

mother, and as I appeared in the door they both greeted me with a placid smile. I was consoled and comforted at the sight. Something told me that all was well; that Ory had softened her own and my mother's heart in telling the tragic story, and I only congratulated myself on having left the delicate mission to her.

When I reached the middle of the room, my mamma rose, folded her arms around my neck and kissed me fervently on both cheeks. She said nothing, but her tears spoke for her.

"It is nothing, mamma," I whispered; "or, rather, it is everything, for Ory saved me."

"Yes, Carey, she saved you, and in return I am going to make her a present which shall be a memorial of this signal service and of this precious visit. Come up stairs with us."

We followed into my mother's chamber. Preceding us, she threw up the heavy purple curtains so as to light the room; then proceeding to open the lower drawer of the bureau, she drew forth a small rosewood box. Carefully unlocking this box, she produced a little object daintily wrapped in pink-colored tissue paper.

"Now, Ory," she said, "prepare yourself for an emotion. If you are the girl that I take you to be, your heart will bound to see this."

Reverently undoing the paper, which spread a vague odour of rosemary, she held up a large medallion framed in bright gold.

"Look, my child," she said, handing it to Ory.

The girl arose and went to the window.

My mamma remained seated, with her eyes fixed on the tissue paper in her hand. I stepped backward a little in the shadow of the bureau.

Ory gazed long at the picture.

"My mother!" she exclaimed, at length, falling on her knees and pressing the medallion to her lips and heart.

"Aye, Ory, your mother. How did you know her?" murmured my mamma.

"I could not be mistaken. She is only a child here, but they are the same eyes that look down so lovingly on me from the grand oil painting in our parlour, where she is dressed in wedding robes, crowned with orange blooms and encircled in the splendour of bridal joys."

"The same, my darling, the same and yet how different! I remember well the picture you speak of. There your mother appeared in the full flower of her womanhood, radiant with hopes and in the consciousness of all her charms. But here she is only a girl, just stepping into adolescence and after having performed the first solemn religious act of her life. You see the simple white dress, the blue sash, the lily wreath and especially the silver medal hanging from her neck. Don't you recognize the costume?"

"It is that of the first communion."

"Just so. This medallion was painted in the week of her first communion. Five-and-twenty years, O my child, five-and-twenty long sad years have passed since then and the shadows they have cast hover darkling about us still. God grant this may prove an omen of the dawn. I have kept the medallion nearly all that time, for your mother gave it to me a little after it was painted. I treasured it for you, Ory, and would have sent it to you on the day of your own first communion, but circumstances forbade it. You understand what I mean, my dear —"

"Alas! yes, Mamma, only too well."

"But now that such impediments are removed, I hope forever, I hasten to offer it to you, feeling that it more properly belongs to you than to me."

"Thank you, thank you, dearest Mamma. I accept it as a sacred relic. I will place it in my private oratory and it shall never leave me. Though there are many moments of my poor mamma at home, we have nothing like this."

"I know you have not. This was a single copy. Take it with you, and I particularly request you to show it to your father with the explanation that it represents your mother on her first communion day."

"He never saw her thus, and I pray it may touch him."

"I believe it will. Your father adored your mother, and if she had not died so early I am confident none of the sad events of which we have spoken together to-day would have happened. The sight of this medallion will go far toward softening his heart."

So saying, my mother brought forward from the same drawer a heavy gold chain which she attached to the portrait, and then passed it around the neck of Ory.

"Everything will turn out for the best, after all," she said. "God chooses His own time. The patience which He makes us exercise is the best preparation for the gladness we experience when the day of trial is over and the blessed hour of fruition comes. Mark my words. You will live to remember this day as a memorable one in your life. So will Carey. I hope I may be there to see when all comes right in the end, but if I am gone, I know that you will not forget me."

The day passed rapidly and agreeably. Ory was shown over the house and garden, and several times on the way my mamma managed to take her aside for a few moments of private conference. After so many years, she had so much to tell the girl, and Ory seemed eager to hear. During each of these conversations I noticed that though she might remain grave for a few moments, her countenance always retained its serenity. Ah! she was in good hands. My mamma would let her know the truth and nothing but the truth, but so sweetly, in such a thoroughly Christian spirit, that even the bitter lessons of truth would become agreeable.

