"Maryland, My Maryland."

. . . "Pretty Wives,

" My farm lies in a rather low and miss-

- matic situation, and " My wife !"
- " Who ?"
- " Was a very pretty blonde ! ' Twenty years ago, became
- " Sallow !" " Hollow-eyed !"
- " Withered and aged !" Before her time, from
- "Material vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uncasiness.

"A short time ago 1 purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl upon recovery had

" Lost !"

"Her sallowners and louked as fresh as a new-blown dalay. Well, the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her old-time beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this county, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Hop Bitters to thank for it.

"The recenture just looked over my shoulder, and mays I can flatter equal to the days of our courtship, and that reminds me there might be more pretty wives if my brother farmers would do as I have done." Hoping you may long be spared to do good,

BELTS HEE Prince George Co., Md., \
May 26th, 1883.

EF Rone genuine without a bunch of green Hops on he white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hope" in their name.

THE LABOR PROBLEM.

PAUPER AND CONTRACT LABOR A CURSE.

There has been a great deal said in the

tecting labor, and the laboring people of are pushing the charges against Craig the country have been fooled a great submitted their case to District Attordeal by cheap politicians who have posed now Black again, and were requested as protectors of labor. It is argued to try again and bring in turther every day that the protection on our proofs. "There's no hurry," said Mr. Black, as protectors of labor. It is argued to every day that the protection on our manufactured goods is a protection to labor, and too often the laboring class of know there is a good case against Craig. Deople have been made to believe that There is nothing, however, to prevent any But the fact is, there is no protection to American labor. In the first place we invite the people of the world to come to our shores the people of the world to come to our shores the people of the world to come to our shores can alien imported, and the maximum penalty in each case is \$1000." The men on the case is \$1000." this is the true way to protect American labor We have unoccupied lands enough to make homes for millions yet, and the natural emigration to our shores from foreign lands will never interfere with American labor. People from other countries will not come to ours shores unless there be a demand for their services. But England has for years been shipping paupers to our shores and paying their passage, in order to get rid of sup-porting them at home. Every pauper from the old world that lands here comes in direct competition with those who came here with the purpose of bettering their con-dition and building them a home. If we will protect honest labor, we must pass paupers to our land. Again, the corporations, when they have not been able to get labor never come by their own free will. They is reserved from each month's pay until their expenses for transportation are refunded. This is little better than slavery, and is contrary to the principles of our Government; besides, the class who are thus shipped to this country are not of that kind who make good citizens, and their influence in our manufacturing centres tends to degrade labor rather than to elevate it. Contract labor should be prohibited by stringent legislation; and every laboring man in the land who has a desire to protect himself and his children in the future should use all the means in his power to prevent such admission of contract labor. The trouble in the mines of Pennsylvania at the present time comes from contract labor, and it will continue till honest home labor is employed at honest living wages. This talk about protecting labor by a tax on the manufactured product is a humbug that the intelligent reader is beginning to understand. If we will protect labor we must protect it direct, by prohibiting foreign countries from shipping their paupers to our country, and by prohibiting corporations from contracting labor in the old world to bring here in competition with our own workmen. We need have no fears from natural emigration. That class of people come here to create wealth out of the soil and will not come faster than the demand calls for. Let the wage-workers be wise and see that we have proper legislation for the protection of those who need protection, and cease to fill the coffers of those already rich at the expense of honest toil.

ARBITRATION INSTEAD OF STRIKES

The principle of arbitration is now generally recognized in all civilized countries, as the true method of settling disputes. That principle adopted and carried out between England and the United States prevented war between the two countries and saved millions of money and much bloodshed. The same principle applied with regard to the Canadian fisheries resulted in like good. And every true patriot looks forward to the day when war shall be driven from the earth and peaceable arbitration will be resorted to in order to settle all difficulties between peoples and nations. If this principle is good for the government of nations, it must be equally good for the government of individual disputes. We are glad to see this principle resorted to so universally in settling disputes between labor and capital. For many years in this country capital has not recognized the right of labor to appeal from the demands of capital. Cofporations have claimed the right to employ labor at their own price, regardless of whether it was a just remuneration for the labor performed or not. But it is coming to be generally recognized that labor has rights as well as capital, and that the community, the state and the nation are interested in both classes, the laborer as well as the capitalist. Strikes in the past have cost this country many millions of dolare, both in loss of labor and in damage to capital, and every dollar lost in either way is so much taken from the wealth of the country. This interests not only those who are mmediately concerned but the whole people, and men in every department of busi-

