THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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WHAT ARE NEWSPAPERS?

(From the British and Colonial Printer.) Organs that gentlemen play, my boy, To answer the taste of the day, my boy, Whatever it be They hit on the key, And pipe in full concert away, my boy.

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News from all countries and climes, my boy, Advertisements, essays and rhymes, my boy, Mixed up with all sorts Of (1) lying reports, And published at regular times, my boy.

Articles able and wise, my boy, At least in the editor's eyes, my boy, And logic so grand That few understand To what in the world it applies, my boy.

Statistics, reflections, reviews, my boy, Little scraps to instruct and amuse, my boy, A lengthy debate Upon matters of State, For wise-headed folks to peruse, my boy.

The funds as they were and they are, my boy, The quibbles and quirks of the bar, my boy, And every week A clever critique On some rising theatrical star. my boy.

The age of Jupiter's moons, my boy. The stealing of somebody's spoons, my boy, The state of the crops, The style of the fors, And the wit of the public buffoons, my boy.

List of a'l physical ills, my boy. Banished by somebody's pills, my boy, Till you ask with surprise Wby any one dies, Or what the disorder that kills, my boy.

Who has got married, to whom, my boy, Who were cut off in the bloom, my boy, Who has had with On the sorrow-stained earth, And who totters fast to the tomb, my boy.

The price of cattle and grain, my boy, Directions to dig and to drain, my boy, But 'twould take me too long To tell you in song A quarter of all they contain, my boy.

One Night's Mystery

By May Agnes Fleming.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

SY DNEY.

'Yet, is this girl I sing in naught uncommon, And very far from angel, yet I trow Her faults, her sweetness are purely human, And she's more lovable as simple woman Than any one diviner that I know.'

Two o'clock of a cold November afternoon, a shrill rising wind, whistling up and down the city streets, stripping the giant brown trees of their last sere and yellow leaf, and making little ripples all along the steely pools of water, which the morning's rain has left. The rain has ceased now, but a gray, fastdriftingsky yet lowers over New York, ominously suggestive of the first wintry fall of Omnibuses rattle up and omnibuses Show. rattle down, private carriages, all aglitter of black varnish, prancing horses and liveried coachman whirl up park-ward. A few ladies trip past in the direction of Broadway, a few beggar children creep around the areas. That is the street scene, the tall young lady with the fair hair, and mourning dress, sits and looks at rather listlessly, considering that more than four years have elapsed since these blue-gray eyes looked upon it before. The young lady is Miss Sydney Owenson, newly returned from a five years' sojourn abroad, and domiciled with her late mother's cousin Mrs. Macgregor, of Madison Avenue.

Her mother, Mrs. Owenson, is dead. Except these cousins, Sydney Owenson, orphan and heiress, stands quite alone in the world. Four years ago, one sunny May day, Captain Owenson's widow and only child left New York for Havre. Four quiet pleasant years followed for poor badgered Aunt Char; more quiet and pleasant than Aunt Char would ever have owned even to herself, with no terrible

in her letters, had done precisely the same with Sydney. Sir Harry was a man of thirty, not had looking, and rich enough in Cornish tin mines to put the possibility of mercenary. motives entirely out of the question. Miss Owenson had spent many months following her mother's death with Miss Leonard, and now the question arose, was Sydney the fiance of Sir Harry Leonard? Dick Macgregor, his mother, and sister revolved this question in all its bearings and revolved in vain. Sydney was serenely silent on all these tender matters, and there was a quaint dignity about her that forbade questions. Dick's attention she took with a consinly indifference and good high-spirited everywhere except-at home. nature that was exasperating to a degree. It seems a pity to let the fortune-a mil-

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lion of dollars-go out of the family,' says made a black archway over her lofty Roman n05e

'If she were to marry Dick, I needn't sell myself to that fat beast, old Vanderdonck,' says Miss Macgregor, with considerable asperity. 'One of us must marry money or starve. Vanderdonck is as fond of meas it is possible for him to be of anything, except his account and Sydney is about as much in love with Dick as she is with your new black coachman, mamma. Who can wonder, though, after the men she has associated with abroad, and its not your fault, I suppose, my poor Dick, that you've neither brains nor beauty.'

