

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

The True Witness has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the True Witness will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the True Witness is without exception the cheapest paper of its class in this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscriber to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it.

For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The True Witness is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromes" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still freer enlarged and improved during the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the True Witness for one year.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the True Witness; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The True Witness will be mailed to clergyman, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed.

We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible pressure of which they are mistress in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rates for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

HAUNTED ME.

A workman says: "Debt, poverty and suffering haunted me for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost."—Christian Advocate.

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Every day's despatches bring fresh proof of the failure of the Coercion Bill, and it is probable that a collision between the troops and the people cannot be much longer averted. The time seems to have passed when a display of military force could awe the country into submission, and there is too much ground for believing that the first discharge of musketry would lead to the devastation of two-thirds of Ireland by a prolonged guerrilla war.

Of course, a popular uprising would finally be put down; but martial law and massacre are not government, and Ireland cannot in the nineteenth century be dealt with as a conquered country. Only one lesson seems deducible from the present outward state of things, and this is that neither by concession nor by coercion can England govern Ireland. That part of the population which is represented by the Land League is irreconcilable; it does not want any Land Bill that Mr. Gladstone could bestow; it has no faith in British legislation, no confidence in the British magistrates who would administer the laws. It will assent to no compromise; it will accept nothing short of self-government for Ireland. That is what the intractable attitude of the Land League means, and the recent utterances of Mr. Chamberlain and other English Liberals show that they are beginning to understand it.

Under ordinary circumstances it would take English statesmen a long time to accustom themselves to the idea of Home Rule for Ireland. During the canvass which preceded the last general election, Mr. Forster and the Marquis of Hartington were quite outspoken as the Conservatives in denouncing the proposed repeal of the Act of Union. But at that time they supposed that such remedies as they could offer for the grievances of Irish tenants would prove satisfactory, or that in the worst event they could silence a too vehement expression

of discontent by the old expedient of coercion. Now, however, they find themselves mistaken in both of those assumptions, and the signs are that the inability of a British Cabinet to manage Ireland on traditional principles will be demonstrated by a bloody civil war. These are facts that cannot be got over, and they will compel thoughtful men of all parties to re-examine the fundamental questions bearing on the relation of the two countries, and to inquire whether the programme of Home Rule may not, after all, afford a pacific solution of a formidable problem.

It is significant that heretofore the only English advocates of Home Rule for Ireland have been found among the advanced radicals, among those men, in other words, who can see nothing sacred in the accepted theory of the British Constitution, and who would decidedly prefer a federal republic to the bundle of legal fictions which does duty for a monarchy in the United Kingdom. An English republican is not troubled by the suggestion that Ireland should be permitted to manage her own affairs, because he would gladly substitute an elective president for an hereditary sovereign, a written for the present unwritten constitution, and would have the organic law interpreted, as it is in the United States, by an independent judiciary. Under such a system, three separate State Legislatures for Ireland, England and Scotland might co-exist, with a Federal Parliament restricted to definite functions of general concern. In a word, an English Republican may logically accept the project of Home Rule; and conversely, all Englishmen who are forced by recent events to tolerate the plan of self-government for Ireland, will find themselves confronted by the necessity of reconstructing the British Constitution.—New York Sun.

THE WEIGHTS AND MEASURES ACT.

ONE MAN'S NEGLIGENCE NO EXCUSE FOR THAT OF ANOTHER—IMPORTANT JUDGMENT.

His Honor Mr. Dugas gave his decision Wednesday last in the case of A. J. Whitton, Weights and Measures Inspector, vs. N. Fortier, trader, prosecuted for having un-stamped measures in his possession, contrary to the dispositions of section 28 of the Act. The judge considered the facts to have been fully proven by the prosecution, but the defendant submitted that under section 40 of the same act he was not bound to have his measures stamped until the Inspector had appointed a place and day for inspection and stamping, and had given a public notice thereof, regulations which had not been carried out by the Inspector.