Judge to be a 1

the only means. When labor is dissatished, let it go in a peaceable way to the employer and state the grievance; if they cannot come to an understanding, leave the matter to disinterested parties, and then let each party abide the decision. Is not this true justice? Let not the men be idle nor the wheels of industry atop. In this way prosperity will continue, and a better feeling will exist between labor and capital. Whereever this has been resorted to as a means of settling disputes, much good has come out of it to both parties. Let organized labor insist upon this in all cases of disputes and the people will soon recognize the justice of their demands and public sentiment will enterce the principle.

DECEIVED CANADIANS.

A PARTY OF SHIP CARPENTERS ENTICED TO DETROIT, WHERE A STRIKE IS IN PROGRESS.

DETROIT, Mich., March 4. - When the river front patrol of striking ship carpenters got around to the Brush Street Depot this morning they found a crowd of thirty-two French Canadians waiting to get their baggage through the Customs. They at once recognized them as ship carpenters. On being questioned the strangers admitted freely that they had come to go to work in Craig's ship yard at Trenton, and that they had been hired at Point Levi, Quebec, by Mr. Craig in person. Being apprised of the state of affairs and annoyance, and suggested that he thought they expressed themselves as disgusted at the misrepresentations under which they their presence caused him the least moonvenithe misrepresentations under which they said they had been brought here. The new comers expressed perfect willingness to return to Quebec or to do anything in reason which the strikers asked. The strikers immediately carried off the entire crowd and quartered them in various boarding houses. Word of the capture was carried to several leaders of the strikers and a committee immediately started out to see what could be done in the way of prosecuting Mr. Craig for importing foreign labor. The Committee called upon Labor Commissioner McGrath, who gave them a letter of introduction to District Attorney Black. Mr. Black suggested that the best course to pursue would be to get written statements from the strangers as to who hired them and what arrangement had been made with them. The Committee then called on the Frenchmen, the majority of whom signed statements that they had been hired personally by Mr. Craig, who stated to them that there was no strike in his yard; that Craig had promised them \$2 a day each for past about protection to labor, and the six months, and paid their fare to Detroit. capitalist is always talking about pro: The committee of ship carpenters who The committee of ship carpenters who and I do not mean to take action until I of the carpenters themselves from making a complaint, which I shall be obliged to profrom Quebec are nearly penniless.

APPEAL TO LOYALISTS.

DOWN WITH ROMANISM AND HOME RULE"-THE GARRISON MUST NEVER SUCCUMB.

(From the Toronto Telegram.) SIR,—Will you please grant space for the following appeal to the Orangemen, Protestants, and Loyalists of Canada?—The loyal North is being assailed. That gallant fortress of truth, of freedom and of liverty is invested by the enemy, animated and fired to unparalleled enthusiasm by your inaction; stringent laws against the shipment of their temerity has been equalled only by their insolence, but the garrison must never succumb or it will be to your everlasting at such prices as they desire have sent confusion and shame. Successful resistance can be best assured by strengthening the bring to this country those who would be best assured by strengthening the country those who would be best assured by strengthening the country those who would be best assured by strengthening the country those who would be best assured by strengthening them In the history of Ireland there never was a same part of the building, who would not are employed at low wages their ex. In the history of Ireland there never was a penses are paid under contract to work a certain time for stated wages, and a per cent. still we must not flinch. Be of good courage, your cause is just, fear not. Truth firmly implanted will survive the tempestuous attacks of error. The minions of Parnell must be expelled from loyal Ulster. The footing they now enjoy is temporary. Our fair province must never be made desolate. It is painful to find parts of it misre-presented by these hirelings of the League, where reditious and braggart utterances insult and wound the feelings of the loyal. Inheritors of those grand and lofty traditions, those blessings and privileges of which we are enamoured and so justly proud of it behaves us to preserve unsullied that which has been confided to our trust. I would suggest that a patriotic fund be started. Our assistance would at this juncture effectively strengthen the cause and preserve from dishonor that part of the which we have the honor to belong,
PATRIOT. from dishonor that part of the empire to

THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

AN AMERICAN SCHOONER CAPTURED AT DIGBY, N.S, FOR INFRACTION OF THE LAWS.