'She's engaged to the baronet-that's where the trouble is,' responds Dick, with a gloomy glance at his sister. 'or that other fellowwhat's his name, the German that wanted to marry her? American girls are all tarred with the same stick-they'd marry the deuce himself, horns and hoof, if he only had a title

Of this family conclave, of the plots and plans in regard to her, Miss Owenson was most supremely unconscious. Those bright gray eyes of hers would have opened very wide indeed if any one had told her Dick Macgregor wanted to marry her-not only wanted to marry her, but had fallen in love with her. She would stay with them for this winter, she thought, and after that-but the 'after that' was not quite clear in Sydney's mind. Youth, beauty, many friends, two or three lovers, and great wealth are hers; but as she sits here to-day and looks out at the bleak, wind-blown street, she feels lonely and sad enough. The Macgregors are relatives and very good to her after their light, but their house is not home, not even like the Cornish home that was hers so lately, and oh ! so unutterably like the dear old home at Wych-cliffe forever lost now. This day is an anniversary-this day five years ago was the day before her wedding-this day five years ago, and just at this hour, she and Bertie Vaughan stood looking out at the whirling snow. Again she sees him lying back in his chair, that moody look on his blonde, boyish face; again she hears him speak, 'Who knows what may happen? In the midst of life we are in death, and all that, you know.' His words had been prophetic. Ah! poor Bertie. Looking back now, with the knowledge and experience of five years added upon her, Sydney knows that as Bertie's wife she would have been a supremely wretched woman. Looking back now, she knows he was weak and unstable as water-that she would have outgrown him, and that they would have wearied to death of the tie that bound them. She knows that for herself and her own happiness it is infinitely better as it is.

Yet none the less does she regret him, none the less does she mourn his tragic end. The mystery of that night's disappearance is as dense a mystery as ever; nothing has ever come to light--nothing, it is probable now, ever will. Whether a murder was done, whether an accident befel him, may never be and vgliness, or swindling you to your face, I main chance-a girl who looked calmly in discovered. Of late years Sydney has inclined to the latter belief. Bertie had no [1] waste of time.' Miss Macgregor pulls at troduced, with these tw questions uppermost ceive, Mr. Nolan. It is charmine enemies -- not one -- and just there an accident [her watch. 'Twenty minutes to four and the in her mind: 'Is he rich?' and 'Can I in- fallen quite in love with genius.' might very easily befall. A slip, a frise daylight waning already, and Von Ette's stu-step, and the rising tide would speedily bear dio closes invariably at five. I give you just away all traces. The minutes to dress, Miss Owenson. The means; simply a latter-day young lady, true shall transport Carl to the seventh heaven on the Monday preceding the feast of Corpus away all traces. She rises from her reverse with a sigh to the memory of those pleasant by-gone days, and goes in search of a book. The room she is in is called a library, although one small, bookcase holds all its. literature-the M acgregors are not a reading family. Pictures there are in profusion-chromos and engravings mostly; the carpet is soft and rich, the curtains are elegant and cestly, the furniture is black rep, and there are half-adozen lounging chairs. How Mrs. Macgregor furnishes ner house, dresses her daughter, keeps her carrriage, gives her quantum of parties in the season, and goes everywhere, is a conundrum several families on the avenue are interested in solving, and cannot. All this shedoes and more. Newport and Saratoga know them in the summer solstice; their seat at the opera and at Wallack's is always filled; they have an open account at Stewart's and another at Tiffany's. And how on earth does Mrs. Macgregor do it, asks the avenue families, 'when we all know how John Macgregor left her nothing but the house she lives in and a beggarly two thousand a year.' Miss Owenson takes down a book at random, and returns to her chair. The book turns out to be 'Sintram,' a very old friend, and a very great favorite-one that will bear reading many times, and the closing pages of which Sydney has never yet reached with dry eyes. She opens near the middle, and begins to read, and soon all things, all cares of her own, the very memory of her own lifesorrows, are lost in the ideal sorrows of 'Sintram.' Brave, tempted, uoble, forsaken, her heart is with him through all, far more than with Sir Folko, stainless knight and happy husband. Her eyes are dewy as she reads lines that tell poor, tempted, sorrowing Sintram that his trials are almost done.

tram, wild, pathetic, old legend that it is, is worth the whole boiling-

"I don't care for pathetic things,' says Miss Katherine Macgregor, shrugging her shoul-ders; 'one's daily life and its worries are as pathetic a legend as I want to know anything about.'

