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THE YELLOW BOOK. LONDON, Oct. 15.—The French Congo Yellow Book was issued yesterday. It confirms the information relative to the Congo country already published. A Paris despatch says that the evidence in the Yellow Book that France is disposed to submit to the views of Germany has produced a bad impression, and fears are expressed that Germany is duping France.

Mr. Chas. Smith, of Jimes, Ohio, writes: "I have used every remedy for Sick Headache I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest."

CANCER CAN BE CURED! Thousands bear testimony to the fact. Send for circular giving particulars. Address: Dr. J. C. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.

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ROCKFORD WATCHES are unequalled in exacting service. Used by the Chief Mechanic of the U. S. Coast Survey; by the Admiral Commanding in the U. S. Naval Observatory, for Astronomical work; and by Locomotive Engineers, Conductors and Railway men.



JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. They are recognized as T. M. E. B. & S. for a reason, in which close time and durability are requisites. Sold in principal cities and towns by the 'JOHNSTON'S' brand, which gives a FULL WARRANTY.

AN IRISH NATIONAL PROTEST. QUEBEC, Oct. 15.—Mr. John H. Sutton, president of the Quebec branch of the Irish Land League, in a letter to one of the local papers this evening, in reference to Saturday's explosion, says: "Who is to say that the investigator of this explosion was not an Englishman, a Scotchman, an imported French-Canadian workman, a scheming contractor, or some discontented political crank, whom the government has set upon? If so, why then, in the name of common sense, should the Irishmen of Quebec make this explosion an Irish question? He then criticizes the French press as having given a Beniam nightmare, and having frightened the population with stories of O'Donovan Rossa that several worthy citizens, when retiring to rest, carefully look under the bed to see if the Irish raw-head and bloody-bones are not placed there. He classifies these persons as having the ideas and opinions of idiots. After eulogizing the Irish nation, he proceeds to say: "I cannot, then, come to any conclusion but that it would be insulting to the Irishmen of Quebec for the National League or any other body of Irishmen to make it their special business to disclaim connection with the late outrage. When a robbery has been committed, men, conscious of their innocence, do not run about the streets proclaiming their honesty. One thing is very evident, the man who planned the explosion was familiar with the movements of the workmen. One explosion took place when the men were all at one end of the building. Was this providential or according to the designs of the perpetrators? There is no necessity for meetings and apologies or disclaimers from any body. We have a government and police, and if proper measures are taken I do not see difficulty in saddling the right horse. Perhaps the inquiry consequent on some future political scandal may develop the fact that the dynamitar of Saturday last can speak much better French than O'Donovan Rossa."

There are 250 theatrical, operatic and minstrel companies on the road. An elastic step, buoyant spirits, and clear complexion, are among the many desirable results of pure blood. The possessor of healthy blood has his faculties at command, and enjoys a clear and quick perception, which is impossible when the blood is heavy and sluggish with impurities. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and vitalizer known.

FROM HEAD TO FOOT. The postmaster at North Buffalo, Pa., Mr. M. J. Green, says St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-conqueror, cured him of pains in the head, and also of frost-bite.

Very well, aunty, I will. What color shall I choose? "Your Aunt Fanny will go with you to the silk mercer's and see you get a good rich silk, and then she'll take you to the milliner's of Ethel Courtney and making you a subject of comment to the world. I wish, too, you could carry your head with a little assumption of dignity; not that I want you to have a toss in it, or give yourself the affected airs of Lady Alicia Luttrell, or Caroline Damer, or their friend Susan Gubbins, all of whom I saw whispering, tittering, and jibbing behind your back last night; and at Ethel, too, though I don't know why, for she was well dressed; but in general she is so dowdy, and to think of her presuming last summer to visit us, to come up to our drawing-room in a muslin dress: fortunately you were not at home or you would have made her quite welcome; but we, by our formal distant manner, soon let her see we would not tolerate such disrespect; so she took the hint and has not come near us since. The worst of it is, her cousin Flora Esmond, who is the very model we would have you imitate, seems to have taken umbrage at our rebuke of her cousin, and, though waiving ceremony, we have called over and over, she never now returns our visits, and is always so reserved when we meet in society, besides declining our invitations to tea; I cannot understand how church-going people can be so resentful. Are you going to-day to buy your dress?"

