

...by, the "Rupert of
is not too much
William Harcourt
be ranked among
not one of the
the group, his career
and a parliamentary
says be associated
Harcourt won Dis-
ladstone and Dis-
besides that of
He was eminent
ate and as a writer
the House of Com-
high reputation by
ies of essays which
times under the sig-
nus," essays which,
hed in a volume,
ny editions and
over the world, and
the most brilliant
tuesday Review dur-
's earliest and most
I followed with in-
part of his career
ommons, and was
with him during the
I was entitled to
re. He was in every
liamentary debater.
claim to be regarded
the highest sense of
or, for example, of
ons or Bright, for
ring of that gift of
is needed for the
quence, and in this
ed perhaps Dis-
ladstone or Bright
he has not had for
rior and has hard-
equal in the House
s appearance, his
ice were impressive,
with reply and
made himself tho-
of his subject, and
and happy gift of
sometimes used as
Israeli himself could
he was unquestion-
with an especial gift
celebrated "Death
brought in a few
was Chancellor of
as an event in the
a financial adminis-
heard many men
manner was over-
he was difficult to
n only say that I
unities of becoming
his ways and his
the House, and I
anything but fair-
ready to give
n to every reason.
The Irish National
was a member, was
brought into being
the Liberal admin-
a Sir William Har-
we always found
political attitude
istic he was ever
ll and fair hearing
ons which we had
e special interests
e concerned.
n only say that I
as well as public-
received anything
courtesy, kindness
e always seemed so
and energy, so un-
us that he is bend-
of years, that
d me to hear of
to withdraw al-
ublic life. "Happy
Thackeray, "who
time and yields his
ate, the conqueror,
nd cheerful heart."
's sword was not
far as one could
e capable of wild-
strength and skill as
his brilliant fight-
merican readers will
William Harcourt
and wife the daugh-
-historian, Morley,
-ron Harcourt, a
city and culture,
elected to a seat
ommons, is also
merican wife. It
the House of Com-
look like the same
iam Harcourt's re-
use to be when
e was conspicuous
t.
e revenues of the
Margaret cares
and is very fond
year she visits
Her father invested
oney in Jerusalem,
Margaret's legacy,
rents in that his

THROUGH THORNY PATHS.

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The O'Kane's, as I have said, had once seen better days, when the girls were small, and Nellie, who was three years the elder, well remembered their pleasant home in a little country village. They had wanted for nothing then, and a happier family could not be found than theirs, which consisted of six members. Their mother, who was a native of France, although not a child of very wealthy parents, was a true lady in every sense of the word and highly educated. Their father, too, had belonged to a good family, but had one fault, fondness for strong drink. During the first years of his married life the gentle influence of a loving wife and his affection for his beautiful children kept him in the right path; only on rare occasions did he show any signs of his indulging in the bad habit, but when he did the gentle chiding of his wife always brought him to true repentance.

Everything went pleasantly until Cecelia, the youngest, was five years old; the oldest son, a bright lad of thirteen, had met with an accident which after weeks of suffering caused his death. It was a terrible blow to the father, and instead of devoting himself more faithfully to the remaining ones and trying to console his wife, who felt the loss no less keenly than himself, he soon fell into bad company, and this was the beginning of his downfall. After five years, during which Mrs. O'Kane and her children had suffered much, she found herself a widow without a home, and her health being delicate, her education was the only means left her for support. She opened a kindergarten, also organized a French class for older pupils, and in this she did quite well; but unfortunately she was persuaded to go to the city, where she was promised great success as a French teacher. Disappointment awaited her; a stranger in a strange place, she failed to attract the pupils she had expected, and it was with great difficulty she managed to support herself and children. The girls she kept in school, but Charlie, her son, two years older than Cecelia, gave up his studies at thirteen and declared that he was going to support himself. In vain did the mother and sisters protest, for he had always been a wilful boy, and only themselves knew how many anxious hours he had caused them.

Charlie secured a position as delivery boy in a grocery and worked hard, so that he soon won the esteem of the firm. But like his father, he was destined to fall into bad company. In less than three years a large sum of money was taken from the store, and suspicion fell upon the boy. Instead of waiting to prove his innocence, he was prepared to run away, when his mother was informed of the theft. To her he strongly denied all knowledge of it, but refused to answer any questions put to him by the head of the firm. In sullen silence he left the room, and when his mother went to look for him he could not be found, and had never since been heard from. Who the real thief was could never be proved, so suspicion still rested upon him.

