## AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

## By Christine Faber

CHAPTER XXIV.

Herrick's wife was no longer an unknown quantity in Rentonville; those who had discovered her identity at the reception talked about it to those who not discovered it, and the gossips were divided as to whether her oldfashioned dress was due to the superior mental qualities so lauded by her husmental qualities so lauded by her has band, or the result merely of that hus-band's parsimony. Those who believed the latter supposition did not spare their criticisms of the husband, and you ?' their criticisms of the nutsband, and Russell, who was one of those, never lost an opportunity of inquiring about Mrs. Herrick whenever he saw Mr. Herrick — prolonged, interested in-quiries that drove Herrick nearly fran-tic with scored rece, and a score all the tic with secret rage, and a rage all the greater because of the bland politeness with which he was compelled to answer; and frequently Russell managed to get in an illusion to the singular coincidence of finding Mrs. Herrick and Miss Burram together in the audience at the r

ception, always ending with : "Remarkable women, both of them,

Mr. Herrick. Mrs. Herrick herself was made to feel both her husband and her daughters, that she had done a dreadful and un-pardonable thing ; her husband said to

her with scathing sarcasm : "I advise you, Bessie, the next time you appear in public, to notify me of the fact that I may be prepared ;" and her daughters said between sobs and tears : "How could you, ma, go there to distensified

grace us—the way you were dressed and the way you looked, right up there in front of the whole school ! All the in front of the whole school ! girls will be talking about it when we

go back after vacation." The timid, weak, brow-beaten woman bore it all as she had borne many other reproofs, shedding a few tears in secret, and envying the happiness of other, women who had education enough to be

women who had education enough to be loved by their husbands, and to be re-spected by their children. Of course, gossip had much to say about Miss Burram's presence at the reception, and some of the gossips sug-gested that it was but a preliminary step to cultivating Rentonville society for the sake of her Charge. At least for the sake of her Charge. At least that was what young Gedding told at supper one evening about a week after

the reception. "I only wish that were true," answoman in order to get some clue that wered his sister, " and then there might be a chance of getting acquainted Rachel Minturn. I have been mise anything-her startled and strange with wildly anxious to know her since the excitement she created by inviting Miss

practised regarding her father's will; excitement she created of mereard of practised regarding her latter's with, Burram's tenants out here." "That was an extraordinary pro-ceeding," put in Mr. Gedding unex-thought of the peculiar-looking letter thought of the peculiar-looking letter

pectedly. "Yes," replied his son, " and I formaster's time was accustomed to re-ceive at intervals, and of letters sent got to tell you," turning to Rose, "about all the cleaning processes Miss Burram employed on the grounds where those people were. The work-men finishing our club-house have been talking about it. She has had the grass entirely removed, and buckets of lime put at every tree, and vessels of carbolic acid placed along the beach and directly against our boat-house, till the atmosphere down there makes one think of several charity hospitals. onder whatever she did to that

"I wonder whatever she did to that poor child for it all," mused Rose. "I don't believe she could have done much," put in Mrs. Gedding There, at box 1001, he was told that T. There, at box 1001, he was told that T. There, at box 1001, he was told that T. There, at box 1001, he was told that T. There at box 1001, he was told that T. There at box 1001, he was told that T. There at box 1001, he was told that T. er placid way, "judging by the way tachel looked on reception day. She warched with her class close by where was sitting, and she was elegantly tressed."

she ever appeared before ? Where has he would not allow himself to be disshe ever been seen with her husband or children? She is not like you, you dear little mother, whose whole family ing, and as there were still several hours of the long August day remain-ing he turned his steps to 124 Essex dear little mother, whose whole family would like to carry you with them everywhere, and whose own and only son expects to have the happiness of taking you to the first reception in our ing, he turned his steps to 124 Essex street, not that he had the slightest of getting any information from Miss Burram's tenants, but in order t active results and the second of the second leave no means untried, and to satisfy his curiosity about a house that had tenth of August. The devices while o out in a day or two." "Oh, Will ! Is it to be so soon ? What a delightful surprise !" exclaimed Rose, drowning her mother's affectionfigured so prominently in the Renton