"No, Aunt Sophy, I must go to-day to see those poor things and what I can do for them."

"You don't mean to say you are going to lanes and alleys to see those people?"

"Yes, aunt; why not?"

"Improper, my dear, most improper, and highly dangerous," cried both ladies in a breath. "A young lady going by herself the Lord knows where!"

"Only to Little-Mary street, aunt, where nurse has a room," pleaded Alphonse.

"To garrets and cellars. No, positively you shall not."

"You could let Mrs. Jolly come with me, and she would carry a parcel for me;—or John."

"No, my dear, I'll do no such thing; how could you presume to ask it, to send our maid or the butler to where there is every risk of infection from fever and other diseases, incidental to the filthy dens of the poor. Mr. Lamb will be here by-and-by, and if you will give him any charity for them he will be only too happy to oblige you by taking it to the creatures, but I forbid you on any account." Alphonse looked utterly disconcerted, and to obey her Miss Fanny added:

"And you know, my dear, it wouldn't be wise of us to meddle, or in any way interfere in the cause of those who have made themselves amenable to justice, and whom the law has deemed it advisable to punish; we might be judged guilty of complicity by appearing to manifest any interest about them. See how nearly the chaplain of Lord Moira implicated himself in his foolish interposition about the creature Lord Carhampton sentenced to death. Mr. Berwick had himself been punished as a rebel; so be advised, by your Aunt Sophy, and stay at home to-day and rest, as we shall be going to-night to the theatre. It is just half past one," continued Miss Fanny, looking at her watch; "we have loitered so long at breakfast; visitors, I daresay, will be soon dropping in; we had better get to the drawing-room. Go, child, and change your dress; by-the-by, Sophy, I wonder Lord and Lady Fitzgerald were not at Moira House last night; be sure let's not forget to ask about it; also about those strangers whom her ladyship introduced, we must make inquiries—O'Byrne, I think, was their name;—is of so much importance to investigate people nowadays." With this sage remark Miss Fanny made exit.

ALL-WON PEERAGES

OR AN UNHALLOWED UNION. By M. L. O'Byrne.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

To this evident fact Alphonse could not well oppose a negative; in his heart he silently believed they considered themselves vastly superior. However, as she sipped her tea, her thoughts reverted to the subject from which they had been led to digress far away, and she was beginning to muse in a fit of abstraction upon the calamities that had befallen her dear old nurse, and what could be done in the case, when the sharp voice of Miss Sophy, again falling upon her ear, and addressed to her, broke her reverie:

"Alphonse, by-and-by, I want the loan of a little money. I had a run of bad luck at cards last night, and lost a good deal, all owing to that great red-faced cook, Mrs. Damer, who, I am certain, cheated me out of honours, and more than once dealt me such wretched hands, out of spite, I could almost suppose, because I spoke my mind, as I always do, and said her big booming daughter would be improved by a little flogging down her figure, and a little schooling to refine her manner, which is so free and romping."

Alphonse laid down her cup with an amused look and said: "Now, surely, Aunt Sophy, you did not go hurt poor Mrs. Damer's feelings to such an extent as that?"

"No sense, child, why not? She thinks a great deal too much of that girl, and lets her run riot, while the old dotard of a father lavishes upon her gold uncounted. To see the three feather beds stuffed into a carriage is enough to give one a headache, and the poor things think they'll catch a lord for her; so the mother one day gave me to understand that her Caroline was sure to marry a nobleman, that she had only to pick and choose among a lot that were dying for her. 'Tis a pity to keep them so long in suspense. I made answer, I have no doubt that her weight in gold will buy her a lord, and that her father can well afford to give. But, in my opinion, she might do as well without looking so high; for who are the Dammers but low merchants?—and I wonder at Lady Moira to fill her rooms with such rubbish."

"But I think, aunt, they claim to be of the Portarlington family," said Alphonse.