This was another blow to the already broken-hearted widow, and her health failed rapidly now. Notwithstanding, she continued to give private lessons in French almost to the end of her life. The kind Sisters, whose school her daughters attended, had assisted her much in getting pupils. Nellie, having secured a position as correspondent for a large firm, who allowed her to do much of her work at home, left school, much to the regret of her mother, whose heart was set upon seeing her children well educated. It was agreed between them that Cecelia was not, under any circumstances whatever, to give up until she had graduated. In less than a year after Charlie's departure, Mrs. O'Kane was dead and the two orphans were left to face the world alone. The disgrace their mother had brought on them still hung over them. Eager to be away from those who knew them, they changed their residence, taking two small rooms in a secluded suburb of the city. Here Cecelia entered another school as good as the one she had left, while Nellie continued her work. By constant labor which often lasted far into the night Nellie managed to earn a comfortable livelihood for herself and her sister.

Cecelia knew in part the sacrifice her sister was making for her, and she was resolved to pay her back in

full when she was able to earn something herself. For this reason she applied herself most attentively to her studies in school and expected to finish a year earlier than those who had entered with her.

Between the two sisters the greatest love and confidence had always existed, especially since they had been left alone, and now deep in her heart Nellie felt a little hurt that her Cecelia should think of trying, without her knowledge, to secure a position which would separate them.

CHAPTER IV.

For nearly twenty years Agnes Daton had slept in the family vault, and for twelve years her husband had rested at her side, but little Edward, the babe she had hoped to take with her, still lived; a brilliant young man now, and none who had known her could deny that he was her son. He had grown up to be like her in everything, and not a trace of the Daton blood could be found either in his looks or his noble character, excepting that, like his father in youth, he cared little for the vain flatteries of the gay ones of his own sphere. There was only one person whom it could be said he truly loved and that was his stepmother, never having had a child of her own, had from the very first lavished upon the son of her predecessor all the affection of which her proud, worldly heart was capable. When after six years of happy wedded life, during which she had reigned as a queen of society, entertaining a great deal and on a grand scale, she had suddenly found herself a widow, she had closed the house for a period of two years, seeking consolation for her loss only in the company of him whom she called her own little son. The only fault she could find with the boy was his lack of what she called proper pride, but she hoped that when he went away to college he might learn to overcome it.

Little Edward was the only companion Mrs. Daton wanted in the years of her widowhood, but when he had left her for school she began to look about for some young lady of refinement and culture who could fill his place. But this was not so easy as she anticipated. There were plenty ready for the position, which would pay the right one well, but Mrs. Daton had poor luck, and she had been without a companion for several months when she thought of trying an advertisement in the daily trying an advertisement in the daily answered.

The young girl's beauty and bright, winning ways had attracted the woman at once and from the very beginning she was fully resolved to engage her; but she would try her a little first, so as to hide her admiration. Long after she had dismissed her she sat thinking of the pretty face and the sweet young voice which had read French as well as if it had been her native tongue. Two more applicants for the position came that afternoon, only to be hastily dismissed. When on the following day Cecelia was announced again, Mrs. Daton met her with a smiling face, which fully won the girl's heart.

"I suppose," said the woman, after kindly greeting her, "that you are ready to come and live with me any time now?"

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Daton, but I have decided to remain in school."

"And not accept the good position I have offered you? Certainly you cannot be so foolish."

"I appreciate your kindness, Mrs. Daton, but both my sister and myself promised mother that I would not leave school until I had finished, and sister insists upon keeping the promise."

"It would be a wise thing for you to do so if your support depended upon your education, dear, and your mother probably had that in mind when she told you to remain in school, but since you have so good an offer, it would be foolish of you not to accept it."

"Perhaps you are right, but it is hard under any circumstances to break a promise to my dear mother, especially as sister wishes me to keep it."

