

TOUT SORT DE CHOSES.

Buffalo are reported to be very scarce on their ranges this fall.
Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms.
Governor Cleveland's Thanksgiving proclamation is commended for its brevity.

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them?
An English woman, calling herself Engle, has walked 1,500 miles in 1,000 hours.

NATIONAL PILLS in the favorite purgative and anti-bilious medicine, they are mild and thorough.
Eggs bring \$1.25 per dozen in Maiden, Montana, and the supply is not equal to the demand.

There are many forms of nervous debility in men that yield to the use of Carter's Iron Pills. Those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, &c., should try them.
Mrs. Langtry has said once more that she doesn't care for social recognition.

ANOTHER WITNESS.
A Chard, of Sterling, testifies to the efficacy of Hagar's Yellow Oil, which he used for a badly injured knee joint. It is the great household remedy for inflammation, pain, soreness, lameness, etc., and is used both internally and externally with infallible success.

Brooklyn will spend \$20,000 in helping New York to celebrate Evacuation Day.
Mr. W. A. Wing, Westport, writes: "I wish to inform you of the wonderful results which followed the use of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A cough of six months' standing has been reduced to such an extent that I am now able to work. I tried many remedies without effect; at last I used this Emulsion, and before three bottles were used, I am glad to say, I was restored to perfect health."

Jennie Oram's mother lives in Brooklyn, and her landlord is suing for rent.
Mrs. O'Hearn, River street, Toronto, uses Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for her crows for Cracked and Sore Teats; she thinks there is nothing like it. She also used it when her horses had the Epizootic with the very best results. Do not be persuaded to take any other Oil in place of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

There are more Baptist churches in East Tennessee than post-offices or grist mills.
WINSTON FOLYATE Co., N. C.
GENTS—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the genuineness of your Bitters.

A Ochose, N. Y. couple were married the first day they met, and divorced on the third.
A CRYING EVIL—Children are often fretful and ill when worms is the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all worms.
Worms of venison are arriving in New York, and the demand is far better than the supply.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.
On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is the greatest scourge of the lungs; therefore use the greatest antiseptics or blood-purifiers and strength-givers, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lung, splitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption send two stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y. 108 N. E.

Watchmen in the Cincinnati wholesale district declare that the ghost of a New York travelling salesman appears to them each night.
N. McBae, Wyebridge, writes: "I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; it is used for colds, sore throat, croup, &c., and in fact for any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds and bruises."

A murderer in a Kansas jail charges 5 cents for a look, and is thus doing a thriving business.
NEW BOOKS.—THE LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER, by Rev. Wm. Stone, 12 mo. 112 pp. Price, 75 cents.
Short Memoirs and ad. plus words in the recitation of the HOLY RESARY, 21 mo. 338 pp. Price, bound, free mail, 60 cents. F. W. FLETCHER & CO., Publishers, 52 Barclay St., New York 10.

Rev. E. Clute, of Iowa City, has a swarm of bees whose honey brought him \$2,500 this year.
POTSDAM, N. Y., Dec. 21, 1883.

Gentlemen—I have sold DOWNS' ELIXIR, the great remedy for coughs and colds, for twenty-one years, and I have to-day a large and steady trade in every part of the country. I have used it, and whose trade in cough remedies could not be retained if I did not keep it in stock. While I am exceedingly cautious what I state, I will ask the reader if in his judgment it could be possible to so long retain and increase the sale of a preparation that did not possess real merit. H. D. THAYER, Druggist.

A trout caught in Lake Memphremagog at a depth of 250 feet, and weighing eleven and a half pounds, is on exhibition at Burlington, Vt.
OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE.
All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more subject to derangements of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected, lead to a changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McCall's Compound Suffering Pills will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everywhere. Price, 35c per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—B. E. McCall, chemist, Montreal.