OTTAWA, March 5.-The Minister of Marine as just been advised that the Collector of Customs at Digby, Nova Scotia, has seized the American schooner E. A. Horton, of Gloucester, Mass., which vessel had recently been purchased by parties in Nova Scotia who had applied to have the vessel registered at the port of Digby, N.S. It will be remembered that in 1871 the E.A. Horton was seized by the Government cruiser Sweepstake for infraction of the fishery laws, She was taken into Guysboro, N.S., and stripped of her sails and rigging, which were stored in a warehouse on the night of the Sth of October, 1871. She was stolen by her owners from the dock, and the warehouse in which the rigging and sails were stored was broken into and the whole outfit put on board and the vessel towed to sea, where she was soon got ready for her trip to Gloucester, where she arrived a few days afterwards. New papers were immediately issued to her by the United States Government, under which flag she has sailed ever since. The Dominion officials have endeavored in vain to re-capture her, and it is only now that an opportunity has been afforded them to seize

her, after waiting nearly fifteen years.

Hon. Sackville West, British Minister at Washington, who is here the guest of the Governor-General, says that he is convinced that it is useless for the Canadian Government to attempt to negotiate a new treaty with the United States with the Senate composed as it is at present. He says that it is not as much their opposition to a new treaty that led to the Senate voting against the pro-posed commission as it is their hostility to any measure that may emanate from President Cleveland.

Among the table ornaments at a late yacht club dinner in Toronto were two boats ered fortunate, and he was very much envied chiseled from blooks of ice, one filled with champagno and the other with claret cup.

NED RUSHEEN;

WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT?

CHAPTER L-(Continued).

Edward Eimedale seldom spoke in the family circle unless he was directly addressed. Fred and Harry were afraid of him. He was ten years their senior, and he made them feel it. His father had paid his gambling and other debts too frequently to enable him to place the trust and confidence in him which a father should wish to place in an eldest son. His mother was his mother; and when that has been said, we have said enough.

Edward looked embarrassed himself. If he had known who were the occupants of the apartment, he would not have come in. He had just returned from a convivial party of his particular friends. They were not persone whom he could have asked to his father's house; and acquaintances of this kind are no advantage to any young man,—a discovery which is generally made when it is entirely too late to remedy the evil effected thereby.

I have said there was an awkward pause.
After a moment Edward spoke: "I did not

know you were here." His tone was something between apology

"Your brothers came here unexpectedly,

replied Lady Eimsdale. But the eldest born offered no word of welcome to the younger boys. He was seldom rude to them, but he was quietly tyrannical when they interfered in the least degree with his plans. For the rest, he simply ignored their existence.

A hasty exit was his only reply. The boys looked what they felt, as if they had received a moral cold-water bath. They ought certainly to have been accustomed to Edward by this time, but youth is impressionable (as we all know, or, at least, we say we know it, and forget it the next halt hour). and the boys had not yet become worldhardened.

