AN UNHALLOWED UNION.

By M. L. O'Byrne.

Little more remains to be told of our tale Amid the splendors of their Transatlantic home, the young, with buoyant spirits, at limatised to their new sphere. Not so the elder ones, whose hearts, knitted to the land of their others' graves, like plants unreasonably transpirated to other clime, drooped and withered. For them there was no clixir in the vivifying sunbeams that warmed all nature into a tropical fecundity of spontaneous life and growth, and a very riot of revelry. For them, the balmy dew shed no drop into the onp of exile to medicate the Constitution of O'Driscoll, pining beneath the dark shadow of an omnipresent sorrow corroding his heart with memories of what might have been, and would be no more, withered into premature age, and showed in the noontide of his years the semblance of a dismantled wreck, a tree that had been struck by lightning and blighted in its bloom. And Miles O'Byrne! Oh! mistake not the bright red flush upon his swarthy cheek, nor the ardent fire in his burning eye for the fresh glow and radiant beam of hoalth! No, say rather it is life's expiring embers giving forth their latest power in the fierce blaze that consumes them to ashes. He, too, restless with the everpresent pain of miserable retrospection, vanished dreams of hopes once high and happi-ness unrealised, wandered and faded amid the Western bowers. In company with his brother, O'Driscoll, and Ned Burke, he had to satisfy a craving for change of scene and action, in which alone he found neace and refuge from thought, and set out to visit the shores of Ontario and sojourn a brief space with his long-lost, late found relative. In vain !- the burning memories of the quenched hearth-fires of his own ruined land, and the awful tragedies in which he had part, with vulture-beak yet preyed upon his heart, and wherever he went he carried with him the reminiscence of that dread interview with the ghoatly tenant of the ruined Castle of Robog. Beside the crystal floods where maple-trees waved their pallid foliage to the mosning gusts, and the swift arrow of the Huron had once smote the antiered deer, and pursued the falcon and the eagle in their heavenward flight, day by day his weary, melancholy brow trooped, and ere returning autumn's breath and blown upon the woods, and painted the orests with many-colored dyes, Miles O'Byrne, surrounded by his faithful friends, and shrived by a priest of his own isle, who had grown hoary among his Indian flock, passed gontly to eternal rest, in the purple haze of twilight hour; the mysterious whispers of the forest, and the voice of many waters mingling with the solema requiem dirge, and the mournful lament of the few that loved him well, above the grave strewn with flowers in the quiet cemetery where they laid him, with his face to the west and the sun streaming down through the pendulous arches of the leafy colonnades of cedar and cypress bending above.

Florence Esmond did not many weeks sur-

vive the wreck of all her bright visions. She, too, struck by the same bolt that had shatter so many hearts, languished in cold, proud silence, turning deaf ear away from the im-passioned pleading of many a noble suitor, and, with a repining spirit that would not be comforted. Resisting all the solace of sympathy, and living apart with her own desolation, she declined each hour, attended in her last by Kitty Burke, whom she had accidentally met a few days after the departure of Miles, and engaged in her service.

Bring me a pri was the last com mand she issued to her faithful attendant. "Separated in this life, let us be rounited in the next, where none can divide us: his faith has long been mine, and my

hope is the same with his." She died united to the fold of the One Shepherd, and rests beneath escutcheoned walls, where chevron and bend, and proud armorial bearings, designate baronial tombs, sepulchred in haughty state beneath the solemn aisle consecrated to the ashes of