A German newspaper having asserted that it had always been the custom of the Jesuits not to select an Italian as General of their Order, the Monitor de Rome gives a list of the

twenty-two Generals of the Jesuits, from the foundation of the company to the present time, proving that eleven were Italians, namely, the Fathers Aquaviva, Vitelleschi, Caraffa, Ficostrucchi, Gottfried, Oliva, Tambrini, Visconti, Contarini, Ricci and Fortis. There have been four Spaniards—Ignazio Loyola, Jacques Lafite, Francis Borja and Gonsalves. Germany has likewise given four Generals to the Order—Mercurian, Nickel, Reis and Anderledy, the future General, who is a German Swabian. Holland and Belgium have furnished three—Noyelle, Rothman and Beckx. No French, English or Portuguese Jesuit has ever attained to this dignity.

A WONDERFUL RESULT.
A single bottle of Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup has frequently destroyed from 100 to 200 worms. It is pleasant to take—no other cathartic being required. Tape worms have also been removed by it, of 15 to 35 feet in length. It is effectual for all varieties of worms afflicting both children and adults.

Alexander Mitchell was accompanied home from Scotland by his brother George, who, besides being older, is taller and more imposing.

A WRONG OPINION.
Many a dollar is paid for prescriptions for some disease that never troubled the patient, and when the sole difficulty was worms, which a few of Freeman's Worm Powders would remove. These Powders are pleasant, safe, and sure, contain their own cathartic, and are adapted for children or adults.

There are two cats at the Crystal Palace exhibit of London priced at \$50,000 each. Five hundred dollars is a common price fixed on the exhibits.

BAD DRAINAGE.
There is nothing more productive of disease in a neighborhood than bad drainage. Open the culverts and sluiceways, and purify the locality. The obstructions in the human system may be remedied in a similar manner by Burdock Blood Bitters, which open all the outlets of disease through the Bowels, Liver, and Kidneys.

According to the Wien Med. Blatter, the most expensive drug now in the market is ergotinine; it costs \$3.35 a grain, or nearly \$1,500 a pound.

THE PROGRESS OF MEDICAL ENLIGHTENMENT has led to the abandonment of many antiquated remedies of questionable value, and the adoption of newer and more rational ones. Prominent among the latter is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the justly celebrated Blood Purifier, a comprehensive family remedy for liver complaint, constipation, indigestion, loss of physical energy, and female complaints.

Thirty per cent. of the suicides in France take place in cellars and after the intended suicide has first partaken of a hearty meal. The recent Florida exorcising licenses, except upon a petition of a majority of the voters of the election district, has been considered by the Supreme Court and the constitutionality of the act affirmed. The people in any election district may hence declare absolute prohibition if they choose.

Amos Hodgins, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for the past six years. All the remedies I tried proved useless, until Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was brought under my notice. I have used two bottles with the best results, and can with confidence recommend it to those afflicted in like manner."

At Edinburgh Sheriff's Summary Court on Saturday, Michael Flynn, about 60 years of age, was convicted of having contravened the "Prevention of Gaming (Scotland) Act, 1859," by having been found in High Street, Mid-Caldor, on Friday, with three table and a pea for the practice of gambling or other unlawful gaming in his possession. It appeared Flynn had been at Mid-Caldor Fair, presiding his "thimbling," and after being observed thrice to cheat his "customers," he was apprehended. Sentence of 30 days' imprisonment was passed.

Do you feel played out? If so, try a bottle of GOLDEN FRUIT BITTERS. It is a simple tonic, pleasant to take, and will make you feel like "a new man." Sold by all druggists.

English doctors say tea drinking is causing more mental and physical diseases than beer drinking.

The hills are bit with maples yet,
But down the level land
The beech leaves rustle in the wind
As dry and brown as sand.
But drier falls that person's throat,
And worse is his grief,
Who has not change enough to buy
A mug of Fluid Beef.

A QUERRY.
People often ask when is the best time to take a blood purifier? We answer, the best time is now. Burdock Blood Bitters does its work of purifying, regulating, and toning the system at all times and in all seasons. Purity in all things is always in order when required.

