TWO

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER CHAPTER XLI

I ENCOUNTER THE GREEN.EYED MON-STER, AND ENDEAVOR TO SLAY HIM " Trifles, light as air, te to the jealous confirmation strong proofs of Holy Writ."-Othello.

I wondered if Dicky Campbell's meart had been taken at the rebound when I saw him constantly in Ellen Fox's company. Gradually she had softened down my ill doings till we became friends once more till we softened down my ill doings till we became friends once more. I was sincerely glad to see one of my former admirers completely and sat-isfactorily curred. He was quite brotherty to me now; all his eyes and ears were for Ellen. He rode with her, played tennis with her, ab-sorbed her attention, if possible, and waylaid her on all occasions. To my waylaid her on all occasions. To my very great surprise she received his es more complacently. Generally-nay, always-once a man showed any symptoms of a desire to overstep the bounds of friendship, and wander into the flowery paths of love, she pulled him up sharp and

ubbed him rudely. "I'll never marry," she had often cannot endure people to think that we girls have come out here to, as it were, offer ourselves in better market than we find at ne; I let them see at once that there is a reserve price on me, and that I am not for sale." Such was her pride, and such the sharpness of her sarcastic tongue, that her would-be admirers fied from her in dismay. I often remonstrated with her for her curt, abrupt manners, but my

expostulations were in vain. "It's not a bit of use, Nora, I can't help it. I must say smart hings when they are quivering on my tongue ; and men are so petted and spoiled in our house that I cannot resist setting them down, and put-

ting them in their places." She was more lenient to Benedicts. and the mere fact of a man being an impossible parti and a pauper to boot was sufficient to insure him a certain passport to her good graces. "At any rate he cannot think that I am scheming to marry him," she would remark triumphantly, when rebuked for her imprudent preference by the all pervading eye of la

mère Fox. I was very much amazed to see that Ellen tolerated Dicky Campbell, and hinted as much. "My godmother has left me a leg.

soy of £200 a year, and now to a certain extent, I can please myself." By pleasing yourself am I to un-

derstand that you are going to be-come Mrs. Campbell ?" "I hope so," she answered with a

blush. Need I remark that I took the

greatest interest in the couple ? My own love affairs had been most disown love affairs had been most dis-astrous. I had done away with everything of that kind, I told my-self, and I turned all my interests and energies in the direction of Ellen's engagement, and took the hole business under my special rotection. I talked uncle over and talked Colonel Fox into a reason able frame of mind. My wedding gown, wreath, veil, and cake were placed at Ellen's disposal. The thing went on wheels. The day was named, presents showered in on the happy couple; a house was taken and furnished, and a carriage seriously

ally:

discussed. Who do you think has sent me present ?" said Ellen, bursting into my room two days before the wed-I will give you fifty guesses ding. Come now." standing before me with her hands behind her back. The khan of Tartary ; the Queen

"I don't believe Miss Ross is en. telligence and bright with good-humor, that it was far, far superior gaged to Captain Beresford ; I don't believe it one bit. How cross you look ! I'll give you something to to many look cross for," bending over me opinion. to many a handsome one, in my from behind and ruffling up my na-turally curly locks. "Shall I tell you whom Maurice Bererford will l exclaimed, after I had gazed at him critically, "only you're much taller and more manly; I would have known marry ?" stooping down and speak ing in a whisper : "why, you, to be sure—pretty Miss Neville." "Ellen !" I cried, indignantly.

