THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

2

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED The next time he comes, tell him I want to see him-that I must see him,' says Dolly.

The nurse promises, and goes, and Dolly lies and thinks and thinks. Softened and subdued thoughts they must be; for by and by tears well up in the hard black eyes and roll silently over the wasted cheeks. Touched by kindness, weakened by pain, Dolly will rise from that bed a better little woman than she lay down.

he lay down. He does not come that day; but the next Saturday brings him. He comes early in the alternoon, and Dolly's message is delivered. For a moment he hesitates in irresolute thought; she can have nothing to say that it will not be intensely painful for him to hear. He bears her no ill-will, has never done so, for the part of informant she played. Since the truth was as it was, it is much better it should be known; but the sight of her recalls memories that are the slow torture of his life. But he will not refuse. Self sacrifice grows easy by practice. He goes to her bedside and looks down kindly upon her.

You are better Dolly, he says. 'I am glad of that.'

SLe so zes the hand he holds out-she has ever been a creature of impulse-and covers it with passionately grateful kisses.

'Lewis Nolan,' she says, 'you are a good man. I have not deserved this from you.' 'Hush, Dolly,' he answers, in a troubled voice. 'I have done nothing. When will

you be up, and about ?' 'I don't know; I don't care! The best thing I can do is to die. I am of no use in the world ; nobody wants me; nobody cares for me. I am not going to talk of myself. I want to hear something about you. When did you come to San Francisco?

'Över a year ago.' You were in the army until the end of the war?'

·Yes.'

"Then you came straight out here?"

Yes, I did.' 'Ycu joined the army a week after I went

and told your wife-that? His face whitens, but his grave eyes look at her kindly; his voice keeps its gentle

tone.

'I did.'

"Was that the cause?" 'That was the cause.'

"What I said parted your wife and you?"

'Yes, Dolly.'

'And keeps you parted still ?'-

He bends his head, a flush of intensest pain darkening his face.

Lewis, your wife is lovely and sweet, and like a queen. You love her, don't you l'

'With all my heart.'

'And she you?'

'Yes,' he says. 'Dolly, you must cease. I can't bear this.'

'Wait a minute,' she cries, almost triumphantly. 'You stay apart because I told her you killed Bertie Vaughan and you are both breaking your hearts because you are apart. Is that it ?'

She sees that she is torturing him, but she still grasps his hand and looks with eager eyes into his.

'I thought so,' she says; exultation in her tone, 'when I heard you were here. Now, then, Lewis Nolan, you have done a good turn for me, and I am going to do a good turn for you. You may go back to your wife as soon as you please, if that is all that holds you asunder ; for Bertie Vaughan is no more dead than you are.'

Well! I was stunned, I turned so dead sick, that for a while I could neither move nor open my mouth. You looked stunned, too-such's face as you had in the moonlight! Then you turned and walked away. That roused me up, and I started out and made for the edge of the cliff. You might have seen me easy if you had looked back, but you kept straight on as if you didn't care. I can't tell you how I felt as I loobed over that horrid place expecting to see him alr mashed to a jelly down on the rocks.

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Bless you, no! the Old Boy's good to his own. There was Bertie, half way down, clinging for dear life to a cedar bush, and staring up, frozen stiff wirh terror, and not able to say a word. Ubbr at that, and nearly 'Well. I gave a gasp at that, and nearly went over myself, so glad was I at the sight.

Bertie,' I said, 'don't be afraid, 'It's me, it's Dolly, and I'll save you it I break my

own neck doing it.'

'Dolly!' he cried in oh! such a voice of agony and fear. 'Dolly, save me, and I'll ever leave you again as long as I live.' 'You see he was a coward, as all traitors

are, and was pretty well scared to death. All my wits came back at once.

Wait,' I said; 'let me think. I can't go down to you, and you can't reach the bot-tom without killing vourself. I have it, I'll make a rope. I'll fasten it up here to this rock, and I'll throw the other end to you. Wait, Bertie-wait.'

'Hurry, then,' he says, in that same dreadful voice, 'for this bush is breaking, and won't hold my weight five minutes more. Dolly, save me, and I swear I'll marry you before morning."