"The Portarlington family does not recognize them," said Miss Fanny, composedly; "it would never answer, you know, child, for families of wealth and consequence to acknowledge all the poor relations or relatives who have lost cast by misalliance, or following business; such have no right to intrude upon the aristocracy. And who was Mrs. Damer but a Booth, a horse doctor's daughter?"

"Suppose Damer himself to be up to the mark, which he is not, being a tea importer, and late purchaser of a fine estate?"

"How much money do you want, Aunt Sophy?" said Alphonse, standing up from the breakfast-table.

"Let me see; five pounds, I think, will do;—and for goodness' sake, will you get yourself a silk dress; I'm tired of looking at that old merino."

"Very well, aunty, I will. What color shall I choose?"

"Your Aunt Fanny will go with you to the silk mercer's and see you get a good rich silk, and then she'll take you to the milliner's of Ethel Courtney and making you a subject of comment to the world. I wish, too, you could carry your head with a little assumption of dignity; not that I want you to have a toss in it, or give yourself the affected airs of Lady Alicia Luttrell, or Caroline Damer, or their friend Susan Gubbins, all of whom I saw whispering, tittering, and jibbing behind your back last night; and at Ethel, too, though I don't know why, for she was well dressed; but in general she is so dowdy, and to think of her presuming last summer to visit us, to come up to our drawing-room in a muslin dress: fortunately you were not at home or you would have made her quite welcome; but we, by our formal distant manner, soon let her see we would not tolerate such disrespect; so she took the hint and has not come near us since. The worst of it is, her cousin Flora Esmond, who is the very model we would have you imitate, seems to have taken umbrage at our rebuke of her cousin, and, though waiving ceremony, we have called over and over, she never now returns our visits, and is always so reserved when we meet in society, besides declining our invitations to tea; I cannot understand how church-going people can be so resentful. Are you going to-day to buy your dress?"

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CHAPTER V. THE MISSES HODGENS' SCHOOL.

"Why drag again into the light of day the errors of an age long passed away? I answer: For the lessons that they teach. The lessons of respect, and of duty. He who has faith, and charity remain—these three are the greatest of them all in Charity."