mortality. Fifteen years have passed away: many

changes and events have befallen the land, and many vicissitudes altered the position of individuals. The lowly have been, many a one, exalted and the haughty have been humbled; many an oppressor of the poor and the helpiess called away to his account, and his race become extinct, their wealth cankered, and their ill gotten heritage passed away into other hands; while their names, classed in the annals with those of Nero, Herod, Caligula, and the monsters and traitors of every clime and age, stand as hideous frontispieces in the book of chronology, a warning and a scorn to all future ages. Claudius Beresford had become a bankrupt, and Horish the sweep, through whose means he lost the election of the county for which he stood, having purchased the great man's chariot, emblazoned with his coat-of-arms, paraded Dublin in state, in company with chosen friends of the sooty fraternity, smoking pipes, and descanting freely upon the altered times and the downfall of the great; and in every street bills on aristocratic houses proclaim a worthless aristocracy, para-sites and aliens graited upon a plun-dered land, departed from the scene of their iniquity. Unfortunately, too, emigration keeps draining away the country's life blood; for, torn up, as it were, from the root by the spoilator's savage hand, the olden population is drifting away and flying fast to that distant shore from whence beckoning hands of the pioneers that have gone before them, and winged messages flitting across the ocean, summon them to new homes in a glorious free land, which they shall bequeath to their children-inheritors of glory such as the Cæsars never knew. Among the ships, there is one upon the point of sailing, and among the crowd two women are taking leave, with tearful eyes: one is speaking, and in the sound of her voice, as she plaintively says: "Glad I'd be to be going with you, Kitty, and sure nothing keeps me, after your kind offer to pay my passage, out of the money Miss Esmond left ye, but the grave of my child," we recognise Meelan Conroy, so pale and worn to a skeleton that short, in-deed, shall be the span that will separate her from sharing that narrow bed over which she stays to keep her loving vigils.

Well, avourneen machree, returns, in firmer tone, the voice of our old friend Kitty Burke, "I don't gainsay but yer right, an' keep the goold all the same. Throth, I wouldn't care to go myself, only for Father Laurence bein' sint by the bishop to take. charge o' the emigrants, an' to stay in forrin parts wid 'em; an' sure good right I have, for wasn't Moll Doyle's son as good as my own in some ways to me, from the time I happened on him, all as one as dead o' hardship an' sickness, in the fever at Dunleary, an' took him home to nurse?—an' hard set I was to earn what kep a shed over us at Ringsend,

源文学说: "不是

an the life in our souls till I met Miss Es-mond that Sunday coomin out o the dhapel, an she stopped me an gev me half a crown, an engaged me to go to her, an came to see the boy and helped me to give him schoolin whin he got well, an left me money enough to get him to the priesthood, since his heart was set on it the heavens be her, bed !-an who knows but I might come across my own poor Ned, though it'll break my heart to see him working in convict clothes, maybe, or vogabonding about like a soldier ?"

"Kitty, come on, they are weighing anchor, and the captain has, I am told, come on board," said a priest, leaning over the bulwarks. "Good-bye, Meelan; may God bless you, and pray for us."
"Och, musha ! musha ! ferriergare!" cried

Kitty, snatching up a bundle and bustling on deck. With her head still turned towards her friend, she floundered against the captain who had just come up with the mate, a stout handsome, good humored-looking man, whose accept and bearing showed that he had spent some years under the Stars and Stripes.

. "Port your helm, and look ahead, good dame!" he shouted, as, nearly capsized by Kitty's weight, he caught at a rope to steady his footing.

Kitty turned to apologise, but instead of doing so she gave a wild yell. "Queen o'. Glory ! it's Johnny Doyle, come back to take us all out to Ameriky! Larry! Larry! come here! Where's the priest? Here's his brother Johnny, who was thransported fifteen

years ago."
"Let go the topforesail and case off the main cable, shouted the captain, wringing Kitty's hand, grasping his brother's, and making a sign to them to follw him down to to the cabin, while the vessel floated from her moorings, and the crowds on deck, too absorbed in final adieus to their own friends on shore, scarcely noticed the meeting and recognition of the long-parted friends.

Aiter & favorable voyage they landed at Montreal. Thence the emigrants scattered, each taking various routes, some westward by the Oregon, towards the beautiful prairies clothed with verdure, lying in shadow and sunshine beyond the limits of the horizon, luxuriant with amorphas and roses, the compass-flower, and a thousand blossoms waving in the sweeping wind, and traversed by the bear, the elk, and herds of wild horses and buffaloes wandering at large over the war jority of whom were Futher Laurence Dovle

trails of the Indian; while others, the maand Kitty Burke, set off towards the groves of orange and citron, the bayous, lagoons, and forests, and savannahs, where the great Mississippi flowed to the eastward. Within view of a stately city they halted upon the ninth day of their journey, and near a spa-cious and picturesque dwelling, smiling amid Arcadian scenery, and made cheerful by the voices of children at play among the gardens and the teeming fruit-trees. Here the tired travellers pitched their tent and lighted their fire to cook their evening meal and rest, while the priest said he would go over to the neighboring mansion to make inquiries concerning their route. He was some time gone, and his friends, becoming uneasy, were beginning to speculate upon the cause of his delay. when one of the party announced his approach with a lady, a gentleman, and several obildren.