After much persuasion Cecelia was at last fully conquered, and it was decided that she was to come to Innisfallen as soon as school closed, which would be in two weeks. Mrs. Daton was elated over her good luck

and hastened to write to her son to tell him about the bright young companion she had at last secured. When she was writing she did not realize that Edward was no longer a boy, though still in school, and it was well for her peace of mind that she could not see his face as he read her letter. Perhaps if she had she would not have been so anxious to bring Cecelia to her home. The young man had no thoughts whatever of falling in love with the girl, but when he remembered some of the middle-aged and far from handsome maidens his mother had kept for companions, he was eager to see the dark-eyed beauty whom she had so glowingly described. He hoped that he, too, would find in her more congenial companionship than he had in the others.

When Nellie learned her sister's decision, she used every means in her power to keep her with her, but Cecelia was determined now to go, and she did, in spite of all that was said to the contrary. So the day after school closed Nellie found herself alone, Cecelia having entered upon her new work.

Nellie could not keep back the tears at parting, but Cecelia, all smiles, tried to cheer her by assuring her she would not be far from her, and that she would call very often to see her. She said also that she expected to have her calls returned. In this Cecelia had been deceived, for as a paid companion she seldom found an opportunity to leave her mistress long enough to go home, and soon learned that Mrs. Daton did not wish her to be troubled with calls from her sister. In her heart the girl rebelled a little at first, but when she compared Innisfallen with her poor little rooms and also thought of the long pleasant rides in the Daton carriage, as well as many other pleasant excursions such as she had never before dreamed of, she could not think of giving up her position. At first, in a real fit of home-sickness, she promised Nellie that she would return to school in the fall, but before that time a European trip was planned, and Nellie truly felt now that her sister was lost to her forever.

The sojourn abroad lasted over a year. At first Cecelia's letters were long and frequent and contained many interesting descriptions of places visited, especially the churches, in which Nellie was always interested, but after a time letter writing, especially as she had much to do for her mistress, became tiresome, and Nellie keenly felt the loss of the one connecting link with the dear absent one. When the travellers returned, Cecelia profited by the first opportunity to visit her sister, and was allowed to spend a whole Sunday with her. The girls had much to talk about, and both would have been very happy but for the plainly visible change in the younger. She did not realize it herself, but her naturally proud spirit had developed until she was already putting on a haughty, affected air which Nellie did not like. From the neat but simple style of apparel she had worn, she was now dressed as a young lady of wealth and fashion. This latter had been the work of Mrs. Daton, who left nothing undone to show off the beauty of the girl, who among strangers often passed as a daughter rather than a hired companion of the woman.

In one regard Mrs. Daton had failed to affect any perceptible change in the young girl. Despite of the many petty remarks thrown out by a mistress who had no fixed belief of her own, Cecelia had remained steadfast to her faith. Many times on Sunday when freedom would not have been allowed her later in the day she had arisen and gone to carry Mass, so as to be back in time for breakfast with the family. Her faith had been strengthened by her visits to the churches of the Old World, to which her mistress, led by motives of pure curiosity, had accompanied her. Her devotion on these occasions had given the woman the belief that Cecelia was really sincere, and to the girl's own satisfaction she often found her mistress more amiable after these visits. The animated interest with which Cecelia called Mrs. Daton's attention to the paintings and statuary, bringing out many marks of beauty which she herself had failed to notice, always pleased her, but further she had no love for the Catholic religion, and often regretted that one so beautiful and talented should adhere to it.

Three months before their return they were joined by Edward, who had graduated, and life for the two ladies had become much pleasanter in his congenial companionship; but, strange to say, the elder lady for a long while was wholly blind to the fact that she was not the chief object of her stepson's interest. Cecelia herself, innocent child that she was, thought the many little kind attentions shown to her were only marks of respect he owed his mother's companion. The youth secretly rejoiced that his love for the fair girl was as yet known only to himself, and he often smiled when he tried to imagine what the proud lady-mistress of Innisfallen would say when he informed her that her servant was to be her equal. For from the beginning of his acquaintance with Cecelia he had felt that she was the only one who could make his home happy. He did not like to see her kept in her present capacity, neither did he wish to have her leave the house, for fear of losing her, and for that reason he intended to marry her soon. His only regret was that she was not two or three years older, for she still seemed much like a child.