The question, then, was whether section 23 was subordinated to the other one, or that its effect was suspended until the Department and the Inspector had accomplished the duties which such section imposed upon them, before, as officers of the law, they could require others to accomplish theirs. In other words, was section 40 mandatory or only directory? There could be no doubt that section 23 was so compulsory in its dispositions, that any one coming under its control had no alternative but to submit, unless its effect was suspended or nullified by no less stringent dispositions. Had section 40 that effect? To elucidate the question His Honor quoted several authors, and especially Potter, on "Statutes and Constitutions," and explained at length the difference between "mandatory" and "directory" clauses and the effect they had on each other. From these quotations it seemed to him that when a mandatory statute could, without injustice, be put into effect without regard to certain dispositions therein contained, that these dispositions then could be considered only as directory, and could not suspend the enforcement of that statute. Now, the principal aim or object of the Measures Act, and for which it was framed, was contained in section 28. Therefore, this clause was strictly mandatory. It was true that the officials did not comply with the requirements of the law, in giving public notice, etc., but was this a reason why the defendant should not? Was this clause of section 40 necessary to put him on his guard? Was he not bound to ascertain by himself the nomination of the Inspector, his place of business and his readiness to inspect and stamp his measures? His Honor believed so for he found that this clause 40 only contained directions as to certain proceedings to be adopted by the officials, so as to render the execution of the law more prompt and sure. The law could perfectly exist and be put into effect without it. It was, therefore, clear that section 40 was only directory, and did not affect in any way section 28, and that the defendant was in contravention of the law when he was found in possession of the unstamped measures. He was, therefore, condemned to pay the fine named in the act.

ANOTHER FIRE IN QUEBEC.

A ROLE MADE IN THE WARD OF ST. SAUVEUR. QUEBEC, June 21.—At 2 o'clock to-day an alarm was sounded from St. Sauveur ward. The fire broke out in a small wooden tenement situated on the corner of Prince of Wales and St. Michael streets, occupied by a man named A. R. Primeau. In an hour's time some ten wooden houses were burned to ashes. A strong westerly wind prevailed, and it was nothing less than a miracle that the whole ward, which is one of the most populous of the city, was not reduced to ashes. The fire brigade was soon on the spot and worked like heroes. As soon as the alarm sounded, a general stampede was noticeable in the streets, and the wildest excitement was noticeable in the vicinity of the scene of the conflagration. Within the hour fully 200 families had removed part of their furniture in the fields adjoining. The block of houses burned was mostly occupied by poor people, and the loss, although not considerable, will be severely felt. The loss will not reach more than \$8,000. As far as could be learned there was no insurance on any of the buildings. The following are the names of the sufferers: Mrs. Allard, storekeeper; Charles Beaulieu, carpenter; Pierre Chabot, engineer; Joseph Colin, shoemaker; Joseph Larose, laborer; Joseph Latippe, carpenter; Pierre Mercier, carter; Mrs. Pierre Morin; Elzear Poulet, carter; A. B. Primeau, factory.

A later account states that the extinction of the fire was due to the fact that none of the houses in the vicinity of the fire were insured, and thus every able-bodied man in the place, besides every proprietor, did his utmost to stay the progress of the flames. Two hand-engines, fed from the cisterns, did good work, and "catalogues," or home-made carpets, were dipped in water and laid on the roofs of the adjoining houses, thus preventing them from catching fire. Had the fire occurred in St. Rochs, another disastrous conflagration would have ensued. By the time the corporation engine got down the fire was almost out.

At Cervia, on the Adriatic sea, the festival of "marrying the sea" was celebrated with great religious pomp last month. The Bishop, at the head of a brilliant procession, marched to the edge of the water, and, with the wedding ring in the surf, according to the old Venetian style when the Doge "married" the republic to its annual bride, the Adriatic.

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

PART II. CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

She sank back sick and dizzy in her father's clasp. For a moment the earth rocked, and the sky went round—then she sprang up, herself again. Her father was there, and the three young men boarders. They lifted the rigid form of the stranger, and carried it between them, somehow, to Mr. Darrell's house.