The tenants stared at him, wonder-ing what this gentlemanly-looking to otest, and forgetting for the mostranger wanted, going from room to ate protest, and forgetting for the mo-ment all her previous annoyance. "Who said a word about taking room. He pretended to inspect their apartments with a view to compelling their landlord to make repairs, and ' asked her brother in mock indig ant surprise. "I am committed to under the guise of this philanthropy

on many of them to talk freely of Miss en Rose shall be my charge,' sid Mr. Gedding. "I have influence enough to get an invitation to that re-ception," and the look of affectionate though they knew no more her than that she was a rich, hard hearted, exacting woman who put them out on the very day that ended the ratitude and delight that Rose flashed three days' grace which she gave them cross to her father told him everything make up any deficiency in their rent; had been forgiven. Young Gedding was not the only perthat a gentleman named Burleigh al-ways came for the rent on the last of the three days, and that he attended to on who remarked the absence of Mrs

Herrick's name from her husband's con-versation; it began to be generally the evictions. That unexpected information some noted, and the cause of the omission began to be traced to Mrs. Herrick's what repaid Herrick for his trouble at least he had learned something, and he left the close, foul-smelling teneappearance at the reception, a fact which strengthened the conviction ment-house with a glow of satisfaction. It was night when he stepped from of those who believed her to be a some what neglected wife, and many of the comments reached her husband; they train at Rentonville, and the at mosphere had a moisture in it that seemed to dim the lights of the street ade him more frigid and imperiou with Mrs. Herrick, who, poor soul never dared now to show herself upon lamps, while the sky, barren of moon or stars, looked like a pall. As he turned into the street which led to his own rself upon e street except at night, and the bitterness of his feelings house he heard the steps of some one running swiftly behind him, and in antowards Miss Burram. He had learned from his wife how she had come to be in Miss Burram's comother moment a woman, hatless, and with a frantic manner, rushed by him. pany at the reception, and remember-ing that lady's treatment of himself, the last time he visited her, he took her Always on the alert to learn the cause

of any excitement, Herrick rushed after her, and speedily, to his amazement, he found he had overtaken Elsie Lubec. courtesy to his wife as an additional affront to himself. His hatred of Miss "Oh, Mr. Herrick!" she gasped. "It's Katharine—she and I were alone Burran was paramount to both his van-ity and ambition, and to have satisfied it he would have given a good part of his accumulated gains. He was con-It's Katharine—she and I were alone in the house, and she got out; I ran after her, but she  $\overline{\mathbf{w}}$  as too quick, and she's gone into Miss Burram's place. She elimbed over the gate, and I left her running up to the house. I came back to get some one to go with me for her for the final of whet Miss Remark vinced that there was something in Miss Burram's history which would humiliate her if known, and he assured himself that her Charge was connected with that history; in his desire for re-venge he would, if he could, ferret out her, for I'm afraid of what Miss Burram will do or say with Katharine Miss Burram's most private history and

"Well, I'm not afraid," said Herrick, napping his thin lips together, "I'll go back with you and get her." It was as Mrs. Lubec had said; her

ster had, with the strength and agility which insanity sometimes gives, actual-ly scaled the high wide gate, ignoring he little wicket further on which opened on the footpath, and then she fied along the carriage road, never stopping till she arrived at Miss Bur-

am's hall door. It was extraordinary that any vagary of Katharine Pearson should lead her to Miss Burram's house, for in her sane days she had felt for that lady only the same curious interest of most Rentonville folk. Now she pounded on the door with both fists, h ar supernatural strength making the blows resound al-most like blows from an iron instru-ment, and leaving her hands bruised

and bloody. Sarah heard the noise from below, and Miss Burram heard it from her She came out and down to the main hall more annoyed than surprised. Sarah rushed up in both fear and amazement.