and more maniy; I would have known you anywhere." "I can't say I return the compli-ment," he replied coolly, "I would never have recognized you; only when I saw a girl brandishing her arms about, and shouting like an es-But Ellen was gone. "The wedding went off with great eclat"-vide the Mulkapore Herald. cclat"-vide the Mulkapore Herald. The bride looked lovely. My satin dress and long lace veil suited her splendidly. We had reversed posi-tions. She was the bride, in my magnificent French gown; I was the bridesmaid, in the pale blue foulard originally intended for her. How glad I was to see Mrs. Campbell caped lunatic, I knew it could be no one else.' A company of very distinguished amateurs got up some first-rate theatricals, to which we went, of course. There was a fearful crush for seats, and numbers had to be sent away from the door. We were walking down the aisle instead of fortunate enough to secure places, but not all altogether. Mrs. Vane Mrs. Percival; how happy I felt! My old spirits were coming back, and I and I were cut off from the others, and thought ourselves lucky to get old spirits were coming back, and I entered into all the wedding festivitseats in the sixth row from the front. These front seats were reserved. ies con amore. Soon after the wedding we went to

Why were we so stupid, as not to have gone and taken our tickets the the hills with Colonel and Mrs. Vane, and shared a house with them at Ootacamund. I wish I could give lay before at Misquith's? Some of these places were still vacant when some vague notion of our charming abode. It was situated on the side the curtain rose; and the first act of a hill, and we looked out from our was nearly over when in walked jasmine - sheltered veranda over a General Ross, Mrs. Ross, Miss Ross,

deep green valley on the opposite mountains, well named *blue*, and on the pale, far away peaks of the disand Maurice. Perhaps he seemed a little graver and older, but certainly on the whole he looked remarkably well, as he steered himself clear of Miss tant "Kundahs." Our garden in front was rich with roses, carnations, Ross' pretty pink train, and sud-sided into a seat beside her. The and large .shrubs of sweet-scented verbena; orange trees, heavily laden sided with sweet little golden oranges, play, clever and amusing though it lined our avenue, and the whole of was, and acted to admiration, had now but a secondary share of my our premises was surrounded by a hedge partly of heliotrope and partly attention. My eyes and thoughts wandered away in spite of me to Maurice and his betrothed. They of passion flowers, crimson, purpl of passion nowers, crimion, purple, and white. An enormous jasmine hung over the front veranda; the whole house was pervaded with its perfume, and its white flowers lay exseemed very happy, and far mor lover like than Major Percival and had ever been. Now he whispered ensively scattered over the steps, to her, and looked over her programme with both heads toge between whose crevices, here a there, a spray of mignonette had sprouted as a weed. To people from in the pleasantest intimacy, or bent forward to answer her eager and the dried, yellow, burnt up plains, from a partial baking, thanks to the mimated remarks with nods and

smiles. Again she arrested his attention. premature hot weather, what a paralise, what enjoyment, to sit in that tapping him on the arm with her cool jasmine-scented veranda, inhalan. In answer to this signal he ing the fragrant, thin air, and looking turned half round and looked at the audience behind him. He could not out on the wild profusion of flowers see me, that was one comfort ; I sat and far away, beyond them, across the green valley, to the bold, purple too directly in a line with the back ntains, and distant blue hills of his head. Whoever he was look. The same familiar faces of last yea ing for he was disappointed, for, after a searching scrutiny, he turned

net us at the Library, the A. B. C. to his companion and sorrowfully Grounds, and in the Governmen shook his head. Could he have been fardens. Of course, there were Did he wish to numerous strangers besides; among looking for me ! know that I was a spectator of his happiness? Probably he would like thers, General, Mrs. and Miss Ross. It was a great relief to my mind thear that the "A. D. C.," Captain Beresford, had taken two months me to see how easily he had been consoled. Well, I would not wear Cantain Berestord, had taken two holds lsave, and joined a party who had gone out tiger shooting. I am not ashamed to say that I took the deep-est interest in Miss Ross. She was the willow, whatever I did. It was a decoration that I shrunk from most sensitively. The theatricals were to be suc

