RESEDA:

Or. Sorrows and Joys.

Second Part. CHAPTER I.

One fresh autumn morning the Lymingson boat arrived at Yarmouth. There were a good many passengers on the deck, most of them were English, but it required no great amount of discrimination to discern some who tormed an exception to the general rule. Three women sat a little apart from the rest; one was evidently a maid and the two others were conversing together in French. They were not mother and daughter, the difference of age between them status and fountains adorn the shrubberies; was not sufficient, nor did they seem to be sisters, for they bore no resemblance to each other, and is was clear that they belonged to other, and is was clear that they belonged to other, and is was clear that they belonged to other, and is was clear that they belonged to other. however, that they were on terms of the closest intimacy. There was something almost maternal in the manner of the elder of the two ladies towards her young friend. This elder lady could not have been above thirty, but, as generally happens when the complexion is very delicate, her beauty had completely faded with the departure of early youth. In looking at her, you would have thought of the past rather than the present, and would easily have been persuaded that when those pale cheeks bore the hues of early youth, and the outlines of those features were rofter and rounder, the face must have been paculiarly charming. This lady still preserved that beauty of countenance and expression which survives more sphemeral advantages, and thetrefinement of bearing and manner which time can never impair.

Her companion was still in the radiant springtime of youth; one might have given her some eighteen summers. She had pretty chesmus hair, her coloring was brilliant but delicate, her eyes were almond-shaped, brown and clear, full of intelligence and kindliness; her mouth rosy, delicate, and expressive; she was not tall, but her figure was rounded and well-formed, the neck rose gracefully from the shoulders, and i not regularly beautiful she was certainly most atmactive alike in appearance and manner.

"I assure you, Teresa," said the young girl speaking in a low voice to her companion, "that really is our deliverer, who is sitting there at the right, next to the clergyman."
I think you are mistaken, Madeline; I cer-

tainly could not fail at once to recognise the man who saved us if I saw him." "But it was six years ago, dear Teresa, and besides it was at night and we were very much

frightened," rejoined Madeline.
"Well, dear child," said Torosa with a smile "you are determined to believe that it is himself and you are longing to make sure. We are
alone; but now that we are just going to land,
it will be no harm to ask him the question although he is a stranger to us; send Kate to beg

him to come and speak to us."
"Kate," said Madeline, turning to the maid "will you kindly tell that gentleman who is sitting on a coil of cable at the right, that we are anxious to speak to him ?"

And with a gesture she indicated a man about fifty years of age who was quietly smoking his pipe close beside the stiff-looking gentleman in black with a white tie, whom Madeline had taken for a clergyman.

Old Kate at once delivered the message and the gentleman rise, put away his pipe and went to the ladies.

'Sir," said Miss Teresa, after having grace fully returned his salutation, "I must beg you to excuse our indiscretion, but we want to sak if you are not the captain who, ar years ago saved a whole family from a sinking yacht? "Which broke up and was believed to have gone down with all on board. Yes, ma'am, I

was happy enough to be of use to Sir John Bur-ton and his family." "Then you are really the captain of the Fair Louisa?" said Madeline.

That was the name of the little vessel I the commanded. Thanks to Sir John's interest I have risen in my profession and am now in command of a larger ship. But now I recognize you, ma'am, the added, looking at Teresa. "You tried to hold Lady Burton back when she was so terrified that she would have thrown her self into the sea. I remember getting two little

Teresa looked at Mignonette and affectionate ly pressed her hand. am really delighted to meet you sgain, continued the captain, who had not seen the meaning of this silent caress. "How is Sir

Teresa shook her head sadly. "Very poorly, Captain," she said ; " he grows weaker

every day."
"I am very sorry to hear it; and the two little girls ?" The two little girls are now grown-up young

"Really! but after all it must be six years ago this autumn since - But what is the matter? the boat is at a stand-still." "We are at Yarmouth," said Madeline,
The Captain turned round, "Yes, indeed,"
he exclaimed, "here is Yarmouth; I had not

noticed that we were so near. Let me assist you, ladies, if indeed they are going to let us land. The arrangements seem very atrange on land. The arrangements seem very atrange on board this packet. What is the meaning of all this cheering and the salute? Is it for that yacht with the sailors dressed in white?" Teresa, seeing all on board hasten towards

the vessel's stern, rose from her seat. Her pale cheeks glowed and looking towards the beautiful yacht which passed rapidly by, she ex-claimed, "The Queen! it is the Queen!

Teresa was not mistaken, it was the Royal Yacht, and Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and their children were on their way to Southampton. The sailors were all attired i white, and flags were flying. Some other yachts were in attendance, and no one left the ateam-packet until the little flotilla was out of eight, when the late Captain of the Fair Louisa again offered his services. The two ladies gratefully accepted his escort, and accordingly he made a way for them through the crowd, handed them from the gangway and found a porter to take

charge of their luggage.

"Kate," said Teresa to the maid, "since
Captain Morel will kindly accompany us you
had better wait here. William was to meet the packet, and I have no doubt he will very soon he here."