The Lansing, Mich., Journal called a man "big hearted," and the next day he ordered his paper stopped.

A GOOD INTRODUCTION.
J. Kennedy, a merchant in Dixie, about three years ago introduced Hagar's Pectoral Balm to his customers by trying it in his own family for Coughs and Colds. Being pleased with results, large sales followed, and it is now the favorite remedy in that neighborhood.

THE ONLY VEGETABLE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Habitual Costiveness, Sick Headache and Biliousness. Price, 25c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

LACE MAKING. Our Book on Needle-work, gives full and intelligible instructions in the art of making Modern Point, Honiton and Macramé Lace, also how to do Kensington, Arras, and all other kinds of lace, with colored illustrations of the stitches and made. How to knit and crochet window and mantle Laminations, with colored illustrations of the stitches and made. Laces, Mittens, Alpaca and fifty other useful articles. How to make Trains, Veils, etc. Profusely illustrated. Price 25c. Four for \$1.00. Stamping Outfit for full size, Perforated Embroidery Patterns, and all the latest novelties, sent for 50c. Address: Patten Pub. Co., 47 Barclay St., N. Y.

THE QUEEN'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.
"AY, his mither, ye mavin ken," said Nell in a confidential tone, "was a gentle, modest bairn as e'er a pith honest farmer body was blessed wi'. Mony's the time I have seen her, a wee wilesome thing, trippin over the bonnie green kye o' Gabblooleugh, to milk her father's kaid, wi' a white piggie on her head, liltin a gude auld strathpate as bithly as the laverock aboon her head. God be gude an mercifull t' her, the pith saul; it was her gin her to hae as muckle as a blink at her gin her; she died ere it was weel born, an the donnie thing iteel was pickit up two hours after in the auld wa' o' Westlaw Abbey, where it was hing among the tombstones, w' it's back broken an it's wee body a' covered w' blae!"

"How horrible!" exclaimed Alice. "What an inhuman act to attempt the murder of the innocent creature! So, then, Grace Goodwin's not his mother?"

"No mair his mither than yersel, lassie, but his mither's trusty fien, that cudea bear to see the pith thing perish."

"And who was so inhuman, Nell, as thus to attempt the murder of the poor infant?"

"It's uncle, mistress Alice, it's ain mither's bither, an nobody else, an ill-favored, ill-said wretch, wha ne'er had a gude heart for frien or foe."

"His sister's gullit drove him mad, mayhap."

"Her gullit, woman! hoot awa! he didna care a thistle down for her gullit, na; he wudna mind it, 'in she bartered her vera saul to the deevil, but he wudna hae the fruit o' live for jolks to wink their een aw' their fingers at."

"So Whitrat is but Grace's foster child?"

"Na mair; an she's ay been a gude mither to the pith lad these twenty years; still after a' she diens ken the fether o' it."

"Strange, the unfortunate mother never disclosed the secret to so dear a friend."

"Ah, lassie, ye little thing how hard the task for an honest man's bairn to mak her stame known e'en to her bosom rin; the words wad hae choked poor Jeannie Southron."

"And none knows of Whitrat's paternity?"

"Aye, Alice, looking up sadly in Nell's face, and playing with the string of her hood. Nell hesitated for a moment, as if reflecting on what she should say in reply. "Wha's his father, ye mean; wae, indeed, then, Mistress Alice, I wudna jist say right bauldly there is ane that ken, and I wudna care to say there isna either," she said, adroitly evading the inquiry. "In sic thrawin times, his agny kittiesome thing to meddle w' birthen and parentage; an sin nobody's stame, lassie, so nobody's hanged for lack o' speech, neither."

"He might be of gentle birth," said Alice, musingly.

