miss Dormer.' He shakes hands. 'Good-by, Miss Cyrilla.' The dead damp fish is extended to her. 'You'll write Thus sharply and sneeringly aroured from to me occasionally, I hope, when I am 'I never cry, Aunt Phil; it is one of the gone?'

'Oh, of course,' Cyrilla answers, with cheer-McKelpin's sweet sake can I break through ful alacrity. 'I wish you a pleasant it. Shall I tell Joanna to fetch in tea?' voyage, Mr. McKelpin.'

He is gone. Miss Dormer retires to her "You'll find something to cry for yet, mark my words, hard as you are,' croaks Miss Dorroom. Joanna bolts and bars the house. Cyrilla makes her aunt's night toilet and 'As Mr. McKelpin's wife? I think it ex-tremely likely,' cheerfully assents Cyrilla. own room, lets down her hair, and looks at 'Still, I shall put off the evil day until the her face in the glass—a face that has not sees her safely in bed. Then she goes to her looked back at her with so happy, so bright a 'Yes, call,' says Aunt Phil, snappishly. glance, for three weary months. As she looks and smiles, Fred Carew's question re-Their encounters are sharp and frequent, and she generally finds herself worsted. Syrilla turns to her-' Beauty, how is this to end ?' 'How, indeed !' she thinks, 'in disaster for is her dependent, certainly, but Cyrilla does me, I haven't the slightest doubt. But not hold her pauper head in that haughty way for nothing. She keeps her own well meantime Donald has gone and Freddy has with Miss Dormer, and Miss Dormer likes come, and let it end how it may, I shall be happy until the close of June, at least.' Joanna comes with their daily bread and

CHAPTER XXII.

The old maid is thinking how she will miss OH WHISTLE AND ILL COME TO YE, MY LAD

long whist and Mr. McKelpin, in the empty, MR. MCKELPIN departed next morning from Montreal, and that evening there was no long whist, a penny a game, at Dormer House. Instead, Cyrilla read aloud a drearily dull novel, over which she yawned surreptitiously, and Miss Dormer yawned aloud. And this was but the beginning of the end, the elder lady thought bitterly, but the beginning of a long series of such dull-as-death days and nights. True, when Mr. McKel-pin was Cyrilla's husband the card-playing would be resumed, but meantime-

There can be no doult at this point of her career but that old Miss Dormer would have married Donald McKelpin herself for the sake of his society, in spite of her fifty odd year and crooked back, if a hopeless infirmity .8 not stood in her way. There can also ' and her doubt but that Mr. McKelpin wow' se no hair. there, but it is not the postman. He is not one in Montreal knew exactly a non. No so tall as the postman, and he looks military. Miss Dormer was worth as a contract here and the solution of the mine and the mine a sanctuary) he may hav Ae possessed such s preferred the slim, but if he had had to dusk, handsome niece. choose between the

⊿iece of nineteen, penniless, and the aunt of five-and-fifty, with half a million. Donal .4 would not have hesitated. -nearted by nature and by na-.c he was not destined to be put to the test. Miss Dormer dying slowly in her chair of drear • an incurable distempti, course in the self, and so, as the ner 4 ° f marriage for herself, and so, as the Cyrilla. + 'an incurable distemper, could not At bust thing, passed him on to Cyrilla. In ary case she meant him to have her mor, ey, and he could hardly do less than take

her destitute niece with it.

luctantly ; 'but, mind, if she does, no gad-ding, no flirting with young men-I won't

have it.' Flirting!' Mrs. Delamere repeated, in a voice of horror. 'Really, Miss Dormer, how can you think such a thing of me? No, no! even if our dear girl were inclined-and I am sure she is much too sensible -- I would never countenance such levity in an engaged young lady. I receive next Tuesday, Cyrilla, love. The carriage shall call for you very early. Only a few friends, Miss Dormer-not three unmarried men among them. Good afternoon, my dear lady, and a thousand thanks for your kind permission. 'Humph!' grunted Miss Dormer, distrust-

fully. 'You're a deal too sweet, ma'am, for my taste-too sweet by half to be wholesome.'