Sydney lifts her eyes and locks at her. A tall brunctte, not really handsome, but making the most of herself, of a fine erect figure, a pair of sparkling black eyes, and a set of very white teeth. Vivacity is becoming to Miss Macgregor's peculiar style, consequently Miss Macgregor is charmingly vivacious and Dull parties 'go off' with Katie Macgregor to the fore; heavy dinners are lightened; very young men fall in love with her at Mrs. Macgregor, knitting her brows, until they sight; married men are invariably smitten when they sit near her. She plays the piano well, waltzes well, dresses in excellent taste, sings a little, and can 'take' Broadway of a sunny afternoon, with a dash and elan that makes every masculine head turn involuntarily to look again. And it must be added Of course I will be the sacrifice, though. Old that Miss Macgregor's face is very well known on Broadway, indeed, better and longer than she likes to think, herself. She is three years Sydney's senior, and as she came out at sixteen, the ways of the wicked world are as a twice toid tale to Katherine Macgregor, and Money and Matrimony-' the two capital M's, as her brother Dick calls them-long ago become the leading aims of her life. As indeed of what well regulated young woman are they

not? ' You worried, Katie ?' Sydney says, still Who laughing; 'do my ears deceive me? Who would think Katie Macgregor, the 'Sunbeam of New York,' as I heard poor young Van Cuyler call you last night, had a care.'

The laughing byens of New York is brother Dick's name for it, and the more suitable of the two,' responds Miss Macgregor, rather bitterly. 'To eat, drink, and be merry, mamma told me when I was sixteen, was to be my role through life-laughter is becoming, you know, to people with white teeth and black eyes, so I began at her command, and have gone on ever since. It has become uature by this time, but to laugh is one thing, and to be happy another.'

What is the trouble, dear?' Sydney asks is it anything in which I can help you? If

"Thanks, Syd-no you cannot help me, unless you can induce somebody to leave me fifty or sixty thousand dollars. Dollars, the great want of the world, are my want. With them I need not become Mrs. Cornelius Vanderdonck-without them I must.'

'Katie! Old Mr. Vanderdonck! (ll-tempered, rheumatic, sixty years! You surely do not dream of marrying him ?'

'I surely do-only too happy and thankful to have him ask me. I am tired, tired and sick, Sydney, of the life we lead, hand to mouth, pinching here, saving there; servants unpaid, bills, duns, mamma nearly at her wits' end. Oh! you don't know! In my place you would be as mercenary and heartless as 1 am.'

But I thought,' Sydney says, with a puzeled look, 'that Aunt Helen was rich?' (Aunt Helen a convenient term for her mother's cousin.) ' If money matters are your only trouble, Katie, why do you not draw on me? I have more than I can possibly use, and you newspaper literature of the day, murders, dimust know, Aunt Helen must know, that I would be only too glad -----'

We know you are generosity itself, Sydney, dear,' responds Miss Macgregor, still with that touch of cynicism in her voice that she keeps strictly for family use, 'but even you | ment everything-a girl who flirted, waltzed, might grow weary after a time of supporting | took presents, went to watering-places every a large family of third cousins. And of the summer, went to parties every winter, and in two evil_d-marrying sixty years, ill-tempered, the midst of all kept a bright look-out for the ree ily think I prefer the former. But this is the face of every man to whom she was in-

CHAPTER II. " SINTRAM."

IT was a large and well-lighted room, the floor covered with dark-red wool carpet, the walls colored of some dull, neutral tint and, containing by way of furniture three queer spindle-legged old fashioned chairs. Three or four ladies and as many men stoed clustered around a picture-the picture, the only picture upon the wall. At the extreme end of the room two or three others hingexcepting these the plastered walls were quite bare.

Von Ette's studio is as grim and ugly as himself,' remarked Miss Macgregor, taking in the place and the people with an American girl's cool, broad stare. 'There is Uncle Grif gazing through his venerable old spece, lost in a trance of admiration, just as if he had never seen it before. The dear old soul has no more idea of art than a benevolent tom cat, but a sign-board painted by little Von Ette would be in his eyes as a Murillo or a Rubens in those of other people.

Grif's,' asks Miss Owenson. 'Let us take a seat until these good people disperse. I detest looking at a picture over other's shoulders.

'Carl Von Ette is a protege of Lewis Nolan. Lewis Nolan, since he was twelve years old, has been a protege of Uncle Grif's; while Uncle Grif, ever since I can remember, has been mamma's abject slave. I never knew him to rebel except on one point, and that point this same Lewis Nolan. 'The money you spend upon that Irish boy, Brother Grif,' says mamma, looking at him with her glance, peneath which the stoutest heart may well blanch, 'would be more suitably employed in educating your only sister's children. Charity begins at home, sir.' And Uncle Grif, bless him! quails and trembles, and makes answer, in quivering falsetto, ' Little Lewis is like a son to me, Sister Helen. It is but lit-tle that I can do for him; that little I mean to do; whatever is left, you and the children

are welcome to. I'm sure.' Miss Macgregor, in her most vivacious tone, parodies her mother and uncle without the smallest compunction, and the mimicry is so good that Sydney has to laugh.