"There he is, Miss," said old Kate, with a strong Scotch accent, and a tall footman in

livery appeared.

livery appeared.

"Would you like to stay and dine here,
Madeline?" asked Teresa.

"I had rather go on as soon as we can, after
our visit to the Bell Inn; you are tired, and
we sha'l both be very glad to reach the cottage."

"William," said Miss Teresa, "you will see
to our luggage and tring it on to the Bell Inn."

William list-ned to the order, touched his hat
respectfully and laft the quay with the porter. respectfully and left the quay with the porter

and the luggage.
The late Captain of the Fair Louisa then

The late Captain of the Fair Louisa then came up to the ladies, "You will not leave Yarmouth at once, Mrs Burton, I suppose."
"Yes, Captain, we are going on this afternoon; but I am very happy to have had this opportunity of again assuring you of our gratifude. We shall never forget that we owe our lives to your courage. My brother will be allowed to know that you are prospering and pleased to know that you are prospering, and some day you must try to find time for a visit to

Castle Burton.

'Nothing would give me greater pleasure,
Miss Burton, and I do not look on it as impossible. Meanwhile, I beg you to present my
best respects to Sir John and the two young

And raising his cap he shook hands with Teress, and took his leave without any idea that Madeline was one of the little girls whom he

had saved. The two ladies accompanied by Kate went towards the Bell Inn. Madeline had never before been in the Isle of Wight and she wished to see something of the scene of the sorrows of one of England's most unfortunate kings. Charles the First, after many troubles, sought refuge in the Isle of Wight: Hammond, its

governor, imprisoned him in Carisbrooke Castle, whence he was removed to Newport, and subsequently to Hurst.

The two ladies remained for a couple of days in the beautiful island, and visited the rules of Carisbrook before the Response to Castle Response. journey to Castle Burton.

> CHAPTER IL the conface.

Castle Burton is one of the finest places in the county. The handsome mansion, built in the Italian style, stands in the midst of a specious park; the turf of the pleasure-grounds is like velves and is interspersed with beds of flowers velves and is interspersed with beds of flowers. velves and is interspersed with beds or nowers whose colours are most besutifully and skilfully arranged; a labyrinth of well-kept gravel walks leads to a wood whose grand old trees have stood and seem centuries pass by; marble runs through the domain has been widened into the similitude of a lake, white surface is broken by many verdant islets. About half a mile from the castle and within

the park boundaries, atood a pretty cottage; this was Teresa's home, and she had obseen it with the double purpose of breaking off from her life in Castle Burton, which had become most irksome and uncongenial, and yet remain ing close to her brother, to whom her presence was must necessary. Her affection for Madcluse had also influenced her in her decision no longer to live with her sister in law. The longer to live with her sister in law. The young girl was a constant subject of disagreement between Lady Burton and Teresa, and had much to endure from the caprice and overbearing conduct of Mary, who was jealous of her. Madeline, who was perfectly free from anything like affectation or coquetry, was a general favourite. Something about her pleased people, though it would have been hard to define what it was, It was not beauty, for the fine what it was. It was not beauty, for she was only young and nice looking; nor was it talent, for she was very modest regarding her powers. Yet she charmed every one, and many found more to admire in her graceful bearing, her easy manners, her sweet and intelligent countenance, and her harmonious voice than in Mary's remarkable beauty, for Mary had nothing but beauty. People were for a moment fas cinated by her perfect figure, her regular features, and her brilliant complexion; but those who sought for something more than mere phy-aical beauty soon felt that she did not satisfy them. Her voice was harsh and her manner imperious, the lines of her mouth often hetrayed scorn or bisterness, and the want of expression in her beautiful eyes made the observant of her admirers believe that with her mother's beauty the girl inherited her very limited intellectual

And this was the case. Nature, which had so liberally bestowed all physical advantages on Mary, had dealt with a niggard hand as regarded the heart and mind. Being a woman, she had a certain portion of that sort of quickness which sometimes passes for talent, and this enabled her to disguise her folly. As a

child she had loved play more than lessons, and had obstinately set her face against learning; as a woman, she knew that she was beautiful and considered that to be sufficient. Nevertheless she was by no means indifferent to Madeline's evident superiority, and Teress, who was quite aware of her niece's jealousy and ill will, mide up her mind to shield her charge from further persecution by removing her beyond the

reach of Lady Burton's authority.

And, moreover, for some time past the life led at Castle Burton, where Mary was virtually mistress, had not suited her. The young girl craved for pleasure and attention, and had easily induced her mother, who wished her to make a brilliant marriage, to see a great deal of company. The staff of servants had been in-oreased, Mary and her mother lived in a whirl of excitement and galety. Mary was to be seen at every large party or entertainment in the neighbourhood, and there was a constant suc-casion of visitors at the Catle. Teresa and Migonette lived quiet'y in the cottage with two or three old servants of the family; they took little part in the gaieties of Castle Burton and only appeared occasionally at Lady Burton's re-ceptions. They did not accompany the family to London, and only spent a short time there every year.