This select seminary for young ladies, though only established a couple of years, and not exactly claiming to be of the first class of educational academies, was nevertheless in a very flourishing condition, numbering over forty boarding pupils, chiefly the daughters of attorneys, parsons, merchants, and other professional men, who, for the stipend of fifty pounds a year, exclusive of accomplishments, received the advantages of a good English and Christian education, warranted to compete with the best in the city. It was conducted by the Misses Hodgkins, assisted by their mother, and an aunt, Mrs. Hodgkins, originally a self-goods shop-keeper, now the widow of a minister, who had kept a boys' school, much upon the Squeroes model, was a large, fiery-faced woman, destitute of the smallest pretension to feminine softness, or ladylike deportment. Her small, bitious-looking eyes were keen and searching; her countenance, aided by a red, carbuncled nose, excessively thin and pointed, harsh and forbidding; her step, as she paced along, had the weight and energy of a trooper hastening to battle, and her voice, loud, strong, and emphatic as that of a captain giving orders on the quarter-deck of a transport; her department was that of superintendent and house-keeper of the establishment. She never appeared to visitors. Miss Medlicott, her sister, was a spare attenuated woman, with little cunning, China blue eyes, peering with icy glitter from beneath a pair of spectacles, and showing yellow teeth that gave her a rat-like look to the feature, a pointed nose and a chin that appeared smitten with an inclination, some might define as a magnetic attraction, drawing them together; her withered cheeks were puckered into wrinkles, and, being entirely devoid of hair, the nearest and whitest of crimped cambric frills bordering a mop cap and surmounting a great many bands, set off her furrowed brow; her long, kite's claw of a hand, partly from early training partly owing to natural conformation, might be compared to a delicate machine contrived to produce the most elaborate and exquisite needlework and embroidery; hence, Miss Tabitha Medlicott with equal propriety judiciously appointed to initiate the pupils in the craft of stitching, hemming, felling, darning, making buttonholes and embroidery, sampler, marking, tatting, and so forth. Miss Jemima Hodgkins, whose summer's last work was on the waste and showing symptoms of the serene and yellow leaf, had a medium figure inclined to embonpoint, large saucer eyes of no distinct color, vague in expression, and prominently staring; a double chin and nether lip, that protruded beyond the upper one, imparting a sullen aspect to the countenance; her cheeks were large and flat, but she had a quantity of beautiful amber hair, which she wore falling in a mass of curls over her neck and shoulders, which Venus herself might have envied. Miss Jemima's province was over the writing and arithmetic, the globes and maps. Miss Hodgkins, senior, the principal with whom we are most concerned, was also of medium proportion in figure, tending rather to slight; her lineaments, too, were symmetrical, but her complexion, roughened and seamed by a virulent attack of smallpox in childhood, did not make amends by softening a physiognomy in hard, unpleasing, and in all respects, a duplicate on a minor scale of the mother's; her eyes, bleared by distemper, was opaque, rigid, and dull; cold, phlegmatic, inanimate, she was never out of temper, and never seen to smile; a monotonous sameness of aspect that was most wearisome and repelling, daily greeted all with whom she came into contact; she lived, as it were, by rote, and acted by system. Yet though attractive neither in person nor manner, Miss Julia Hodgkins stood high for meritorious deserts in the esteem of the public, and was at once the idol and oracle of all the old maids and matrons of the city, by none of whom was she held in more repute as an example of piety, wisdom and industry than by the Misses Warbeck Higgenboggan, who in every emergency were wont to consult her opinion to judge whether it tallied with their own, which it mostly did. Miss Hodgkins' office was to catechise the classes, issue prospectuses, receive pupils, and wait upon visitors. Besides this staff there was an auxiliary complement of daily maids for drawing and languages. Mr. D'Alemain instructed in dancing, and there were two music-mistresses regularly employed. The domestic menage consisted of boy to open the door and give an air to the house, a white-haired, pink-eyed, tallow-cheeked youth of fifteen, with a pert housemaid and parlourmaid all imported for their English accent and superior respectability from London, and who stipulated, along with high wages, that they should attend to themselves, and not be obliged to mix with the nasty, dirty Irish servants—of which there was but one—to wit, cook, an elderly woman, who wore a stuff gown, check apron, white mop cap, and a yellow kerchief plumed across her bosom, and surveyed the dandy butler who grinned at her brogues and yarn stockings, and the poor fandangooed cretins of girls that turned up their crooked noses at her fine homespun woollen cloak and hood, that she seemed to exhibit with so much comfort to herself, and pride to the congregation at Mass on Sundays in Clarendon street chapel, with an amount of disdain that fairly balanced the interest. It was to this seminary that Miles O'Byrne upon the recommendation of a lady friend engaged to be married to a relative of his, had decided to send his sister. Shortly after her arrival from France, Hugh being otherwise engaged at the time, Miles unfortunately set out alone to negotiate transactions, introduced by one who had been a pupil herself for a short period, in taking lessons to perfect herself in some accomplishment. There was no difficulty about arranging terms, though some objections were made about peremptory stipulations by Miles to ensure for his sister the free practice of her religious duties and the discharge of the obligations imposed by her church; but when the more genial Hugh, with conciliating and soothing words, had smoothed away all objections, Miles with a high hand overruled them. He could not but brook one, whom he considered as a Catholic, and looked on as an inferior, assuming a tone more of patronage than deference, dictating with condescension instead of suing as a suppliant, and in every respect combining with the courtesy of a gentleman the authority of one who considered himself a potentate, and something above an equal. It was a phenomenon strange as if her servant were to turn the tables, and deport himself as an equal with his betters. So upon the conclusion of the interview the gentleman bowed himself out, and Miss Hodgkins, on her way back to the schoolroom, mentally reviewed the matter, and came to the conclusion that the new pupil whom she had not yet seen, but whose quarter's pension she held in her hand, must not be equally favored with the others. Entering the room, she took a survey

of the forms at either side, with twenty-four young ladies all in a row, shivering with blue lips and red fingers over their slates, then at the well-shodded door she saw a gentleman first looking at the slates, and called loudly shrill voice: "Attention!"