tall and well proportioned, and was what is called "a fine-looking girl." eeded by a dance, and when, during the interval, a programme was brought to me by little Captain Vance of the 25th Dragoons, I al-She had jet-black hair, very dark, ex. pressive eyes, and an aquiline nose. ome people praised her enthusiastilowed him to put his name down for no less than four waltzes. Hitherto others did not. She was de cidedly a candle light beauty, and had snubbed and repressed poor little Captain Vance, but now he should have a small mite of encourlooked her best at night. For my own part, I honestly admired her agement, just for a change. He was But, all the same, she was not a bit in the seventh heaven of felicity like what I had pictured her to self as Maurice's choice. And she was certainly my antipodes in every and I added to his happiness by al lowing him to insinuate himself into

a vacant seat next me during the interval, and to hold my bouquet Ooty was very gay, and we went out a great deal. Uncle had brought and to fan me! This was all very up the saddle horses this year, and I wrong. I knew-I knew it at the time, too-I knew it and gloried in it. I am afraid. Maurice took adenjoyed various gallops with the Ooty hounds. I was all the better vantage of the self same interval to for the change to the hills; my lost stand up and once more scrutinize roses had returned at last, so had my the house. He saw me this time ! former high spirits. But I had profited by my sad experience; I had curbed my propensity for flirting—if ing towards me and fanning

honest face, brimming over with in- by no means complimentary, I buried myself at once in a corner of our hired brougham, and feigned sleep. I was not at all pleased with my-self, as I stood before my glass, taking off my finery, and untwisting You are not a bit altered, Rody.'

my long hair. "You are a flirt!" I exclaimed to my reflection ; "you went on abom-inably to night, and, what is worse,

ou are a dog in the manger into the pargain. You wouldn't and couldn't marry Maurice yourself, and nov that he is engaged to another girl you as jealous as ever you can h Yes; I was jealous — frightfully jealous, I said to myself, as two big jealous, I said to myself, as two big tears came into my eyes and rolled down my cheeks. Unable to endure

the sight of my own emotion, I re-tired from the dressing table, speedily undressed, and bundled myself into bed, where, in spite of valorous

resolutions to forget Maurice, if possible, altogether, and at the same time, to be kind and friendly to my cousin elect, Miss Ross, I cried my self to sleep. A bright, gay morning that morn

ing of our picnic to Grey's Falls, a favorite place for these most popular hill entertainments. Not less than forty people set forth, on horse and pony back, in carriages, tongas, and bullock-bandies, all bent on enjoying themselves, and spending a thorough

ly pleasant and long to be-remen bered day. Oh, miserably deluded individuals ! Colonel and Mrs. Vane courageously adventured themselves in a hired conveyance-to wit, a whicle that had started in its youth as a wagonette, and now in its old

age, and doubtless thanks to several had smashes, had been distorted into an open carriage. A pair of most disheveled, vicious looking ponies, consummated the turn-out and queer as it looked, it was nothing to several others that also took road. Uncle and I rode; so the did Rody, on a small, fat Pegu pony, that barely lifted his legs from the ground. Our party was strong in cavalry, and a very merry squadron we were chattering and laughing in the high were.

est of spirits, as we wound in and out down the ghaut road. High above all our voices, Rody's brogue could easily be distinguished. It gave a rich Irish aroma to the buzz of conversation. He knew many of the company, and kept trotting about on his dog-like steed from party to party, bandying jokes with the men

and blarney with the women. We arrived at our destination about two o'clock, a deep, rocky, shady hollow on the side of a hill. loud, brawling torrent rushe through the little valley, and gave way to its feelings by dashing itself over a fall of eighty feet ; then pick. ing itself up, it once more pursue its mad career down to the plains below. A very sensible situation had been selected for our meal ; the cloth, I observed, was already laid. I dismounted and greeted our hostess, an active-minded lady, supplemented by two pretty daughters, who were helping her to do the honors and receive her guests. A ten mile ride

had sharpened our appetites, and after a little desultory conversation we were not sorry to be summoned to luncheon, and lost no time in gathering round the viands, in various Turkish attitudes, on cushions rugs, and shawls.