Teress had, according to her promise, written to America, to the address given by the good Rector of Kerprat, to inform Mrs. Lemoyne of visit paid by Madeline's parents to Kerprat and of their purpose of returning to America. She had written, however, every year, and as no answer was ever returned, she had, after making all possible allowance for the chance of let-ters being lost, at last become convinced that her Mignonette was an orphan, and now looked upon her destiny as most closely interwoven

with her own.

When Toresa had taken up her abode at the cottage, her brother had given her permission to do what she liked with the corner of the park which surrounded it. A beautiful hedge of roses and rhododendrons separated her territory from the rest of the park. On one side a short avenue of ancient elm-trees led to the lake. This was the most picturesque part of the park; the ground was uneven, and some former possessor of the estate had, at great cost, made a magnificent rock work round that end of the lake. In front of her cottage, Teresa had laid out a flower garden, in which she

found constant and delightful occupation. The interior of the cottage was full of comfort and elegance. The French windows of the drawing room opened on the flower garden, admitting the sweet perfume of the flowers, the rustling sound of the breeze among the foliage of the trees, and the distant roar of the water fall. Castle Burton lay to the right, and there was nothing to interfere with the open country view, which had the brilliant flower-beds as a foreground and stretched over rich wood-lands and pasture to the blue hills in the distance.

CHAPTER III.

SIR JOHN BURTON.

The day following that of their arrival, Teresa and Madeline left the cottage and walked to-wards the Castle. When they were very near

it, Madeline stopped.

"Won't you come with me!" asked Teresa,

"Kate told me there was company at the
Castle," answered the girl. "I had rather walk
about and wait for you. I will pay my visit to

They parted, Madeline taking a path to the left and Teresa opening a little gate which led from a shrubbery into the avenue.

Olose to the house, she met Mary's maid, Batey, and asked her whether the ladies were

at home.
"They have gone to the stables," said Betsy.

"Mr. Burton has brought a horse for Miss Burton, and she is going to try it. William savs it is a stlendid animal."

"And Sir John?" "I have not seen Sir John for the last week,

said the maid, without any apparent interest; "I believe he does not leave his room," This was enough for Teresa; she entered the house, passed through the hall, which was furnished with handsome velvet covered

chairs and sofas, richly carved tables, cabinets containing care birds beautifully stuffed, and many other curiosities well fitted to adorn a museum. She passed through the music-room and two or three other luxurious apartments, and reached the library. Sir John was sitting in a great arm-chair near the open window; on a table by his side stood a glass and some bottles. He was but a shadow

of his former self; his features were worn by continued suffering, and his eyes were dull and

leaden.
Teresa tenderly inquired how he felt; his
only reply was, "I am ill!"
"John, you promised me that you would take
a walk in the mornings, and would give up
these azimulants which are so bad for mind and body."

'I have tried to do it, Teresa, but I cannot,"

"The habi

he answered, in a gloomy tone. "The habit has grown upon me, and it is the only way to forget. You know, Peter is not now with me." forget. You know, Louis !"
Why so? Peter gone!" "Yes. I protested in vain : me wife and me

daughter told me that I did not know what was good for me, and they have sent him away."

"And who is now your servant?"

"An impertinent youth, whom I feel inclined to throw out of the window stme day."

"I must speak to Charlotte about this," said Teress, with some agitation. "Peter is so devoted and attentive, he is really necessary to you, John. You will have him back."

"And, there will be scenes! no, he cannot come back," said Sir John. "On! if only I had my old energy," he added, elenshing his hand, "I would once for all be master again in my own house; but it if too late, they have kept me down, I shall soon be a perfect idlot, It will be better, for I shall not suffer as I do now. My glass, Teress was in no hurry to do this, he stretched out his trembling hand and seizing the half-filled glass, which atood on the table, drained it at one draught. Teress looked at him in despair.

"Will you not walk back with me to the

"Will you not walk back with me to the cattage?" she said. "I will tell you on the way of some one whom I met in the packet." "I will go by-and-by, when Lady Burton and her company are gone. If they saw me, my daughter would be ashamed of me; she told me

"And you allow her to say such a thing to "No help for it; and yet, Teresa, I was very fond of the child, and if she would have bestowed upon me a little of the time she gives to society, which I hate, perhaps she would have cured me. But no, she has her mother's disposition, and so long as I don't disturb her pleasures by my presence, she is outs satispleasures by my presence, she is quite satis