Lady Elmsdale rose. With that ready courtesy which is at once so rare and so peculiarly attractive in a boy, Harry lit a night-lamp, and held it for her till she reached her door. With a final embrace, the lads left their mother, and went quietly to the well-remembered, long-loved chamber in the western tower, which they had; shared from the first proud day in which they had been emancipated from nurses and nursery rule. The boys hurried into bed, tired from their ourney, tired from the excitement of their return home, eager to rest in preparation for the pleasures of the coming day, the day which had already

not yet lain down. Harry waited a moment, and then sat up. "You're not at your ptayers, k'red?" he exclaimed, in that tone of utter incredulity which people use when they ask a question in amazement at a fact which, notwithstand-

begun legally. Harry had undressed first, Freddy extinguished their light, and only a

glimmer from the fire showed that he had

ing the query, is self-evident. Fred was at his prayers, as the boys in Montem College rather vaguely termed every kind of devotional exercise. But Fred was rather ashamed of himself; it was a work of supererogation. The boys used to say prayers long ago in the nursery, and for a while after they left it; but they had been partly laughed at, and partly threatened out of the custom, soon after they entered the public school. Not by the masters. By no means; they would have been extremely shocked if their attention had been called to the fact that there were certain dormitories in which prayers were not allowed, one or two in which they were tolerated as a weakness, because the elder boys were lazy or good-natured. In give up this custom. One of these boys was the son of evangelical parents. He read a chapter in the Bible every night when he could get a light, and said some long extempore prayers. The other was the son of a very High Church or Puseyite clergyman, as they were then called. His father preached celibacy and practised matrimony; and Aldridge seemed very likely to follow his father's example. He did not read the Bible, but he had a book of prayers, adapted from Catholic sources, which he did read. Some of the boys said he had beads, and said a rosary in private like any Papist; but that

was a mere invention.

They were both steady, sensible follows, earnest in their own way, but unfortunately they had little influence over the other boys. Aldridge said Johnstone was little better than a Dissenter. Johnstone said Aldridge was as bad as a Papist. Their companions laughed at them both, and the general respect for religion was not much increased by the sharp recriminations which passed be-

tween them at times.

Fred was ashamed of himself; and made something very like a resolution not to be guilty of such a weakness again. The fact was that he felt very happy; it seemed like "old times" to be home again, and even boys have their old times; and he had knelt down to say his prayers rather by instinct, and the unconscious impulse of old custom, than from any definite idea of fulfilling a duty.

In a few moments both boys were sleeping soundly. They did not hear a door opening softly near them, nor a light footfall upon the stairs. Probably they would not have heard it if they had been awake; but, as the clock chimed two hours atter midnight, a watchful listener with very quick hearing might have known that there was movement in the house; and, if he had risen to ascertain the cause, might have seen a man stealing softly down the marble stairs described before, and shading a light carefully with his hands. We have said that it was one of Lord Elmsdale's peculiarities to have no shutters to the windows. As the figure passed the large oriel-window on the first landing, he shaded the light less carefully. It never occurred to him that he could be seen by any one outside; he never for a moment supposed that any one was watching him; but he was seen, and his further move-ments watched, by Ned Rusheen.

CHAPTER II. SHORT AND EXPLANATORY.

Some of the guests who were expected to spend the Christmas at Elmsdale Castle were English. Lord Elmsdale was English, or at least he liked to be thought of that nation. It was fashionable. His property was not large, his father had left it fearfully encumbered, and it was only by the most careful management that he had been able to make himself independent. Lady Elmsdale was an heiress, but her fortune was not settled on herself. A considerable part of it had been expended in clearing off mortgages, the rest had been

used to build Elmsdale castle.
On the whole, the heir of Elmsdale might consider himself fortunate. He was considby a great many people, who thought no state of life could be so happy as that of the ness and life are seeking some way to An ice dolphin with a bottle of champagne in heir expectant to a title and an estate, except avoid this loss: Arbitration seems to be its mouth was another decoration, indeed the present possessor. The first to be set to the property of the set of the s

there is something in possession which either destroys romance or precludes hope; and ourlously enough, people are more frequently envied, by the young at least, for their expectations than for their possessions.