" Musha, never welcome them! what brings the quality ?" cried Kitty, looking out dissatisfied; "they must have a power o' money! Look at the style of 'em, and the beauty o' the childhre, an' their dhress!" The strangers came up. Kitty courtesied

to the lady and gentleman. " Mother, don't you know me?" cried Ned Burke, clasping her in his arms. "Mother, I didn't think you'd forget us," cried Nelly, pressing her to her bosom; "and here's your grandchildren come to welcome you."

Kitty was not used to vent herself much in sensational fashion, but emotion now overpowered her, and she fainted.

The emigrants proceeded no farther on their journey; they settled down to lay the foundation of a new city where they had encamped. Kitty henceforth divided her time between ouring her grandchildren, superintending her son's establishment, helping her daughter Nelly to entertain her friends, and visiting at the Franciscan Convent, where Effie O'Byrne and Alphonea had taken the veil, and instructed in the school the children of the emigrants, with whom they were wont betimes to speak of the dear old land, and keep alive the mournful traditions of the past in their faithful bosoms. Don Antonio M'Mahon resides with his son-in-law Phelim O'Byrne and his second wife, a descendant of the O'Harts, princes of Tara in the days of her regal splendour, and which heirloom of memory they carefully transmit to their THE END.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a lifferent person," at least so they all say, and their husbands say so too!

China, it is said, will reorganize her military system, as Japan has already done. Too well known to need lengthy advertise-

ments-Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Great Britain imported more leather from France during February than ever before in

the same length of time. To the aged and infirm, the nour ishing and invigorating properties of Rob-inson's Phosphorized Emulsion give renewed strength and buoyancy of spirits. Always ask for Robinson's Phos-

PHORIZED EMULSION, and be sure you get it. During the recent Franco-Chinese difficulty the latter country was for the first time in her long history compelled to borrow money from

foreign sources. In this country the degrees of heat and cold are not only various in the different seasons of the year, but often change from one extreme to the other in a few hours, and as these changes cannot fail to increase or diminish the perspiration, they must of course affect the health. Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. In such cases use Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.

Garfield's statue, to be set up in San Francisco, has just been cast at Nuremburg.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indi-missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suf-fering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Norrs, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. CAMIOLA A GIRL WITH A FORTUNE.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY.

Athens," &c.

Author of "Miss Misanthrope," "Maid of

CHATPER II.-MRS. POLLEN. The church, the churchyard, the boats, the old innewith its stone steps, were well apprenated by the keen and observant eyes of Mrs. Isabel Pollen, who saw them for the first time on a beautiful tender afternoon of early summer. Mrs. Pollen was a widow who might still be called young; she was certainly under forty, and she would have been called handsome by many. She had full dark eyes, and a face which sometimes looked sensuous, and sometimes moody and thoughtful. She had been the wife of a selfmade rich and vulgar man, whom she detested and despised while he was living. He died suddenly while she was absent, and she was instantly stricken with a wild remorse because she had not loved him. He had left her all his property and his money, and she was immensely rich, and childless After his death she had spent some time in Jerusalem trying to find peace of mind there, and now at last she had come back to England with one or two set purposes of atonement to the memory of her husband. It was somehow borne in upon her one night in Jerusalem that if she went back to England she would find that Mr. Pollen had some neglected relatives about whose existence he had never told her, and to whom, perhaps, she could show some kindness if they stood in need of it, and do some permanent When she got to London in parsuit of this fancy, it was easy enough to find from Mr. Pollen's lawyers and agents some informatien to put her on a track. She had never, while he was living, taken the slightest interest in his affairs, or encouraged any confidence from him. She now found that he was born somewhere in the Fitzurseham region; that he had from time to time bought houses there; that he had become the owner of Fitzurse House, once the stately mansion of the old family, but more lately turned to the purposes of an institution or foundation of some kind, and which, as the lease was now about to fall in, might be in just her hands almost at any moment. Nothing was known of any relations Mr. Pollen might have had, if he had any surviving; but assuredly Fitzurseham was the natural place to look for them. So Mrs. Pollen resolved to undertake her wild-goose chase. Her idea was odd and fanciful; but she was an odd and fanciful woman, with strange sudden insights, altogether unusual powers of observation, quick succeeding guests of generosity, self-sacrifice, cynicism, despondency, self-disdain, and a mind absolutely indifferent to the conventionalities of society and social life anywhere Her idea was to study Fitzurse ham for herself; to find out if Mr. Pollen had any surviving relatives, to try to make them