Mrs. Daton was stunned, almost horrified, when about eight months after their arrival home, Edward, having won from Cecelia a promise to become his wife, announced his intentions to his mother. As soon as she recovered from the shock she laughed at him, and asked him if he were really going crazy, to which he replied:

"Not in the least, mother; I think I have made a wise choice."

She talked with him, and tried to reason with him, but it was of no avail. Then she spoke to Cecelia, but the little maiden, who had been warned by her lover to keep silent, listened with due respect, but would have nothing to say. She would have been discharged, but her mistress dared not incur the pleasure of him who had inherited not only his father's iron will, but the grand home she had called her own for nineteen years.

"I never thought he would do such a thing," was her sad mental comment; "but how could I expect different when his father did as badly in his youth, and if he is the son of a millionaire, he is also the son of a poor Irish girl."

Mrs. Daton, when she saw that opposition on her part could do nothing to prevent such an unequal match wisely made the best of the affair, hoping that time would change the mind of the wilful youth. But she was soon informed that the marriage was not to be delayed. All went not long before she was called upon well again for a while and it was to help make preparations for the affair, which, on account of the bride's position, Edward desired should be very quiet. It would be soon enough after their return from their honeymoon to present his wife in the circles in which she was to move. Then one serious objection arose. Edward expressed his intention of having a priest marry him at home, but Mrs. Daton emphatically declared that no Romish priest should come into her house.

"Have you forgotten mother, that I am of age, and that this is my home, where I intend to do as I please?" he said.

He would have conquered had not Cecelia overheard the objection and insisted upon being married at the priest's house.

On her eighteenth birthday, in the presence of only Nellie and one of Edward's intimate friends, they were married. Nellie was prevailed upon to spend the evening at the mansion, where a few intimate friends of the family were assembled, and she accompanied the bride and groom to a late train, on which they embarked for a short Western trip.

"Poor little Cecelia," she sighed, after bidding her a tearful good-bye, "she is lost to me forever now, and I have no one left. Poor dear mother, what would she say if she were here to see her now?"

Only the memory of Cecelia's bright happy smile cheered her, and she thought after weeping for an hour in her own lonely room: "She never was like the rest of us, for she seemed to be born to be a grand lady and could never have been happy in poverty, but it would have been easier to have given her up to one of her own faith."

Had Nellie known that her sister

had indeed married a Catholic who had received the cleansing waters of holy baptism in infancy, she, with the co-operation of the bride, would have left nothing undone to bring the groom to the practice of his own religion; but the fact that his mother had been a Catholic, as well as the scene in which the young priest had played a part in her death chamber, was a secret that had been hidden in the family vault. Mr. Daton had never revealed the first, which he considered no small disgrace, even to his second wife, and as for the second, Father Conlin had carried his secret away with him and had never been heard from since.

Cecelia in the meantime thought only of two things: that she had won a most loving husband and that her dream had come true and she was the mistress of Innisfallen. Had she tried before her marriage to have won him to her faith it might not have been a very difficult task, or even during the happy days of their honeymoon she might have converted him, but she did not believe in such things. Her own faith was strong enough, but she felt that if he became a Catholic now it might only be to please her, while perhaps he did not fully believe in the religion. She thought it would be time enough after they were married and settled in life, then she would try upon him the effects of good example.

Alas for such vain hopes; the golden opportunity of the first few days of true love passed too soon. Although their married life continued to be a happy one each found individual cares after they were settled in their own homes, so that Cecelia, while she still clung to her church, never mentioned her religion to her husband until she spoke to him of having their first child baptized, to which he readily consented, simply because he had too high a sense of honor to break the promises made at their marriage.

CHAPTER V.

The first eight years of Cecelia's married life were years of comparative happiness, that is, as far as there usually is happiness where there are two mistresses, each of whom feels it her exclusive right to rule things in general. It had been no easy task for the elder lady, who had held the reins so long, to give them up, especially to one whom she considered her inferior. She might have left, but she did not wish to give up her pleasant home, especially as she had no other to go to, and it had been provided in the will that, while the home was to go to the son, the mother was to remain as long as she wished, so she wisely tried to make the best of the present state of affairs. To all outward appearance she treated Cecelia as an equal and pretended to be very proud of her, but in her home life poor Cecelia felt keenly the barrier that existed between them. Instead of humiliating her, it only increased the natural bent of her own proud disposition, for she would have it understood from the first that she was as good as her mother-in-law, and as Mrs. Edward Daton she demanded all the respect due to her.