Nell smiled. "An' wha kens," she replied, "he might be a prince o' the royal baird, as like a scouter's bairn. An' what gird the thing be their secret, name-specked pith Jeannie till she sent for the priest and the midwife. Her mither was dead two three years, an name about the diggin but the auld man, an honest, gude-hearted body, wha thought his een was gien him for naither use than sperin after his craps and kive. Her bither Robert was ay frae hame peachin over the border, w' he'll petts himsel, an when he showed his dark dower face at the auld hamestead, it was but ainst an awa again. Now, as far wad hae it's ain gait, that night o' the night o' the year, Ower Goodwin had jist left father—a matter about the name—w' the pith gin, when he met Robert lochin the dize and the house, w' his gaim in his pouch; an his crossbow on his shoulder. When the lad gaed in an asked for Jeannie, name could esy whare she was; the auld man didna ken, an Oliver wudna say; so he ran out to seek her. Weel, I need na tell the rest; it's a sad an dolefu' tale, an no fit for ears like yours. Na, na, my bonnie innocent bairn, an stopping, she kissed the young girl's forehead affectionately, "na, na, far better we kenned less o' the world's sinful ways."

"But the priest and the midwife; what of them?"

"On, I darna, I darna tell ye," replied Nell, shaking her head; "na, the bairn secret man be reserved for ither ears an another place. But the twa are yet leavin; ay, are they, an wbin the hour comes to mak the disclosure o' Whitrat's parentage, by my saul, lassie, the highest heads in the la' w'ill bluish at their near relation w' the hunchback o' Whinstane Hollow."

Here Whitrat made a mumbling noise to attract attention, and then pointed across the chasm.

"There he is at last," muttered Nell, shading her eyes with her hand, and looking in the direction indicated by the dwarf.

"Who?"

"The gaberzuntle; come awa, lassie; he can tell us something o' auld Sir Geoffrey; and again taking up the babe in her arms, she led the way down the steep precipice to the cavern, followed by the impatient Alice.

As Nell threw back the heavy curtain that hung before the narrow entrance to the chapel, Alice saw the gaberzuntle and Father Peter earnestly conversing near the altar, and bounding quickly through the opening and across the rocky floor, he knelt at the priest's feet and craved his blessing.

"And now, good man," she said, turning round to the beggar, "what tidings bringest thou of my father? Speak, and tell me the truth, as thou'rt a Christian and a Catholic. Is he yet living?"

The person whom she addressed was a tall, stout man, seemingly about fifty years of age. His appearance was very remarkable. He wore a long, gray beard, that fell in profusion on his breast; a garb of coarse drab rize, confined round the middle by a thick cord of rope, and a black cap that fitted close to his head and tinged over his chin. He wore sandals too, instead of buckles, so that his ankles and feet were bare and browned from exposure to the weather. As he stood there before Alice under the uncertain light of the flickering torches that illuminated the chapel, he looked the very genius of that dreary and desolate place.

"Is my father yet living?" repeated Alice, looking feebly up in the man's face; "tell me—or is he a prisoner?"

The beggar paused for a moment, leaning on his long staff, and gazing at the young girl. Her eyes were fixed on his, watching every motion of his countenance, and her hands joined before her as in the act of supplication. Never, in all his checkered life, had he seen so lovely a face as he so gracefully and so suddenly appeared before him. He seemed spellbound as by a vision; or perhaps he was tracing in those exquisite lineaments some resemblance to features he had seen in his dreams, or somewhere long ago, away amongst the mists of former years.

CHAPTER XIX.
Why dost look at me so pityingly good

pilgrim?" said Alice. "Is my father dead? Speak, I entreat thee."

The mendicant seemed not to hear her voice. He gazed at her as if she were a statue on a pedestal, bending forward and leaning on his long polestar. At length his lips began to slightly tremble, and then his eyes, which kept moving leisurely over her face and form, scanning every feature, became gradually suffused with tears.

"My father's dead," said Alice, in a voice scarcely audible, as she saw the pilgrim's tears fall on his coarse garbards.