tion among them. She began her work in the very quietest and most commonplace way. She was staying in a hotel in one of the streets off Piccadilly. She took a cab to Westminster Pier, went up the river in one of the steamers, and made her way to Fitzurse House. Arrived there she had nothing to do but to ask for the person in charge of it. Mrs. Pollen never settled upon any im-

good if they were bad : to try to make them

happy if they were good; to help them to

bring out whatever was auspicious in them,

and, if possible, to find children for her adon-

mediate details in any plan of action until she had some personal knowledge of those with whom she had to deal. "I can't begin until I see what sort of person he is," she thought to herself. "He ought not to be a prossic or common

sort of person in such a spot and with such a

lace

The caretaker bore the odd name of Mr. Christian Pilgrim, and he certainly was not commonplace to look at. He was a strongly built, square-shouldered, stooping man, with a complexion worse than pallid; something greenish in its tone, and with snow-white hair, although his movements were those of manhood's most vigorous time. His dark grey eyes had a short sighted and wandering look about them. He wore an old black velvet coat, and might have passed for a broken down artist in the days when artists still

wore velvet coats. "Just the man for the place," Mrs. Pollen thought as he opened the door in answer to her knock: "Sees ghosts and lives in a dream. He will help me." She introduced herself in a few clear words, her loud strong contralto voice sceming to startle the quiet loneliness of the place. He made his answers in a low and deliberate tone, speaking each word as precisely as if he were spelling it. and with the constrained manner of one who has to use something like force with himself to

keep his attention from wandering.

'I don't particularly care to see the house just yet, Mr. Pilgrim; I would rather transact my business out-of-doors, if you don't mind.

" As you please, madame." "You are not much of a business man,

Mr. Pilgrim."

"No madame, I regret to say,"
"Do you? I don't; I am glad of it."

Fiszurse House was a long, low, early Georgian building, such as might have suited a wealthy squire who had a somewhat more refined taste than most of his neighbors. It was large, and had a great many rooms : but it had only two storeys; two rows of formal oblong windows and a large door with wide semi-circular fanlight. The front of the house was almost covered with ivy and creepers of various kinds. The lawn was smoothly shaven and set round with cedars, and elms, and pop-lars, and copper beech. Mrs. Pollen's quick eye noted with satisfaction that there were no forlorn statues or plaster-casts turning green and mouldy in the upfavoring open air of English spring and winter. It was not Mrs. Pollen's opinion that a heathen goddess wearing nothing but patches of rotting green moss is a becoming ornament of an English

"No woman lives here?" Mrs. Pollen said quietly.
"In this house, madame?"

"Yes; I mean you have no women servants; I am told that you are unmarried—I beg pardon; that you have not a wife."
"May I ask, madame, why you corrected

what you first said ?" . "About being unmarried? Yes, certainly. I was under the impression that you were a bachelor; but I saw from your look when I spoke of you as unmarried that mine was a mistaken impression. I am sorry if I have pained you in any way by my words. You to follow out some little track see that I myself"—and she stopped short or other in my own mind, and then and made a kind of gesture towards her people are apt to think that I am rude. I crape-encumbered dress.

to the conclusion that there are no women

at a glance, any woman at least; if she had think I do understand you pretty well al-110-19 sow eyes in her head and knew how to use them, ready. I am sure the more I see of you the it?"

at ornament here and there, don't you know plaster casts and things; busts of the Royal Pamily, and Clytic and bits of rockeries and s) forth; and then again those pictures que allen leaves blown down by last week's winds would never be left to beautify that path fallen before their time like young conscripts killed in their first battle. Oh, no, they would all be swept away with the broom of remorseless cleanliness. Yes, I understand these matters, I can assure you.