Cyrilla laughed noiselessly as she escorted her fat friend to the front door. 'How well you did it?' she exclaimed

What an undeveloped talent for intrigue you must possess, Mrs. Delamere. I believe I should have gone melancholy mad before spring if you had not come.' Tuesday night was five days off, and dur-

ing these five days Miss Hendrick saw nothing of Mr. Carew. She received several notes from him, however, in his usual brief and trenchant style; and brightened up so under their influence and the thought of Tuesday night, that she looked quite a new being. Miss Dormer saw it, with a great many sneers and croaks, but Cyrilla bore all with angelic patience. Aunt Phil would not retract her plighted word, and she asked no more.

Cyrilla, looking very eager and handsome, threw on her wraps, and was driven off.

Mind, be back early —by midnight at the latest!' croaked Miss Dormer after her. 'Joanna shall sit up for you.'

The drive was not ten minutes long. Mr Delamere's 'furnished apartments' were oril liant with gaslight; and, early as s' de Was Cyrilla found one guest before by de was, tall, elderly young lady, wear dr-a very and cerise silk, and to whom ang diamonds derived for the she was introduced as ' Mrs. Fogarty.'

(I had no idea she would) are come at this absurd hour,' Walspered Mars. Delamere to money out of the r nestion, she has that kit-tenish, coquetish nestion, she has that kit-tenish, coquetish style that takes-Heaven knows why w' style that takes hope?' heavy event ath men, and is sure to make a hope?' heavy even: th men, and is sure to make a hope in the indication of the indication o forty yer have yea. .orld, let us trust, since he was frightfully the profane levity of outsiders."

hen-pecked in this.' Miss Hendrick laughed as she threw off

'I haven't seen much of Mrs. Fogarty as yet,' she said, 'but from the little I have, I should think any change the pork man could make would be for the better. Two years of her unalloyed society I should say would be

enough to kill any man.' 'The droll thing about it is,' pursued Mrs. Delamere, with an odd little sidelong glance at her young friend, that she has come here at this unheard-of hour, and over-dressed, as you perceive-all for the sake of Fred Carew.

"What !' exclaimed Cyrilla, knitting her brows.

'Perfectly true, I assure you. She met him three days ago for the first time, and con-ceived a tendresse for him at sight. She always has a tendresse for some one. This morning she encountered Carew and the Colonel in St. James Street, and the Colonel was coming early-very early, to smoke a cigar with him, and he hoped she would come early and help entertain him! The result-

The Duke of laugh; 'the woman's in love with youpainted, simpering ninny! I sat here and watched you, and thought 1 never in all my life saw a more idiotic-looking pair!

'In love with me! Oh, good heaven !' exclaims Mr. Carew, so much 'genuine, unaffected horror in his tone that Cyrilla laughs outright. 'You never mean to tell me that !' 'My dear Mr. Carew,' replies Miss Hendrick, 'a woman who will paint and powder to the extent that woman is painted and over, was remarkable for being profuse of his powdered is simpleton enough for anything -even to falling in love with you. She's seven-and-thirty if she's a day, and she's made up to look seventeen. Observe those shoulder-blades and those cheek-boneswomen never get that look this side of thirty. She's worth no end of money made in Porkwith a large P-and she has cast the eye of favor upon your manifold charms, Freddy.

Let me be the first to congratulate you !' 'Beauty,' says Mr. Carew, in a depressed tone, 'let us change the subject. There isn't anything that woman took into her head she couldn't make me do. So the dragon let you off duty, did she?'

'As you see, Fred, else I wouldn't be here.

'Are you aware I have been on the lookont for you ever since that night at your aunt's gate ? I have patrolled your street like a sentry on guard, early and late. Do you never go out?

'Hardly ever. Once a week I do the marketing—give the orders; that is. Sometimes I have my 'Sund ay out' I express a wish to go to church ar d am allowed to go. Aunt Very early-before eight o'clock, in fact-the Delamcre sleigh was at the door, and another go of turn she owes that false and faithless ' apa of yours, my Fred.' (Wb at church do you patronize Sundays,

pray ' n'

• Notre Dame principally, for the sake of the music.'

'Shall you be there next Sunday ?' 'If next Sunday is fine, and Aunt Phil's temper doesn't turn to gall and bitterness.' 'When do you go-morning or evening?'