I worked as I never did before. I had a penknife in my pocket, and a broche shawl around me. These broche things are strong, you know; no, perhaps you don't, but they are; and I set to work and cut it into seven strips. I knotted them together, and stood on every knot, and pulled with all my might. I threw it down and it was just long enough. Then I twisted one end around the rock, and braced myself, and held on with both hands. If the knots had slipped, Lord a' mercy on him -his brains would have been dashed out—but they didn't. He (Well, I am glad,' says Dolly. 'I've done caught it, and it held, and when he got to the mischief enough; it is pleasant to help to top, he just fell down, all in a heap, and, if make somebody happy. I had just got Beryou'll believe it, fainted away like a fright-

ened girl. Well, I didn't mind that; I rubbed him with snow, and loosened his collar, and slapped his hands, and by-and-by he came to. But he was as white as a corpse, and so weak at first with scare he could hardly stand. He just let me do as I pleased with him ; he had no more pluck left than a chicken. We went to the station, but the train was gone, and you with it, I suppose, in a fine state, thinking you had killed him. I can't say I was angry with you, for you had made matters smooth and easy for me; but Bertie was furious. His face and hands were all scratched and bleeding, and after awhile, as we walked along, he got silent and sulky. He must go with me, he knew; but you and the Owenson family, and everybody else, must believe he was killed; that was better than they should know he had run away with me-no. that I had run away with him. We could walk to the next station and take a later train there for New York. He would change his name, and he would have the salisfaction of making the ruffian who threw him over think himself a murderer. 1 encouraged him in all this. Well, the end of it is, we got to New York unnoticed and were married the very next day.'

Dolly pauses. Retrospective memories seem for a moment too many for her, but she rallies aud goes on.

We kept quiet for a while. He called himself Hamilton, and did not stay with mother and me. How we both enjoyed it when the detectives came to pump me about the murder. For my part, I was glad you were out of the way, Lewis, and that no one suspected you. If you had been arrested, you may be sure I would have come forward and told the truth. I think Bertie felt the death of Captain Owenson and the loss of his fortune, but it was too late now; and I did my best to make up to him, he was sullen and dissatisfied from the very first. I worked for both. I got an engagement with a company going to Texas, and Bertie, of course, went along. All that winter and the following summer we spent in Galveston; then we returned to New York, and made our next trip to Cuba. The succeeding summer we spent in Canada, the last we ever passed anywhere together. All this time Bertie was don't think there are many out-and-out getting more and more surly, and cross, and dissatisfied-it wasn't what he used to-ard he kept nag, nag, nagging at me until I was scared about. You thought you killed nearly wild, Actresses like me don't make fortunes. What I did make we spent faster than it was earned. He was sick of our strolling life, he wished a dozen times a day I had never saved his life, any death was better than this sort of existence; he hated being pinched, and forever with low company and a vulgar uneducated wife-that is what he called me. After that, I got reckless, too, nothing I did could please him, and after a while I stopped trying. We led a regular cat-and-dog life of it; but all the in a rapid voice her story. 'You remember that night? Yes, of course you do. Well, do you know I felt while mind you, there was this difference--I while mind you, there was this difference--I was as fond of him as ever, while he got fairly to gram. He took to drink and to gram. to hate me. He took to drink and to gamble; things went on from worse to worse until at last jealousy was added, and then all was over between us. We were playing that third year in Northern Indiana, and it was there he fell in with a Mrs. Morgan, a widow, who had two husbands, and buried 'em and was ready for a third. She was very rich-Morgan had been an army contractor-she was fifteen years older than Bertie, she was fat and ugly, and coarse, and common, she was called a Tartar by every one who knew her; she had jawed hotel, and I made up my my mind to see him the army contractor to death, but she fell in love with my husband. She saw him on the stage-he went on in minor parts-and that my plans. I would watch you instead. I he had a wife already made no difference to a woman like Mrs. Morgan, nor a State like Inyour pardon Lewis-and how jealous you diana. She let him know it, too, and he were, and I didn't want you to hurt him. began to go to her house, and escort her to I've often wondered since how a man like places as if he was a single man. You may yes, clever, and educated, and serious, and all guess the sort of row I raised when I first found it out, but he only laughed in my face; wasn't worth it, but I was good enough for and all at once, before I knew it, he had insti-Bertie Vaughan, for he is a scoundrel, with tuted a suit for divorce, and she gave him the money to carry it on. Incompatibility of tem-per-'the devil couldn't live with me!-was brown veil, and I kept away in a corner. But what he told them, and he got his divorce, for I never lost sight of you. I followed, you to he had no trouble in proving what sort of the botel ; I waited outside until you left it, life we led. Before the decree was granted and then I went after you along the cliff- they had left the place; and two weeks after their marriage was in the papers. He had taken back his own name, and there it was Albert Vaughan, Esq., and Caroline, relict of the late Peter Morgan of this city.' 'After that, I don't care to tell or think how I felt or how I went on. I was reckless and mad, and didn't care for anything. But I kept decent looks and decent clothes and by a fluke of fortune got an engagement in the theatre where I saw you with your wife. It was only temporarily to fill the place of an actress that had suddenly been taken ill. I think the devil got into me at the sight. The world prospered with everybody but me.

