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MIRIAM!

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER. CHAPTER XIV.

The heart-sick and mystified servants stood speechlessly looking after the carriage until the trees of the winding avenue shut: it from their tearful vision.

A bird, high up in the budding branches, broke forth into rapturous song as the carriage passed slowly in the flickering light

and woven shadows beneath.

Miriam put a very white face out of the carriage side and took a farewell inventory of the scene.

An air of neglect had begun to tell on the An arror in logicot mark dead twigs were scattered about, heaps of brown leaves ensconced themselves at the foot of the row of stately elms, while the fugitives drifted about over the greening sward. Here and there, however, an early spring flower lift-ed its smiling face along the unused way, and the bird still sang on.

and the bird still sang on.

"Ah! well, sing on, little harbinger of bright hours and fair weather," murmured Miriam, with white lips and brimming eyes. The brave, daring spirit of a few minutes previous had been supplanted now by the womanly impulses of her heart.

"Good-bye, good-bye!" came in sad accents as she passed under the arch of the substrates suppled by two hours libra. er gate, spanned by two bronze lions,



stretching their magnificent lengths acros

stretching their magnificent lengths across
the way.

"Drive to Oak Lawn," she said to the
solemn-looking lad in front, who had felt a
great lump in his throat through it all, and
was ready to mingle his tears with those of
"the sorrowful lady inside" at the word.
Then she leaned back against the cushion
and covered her tear-stained face with the
crape of the heavy vall she wore.

A sadder company never gathered in the
servants' quarters beneath the frowning
gubles of Heatherleigh than assembled
there that evening after Miriam's coming
and sorrowful going.

there that evening after Miriam's coming and sorrowful going.

The old housekeeper was angry with herself, and called on venerable St. Peter to witness if she would "iver knale to the loikes of him again;" no! "not to save her sowl from purgatory wud she ask a thing." Ancil smoked his pipe in the chimney corner, grave and thoughtful, while the rest divided up their opinions in blessings and curses, according to their individual views. That evening when James stole softly up and sorrowful going.

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Anoil smoked his pipe in the chimney corner, grave and thoughtful, while the rest aivided up their opinions in blessings and curses, according to their individual views.

That evening when James stole softly up to the master's apartments with a tray of tempting delicacies which Maria, the cook, had prepared for Sir Rupert's late dinner, the while she wished she might put "s weeld to sufficient the same with a tray of tempting delicacies which Maria, the cook, had prepared for Sir Rupert's late dinner, the while she wished she might put "s weeld to sufficient the same with a tray of tempting delicacies which Maria, the cook, had prepared for Sir Rupert's late dinner, the while she wished she might put "s weeld to sufficient the same with the sam

changed; silent and taciturn as of late, to
be sure, but with such a gentleness of tone
and manner as he had never witnessed in a
Percival during all his faithful years at the
Hall. The bewildered butter rubbed his
astonished eyes to see if he were really
awake. He had read in old legends of
crusty, miserable individuals being spirited
away after some crowning act of devitry
by goblins, and milder persons sent to
breathe peace in their stead, and may be—
well, may be—

But no; it was really Sir Rupert, but transformed during the last few hours in the solitude of his lonely rooms into a passive, mild-mannered gentleman, whom to serve would be his soul's delight henceforth.

orth.

"James, you may replenish the coals and wheel my chair a little nearer the grate, if you please; is seems rather cool in here notwithstanding it is spring-time."

What a long, friendly speech, and to a servant at that! And he had said "pleaseif you please!" Such a surprise from such a source almost turned the brain of the dumbfounded butler. He never obeyed orders more readily in his life, and he almost held his breath for fear the spell might

dumbfounded butler. He never obeyen orders more readtly in his life, and he almost held his breath for fear the spell might be broken and the austere old master might be dropped again before the fire, thus bitterly ending this delightful illusion.

The coals glowed anew in the grate, the easy chair glided noiselessly to the most cheerful corner, where the light shot little ruddy gleams through the shadows, and harpy hearted James felt as if some good fairy had condescended to wave her magic wand over his lucky crown for all time.

"Now bring the lights, James," and the much-changed master of Heatherleigh shut his eyes and feaned back with a sigh.

When Sir Rupert dismissed the mystified butler kindly for the evening, awed and bewildered beyond expression, he rushed in among his fellows and reported the miraculous change in the master as soon as possible.