Edward Eimsdale was in a dangerous

position—the heir to a property and to a title, into the possession of which he could not hope, and, it is to be presumed, did not wish, to enter, until death should come and sever what should be one of the dearest of earthly ties. As an eldest son, if his father had allowed him a judicious share in the management of the property, it would at least have afforded him occupation, and the healthy interest in life which such occupation, or, indeed, any legitimate employment, must give. But Lord Elmsdale had toiled, and saved, and planned, in his own early career; he had succeeded to the title long before his minority was over, and he had virtually managed the property from the time he was eighteen. He was a kind father, a good landlord, a faithful friend, and an excellent husband; but he had not that peculiar and rare gift which enables men to enter into the feelings and realize the position of others. It never even occurred to him that he was doing his son an injustice, in more ways than one, by depriving him of the interests belonging to his position in life. The result was, that after Edward Elmedale had been a year home from Oxford, he had found interests and society for himself, but they were not of a kind to prove advantageous to his future. Another indiscretion-shall we say!-

Lord Eimedale's part was, that he did not give his son the free permisson to invite his friends to his house, which, within certain limits, every young man should have. Lord Elmsdale did not like strangers. He had lived very much alone, from economical motives, as a young man. Later in life, he liked to have great family gatherings at Christmas; he wished Lady Elmsdale to go to the Castle levees occasionally; he gave, now and then, very formal dinner-parties; but that pleasant society which should form one of the chief attractions of every household where there are young men, was conspicuously absent, and Edward felt it.

Lord Elmadale had also a prejudice against governesses. He firmly believed that if he admitted one into his house, her sole object in life would be to entrap his son into a clandestine marriage. The consequence was that Mary, his only daughter, was educated at school, and another tie which should have bound the eldest-born to home thus wanting. You have not heard of Mary yet; but she is coming home now, a confidential servant having been sent for her.

CHAPTER III.

TWO HOURS AFTER MIDNIGHT.

"It s no good he s up to, that I'll warrant, or my name's not Ned Rusheen. Why can't he leave a poor girl alone, when he might have the pick and choice of the country round, with his title and his bandsome face, though, by the powers, it looks dark enough when he's put out."

The speaker, or rather soliloquiser, was Ned Rusheen, who had seen Edward Elma-dale on the landing through the oriel-window, and conjectured rightly that he was after no good.

Let us look at Ned for a moment, as he stands, still and hushed, in the cold midnight, his gun on his shoulder, his dog at his heels, pursuing his lawful avocation of watching ord Elmadale's preserves.

He was a handsome fellow, a true type of an Irishman—not the stereotyped Irishman of modern writers, who says "yez" and "yarrah" at every other word; who curses "by gorra," or by "the hely poker;" who is lazy and won't work; who is dirty and won't be clean; who has the imperishable gifts of fortune showered on him by a benevolent landlord, and won't accept them.

nation from purely mythical description. was its extreme slightness; but the agility, the grace, the ease—I had almost said the she was not, nor had she ever been, engaged elegance—of his movements, more than com-pensated for any deficiency of bulk. He was posed. Edward Elmsdale's foster-brother, and at one time the tie of attachment between them had been very strong. Lady Elmsdale had nearly lost her life at the birth of her eldest son; and Ned's mother, then the gatekeeper's wife ker own boy.

In their young days Ned had worshipped the little lord, as he called his young master, with an almost adoring fondness. When his spirits for weeks, and nearly lost his health forever. When Edward returned home, received his first lesson in the vanity of human | ceived in his opinion. attachment. He submitted without a murmur, but the wound rankled; and when he found, at a later period, that Edward had worse faults than ingratitude, he was neither troubled nor surprised.

The breach was now widened hopelessly. It has been said that visitors were expected from England to spend the Christmas at Elmsdale Castle. They were to arrive by the Liverpool packet, and might be expected a few hours after midnight. They might not come for some hours later. In the uncertainty, everything had been pre-pared for their reception, should they make their appearance even earlier than had been anticipated. The heads of the family had agreed to retire to rest, as Miss Elmsdale, who was with the travellers, would be able to act as hostess; and it was supposed they would prefer retiring to rest as speedily as possible to exchanging civilities in all the discomposure which must follow a sea-voyage at such a season. The upper-housemaid had been charged to remain up and look after the fires; and Edward Elmsdale was in quest of her when he entered the dining room, where he found his mother and brothers. He was looking for her now. He was taking a mean advantage of an unprotected girl—and he knew it.