"Open the door, Sarah," said her mistress, as the woman hesitated, and Sarah obeyed, only to spring back in affright. A wild, white-faced woman confronted her; a woman without hat or wrap, and with masses of jet-black "That doesn't tell anything," said Rose impatiently. Miss Burram may have infitted, as they say in the schools, no 'corporal punishment, she may have done nothing to tell outward-ly, but she may have grieved the child's hair falling far below her shoulder. Her eyes were as black as her hair, and so large they send to dwarf the rest of her features; they flamed on Miss Bur-

"Take me in," she said piteously, before they get me," and then, be-

mind to thrust her voice in denial in Miss Burram still stood where she the face of these strangers, the funeral cortege had begun to move, and the had stood from the first, but not a trem-or agitated her now. There was also another startled but silent spectator of crowd of gossipers to disperse. Sarah laid everything before -Rachel on the floor above mistress, even to the prominent taken by Herrick in the funeral, whither she had gone on hearing the Miss Burram listened to it all, but said uproar. Herrick turned to Miss Burram :

Miss Burram instended to it and, our one word in reply. Rose Gedding was full of the events of the day that evening at supper. He father listened, interested and annused in turn, till Herrick was spoken "I shall have to beg the use of one of your vehicles to take this poor creature home. "My man Hardman will attend to it,"

Miss Burram replied in a hard, dry voice, and she never moved from her position, nor changed a muscle of her face till Katharine Pearson had gave me a surprise, the day before yesterday, by calling at our office." been placed in the carriage with her dister, and in which Herrick also took a "Calling at your office?" repeated Rose and Will together. eat.

"Yes, and for what do you suppose? "Yes, and for what do you suppose? To find Mr. Burleigh." "Miss Burram's Mr. Burleigh?" asked Rose breathlessly. Then, when Sarah had shut the hall door, Miss Burram ascended to her own room, meeting at the head of the stair, scared-looking Rachel. "Have you seen and heard all that had just happened?" she asked sharply. "Yes," was the reply, and Miss Burad-looking Rachel. "The very same" "This is news," said Will. "Why in the world didn't you tell us before,

ram passed on to her own apartment. CHAPTER XXV.

Katharine Pearson died that night, and all Rentonville, before the next twenty-four hours had elapsed, had the whole story of her visit to Miss Bur-ram—partly told by Sarah, but more adroitly and widely told by Herrick, who found it an excellent opportunity for sowing the seed of his own suspic-ions regarding Miss Burram—suspicions that were more than confirmed by her anusual appearance of fear and her loss

get his home address, and when I sug-gested his getting the information from Miss Burram, as Mr. Burleigh was at As for Miss Burram, she did not leave her room on the day after Katharine Pearson's startling visit; Sarah brought her meals to her, bringing also the news of Miss Pearson's death. It was her place every Sunday, he thanked m and said he hadn't thought of that. "Now you have everything I know, and don't either of you put another question to me," and Gedding leaned eccived in silence, and without even a of countenance. Sarah venhange tured to add :

tured to add: "She's to be buried to-morrow, ma'am," which information was also re-ceived in silence. Sarah ventured back in his chair with a very audible sigh of relief, "No father," said his son, "I

do not think we need to ask another question, you have stated the case with such beautiful ex-plicitness, but I cannot help feeling again: "I'd like to see the funeral, mem : folks says as how it's to be a big one, and as it's to be early in the afternoon, pretty certain that Herrick is up to something pertaining to Miss Burram. It has been remarked that he has not mem, and as Mrs. McElvain 'll be in the house, I can be spared." "You can go," was the brief reply

and Sarah went, going with unabashed assurance into the very parlor where the dead woman lay. The room was full of people, mostly Rentonville folk, but Sarah saw, almost before she saw

but Sarah saw, almost before she saw any one else, Herrick, seated beside the flower-covered casket. He was in Mr. Burleigh strict mourning costume, and his counenance was drawn into an expression hat befitted his solemn attire. Sarah, he gravely made his way to her, isking in a sort of sepulchral whispe if her mistress knew that Miss Pearson was dead, and how she felt about lt. And Sarah answered in a sort of hoarse whisper that her mistress did know, and she, Sarah, guessed her mistress was a good deal cut up about it, for she good deal cut up about it, for she haan't left her room since the night Miss Pearson was there. Herrick said "Ah!" in a very prolonged and mourn-ful tone, and then he returned to his the room had been upon him, but at the same time quite assured that every-body knew how valiant a part he had

taken in removing Katharine Pearson from Miss Burram's house. Rose Gedding and Harriet Fairfax,

had come as neighbors to attend the funeral, were seated near enough to hear Herrick's question and Sarah's answer, and Rose insisted on making a seat for Sarah between herself and Miss Fairfax, in order that she might ask Sarah a few whisperen questions on her own account. Not questions reto the various accounts of mad woman's visit to Miss Burram-Rose was not so much interested in that—but to learn something about

NOVEMBER 16, 1901.

court, and given him all the help he could. It was through Mr. Franklin that young Bache and his parents had come to Paris from Philadelphia. had been the guests of the good Mar-quise de Lafayette, wife of the cele-brated Marquis; she had learned with the prominent part great sorrow that the Baches were of that fashionable school of infidels who had done so much harm in France.