His feet were slightly frost-bitten, his leg not broken after all, only sprained and swollen, and to Edith's relief he was pronounced in a fainting-fit not dead.

"Don't look so white and scared, child," her step-mother said pettishly to her step-daughter; "he won't die, and the next burden will be on my hands for the pretty three weeks. Go to bed—do—and don't let us have you laid up as well. One's enough at a time."

"Yes, Dithy, darling, go," said her father, kissing her tenderly. "You're a brave little woman, and you've saved his life. I have always been proud of you, but never so proud as to-night."

It certainly was a couple of weeks. It was five blessed weeks before "Mr. Charley," as they learned to call him, could get about, even on crutches. For fever and sometimes delirium set in, and Charley raved and tossed, and shouted and talked, and drove Mrs. Frederic Darrell nearly frantic with his capers. The duty of nursing fell a good deal on Edith. She seemed to take to it quite naturally. In his "worst spells" the sound of her soft voice, the touch of her cool hand, could soothe him as nothing else could. Sometimes he sung, as boisterously as his enfeebled state would allow. "We won't go home till morning!" Sometimes he shouted for his mother; very often for "Trixy."

Who was Trixy, Edith wondered with a sort of inward twinge, not to be accounted for; his sister or—

He was very handsome in those days—his great gray eyes brilliant with fever, his cheeks flushed, his chestnut hair falling damp and heavy off his brow. What an adventure it was, altogether, Edith used to think, like something out of a book. Who was he, she wondered. A gentleman "by courtesy" that, his clothes, his linen, were all superfine. On one finger he wore a diamond that made all beholders wink, and in his shirtbosom still another. His wallet was stuffed with greenbacks; his watch and chain, Mr. Darrell affirmed, were worth a thousand dollars—a sprig of gentility, whoever he might be, this wounded hero. They found no papers, no letters, no card-case. His linen was marked "C. S." twisted in a monogram. They must wait until he was able himself to tell them the rest.

The soft sunshine of April was filling his room, and basking in its rays in the parlor of rocking-chair sat "Mr. Charley," pale and wasted to a most interesting degree. He was sitting, looking at Miss Edith, digging industriously in her flower-garden, with one of the boarders for under-gardener, and listening to Mr. Darrell, proposing he should tell his name in order that they might write to his friends. The young man turned his large languid eyes from his daughter without, to the father within.

"My friends? Oh! to be sure. But it isn't necessary, is it? It's very thoughtful of you, and all that, but my friends won't worry themselves into an early grave about my absence and silence. They're used to both. Next week, or week after, I'll drop them a line myself. I know I must be an awful nuisance to Mrs. Darrell, but I'll not trespass on your great kindness and remain here until—"

"My dear young friend," responded Mr. Darrell, warmly, "you shall most certainly remain here. For Mrs. Darrell you're no trouble to her—it's Dithy, bless her, who does all the nursing."

The gray, dreamy eyes turned from Mr. Darrell again, to that busy figure in the garden. With her cheeks flushed, her brown eyes shining, her rosy lips apart, and laughing, as she wrangled with that particular boarder on the subject of foriculture, she looked a most dangerous nurse for any young man of three-and-twenty.

"I owe Miss Darrell and you all more than I can ever repay," he said, quietly; "it is understood, I have never tried to thank her, or you either—words are so inadequate in these cases. Believe me though, I am not ungrateful."

"Say no more," Mr. Darrell cut in hastily; "only tell us how we are to address you while you remain. 'Mr. Charley' is an unsatisfactory sort of appellation."

"My name is Stuart; but, as a favour may I request you to go on calling me Charley?" "Stuart!" said the other, quickly; "one of the Stuarts, bankers, of New York?"

The same. My father is James Stuart; you know him probably?" The face of Frederic Darrell darkened and grew almost stern. "Your father was my wife's cousin—Edith's mother. Have you never heard him speak of Eleanor Stuart?"

"Who married Frederic Darrell? Often. My dear Mr. Darrell, is it possible that you—that I have the happiness of being related to you?"