'Morning.' 'I shall attend Notre Dame next Sunday morning,' says Mr. Carew gravely. 'Pending next Sunday, cannot you manage to meet me somewhere, Beauty. I have a million things her prolegee. She's a wirdow, out of weeds, as to say to you. I proposed to relieve myself you see, immensely the, and very much of a few to-night, but Mrs. Fogarty -bless sought after on that account. Leaving her her to has frustrated all that. By-the-by, her to have a south of a parting did one of them was-what sort of a parting did you and Sandy have? Not too affectionate, I

ars her senior, a pork man, and, as 1 fore. For our parting-that is no concern said, immensely rich. After two of yours. The last farewell of those who love as of nuptial bliss he departed—to a better is much too sacred a subject to be exposed to t

'Ah!' says Freddy, in a quenched tone, and the depressed look returns. Miss Henher cloak, and smoothed her shining coiled drick compassionately comes to the rescue. 'You said there were a million things you had to say to me-this is only one. Proceed with the rest, and quickly; for in the distance Mrs. Fogarty is eyeing you as a vulture its prey, and will swoop down upon you in three minutes.'

'I want to see you, Cyrilla-I want to talk to you seriously—seriously, mind!' says Mr. Carew, 'about this engagement with Mr. Mc-Kelpin. At what hour, daily, does Miss Dormer take her after-dinner nap? Old ladies few months afterwards, and the ministerial always do take after-dinner naps, don't they ?'

'My experience of old ladies is extremely limited, I am happy to say. Miss Dormer goes to sleep at three o clock every afternoon

with the regularity of clockwork-. Then what is to hinder your stealing out every afternoon at three o'clock?' cries Freddy, eagerly.

and wakes,' pursues Cyrilla, ' as I was in his usual ridiculous way, told her Freddy about to say when you interrupted me, on an average every five minutes. She looks about the room, and if I am not visible she calls me. The instant I stole out to meet you, that in-

A laughable the administration of the and retailed to the public rious forms. This nobleman, with many good points, and described by a contemperary poet as almost eaten up by his zeal for the House of Han. particulary on being able to anticipate the words or the wants of the various persons who attended his *levers* before they uttered a syllable. This weakness sometimes led him into ridiculous mistakes and absurd em. barrassments; but it was his propensity to make lavish promises, which gave occasion for the following ancedote.

At the election for a certain borough in Cornwall, where the Ministerial and Op-position interests were almost balanced, a single vote was of the highest importance. This object the duke-by cert in well-applied arguments, and by the force of urgent perseverance and personal application-at length attained, and the gentleman recommended by Treasury gained his election.

In the warmth of gratitude for so signal a triumph, and in a quarter where the minister had generally experienced defeat and disppiniment, His Grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises, without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote ; called him his best and dearest friend; protested that he should consider himself a for ever indebted to him ; that he could never do enough for him; that he would serve him by night and by day.

The Cornish voter, in the main an honest fellow, "as things went," and who would have thought himself already sufficiently paid but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thank. ed the duke for his kindness, and told him that the supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioner. in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render Government every assistance in their power

on any future occasion. "My dear friend," exclaimed, His Grace, "why do you ask for such a trifling employ. ment? Your relation shall have it at a word speaking the moment it is vacant."

"But how shall I get admitted to you, my lord? for in London, I understand, it is a very difficult thing to get a sight of you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country."

"The instant the man dies," replied the premier, used to and prepared for the free doms of a contested election-"the moment he dies, set out post-haste for London : drive directly to my house, by night or by day, sleeping or waking, dead or alive; thunda at the door; I will leave word with my porter to show you up-stairs directly, and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes, without fail."

The parties separated ; the duke drove to a friend's house in the neighbourhood where he was visiting, without a thought of seeing his new acquaintance till that day seven years: but the memory of a Cornish elector, not being loaded with such a variety of objects. was more retentive. The supervisor dieda partizan, relying on the word of apeer, was conveyed to London by the may, and ascended the steps of a mansion in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the corner of Great Queen Street.

And here it should be explained that precisely at the moment when the expectations of a considerable party of a borough in Cornwall were roused by the death of: supervisor, no less a person than the King of Spain was expected hourly to depart-an event in which all Europe, and particulary Great Britain, was concerned.