were you. I had made up my mind to shoot him if I ever met him, and that night I made up my mind to do you all the mischief I could. I was struck of a heat to see that you had married Miss Sydney Owenson of all women, and I felt sure she couldn't know what you had done to Bertie. I had found out that he was in California-I wanted money to come after and hunt him down you would give me that money to keep your secret I was sure. So 1 went to your house to see you, and saw her instead. You know what I told her-a little truth, and a little lie. Between both the work was done, and you and she parted. I heard you went to the war, and guessed the reason. But I never went back. There was something in your wife's look that, bad as I was, I couldn't face again. I stayed away, and left her all

alone. All this time I kept track of Bertie Vaughan. He and the Morgan woman went to Europe ; tremendous swells, both of them, and he was proud of her money, if he was ashamed of her. When they came backand with a French nurse and a baby, if you please !- they went off to California before I could set eyes on them. It I had, the Mor-gan woman would have been looking out for number four by this time. I followed them here as soon as I could, and I was here only two days when the house I boarded in took fire, and I jumped from the window, and smashed myself. You've been good to me, and I've told you this story to pay you back. Bertie Vaughan's alive and well, and in this city, if he hasn't left it since I came here.' She stoops, and clasping closely the hand

that has grown cold in hers. He has not 'I didn't need that to make me work, but | spoken a word; he has sat and listened to all, his face rigid with surprise, and perfectly colorless.

'You ain't angry, Lewis ?' she asks, fretfully. 'I know it was horrid mean of me, but I'm awful sorry now. I can't say any more than that."

'Angry, Dolly ? No. You have done me the greatest service to-day any human being could do. I never was a murderer in intention; I find I am not one in fact. No words of mine can tell how grateful, how thankful I am.'

tie's address that afternoon. He and the Morgan woman were stopping at the-House.'

'At the--House !' exclaims Nolan, in amaze. 'That is my hotel for the past six months.'

'lt is odd, then, you never saw him; for that's where he was with his caravan, three weeks ago.'

'No, not so odd either; 1 always leave early in the morning, before most people are up, and do not return, as a rule, until late. But I shall ascertain at once. Let me thank you once more, Dolly; and believe me, I will remember you with gratitude and affection forever.'

So he goes, and Dolly's heathen heart is full of the after-glow that comes from a good deed done. And Lewis Nolan, like a man who walks in a dream, as Atlas with the load of a world lifted off his shoulders, with a soul full of thanksgiving and great joy, walks back to his hotel.

Excepting Sundays, he had hardly ever been in it, during his sojourn, at this time of day. Half the States might come and go, and he be none the wiser. Bertie Vaughan might be his next door neighbor for all he knew. Alive! thank Heaven! thank Heaven for that! His first act is to examine the hotel register. Yes it is there.

'Albert Vaughan, Esquire, lady, nurse, and child !'

His heart gives a great leap at the confirmation; but his quiet face, excepting that it flushes slightly under his dark skin, tells nothing.

"How long have this family been here?" Ah! then fear not, He is waiting, he asks. 'Well, off and on, uine months or more. They travel about, and make this their headquarters in San Francisco Know Mr. Vaughan, sir?' 'I think I have met him. A very blonde, British-looking young fellow ?' British-looking young fellow " ' With a drawl! and an eye-glass, a half a quarter of an inch of brains," says the smart clerk, throwing himself into an attitude and mimicking Mr. Vaughan. ' Aw, I say, my good fellah, just mix me a sherry cobbler will you—it's so blawsted 'ot to day " Uncommon fond of crooking his elbow, is Mr. Vaughan. And he ain't henpecked either. Oh, no, not at all.' Mr. Nolan does not wait for the conclusion of these sarcastic remarks, but springs with elastic lightness up the stairs to his own room on the third floor. He will write to his wife and tell her all. No, he will send her a telegram; he cannot wait. A telegram just to apprise her that Bertie Vaughan is alive, and a letter afterward to explain how he comes to know. Nothing need stand between them now. Such a rush of hope and joy comes over him as he realizes it that he can do nothing but sit, the pen idle in his hand, in a happy dream.

