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SOLITARY ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

By John Talbot Smith, author of "Brother Asarion," "A Woman of Culture," "His Honor the Mayor," "Strawberry," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED. Not until two weeks ago, when a heavy sadness disturbed him which he could not shake off. At that time he was not aware of the presence of his murderer.

CHAPTER XXII.

BARBARA'S SISTER.

After a defeat the vanquished naturally hides his head for a short time. This reflection did not at all soothe the anxiety of Barbara over Florian's absence.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SQUIRE'S VISIT.

The sight of her slipping from the train sent a cold chill along the Squire's spine, and he felt as if he were being held back by an invisible hand.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SQUIRE'S VISIT.

"No, I'm not after you, you poor man! I have nothing to do with you, except to eat your dinners and make myself expensive and troublesome for a few days."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SQUIRE'S VISIT.

"I suppose you are both aware of the object of my visit here," she said. "I am here to see you, and to see you alone."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SQUIRE'S VISIT.

"You know where he's hiding. Why do you not tell me what I want to know?"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SQUIRE'S VISIT.

"You might as well know," she said, with heightened color, "that I am Florian's promised wife. Will you tell me that?"

By the light of the old tallow candle he opened his father's letter and read reverently:

"My son, my most dear son: I have little time to speak to you. I feel I am sure, our enemy is on my track. I thought you had forever averted the danger. It is not so. These people will not be satisfied until they have killed me. God's will be done! When you read this I shall be dead. Much obscenity hangs over my life. It will never be removed in time. I will pain you, but it is ordered so for your good. Believe me, your father, every moment of my life was a study to save you from what would befall me, every word that I have said to you dictated by the strongest love. Be content with what you may learn of me from strangers. I give you my love and bid you adieu. I remain to you, according to promise, a well known document. My most dear son, a stranger to me all my life, your father hopes and prays to meet you in heaven."

"Florian."

He read it over three, four, ten times, with a more vivid picture each time of the circumstances under which it was written, until the long suffering of his father's life and the agony of that farewell were tearing his own heart, until sobs and tears came to him as if he were no more, after all, than a son of man. He felt humiliated, but only before himself.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SQUIRE'S VISIT.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SQUIRE'S VISIT.

"I suppose he is loading on his island still," said the thoughtless post. "He had, as she thought, an opportunity for leaving the island, and he has come to the village. And may I ask what fate has cast you at this unhappy season on the shores of the St. Lawrence?"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SQUIRE'S VISIT.

"My native place receives me at any time," said the post. "Ah! your native place?"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SQUIRE'S VISIT.

"I was found and given to Rath. Romantic wasn't it? They could no longer hold her in the convent. She went by hill, she went by dale, until she came to the city, showed me the card, and implored me to aid her in finding you. When you were not to be found she was nearly frantic, and fled to the seclusion of Clayburgh to hide her grief."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SQUIRE'S VISIT.

"I have seen him so late as yesterday," said Paul, smiling. "I had known for years, but recollected myself in time. Alas! Frank, there never was a mere unhappy meeting of father and son. The father was dead, shot fatally by a sneaking assassin, and it was only a corpse which death handed to Florian. He had been a Yankee dialect and a Yankee look, leading a solitary life on an island of the St. Lawrence."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SQUIRE'S VISIT.

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course of the day filled the poet with indignation. Peter Carter received him in a commonplace attic with tears and embraces, and spent a luxurious hour describing the perils of Florian, the woes of Frances, and the cruelty of madame, who had driven him forth a forlorn wretch without mercy and without allowance. He drank too much, or perhaps too fast for perfect and easy narration, and fell to snoring before all the details—worthy indeed of his fame—were given to Rossiter. The poet marvelled greatly at the antics the city had played during his brief absence, and went to his old quarters with some haste and anxiety.

Madame De Pousonby Lynch gave him a generous welcome. She was still madame, reserved, exclusive, and good-hearted, and very handsomely apologized for her treatment of him; nor did the faintest trace of feeling appear on her smooth face at mention of an incident which brought her exiled lord to her mind. Frances, she said, was probably absent from the house—most likely in the famous attic which he had so queerly deserted—and she begged him not to be surprised at anything in the young lady's manner or appearance for she had lately met with a severe disappointment. The disappointment was probably that of a broken heart, for in a quiet way, the talk of metropolitan society, the poet, after engaging his old attic, climbed the stairs to look for Frances. There was a burning indignation in his breast against the heartlessness of the young lady, who could inflict so cruel an insult on a woman so gentle and good as his promised wife.