"I am ravenous," exclaimed Rody casting an appreciative eye on the good things before him. "Come and let us sit where there's nothing to carve," he added, artfully avoiding the neighborhood of a large "Europe" ham. "Here, this will do splendidly, ham. he said, flinging himself prostrat before a dish of stewed peaches. 'Now, what will you have ? Look round, and don't make up your mind rashly. My boy is here"-oh, greedy, towards me and fanning with an air of reverprovident Rody -"and he will take care of us. Find out if there is any soup," he said, turning to his domestenderness. The sight was tic with an impressive whisper. evidently too much for his compos His surmise was correct, there was soup, excellent mulligatawny. ure, for he turned his head pointed ly in the opposite direction. Lean As we were discussing it, the clatter of horses' hoofs on the rocky path behind us notified that "the cry was ing against the pillar beside him with his arms akimbo, he gave the still they come."

so loud and so urgent, that, even had he seen the pitfall, he could hardly have escaped. Behold us, then, sharing the same rug (and that a small one), sitting elbow to elbow in the close intimacy that such a luxury compelled. The present most emcompelled. The present most em-barrassing situation completely threw into the shade everything of the kind I had ever previously ex-perienced. No language could de-scribe my sensations. My face burned, my lips trembled. Was I going to cry? Truly, that would be the *imale* of all my follies. I felt that, at whatever cost, I must en. deavor to assume a decent semblance of composure. Mastering my voice with a great effort, and glancing at

my cousin, I said bravely enough : "How do you do, Maurice ?" This time he did answer me. An

unintelligible muttering, lost in his mustache, was the reply. "Isn't it jolly, the three of us sit-ting here together ? It's just like old

times at Gallow," remarked Rody, expansively, hospitably doing the honors of the rug, and heaping our plates with lobster mayonnaise.

Maurice, who had always had a large share of self-command, seemed to have recovered his first surprise. (But why was he carving a fowl with a *fruit*-knife, while plenty of good and true steel was at his disposal?) He conversed with various acquaint ances with the most complete sang froid, and as far as I was concerned. treated me with with frozen, studied indifference, and as if he had made my acquaintance for the first time within the last ten minutes.

Exhilarated by "dry Monopole," Rody became every instant more friendly and personal in his remarks. His tongue ran on uninterruptedly in blissful ignorance of the social volcano in his neighborhood. His simple good faith tided over the first dreadful moments of our most awk-ward situation. Leaning on his elbow during a pause between the courses, he glanced critically round at the other guests.

"That's a very pretty girl, that Miss Templeton, the one in the pink But there are two or three frock. people here who are scarcely human For instance, the fellow opposite—the little wizened man in the holland He is like a chimpanzee to suit. look at; and as to his appetite, no locust could hold a candle to him !

TO BE CONTINUED

ZULIEMA A TRUE STORY OF DARKEST

AFRICA By Rev. Richard W. Alexan

It was an unusually pleasant da in the island of Zanzibar, and one of the young officers of the British Army, in garrison on the coast, de termined to get a boat, sail to the mainland, and spend the day hunting. He got his guns together, and employed one of the natives to row him across then cautiously they entered the bush. They had not pro needed far when they heard through the gloom of the tropical foliage the unmistakable growling and yelping of jackals and hyenas, and their ound, vellow eves gleamed through the foliage. The officer fired several times towards the place whence the sound came, then waited to hear the patter of swift flying feet receding. and the yelps dying away in the dis tance, before he and his native ventured to push on. When they penetrated the bush somewhat, they found several of the animals dead one or two disabled, and to their amazement they saw a rough canvas ack in the midst of the dead wild beasts. It was tied securely at one

and school. They received with open arms the wretched creature that was brought to them. The young officer was astonished that no questions were asked, no fee mentioned; and he was filled with admiration and reverence for the good Sisters who showed such beautiful, unselfish charity.