Had her pride ceased here it would not have been so bad, but a true, noble heart had been made to suffer by it. Cecelia, like her own husband's mother, had intended to help her own, but her good intentions had met with nearly the same fate. Nellie had been right when she felt that her sister was lost to her forever, for in the multiplied cares of her new life as a society lady she found less time now than ever before to give her sister. Her visits were short and far between, her excuse being that she did not wish to disturb her sister during working hours, while her evenings belonged to her husband. She did not remember now the many sacrifices the same sister had made for her, denying herself even necessities in order to educate her.

Nellie felt this treatment keenly. On one occasion, shortly after Cecelia's marriage, she waited at the front door of Cecelia's parish church to speak to her, but instead of the usual pleasant greeting she found her hand merely touched by the tips of the daintily-gloved fingers, a few hurried words, a cold invitation to call soon and then the rustling of Cecelia's silk dress grated harshly upon her ears as she hurried away to her carriage.

Nellie stood staring after the departing vehicle, her breast torn by deep emotions of amazement and sorrow. Forcing back the tears that welled up in her eyes, she hurried to her own little home, which seemed more lonely than ever now.

"Poor little sister," she thought, "how changed she is; but perhaps it is not her fault. I have often wished that I might see her in high position, and why should I complain now, even though the accomplishment of my wish has caused me to lose her forever?"

It was many weeks ere Nellie found courage to go to that church again, but the powerful magnet of sisterly love drew her once more. However, she remained in a secluded part of the edifice, prayed more fervently than before, and never imposed herself upon the lady's presence again.

Never had Edward Daton thought of interfering with his wife's religion, and in spite of his stepmother's objections he had himself accompanied Cecelia to the church when each of the three bright children God had given them were baptized. He would have been better pleased had she been a Protestant, but from the beginning he gave his mother to plainly understand that his wife's religion was never to be interfered with. When she saw the little ones who were being brought up in the "errors of Popery," her only consolation was that they were really not of her flesh and blood. She openly rebelled for the first time when in a pretty little nook near the lake in the garden Cecelia had a little grotto prepared, in which she placed a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, keeping the flowers fresh before it and teaching the children to bring their little offerings to the shrine as soon as they were able. To the elder lady it seemed much like the worship of idols, and she told both Edward and his wife so, insisting if "that thing" were not taken away she would break it; but her objections were met the same as the others had been and Our Lady was allowed to remain.

Now, on a bright June evening we find the family assembled on the broad veranda in front of the house, a perfect picture of true happiness. On a low stool at the father's feet sits seven-year-old Agnes, a beautiful child, whom he had named for his own mother. Her head thrown majestically back, a mass of bright golden curls hang over her white muslin dress, while a pair of deep blue eyes, wonderfully like those in a picture which is all he has to tell of her whom he does not remember, gazes into his own. Edward, Jr., the pride of his heart and the object of his brightest ambitions, is leaning upon his shoulder, while three-year-old Grace, a little dark-eyed beauty whom he calls her mother's own girl, sits on his knee. All are listening attentively, for he is telling a wonderful fairy story. The young mother is deeply interested, too, not in the story, but in the happy little group, of which she may well be proud.

The hour is still early, not too near the children's bedtime, but the story finished the father notices that the head of his youngest child is resting heavily on his arm, the bright eyes have in them a strange lustre, while the head burns with fever. He looks at his wife with an expression which unconsciously conveys fear.

"What is it, Edward?" she asks.

"Nothing, I hope, but Grace does not appear well."

"Edward, you are always troubling yourself with unnecessary fears about the children," said Cecelia, advancing and looking at her child. "She has been playing too much today and tired herself out. A good night's rest will restore her."

Mrs. Daton summoned the nurse, who took the little one away. Had she observed how the usually active child went slowly up stairs and offered no resistance as the nurse undressed her and put her in bed, she might have shared her husband's anxiety, but her children were given so much to the care of the servants that she did little more than pet and admire them when they were brought to her dressed in the prettiest style possible. An hour later Agnes was put in bed with the little one, who had fallen into a heavy slumber, and regardless of the children the entire household retired to rest.

(To be continued.)