Mr. Pilgrim thought he had to do with a remarkable keen-eyed sort of person. He be-gan even to feel a little uncomfortable under the inspection of her large, dark, encompassing eyes. They seemed to involve him and surround him completely in every glance. "I'll sit here," said Mrs. Pollen. There

were a few wooden seats standing about; she took one of them and pointed to another. "Won't you sit down, Mr. Pilgrim ?" "Thank you, madame; I had gather

stand. "All right. Now I suppose you are curious to know what I have to talk to you

"As you have wished to speak to me "Exactly; as I wished to speak to you of course I must have something to talk to you about. Did you ever in your life know a woman who came to the point of anything and directly and at once? Come, did you ever?

Well, I really don't quite know!" "I do; you never did know such a woman; because you never before knew me. I am unlike other women in this and I fondly hope in other matters too; I come to the point when I have anything to say. Yes; I know what you are thinking of quite well; you are saying to yourself that I am not coming directly to the point now. That is what you were thinking of."

"It is. I don't know how you guessed it, madame.'

"I didn't guess it ; I saw it in your looks just as plainly as if it had been in print; but you are wrong all the same. I am coming to some point in every word I say, only you don't see it, and I don't want you to see it, just yet, at any rate. Well, what do you suppose I have come to this place for ?" I cannot presume to guess."

"Stuff. You have been guessing all you could. Why not? A man must have some

curiosity." "I suppose you have come here with the

desire to do some good." "Yes, I knew you would think that. philanthropic woman, an eccentric Lady Bountiful; an ambitious rival of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, I suppose? You are entirey out of it, Mr. Pilgrim, I am not a philanthropist. I am not a lover of my fellow man or my fellow woman. I don't care three rows of pins about the whole human race. Why should I pretend to love the human race? I don't care about anybody whom I don't know, and I care about very few that I do know; and of these very few I don't believe anvone cares about me. I regard mankind, taken all round, as an absolute failure, and I don't believe in any attempt to improve his wretched, ignoble, miserable existence. No; I have come here for purely selfish purpose.

She leaned complacently back in her chair and looked at him. He was easily embarrassed and she seemed to find satisfaction in embarrassing him. "You don't believe it; you think I am

talking for effect? she said at last. "I don't think your purpose is selfish in that sense," he said slowly, avoiding her eyes.

"In what sense ?" "Well, in the ordinary sense; in the sense

we have in our minds when we say a thing is aelfish."

"You shall see whether it is selfish or not. I have something on my conscience, Mr. Pilgrim. I was unkind and hard to one who had claims on me; and I owe his memory a reparation; I shall never pass a quiet day or enjoy a night of dreamless sleep until I have done something in that way. I see a chance of doing something of that kind here, and I fancy it may be in your power to help me. That's why I am here. The broken-down epicure who goes to some bath or cure to get to try to get the Legislature to set aside the rid of his gout or his dyspepsia is not one bit coonditions of the pious founder's will, so far

Do you believe me ?" "I bolieve you are speaking sincerely, madame, but in that sense a Christian's repentance would be only selfish."

"Well, so it is sometimes, I dare say. No matter; all I wished to impress upon your mind is that I am not a philanthropic woman or a woman with a mission or anything of that sort. I am anxious to know something about this place and the people in it, Mr. Pilgrim, and I daresay you can tell me.

"I go very little among them; I lead a very quiet sort of life here."
"Still you must see something of people.

You teach in the evenings, I am told? "I teach shorthand, when I can get pupils madame. There is not much opportunity for teaching anything in this place. "No. I should suppose not. Have you

any pupils now?"
"I have two; two regular pupils; and one who comes at odd times, now and then, when he likes, or when he can.'

"The two regular pupils, are they boys or girls?"

One is a boy; the other -"Is a girl; yes. A little girl, or a young voman ?'

"A young woman."

"Very poor. Her mother hopes to get her taught shorthand well enough to take a situation as private secretary of some kind." "Private secretary? Well, I may want such a functionary myself. What sort of a

girl is she?" "Quick, clever, good-natured; discontented with her life here. I don't see how she could be anything else."
"She is pretty, you say?"

"She is pretty, madame; but I did not say

Mrs. Pollen smiled. "That is how I knew," she said.