She came to the door in answer to his knock, and for a few seconds there was a hush of astonishment as the two met face to face. "It is Rossiter, or his ghost!" she exclaimed.

"And the substantial Miss Lynch," said he, offering his hand. "I have engaged the garret for a long term, and am not likely to lose it by any more misadventures."

"How can I ever—"

"Your mother has done it; don't say a word."

"And my poor father, that made all the disturbance—"

"Just came from him," said Paul, smiling. "Do not let bygones be bygones. I know you have enough of unhappiness."

Her lip trembled and she could not trust herself to speak. While talking the poet took a quick inventory of the room. The room was a simple one, but she was still the gentle, quick girl of a year past, but his eye noted the trembling lip, the melancholy shadows around the mouth and eyes, and the nervousness of her manner.

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of dreaming in daylight. In studying a political or legal problem he occasionally wandered into impractical speculations on the incidents or personages of a suit. Not often. Nowadays he fell into a habit of reviewing events connected with his father's mortal history and of securing these points at which his own and Linda's life had come in contact with the life of the solitary prince. These reviews had always one unvarying conclusion. Over his face passed that expression of anguish which twisted the body like the rack, and which had attacked him many times on the island. He blamed the pictures and mementoes in his room for this weakness. There was the painting of the yacht and a score of pretty things belonging to that former time. A glimpse of any one of them disturbed him, but he had not the heart to put them away. He was content to wait the time when all these things would stand in his memory like distant mountains wrapped in a heavenly mist. He had lost none of the poignant standing by his defeat, and the Squire was open to him. He had received to accept the office. It would be a very quiet affair, and its dullness would be a safe refuge for a vessel without any definite harbor. His love affairs were not going smoothly. Barbara was acting oddly. He had said to her a few short, polite words on the general character of her Clayburgh visit which were certain to put an end to escapes of that sort. She had a stock of other annoyances, however, and dealt them out as they came. At an assembly she had chatted much with Rossiter and the Count in turn. When he gave her his impressive reasons why she should do these things no more, she had laughed at him and done them again. Finally the climax was reached when she was invited to the inauspicious Russian in Barbara's reception-room. It was certainly an odd thing for Florian to show his feeling strongly, but he did so on this occasion. His face paled slightly and a light sweat burst out on his forehead, while his hands languished at his side as if with agony. He stood in the doorway, unable to do more for an instant, his eyes fixed on the Count with an expression which frightened Barbara into a faint scream. Vladimir smiled with deep satisfaction, and bowing politely to the lady, bade her good-morning and withdrew. The screen brought Florian to his senses, and Barbara's pretty and anxious inquiries were met with his usual self-possession.

"My dear," said he—and the little lady recognized the tone of the late visit to Clayburgh—the Count is obnoxious to me for the best of reasons. I do not wish to see you and him together again on any occasion. As for coming to your house, it must be his last visit."

"But I don't care two pins for him, and I think it annoys him so to see us together. You are just a little, a very little, hard, Florian. Confess, now, are you not?"

"Not hard enough for him," the great man said savagely, "there is so much of the devil in him."

Barbara was both curious and venturesome. What was the secret of their mutual dislike? It was something more than mere jealousy, and she would like to know the cause. It would require caution and secrecy. What of that? She was too clever to be caught by such a mass of dignity as her beloved Florian, who was unacquainted with the ways of the world, would not take them if he were, and fancied his promised wife fashioned after his own ideas. Barbara and the Count became quite friendly once more on the understanding that he was to keep out of the way of the lady, bade her adieu to which Florian was used to win from the Count the secret of his broken relations with Florian—which he never told, of course, but amused and reveled himself instead by filling Barbara's mind with wild longings for the title and grandeur to which Florian had lately resigned the right. He made her believe that these things could yet be obtained, and, picturing the glories of the Russian court, made the life of a senator's wife in Washington appear by contrast tedious. The astute Barbara was cunning as a fox in the trap, and from that moment Florian was beset with artifices and entreaties. A significant incident put a sudden end to her ambition.

"Florian," she said one day as her eagerness was at its height, "do try to win your title. We were not made for this horrid, homespun American life. I shall just die thinking of what might have been, if you do not make the attempt at least."

He mistook her eagerness for satire and showed her a caseful.

"Take that," said he, "and stab me to the heart. It is as well to do it now as to wait for a less auspicious day to do it for you."

She looked at him and the knife for a few moments until the meaning became upon her mind, and she told the full malice of the Count's suggestions.