Ellie M'Carthy was still young, and yet

she held a responsible position in the house hold. Her aunt was the housekeeper; and when her mother died she was taken into service in the castle. Her manner and appearance were so attractive, that Lady Elms-dale would have had her trained as her own housemaid through the marriage of two fellow-servants before she had reached her twentieth year.

I have described Ned, and I suppose something must be said about Ellie; but I confess considerable difficulty in the task. 1 do not claim for all Irish girls her rare gifts of mind and person, but they have frequently an indescribable purity of look and tone and manner, to which no words can do justice, which must be seen and felt to be understood. There was a fawn like shyness and bright

ness in her eye, an exceeding sweetness in her smile, and a timidity which was at once trustful and hesitating in ils expression.

She had gone from one room to the other but were not even broken. The servants adding the fires, pausing awhile in each, and were perplexed. But Lord Elmadale had a

singing to herself some snatches of the Christmas carols which she had been taught in her baby days at the convent school, and which she loved for the sake of those who taught her, as well as for their holy words. She was now in the dining room, removing the remains of the boys' supper, and putting things, as they would have expressed it, "to rights." It was a very large apartment, and she stood with her back to the double doors which opened into it from the great hall, The inside doors were covered with baize, constantly. This annoyed Lord Elmsdale extended with large brass nails, and there was, ceedingly. They had discussed the subject besides, a swinging door, which she fastened very hotly, but Edward would not yield.

aiar. Edward came in so quietly that she did not notice his entrance, until he came against a chair, which he threw down unintentionally, for his object was to attract her to his presence by some quiet movement. The girl gave an exclamation of terror, as well she might. She little expected that any of the family would be moving about at such an hour, and she had every reason to fear her young master's presence. Though she little suspected that Ned too was watching the

scene, she guessed "he was after no good." In her fright she threw down the candlestick; but she was a brave girl at heart, though so gentle in her manner, and she saw at once that she would have need of all her courage. In a moment she had approached the fire, which blazed brightly, and obtained a light; but even as she was in the act of so doing, Edward came to her, in pretence of offering her his assistance; but as she rose up and moved from him there was a look in her eyes which he scarcely liked to meet.

He was a bad man, and bad men are always owards. It is true they may be the possessors of a certain degree of brute force, but when that fails them, they are at the mercy of the weakest child.

In the meantime, Ellie was quietly approaching the door, hoping to escape without Mr. Elmsdale was not quite right when he further molestation. For a moment Elmsdale hesitated .-- a moment more and all the devil was roused within him at being baffled by a girl, and he darted past her rudely, and placed himself so as to bar her egress from the room. For an instant she turned pale as death. There seemed to be no escape. She might shout until she was as white as his master. To get away gently, weary, and none could hear her; she might and find out what had become of Eilie, and weep till her heart broke before she could move the villain who had her in his power.

thought flashes quicker than any pen can trouble and painful exposure. move, and many thoughts can occupy the mind in a second of time-she remembered that the windows could be opened almost with the lightest touch, that the great than the mere exterior circumstances, how entrance door had a very loud bell, and that ever startling, had seemed to warrant. But it might be possible for her to reach it before he was not thinking at all, or at least Edward could follow her, and save herself he was not thinking more than casually. of It might be possible for her to reach it before he was not thinking at all, or at least Edward could follow her, and save herself from further molestation by alarming the household. This, however, should be a last resource. At the same time also she remembered, with a feeling that gave her no little confidence, that she had said her night prayers and her rosary a short time before. Just at the very hour when Harry had been taunting Fred for praying before he threw himself into bed, the young servant had been standing quietly and calmly in the library, and, with folded hands and downcast eyes, had prayed reverently to her Father in heaven, to her Mother Mary. That very night she had said with more than ordinary reverence and fervour the ten Hail Marys the priest had advised her to say for deliverance from her present difficulties.