Teresa sighed. What her brother said wa quite true; she had long hoped that Mary's in-fluence might have been of use. One day, when Mary was just fifteen, she had taken her saide and spoken samestly to her of all she might do for her father, who was extremely fond of her. Sir John suffered from great depression of spirits, due in part to his very bad health, and in part to his home sorrows, acting on a temperament which was by nature melancholy, and a mind which seemed to find nothing but weariness in all earthly things. A little hap-piness might probably have enabled him to overcome the degrading habit into which he had unhappily fallen. This happiness could come only from his child, whose aff ction might have brought fresh life to his worn-out heart. But Mary shrank back from the duty which lay before her. It called upon her to devote her years of early youth to bes father, not to leave him for those social pleasures which he detested, to take tender care of the failing mind, to heal the wounded heart, and lead him sently back to life. She had not the courage or, we must add, the heart for such a task. She tollowed her aunt's advice for one short week, but perseverance was needed, and she was too selfish to sac rifice pleasure to duty, and fulfil a mission which demanded constant self-denial. Lefs to himself, Sir John went swiftly down that fatal path which was leading him to idiotey or to suicide, and became a sort of stranger to his wife and

daughter. Tere-a, after a few minutes more of conversa tion, left her brother, having obtained from him a promise that he would pay his daily visit to

the cottage. Just as she entered the vestibule by one door, a young girl in a riding habis with a whip in her hand come by another.

This young girl was Mary, and no attire could have been more becoming to the haughty beauty. The close-fisting black cloth body showed off her tall, well grown figure, and the hat whose long feathers mingled with the gold of her hair was the most charming head-dress that could have been devised for her. When she naw her aunt, she at once advanced to greet

her.
"Where are you going, Mary?" asked Teresas. "To Aunt Lucy's; Arthur has given me a beautiful chestnut mare, and I am going to try

"Where shall I find your mother?"
"She is in the yard with the gentlemen. She is furtous with me this morning because I have not joined her in entertaining Arthur to stay here for some days. If my cousin has made me a present, that is not a reason why I should be be red with his tiresome company and allow him always to gallop by my side."

"Do you know, Mary, your father seems to ed her arms around me and cried out, 'O sir! to America, to the address given by the good leave me and save Miss Teresa.' The poor little thing squeezed me very hard and how fond she was of you, ma'am!"

Leresa nad, according to ner promise, written by the good be very ill?"

America, to the address given by the good be very ill?"

"Not worse than usual, I think," said Mary, drawing her long skirt beneath her arm. "Are never answered. Afterwards she heard of the voice of the new mare, aunt?" said Tereasa; "I must go home for a while. This evening I will come back to see

And the young girl hastened down the marble steps.

Teress followed more slowly, and walked back

towards the cottage. As she was passing through the garden, Madeline met her with a great bunch of flowers in her hand. "You see I have not been wasting my time," she exclaimed; "I only want a little more foliage to make the drawing-room look beautiful." They went into the cottage. Teresa ant down and Madeline busied herself with the arrangement of her flowers. She hed a great deal o taite, and in a short time the work table and chimney-piece were artistically adorned with

charming nosegays.

"How pleasant flowers make a room!" she said, looking with satisfaction on her handi-

Just at this moment old Kate opened the door and announced Lady Burton.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY BURTON.

Lady Burion had become rather stout as she advanced in life, and this circumstance had tended to preserve her beauty. Her hair was still jet black, her complexion fresh, and her teeth period; she was middle-aged but still

autiful. "How are you, Teresa?" she said, with a sasant smile; "I have heard of your prosper pleasant smile; "I have heard of your prosper-ous journey, but you did not find time to tell me of it yourself."

'I sept a message by Mary," replied Teresa "She certainly told me that she had seen you for a moment, but she was in such a hurry! She has a new horse, and was more taken up about it than about anything I wanted to ask

These words were spoken in a tone of some annoyance, and Lady Burton appeared to be awaiting some answer from Teresa; Teresa, awaiting some answer from Teresa; Teresa, however, made no remark. After the frequent differences which unhappily took place between the mother and daughter, the former would often complain to Teresa of Mary's ingratitude —a fault which naturally resulted from the sel-fishness she had herself fostered in her child. But experience had shown the aunt that it was worse than useless on these occasions to agree with her sister-in-law, or to express any opin unfavourable to Mary, and after many dis-tressing scenes she had made it a rule to receive

such confidences in silence.
"You don't seem inclined to talk." rejoined Lady Burton, who was irritated by Teresa's re-serve; "if I am in your way, I will go," and she made a movement as if to rise.
"Not the least in my way," said Teresa

gently.
"That is well, for I want particularly to speak to you, if you can give me a few minutes quite in private.

Before Teresa had time to answer, Madeline took up her embroidery and left the room. took up her embroidery and left the room.

"I want to ask you to do me a great service,
Teresa," continued Lady Burton, with some
little emuarrasament. "I have come to beg
you to use your influence with Mary to induce
her to give up trifling with Arthur Burton."

"My influence with Mary!" repeated Teresa,
with a slight smile. "Any your he mealing sea.

with a slight smile : "can you be speaking seri ously, Charlotte?"

"Most seriously. Mary has a great respect for your character and a particular regard for your advice."

"You must allow me to have some doubts about it. I daresay she may have some respect for my character since I have never done any thing to forfeit it, but I cannot possibly say

that she follows my advice."
"I do not say that she always follows it; but has she not on many occasions gone against me for the sake of agreeing with you?"

JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND.

-AT THE TIME OF THE-

CRUCIFIXION

The grandess work of Art in America, pronounced by the clergy of all creeds, and by the thousands of people who have visited it, as unequalled anywhere for magnificance of conception beauty of colors, harmony in composition, and so LIFE LIKE that one feels actually as if on the sacred ground. THE ORUCIFIXION scene is a marvellous work, alone worth coming many miles to see, apart from the CITY, Mount OLIVET, MORIAH, MIZPAH and ZION. This grand PANORAMA to be seen at the CYCLORAMA, corner St. Catherine and St. Urbain streets, Montreal. Open every day from morning till 10:30 p.m., and on Sundays from 1 to 10:30 p.m. Street cars pass the door.

"Yeu must admit, Charlotte, that it is a pity tion to the prospect of widowhood, she was by she should ever have had to choose between us." no means resigned to the idea of having to leave

ahe should ever have had to choose between us."

"Perhaps; but our characters and our ideas
are very different."

"And our principles, Charlotte."

"It may be, but there is no need to discuss
the matter. I only beg you to join your endeavours to mine to make her lay saide her prejudices against her cousin. It is strange that
my daughter and I cannot see this thing in the
same light. I should be pleased to have Arthur
for my and-in-law, and she hates him. She same light. I should be pleased to have Arthur for my son-in-law, and she hates him. She shinks him ugly, awkwa:d, and tiresome, and how can one make a silly girl of eighteen listen to reason? I may say what I like, but she deems him a stupid admirer, and amuses herself by trying his patience in every way."

"And you are disappointed because he is heir to Castle Burton, Charlotte?" said Teresa, looking at her sixter, this."

ing at her sister in law.
"I will always be open with you, Teresa, Twin always be open with you, leves, replied Lady Burton, who was somewhat annoyed that her meaning had been so well understood. "Ever since I gave up all hopes of having a boy, I have looked forward to this marriage, and circumstances seemed to favour my deare. Arthur loves Mary and will propose to her as soon as he has a tair hope of be accepted. He has fallen out with his mother, who had other projects, and who could never bear me because I was handsome and she was plain, and because there is the same contrast between my daughter and hers. Everything was going smoothly when Mary, out of mere contradiction, spoils it all. And yet, I have often told her shat Sir John's estates are entailed, and that if anything happens to him, we shall be obliged to leave Castle Burton, where we have spent so much money, and reduced to live in a very different style, since I have no-

thing but my jointure."
"And Mary does not understand the argu-"No: she exclaims against the very idea of marrying Arthur, and being buried at Old Hall.
And to show me that she will take her own
way, she does nothing but tease him and make

focl of him !" "She is very wrong, Charlotte; Arthur is worthy of better treatment. He must be deeply in love not to resent it ' "But I am afraid he is beginning to resent it.

I beg you, Teresa, who have such powers of per-suation, to try and soften Mary's feelings to-wards poor Arthur." "It is not in my power to soften her feelings, Coarlotte; will you let me tell you the reason

plainly? Lady Burton made a sign of assent "If Mary were not a great spoils child, who will listen to nothing but her own caprice, I might try to bring her round to your ideas by pointing out Arthur's excellent qualities, and arge her not to eacrifice the happiness of her life to the foolish dreams of her extravagant selflove. But what would be the use of speaking to her of the solid qualities for which she has little or no esteem? Surrounded as she is by brilliant young men, who flatter her to her heart's ountent, she draws comparisons between them and him, greatly to his disadvantage. His only

ment in her eyes is the fortune he will inherit and at her age considerations of this kind are looked upon as accordary in importance, Moreover, she has great confidence in her own charms and no doubt expects that some yet richer and nobler admirer will lay his heart and his fortune at her feet.

"And it might be so," said Lady Burton, haughtily.
"You think so too, Charlotte; then why try to force her inclinations and induce her to look

more kindly on Arthur !" "Bacause it is not well to let the substance go for the sake of the shadow, and because he would suit her in every respect. She is impetuous, he is gentle; she loves luxury and extrad he is careint and has no expensive tastes. The other young men of her acquaint-

ance are spendthrifts or fortune hunters. "Would it not be well to be careful asto your choice of society, and not to rush headlong into the tumult of worldliness? There is reason in

everything, Charlotte."

'We have been drawn into it; but I did not come here to listen to useless recriminations. Will you, or will you not speak to her about Arbur? He is getting tired. This morning his patience was almost at an end. And yet what a splendid position hers would be if she chose! Certainly John is not at all old, and we may keep him with us for a long time, but if we were unhappy enough to lose him-

That trouble may benearer than you think," said Teresa, with sudden sadness, "I find John dreadfully altered."
"How could it be otherwise? He refuses to take any kind of amusement, and makes himself

worse by his own imprudences; he sleeps by day and walks about by night! I have had to send away Peter, his servant, who was stupid enough to obey his orders whatever they were "
"You have made a great mistake. Peter
was quite nrosssary to John. What confidence
can you have in the stranger to whose care you have now entrusted him? And yet, what might be the result of one moment's neglect on part? Remember that John, weakened as he is, is sometimes subject to dreadful attacks dur-

ing which his reason seems to fail, and he might—oh! I tremble to think what he might do!" "Oh, no! he won't attempt to commit sui-cide!" exclaimed Lady Burton, in horror.