Amid the confused ejaculations of aston-which followed the butler's astounding tidings, Pegy burst out: "Blissid Vargin! an' On was shure the masthur had a heart if he only cud foind it; he's afthur repintin' ov his thratement of the puir childers." And in her excited grief she rocked back and forth in her favorite wicker chair, moaning in her grief that it might be "too late to repint."

One by one they were won over to the be-

One by one they were won over to the belief that may be the ancestral curse had
been thwarted, and that soon they might
have their young mistress and the little
one with them again, until it came to old
Ancil, who was keeping company with his
inevitable old pipe in the corner of the wide
chimney. He stoutly refuted all ideas of
repentance and reconciliation on the part of
Sir Rupert, remembering, as he did, how
that Lady Percival had knelt at the master's feet once in the long ago, something

"No, he never wud be silly enuff to belave
ony such stuff. The divil a bit will he repint,
an' ye are a foolish lot, be jabers, to waste
your pity on 'im,' he said, refilling his pipe
with an impatient gesture. "Oi wudna
wonder, though, an' 'twould kill 'im,' he
added, meditatively, as he held the pipe beiween thumb and finger, and gazed into the
sickly fiame on the hearth. Then, as if he
sickly fiame on the hearth. Then, as if he

judgment on the future, he lifted his gray head commandingly; and swept his wrinkled hand across an imaginary are above it, saying, vengefully: "Let it kill 'im! let it be the death ov 'im, an Oi've not a wurrud to say. That's justit; let'im be afthur gittin' his desarts. Pay him, Oi say, in his own chink; in his very own, an' it'll be gude enuff fur 'im."

But hark! what was that which came through the open hallway? In a moment Ancil had subsided in his harangue, and all had risen to their feet and stood listening. There it came again; it was the clear,

all had risen to their reet and stood liven-ing. There it came again; it was the clear, quick tones of the master's bell summon-ing them! What had happened! Every face told plainly that the sound of the mas-ter's bell, "after hours," had struck terror

to their hearts.

James ran up-stairs with all speed possible, and went alone, as not one of them dared to follow him, although the little silvery peals of the bell continued to float down corridor and hall in quick, ener-

getic notes.

"Howly Moses! an' what's up now? Whin will the ind be rached and the climax of the therible day be forninst us?" And Anoil Clarkson walked back and forth excitedly in the midst of those who might not make

in the midst or those who might not master him answer.

James opened the door of his master's spartments with a feeling as if something awful had happened, or would soon happen the Hall. In a moment more he stood mutely before Sir Rupert, who, with one trembling hand still resting on the bell-pull, stood the best will divisite areas.

ly before Sir Rupert, who, with one trembiling handstill resting on the bell-pull, stood staring wildly into space.

"I wish you would call Miriam," begged the master, in a helpless, stricken tone. "She has just this moment left me to arrange for a journey, and I—I can not have her go. I am old, James, and she must have pity—must stay with me. You will find her in her rooms, I think; see her at once, and tell her she must, for sweet pity's sake, give up this journey—voyage, rather."

James stood petrified to the spot for some minutes. Had the master gone daft, or had Miriam really returned, and was she now in the Hall somewhere?

Sir Rupert took his hand from the bell and stretched it out to the butler in entreaty, while an ashen paleness crept over his aged face.

"Don't lose a moment of time, James, and if she will go, why, ask her to leave the child with me. It will be such a sunshine in the Hall, the bright little—"

"Boy," put in James, by way of enlightenment, no longer fearing reprimand from this strangely-sitered man.

"Bryt Ahl a deer little son," went on

this strangely-altered man.
"Boy! Ah! a dear little son," went or

"Bby! Ahl a dear little son," went on Sir Rupert. "A son! Then the evil genius can at last be thwarted. A son! Go, bring the little one—Miriam's little son—and beg of her also not to make the voyage unless—she must. I would have prevailed on her." he continued, in a lower tone, and sinking into his chair, "but somehow she wouldn't listen to me, James. She could not be made to hearken."

"Well, James, will you fail me tool" he added, pitcously.
"No, master, I shall not fail,"answered the butter, promising something, he knew not what. Then he stepped outside to think. What should he do?"
He was certain that Miriam Percival Fairfax was not in the Hall, and he half believed Sir Rupert's mind was turned, or that he had had a vivid dream, which, to him. was reality.

been, and that Sir Rupert was stitled from a temporary hallucination the butler felt certain.