Hugh O'Regan was about the same age as young Bache. His grandfather, the Count O'Regan, had served under Dillon in the Irish Brigade, and he and 'By the way," he said, "Herrick his mother had come to Paris to live in his grandfather's house while he went to the Jesuits' school. Early in the evening he had left his mother, to go for some bread and fruit, as all their ervants had deserted them. what do you suppose ? left, singing cheerfully the song she

loved : " I leave thee my heart, For all my heart is thine; Time can never part, When love and love entwine."

When he returned, she was gone He found a piece of white paper on the floor, on which was scrawled in char-

"Because I hate this eternal old floor, on which was scrawled in Trust coai : "I have been arrested. Trust woman's gossip," returned Mr. Gedd-ing, half angry with himself that he had been betrayed, as it were, into telling of Herrick's visit at all. "And now I God. We shall, at best, meet in heaven. 'Je te laisse mon cocur.' " About the same time Henry Bache had followed a crowd who were singing of Herrick's visit at all. "And now I suppose," he went on, "I shall be pestered with questions; to forestall such a calamity, I'll answer you both in advance. Mr. Herrick got Mr. Burand dancing. He was fifteen years old and his curiosity must be When he returned to the house in which eigh's business address from the direchis parents had lodged since Lafayette tory, which as the new directory is not had left Paris, they were gone. He ran through the deserted house until he out yet, gave our office address. He seemed as surprised to meet me as I was to meet him, and then he told me he wanted to see Mr. Burleigh, or to found a servant hidden in a closet.

The citizens had taken the aristo erats to the guillotine," the servant aid, as well as Henry could understand or he did not know French well ; "and e had better run or they would cut off

is head, too." And so, on this terrible night, when he streets of Paris resounded shouts and vile songs, and torches flared everywhere, and men and women and children, with red caps on their heads, danced and sang songs in honor of Liberty, these two boys stood on the corner of a street, knowing not which

way to turn. Hugh wore a black velvet suit, with fine lace at the sleeves and neck. His ilver buckles flashed in the light of a about which the people danced, singing a song they called the Carmagnole. And the other lines of his mother's song passed miserably through his mind: fire that had been kindled in the square her patronage any longer, and Mr. Herrick knows as well as you, father that Mr. Burleigh visits Miss Burram every

## "I leave my heart behind : 'Twill never be well again, For all the chains that bind Are broken—so farewell."

"Why, what object can he have?" asked Rose. "Only the Lord and Mr. Herrick His hair, long and curly, fell on his This nair, long and curry, teri of all shoulders. A light sword, a gift from his grandfather, hung by his side. He was large for his age, and, at home, in Ireland, so noted had he been in all that is considered that he been in all know," answered her brother. "I have a good mind to tell Sarah Sinnott, and let her tell Miss Burram." athletic exercises that he was rather " I wouldn't advise you to say any-thing, daughter that would cause you oo proud of his strength. He three-cornered hat in his right hand and looked at the dancers. ment before he heard it said that they

here before he heard to said that they had almost torn an aged priest to pieces, who had been on his way to a bed of sickness. Henry Bache, who stood near him watching the hideous dance, was slighter than Hugh. Baseball had not been in vented in America, but he could ride a pony with anybody, toss quoits, and he had even tried his skill at quintain -an old-fashioned form of polo, which had been revived at Mr. Robert Morris place near Philadelphia. He place hear rinadepina. The plain suit of linsey-woolsey; his was cropped short under a b immed straw hat. He had no b on his shoes, and no sword. His blue eyes had lost their usual look of keenness and interest; they were full of pain and anxiety. Hugh noticed him; e saw at once that he was not a French