"To my daughter, if you like—her second cousin—to me, no," Mr. Darrell said half-smiling, half-sad. "Your father and his family long ago repudiated all claims of mine—I am not going to force myself upon your notice now. Edith—Edith my love come in here and listen to some strange news."

She threw down her spade and came in laughing and glowing, her hair rumbled, her collar awry, her dress soiled, her hands not over clean, but looking, oh! so indescribably fresh and fair, and healthful and handsome.

"What is it?" she asked. "Eas Mr. Charley gone and sprained his other ankle?" "Not quite so bad as that." And then her father narrated the discovery they had mutually made. Miss Dithy opened her bright, brown eyes.

"Like a chapter out of a novel where every body turns out to be somebody else. It is—it is—it is—my own, long-lost son!" And so were second cousins, and you're Charley Stuart; and Trixy—now who's Trixy?" "Trixy's my sister. How do you happen to know anything about her?"

Edith made a wry face. "The nights I've spent—the days I've dragged through, the tortures I've undergone, listening to you shouting for 'Trixy,' would have driven any less well-balanced brain stark mad! May I sit down? Digging in the sunshine and rowing with Johnny Ellis is awfully hot work."

"Digging in the sunshine is detrimental to the complexion, and rowing with Johnny Ellis is injurious to the temper. I object to both."

"Oh, you do?" said Miss Darrell, opening her eyes again; "it matters so much, too, whether you object or not. Johnny Ellis is useful, and sometimes agreeable, Charley Stuart is neither one nor t'other. If I mayn't

dig and quarrel with him, is there anything your lordship would like me to do?"

"You may sit on this footstool at my feet—woman's proper place—and read me to sleep. That book you were reading aloud yesterday—what was it?—'Pandemonia,' was rather amusing—what I heard of it."

"What you heard of it?" Miss Darrell reports indignantly. "You do well to add that. The man who could go to sleep listening to Thackeray is a man worthy only of contempt and scorn! There's Mr. Ellis calling me—I must go."

Miss Darrell and Mr. Stuart, in his present state of convalescence rarely met except to quarrel. They spoke their minds to one another with a refreshing frankness remarkable to hear.

You remind me of one I loved very dearly once Dithy," Charley said to her, sadly, one day, after an unusually stormy wordy war—in fact, the only one I ever did love. You resemble her, too—the same sort of hair and complexion, and exactly the same sort of ah—temper! Her name was Fido—she was a black and tan terrier—very like you, my dear, very like. Ah! these accidental resemblances are cruel things—they tear open healed wounds, and cause them to bleed afresh. Fido met with an untimely end—she was drowned one dark night in a cistern. I thought I had outlived that grief, but when I look at you—"

A stinging box on the ear, given with right good will, cut short the mournful reminiscence, and brought tears to Mr. Stuart's eyes, that were not tears of grief for Fido.

"You wretch!" cried Miss Darrell, with flashing eyes. "I've a complexion of black and tan, have I, and a temper to match! The only thing that is to regret in your story is, that it wasn't Fido's master who fell into the cistern, instead of Fido. To think I should live to be called a black and tan!"

They never met except to quarrel; Edith's inflammatory temper was up in arms perpetually. They kept the house in an uncommonly lively state. It seemed to agree with Charley. His twisted ankle grew stronger rapidly, flesh and color came back, the world was not to be robbed of one of its brightest ornaments just yet. He put off writing to his friends from day to day, to the great disapproval of Mr. Darrell, who was rather behind the age in his notions of filial duty.

"It's of no use worrying," Mr. Stuart made answer, with the easy incoherence concerning all things earthly which set so naturally upon him; "bad shillings always come back—let that trifling adage console them? Why should I fret myself about them? Take my word they're not forgetting themselves about me. They've never absorbed in the rise and fall of stocks, the material is up to her eyes in the last parties of the season, and my sister is just out and absorbed body and soul in beauty and dress. They never expect me until they see me."

About the close of April Mr. Stuart and Miss Darrell fought their last battle and parted. He went back to New York and to his own world, and life, stagnant and flat, flowed back on its own level for Edith Darrell.