The Duke of Newcastle, on the very night the proprietor of the decisive vote was at h door, had sat up anxiously expecting despatches from Madrid ; and, wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he had at length re tired to rest, having previously give particular instructions to his porter not to go to bed as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired he might be shown upstain the moment of his arrival. His Grace was sound asleep-for, with a thousand singularities and absurdities, of which the rascals about him did not neglect to take ac vantage, his worst enemies could not deny him the merit of good intentions, that best solace in a solitary hour; the porter had settled for the night in his chair, and had already commenced a sonorous nap. when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him effectually from his slumbers. "Is the duke at home ?" was the first que tion of the honest burgess. "Yes, and in bed,' replied the porter, "but he left particular word that come when you would you were to go up to him directly. "God bless him, for a worthy and honest gentleman !" cried the Cornishman, smiling, and nodding with approbation at a prime he would not deceive me! Let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I believe, verily, they are as honest, and mean as well, as other folks-but I can't always say the same of those about them." So saying he ascended the stairs and the burgess of was ushered into the dukes hed-chamber. "It he dead ?" exclaimed His Grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awake from dream-ing of the King of Spain-"is he dead ?" "Yes, my lord," replied the eager expectmise, with all its circumstances, was so fresh in the minister's memory. "When did he die ?" "The day before yesterday, exactly at halfpast one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a power of doctor's stuff ; and I hope your Grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him." The duke, by this time fully awake, stagsered at the impossibility of receiving inteligence from Madrid in so short a space of time, and he was perplexed at the absurdity of a King's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the King of Spain. "Is the man drunk or mad ? -- Where areyour despatches ?" exclaimed His Grace, hastily drawing back his curtain, when, instead of a royal courier, his eager eye recognized at the bed-side the well-known, countenance of his friend in Cornwall who was making low bows with hat in hand, "hoping my lord would not forget the gracious promise hewas so good as to make in favour of his sonm-law at the last election of-Vexed at so untingly a, disturbance, and disappointed of the from Spain, the duke frowned for a few minutes, but chagrin soon gave way to mirth at so singular and ridicu lous a combination of opposite circumstances; and yellding to the irritation, he sank on the bed in a voilent fit of aught " which, like the electrical fluid, was communicated in a moment to the attendants.

There is silence; a parafin lamp burns between them, the fire looks red and cheerful, the room cozy and comfortable, contrasted with the bleak coldness of the winter pight outside. Miss Hendrick is reading the paper, searching for further news of the---_th when loud and long there comes a knock at

'The postman!' cries Cyrilla, starting up; a letter from Sydney.'

of the cap pulled over his eyes-he wears sealskin gloves and carries a cane.

'Ah-h l' says this gentleman ; can you tell me if Mrs. Brown lives here?'.

Cyrilla stands petrified. Surely she knows that voice. Her heart beats as it has not He was hard beaten for four months. Can it—can it be | tionality, bu

· Does Mrs. Brown live here, Beauty ?' asks again that familiar voice.

He raises his cap; the wan glimmer of the ne hall lamp falls full on his face, the serene, smiling face of Fred Carew.

Miss Hendrick gives one gasp.

she nearly stilled herself with yawns reading aloud. Oh! the deadly—deadly dullness of it! Then Mr. McKelpin evenings, three in a week, to play long whist at a penny a game with Miss Dormer, each greedily eager to to look you up.? But to come acre-to Aunt Dormer's 'To the 'ir'igon's Cien. But then, really you know, I possess of overwhelming amount of courar ... And d'knew from your letters that no o' de over car ne to 'the door but yourself. Yo' 4 told me, 'jou remember ?' Bat I do re not stay. Aunt Dormer will different hand and voice. cards no' a But you can go back and steal out again, the door, and after ten minutes' private chat, can't you, Beauty'? Say you have a headache and want to go to your room. I'll wait youder under the trees. Only don't keep me long. Even friendship so glowing and ar-derat as mine may get chilled it kept too long in a Montreal February night." 'I'll try! I'll come!' Cyrilla exclaims. Wait, Freddy; I'll be with you in ten minutes!

endless, March evenings soncar. The young maid is thinking how much brighter a look life has taken on since Fred Carew is in Mon-Half-past seven brings Mr. McKelpin. He shakes hands in a stiff way with his affianced, and hands her that evening's paper, and site down to his last game with Miss Dormer.

with Miss Dormer, each greedily eager to to look you up.' with Miss Dormer, each greening awning But to come acre-to Aunt Dorn win, and taking no notice of her yawning housel Oh, & real? Oyrilla gaspa again. drearily in the background. What a Christ-mas that was-what a New Year-what a January! Would Cyrilla ever, ever forgot 34 I

But the stagnant calm was near its end, and Mr. McKelpin, of all men, the man to break it!