"Have you forgotten our excursion to the Gemmi?" said Toresa, looking her sister-in-law full in the face.
"Oh! that was an attack of giddiness and he

was half-mad. He has never been so bad since. Besides, what would you have me do? Can I cure the chronic malady from which he is suffering? or can I prevent that indulgence in drink which is affecting his brain?" "We will not enter on these distressing ques-

we will not enter on these distressing ques-tions, Charlotte. What is the use? it is too late now, and everyone's own conscience must be the judge as to the past. Promise me only to let Peter return to John. His mother, our old Kate, who was John's nurse, has imbued him with the most loyal attachment to our family, and whatever happens he will always respect his master. It is cruel and humiliating to leave John to mere hirelings who have no feeling for him, and will ridicule his infirmities. Peter's family is one of the oldest on the property, he is thoroughly to be depended on and I shall never

thoroughly to be depended on, and I shall never be happy until I know he is back with my poor brother."
"I will yield the point to you, Teresa, although I do not like having the insolent fellow back; but may I also reckon upon your good offices? Will you speak to Mary? and will you endeavor to induce Mrs Burton not to oppose her son's wishes? With her, also, I know you have influence."

Before Teresa could answer, the door opened, and Madeline appeared loooking extremely pale

and agitated.
"Teresa," she said, endeavouring to speak calmly; "you are particularly wanted."
"Go, dear," graciously said Lady Burton;
"I have time to wait, and Teresa left the room.

> CHAPTER V. A CATASTROPHE.

Arthur made a great effort and begged the step she had just taken had cost her something; they did so, and he then said. "Go on now, I but she was aoxious to enlist her sister-in-law's will go back at a foot's pace. I should be so influence. Teresa would, she hoped, be able to bring it to bear on the Burton family, with whom she had kept up friendly intercourse, as well as on Mary. Now, though Lady Burton will some resigna. However, it is the boxe's mane that he might not fall.

no means resigned to the idea of having to leave Castle Burton, and she shrank from the change of position and circumstances which Sir John's death would entail upon her and her daughter. If Mary's marriage with the heir of Sir John's estates could be brought about, Lady Burson hoped that the Castle might still be her home. She wished to hurry things to the con-clusion which seemed to her so desirable; but Mary, over whom she had, day by day, dey, less and less authority, was perverse. The sel-fish young girl, like most spoiled children, re-paid her mother's foolish tenderness by ingratitude, and showed no mercy towards the faults of a temper from which she herself had suffered little. Although she had never done anything to make her poor father's position easier, or to stop him on his downward course, she often bitterly reproached Lady Burton for her neglect

Looking back on the past the would coldly investigate the reasons which had induced her father to fall into the habit of drinking to excess, even before his physical sufferings had furnished any excuse for the degrading indul-It was in vain that Lady Burton spoke of her busband's gloomy disposition, of the excessive sensitiveness which made the disappointments and trials of life peculiarly bitter to him, and of his premature old age which had made him loose all interest in things around him; Mary shook her head unconvinced.

"A year after our marriage, your father began to suffer from great depression of spirits," said Lady Burton, completely ignoring that her own violent and unyielding temper had been in any devree the cause; "I have not been able to cure him of his melancholy, nor of the intem-perance to which it has led him. Why should

you not try what you can do now, Mary."

Mary haughtily answered, "It is too late"

But notwithstanding the many disputes between Lady Burton and Mary, they very often agreed parfectly well, and Lady Burton fully hoped to overcome the opposition which annoyed her though she could hardly believe that it was serious. While she had been seated in Teresa's drawing-room and in her own mind bringing her scheme so a happy conclusion, the two parties most deeply concerned had been riding briskly along the road between Casale Burton and a country place occupied by one of Mary's maternal uncles. This Uncle had ridden over to Castle Burton for his niece, who was also attended by two rich and idle young men belonging to the neighborhood and by Arthur Burton. The uncle was a grey-haired squire and very fund of horses, and the young men, who were both handsome, were among the best riders in the country. Arthur Burton was not so good-looking as these young men, and his silence and apparent seriousness contrasted with the lively mirth of his companions. But the weather was splendid, and Mary, mounted on the beautiful chestnut, which she managed with perfect case and grace, seemed full of joyous good humour.

The two young gentlemen, who galloped one at each side of her, continued a discussion which had been begun before they left Castle Burton. It had relation to the recent races in

which both had figured as riders. "I will have my revenge in the pext steeple-chase, Henry," said one of them; "and you will see that Gladiator is one of the best jumpers in the country," and as he spoke he parted his horse's shiping neck.