Stagnant and flat it had always been, but never half so dreary as now. Something had come into her life and gone out of it, something bright and new, and wonderfully pleasant. There was a great blank where Charley's handsome face had been, and all at once life seemed to lose its relish for this girl of sixteen. A restlessness took possession of her. Sandpoint and all belonging to it grew distasteful. She wanted change, excitement—Charley Stuart, perhaps—something different certainly from what she was used to, or likely to get.

Charley went home and told the "governor," and the "materal," and "Trixy" of his adventure, and the girl who had saved his life. Miss Beatrix listened in a glow of admiration.

"Is she pretty, Charley?" she asked, of course, the first inevitable female question.

"Pretty?" Charley responded meditatively, as though the idea struck him for the first time. "Well, ye-es. In a cream coloured sort of way, Edith isn't bad-looking. It would be very nice of you now, Trixy, to write her a letter, I think, seeing she saved my life and nursed me, and is your second cousin, and everything."

Beatrix needed no urging. She was an impetuous, enthusiastic young woman of eighteen, tearfully addicted to correspondence. She sat down and wrote a long gushing letter to her "cream-coloured" cousin. Mrs. Stuart dropped her a line of thanks also, and Charley, of course, wrote, and there her adventure seemed to come to an end. Miss Stuart's letters were long and frequent. Mr. Stuart's rambling epistle alternately made her laugh and lose her temper, a daily loss with poor, discontented Edith. With the fine discrimination most men possess, he sent her, on her seventeenth birthday, a set of turquoise and pearls, which made her sallow complexion hideous, or, at least, as hideous as anything can make a pretty girl. The answer he ran down to Sandpoint for a fortnight's fishing, and an omelette made solely in the desert of Edith's life. She and Charley might quarrel still, and I am bound to say they did, on every possible occasion and in every possible point, but they were never satisfied a moment apart.

The fortnight ended, the fish were caught, he went back, and the dull days and the long nights, the cooking, darning, mending began again, and went on until madness would have been a relief. It was the old story of the Sleeping Beauty waiting for the prince to come and wake her into life and love with his kiss. Only in this instance the prince had come and gone, and left Beauty, in the sulks, behind.

She was eighteen years old and sick of her life. And just when disgust and discontent were taking palpable form, and she was debating between a jump into Sandpoint Bay and running off, came Charley with his mother's letter. From that hour the story of Edith Darrell's life began.

CHAPTER III. TRIXY'S PARTY.

Two weeks sufficed for Miss Darrell's preparations. A quantity of new linen, three new dresses, one hat, one spring acquac—there was all.

Mr. Darrell had consented—that was there he could have refused his darling? He had consented, hiding the bitter pang it cost him deep in his own quiet heart. It was the loss of her mother over again; the tender passion and the present Mrs. Darrell were two facts perfectly incompatible.

Mrs. Darrell aided briskly in the preparation—to tell the truth, she was not sorry to be rid of her step daughter, between whom and herself perpetual war raged. Edith as a worker was a failure; she went about the dingy house, in her dingy dresses, with the air of an out-at-elbows duchess. She snubbed the boarders, she boxed the juvenile Darrell's ears, she "sassed" the mistress of the house.

"It speaks volumes for your amiability, Dithy," Charley remarked, "the intense eagerness and delight with which everybody in this establishment hails your departure. Four dirty little Darrells ran about the passages with their war whoop, 'Dithy's going—hooray! Now we'll have fun!' Your step-

mother's sere and yellow visage, beams with bliss; even the young gentlemen who are lodged and boarded Greek-ed and Latin-ed here, wear faces of suppressed relief, that tells its own tale to the student of human nature. Your welfare must be unexpressably precious to them, Edith, when they bear their approaching bereavement so well."

He paused. The speech was a lengthy one, and lengthy speeches mostly exhausted Mr. Stuart. He lay back, watching his fair relative as she sat sewing near, with lazy, half-closed eyes.

Her work dropped in her lap, a faint flush rose up over her dusky face.