The words, though but few, and uttered in almost the tone of a whisper, were so full of anguish and despair, that they instantly recalled the stranger's wandering thoughts.

Slowly the old man stretched out his hands, and gently laid them on the head of the fair girl, saying, in accents tremulous with emotion,

"Thy father lives, my child, and sends thee his blessing by these hands; receive it and that of an old outcast also, who loves thee almost as well."

Alice knelt and raised her eyes towards heaven in speechless gratitude. Then taking the beggar by the hand, she imprinted a kiss on his hand, and sunbrant fingers. "Hast seen my father?" she inquired.

"Ay, truly have I. He is still at Brockton, with the faithful Biddy, who seldom leaves him even for a moment. I informed him of thy place of refuge, and he will soon venture hither to see thee."

"How looks he? Is he much altered?"

"May, I cannot answer thee in that, my child, having but seen him for the first time in seventeen years. It will be seventeen years come Holentide since we parted at Annie's grave—his mean at his wife's grave. I shook his honest hand for the last time across her open tomb, ere the earth had entirely covered her coffin from my sight. And since that day, we have been both learning to forget each other, and the world also—he in his little library at Brockton, whence he hath shut out all profane converse, and I in the woods and wilds of England, a roaming outcast without a shelter or a home."

"So thou didst know my mother, good man," said Alice, laying her hand on the beggar's arm, and looking up wistfully in his face.

"Thy mother—ay, I knew her—once," he replied with suppressed emotion.

"Then speak to me of my mother; I long to hear some one speak of her; people say she was very kind and gentle. Alas! I never saw her; she died in giving me birth and so there's a void in my heart I would fain fill up with her image. Say, pilgrim, canst paint her to my fancy? I will listen to thee most attentively."

The mendicant turned his head aside, and drew his hand quickly across his eyes.

"Fardon me, good man," said Alice, as she saw the motion, and understood it. "I fear me I have awakened some painful recollection."

"Nay," replied the mendicant; "it's but a foolish weakness; and he raised himself up to his full height, and planted his staff firmly on the rock, as if to nerve himself for the trial."

Father Peter and Nell Gower were conversing at the farther end of the cell, and casting a look occasionally in the direction of the speakers.

"Nell said, I'm somewhat like my mother. Good man, dost thou?" inquired Alice.

"Like thy mother, my fair child? Ay, thy face is somewhat like. But the face is only a small part—a hundred such faces were not worth a heart like hers."

"She was so good?"

"Ay, and so noble and so grand of soul."

"And yet so humble, so charitable, so pure, and so truly Catholic. Hold, I'll question thee as to the resemblance, and then tell thee mayhap in how much thou'lt like thy mother."

"Speak on," said Alice; "I'll answer thee right faithfully."

"Hast been good to the poor beggar who came to beg an alms and shelter? and didst give him the kind word at meeting, and the secret dole at parting?"

Alice hesitated.

"She hath," replied a deep voice from a distant corner of the chapel.

Alice started, somewhat surprised at the solemn sound, but the mendicant seemed not to notice it.

"Hast worshipped thy God in the night and in the morning?"

"She hath."

"Hast been frequent at the sacred confessional and the holy altar?"

"She hath," responded the same voice, a third time.

"Dost love thy religion better than thy life?" demanded the pilgrim, in a sterner tone, still leaning on his staff, and looking steadily at the young girl; "answer for thyself, maiden."

"Methinks I do," she at length replied, casting her eyes bashfully on the ground, and playing with the chain of her cross.

"But I'm only a simple country girl, and have not yet been greatly tempted."

"Good," said the mendicant. "And art ready to sacrifice thy life for thy faith?"

"Ay, willingly!" responded Alice, in a tone of increased confidence.