"I am afraid you are mistaken, Edward," snswered Henry, with a smile. "I don't sup-pose you would try to put him over that wall;" and he printed to a loose stone wall which had recently been raised as a separation between two fields, one of which was evidently destined for

summer sowing.
"Gladiator has jumped worse walls than

"He ha, I assure you !"
"Why con's you settle the matter at once?" said Mary, amused by the engerness of both gentlemen. "Uncle and I will be judges, I

gentlemen. "Uncle and I will be judges, back Sir Edward."
"I cannot but be glad to have so gracious: judge, "said Sir Edward, with a bow. the trial.

They were a little in advance of the others and accordingly drew up and awaited their ar The question was laid before Arthur and the

squire, and all conditions arranged, Sir Edward looked well to the security of his saddle and passed into the field; in another moment Gladi ator had cleared the wall.
"Bravo!" exclaimed the gentlemen, and

Mary herself joined in the applause.

"Ah!" said her uncle, rising in his saddle;

"twenty years ago, I would have done the same ! "The lists are open, uncle," said Mary, laugh

ing.
"I can't try it now," answered the old equire, with a eigh.

Mary turned to her cousin. "And you, Arthur, don't you feel inclined for the jump?"

"My horse would not do it, Mary."

"Or the rider, perhaps?" she answered. mockingly. "You are not very brave, cousin and your last failure has made you prudent." The recollection of his failure was particularly distanteful to Arthur; he reddened to the very roots of his hair, and turned his horse.

ots of his hair, and burned his house.

Do not try it, Arthur, unless you are very sided Sie Edward. "It sure of your ho:se !" cried Sir Edward. would not be safe."
"Oh! my cousin does not fear danger?" said

Mary.
Arthur had stopped when Edward spoke, but
Mary's taunting words changed his resolution,
and he trotted by, and then turned towards the wall. He brought his horse up to it twice, and whice the horse refused.

"Miss Burton, do forbid him to try it again,"
exclaimed Edward; "an accident will happen

"Let him try," said Mary; "don't you see that he makes it a point of honour, and it would be a pity to hinder him? He really looks quite angry. There the wind has blown off his hat, his horse is not trained. angry. There the wind has blown off his hat, and his hair is on end. How plain my poor cousin is I and how absurd he looks!"

And she burst into a fit of laughter which was

answered by a cry from Edward.

Arthur had returned a third time to the charge with the same result; but when Mary's pearly laugh was borne to hie ears, he grew dear perary saugh was come to all ears, he grew des perate and again urged his horse forward with whip and spur. The animal attempted the leap, but did not raise high enough, and in another moment both horse and rider were rolling in the

The Old squire and the two young men hast-ened to his assistance and raised him up; he was in a fainting conditi n, but after a short time recovered his consciousness and said that his right leg was very badly here.

"Arthur cannot get on his horse again," said Edward. '" One of us must go to Castle Burton for help."
"But we will all go back," said the squire "I will speak to my niece."

He went to Mary and almost immediately re

turned to the others. "Mary is afraid of alarming her aunt," he said, "she wishes to

"I will remain with Arthur," said Edward; pray tell Miss Burton,"
The old gentleman and Henry rejoined Mary, who was waiting at a little distance, and after some further consultation they unfastened their horses, which they had tied to a tree, and then remounted. Mary put down her weil, and bowing to Arthur and Edward set off with her accort.

(To be Continued.

A FLAG INCIDENT

Of the Contounial at Chicago Teaches an Anarchist a Legion.

CHICAGO, May 1.—One of the exciting inci-dents of yesterday was witnessed by about 500 persons who had assembled in front of the headquarters of fire engine company No. 7, at 80 West Lake street. Captain E. Anderson and a West Lake street. Captain E. Anderson and a dozen members of the company were decorating the front of the building, when suddenly a man thrust his head from a windew of the fourth storey of the building east of the engine house, and after noting the work of decorating, announced himself as an Anarchist. He reviled the Stars and Stripes and the decorators in the most insulting manner. Little attention was naid to the man, however, until he firsted the most insulting manner. Little attention was paid to the man, however, until he firated the red rag of anarchy from the window, announcing it as "My flag, my colors." Then the crowd became excited and angry, and loud calls were heard. "Tear down that rag or you will be sorry you ever floated it," was cried to him from hundred of throats. Seeing that the crowd was in bad humor, and that several men had offered to climb up the fire tecape on the front of the building and tear the rag down, the man secured an axe, and, taking a position at the window, declared he would kill any man who touched his flag. The crowd was almost frenzied and constantly grew larger. Half a dozen bouched his flag. The crowd was almost frenzi-ed and constantly grew larger. Half a dozen men exhibited revolvers and offered to drive the man from his position in the window long enough to tear the Anarchist colors down. Cap-tain Anderson then went to the roof of the building with a rope, to the end of which was attached an iron hoop. He lowered the hoop until it came beneath the staff of the red rag, and with a sudden jerk upward dislodged the and wish a studden jerk upward dialodged the unsightly banner. It fell to the sidewalk and was forn into a hundred fragments. A moment was torn into a nundred tragments. A moment later the Anarchist came out on the sidewalk. He was seized by a dozen men, and some one cried out, "Get a rope. Let's hang the Anarchist dog." Several men rushed into the engine house and returned with a rope. In the meantime the man had been knocked down or tripped up half a dozen times, and blood was trick-ling from a wound under his eye. About the time the men returned with the rope, a police man arrived and advised the crowd to desist.