Mr. Pilgrim looked puzzled. There was a moment of silence. "Do your pupils come to you, or you go to them?" she asked.

"The young men come to me; I go to the girl's house."

"The young men come to me; I go to the girl's house," Mrs. Pollen repeated meditatively. "That sounds like a sentence in a foreign phrase-book, doesn't it?"
"I don't know, madame; I was merely

answering a natural question in what seemed to me a natural way,"
"Quite so," Mrs. Pollen said, as if she
had not been listening to his latter words.
Then she turned quickly to him.

"You think me an odd sort of woman, and you are right enough in that. I am an odd sort of woman, But I am not a bad sort of woman, and whatever my manner may seem I would ask you not to suppose for a moment that I mean to offend you. I sometimes say things just to give myself time

people are apt to think that I am rude. I let them think it, people in general, if they "May I ask again, madame, why you came | will; but you ere not people in general. believe you can serve the purpose I have at living in the house?"

heart, and I like you; and that is one reason

"Oh, well, I think any one could tell that why I wish to know all about you; and I

For one thing there would be little attempts more I shall like you; and I don't pay cold a command here and there don't you know pliments. I am an egotistical woman and have been long accustomed to indulge myself and my own ways, and I think you can help me just now-we shall be friends shan

Her eyes almost frightened him. 11 have.

very few friends," he began to say, All right; then you have the greater opening for me. Now, just a word. I want to make an impression on this place; I want to get into people's confidence; I have a reason for it. I want to know all about everybody, men, women, and children. I am ready to play the part of lady patroness or anything else. How is it to be done best t Shall I make a splash; or grow on the place in modest quietness? Should I be vulgar, of would it be better to go in for being refined. I could play the part, I think. At all events I could try.

He remained thinking for a while; not quite sure yet whether she was speaking in good faith or not. At last he said-

"We are very poor here madame. Our lives, the lives of nearly all of us, are pinched and withered by poverty. If we have pleasant dreams at night they are always dreams of money; and we wake in the morning to find that we have nothing in the house and that the tax collector is knocking at the door again. Our idea of an angel here would only be a beneficent creature in a gilded carriage

with a big purse in his pocket."
"All right," Mrs. Pollen replied, complacently,—"I understand. I can be that sort of angel, anyhow; that is my form; it is a comfort to find a place where my angelic nature can be accepted on such terms. Well about this house : I'll think it over and write to you or send to you in a day or two. Don't do anything until you hear from me. If people ask you about me, you can say, if you like, that you believe I am awfully rich and that you are told I'm such a fool that I don't care what I do with my money. That will fetch them, won't it? Now I want you to give me a de scription, a sort of outline sketch of the place and the people; the high and the low. Tell me about this house and who are the big people of the place, and who are remarkable and whom you like and whom you don't like You talk and I'll listen; I shan't say a word until you have finished. It is an opportunity you ought to make the most of, Mr. Pilgrim?

I am a talking woman in general; but I'll

listen to you."