"Hearken to me, child. Thy religion is a low, mean and contemptible thing. It's driven out from the royal courts and princely halls of thy native land, where it once ruled triumphant, to dwell with the ignorant and the poor. It's forced to seek shelter in woods and caves. It's banished the presence of the great and powerful, despised and scoffed at even by the learned; nay, it's flung from their houses like a ragged garment, and fit only to be worn by wretched beggars like myself. Ha, girl! thy religion is the scorn of thy countrymen—like the Christian name in the times of the Diocletians, it's a disgrace and dishonor to acknowledge it."

"I care not," said Alice; "was not my Redeemer despised for his religion?"

"And art bold enough to meet the omnipotent smiles, and withstand the winks and nods, of the enemies of thy faith, as thou passest them by?"

Alice answered not in words, but she raised the cross from her bosom, where it hung, and reverently kissed the lips of the image of the Saviour.

The mendicant understood the silent reply, and proceeded.

"But of thy father. Wouldst abandon him to preserve thy faith? Wouldst see him dragged on a hurdle to the gallows, amid the shouts of the rabble, when thy apostasy would save him?"

"What! is he a prisoner?" she cried, fearing the mendicant had hitherto been, only preparing her for some dreadful announcement.

"Nay, answer me, maiden; wouldst save thy father by apostasy?"

"Never!" responded Alice, raising herself to her full height and crossing her arms on her breast as she spoke. "Never! I love him as fondly as ever daughter loved a parent—nay, I would give my life cheerfully to save him; but I would see him hanging on the gallows at Tyburn till the wind and sun had bleached his bones rather than renounce the

religion of my God and the honors of my ancestors."

"Hast thou wouldst, girl!" said the mendicant, catching her hand and gazing full in her face. "Then thou hast learnt to feel as a Catholic."

"Ay, and as none but the descendants of Catholic ancestors can feel, who have a past to look back on," said Alice.

"And what would he be without a past? Nought but isolated beings, like those breakers of God's covenant, without a name or a memory to cling to. And what is lineage or blood to me, were it not ennobled and purified—not by centuries of military glory and heroic achievements, but by centuries of faith, the mother of virtue and of honor. No, stranger, whoever thou art, who seemest to take so much interest in my soul's affair, I tell thee, I would not embrace Protestantism were it even possible to be saved thereby, and renounce the glory of Catholicity to snatch my father's head from the axe of the executioner."

"What!" said the mendicant, "wer't even possible to be saved thereby?"

"Ay, I've said it, pilgrim. I would rather live in rags like thee, with the memories of the past to sweeten my hard and bitter crust, than sit on a throne without them. They may persecute us, beggar us, trample us; but they cannot wrench from us the history of the past—that dominion of thought—that lies far above the earth, and far beyond the grave."

"Enough!" said the mendicant. "Thou hast proved thyself like thy mother. O God, I give thee thanks!" he cried, letting his long staff fall neglected from his grasp, and raising his hands in fervent gratitude. "I give thee thanks that I have lived to hear such words from the lips of the daughter of Annie Howard. Go, then, my noble and courageous girl—go as thou hast purposed—go before the face of the queen—ay, before her whose very frown is death—and beg thy father's pardon. She will not—dare not refuse thee."

"And who art thou, good man," she said, "whose words and bearing so contradict thy outward seeming? Thy voice, methinks, sounds somewhat familiar to my ears."

"A poor pilgrim," replied the mendicant, "who has been tired of the world since before thou wert born, and long to be at rest from thy troubles."

"But thy name?" pursued Alice.

"Folks call me the gaberzuntle, along by the Scottish borders," he replied, picking up his polestar, and sitting down on one of the rocks that lay scattered about the floor; "and hereabout they call me the big headman, and sometimes the beggar monk."

"But thy baptismal name?" persisted Alice.

"Thou must resemblest one long unheeded of, and whose portrait still hangs in my mother's room at Brockton Hall."

"Ay, doubtless some distant relative, lost in the troublesome times of the eighth Henry?"