If you will show me his room I will not trouble you." 'You Pete,' calls the cierk, and 'You Pete.' a colored boy, bounces forward. 'Show this

lady to seventy-three and look sharp.' The lady follows 'You Pete,' and the

sprightly clerk blows after her an enthusiastic kiss. Beauteous creature ! She's all my fancy

painted her, she's lovely, she's divine; but her heart it is another's, and it never can be mine.'. Didn't know that Nolan had a wife. Close mouthed fellow, Nolan. Such a stunner, too. Just from the States. Steamer in an hour ago. Wonder if he expects her? Never went to the pier. But then she's his own wife. If she was any other fellow's-

Pete escorts her to No. 73-points it out with a grin, ducks his wooly head, and disappears. She taps lightly, her heart beating so fast that she grows faint. There is no response; she opens and goes in. He is seated, his back to her, writing. She throws off her veil, clasps her hands, and looks at him for a moment-the husband unseen so long. Then there is a waft of perfume, the flutter of a woman's dress, and she is kneeling before him, her face bowed on his knee. Lewis!

He starts with a violent recoil, and looks at her. She has been so vividly before him, that for a moment he thinks it is a hallucination, conjured up by his own intense longing. But she speaks again brokenly, in Sydney's own soft voice :

'Lewis-husband-I have come to you! I could not stay away longer. Oh! Lewis, say you are glad I am here.' 'Sydney!' he says in a dazed voice, and

sits and looks at ner, almost afraid to touch this kneeling figure, lest it should vanish, 'is it Sydney, or am I dreaming?'

She lifts her face, all pale and wet with passionate tears, and throws her arms about him.

'Lewis! Lewis! Lewis!' 'It is real then: it is Sydney!'

While he sat here trying to get beyond the

words that charmed him, she was on her way to him. Once more he looks on Sydney's fair, sweet face; once more Sydney's tender

arms clasp him. 'My wife! my wife!

He holds her for a little, and no words are spoken. She still kneels, and he makes no

attempt to raise her. To be concluded in next number.

[For the TRUE WITNESS.]

THE BRIDE OF THE SACRED HEART WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF A YOUNG LADY JOIN-ING THE ORDER OF THE SACRED HEART IN

MONTREAL IN 1879.

I. See the white-robed, radiant maiden, With a thousand beauties laden, Standing in the pretty chapel at the boly altar's

standing in the pretty chapet at the holy altar's rail; Bridal garments all around her, Bless'd the bridegroom who has found her, See her fond affections glowing, flashing 'neath the snowy vall.

и. She is standing, standing only, Are her feelings sad and lonely? Where is He that one who won her in her youth and bloom and pride? Where is He that is to take her? Where is He that is to make her? Where is He that is to make her For His iffe-time, for her life-time, His beloved, charming bride?

III.

Why is He not standing near her? Why is He not there to cheer her, And to bless her and to take her by that white, extended hand? Where is He that was to wed her? Can it be that He has fled her? Where is He—the first should kiss her—kiss those lips so smilling bland?

IV.

REDMOND O'DONNELL ;

LE CHASSEUR & AFRIQUE.

CHAPTER I. KATHEBINE.

THE large, loud-voiced clock over the stables struck nine, and announced to all whom it might concern that the breakfast-hour of Sir 10hn Dangerfield, Baronet, of Scarswood Park, Sussex, had arrived.

Scarswood Park! A glorious old place, lying deep down in the green heart of a Sussex glades, and dusky, leaty aisles of the oak and beech! A vast and stately park, sloping down to the tawny sea-shore, and a vast and stately mausion, its echoing turrets rising high above the towering oak and copper beaches, and its eastern windows sparkling in the red sunlight of this bright September morning like sparks of fire! Within and without the great house was

very still; a breakfast-table, sparkling with crystal, rich with rough old silver, gay with tall glasses of September roses, and snowy with napery, stood ready and waiting in a spacious room.