When Mr. Elmsdale first made his advances, Effic, like a sensible girl, told the priest her position and her trials. He saw she was very much tempted, for Edward had actually offered her marriage, his eager-ness to obtain the prize increasing with the difficulties he experienced. At first Ellie had hesitated. She was quite as sensible of the advantages of wealth and the Such an Irishman exists only in the imagi-nation of those who take their ideas of the could be. She saw all that she might become. ation from purely mythical description. She did not see, she scarcely knew, the Ned stood six feet two inches in his counterbalancing misery which would be sure stocking feet." If his figure had a fault, it to ensue from a union so unequal in rank. At first, she had rather liked Edward, and to Ned Rusheen, as some of the family sup-

The priest listened quietly to all she had to say, or, rather, with fatherly kindness drew from her an accurate avowal of her position. He was satisfied that she was in no immediate danger of yielding to temptahad taken the infant and nursed him with | tion-he knew she had always been faithful to her religious duties; and he advised her, for the present at least, to remain where she was; but the next time her young master addressed her, he desired her in the most Edward went to a public school, the boy lost solemn manner to tell him that if he ever opened his lips to her again, on any subject not connected with her duties as a servant, with his larger experience of the world and she would at once inform her mistress. Father his new ideas on the subject of pleasure, Ned | Cavanagh trusted Ellie, and he was not de-

The thought of God had made her strong, the prayer she had said so fervently had obtained for her the special grace she needed at the moment. Well would it have been for poor, prayerless Harry, if he had had such help in his coming hour of trial! The prospect of escape, if escape became absolutely necessary, enabled her to recover her selfpossession; and she had just begun to say the his breath in his anxiety, he heard faint words the priest had advised, when, to her sounds of sobbing—sobbing which seemed infinite terror, Edward flung himself before her on his knees, took out a revolver from his breast, and swore by oaths too profane and horrible to repeat, that he moment longer, and heard a voice he well would shoot himself dead on the spot if she knew to be Ellie's uttering these words, in a would shoot himself dead on the spot if she did not promise to be his wife.

Ellie had hardly time to suspect what indeed, was the case, that her young master was not quite in his sober senses, when the crash of window glass, a rush of snowy air, and the presence of Ned Rusheen, gave a fresh shock to her already overstrung nerves, and she fell back almost senseless on the ground.

"Take that, and that, and that, you black guard gentleman," roared Ned, as he belabored the unfortunate young man with a loaded stick which he "kept handy" for poachers' heads, in cases where the use of fire-arms was not advisable. The loud report of the contents of the revolver, which had received the full force of one of Rusheen's most vigorous blows, brought the two men to their senses. In a few minutes at most, they might expect every member of the Castle to appear on the scene, and Elmsdale had his maid, if she had not already possessed a treasure in that capacity—one who was almost as much friend as servant. It was settled, then, that she should be taught the as, with the speed of lightning, he exclusives of a housemaid, and she became upper to appear on the scene, and himsuate had him reasons for not wishing the events of the night to be made public. "For God's sake, Ellie, fly from this," he exclaimed, and she became upper tinguished the light and disappeared as the high tand disappeared as the high tand disappeared as rapidly as the bruising he had received would allow him. Ned vanished through the window as suddenly as he had entered. Ellie hastened to her own room, which was happily reached without notice; and when Lord Elmsdale and the startled servants arrived in the dining room, all they could discern was the ovidence that some struggle had taken place. The furniture was disarranged, the window was half open, and broken glass lay on the ground,—if robbery had been the object, clearly it had not been accomplished. Costly plate lay untouched upon the sideboard. The massive vases which stood on each side had been overturned,

more stern and grave look than even such an event might be supposed to warrant. The servants had no suspicion of the truth.

Lord Elmadale had. He had seen the revolver, which Ed. ward had forgotten in his flight, and he knew whose it was. The nearest approach to angry words which had ever passed between father and son was on this very subject. Edward had taken it into his head to carry a revolver about with him

"It is useless to remain up longer; we can get no further information to-night," ob. served his lordship, motioning the servants from the room.

They left reluctantly. Barnes ventured to remain. There was

something in the tone of his master's voice that pained the faithful old man to the very heart.
"My lord," he bagan, "the revolver." Then Barnes had seen it also. There was

no use in further concealment, or attempt at

concealment. Mechanically he moved towards the dark corner of the room where it had been flung by the blow of Ned Rusheen's cudgel. But Barnes had anticipated him,—taking it up from the ground, and then almost letting it fall again, as he exclaimed, "Oh, my lord!
—it's Elmadale's!"