When he told the story of th find ing of the sack in the open grave dug up by wild beasts, the Sisters ex-plained to him that no doubt a caravan of slave dealers had found this child unable to continue the journey with the rest of their captives, and, as the British Government was very as the British Government was very stringent as to the measures em-ployed on those who killed the natives, they must have been afraid to murder the poor child outright; and so they buried her alive, trusting to the mild heading of a mild here to be the structure of the structu to the wild beasts to dig up the hallow grave, and devour the living.

half conscious body. This would have been the case but for the timely arrival of the officer. He finally took his departure, much impressed with all he had seen and

heard. The little girl had been bathed and feb, and put to bed, with one of the Nuns watching over her. When she revived, nourishment was carefully administered, until she was able to speak. But her dialect was unintelligible to the Sisters. They realize she must have come from a great distance, and trusted to the natural quickness of some of the natives in grasping the different anguages and dialects to interpret her account of herself when she had become better. In the meantime the preparations

for midnight Mass contined. As the hour neared, the child fell into a sound sleep, and the Sister seeing this, left her to go to the little Chapel for Mass. The simple sltar was decorated with great care, and the children to be baptized were clothed in white, with while veils on their heads. Mass had begun, and the sound of the little organ and the hymns of the children awoke the child. She started up, and clothed

in her night gown, she made her way to the place whence the sounds came. Trembling, she gazed in wondering awe from behind a pedestal on which was St. Joseph's statue. Her quick eye took in all the beauty of it: the lighted candles, the green leaves, the lowers, the vested priest, the Sisters, the white-robed children, black like herself! It was a vision of Heaven to her untaught soul. She fainted away in rapture, and there they found her on the floor, and carried her back to bed. She soon recovered, and was able to be about. Clothed in the simple garments of the black chil dren she watched and listened, and her worship of the Nun who took She care of her was most touching. followed Sister Francis like a dog.

scarcely uttering a sound, but her arge, expressive eyes told the story of her gratitude. Ere long the nuns were surprised to hear her utter words and sen-tences in the dialect they used, and before many weeks she could make herself understood. She responded to every word that was said. She was a most attractive child. Her features were pleasant, her skin deep olive her teeth even, and her smile charming. Her hair was rather straight, and her figure now rounding out, was erect, and full of grace. Evidently she was of a better class than those around her.

At last she told her story to Sister Frances. She was the daughter of a princess. Her mother and father emies on the Cross. Zuliema must forgive her enemy." uled one of the tribes in the interior. some eight hundred miles away, and they were all happy until a band of wretches attacked their little settlement in search of slaves. The men and, and evidently had been dragged of the tribe, headed by her father,

from her eyes.

established there a sort of orphanage hardly out of sight when the officer who had come for a day's hunting, shot some of the wild beasts, and then found the sack.

It was a happy rescue for the little princess. The days passed on hap-pily. The scene she witnessed that Christmas night, her first glimpse of princess. the convent Chapel, remained like a vision of Paradise. As the truths of Faith were unfolded to her bright mind she longed for baptism. But the good Sister Frances, knowing how deeply rooted is savagery in the African natures, kept her under instruction and surveillance for a whole year until the next Christmas came around. Zuliema was an un-usual child. She bore herself proudly, as became a princess. She developed an early maturity, and she com-manded the respectful homage of the other children — all unconsciously. Orphan though she was, and hundreds of miles away from her people. she adapted herself to her surround ings, became happy with the good Sisters, and a valuable help in all the works of the mission.

One early morning, two days before Christmas, when the Sisters were praying in the Chapel, a great noise and tramping of feet was heard without. Horses were neighwas ing, and men were calling. There were cries of distress mingled with those of command, and loud knock-ing was heard. It was soon explained. Not far away there had been a skirmish between some robber-Arabs, and the British soldiers. Humanity obliged them to bring the wounded to the shelter of the Convent, where it was known that the Sisters had medical and surgical skill, and never refused aid to the suffering. Several men were carried in, and were placed on cots in the school house. The Sisters busied themselves with washing the wounds, and binding them up with lint and linen. Although they knew these men were robbers and murder-ers, they knew also that they were of the image of Christ, and had a claim on His servants, to whom all races and colors were alike. The English soldiers departed full of admiration for the Sisters. Not one of their number was hurt.