Through the open windows the sweet, hayscented morning wind blew, and far off you caught in the summer stillness the soft wash of the waves on the yellow sands, more than a mile away.

At the last chime of the loud-voiced clock the door opened, and Sir John Dangerfield came into the room. A silver-toned French time-piece on the marble mantel began a tinkling waltz, preparatory to repeating the hour; the birds, in their gilded cages, sang blithely their welcome; but the baronet glanced impatiently around in search of some-

thing or somebody else. "Not down yet," he said. "That's not like Katherine! She is not used to dissipation, and I suppose last night's concert has made her lazy this morning. Thomas,"-to a foot-man, appearing like a tall plush spectre in the doorway-"tell Miss Katherine's maid that I am waiting breakfast. Has the Times arrived ?'

"Yes, Sir John."

Thomas presented the folded Thunderer to his master, and vanished.

Sir John Dangerfield flung himself into an easy-chair, that groaned in every joint with his three hundred pounds of manhood, and opened the damp London paper, perfuming the room with the smell of printers' ink. He was a tall, portly gentleman, this Sussex baronet, with a handsome, florid face, and an upright, military bearing. For three months only had he reigned master of Scarswood; his-name cannot change his spots, and I can't change my irreverent nature any more than three lives had stood between him and the I can my looks. But really and truly, papa, baronetcy, and, a colonel in the Honorable do I leok like mamma?" East India Company's Service, he had, four months before this sunny September morning, about as much idea of ever lording it in Scarswood Hall as he had of ever sitting on perhaps, but not at all satisfactory. When I am left a widow, I hope I shall remember the throne of England. Suddenly, and as if a fatality were at work, these three lives had how the dear departed partner of my exist-been removed, and Colonel Dangerfield, of her ence looked, even after thirteen years. Have Majesty's H. E. I. C. S., became Sir John you no portrait of mamma, than?" Dangerfield, of Scarswood Park, and, with his daughter and heiress, came back to England your breakfast, and let me eat mine !" for the first time in fifteen years. He was a widower, and Miss Dangerfield, his daughter, "I am eating my breakfast,' responded his daughter, testily. 'I suppose a person can talk and eat at the same time. Haven't you his heiress, his idol, had been born in England, and was two years old when her father rather got a pain in your temper this mornhad first gone out to India, and grown up to ing, papa? And I must say I think it a litbe nearly seventeen before she ever set foot tle too hard that 1 can't be told who I take upon English soil again. my ugliness from. I'm much obliged to

He unfolded his paper, but he did not read. The loud singing of the birds, the dazzling them for the inheritance, whoever they were.' brightness of the summer morning, disturbed him, perhaps. It dropped on his knee, and resigned sigh. He knew of old how useless his eyes turned on the emerald lawn, on the it was to try and stem the torrent of his tangled depths of fern and bracken, on the daughter's eloquence. dark expanse of waving woodland-terrace, lawn, and coppice, all bathed in the glorious

ion sallow, and her manners perfectly horrible. She was bolsterous, she was a hoyden, she said whatever came uppermost in her she said was utterly spoiled by a doting father, and had the temper of a very termagant. They would probainly have forgotten to men-tion—those young ladies—that the sallow complexion was lit up by a pair of loveliest dark-gray eyes, that the tall, supple figure of the girl of seventeen gave rare promise of stately and majestic womanhood, that the ever-ready smile, which parted the rosy lips, displayed a set of teeth flashing like jewels.

.. . .

They would have forgotten to mention the wonderful fall of bright brown hair, dark in the shadow, red-gold in the light, and the sweet freshness of a voice so silver-toned that woodland! A glorious old place, where the all who heard it paused to listen. Not hand-rare red deer disported amid the emerald some-you would never have called her the some-you would never have called her that -but bright, bright and blithe as the summer sunshine itself.

"Well, papa, and how do I look? Not very much uglier than usual, I hope. Oh, papa," the girl cried, suddenly clasping her hands, "why, why, why wasn't I born hand-some? I adore beauty—pictures, music, sunshine, flowers, and-handsome men! I hate women-I hate girls-vain, malicious magpies-spiteful and spiritless. Why don't I look like you, papa,-you handsome, spler-did old soldier! Why was I born with a yellow skin, an angular figure, and more arms and hands than I ever know what to do with? Whom do I take after to be so ugly, papa? Not after you, that's clear. Then it must be after mamma?"