have gone mad. Persons who had been kindly enough, who had little children oi their own, and dear old grandfathers of their own, and dear out grandmathers and grandmothers, watched the carts go by that held old people on their way to have their heads cut off by the in-strument called the guillotine. And those who saw all this, who applauded boy The dance became faster and faster. The torches flared; the light and shadow made the faces of the people under the red caps more wicked than ever. pecause Ca ira ! ca ira !" they howled "Tigers!" said Henry Bache, half aloud. Hugh heard him. A little boy had fallen in making his way through the crowd. His father, who wore the red cap, held him in his arms and kissed him. Even the red cap could not change the look of love father's face, as he consoled the little boy. Hugh saw Bache nervously clasp red light his hands together in Hugh was impulsive ; he touched Henry gently on the shoulder. Henry started, but a glance at Hugh's honest eyes reassured him—besides, that Hugh wanted to be friendly was evident from the low bow he made. The plain American almost smiled as he sawit. It reminded of some him of the airs and graces nch officers who had danced a minuet Mr. Robert Morris' grand house, and at whom the citizens had greatly

## NOVEMBER 16, 1901.

around. "They would kill you if they mor heard you say that. Many persons are guillotined every day simply because hear titles." they bear titles." "I am what I am," said Hugh, proudly. "We were in Brittany when

proudly. hese horrors broke out, but my mother hastened hither, believing she could save my grandfather's house, which was in charge of servants, and put me quietly to school. I had been only two ductly to school. I had been only two days with the good Abbe Gaillard when --but what is that?" What seemed to be a black bundle on

the ground outside the circle of dancers moved and stood erect. A man hideous in face, rushed at it, and beat it to the in face, rushed at it, and beat it of the stones. It feel with a groan. Hugh half drew his sword. "Stop!" Henry Bache said. "If you fight you are lost. And I must ask you to help are me, though I know not how. lost my father and mother, and I must

And I my mother. You must help save

Henry felt a strange sense of conso lation in thus recognizing a fellow in "Done!" he said, striking his hand

Hugh's, and feeling into Done !" Hugh was silent; he rested his eye

Hugh was stient; he rested his eyes on the dark object which seemed crawi-ing out of the circle of flickering red light. From above the black cloak showed a white head; the figure half ose to its feet. And then, as the orches of the dancers flared up for a rose to its

moment, he knew the face. "Mothor of God, help us!" he whis pered, clutching Henry's arm. "Ti Father Gaillard—the wretches have al st killed him

Henry looked too. "A Papist priest," he said bitterly "Let him alone. He is as bad as the

Hugh took his hand from his com-

"We must part, sir," he said, "I am but a boy; but I will save the priest lie. You can go your way." You will be murdered!" cried or die.

Bache. "Perhaps so—'tis in a good cause : that old man is not only a priest, but my friend !" " Hore was about to rush forward.

friend !" 'Hugh was about to rush forward, gh held him in his strong wiry Hugh

clutch. "Stay-he has reached the shadow of the tree. No-I spoke hastily. You promised to help me, and I will not de-sert you-even if I must risk my life for

Romish priest." Hugh's face was flushed, his eyes Hugh's face was mashed, first eyes blazed. Bache was cool..." as cool," he afterward said " as a cucumber." He drew a long-bladed pocket-knife from his pocket, while he held fast to Hugh's arm with his right hand.

"If we go forward, we shall attract attention to the old man. Wait—a mo-ment—let me think, I tell you," he said, as Hugh struggled (the to attract

ment—let me think, 1 tell you," he said, as Hugh struggled " that you are a fool! Wait! I will help you; and no American breaks his word !" Hugh stood still, his eyes fixed on the figure that now lay in the shadow of the trees. It was plain to him that his companion was right. Some his companion was right. Some soldiers had joined the dancing ring soldiers had joined the dancing ring, and two drums lay on the ground, east there hastily—for there was no order among the soldiers in those days. "I will draw them around me," said Bache, struck by a sudden thought. "God help us !" ejaculated Hugh. "You will run to the right, into the Faubourg : at the first corner is my lodging : it was an inn, and there is a

lodging; it was an inn, and there is sign hanging above the door. Go in-Jacques, the servant has run away lon ago. And now for it ! How do yo say 'I am an American'?'' aske Bache

' Je suis American !"