So Mrs. Polien settled herself into her chair, leaned back in the comfortable attitude of a listener, and looked to him to begin. There was nothing for it but to fall into her humor the best way he could. So he began too shy even to have the courage to plead his shyness. He spoke in a low tone, with his eyes steadfastly fixed upon the ground the while; but he told his tale in good literary style, with an odd dash of subtle humo now and then. Among other things, he told her that the institution long domiciled in Fitzurse House had founded originally by the pious and patriotic will of one of the members of the Fitzurse family. It was founded for the purpose of educating and putting out in life all-deserving boys born in the locality whose fathers, grand-fathers or male guardians of any kind had fallen in battle on sea or land, fighting for their king and their country against the French. In the early days of the wars with Napoleon, when the institution had a large number of boys inhabiting it and depending on it, the old family mansion wanted a tenant. The trustees of the institution took it on a lease for seventy-five years and established their boys in it. Time passed on and the boys were all put out into the world, and some of them grew to be old men and many of them died, and there were with each succeeding season fewer and fewer competitors for vacant places. The country got out of the way of fighting the French, and at length the supply of grandsons of a naval or military hero "gave out," as Mr. Pilgrim quaintly put it, and it was plain that there was no way of renewing the supply. more selfish in his purpose than I am in mine. | at least as to make its bounty applicable to the children of those who had fallen fighting their country's enemies of whatever race or climate. Even this, however, would not alter the conditions of things so far as to require the maintenance of a very large establishment. "Fitzurscham does not supply many heroes, madame, to army or navy," Mr. Pilgrim said, and neither army nor navy had much fighting work to do. So the trustees decided that as the term of the lease was drawing to a close they would give up the house and grounds altogether, and let them pass into the possession of their actual owner. Times, as we know, had changed with the ownership too; the houses and grounds had been sold by order of the Court of Chancery, and the late Mr. Pollen was the purchaser. One of his latest acts of purse proud complacency was to buy the great old family mansion, which be used to regard with reverence and awe in the far-off days when he was a poor little ragged boy in Fitzurscham. The institution had long ceased to do any teaching; for the good reason that there were no boys to teach. The last boy whom it had educated and put out into the world was a clever conceited lad named Walter Fitzurse, "one of my regular pupils, madame." Walter Fitzuree's maternal grand-uncle had been a powder monkey on board one of Cochrane's ships when Cochrane was fighting the French in the Basque roads. He was killed there and the trustees made out somehow in their good nature that his death constituted a claim on behalf of his eldest sister's sons, man; is he one of the old family?"

which they were bound to recognize. So Walker Fitzurse's father came to be educated and put out in the world by the St. Walter's Foundation, and Walter Fitzurse himself was allowed a right of succession. He was educated and put out into the world; that is to say, the trustees, when he had done with his schooling, gave him one hundred and fifty schooling, gave nim one analysis pounds, and left him to go his way.

Mr. Pilgrim. This young

"I don't think so, madame. His father only took the name of Fitzurse just before he was born, and called him Walter Fitzurse. It was a dream or a craze of his; and this young man prefers to accept it as a reality. No one else does that I know of."

He told her many more things about the place and its people. At last he came to an end and was silent. Mrs. Pollen looked keenly at him when he had finished his description, and, seeing that his eyes were fixed upon the gravel walk, she permitted herself to indulge in a quiet smile at his expense; or, at least, at the expense of a conjecture she had been forming concerning him. Then she

"Your description is very interesting. But are there no women? You haven't told me anything about any women, except the one girl who learns shorthand. You didn't think they would interest me, perhaps? Well, they don't as a rule; but still, as I shall have to know something of them, I might as well be prepared."

Yes, certainly there are women," he answered slowly. "You are not a woman-hater, Mr Pil-

grim?"

"No, madama; at least I think not."
"I think not also. I am very sure of it." "May I ask, madame, why you are sure of in the papers?"

"Perhaps mine was a general reflection; it may not have been a personal one : anyhow, I have never found a real woman hater among

added to the sale of the sale

Well, now about these women-th women here—I am curious." There are the ladies, as we call then here. Yes; begin with the ladies, as you call

them here. We will come to the women We have very few ladies. There is the Rector's wife. The Rector here is a great swell; he is an Honorable, the second son of some lord. His wife is a greater swell even, She is the daughter of an earl; they have a house here, but they don't live in it much they live in the West End of London; they ceme and stay here now and then; and he preaches a sermon or two, and she gets up charitable and amateur concerts. They have two daughters."

"Pretty ?" "One is : the eldest—a little pale, light-haired thing : the other is only a child. They have a son; he is in the army—away with his regiment in Egypt or somewhere.
"Any other ladies?"

There is a lady—a young lady, who lives with them, in town and here." "A relation of theirs?"

" No, I believe not; I have heard not. am told that they are taking charge of her-bringing her out. I don't understand much about such things.

"I understand, quiet. This is one of the professional occupations of the aristocracy of England now a days, to introduce rich young plebeian women into society. It is a good business, and they get well paid for it."

"This young lady," he said sharply, "isn't a plebian; at least she does not look like it, I think."