'Mr. Nolan is Irish, then, and poor ?'

Of Irish extraction, and poor as a rat, his mother and sisters are seamstresses. He 's a lawyer now, admitted to the bar, thanks to uncle. He began life selling papers, was elevated to office-sweeping, was one of those boys you read of in Sunday-school books, and goodly literature generally, who are athirst handsome face, but a very good one, a think-after knowledge, spend their leisure hours in ing face a strong face : the face. it might be hard study, rise to be prime ministers, and of a man of powerful passion, held well in marry a dnke's daughter. Mr. Nolan has not had greatness of any kind thrust upon him yet, but after all, I shouldn't be in the least surprised to see him a ruler in the land before his hair is gray-one of those selfmade men, who are so dreadfully priggish and pompous, and who never tell a lie in

their lives. There! an opening at last. Now let us go and look at the pictures.' Kate Macgregor's cynicisms and worldly knowledge, her sarcastic strictures, on every subject under the sun, were a never-failing source of wonder and amusement to Sydney. A very good type of the girl of the period was Miss Macgregor devouring with relish the vorces, scandals the most atrocious, and ready to discuss and analyze the most revolting cases with perfect sang froid-a girl to whom

birth-day, and marriage and an establish- is fata'ly good.'

It is a very small picture but in a different as to affirm that in his tender years he was way, quite as striking as "The Little Sister.' A dead white expanse of frozen snow, paling away into the gray and low-lying sky. Black and spectral against this ghostly whiteness stands out the tall powerful figure of Sintram, his dark face, full of passion, remorse, and borror. Behind him, leering and evil, tempting him to the murder of a friend for the sake of that friend's wife, crouches 'The Little Master.' Away in the distance, at the foot of an icy precipice, lies prostrate and helpless the gallant Sir Folko. But the interest of the picture centres in Sintram. You can ree the fierce battle between temptation and honor, between the inherent ferocity and nobility of his nature, and you wonder almost painfully how the struggle will end.

Sydney lingers, fascinated, and while she stands, Katherine deserts her friend and returns to her. An exclamation from Miss Macgregor makes her glance round; that young lady pauses and gazes at 'Sintram' with an inexplicable expression of face.

'is it not exquisite ?' Sydney asks; 'even better in its way than the other? You can see the torture poor, tempted, loyal Sintram is suffering in his very face.' 'I don't know how it may depict Sintram,

says Katie in her most caustic voice. 'I know it is a very good portrait of Lewis Nolan, although I never saw him wear any snch gruesome expression as that.'

She stands and regards it with a look in her eyes that Sydney does not understand but which is something deeper than mere criticism

'I wonder if it is for sale?' Sydney eagerly asks. 'I should like to buy it. It is my ideal Sintram exactly.'

'You can very easily ascertain. Uncle Grif will negotiate the transaction for you with Von Ette. I will call him now.

She breaks abruptly off. Uncle Grif still remains where she has left him, but no longer meekly alone. A man has entered and stands talking to him, his tall head slightly bent, a grave smile on his face, Mr. Nolan, Sydney knows in a moment, partly by the expression of her cousin's face, partly by his vivid resemblance to the "Sintram.' Miss Macgregor is right, the likeness is a very good one, lacking of course, the agony of despair. A very tall man is Mr. Nolan. Sydney glances approvingly at the active figure and broad shoulders, with a black, close cropped head, and a dark, rather sallow face, a face

profound gravity, but which is lighted just now by a very genial smile. By no means a ing face, a strong face ; the face, it might be, hand by a still more powerful will.

'Here they come,' says Katherine Mac-gregor, half under her breath. 'Now, then, Sydney, solve my riddle if you can. Tell me what manner of man Lewis Nolan is?"

'He is a man who carries himself well, at least,' says Miss Owenson, with a second calmiy approving glance. 'Your very tall men slouches as a rule; Mr. Nolan does not.

'Lewis,' says Uncle Grif, shambling up to his niece and looking at her in meek depression, for the old man stands in mortal awe of his dashing young relative, 'this is Katherine, my niece, Katherine. You remember, Katherine, don't you ?'

It is much easier to remember Miss Katherine than to forget her.' says Mr. Nolan, with an amused glance into Miss Katherine's love had meant nothing since her seventeenth laughing eyes. 'My memory ir some cases

Uncle Grif himself never remembers my existence five seconds after I am out of his sight, and naturally takes it for granted the rest of mankind are equally criminal,' says Katherine.