"Instantly every slate was lowered and every eye riveted upon the speaker, who proceeded: "Young ladies, a new pupil is to be introduced to you to-morrow, and I have only to observe that she is in not your equal in social status, or in any way being in fact, I am sorry to say, a Papist; it will be necessary for you to receive or consider her as one of yourselves. Of course you will be polite and ceremonious; but there must be no amalgamation, no understanding between you. You will indeed have to say your lessons in class, and dine and all that in concert; but there it must end. Intercourse I strictly forbid. Do you comprehend?"

An affirmative being given to the effect that they did comprehend, and Miss Hodgkins having taken another survey of her pupils, who were distinguished for grim, formal mannerly, demure faces, constrained and affected deportment, withdrew, beckoning Miss Jemima to follow, who promptly obeyed the signal, leaving a monstrosity in her place, under whose régime, when the door was closed, there was a sudden rush to the sequestered fire, a sudden gabble of tongues, and flitting to and fro of restless limbs long quiescent under pressure; but the only allusion made to the newcomer, who had been thus announced, was by an engaging little child of six, who put up her rosy mouth to an older pupil and said:

"Lizzy, what's a papist?—is she a black, like Uncle Dick's Sambo, the nigger, that's coming to school to-morrow?" But time was too precious to be squandered by the briefly enfranchised Lizzy, who was doing her best to wheedle a companion for a loan of a surreptitious novel, to attend to the questioner, and Maggie Dillon remained unanswered to her own speculations. In the family sitting-room, where the elders were convened in council, Miss Hodgkins looking over a file of bills, Miss Tabitha mending a stocking, Miss Hodgkins speaking, and Miss Jemima looking on, the following colloquy was proceeding:

"I wonder you took her on such terms," Mrs. Hodgkins said, having heard Miss Hodgkins' narrative of the business. "I never heard of anything so insolent."

"I wouldn't have suffered her to cross the threshold but for fear of disobliging Miss Harvey, who interested herself so in the matter," responded Miss Hodgkins, in an angry tone, though in reality she was stolid as usual.

"Psha! Julia, what nonsense!" cried Miss Medlicott, petulantly, jerking the thread with which she was darning to get it through. "What about Miss Harvey, who's, I hear, going to make an old fool of herself and marry Captain Gregory O'Byrne, a Papist, too? I wonder, with her fine property, she wouldn't choose, if we had needs must, some one that had a chance of heaven."

"And think what a scandal it will be, and bad example, to see a pupil of ours going to Mass, and all that sort of thing," observed Jemima, twisting a curl round her finger.

"I shouldn't so much have minded if the gentleman had been civil and not exacting," soliloquised Miss Hodgkins. "I could have overlooked and winked at a little, to toney her along gently by example and precept from her errors; but when he laid down the law like a magistrate, I would have declined further overture, only you see, we are indebted to Miss Harvey for some of our best pupils from the county of Wexford, and who knows how she might resent it if we disoblighed her?"

"Why didn't you go consult the Misses Warbeck Higgenboggan about it before you closed?" demanded Miss Tabitha.

"Where was the use? They couldn't have advised me in this case, except, perhaps, against my interest; and as for Alphonse Fitzpatrick, if she knew we had a Catholic pupil, she'd be for getting acquainted, and make bad worse by her silliness."

"What about fish? I suppose it would stick in her throat to eat meat on Friday; and where are we to get fish for her when it is so scarce and dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Hodgkins, rattling her bunch of keys in a sudden burst of excitement, and looking tremendously practical and calculating.

"Perhaps she might be content with apple dumplings or jam roll?" suggested Miss Jemima, "or sealake or omelet?"

Miss Tabitha looked over her spectacles, and said: "Fudge, my dear; if we gave those dainties, it would be holding out a premium for Popery; not a girl in the school but would be envying the Papist, and rebelling against roast beef. Give her what I daresay she's better used to—potatoes and milk."