"I know it." They were silent a few moments; while the unhappy father, losing for the time the

extreme pride of birth and feeling for which

asid.

"I would not take on about it, my lord.

a poor attempt at consolation, "things may not be as bad as they look."

"Who was keeping up the fires to-night?"

"Ellie McCarthy, my lord;" and as Barnes replied, a glimmering of the possible truth flashed on him for a moment, and he looked if she was safe, was now his one desire. He knew something, though not much, of what In one moment, in one little moment, in had been going on; for Ellie's prudence and perhaps less time than it takes to write—for good sense had saved the family from much

At last Lord Elmsdale moved. He went sadly and heavily from the room. The events of the night had weighed him down far more Edward had acted.

It never occurred to him that his son had another Father—who was also his Father—a into Father whom they were both bound to honor. and whose honor, moreover, they were bound to maintain. He never thought that the name of Christian was discredited when men did unchristian deeds. The world's opinion would last just as long as the world lasted, and no longer. It was just of as much value as any human thing can be which passes, like

a breath of human air, never to return.

Barnes was free. Lord Elmsdale had not told him to keep silence on the subject of their discovery, for he knew from long years' experience how entirely he might trust him, Confidence often shows itself in silence. Had any of the other servants made the discovery, he would certainly not have left the room without a word or caution. His trust in Barnes showed itself by his not having even given a thought to the possibility of any want of discretion on his part.

The castle, as I have said, was a very large building. A long corridor, which ran over the part occupied by the servants. A very large courtyard lay between, so that the front of the castle, or indeed the castle itself, properly speaking, with the billiard and smoking rooms and the domestic apartments, formed three sides of a square. The library, a pretty gothic building, which visitors used to take for a private chapel, ran down a part of the fourth side, but still left a considerable open

space. As Barnes traversed the long corridor to Ellie's room, he saw lights in many of the windows. Those who had not heard the report of the revolver had been aroused by the banging of doors and general commotion Some, however, had slept on, as tired servants will do. He stopped at the housekeeper's door as he passed, but apparently she had not been aroused-a very audible breathing testified to the good woman's powers of somnolence.

He passed on gently to Ellie's room; as one of the upper servants, she had a small chamber of her own. He tupped here gently also, for he had seen a light there as he came. But if there had been a light then, there was certainly none now. No glimmer could be detected under the door or through the keyhole—all seemed dark and silent. Yet, as the man listened for a few moments, holding to come from one almost broken-heated. Evidently the sounds were suppressed as much as possible. He paused yet a tone of anguished supplication : " Now! ok, now, Mother! for I want it now, and at the hour of my death !"

This was enough. Barnes was a Catholic; he knew there was only one Mother to whom such supplications could be addressed—the Mother who never forsakes, who never deceives, who is never absent, whose help can be obtained at any moment, in any

place, under all circumstances. He turned slowly away, sad at heart tor the girl's sorrow, but feeling sure she was safe; and as he went, he too said, with all the fervour of his honest old heart-

"Now ! oh now, Mother ! for we all need thy help, and at the hour of my death !"

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT HAPPENED AT DAYBREAK. There is nothing so galling to a proud, bad man as defeat; and when that defeat is accompanied by humiliation, wee to those who have crossed his evil designs !

Elmsdale retired to his room only to medi tate on plans of revenge—revenge on Ellie for having refused what he was pleased to consider an amazing act of condescension on his part-revenge on Ned Rusheen for having inflicted the correction he so richly deserved The thrashing and the fright had sobered him, but it did not suit his present mood to remain sober. There are few who drink from the pure love of drink, in comparison

with the millions who drink because they wish to torget themselves, or to stimulate themselves to commit some iresh orime. Elmsdale took care to have the means of

gratifying his passions always within his reach. He had a very large dressing case, of which he always kept the key. If any stranger had found it, they would have been rather surprised at its contents—unless, in-deed, they knew something of the habits an

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