We had wished to retain Ory till evening, but it was impossible to do so. She had left her father far from well, notwithstanding his assurances, and, besides, her little trip being entirely unpremeditated, there were duties to be done at home which could not be neglected. I own that I was more easily persuaded by her reasons than was my foster-mother. I longed to have her all to myself again, to sit close to her side, speak to her without restraint, and hear her speak to me, and me alone. The delights of that morning drive were still present to my memory. No wonder that I was desirous of repeating them as soon as possible.

Ory parted from mamma with the promise of a speedy return.

V.

IN THE NARROW LANE.

It was three o'clock, but light clouds intercepted the heat of the sun, and a cool wind, a straggler from last night's storm, further contributed to render the afternoon pleasant for driving. We had not been gone more than a few minutes, therefore, when I thought of altering our course. I asked Ory whether she would object to a little roundabout turn instead of the short cut to The Quarries. She looked at me with a smile which showed perfectly that she understood my object, and answered that we must not be too long on the way, but that she saw no particular reason for returning exactly along the same route by which we came. Being thus authorized, I whipped up smartly till we cleared the city and fell into the shady country roads.

Then I let down the buggy top, dropped the reins over the dashboard, and allowed the horse to have his own way. What passed during the next hour I do not now remember, except that I was very happy and that Ory, too, seemed happy. I rather think that neither of us spoke much, being absorbed in the contemplation of the beautiful scenery, and of the strange destiny by which we found ourselves drawn together.

At length I drew out my watch. It was four o'clock.

"Where are we?" asked Ory.

"Let me see," said I, stopping the horse and looking about. "Ah! I declare; how much ground we can go over during an hour in this jog-trot, sleepy fashion. Here we are on the edge of Carondelet Heights. A splendid view, is it not?"

"I never was here before that I remember. The view is very fine, certainly, but I recognize nothing, except the river and the distant city."

"Do you see the white rocks yonder on the river side?" said I, pointing with my whip.

"Yes, they look almost rosy from the sunlight."

"Well, a little to the left of the rocks, do you observe a large grove of forest trees?"

"I do; yes."

"And in the centre of the grove don't you see a bit of yellow roof and the angle of a high balcony?"

"I see them distinctly."

"And don't you recognize them?"

Ory paused a moment; then, without turning her head, exclaimed:

"It is not The Quarries, is it?"

"But it is The Quarries, Ory."

"How lovely! I never thought the old place could look so well. But we are a good way from it."

"Not very far. There is the turnpike before us. As soon as we get into that, I can rattle you home in half an hour. See, your pony is quite fresh."

"If you please, then," said Ory, "let us drive home. I fear papa will be waiting."

I hesitated. The horse, however, heard the summons, and more disposed to obedience, raised his head and shook his harness. I picked up the ribbons mechanically, the wheels began to turn and we soon found ourselves in a quiet, solitary lane, which led down to the high-road.

Field smells lay heavy on the air, with the odours from apple-trees in the orchards around us and of berry clusters that lined the road-side or peeped through the openings of the fences. The bees hummed languidly in the gardens. Great gusts of hot wind passed down the narrow lane. The large bushes drooped low under their covering of white dust. The clink of scythes came feebly up from the slopes, while at intervals loud shouts were heard from the coal-heavers on the distant hills. In the still woods to the left sounded the monotonous tap-tap of the woodpecker. I grew faint; my head began to swim; I felt as if my heart were swelling. Gradually I became unconscious of all that was going on around me, save that my horse had stopped and was catching at wisps of hay which were hanging from the lowest branches of the over-spreading trees. Admiration for his coolness and impudence was mixed up in my mind with all sorts of wild phantasies, visions of flying dragons and horned beasts; of black giants and yellow dwarfs; of lurid fires and gleaming blades; of white-plumed angels and snowy doves; of a storm-tossed sky with whirling clouds; a moon in eclipse; a snake gliding in the grass; a grinning skeleton representing death. Suddenly a sensation of icy coldness shot through me; my legs stretched out convulsively against the dashboard and I sat upright in my seat. I turned. The two adorable eyes were looking up at me.