"Uncle Grif' to the other boys of the school. A thin, patient-looking old man, whom you intuitively know for an old bachelor at sight, badgered by his strong-minded sister, patronized by his nephew and niece, and imposed upon in a general way by all the world. One of those men who battle weakly all their lives with Mammon, and end as they began, hopelessly poor-one of the great brigade of the Unsuccessful.

'Uncle Grif tells us you are engaged in the gree Harland case, Mr. Nolan,' remarks Ka-therine Macgregor.

'As junior counsel-yes.'

He answers rather dreamily, his eyes still fixed with that curiously intent look upon the Sintram.'

"It is a great opening is it not! You will have a chance—and you only need a chance, I am sure, to distinguish yourself.' Mr. Graham will have chance enough :

there is very little for me." He takes no notice of her smooth compli-

ment; he appears to answer mechanically, his thoughts with the picture, or something it suggests.

'You are for the defence,' persists his fair inquisitor-' for Mrs. Harland, are you | not ?'

4 Yes.'

'Poor thing ?'-Katherine, heaves a sympathetic sigh-' how dreadfully she must feel. to be tried in a week for her life.'

'There is no question of her life,' says Mr. Nolan, still in that absent tone; 'they cannot bring it in wilful murder, do their worst. It will be outrageous to bring it in even manslaughter. Our hope is that we will get a verdict of 'not guilty.'' 'But she is guilty,' says Miss Owenson,

opening her eyes; 'she killed her husband. Killing is murder, is it not?'

'God forbid !' cries Lewis Nolan, so suddenly, so energetically, that Katie absolutely recoiled.

'What then do you call it?' asks Sydney, looking at him with wandering blue eyes. Not murder certainly, else Heaven help the world. To hate a man, to lie in wait for him, to assassinate him, coolly and deliberately with malice prepense-that is murder, if you like, and worthy of the gallows."

'Ah, yes!' says Katherine, with a second sympathetic sigh.

'I don't see that it makes much difference to the victim, though,' says Sydney ; the rewhose habitual expression will be that of sult is the same so far as he is concerned, whether he is murdered in hot blood or cold Mr. Harland was sent into eternity by the hands of his wife just as surely as though she had lain in wait there for hours, pistol in hand.'

'He was a brute,' exclaimed Miss Macgre

gor, 'for whom shooting was too good.' 'A brute I grant, if what papers say of him be true, who most shamefully insulted and ill-treated his wife. All the same, he has died by her hand, and his blood is upon her." 'She did not mean to kill him.'

'Can that avail the soul sent before its Maker in a moment of time, with all its transgressions upon it?' cries Sydney, her eyes kindling. 'She did kill him, and she is his murderess.

'Miss Owenson, she is guiltless,' exclaims Louis Nolan, an answering fire kindling in his eyes—'guiltless before Heaven, as we shall try to prove her before men."

'And I hold her guilty, with blood to answer and atone for, in this world and in the next.'

(To be Continued.)

A LONDON PRIEST AT KNOCK.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE APPARITION.

The Rev. Joseph Kavanagh, of St. George's We have come to see the picture, you per-ceive, Mr. Nolan. It is charming. I have at Knock, which he had been led to visit, like so many others, by the account of the appari-

'M. Von Ette is then a prolege of Uncle

marital voice to thunder at her for the thousand and one foolish little deeds and speeches of every day. There was one long balmy winter in Florence; another in Rome, where the churches and picture galleries, the delights of her daughter's heart, made her head ache, and where St. Peter's with its splendors and its vastness, and its majestic music and wondrously beautiful ceremonies, nearly tired her to death. Physically, mentally, and muorally, Aunt Ohar was weak, and rowing weaker every day. For Sydney that Roman winter was one long dream f delight; it seemed to her mother she iterally lived in the churches and picture galleries. The summers were spent rambling in a vagabond sort of Yay through Switzerland, Germany and Bavaria. The fourth winter was spent in Paris, and in that city Aunt Char's feeble hold on life grew weaker and weaker; and one bleak spring morning Sydney awoke, to find herself an orphan indeed, and that weak and gentle mother, lying with folded hands and placid face and life's labor done.