Stolid, dull, slumbering as the man was, he yet was a man, and as such had from the fire cust an eye of approval upon the tall sy . 🛍 metrical figure and haughtily handsome face of Miss Dormer's youthful relative. 'There's a disparity o' years, I

ATD well aware,' slowly and austerely said I onald Mc-Kelpin, but the disparity is constants side: For my own pairt, I the othe right considerably her senior. me to understand, Mise . Fou nave given look wi' the eye o' fr . For on the match, and so, if Miss Cyrilla's willing, in the name of Providence, we'll consider the thing settled. And the thing was settled. What she said to this impassion and declaration Cyrilla never knew; she w' as only conscious at the time of a hysterical desire to burst out laughing. But Aunt f'nil's fierce old eye was upon her, so she co Atrolled the insane desire, and there and the A became the affianced of Mr. Donald McK. Apin. The next time he came he brov get with him an engagement ring of Plr an gold, his mother's wedding ring, in fact, * and worn rather thin, and with elephantine playfulness pressed it upon his bride's accept-3700.

Miss Hendrick took it with an unmoved countenance, and put it on the finger that wore poor Freddy Carew's. Poor Freddy Carew, indeed! He wrote to Miss Hendrick regularly, and as Miss Hendrick always answered the door she received his letters without the slightest trouble or danger, and most regularly responded. Mr. Carew, therefore, was not left to pine in ignorance of Miss Hendrick's matrimonial good fortune. This cold February day on which she stands, idly gazing out of the window, has been a day more than usually eventful among the eventless days of her life, The early morning mail brought a letter from Mrs. Owenson announcing her departure with Sydney for New York, to spend March and April.

'My dear girl is still in miserably poor health and low spirits,' wrote Mrs. Owenson, and I am taking her to my cousin's, Mrs. Macgregor of Madison Avenue. Change of scene and the cheerful companionship of her cousins will no doubt cheer her up. In May we go to Europe, to remain two years at least. Sydney will write further particulars by next mail.

Happy Sydney Owenson! Cyrilla en- this to end?' viously sight. Yes happy, thrice happy in spite of her bereavement. To Miss Hendrick | laughs Oyrilla, wilfully misunderstanding: it looks no such great bereavement after all. | 'Don't look so doleful, Fred--it doesn't be-She didn't care for Bertie Vaughan, emptyheaded, conceited noodle that he was! and for her father-well, of course, a doting, respectable and rich father is a person to be sophic mind, it wasn't a grief to embitter the meet and have a chat now and then. life of an heiress. A winter in New Yorkahi lucky Sydney-two years in Europe-

She shuts the door and flies back. The glad, excited gleam of her eyes might tell the She wishes very much to make your acstory, but the card players are too much engrossed with their game to take heed.

'Well who was it?' Miss Dormer querulously asks. She has lost ninepence and feels badly accordingly. 'Moreletters?'

'No a man ; he asked if Mrs. Brown lived here,' demurely answered Miss Hendrick. Mrs. Brown, indeed. Your deal Mr. McKelpin; luck will surely turn this time.

Did you bolt the door after him, Cyrilla ?' 'Certainly, Aunt Dormer.' 'Well?

"While you're finishing this game I'll run up to my room-my head rather aches, and I'll bathe it with camphor.'

Miss Dormer is too deeply absorbed in the new deal to reply. Cyrilla departs. Five silk and velvets, was shown up accordingly; seconds later and she is under the stripped chestnuts, both hands clasped in Fred Carew's

Oh, Fred, I am so glad to see you. How good of you to come.'

Goodness is my normal state, Beauty. The first greetings are over by this time. And so I really behold before me the affianced of Mr. Donald McKelpin?'

'You really do, and as such please relinquish my hands; my shawl is as warm as your fur gloves. Mr. McKelpin doesn't approve of indecorous familiarities.'

'Doesn't he? Excepting himself, of course. He is privileged, lucky beggar !' says Mr. Carew. with a sigh.

'Not even excepting himself. He comes three evenings a week, says 'How d'ye do, Miss Cyrilla?' he gives me a hand like a dead, damp fish. I never know what to do with it, so I give it back to him again.'

'And when is the wedding to come off, Dieu volente, the last week of June.'