"Oh! Carey, what is the matter? You have frightened me almost to death."

"It is nothing, Ory," I answered, and bending down my left arm to seize the ribbons which

lay at my feet, the bright, red blood flowed out of my sleeve on the white dress of the girl. She shrank back and screamed. I smiled.

"Don't be frightened, Ory," I said. "I know what it means now. The wound on my shoulder has re-opened. That brought on a slight fainting. It is all over now."

"No, it is not over. We must stop the blood. I will run up to the farm-house yonder and ask for help."

"No need, Ory. There is water trickling down into the trough a few steps behind us. Please bring me a bucket."

She seized my straw hat, sprang out of the buggy, ran to the trough and immediately returned with the water. In the meantime, I had slipped my arm out of the coat-sleeve and laid bare the wound. Ory insisted upon dressing it. She washed it thoroughly. The contact of the cold water refreshed and invigorated me like a cordial, while it speedily stanching the blood. Then Ory, using her own handkerchief and mine, bandaged the shoulder tightly. The touch of her delicate fingers was as thrilling and exhilarating as shocks of galvanism. When my sleeve was replaced I felt quite renovated.

"Are you better?" asked Ory, before resuming her seat.

"I am well, thank you."

Then seating herself, she murmured with ill-disguised anxiety,

"Let us drive home as fast as possible."

I reined in the horse, cracked my whip and away we went along the flowery lane. When we reached the broad turnpike, our speed became greater still. Whether it was that the pony scented his stable from afar, or that he felt that I was resolved on making him show all his points, he curved his fine neck, rounded his shoulders and fell to his work with all the courage of a thorough-bred. He fairly flew along the macadam, enveloping the vehicle in a halo of roseate dust. Spite of me, too, my jockey spirits were up. My fears, my troubles, my faintness, even my love were forgotten in the excitement of the drive. To add to the keenness of my enjoyment, I felt that Ory had drawn nearer to me, leaning upon me as if to prop me up. Once or twice I turned toward her to see whether she shared my amusement, but her face was very pale. She tried to smile, however, in order to please me, and her eyes were full of tender sympathy. "Ory need fear nothing," I muttered to myself. "I am all right now," but the thoughts of women, like those of youth, "are long, long thoughts," and the female is not easily diverted from her reflections by the whirlwinds of pleasure.

"Here we are, Ory," I exclaimed, as we neared The Quarries. "We have made six good miles in several seconds less than half an hour. That is at the rate of five minutes to the mile."

Ory looked up at me.

"Capital roadster that, and he seems none the worse for the race. He is not blown at all. I should not wonder that, with proper training, he could trot his mile in three minutes."

Do not smile, reader. Three-minute trotters were marvels in the days of which I write, the backward ages before the Dexters and the Goldsmith Majors were born.

Ory did not appear to appreciate the qualities of her horse, or the wisdom of my enthusiasm, for she only smiled at me a little without answering anything. A moment afterwards, when we reached the gate, she sprang out and came around to assist me in descending.

"Tut, tut, Ory," said I, "I am quite able to get down alone. But since you hold out your arms to me I cannot refuse the offer."

And so saying I glided gently into her embrace. In one brief, ecstatic moment I held her gently pressed to my heart. Our eyes met and our cheeks burned. We walked up to the house arm in arm without exchanging a word and blushing like children.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

It is evident that the earth is feminine from the persistency with which she refuses to tell her age.

DR. BLANK met a polite man whose wife he had been attending, and asked how she was. "Dead, I thank you," he replied.

A GENTLEMAN in Providence lost a purse, advertised it, his wife found it in his own house, read the advertisement, claimed the reward and got it.

AN unsuccessful lover was asked by what mischance he lost his divinity. "Alas," said he, "I flattered her until she grew too proud to speak to me."

It was announced in Paris that on the 10th of July ladies would be allowed to take seats on the tops of the omnibusses in the boulevards of the French capital.