Reluctantly he retraced his steps, and opening his master's door quietly, he went in. Sir Rupert was sitting much as he left him, only his hands had fallen to his side and that he seemed asleep. He roused up, however, as James entered, and a wan smile hovered around his trembling lips as he asked: "Did she relinquish her resolve concerning the trip, and will she be kind to me and remain at the Hall?"

"No," answered James, talking at random, "she is going."

"And will have no pity on her lonely father! Ah! ingratitude; ingratitude! She will leave me the little son, then, if she must go?"

"No," answered the butler, again at his wits end, but blundering on, "she will take the baby with her; 'needs him herself,' she says."

"Then I am undone; in the home of my ancestors I must die alone, and brokenhearted. But could you not prevail on her?" he continued, brightening visibly. "Speak of her dead mother."

"But, master," said James, much affected by this unusual softness, and knowing the



utter hopelessness of the case, "but, master, Miriam is gone; I saw her go."
"Alas! alas! another golden opportunity has flown from me, and I am left in my house desolate! desolate!"
Sir Rupert rose from his chair, and, stretching out his arms as if to grasp some unseen object, took a step forward and fell prone on the floor. The terrified James now seized the bell-pull and sent its hurrled summons loudly through the Hall.

In a moment hurrying feet came up the staircase and wild, frightened faces looked in.

ague fit.

"Let 'im doie," said Ancil, unfeelingly.

"Let 'im, and it will be the ind ov it."

"Shet up, ye baste," snapped Peggy,
under her breath, as under the touch of her
siriliful, motherly hand the master fell into
a troubled sleep.

Just as the rosy dawn finshed the east,
and the fresh breeze swept over the silent
world in token of the coming morning, Sir
Rupert sank into a quiet, restrui sleep, and
the servants retired, leaving their master
in calm, untroubled repose.

But after that memorable day of angry
meeting, of regret and compunction, followed by an almost fatal hallucination
bringing hours of wakeful agony, Sir Rupert was a strangely altered man.

Mid and genite in tone and manner, even
to the least of them, he commanded at last
the love and respect of, the much-tried
household. They learned to pity him for
his tottering step and whitened crown, and
to love him for the sake of one whom fate
had driven forever from Heatherleigh.
Invariably they murmured "poor master!"
when he walked alone about the grounds,
haiting here and there to rest and to
think.

The dwellers of the country side pitied
Sir Rupert from afar, and gradually, almost impercentibly drifted back to the

The dwellers of the country side pitted.

Sir Rupert from afar, and gradually, almost imperceptibly, drifted back to the long-avoided Hall. Dropping in on one pretext and another, they strove to console him and brighten the gloom of his declining years; but, after all, the master of Heath-claich was allow in accounting any proferred. years; but, after all, the master of Heath-erleigh was slow in accepting any proffered kindness, and seemed to look upon even old acquaintances as intruders. It seemed, in spite of their endeavors to be friendly, that they had failed in impressing Sir Rupert

avorably.
"The Percival grit was in him, barrin' all "The Percival grit was in him, barrin" als lamb-loike ways," Peggy said.

Occasionally Sir Rupert would ride out—
sometimes to the clergyman's, sometimes to the city to interview his attorney. And again he would spend a half day in leaning back in his favorite carriage and being driven slowly through the parks, across the commons or back and forth along the leasant reaches and sunny slopes of Fair

pleasant reaches and sunny slopes of Fairlight.

What his thoughts were during these long, solemn drives not a soul could guess, and he never conveyed by a single monosyllable one impulse of his soul. And the weary-hearted coachman felt as if he were driving his master's hearse over lonely, beaten ways rather than his animate self during these sorrowful, soul-depressing outings. Many pitted Sir Rupert as he passed by, but many more sympathized with and pitied the long-suffering coachman.

man.

Perhaps the austere soul of Sir Rupert was relenting—was doing earnest penance in the wordless marches, Ah! it might have been deepest compunction was busy with the long-neglected heart, and doing its work in the dark depths of his silent soul; perhaps that calm serenity on his daugh-



LEANING ON THE TRUSTY ARM OF JOHN.