"Now," whispered Bache, growin very pale, and setting his teeth, "g to yon old man, but I expect you help me to the death.'

mixed up with Miss Burram's fairs," said Mrs. Gedding. Rose did not answer; she intended affairs.' to talk the matter over with her friend, Harriet, before she committed herself any statement in the bosom of her family TO BE CONTINUED. IN THE TIME OF LAFAYETTE.

MAURICE FNANCIS EGAN.

I

EARLY IN THE NIGHT.

The whole city of Paris seemed to

It was a terrible night,

Not terrible

week. He didn't want to ask her,

cause it would not be well for his object

have her know that he wanted to see

who, with the mother of the former, because of storm, not terrible because of the lightning or the wind or the rain, but terrible because of the wickedne of men.

Rachel. "What does she do with herself, Sarah ?" she vacation and there is no scheol to occupy her mind."

' Well, I should say her spirit ought given had he actually met the Terry he

to be grieved," put in Mr. Gedding testily—he was still sore from the loss of Mr. Burleigh—" a good spanking would be the proper thing ; bringing down here to a respectable neighborhood a parcel of dirty vagabonds to leave, perhaps, disease behind them. I sympathize with Miss Burram, and I sympathize with Miss Burram, and approve of her cleaning processes, and I endorse any punishment she may have  $\mathbf{I}$  endorse any punishment cleaning of given to that eccentric Charge of

hers." "Why, father," burst from Rose in grief and amazement, "it was all a work of charity-poor little Rachel did

it in the goodness of her heart." "Goodness, bosh !" said Mr. Ged-ding, but with a slight diminution of testiness in his tones as if he were somewhat ashamed of his former angry burst, " common sense is a good deal better than such erazy charity as that.

I was speaking to Mr. Herrick today," put in Will, anxious to divert his sister's attention from their father, " and would you believe it, Rose, he did not once quote his wife ; I really felt lonesome when the interview was ended; I had not heard a single time, ' As I said to Mrs. Herrick, Bessie,

Mrs. Gedding gave one of her usual

low, soft laughs. "I shouldn't think he would ever speak of her again after letting her ap-pear at the reception dressed as she was nobody would dream she was the mother of those elegantly dressed little

" I think, mother, she was at the re-ception by French leave—I feel con-fident her husband did not know a word about it till Russell put her and Miss Burram into chairs right nuder his nose, and the combination was too much for and the combination was too much for Herrick ; his speech suffered, as every-

body noticed." "That is so," said Mr. Gedding, a very perceptible softening in his tone and manner, he not being able to withstand his daughter's sorrowful, appeal-

"You do not really mean to say," put in Mrs. Godding again, but as placidly as before, "that Mr. Herrick would not want his wife to go to the re-

ception ?" "That is just what I do mean to "Where has say," returned her son.

fore a motion could be made to prevent

lay it before the whole Rentonville

community, and he brooded upon every incident connected with that peculiar

might tell him how to work. There was

only one instance which seemed to pro-

appearance when he, Herrick, told her

about the fraud Katharine Pearson had

which Miss Burram in the former post-

by her, which the same former obliging

post-master permitted him to see, ad-dressed to "T. Terry, City Post-Office,

Owing to the present postmaster Pet-

tard's caution, he knew nothing of Miss

Burram's letters. But Herrick had made a careful note

of the name and box office number on the letters which he had been permitted

to see, and that memorandum now sug-

Box 1001.

given had he actually met the Terry he was seeking, he hardly knew; he had given no thought to that, all his thoughts being concentrated alone on the effort to find Terry. Then he remembered Miss Burram's Sunday visitor, Mr. Burleigh; he had long since learned his name from Sarah Sin-nott, and also what Sarah had over heard that he was an attorney. To be her, she had darted to Miss Burram, face never leaves me—his dead face—for he trusted me, and I betrayed his trust heard, that he was an attorney. To be sure, an interview with Mr. Burleigh, -but maybe he won't follow me here. even were he sure of finding that gen-theman, did not seem to promise much, judging from the gruff manner in which Miss Burram had grown white as the mad woman was, and she shivered like

one with an ague. She seemed trying to speak, but no sound came forth, and Burleigh had on one occasion refused Herrick's invitation to drive him to Sarah frightened now beyond all co ol, screamed. Her scream was heard Burram's. But Herrick y Herrick and Mrs. Lubec, just entermined to try it, and again consulting the directory, he found the business adng the grounds, and Herrick, leaving is companion to follow, bounded to the dresses of two Burleighs, both practis-Katharine was repeating her petition,

ing attorneys. The first address led him to a whole building of law offices, and further invarying it only to sent him into one, face to face quiry with Rose Gedding's father.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated that entleman, starting from his chair, gentleman.