The regularity and anxiety with which some young ladies inquire for letters at the post office leads the delivery clerk to conclude that they are awaiting sealed proposals.

"FEMALE barbers," said Snodgrass, repeating a paragraph announcement he just read in the paper. "I don't believe in 'em." "Why not?" we asked. "Because I remember what trouble Samson got into by letting a woman cut his hair."

A YOUNG man seems to be nearer fulfilling the law and the prophets when he walks along

the street helping his wife trundle their baby waggon than when he strolls out in bachelor freedom grinning at the girls and carrying a dog-headed cane under his arm.

"How shall women carry their purses to frustrate the thieves?" Why, carry them empty. Nothing frustrates a thief more than to snatch a woman's purse, after following her half a mile, and then find it contains nothing but a recipe for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grandmother.

AMONG the many things to make a fellow feel bad in this world, one is to have a flat-nosed, freckled little man come in and take your seat by the side of a nice girl in a horse-car, while you are making change and putting her fare in the box. Of course you can take him by the collar and roll him in the sawdust, but the comfortable feeling has got away from you and will not return during the trip.

HUMOROUS.

"THAT's too thin," said the boy when he tasted the circus lemonade.

THE man who finds a pocket-book with cash in it doesn't look at a paper for three weeks.

REPENTANCE is like a married woman rushing for an excursion train. It usually arrives too late.

THE climax of absent-mindedness—To suppose that you have left your watch at home, and pull it out of your pocket to see if you have time to get back and get it.

"JULIUS, why didn't you oblong your stay at the Springs?" "Kase, Mr. Snow, dey charge too much." "How so, Julius?" "Why, de landlord charged dis colored individual wid stealing de spoons."

THERE is a village in New Hampshire which has produced 26 editors. It was in allusion to this circumstance that a pious deacon remarked: "Yes, there are 26 of 'em, but as they've all left the town, I reckon the Lord won't lay it up agin us."

AT a party on Nelson street the other evening the conversation appeared to be dying out when a bilious man suddenly observed to a lady on his right: "I don't think they make pills as large as they used to." After that the conversation went out again.

THERE is no worse occupation for an earnest physician than to listen to the complaints of people who pretend to be ill. A well-known doctor, who was called upon by one of his patients for nothing about once a week, ended by inquiring, "Then you eat well?" "Yes." "You drink well?" "Yes." "You sleep well?" "Certainly." "Wonderful!" said the doctor, as he prepared to write a prescription. "I am going to give you something that will put a stop to all that."

THE Governor-General of the Dominion has a footman whose dignity is quite too awful. When the Marquis and Princess were inspecting the Kingston Penitentiary this sublime flunky asked a prisoner, "Aw, my man, what aw you heah faw?" The prisoner, remembering a venerable story, said that he had been arrested for stealing a saw mill. "Aw, weally, for that?" said the surprised servant. "Yes," the prisoner said, "but they did not mind that much. It was because I went back to steal the dam that they went for me." The flunky said it was extraordinary, and left, an agitated and astonished man.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S CANADIAN DOUBLE.

Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian Prime Minister, who has just arrived in town, is likely to create a good deal of sensation in society for reasons other than connected with his mission. The Canadian Premier supplies a likeness to Lord Beaconsfield which is almost bewildering in its exactitude. If Sir John, having nearly observed our Premier's dress, were to possess himself of a costume of the same make, and were to walk into the House of Lords, none of the doorkeepers would think of stopping him, whilst the Marquis of Salisbury might be expected gently to press the hand of his dear friend and inquire after the gout. Consciously or unconsciously Sir John assists nature with a few touches of art. He wears his hair precisely as Lord Beaconsfield wears his, or rather as the Premier wore his when he was about eight years younger. His face is closely shaven, and its whole shape, color and expression are phenomenally like Lord Beaconsfield. Nor is the similitude confined to physical features. Sir John Macdonald has many of the social and political qualities of Lord Beaconsfield. He is witty and graceful in conversation, epigrammatic in Parliament and audacious in politics.—*London World.*

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. LEMAN, Station D, New York City.