"Nay," replied Alice; "he was my mother's brother, Henry Howard. He fought at the battle of Pinkie, and hath never since been heard of, living or dead. Some said he escaped to the continent, and took holy orders; others, that he is still wandering through England, in poverty and disguise. O that I knew he were living! I would seek his protection for my poor father who has no relative now to confide in but his child. Alas! that only child hath abandoned him at the first approach of danger. And Alice again covered her face with her hands.

The gaberzuntle, taking advantage of the moment, raised his staff and motioned Nell Gower to remove her.

"Stay, Nell!" she cried; "let me speak but one word more."

"Out awa w' ye, bairn," muttered the old woman; "come ben here and speak w' Father Peter; gin ye mavin speak; but no a word mair to the gaberzuntle. Oah, my troth, lassie, he's no the one to be mislead w' yer foolish claverin. Come awa!" And she forced Alice gently by the arm down the apartment to where Father Peter was sitting.

The mendicant's eyes followed the form of the fair girl, as it receded, step by step, from his sight, and became at length indistinct in the shadowy distance, and then slowly reclining against the side wall of the cavern, he threw back his head, and gazed up, unconsciously, at the dark and distant roof, in a long, absorbing reverie.

The priest, having addressed a few words to Alice, congratulating her on her father's health, and freedom from arrest, approached the mendicant seemingly with the intention of conversing with him, now that he was disengaged, and halting directly before him, appeared respectfully to await his notice.

The stranger, however, was now entirely unconscious of his presence. Indeed, so wrapped was he in thought, that he would have supposed he had suddenly fallen asleep, were it not for the peculiar motion of his head, against the rock, and the convulsive movement of his fingers round his oaken staff. No, he was not asleep, but thinking. It was old memories, which the sight of Alice had awakened once more—it was the long-dormant sympathies of his heart—the neglected, but still inextinguishable feelings of his nature, which the voice of the maiden had rekindled. The poor pilgrim had snatched a moment from the sorrow of the present, and flown back on the wings of memory to the pleasures of the past.

As the priest stood there, and fixed his eye on the mendicant's upturned face, he saw something rolling down his cheeks and falling from his long, gray beard. It might be drops from the efluy arch above, or it might be tears. "I cannot find it in my heart to disturb thee now," said the priest, and he turned away and joined the two females at the opposite side of the chapel.

That night Alice retired earlier than usual. She was fain to seek the refreshing influence of sleep, after the many perplexing anxieties she endured during the day, and as her mind was now restored in some measure to its wonted calm by the news of her father's safety, nature once reasserted her power over her wearied senses.

The night was far advanced, and the last clouder had fallen buried in its ashes on the little heath, near which Alice had lain down to rest, when she awoke from her first sleep, and looked around in search of her old protectress. But Nell Gower was not there. She called her in whispers, and yet no answer came. The place where she lay was a small recess or cell in the rock, and separated from the chapel by a curtain, which served instead of a door to cover the low and narrow entrance, and so dark that she could see nothing save the curtain waving to and fro before the aperture. As she kept looking, however, for a time at this object, her eyes became accustomed by degrees to the light that struggled faintly through the thin fabric, and she could see at length sundry figures pass-

ing and repassing before it, as if busied in some hasty preparations. Presently she heard voices whispering low, through the hollow-sounding chapel without, and at short intervals, the tread of footsteps approaching by the long, winding corridor, through which Nell Gower had a few days before conducted her courtly visitor. As she listened a while to these strange sounds, her eyes again closed; but she could not sleep. The few hours' rest she obtained had not sufficiently refreshed her wearied senses, and yet the unusual sound of voices without, and the passing of so many figures before the curtain, had so excited her imagination that she feared to resign herself entirely to forgetfulness. In this state of half-consciousness, without the power to sleep awake, and without the courage to sleep, she felt, or thought she felt, the breathing of something within the distance of a few feet, nay, could almost feel its warmth upon her arm, that lay extended on the floor by the side of her bed. She would have looked to see who or what was there, but the place was dark, and she could not summon energy enough to speak. Then it