Miss Dangerfield had danced over to the great mirror on the mantel, and stood gazing discontentedly at her own image in the glass Sir John, in his sunny window-seat, had been listening with an indulgent smile, folding his crackling paper. The crackling suddenly ceased at his daughter's last words, the smile died wholly away.

"Say, papa," Katherine cried, impatiently, "do I look like mamma? I never saw her, you know, nor her picture, nor anything. If I do, you couldn't have been over and above particular during the period of love's young dream. Do I inher't my tawny completion, and square chin, and snub nose, and low forehead from the late Mrs. Colonel Dangerfield ?"

Her father laid down his paper, and arose.

"Come to breakfast, Katherine," he said. more coldly than he had ever spoken to her before in his life, "and be kind enough to drop the subject. Your flippant manner of speaking of of your mother, is positively shocking. 1 am afraid it is true what they say of you here-Indian nurses-the lack of a mother's care-and my indulgence, have spoiled you." "Very well, papa; then the fault's yours, and you shou'dn't blame me. The what's-

"No-yes-I don't know. Intelligible,

"No! In Heaven's name, Katherine, eat

" No-yes-I don't know."

CHAPTER XXIII. "HE WHO ENDURES CONQUERS."

HE stands speechless, looking down at her, every trace of color slowly leaving his face. Dolly laughs aloud in her triumph.

'I was afraid you might have found it out, but I see you haven't. I am glad that I am the first to tell you! It seems like making up for the past and thanking you for the present. If you had not been good to me I would never have told you. Nobody ever treated me well-that was how I thoughtwhy should I treat anybody well? But now it is different. I did you harm, all the harm I could; and you do me good when your turn That is being a Christian; but I comes. Christians. No; you needn't stand and look at me as white as a sheet, there's nothing to Bertie Vaughan when you threw him over the bank. but you didn't. J've often wished since you had; but people that are born to make other people miserable don't go off the hooks so casy. That's what I sent for you to tell you. Now sit down here; it ain't a long stery, and I'll tell you all about it.

She points to a chair by the bedside. still holding his hand fast in hers, and with her round black eyes shining upon him, begins

sure you would go to Wychcliffe, and I didn't care,, because 1 meant to make a fuss myself and never let that wedding come off. Oh! how fond I was of him ! He was awfully good looking, you know, and his aristocratic airs, and all the rest of it, fairly turned my head. I'd never seen anybody like him, and never have since, for that matter. I couldn't have let him marry Miss Owenson, no I couldn't. I would rather have killed him than let him. So I watched and waited, and went down to Wychcliffe as you did, the night before. I knew he was staying at the before 1 slept, and make him hear to reason; but when I spied you on the train I changed knew what a horrid temper you had-beg that, came to care about a girl like me. I all his airs and graces, if there ever was one.

'You didn't know me; I had on a thick path. I saw you stop behind the big boulder, and then I knew you meant to wait there for Bertie. Very well, I stopped and waited, too. By-and-by he came whistling along quite cheerful and bridegroom-like, and you stalked out like a ghost and said : 'Stay !' I was hiding behind some spruces a little way off, and could see and hear quite comfortable. I was curious to know what you would do er say-I had no idea you would heave him over-and I kept quiet and waited. Lord bless you I I don't think two minutes passed before you clinched, and the next thing you gave him a plunge from you and over he went.

He begins his letter at last:

SAN FRANCISCO, August 20th.

"My DEAR WIFE!

Again he pauses, the words he has written seem to hold his hand by some charmed spell, and he can get no further. 'My dean With what different feelings he wrote wife.' these very words last, sitting in his mother's cottage, while the dull dawn broke, beginning that letter of saddest farewell. He has never written them since, never sent her word, or note, or line. Between them stood the red shadow of murder, the dead, menacing face of Bertie Vaughan. But Bertie Vaughan is alive and well, and beneath this very roof-how strange, how strange-once more the sweet familiar address, so long unwritten, looks up at him from the paper. He could see her as she received this letter, the tears, the joy, the prayer of almost speech less gratitude, the loving eager reply.

'My dear wife !'-what shall he say-how

begin? He is not usually at a loss for words, either in writing or speaking, but this is the supreme moment of a life, and it is not so easy either to break the news of great sorrow or joy. He sits so absorbed that a faint tap at the door fails to reach him. He neither hears nor knows, when the handle is gently turned and some one comes in.