Sister Frances now became busy again as the daylight advanced. She called Zuliema, who was one of the best aids, to bring water, sponges and linen to dress the wounds of the man who was apparently the worst injured of the party. Zuliema came, but as she gazed on the counten. ance of the wounded Arab, a fierce, smothered cry like that of a wounded animal. Sister Frances saw with horror that her face became distorted, her eyes flashed fire, her breast heaved. All the savage in Zuliema's nature came With a spring she flew at the man, and with both hands clutched his throat in an attempt to strangle him. Sister Frances, like a flash, seized her wrists, and tried to fasten her eyes with a stern look. Zuliema. hesitated, but she cried : "He killed

hesitated, but she cried : my mother! He beat in her face head, and laughed at her cries He kicked her while she died, and kept on kicking her! He threw her body to the big birds with raw necks. and they ate her while she was yet alive! My poor mother!" Sister Frances shuddered. She knew it was true; but she held Zuliema's wrists, and said in a voice deep with feeling and power: "Zuliema is a feeling and power: "Zuliema is a Christian now. Zuliema wants to be baptized. Christ forgave His en-

But the savage fire in her blood hurned in her cheek, and flashed He killed my mother!" she said.

Sister Frances, with strong hands,

of the Cannibal Islands; your oby !" I returned, without raising my eyes from a triumph of millinery that I was finishing off to swell the trousseau.

Don't be a goose all your life, and look here!

Thus adjured, I raised my eyes to a very superior blue velvet jeweler's It contained a handsome, mas sive gold necklet—one of the most valuable gifts Ellen had yet received -and a lovely locket set with pearls

"Wasn't it awfully, awfully good of him ?" she exclaimed. "Just the very thing I wanted most !"

Good of whom ? Of course make an allowance for a certain amount of softening of the brain incidental to this great occasion ; but if I know the donor's name it would be easier to answer your question. For all reply she tossed a card into my lap, on which was written in a well-known handwriting :

With Captain Beresford's best Yes! it was very nice and

ghtful of him. You will have to im a little cadeau when he ," I replied with a weak effort

> Beresford's wife will be shall give my offering tes to please me," re-yly, shutting up the

> > ning has turne rirl. You must ncy that Cap-ell as Dicky please you

I ever really had an inclination that way. No more discreet young lady than myself inhaled the thin, health me ental restoring breezes of the far famed Blue Mountains. About a month be-fore uncle's leave was up we had a

visit from Rody, now an officer in her majesty's 2nd Battalion of Marwhole of his attention to the drop tini Rifles, and quartered in the Bom hay Presidency. He was very little After the theatricals came the dance, and I danced every one that was down on the programme, and altered—almost as much of a boy, and quite as full of animal spirits as How delighted I was when pretended to enjoy myself excessivesaw his familiar grin in the front Much to my surprise, Mauric ly. Much to my surprise, did not dance at all. He lounged in other men, and seat of the mail tonga. I forgot all doorways with other men, and

my lately acquired manners, and running up, wildly brandishing my umbrelia, cried, "Stop, Rody ! stop criticised the performers. I observed him go up and speak to our party, but he did not encounter me here I am !" greatly to the amuse ment of the two passengers who oc-cupied the back seat and witnessed till the evening was nearly over Just as I had concluded my fourth waltz, and third consecutive dance our greetings with sympathetic watz, and third consecutive dance with Captain Vance, I came face to face with him in the doorway as I was passing fhrough, and I ad-ventured a greeting. "How do you

Mrs. Vane and I had walked down to Charing Cross, to meet and wel-come the coming guest. Leaving his ventured a greeting. "How do you do, Maurice ?" half holding out my portmanteau to its fate, Rody sprang out, and seizing me by both hands, wrung them till I nearly cried hand. A very cool bow was his only

wrung them again and again. 'It is easy to see that you are

pass. It was quite evident that he both Irish," remarked Mrs. Vane, tolerantly; " in any other country such a greeting would be considered a violent assault, with intent to do would not speak to me, and the casual glance he bestowed on me was composed solely of two ingre-dients-indifference and contempt. I saw him cloak and shawl Miss serious bodily harm!