The man, whose name is M. W. Dotey, was finally released.

A DREADFUL PANIC.

Women and Children Mortally Injured in a Crush at Chicago.

CHICAGO, May, -One hundred thousand peo-ple assembled in the park on the lake front last

night to witness a display of fireworks. Two huge serpentine pieces shot into the crowd, burning everybody in their course. Women fainted everywhere, and were trampled on by the surging multitude. After the freworks were over the people starting homeward came into collision with multitudes who had been unable to see the disp ay. The crush was fearful. Fifty persons in all are said to have been seriously hurt, a number perhaps fatally.

Scores of others suffered painful injuries. The people were massed in walls solid as the frowning stone of the auditorium against which they were hurled when the first strong blow of excitement broke the great mob into scores of tremendous crushes and stampedes. Under the glare of the fireworks which the throng had gathered to see, the faces of thomsands of women showed white and pleading. The shricks of children trampled under foot could be plainly heard above the booming of big bombs and the cheers of the unaffected parts of the vast assemblace. First the pressure of the west side forced the crowd against the auditorium, Sude-baker's building and the Art institute. Then the reaction came, and with a great roar the mob was forced eastward almost to the lake side, The Illinois Central suburban trains were forced to stop, powerless to get through the press of crowd itself, the cause of the excitement was the huge serpentine fire works. One of them shot out from the stand and squirmed through the people, scorching everybody in its course. Another followed a moment later, seeming literally to rip the crowd in two, women fainted everywhere and were brutally trampled upon as they lay on the grass. A movement of the crowd away from the threatened horror of a wholesale panic was met by the movement in the opposite direction, and the result was a terrible convulsion of the whole body. Seventy-five pilicemen, sent by Captain Bartram to keep order, were to seed about as they might have been on a billow sea. But the worst was to come. Congress street is narrow alongside the auditorium, and when the greatest jam came, as it som afterwards did when the fireworks were over and the people started westward and encountered the multitude who had been unable to see the display, the collision was frightful. Men fought and cursed and bore each other down, the women and children meantime gesting the worst of the struggle. They were knocked under foot and ground by thousands of heels, their cries being unheeded in the din. The policemen in despair threatened to shoot the men who were pressing resistlessly over the unfortunate weak-lings. Some officers did frighten the mob into quiet, but apparently nothing could stay the outbreak. It was not until the west bound thousands at last forced their way out into Wabash avanue that the wild scene ended. The victims were hurriedly gathered up and carried to their homes and hospitals. No time was consumed in asking names or keeping records. It is impossible to give the number of persons hard in the jam. One estimate places it at not less than a thousand who sustained injuries of some sort. Following were among the injured : Miss sort. Following were among the injured: Miss Mary Schlobert, will probably die; Lena Schubert, a siater of above; Miss Kitty Connors; Mrs. George F. Farr, fatally; Miss Lizzie Howard; Mrs. F. E. Brady, probably fatal; Mrs. Crowley; Fred Grant, aged 13, probably fatal; Auguste Schultz; Fred Esendey, aged 13; John Houlehan; Geo. Worthington, waggon manufacturer; and John Hull.

Death of a Good Sister. On last Saturday Sister McInnis of the House of Providence passed to her eternal reward. Six ter McInnis was only in the morning of her life, being but 22 years of age. She came to Kingston, about a year ago, from Liverpool, England, where her father is a respected and well known citizen. She was a highly educated well known curzen. One was a nighty crucaved lady, having attended for many years the best schools in Liverpool, and completed her studies in Belgium. Sister MoInnis was but a novice in the order of the Sisters of Charity, but during in the order of the Sisters of Charity, but during her novitiate she had endeared herself to all who knew her by her patience, obedience and unselfish character, and by her death the House of Providence suffers the loss of one who promised to be a bright gem in that holy fold. The deceased nun had suffered for sometime very page and the page of the pag severely from neuralgia, but her death was caused by the rupture of a blood vessel—Canadian Freeman May 1.

HOW A. LEONARD OF RICHMOND, V.A.

CAUGHT ON.

Rumors about lottery drawings hereabout sometimes turn out true. One tenth of tigate No. 25 215 which drew the capital prize of \$30. 000 in the February drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, was held by A. Leonard, a citizen of Richmond. This week Mr. Leonard's \$30,000 was counted out to him at the Southern Express office in this city. The lucky individual is rather an elderly man,—Richmond(Va) State,

A ruby nosed man went head first through manhole one day last week and the coroner's

I have be wrong at the com-