Five minutes previously, here had been an arrival. A lady, youthful and elegant, though travel-worn, has driven up to the hotel and inquired for Mr. Nolan. Yes, Mr. Nolan is there, and up in his room, says the smart clerk, with a look of mingled surprise, curiosity and admiration. In the six months of his stay, Mr. Nolan has had no ladies to ask after him before. This young lady, despite her gray veil, the clerk can see is ex-ceptionally handsome and 'high toned.' The sort of misses I should like to swell down Montgomery street any day in the week with, and I ain't easy to please neither, I ain't,' is what the clerk says afterward, relating the occurrence.

Shall I send for Mr. Nolan, madame?' in his most suave manner, says the smart clerk. 'I am Mrs. Nolan,' the young lady an-Bertie Vaughan was rolling in riches-so | swers with quiet dignity and a vivid blush. | medy.

And her soul with joy elating, He is hoping that His fair one will not leave Him lonely now; And altho' the bridegroom seemeth, Far. far from her, as she dreameth, Speaking low in accents tender His eternal sacred yow.

VI.

While the chanting chorus praising, Now the Cross she's slowly raising. And upon that holy Figure she impressed a loving kiss; Thus the Bridegroom has embraced her, How the smile of joy has graced her! One would think her soul was gazing on the scenes of constant bliss !

VII.

Now her worldly tles are broken, Now her vow of Faith is spoken, And the beauteous, radient maiden and her Bridegroom now are one; But as yet we have not seen Him? What is there from sight to screen Him? Is it that we could not view Him as the dazzling midday sun?

mid-day sun? VIII.

Yes, the veli that hides His beaming, Even for this loved-one dreaming. For a time shall hang impervious, keeping Him from her apart. She must wait in hope and loving,

For the yet requires a proving, For this youthful bride is wedded, wedded to The Sacred Heart !

JOSEPH K. FORAN, Laval University, Quebec.

The following letter appears in the London

Daily Telegraph :--SIR,-In yesterday's issue of your paper you refer to me and say that I was "ready to put forth a mischlevous letter, giving the sanction of Scripture to the theory that a land-lord is only entitled to what a tenant can spare." Am I, then, to understand it to be the teach-ing of the Daily Telegraph that when a tenant has handed over to his landlord all that he can possibly spare after his reasonable support, he is still to be held indebted to him for something more?

as to what a tenant may think be can spare, for, as we all know, a tenant may easily persuade himself that he could spare little or nothing; who honestly delivers up to the landlord all that he can afford to give him, and I desire to know whether the *Daily Telegraph* really be-lieves it to be a mischlevous "theory," that such a one has, in so far, thoroughly done his

50 cts. the bottle. Try this unfailing re-

"A fair prospect," he said-" a princely inheritance! And to think that four months ago I was grilling alive in Calcutta, with no earthly hope but that of retiring one day from the Company's service with chronic liver complaint, and a colonel's half-pay. For myself it would not matter; but for Katherine!" His face changed suddenly. "If I only could be certain she were dead! If I only could be certain my secret was buried with her! It never mattered before-we were out of her reach; but since my accession to Scarswood, since my return to England. the wretch's memory has haunted me like an evil spirit. Only last night I dreamed of her -dreamed I saw her evil black eyes gleaming upon me in this toom. Psaugh.

A shudder of disgust-a look of abhorrence; then he lifted the paper again-and again he dropped it.

A door far above closed with a bang; a fresh young voice caroling like a bird; the quick patter, patter, patter, of little female feet downstairs-the last three cleared with a jump; and then the door of the breakfastroom was flung wide open, and the heiress of Scarswood Park flashed into the room.

Flashed-I use the words advisedlyflashed in like a burst of sunshine-like a hillside breeze-and stood before her father in fluttering white muslin, pink ribbons waving, brown hair flying, gray eyes dancing, and her fresh, sweet voice ringing through the room.

"Good morning, papa!" Miss Dangerfield cried, panting, and out of hreath. "Is breakfast ready? I'm perfectly famished, and would have starved to death in bed if Ninon had not come and routed me out. And how is your appetite, papa ?---and I hope I have not kept you waiting too long-and, oh! wasn't the concert perfectly de-licious last night ?"

And then two white arms went impetuously | you." around the neck of the Indian officer, and two fresh rosy lips gave him a kiss that exploded like a torpedo.

Sir John disengaged himself laughingly from this impulsive embrace.