Herrick was equally startled ; and for the moment visibly embarrassed; but he recovered himself and said with his al bland smile :

d bland smile: Quite a surprise, Mr. Gedding; I no idea of finding you here. I am had no idea of king for Mr. Burleigh

Gedding's face fell a little. "Mr. Burleigh is not here, Mr. Herick, and I don't know anything about

"The directory gave this as his busisaid Herrick in a disap-

pointed tone. replied Gedding somewhat 'Yes," replied Gedang don't know where.

' Couldn't you even tell me where he

"Couldn't you even tell me where he lives? I want very much to see him on a matter of private business." "I can't tell you anything about him ; he's left here, and that's all ; but, by the way, Mr. Herrick, you can get your information from Miss Burram. Mr. Burleigh is at her place every Sun-day."

day. "So I can, Mr. Gedding; I really had not thought of that. I am very much billiged to you. Good day, sir," and Herrick blandly bowed himself out, feeling somehow as if he were check-mated, but with his usual pertinacity noise than an occasional moan.

And Sarah whispered in reply : beach "She's out a good deal on the beach; and when she's not out, she reads. Miss Burram's got lots of books."

"But is she happy, Sarah, with no companionship, almost no one to speak to? I fancy Miss Burram doesn't say much

ach to her." "Precious little as I knows of," whispered Sarah, " and she ain't Jeem to speak to like she used to. neither.

time she brought all them dirty people to Miss Burram's grounds, she don't eem to have anything to do with I guess Miss Burram stopped the friend-

ship then." "Poor little creature !" said Rose, ng it only to beg Miss Burram piteously to save her from her but there was no time for further conversation, for preparations were and Herrick heard it all, dead father, and Herrick heard it all, and he saw Miss Burram again attempt made to fasten the body out. Mrs. speak, but without success, and he id to Sarah : "Attend to your mistress; there is last look at her dead sister, and her The expression of triumph in his face and the satisfaction in his tones worked like an electric shock upon Miss Bur-ram; she recovered her voice instant-

"There is nothing the matter with first and chief mourners.

Sarah's mistress, Mr. Herrick." Then she turned to Sarah. "Go for Jim; he will be able to remove this mad creaall sorts of accounts of the dead man's death. Sarah taking her place

earriage to take the insane woman home which caused her death: also, that Miss Burram, though earnestly re-quested by the woman's sister to let the latter remain till a physician could be got, had angryly denied the re-Herrick's son would have died even more quickly that she had, from the effects of Miss

Burram's brutality. These accounts made Sarah's eyes

it, had suddenly become cruel becaus they have turned their backs to God. Little children were homeless and

without food because they happened to be the children of aristocrats ; and the people of Paris hated aristocrats. Formerly it had been honorable to wear fine clothes in the streets, to drive in carriages, but now men tried to dress as poorly as possible; they were hurried to the guillotine because they

had borne the title of Marquis or Count, and for no other reason. The aristocrats had been haughty and arrogant, and neglected the poor; many of them had shown a most evil example,

and now the seed sown was bearing fruit. Louis XIV., the "sun king" of France, had been careless of the poor. Louis XV, had been evil in his life, Louis XVI. was alive now in prison, Louis XVI. was anye now in forefathers. suffering for the sins of his forefathers. And his son, the little Dauphin, in prices too, was to die by a slow and

orrible torture, worse than death itself. trouble Not long before this night, the beau-

tiful Princess de Lamballe, the dear friend of the imprisoned Queen Marie Antoinette had been dragged through the streets-and afterwards, her golden

head had been carried through the same streets on a pike. Not very long be-fore, too, Mile. de Sombreuil had been forced to save her aged father from the guillotine. How? By drinking, in the kn

presence of a group of men whose hand red, a cup of blood! They said All this is very horrible—too horrible to talk about; I men ion it that you may know that human nature is capable of the most terrible atrocities. if it turns away from God and mocks at Him.