Four years before on that December morning when she knelt down by her dead father's bed, the girl had been a child, a very child in heart and knowledge, in thought and feeling. But with that day her childhood seemed to cease, and womanhood to dawn. She had loved her feeble little mother very dearly, but never-no never-as she had loved her father. In those years of aimless wandering hers had been the guiding spirit, hers the ruling voice. To rule was not in Mrs. Owenson's nature-all her life she had been meekly under orders until its very last day. Strong, self-reliant, tearless, she looked upon her slim, stately young daughter with wonder and admiration, and leaned upon her from the first day of her husband's death. That bygone tragedy had left its impress upon the girl for life. Grave beyond her years, with a gravity most people found very charming, thoughtful, but very gentle and sweet, her seriousness was an added witchery. She had shot up in these years, supple and tall, healthful and handsome, with eyes as bright as these southern skies at which they gazed, a complexion not pale, and yet colorless, and a jearless frankness of manner, that her unfettered, wandering life could not fail to give. In her heart, her whole life long, she would mourn for the father she had so deally loved, stylish carriage costume, stately as her name, the brother who was to have been her husband; but her face was bright as the sunpresent it was the business of the Macgregor | that you have got hold of now?" family to discover whether their fair and rich relative had brought her heart home with snatches the book, and her little, piquant nez her, or had left that useful organ behind in retrousse curls scornfully as she glances at the foreign parts. She had been with them three title. weeks now, and the discovery had not been satisfactorily made yet, and Dick Macgregor, son of the house and graduate of West Point, was growing seriously anxious on the sub-

ject.

Miss Owenson had remained a full year forty. With the sister, Miss Owenson frank- not imagine.'

ly owned to have fallen in love at sight—the Vour new novels are the rubbish, judging She taps at the door, opens i brother, Mrs. Owenson had more than hinted by the criticisms I read of them. One Sin- young ladies are in the studio.

"Death comes to set thee free; Oh! meet him cheerily,
As thy true friend; Then all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace Thy penance end !"

'Sydney,' calls a voice, the clear, fresh voice of Katherine Macgregor. Then the library door is thrown open by an impetuous gloved hand, and Katherine Macgregor, in tall and elegant, rustles in.

'What! reading,' she exclaims, 'and not shine itself, and the handsome American heir-ess did not reach her twenty-first birthday, be promised to be ready at three, and poor Uncle very sure, without more than one manly Grif pottering about the drawing-room wait-heart and hand (more or less short of ready ing for the last hour? Oh! this is too much! money) being had at her shrine, and just at even my patience has its limits. What is

Without ceremony Miss Macgregor

Sintram and His Companions! That you should live to be two-and-twenty, and still be addicted to fairy tales!' 'It is'nt a fairy tale,' says Miss Owenson,

laughing.

'It is all the same-goblins and demons, abroad after her mother's death with some skeletons and death's heads. Ugh ! I began English friends, whose acquaintance she had it once and had the nightmare after it. How made in Paris. These friends were Sir Harry any one can read such rubbish, with dozens Leonard and his sister, a maiden lady of of delicious new novels out every day, I can-

ten minutes to dress, Miss Owenson. carriage is already at the door.'

'The new picture! I had forgotten all about it !' cries Miss Owenson starting up. Ten minutes is it, Kate? Very well-in ten minutes I will be ready.'

Strange to say, Miss Owenson keeps her word. In ten minutes she descends, a seal jacket over her black silk dress, a black hat with a long black plume on her head, and her fair face and golden hair, very fair by contrast. Deep mourning Sydney has left off, colors she has not yet asumed.

· Uncle Grifgrew tired of waiting,'says Miss Macgregor, as they enter the carriage, 'and toddled off by himself to meet us at Philippi I mean Von Ette's.'

Who is this Monsieur Von Ette?' Sydney asks. 'His name is new to me.'

'The name is new to us all. A year ago Carl Von Ette was a beggar-iterally a reg-gar in the streets of New York hawking his own pictures from door to door, and earning a crust and a garret. One day he fell down in a fainting fit in the street, from sheer starvation, and a man nearly as poor as himself took him home, nursed him, encouraged him, and the result-Von Ette has painted a picture that the town talks of, and is on the high road to fame and fortune.'

'And his friend-the good Samaritanwhat of him?

Sydney's eyes glisten as she asks the ques-Her sympathetics are very quick-it tion. is things like these that go home to her heart. For Miss Macgregor her cynical look comes back.

'The good Samaritan is precisely where he was-the usual fate of good Samaritans, is it not ?-plodding along in a lawyer's office. Lewis Nolan may be the cause of greatness to others, but I have a presentiment he will never be great to himself. He has exploded theories about honor and honesty, that keep men back. Here we are. Raise your dress, Sydney. These stairs may have been swept during the last ten years, but I doubt it. Your true artist is a dirty creature, or nothing.