"Gently, gently, Katie! don't quite garrote me with those long arms of yours: Stand off and let me see how you look after last night's lows or his soul from perdition. Sir John, dissipation. A perfect wreck, I'll be bound."

"Dissipation! A perfect wreck! Oh, papa, it was heavenly-just that! I shall never forget that tenor singer-who sang b'ortunio's song, you know, papa, with his splendid eyes, and the face of a Greek god. And his name-Gaston Dantree-beautiful as himself. Don't talk to me of dissipation and little country lawyer, only five feet high, and wreck; I mean to go again to-night, and tomorrow night, and all the to-morrow nights while those concerts are given by the Talbots."

She stood before him, gesticulating rapidly, with the golden morning light pouring full on her face.

And Miss Katherine Dangerfield, heiress and heroine, was beautiful, you say, as an heiress and heroine should be? I am sorry to say No. The young ladies of the neighborhood, otherwise English misses with pink and white complexions, and perfect manners, would have told you Katherine Dangerfield was lanky and overgrown, had sunburnt. hands and complexion, too small a nose, and and 'pensez a moi.' Now, papa, who can this too large a mouth and chin. Would have be from ?" told you her forehead was low, her complex- (To be continued.)

said. "You're not ugly-you don't wan your father to pay you compliments, do you, Katherine? I thought your cousin Peter paid you enough last night to satisfy even your vanity for a month.

Sir John sgain laid down his paper with a

"What nonsense you talk, my dear,' he

Katherine shook her head impatiently until all its red-brown tresses flashed again.

"Peter Dangerfield-wretched little bore! Yes, he paid me compliments, with his hideous little weasen face close to my ear until I told him for goodness sake to hold his tongue, and not drive me frantic with his idiotic remarks ! He let me alone af'er that, and sulked! I tell you what it is, papa-if samething is not done to prevent him, that little grinning imbecile will be asking me to marry him one of these days-mark my words !"

"Very well-suppose he does ?" The baronet leaned back in his chair and raised his paper nervously before his face. "Suppose he does, Katie-what then ?"

"What then?" The young lady could but just repeat the words in her amaze and indignation. "What then | Sir John Dangerfield -do you mean to insult me, sir? Put down that paper this instant, and look the person you're talking to full in the face, and repeat what then if you dare !"

"Well, Katie," the baronet said, still fidgetting with his paper screen and not looking his excited little commanding officer in the face, "Peter's not handsome, I know, nor dashing, but he's a clever little fellow, and my nephew, and in love with you, and will make you a much better husband, my dear, than a much better-looking man. Handsome men are always vain as peacocks, and so deeply in love with themselves that they never have room in their conceited hearts and empty heads to love any one else. Don't be romantic, my dear-you'll not find herces anywhere now except in Mudie's novels. Peter's a clever little fellow, as I said, and over head and ears in love with

"A clever little fellow! A clever little fellow," repeated Miss Dangerfield, with intense concentrated scorn. "Papa," with dignity, "a few minutes ago you told me to change the subject. I make the same remark now. I wouldn't marry your clever little I consider myself doubly insulted this morning! I don't wonder you sit there excruciating my nerves with that horrid rattling paper and ashamed to look me in the face. I think you have reason to be ashamed! Telling your only child and heiress she couldn't do better than throw herself away on a pitiful with the countenance of a rat. If it were that adorable little Gaston Dantree now. Oh, here's the post. Papa! papal give me the key.'

Miss Dangerfield forgetting in a second the late outrage offered her by her cruel parent seized the key, unlocked the bag, and plunged in after its contents.

"One-two-three-four | two for me from India-one for you from ditto, in Major Trevanion's big slap-dash fist, and this-Wby, papa, what lady correspondent can you have in Paris? What an elegant Indian hand! what thick yellow perfumed paper, and what a sentimental seal and motto! Blue wax

more? There is not here question, let it be observed,

duty. Again, does the Daily Telegraph dissent from St. Paul, who in his Epistic (2nd) to Timothy, clearly lays it down that the man who labours on the soil has a first claim to the fruits? And if St. Paul's teaching be correct, how can a "theory," founded on it b' mis chievous?-I am, sir, your obedient servant, i T. W. CROKE, Archbishop of Cashel. The Palace, Thurles, Sept. 19. duty

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ARCHBISHOP CROKE AND HIS CRITICS. Daily Telegraph :---