LET'S face as she called to him across the portals of the home he had denied her in that last good-bye; perhaps the beautiful features of the little son, framed in by its long golden ringlets, and a pair of baby arms outstretched toward his unrelenting heart, had a part in the softening process of Sir Rupert's speech and manner. And perhaps it was on this sorrowful and affectionate picture that he dwelt in these dumb, lonely days. All conjectured, but none knew.

Once, after having been driven to Fairlight church, he wanted to be taken to Oak Lawn.

It was in the autumn time, and the day was cold for the season, and dreary enough to have remained indoors, especially for one so frail and woe-begone. But he wanted to go, desired to see "once more," he said, the beautiful grounds of Oak Lawn, where reposed the dust of Lady Percival.

And patient John had driven slowly, silently through the bleak lanes and across where the heather-bells glowed like flame on the browning wold until the siry, breey. Chace came to view, which isy between them and the chapel at Oak Lawn.

The clouds sailed high and whith the deep blue rifts shining through them in long, calm belts, sweetly gleaming, as if Heaven smiled complacently down in unchanging love, in spite of all the tumultous sorrows of earth.

The brown and russet leaves whirled hither, thither, and whirled on before in little edsies of death, and Sir Rupert sighed deeply and reposted to himself in a half audible voice: "We all do fade as a leaf—as leaf."

"What is it, master!" asked John, think-

plied restoratives, which they found at hand in a side cupboard there.

Sir Rupert slowly regained consciousness, moaning and murmuring of Miriam. And all night long they staid, faithful servants that they were, by Sir Rupert, and did what they could to relieve him. Once he opened his eyes very wide and started up, saying:

"Oh! ask her, ask her—but stop, she is gone, you say!"

Then he lay down again, turning his face to the wall, and shivered as if selsed withan ague iff.

"Let 'im soia," said Ancil, unfeelingly:
"Let 'im, and it will be the ind ov it."

"Shet up, ye baste," snapped Peggy, under her breath, as under the touch of her sitlifful, metherly hand the master fell into a troubled sleep.

Just as the rosy dawn fushed the east, and the fresh breeze swept over the silent.

As he did so a niece of paper dropped

his feet.

John picked it up at his master's bidding and gave it into the trembling, outstretched

CHAPTER XV.

Sir Rupert spread out its long-folded length on his hand, gazed intently at the chirography for some time, apparently trying to decipher its contents. Not making it out satisfactorily, he handed it to the sexton who stood watching him, and said, hurriedly: "Read it to me, will you?"

The quiet sexton, having an idea of something of its contents, took the paper reluctantly and read in clear, modulated tones:

"April 12, 18—

"This is the last letter I shall ndict to a relative; even now I am talking to one who can make no response, as by these few lines I am saying farewell to my bloshed de d-all I have left to talk to. Mother, I have been at Heatherleigh for the last time, I thus; gloomly-desolated Heatherleigh I imagic up in the shining courts of your beaut ful home you may still remember it, but certainly not for

may still remember it, but cortainly not for any good.

"I have forfeited all right to its doors, mother, as you dreaded I would before you passed sway, and the respect of its master, my father, has gone with it. In all this I have not sinned, as God is my judge!

"The condemnation I have to bear I have not merited by word or deed, nevertheless I have it to bear. Oh! that I could have died with thee; then the heart-aches and tears would have been unknown that now fill my bitter cup to the brim.

"I can return to the Hall, mother, if I beg for forgiveness and ask pardon for the course I

or years and ask pardon for the course I saw fit to take, but I, too, am a Percival, and will never humble myself enough to ask for giveness of one of my own kin simply to induise that hated austerity that curses my

house.

"A few hours ago I bade them all good-bye, and looked my last on the paternal face full of furious pride and haughty severity. Now I am here, mother, beside the tomb of my ancestors; here where you are resting. But I shall not have the privilege of lying with you when the shadows fall across my sun, for even the repose of my dead kindred is denied me. My lot has fallen with the dis inherited, and brand-days Cath. Leek the stranger's home. In a

ed as Cain I seek the stranger's home in a strange land.

"Rost yel darling mother. The boom of the seas will roll between us and you will not know the fate of your heart-broken erild, unless you can see from the region above the stars and love and pity me from the gates to which I trust to shortly come. Yet, mother, it is well.

"The sexton had finished reading the strange, weird epistle, and in such a place it seemed entirely in keeping with the sad, and communion with the dead.

it seemed entirely in keeping with the sad, soul-communion with the dead.