She lifts her glistening silk train and runs lightly up the stairs, her vivacious society face in its best working order. Miss Owenson, with an expression of extreme distaste for the dirty, unswept stairs, gathers up her

skirts and follows. 'Shail we see the artist, Eatie?' she

asks No. decidedly. Von Ette is a perfect miracle of ugliness-is next door to a dwarf, and hiss hump. No one ever enters his studio when he is there but Uncle Grif and Lewis Nolan.'

'The good Samaritan ! Shall we see him!' They have reached the landing. Miss Macgregor gives herself one small shake and shakes every ribbon, every silken fold into its place in a second. She pauses at her

consin's question, and looks at her for a moment. 'Perhaps!' sheanswers, slowly; 'and if we do, I want you to look at him well and tell me what you think of him. Lewis Nolan has

been my puzzle for the past ten years, and is more my puzzle to-day than ever. Let me see if you can solve it.' She taps at the door, opens it, and the two

to the teachings of her life, and of the world, worldly, to her inmost soul.

The little group before the painting had dispersed, and the cousins were free to look at their leisure. Miss Macgregor doubled up her gray gloved hands, pursed her lins, and set herself to find out its faults.

'H'm! a very pretty picture-subject somewhat triste-'The Little Sister' Nuns are rather a hackneyed subject, but always effective. The gas-light falling on that girl's face is very good-very good, indeed-a fallen woman in more senses than one. The Sister's dress is painted with pre-Raphaelite fidelity, and the face-I should say, now, the face was painted from memory-not exactly pretty, but very sweet. I have seen Sisters of Charity with just that expression. Do you like it Sydney-you, who have lived in an atmosphere of pictures, so to speak, for the last

five years ?' 'Like it ?-yes.' Sydney answers dreamily, and that eloquent face of hers-truly an eloquent face, where all feelings of the heart are concerned-says far more than the quiet words. The picture pleases her artistic sense, but it has done more-it has touched her heart, and she stands very silent and looks at it long. It is a city scene-a twilight scene, A primrose light yet lingers coldly in the wintry sky-the haze of early evening fills the air, and the street lamps blink dimly through it. One or two bright frosty stars pierce the chill opaline lustre, but day has not yet departed. In the archway of a large building a woman-a mere girl-seems to have fallen, huddling her rags about her in a strange distorted attitude of pain. Her face is upturned, the gas flares upon it, and the haggard eyes stare fiercely in their infinite

misery, their reckless, crazed despair. Above her, bending over her, her basket on her arm, stands a little Sister of the Poor, in her black nun's dress. Infinite compassion, angelic pity, heavenly sweetness, are in the nun's wistful face, its peace, its purity, its tender gentleness, in striking contrast with the fierce despair, the haggard pain, the reckless wretchedness of her sister.

"Oh! Sydney says half under her breath, bow beautiful it is, how pathetic a story it tells! Katie, your Von Ette is a genius.'

Very likely,' says Miss Macgregor, with one of her shrugs; 'he is hideous enough, I am sure. The contrast between those two hat he holds. faces is very good. By-the-bye, there is Mrs. Grierson-odious, greature-and, as usual, disgustingly overdressed. I must ge and speak to her. The idea of that woman coming to see a picture! the only painting she has soul enough to appreciate is the drop scene of a

theatre, when Grierson isn't there, and she has a new flirtation in hand.' And then Miss Katherine sweeps grace

fully and graciously over, and kisses her friend with effusion, and in a moment they are in the midst of a most animated conversation, abusing their absent and mutual friends, no doubt, Miss Owenson thinks with disdain. She presently leaves the picture she has come to see and saunters down the room to view the others. They are not of equal merit, rather poor in fact, with the exception of one which rivets her attention from the first. For it is called "Sintram," and is oddly enough a

ago.

this evening by letting him know.'

'As for this,' says Miss Macgregor, with a graceful motion toward the "Sintram," 'my cousin is enchanted with it. Oh !-excuse me -my cousin, Miss Owenson, Mr. Nolan. Quite a foreigner, I assure you, and a judge of pictures; has spent the last five years of her existence running from one picture gallery of Europe to another.'

'Poor Von Ette! How wretched the knowledge will make him, that so formidable a connoisseur has been criticising his poor attempts.'

'I am afraid that speech is more sarcastic than sincere,' answers Miss Owenson, coolly. I am not in the least critic. I know when a picture pleases me, and very often the picture that pleases me is one connoissears pass over in contempt.'

'And 'The Little Sister,' Mr. Nolan asks, you really like it, I hope?

I really do. It is a charming subject, charmingly executed. But it may surprise you to hear, I like this better.'