'In a cold in the head for me most likely,'

come you. June is June-this is February. off to-morrow-Dieu merci-to be gone chree months. Oh, if some kind Christfan would grieved for-still, to Miss Hendrick's philo- | invite me out to spend an Grening we might

'That is easily enough managed, if your thrice-blessed orphan heiress! Boauty and here, and she shall call upon you and invite none but the very hicest people.'

dispel the vapors, and did their best in vain. Phillis Dormer's old eyes went drearily to the card-table; Cyrilla Hendrick's looked restlessly into the ruby heart of the fire, and both could have wailed with Tennyson :

"Ob, for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still !"

Only naturally, each was thinking of a

The atternoon of the third day brought Mrs. Delamere. Cyrilla, as usual, answered came back to her aunt's room, a flush of hope and expectation in her eyes.

"Who is it?' Miss Dormer fretfully asked.

'Mrs. Colonel Delamere, aunt. You have heard me tell how kind she was to me at Petite St. Jacques. The Colorel is about to retire from the army, and they sail for England, where he has a large estate, in April. Meantime they are staying in Montreal. quaintance, Aunt Dormer. May I ask her

up?' Miss Dormer looked keenly and suspiciously at her niece.

What does she want to make my ac quaintance for, a crippled, miserable old crea-ture like me? What does she want of me? She wants nothing but the pleasure of knowing you. I told her you never saw any one, but she begged you would kindly make an exception in her favor. Shall I tell her you will not see her?'

'And insult a stranger in my own house No, niece Cyrilla. 1 will see her. Show her

Mrs. Colonel Delamere, imposing in brown and quite awed for a moment, by her size and splendor, even grim Aunt Phil. But she was so cordial, so chatty, so friendly, that the awe speedily vanished, and a pleasant excitement took its place.

She staved for over an hour, retailed all the news of the day, discussed Canada and Eugland, and Miss Dormer actually experienced a feeling of regret when at last she arose to g0.

'l have overstayed my time,' she said, with her soft, mellow laugh; 'but really it is so pleasant to meet a kindred spirit, and coun-trywoman, with whom to abuse Canada, its dreadful climate, and dreadful customs. Dear Miss Dormer, you really shouldn't lead the life of a recluse, as you do; it is positively unkind to your friends. At least you must make me the exception to your rule. And, meantime, as a great favor, I must beg of you to let this child come to see me. She was one of my especial pets at Petite St. Jacques, and, remember, I leave in April, and may never see her again,'

Miss Dormer's face darkened.

Miss Dormer's face cargeneod. She never goes out,'she said, querulo" dsly; I can't spare her,'

'Ab! but dear Miss Dorthor, 's a great lavor to me. She and Miss O wenson were and I am Cyrilla Hendrick still. He goes quite like my own daughter.s. And as she tells me she is to be married so soon to a most estimable man-Jun', is it not, Cyrilla, love ?-- you should allov, her a little more liberty. She must kuy w somebody, as Mr. McKelpin's wife. I bira sure he would wish dragon will let you go. Mrs. Delamere is it himself, and I provise you she shall knov,

there she is !' 'Is the woman an idiot?' Cyrilla scorn-

fully asked. 'Oh, dear no!' Freddy generally does make an impression on elderly young women at sight. Witness Miss Jones of the pensionnat. Only it is not every elderly young lady who wears her heart on her sleeve as frankly as does Mrs. Fogarty.'

'For the sake of common decency I should hope not,' retorts Miss Hendrick with cold scorn.

'Hush, dear! here we are,' says Mrs. Delamere. She opens the door of the drawing. room and sails majestically in. Miss Hendrick follows and sees-Fred Carew, faultless and elegant to behold, a camella in his button-hole, sitting on a sofa by Mrs. Fogarty's side, submitting to being made love to, with his customary serene and courteous face.

'Mr. Carew, Miss Hendrick. You may remember meeting Mr. Carew once before, Cyrilla, love,' says Mrs. Delamere, blandly. And Mr. Carew arises, and bows pleasantly and makes a smiling little foolish speech about 'the pleasure-er-of renewing Miss Hendrick's-um-acquaintance,' etc.; and Miss Hendrick bends her rather haughtylooking head, and moves disdainfully away. A batch of arrivals enter; the hostess sweeps forward to meet them. Mr. Carew makes an effort to get up and follow Miss" Hendrick to where she has seated herself at a distant table, and opened that refuge of the destitute, a photographic album. But Mrs. Fogarty is a veteran of four-and-thirty, although she does not look it, and is equal to the occasion. For the sake of Mr. Carew she has put on her diamonds, her Point d'Alencon, and her cerise silk, and come to Mrs. Delamere's 'Tuesday;' is it likely then she will allow Mr. Carew to fly off at a tangent? In her practised hands, Freddy is an artless

mouse in the grasp of a skiliul, elderly mouser. By her side he is, by her side he shall remain.