Burran's brutal refusal to lend her earriage to take the insane woman home dred years ago, when Hugh O'Regan and Henry Bache met in the streets of Paris. Hugh was the most wretched of boys, for he had just lost his mother and Henry was even more wretched, for he had lost both father and mother, st, and that if it were not for Mr. and, besides, he could say no prayers, rick's noble assistance Miss Pear- for he knew none. Louis XVI., now imprisoned by his

eople, had been kind to Americans. had sent his troops over there to He help George Washington in the great

nearly start from her head, and to do her justice, they made her very indig-nant, but before she could make up her eeived Benjamin Franklin well at his

laughed. You speak English," Hugh said, in his soft voice, "and you are

"And you are Irish," said Henry, holding out his hand, "and "-with a look at his face - "and are in trouble

"Alas! yes," answered Hugh, in that soft tone and accent which betrayed his nationality, "I am very sad, and I a not what to do.

"And I am even sadder," said Henry, "And I amercen sadder, sam from y drawn to this boy by the sense of his loneliness. One who spoke his language seemed like a friend. "I am most wretched. My father and mother have been taken away by these demons who pretend to love liberty. Liberty means a different thing over in our country. We did not hurt women, or murder, or sing and dance like fools for liberty. We fought like men. Why, even old Parson Duche, who wanted Gen. Washngton to betray the cause, was not

hurt. Oh, that we were home again !" "We would fight in Ireland, if we could," said Hugh, who, grave and sad, could," said Hugh, who, grave and she looked much older than he was. "We are not permitted to know what free-dom is—but," he added, brightening, "we helped you Americans. My cousin, Arthur Barry was in the war."

"There were many," said Henry, of your country. And might I ask said Henry, your name ?"

'The Count Hugh O'Regan." "Count?" whispered Henry, looking

ever break our word !" an wered Hugh, creeping through th shadows toward the trees. Henry Bache breathed hard. The

he sprang forward like a deer, jump on the big drum, and seized the lit one, Rat-tat-rat-tat-rat-tat ! The dancing circle half stopped fo moment, but some continued to he and sing. Henry rattled his dry again.

Je suis American !" he called o a shrill, high voice. "Yanloodle." And then he crowed with the strength of his lungs. cried

Vive l'Amerique And Henry began in a h song "Yankee Doodle." soldiers. In an instant he was surrounded b laughing crowd. He rattled away his drum, and cried, looking tow

Run-for your life !"

Then he began to sing. To m im stand higher, the soldiers brot him an empty wine cask. Some them had been in America, too, dently for when he sang "Ya them had been in America, ess, dently, for when he sang "Ya Doodle," with many gestures with drumsticks, they joined in the ch There was nobody to watch I There was nobody to watch I

and Father Gaillard now; every gathered about the "savage Amer boy" on the cask. Even the little been hurt laughed, as H crowed at the end of each stanza. howl

But suddenly there was a dier had caught sight of Hugh an priest. Henry became aware of He jumped from his perch, and rea Hugh's side just in time to strike the arm of the soldier with his of The boy and the priest van knife. in the darkness. Henry faced th ier, who made a movement to him. Henry threw the drum in hi

and ran. " Je suis Americain !" he said. "Aristocrat ! Aristocrat ! m !" called the soldier, but Hen

disappeared.

II.

AT NINE O'CLOCF.

The dancers of the Carmagnol The dancers of the places. "Ah, droll savage American boy !" the And some of them listened to the told by the soldier, who had l Ah. America, of the strange, bai manners of the country. And priest had escaped—what of i

keep sober enough to present a respect-able appearance at the funeral. He leaned on Herrick's arm out to the carriage, and he and Herrick were the

There were groups of spectators on the street who were not going to the that she afterward went mad-b funeral, and among these there were saved her father for the time. A

Mrs. Lubec by this time appeared in among them, many of whom, owing to the influx of summer visitors, she did not know, overheard that it was Miss the doorway, breathless and trembling. "Oh, Katharinel" she gasped, but Katharine sprang from her, shrinking

and screaming : " Don't come near me ; you bring my

hardly any opposition. By the time Hardman arrived with Sarah, she was

"Jim Hardman, you mean?" "Yes, he used to be a sort of con-stant companion of hers, but since the

the casket and bear the rs. Lubec was above above watchfulness of friends, had managed to