

One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Fleming.

PART II.

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.

'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 a 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 looked over that horrid place expecting to see him all mashed to a jelly down on the rocks.

'You were in the army until the end of the war?' 'Yes.' 'Then you came straight out here?' 'Yes, I did.' 'You 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.

'If you will show me his room I will not trouble you.' 'You Pete,' calls the clerk, and 'You Pete,' a colored boy, bows forward. 'Show this lady to room three and look sharp.' The lady follows 'You Pete' and the sprightly clerk blows after her an enthusiastic kiss.

REDMOND O'DONNELL; OR, LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE. CHAPTER I. KATHERINE. The large, loud-voiced clock over the stables struck nine, and announced to all whom it might concern that the breakfast-hour of Sir John Dangerfield, Baronet, of Scarswood Park, Sussex, had arrived.

lon slow, and her manners perfectly horrible. She was boisterous, she was hoyden, she said whatever came uppermost in her mind, was utterly spoiled by a doting father, and had the temper of a very termagant. They would probably have forgotten to mention those young ladies—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.

THE BRIDE OF THE SACRED HEART.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF A YOUNG LADY JOINING THE ORDER OF THE SACRED HEART IN MONTREAL IN 1879.

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

ARCHBISHOP CROKE AND HIS CRITICS.

The following letter appears in the London Daily Telegraph. 'The Saturday's issue of your paper refers to me and says that I was "ready to put forth a mischievous letter, giving the sanction of Scripture to the theory that a landlord is only entitled to what a tenant can spare."

(To be continued.)