"Are you a patrician, Mr. Pilgrim?"
He looked up suddenly, with a color on his theek, and emotion on his sensitive lips. Did the woman mean to mock him and his humble station? She did not look as if she meant mockery. Her eyes were fixed upon his with the earnest expression of a child who has put an innocent question and is waiting for the answer. So he replied with something like

composure :--Of course not madame; 1 am a poor and humble man. My father was a working clock-maker; my mother was a dressmake

in a very small way."
"Then why were you so ready to insist that this young woman, whoever she is, was not a plebeian? Why shouldn't she be a plebeian? Of course she is, or she wouldn't have to pay for her introduction into the society of the patricians. You and I are plebcians: we ought to stand by our order and not to be ashamed of it. Well, this young lady; I'll tell you something about her. She is very pretty; or handsome rather, I should call her. She is tall, and dark eyed, and walks very gracefully; something what certain writen would call 'queen-like,' about her. She is sweet and bright in manner, and has kindly sympathetic ways. You know her better than you know the other ladies. I think; she talks to you more, doesn't she?"

"You know all about her, madame," he said, looking up with quick surprise. "I

thought you knew nothing."

"I give you my word of honor, Mr. Pilgrim,—and things are so mixed and upset of late years with women's rights and all the rest of it, that we women are getting into the habit of giving our word of honor, and even of keeping it—I give you my word of honor, I never heard of the young lady's existence until you spoke of her just now.'

Mr. Pilgrim was not a man whose emotions usually found quick and vivid expression in his face. This time, however, his eyes lighted with wonder.

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Pilgrim : it's not the black art, I can assure you.

"Is this what they call thought-reading?" he asked. "I was told that was all rubbish." "It is not what they call thought-reading in London, and show off for money in public

halls. But it is really a sort of thoughtreading; face reading, word-reading, handreading; using one's eves. I call it, and pu ting two and two together. That's all, Mr. Pilgrim; you could do it as well as I, if you would just give your attention to it."
"I can't see it." He shook his head.

"Can't you? I'll make it plain to you-so far as this matter is concerned. You said this young woman didn't look like a plebeian; I assumed that sho must be tall and stately. You spoke of the other girl as a little pale, light-haired thing; I knew from that that the tall girl must be dark. You were very angry at the idea of the tall girl being called pleueian; I took it for granted that you had more interest in her than in the other; that you knew her better; and that she must be a friendly and sympathetic girl. Is there any withcraft in all that, Mr. Pilgrim? That's how it is done.'

Before he had time to recover from his surprise the gate was heard to open, and a man was seen coming in. "Oh, I beg your pardon," Mr. Pilgrim said.

"This is one of my pupils; the one who comes irregularly. Will you excuse me a "Certainly. But stay; just a word; per-

haps I should like to see him. Is he interesting ?"
"Very interesting to me, madame. He is,

I think, the only friend I have." "That is interesting to begin with." The new comer, meanwhile seeing Mr. Pilgrim engaged in talk with a lady, had come to an abrupt halt near a flower-bed in the soft sunlight. Mrs. Pollen went on with her interrogatory as if the visitor could have no better business in life than to wait until she was ready to talk to him. "What is he? What does he do ?"

"He has done a great many things, madame; he could do anything if he tried." "I have seen scores of these men who could do anything if they tried, and I have lost faith in them. Still I should like to know your friend. Is he rich?"

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"I believe, madame, he has enough."
"Indeed? Now I should by all means like to see the man who has enough. Will you ask him to speak to me, Mr. Pilgrim?" Mr. Pilgrim went and spoke a few words to his friend and then they came up to-

gether. "A gentleman," Mrs. Pollen said to herself as she saw the new comer. "Not of Mr. Pilgrim's class. Must be a good fellow. as poor Pilgrim likes him so much."

He was a handsome, well-set up young man, with rapid, easy movements, and a profile slightly aquiline; a slight mountache

and no beard. "Decidedly I like him," she said.

"Allow me, madame," Mr. Pilgrim said, to present to you Mr. Albert Romont." "Albert Romont? Are you Bertie Ro-

mont?" Mrs. Pullen asked.
"People do call me Bertie Romont, I supdose," he added, composedly. "The passion for diminutives is sometimes implanted in the human heart."

"Then you are the young man we have been reading about in the newspapers? It was you who went out to New York as a steerage passenger in some dreadful ship and came back and wrote all about it, and you went and lived in some shocking place herein Fitzurseham, and showed up all the horron

I ask, madame, why you are sure of in the papers? Yes, I did that; but there wasn't much