"Charley," she responded, gravely, "I don't wonder you say this—it is true, and nobody feels it more than I. I am a disagreeable creature, a selfish nuisance, an idle, discontented kill-joy. I only wonder you are not afraid to take me with you at all."

Mr. Stuart sat up, rather surprised.

"My dearest coz, don't be so tremendously in earnest. If I had thought you were going to take it seriously—"

"Let us be serious for once—we have all our lives left for quarrelling," said Miss Darrell, as though quarrelling were a pleasant recreation. "I sit down and try to think sometimes why I am so miserable—so wretched in my present life—why I hail the prospect of a new one with such delight. I see other girls—nicer, cleverer girls than I am every way, and their lives suffice for them—the daily, domestic routine that is most horrible drudgery to me, pleases and satisfies them. It must be that I have an incapacity for life; I don't know when the novelty and gloss wear off, I shall live equally of the life I am going to. A new dress, a dance, a ball, and the hope of a prospective husband suffices for the girl I speak of. For me—none of your sarcastic smiles, sir—one thought of a future husband is—"

"Only vanity and vexation of spirit. But there is a future husband. You are forced to admit that, Dithy. I wonder what he is to be like? A modern Sir Lancelot, with the beauty of all the gods, the courage of a Cœur de Lion, the bow of a Chesterfield, and the purse of a Fortunatus. That's the photo, isn't it?"

"No, sir—not a bit like it. The purse of a Fortunatus, if you like; I ask nothing more. The Sir Lancelots of life, if they exist at all, are mostly poor men, and I don't want anything to do with poor men. My marriage is to be a purely business transaction—I settled that long ago. He may have the form and face of a Satyr; he may have seventy years; so that he be worth a million or so; I will drop my best curtsy when he asks, and say, 'Yes, and thanky, sir.' If the Apollo himself knelt before me with an empty purse, I should turn my back upon him in pity and disdain."

"Is that meant for me, Edie?" Mr. Stuart inquired, rising on his elbow, and admiringly gazing at his own handsome face on the glass.

"Because if it is, don't excite yourself. Forewarned is forearmed—I'm not going to ask you."

"I never thought you were," Edith said, laughing. "I never aspired so high. As well love some bright particular star, etc., etc., etc., as the only son of James Stuart Esquire, lineal descendant of the Princes of Scotland, and banker of Wall Street. No, Charley, I know what you will do. You'll drift through life for the next three or four years, as you have drifted up to the present, well looking, well dressed, well mannered, and then some day your father will come to you and say gruffly, 'Charley! (Edith grows dramatic as she narrates—it is a husky masculine voice that speaks); 'Here's Miss Peculetum's child, with a million and a half—only child—order a suit of new clothes and ask her to marry you! And you will look at him with a helpless sigh, and go. Your father will select your wife, sir, and you'll take her, like a good boy, when you're told. I shouldn't wonder now but that it is to select a wife for you, and a husband for Trixy, he is taking this projected trip to Europe.'"

"Shouldn't you? Neither should I. Never wonder. Against my principles," Charley murmured.

"There are plenty of titled aristocracy abroad—so I am told—ready to silver-gild their coronets by a union with plutocracy. Plenty Lady Janes and Lady Marys ready to sell themselves to the highest bidder."

"As Edith Darrell is?"

"As Edith Darrell is. It's all very fine talking of love and devotion, and the emptiness of life without. Believe me, if one has plenty of money one can dispense with love. I've read a good many novels, but they haven't turned my head on that subject. From all I've read, indeed, I should think it must be a very uncomfortable sort of intermittent fever, indeed. Don't love anybody except yourself, and it is out of the power of any human being to make you very wretched."

"A sentiment whose truth is only equalled by its selfishness."

"Yes, it is selfish; and it is your thoroughly selfish people, who get the best of everything in this world. I am selfish and worldly, ambitious and heartless, and all that is abominable. I may as well own it. You'll find it out for yourself soon."