"Do you suppose, my dear," he said, amused at her astonishment, "that if there were a chance of obtaining my title and estates I would hesitate to get what was possible? I am sure that we must be satisfied. An American price is an oddity. Let us enjoy what glory we may from it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Baby Ezema and Scald Head.

Infants and young children are peculiarly subject to this terrible disorder, and if not promptly arrested it will eventually become chronic. Dr. Chase made a special study of Ezema and disease of the skin, and we can confidently recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure all forms of Ezema. The first application will relieve the irritation and put the little sufferer to rest.

A SURE CURE FOR HEADACHE.—Bilious Headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach is repressed, and there is constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Farnes's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alternative, and in neutralizing its effects of the intruding bile and relieves the pressure on the nerves which cause the headache. Try them.

Pale, sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

TO THOSE OF SEDENTARY OCCUPATION.—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which do not demand much of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Farnes's Vegetable Pills a most efficacious and safe remedy. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

"TRIUMPH OF FAILURE."

A New and Remarkable Book by an Irish Priest.

Rev. William Barry, D. D., the famous English scholar, gives to the Liverpool Catholic Times the following review of Rev. P. A. Sheehan's new book, "The Triumph of Failure."

I remember, long ago, the title of a book of John Mitchell's which was called "The Last Conquest of Ireland—Perhaps." Without having read the volume, one could be pretty sure that it was dealing with conquests achieved by force of arms rather than force of ideas, and that it bore this name as a defiance, not a surrender. What Irishman's religion will ever admit that the Green Island can be effectually conquered, or its people held down, so that they shall not rise "sobbing from the soil," as I once heard it expressed with admirable vivacity? But alas, there is a conquest more subtle, more enduring, than comes after the foughten field—a conquest of poetry by prose, of romance by commercialism, of religion by worldliness, of the ideal by the vulgar. And what should we say who belong to the great-er Ireland, of its saints and sages, with all its enchanting memories from old times, at length to be subdued in this way and become a province of London, a smaller England—in a word, to speak it sadly and mockingly, a mere West-Brabant? Better far that it should sink into the deep, with the fairy mist of the Tuatha De Danann floating above it, an immortal sorrow, unshaken by touches of the base modern code, smoke, unweaved by the cries and screams of a multitude given over to Mammon. What is Ireland making of her destiny? What of her message to the nations?

IRELAND IN DANGER.

The other day I opened Father Sheehan's volume, not suspecting its contents; and I read and read, and was delighted, and somewhat amazed, and finding at last an Irishman at home, Catholic and a priest, who saw perils of this new and threatening conquest shuddered at them, called his country to arms against them and himself swore the way to vanquish them. He has written a story; but he was preaching a crusade. With learning in plenty, Greek, German, English, secular and sacred, with flashes and gleams, undoubtedly, of genius; in a language always touching, often exquisite; and deeper than all these fine qualities, which become an eloquent style of the austere, kindly, imaginative, Celtic and none other, that had seemed to be falling out of a world not worthy to be called our world. I will allow the severe critic to weaken my praise with as much water as he can draw from Castalian springs, but I do maintain that the spirit, the temper of this very remarkable tale, all I have said—heroic, inspiring, Irish of the days that are no more; it is a trumpet call to our people. Father Sheehan's heart yearns over the young danger they stand in, in what moment, such as the Almighty never creates a second, innocent, affectionate, clear-eyed, gentle, ardent as a morning; but how shall they keep their fair nature in this utilitarian age?

The peasant, the child—in these may still perceive what the Celtic can reach of purity and poetry, may feel unattainable by our degrading called education, which stifles where should cherish, and runs all to competition, to prizes, to places, to the worship of money. Teach the Irish children on this beautiful system, and watch the result. At the moment, as the examiner's means either indifference in religion or unbelief; a national school education has too often meant the very thing that Dr. What aimed at, taking from the Celt even the charm that was his own, to make it a vile caricature of the Saxon. The is that conquest of Ireland which is enough to break one's heart. She succeeded? It will, most assuredly, unless Father Sheehan's way is followed—the way which leads us back to saints, and which is a pilgrimage learning and love to Clonmacnoise, Glendalough and Bangor and Lismore, seeking information where our ancient folk like ours can find it, our heroes and our history and our religion. We can never be English. We degrade ourselves into West-Brabant, who will prefer the tawdry nation before the original? We deserve our fate, and there will be none to pity us.

GOODESS EDUCATION.

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