"Yes; only there's a vulgar sound about it, and I wouldn't like it to go out of the school;—and only twelve!" soliloquised Miss Hodgkins. "It is very aggravating; but I'll find a way through the difficulty." With this conclusion she left the sitting-room to return to the academy; as also did Jemima.

The following day, as appointed, Euphemia O'Byrne was conducted by a servant, Miles not being himself able to bring her, to the seminary, which Miss Hodgkins construed into a further insult. So when the trunk was deposited in the hall, to be carried upstairs by the boy, Euphemia, dressed in a new cloth pelisse of ruby color, and gray beaver hat, nicely trimmed with ribbons to match, was ushered into the schoolroom by the parlor-maid, standing in the centre of the room, we cannot say unnoticed, for every eye was fixed upon her. Miss Hodgkins surveyed her from her desk, but went on with a letter she was writing; Miss Jemima stood still over a globe at the other end of the room to stars; Miss Medlicott laid down her piece of embroidery; and Mrs. Hodgkins, hearing of the new arrival, sauntered in accidentally, as it were, to have a look at her.

In Euphemia there was nothing, at first sight, to distinguish her from the ordinary run of children. She was small for her age; her sun-embrowned complexion wore the rich bloom of health; her hair, black as ebony, and out short, fell in wavy clusters upon her neck; her nose, mouth and chin were sharply up, and betokened a character of firmness and resolution; her brow, massive and prominent, did not appear to indicate so much of talent as of deep thoughtfulness; but in her well-set brows eye, so dark that it almost shaded into black, there was a well of light that sparkled and glowed with an animated spirit that infused an ever-varying expression of its own emotions upon every lineament, alternately reflecting into them a gush of sunshine or eclipsing them in shadow, and rendering it not easy to decipher from a countenance ever in transition and yielding to the impression of the moment, the real character and disposition of its owner; but, many hours had not elapsed, nevertheless, before the Misses Hodgkins, their parent, and their aunt, who were all tolerably well-versed in the art of analyzing physiological traits, obtained a pretty good insight into those of their pupil. Having dilated, addressed, and sealed her letter, Miss Hodgkins sat upright in her chair of dignity, and called out in her highest contralto: "Come hither, child!"

With a long, swinging step, that rebounded with elastic spring, Euphemia cleared the space between, and stood before the mistress. Her deportment could not be called forward, but it certainly was not shy or bashful; and her giving a few moments sternly to scrutinize and bear down the quibbling eye that upon that, Miss Hodgkins suddenly suspected that she herself was undergoing a similar process of mental investigation under the perusing gaze that so intently studied every line of her visage, every motion of her eye. Withdrawing her baffled scrutiny, and pushing aside the languid tendrils of her scanty hair, she addressed her pupil: "What's your name, child?"

"Euphemia, ma'am." The response betrayed an accent more peculiarized by brogue than that of her brothers. In speaking her native tongue, which she did with fluency, her voice was well modulated, and pleasant to the ear, but the English was yet so far a foreign language to her, that her accentuation and grammatical accuracy were woefully at variance with her facility of expressing herself intelligently in it.

"Euphemia, what?" returned Miss Hodgkins, opening and shutting her mouth as if the lips collapsed with a spring.

"O'Byrne, ma'am." "Byrne, if you please; we have no O's or Ma's here."

"Very well, ma'am." The reply was so clearly intoned, and with such ready compliance, that Miss Hodgkins, taken aback, looked up with a suddenly mollified expression, that lingered, however, in doubt at sight of the inflexible and mirthful eye before her.

"That's a good child," audibly murmured Miss Tabitha, viewing her from a distance. "I know she will be a docile pupil, Julia, and do whatever she's bid. Won't you, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am," responded Euphemia, turning to contemplate the old lady with attention.

"Now, see that," chuckled Miss Medlicott, cooing, drawing near and patting her cheek; the child only wants to know and be taught what's right, and she'll be a credit to us. Are you hungry, dear?"

"No, ma'am," returned Euphemia, thawing in the sunshine and growing confidential. "Miles and Hugh made me eat a big breakfast before I came, and put lots of nice cakes and sweet things into my trunk. Will you have some?"