And he does. He cannot break away-he cannot tell how-he makes half-a-dozen attempts-she skilfully meets and baffles ther Without positive rudeness he CB not all. quit her side; and positive rudeness, even to a Mrs. Fogarty, is something Free' is quite incapable of. He sees Cyrilla monopolized by half a dozen of his brother chicers, looking handsome and brilliant-ber clear, sarcastic laugh comes to him who are he sits, and he groans in anguish of spirit. At last-he never knows how- of spin. -he rises-he says some-by Cyrilla's _____akes a bow, and much minet. warriors side. She is alone; the last of the and . for the moment 'as deserted her, she looks upon Mr. Carew with no fr undly eye.

'Man's inhumanity to man,' marmurs poor thousands mo arn.' But what is it -oh! what is it-compared with the influmanity of woman?

'I don't know what you are talking about,' says M' 188 Hendrick scorbiully.

'I' fied to get away, continues Mr. Carew in t' a same piteous voice, 'give you my honor did Beauty, more than once, and she outen't let me. What did she do it for? gouldn't let me. What grudge does she bear me? I never did anything to her P

stant the dear old lady would wake.

Still let us try it,' goes on Freddy, undaunted, for you see I must. Look here, Beauty-every afternoon I will go to your house-wind and weather permitting-and I'll give you some signal to apprise you. Let me see _ah ! I'll whistle a tune _. La Ci Darem,' for instance. And you shall come to the window and wave your handkerchief if

there is a chance of your getting off. If tomorrow is fine----(Oh. Mr. Carew!' exclaims the vivacious

tones of the Pork gentleman's widow, 'we are making up a card table, and we just want one. Do come and be my partner-you will be fortunute, I am sure, and I am so unlucky at cards. Miss Hendrick will excuse you, I am cards. sure.

Miss Hendrick bows frigidly and turns way: And before he quite realizes it, Mr. Carew is captured and carried off.

'I am so unlucky at cards,' gushes the widow, 'and I do want a good partner so much.

The last thing that reaches Miss Hondrick's disgusted ears is the imbecility Fred is murmuring: 'unlucky at cards-lucky in love-the inexpressible pleasure of being minister's having so accurately kept his pro-Mrs. Fogarty's partner even for an hour, etc., mise. "How punctual His Grace is! I knew etc.' Then a brother officer of Carew's approaches, and asks her to waltz. She goes, and as the gentleman knows what he is about, enjoys the dance thoroughly.

She sees no more of Mr. Carew that even. ing, but she does not allow it to spoil her pleasure. She frowns a little, to observe how closely Mrs. Fogarty keeps him pinned to her side ; but all the same, she thoroughly enjoys this small reception of Mrs. Delamere's. The last thing she motic as as she flits away to rut on her things and go home is Fred Carew meandering lang ddly through a ant, delighted to find that the election pro square dance with his wido,

> (To be Costinued.)

Consumption Cared.

Consumption Carea. An old physician, retired from practice, hav-ing had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catafra, Ashma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervoits Debility and all Nervous Complaints, alter Paving tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has feit it his duity to make it known to his suf-foring fellows. Acthated by this motive and a desire to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by ad-drossing with stamp, aming this paper, W. W. SHERLA, 149 Powers' Block: Rookester, N.Y. 9-G-eow 9-G-60W

Probably no cne article of diet is so generally adulterated as is cocoa. This article in its pure state, scientifically treated, is recommended by the highest medical authority as Freddy, in a pl'aintive tone, 'makes countless the most nonrishing and strengthening beverage, and is strongly recommended to all as an article that will tone and stimulate the most delicate stomach. Rowntree's prize medal Rock Cocoa is the only article in our markets that has parsed the ordeal to which these articles are all submitted by the Government analyist, and is certified by him to be pure, and to contain no starch, farnia, arrowroot, or any of the deliterious ingreidents commonly used to adulterate Cocoa. When buying be particular and secure "Rowntree's." Can't won see-imbecile,', says Aliss Hen- Other kinds are often substituted for the sake

It is needless to add that the worthy Cornishman's son-in-lay duly received the much