"A most unnecessary acknowledgement, my dear child—it is patent to the dullest observer. But, now, Edith—look here—this is serious, mind!" He raises himself again on his elbow, and looks, with a curious smile, into her darkly earnest, cynical young face.

"Suppose I am madly in love with you—madly in love! Is the correct phrase, isn't it? Suppose I am at your feet, going through all the phases of the potential mood, 'commanding, exhorting, entreating' you to marry me—you wouldn't say no, would you, Edie? You like me—don't deny it. You know you do—like me well enough to marry me to-morrow. Would you refuse me in spite of my dependence on my father, and my empty purse?"

He took her hand, and held it tightly, despite her struggles.

"Would you, Edie?" he says, putting his arm around her waist. "I'm not a sentimental fellow, but I believe in love. Come! you wouldn't—you couldn't bid me go."

Her color has risen—that lovely rosepink color, that lit her brunette face into such beauty—but she resolutely freed herself, and met his half-tender, half-merry glance, full.

"I would," she said, "if I liked you so that you filled my whole heart. Let me go, sit, and no more of this nonsense. I know what I am talking about, and what comes of marrying for love. There was my own mother; she left a rich and luxurious home, wealthy suitors, all the comforts and elegances of life, without which life isn't worth living, and ran away with papa. Then followed long years of poverty, discomfort, illness, and miserable grubbing. She never complained—perhaps she wasn't even very unhappy; hers wasn't the sort of love that fits out of the window when poverty comes in at the door—she just faded away and died. For myself, I have been dissatisfied with my lot ever since I can remember—pining for the glory and grandeur of this wicked world. There is but one way in which they can ever be mine—by marriage. If marriage will not

bring them, then I will go to my grave Edith Darrell."

"Which I don't think you will," Mr. Stuart responded. "Young ladies like you who set out on the search-matrimonial with lots of common sense, worldliness, selfishness, and mercenary motives, generally reach the goal. It's a fair enough exchange—so much youth and good looks for so many thousands of dollars. I wish you all success, Miss Darrell, in your laudable undertaking. It is well we should understand each other, at once and for ever, or even I some day might be tempted to make a fool of myself. Your excellent counsels, my dearest cousin, will be invaluable to me, should my lagging footsteps falter by the way. Edith! where have you learned to be so hard, so worldly, so—if you learned don't be so unwomanly?"

"Is it unwomanly?" she repeated dreamily. "Well, perhaps it is. I am honest at least—give me credit for that. My own heart has taught me, books have taught me, looking at my mother and listening to my step-mother have taught me. I feel old at eighteen—old and tired. I am just one of those girls, I think, who turn out very good or very bad women, as fate deals with them. It's not too late yet to draw back, Charley. Your mother can easily get another young lady to do the French and German business. You can tell her I don't suit, and leave me at home."

"Not too late to draw back," he said, with his indolent smile. "Is there ever such a thing as drawing back at all? What is done is done. I couldn't go without you now, if I tried. O, don't look alarmed, I don't mean anything. You amuse and interest me, that is all. You're something of a study—entirely different from the genus young lady I'm accustomed to. Only—keep your frankness for Cousin Charley, he's harmless; don't display it to the rest of the world. It might spoil your chances. Even senile millionaires don't care to walk into the trap, unless the springs are hidden in roses. Come, throw down that endless sewing, and let's have a walk on the beach. Who knows when we may see the sun go down together again, over the classic waters of Sandpoint Bay?"

Edith laughed, but she rose to obey.

"And I thought you were not sentimental. One would think it the Bay of Naples. How- ever, we start to-morrow, I don't mind going down and bidding the old rocks and sands good-bye."

She put on her hat, and the two went wandering away together, to watch the sun set over the sea. In the rosy light of the spring sunset, the fishing boats drifted on the sly, and the fisherman's chant came borne to their ears.

"It reminds me of that other April evening two years ago, Dithy, when we came down here to say good-bye. You cried then at parting—do you remember? But you were only sixteen, poor child, and knew no better. You wouldn't cry now, would you, for any man in the universe?"

"Not for Charley Stuart certainly—but needn't think it."