"No, my dear, not now; but give them to Miss Hodgkins to keep for you, and she'll deal them out according as you deserve them."

This was an arrangement that did not appear quite adapted to the understanding or satisfaction of the pupil. She grew silent, thoughtful, cloudy; and when Miss Jemima approached, and in gentle tone obligingly asked for the key of her box, the child a moment hesitated, then, with brow cleared, and eye and lip firm and smiling, she said:

"Please, ma'am, I'd rather keep them, and have a feast with them," pointing to the scholars.

The Misses Hodgkins and aunt came to a standstill; they discovered the docile pupil had a will of her own, and could assert it without timidity or any apparent effort.

"Go and sit down at the end of the form there, and take off your hat," said Miss Hodgkins, wishing to gain time to reflect upon the best method of proceeding with her independent-looking charge.

Euphemia set off with the same swinging trot, and took up the desired position next to Maggie Dillon, whose eyes of curiosity scanned her from head to foot, while the three mistresses put their heads together, and passed sundry votes uncomplimentary to the object of their animadversion.

"Quite untrained and wild," observed one. "Very obstinate, remarked another. "We'll have a deal of trouble with her," bemoaned a third. "She walks as if she were treading a bog or galloping after a pony," chimed in Mrs. Hodgkins; "and her accent would disgrace a Hottentot! What sort of people can she belong to?"

Meanwhile, little caring for the strictures of the elders, Euphemia proceeded, in a matter-of-course sort of way, to make herself at home and comfortable with her class-fellows. Waiving all unnecessary forms of introduction, she opened conversation with Maggie, by asking confidentially: "What lessons have we got to learn?"

Maggie, recollecting the injunction of the preceding day, and perceiving Miss Hodgkins' eye turned in that direction, dropped her head and made no answer. Euphemia, undaunted, turned to another and older girl, and whispered:

"Aren't we allowed to speak?" "Miss Lucy Brown put her finger to her lip in token of silence, which Euphemia comprehended at once, and betook herself to play with a toy-watch Hugh had given her, and to take soundings of her entourage. Mrs. Hodgkins and Miss Medlicott withdrew, Miss Hodgkins and Jemima resumed their occupation, and for nearly half an hour she was left undisturbed to her pastime. This state of things soon became tiresome to her restless spirit. Rising, she went boldly to the mistress, and said, in a tone rather subdued:

"Please, ma'am, may I go and lave my pelisse and hat in my room?"

"You have no room, child; and never leave your seat without permission, or ask questions," replied Miss Hodgkins tartly. "You may go this time; but mind in future what I say. Maggie, take her to the dormitory."

Away went the pair, each eyeing the other askance, as they ascended the staircase. In the dormitory Euphemia stared at the number of beds ranged along the wall, but said nothing. She threw her hat off her pelisse, and flung it aside with a discontented air, adjusted her blue cashmere frock, tied on a sash, unlocked her trunk to find a ribbon for her hair, took out a large paper of sugar-almonds and other confections, gave a handful to Maggie, standing inquisitively by. The child took them shyly and commenced testing their merit, while Euphemia, her own mouth full of sugar-candy, stood to brush her hair at the glass. Presently Maggie sidled up close, looked archly into her face, and said:

"I thought you war all black, like Sambo, was the response. Euphemia, blusly answered: "What would make me black?—what has put such a thought into your head?"

"Because aren't ye a Papist?" was the injunctive rejoinder, delivered in perfect good faith, and with evident disposition to conciliate. "Miss Hodgkins," continued the fairy, unheeding Euphemia's blank stare of wonder, "said you war a Papist, and only for that we'd have got a holy-day she gives with every new pupil. Why are ye Papist, Phemia?—can't ye say ye won't beany more so naughty, and we'll get leave to play?"

"Get out, ye little leprechaun!—how bad you are for play!" was the retort courteous, as Euphemia, now thoroughly enlightened, but apparently nonchalant, looked her trunk, took a paper full of bonbons, and descended