'That! 'Sintram?' Why, Von Ette put that in a corner out of the way. I am not a judge myself; I fancied it rather good. I am not unprejudiced, though, for Sintram, on canvas or off it, is a very old friend of mine.'

'Is he?' Miss Owenson relaxes into an approving smile. 'You have sat-stood rather --for this Sintram evidently.' Mr. Nolan

laughs. 'Yes-Von Ftte read the book in one of his lazy evenings, and conceived the happy idea that I resembled the hero. Sintram had a black complexion, if you remember, and a corresponding ferocity of disposition; so the happy idea was not personally flattering. I posed with a tragic expression accordingly, and you see the result.'

'A very satisfactory result,' interpose Katie; you have the look of a first murderer in a melodrama. Did you really hurl the gentleman yonder over the precipice in a transport of madness, or how? My recollections of Sintram are hazy.'

Both young ladies, as it chances, are looking into Mr. Nolan's face, and both see a most remarkable change pass over it as Kate Macgregor speaks. The dark, colorless compleaion fades slowly to a gray white. But he neither starts nor turns away; only Sydney notices that his hands tighten over the fell

'My tavorite Sintram does no such dastardly deed,' she says, coming intuitively to the rescue, and glancing away from Mr. Nolan's altered face, 'Sir Folko falls over and Sintram flies to the rescue like the gallant knight he is. Is the picture for sale, Mr. Nolan? I should like to have the pleasure of possessing it.

'It is for sale,' he answers. 'Von Ette will only be too glad to dispose of it.'

He speaks quite calmly, but the traitor blood does not return. He is deadly pale still, and his eyes—very handsome dark gray eyes Sydney notices-are fixed in a curious way on the picture.

Then, Uncle Grif, may I commission you to purchase it for me,' says Miss Owenson. I really have seen nothing in a long time which has so completely taken my fancy.' Uncle Grif is no kin of Miss Owenson's, but scene from the story she was reading an hour | be is Uncle Grif to all who have ever known him. Indeed his sprightly niece goes so far | warded to the Children's Hospital.

Christi, and found the place besieged with visitors, many of whom had come from great distances in the hope of finding relief for their ailments. Amongst them was a woman from Deptford (a village near London), who had visited Knock on the recommendation of her parish priest, Father Fenton. She suffered from paralysis of her right arm and hand, which had assumed a shrunken and withered appearance. After a stay of some time she returned home able to use the hand and arm, but she is now subject to fainting fits. Father Kavanagh corroborates the statement of other visitors as to the number of crutches and walking-sticks loft behind, he himself counting as many as seventy in one heap. He said Mass in the chapel each morning, and while offering up the Holy Sacrifice on Thursday, the feast of Corpus Christi, some members of the congregation called out immediately after the Elevation that they saw a vision on the wall above the altar. The people at once became very excited praying aloud and with great fervor. Archdeacon Cavanagh, the parish priest of Knock, en-tered the chapel from the sacristy and besought the people to remain quiet and to calm themselves. Father Kavanagh states that at the time he could perceive nothing unusual in the direction in which the vision was seen. After Mass the people who affirmed that they had seen the apparition were examined separately by Archdeacon Cavanagh, and their accounts as to what they saw did not vary in any essential particulars. After Mass Father Kavanagh, accompanied by the Archdeacon, endeavored to account for the apparition of the morning by tracing the course of the rays of sunlight entering the windows. While doing so they perceived a light in the form of a star above the altar on the wall of the church, which remained sta-tionary for a considerable time. As it was entirely out of the line of light of any of the windows, and remained intact even after sunset, its presence could not he accounted for by either of those who witnessed it. During his stay at Knock Father Kavanagh saw many instances of the fervour and devotion of those who crowded around the shrine, and was thoroughly impressed with the plety of the visitors. He also bears testimony to the courtesy of Archdeacon Cavanagh, whose la-

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bours are most harassing and constant .---

Truth says ;- " The wholesales do not visit the retails at Ciapham," said Mrs. Potiphar, in her "cartain" lectures. And it would appear from the following advertisement that the children of the upper classes cannot even meet at church those of the middle and lower classes at Sydenham. But who, I should be glad to know, decided upon the right of each child to rank amongst the Sydenham upper classes? Was it the Bishop of Madagascar or the beadle? "N.B. - The afternoon scrvice on June 27 will be for the children of the upper classes, when the Bishop of Madagascar will preach to them on missions. Tickets for this service may be had of the vicar or the churchwardens of St. Matthew's. Each child is requested to bring a small coin for the Madagascar mission, and a cut flower, which will be left in the church, and for-