Sir Rupert, who had kept his eyes riveted on the lips of the reader from the beginning, with a wild, unearthly stare and shriek staggered back into the arms of the white-faced conchman and lay quite still for some moments, giving but little

The frightened John hold his master within for his health and—happiness and the stream of the health and—happiness and the stream of the health and whysh hereaff electric than the arms as it he health and whysh hereaff electric than the control of the health and the health and the health and the health an

the tomb purposely text to might a solution the hands of her unnatural father; putting the slip in the fastening in the presence of the sexton, she might have shrewdly guessed that he would lose no opportunity to discover it to Sir Rupert, which he attended to on his first visit thereafter.

If the design in leaving the paper at Oak-lawn was to break the austere, hardened heart of the master of Heatherleigh with its contents, the plan was well laid and exceuted to a fault, and the purpose had been accomplished without doubt. He sank visibly each day under the terrible blow dealthim by the proud, suffering daughter, and he would sit for hours, sliently and alone, in his private apartments, with our tains drawn, and grieve in the gloom of his desolated home. The weight of retribution was fearful. Poor old man! that drive to Oaklawu on that quiet autumn day was his last outing; he never recovered enough

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ing up with an untold dread in her big blue eyes. "An' did ye say the master was wurrus?"

"Ever so much," James repeated, hand-Vessel the Model of Comfort and

wirrus?"

"Ever so much," James repeated, handing the letter back to the housekeeper, "for you see he has eaten nothing of the nice breakfast Marcia prepared for him."

"Och hoon!" wailed Peggy, throwing down the polish and sinking into a ohir. "An'it was that letter that's gone an' failt the masthur. Ol'm shure it was the doin's of that same. Howly mother! an' what if he dhraps off suddin lolke, an the childer not in sphakin' distance! Woe be the day that he doies!"

But that trying time had gone by and the master of Heatherleigh had revived through the succeeding months, only to sink again under a far heavier blow. The winter come on, and during its greened, they learned to watch over him as one would over a troublesome offiled, "only they didn't dare to punish him," as Maruia remarked somewhat spitefully at the close of a very trying day. But with the breath of spring again his spirits seemed to revive a little. He walked out occasionally, leaning on the arm of one of the servants, and breathed the sweet air that kissed the tender buds and silky leaflet forth.

Sometimes wheeled about the grounds in Sometimes wheeled about the grounds in street, in the side of a corridor, and they are furnished with a very pretty chintz. The feeling between the French and her sleeping apartment contains a stree, di-fashioned, but very confortable it. He was again astenished when, at tempting to raise the mouster upon his stick, he was unable to lift it from the tempting to raise the mouster upon his stick, he was unable to lift it from the ground.

About that time he saw a neighbor on the road. Calling upon him for assistance, they cut the snake open at the place where the immense weight was located. The deck is laid with cork floor and when they took from its body an old boot leg through the when the ground. The deck is laid with cork floor when, when the queen is on board, a carpet is placed, and everything she the due with a creary hours. The form plantal plantal plantal plantal plantal plantal plantal plantal plantal pla

ally, leaning on the arm of one of the servants, and breathed the sweet air that kinsed the tender buds and silky leaflets forth.

Sometimes wheeled about the grounds in his chair, resting here and there in some favorite spot, intent on watching the birds in the turfted elms, or gazing wistfully high up the ivy-wreathed gables. The grand old Hall never had seemed so much like a magnificent mansoleum, nor the interior seemed so much like a tomb, as it did this sunny springtide.

(To be Continued.)

THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONGRESS.

The Anti-Slavery Congress which has begun its sessions in Brussels has a noble purpose, and since its delegates represent every leading power in Europe, as well as our own country and the Congo Free State, it will not lack the backing to carry that purpose into effect. The conservatism of its aim, too, is promising, since its primary object is not universal emancipation in Africa, but the concentration of efforts on crushing the silve trade. It is this horrible traffic that is devastating Central Africa and that smust be broken up. The crusade preached

The state of the s

several blows upon its head, which it was waving about in the air, soon dispatched it. He was again astonished when, attempting to raise the mouster upon his stick, he was unable to lift it from the

Lands.

TURKEYS. A

RY IFC CO DNT

VEN, THAT end to apply oner of Lands cres of timber a Kaslo Creek, sup the creek Lake: Com. No. 1, situated north bank of miles west, ace two miles o initial stake nov22-w2m.