Ross at the end of the evening with How we talked, and exchanged affectionate solicitude, and see her volleys of questions; how we looked into the family coach. As he reat each other, and burst out laugh turned up the steps I was coming down, still with Captain Vance, and ing! Of course, Rody stayed with us: we packed him away into a little bed-room the size of a pantry, and he nearly ran against me, excusing himself with a formal apology. "You know Beresford, don't you ?" gave him a warm welcome. It was delightful to see a familiar Gallow

said my escort, cheerfully. face sitting opposite to me at meal-times. I could not help staring at "Oh, yes ; he is my cousin."

"Indeed." with a certain surprise schoolfellow, nor refuse myself luxury of looking at him for my "they say he is engaged to Miss Ross — nice looking girl, is she times ten minutes at a time. not?

dy was now about two - and y. He still retained his very "Oh, very !" I answered, shortly ir and light eyelashes, and ill, and always would be, but with such an open,

So here you are at last ! I had almost given you up," cried our hos tess joyfully, half rising from her throne of carriage cushions, and dently addressing the new arrivals. 'So sorry we are late ; we took the

wrong turn, and missed our way," said the genial voice of General said the genial voice of General Ross, stretching a long arm over the heads of several people, and shaking Mrs. Morton's hand with much warmth. Miss Ross, in a gray tweed habit and brown mushroom topee, was affectionately welcomed to a seat of honor. But who was the third member of the party, standing directly behind me? It was Maurice, of ourse

"Here you are, Beresford," cried reply, as he stood aside in a most marked manner to permit me to stupid, ignorant, blundering Rody, making a space between us on the rug; "don't make a stranger of yourself. there's lots of room.

A distinct family likeness exists between the backs of all gray Ell-wood topees and dark blue habits; and Maurice, in most blissful uncon sciousness of the situation awaiting him, and who it was that he was going to sit beside, immediately d the proffered place. As he accepted the proffered place. As ne doubled himself up, and found safe and comfortable accommodation for his long, spurred riding boots, muttering an apology, his eye for the first time fell upon me, and the merry smile he had brought with him vanished from his countenance.

Doubtless he would have fled, but that his retreat was already cut off by a stout gentleman who had been rather crowded out by the recent arrivals, and who had taken up a "Here is our carriage at last;" and bidding my companion good night with a haste and alacrity that was all sorts of terrible hardships to win the African children to Christ, had

out of the earth, which was excavated had gone far off into the bush one for a foot or two, as if intended for a day to slay a man eating lion that grave. The sack seemed to move, had killed several of their number, and on their return they were sur-prised by the men of the caravan, and the officer, cutting the string from the end. disclosed the warm, unwho fell upon them and slew them conscious body of a young child, a before the eyes of their weeping wives and children. Then they rirl of about eleven or twelve years. It was doubled up in the sack like so much carrion. When the air touched selected the finest looking of the women and children, tied them tothe body, especially the face, con-

gether, and drove them along like vulsive twitching showed that life was still present. The officer and cattle ahead of the caravan through the wilderness, towards a port where he native tried to restore conscious ness, and were rewarded by seeing they would be sold into slavery.

The suffering of these creatures were indescribable. the girl's eyes open, look at them wonderingly, and then close. The ema said that her mother refused to little body was so emaciated that it was barely skin and bone, and utterly eat, and tried to bear up stoically. helpless. The officer could get little satisfaction from the native and She was of finer physique than some of the others, and held out longer. Corpses of the dead strewed the way tood bewildered, not knowing what as they passed along. But there is a to do. Suddenly a sweet toned pealed in the distance, and the native said the sound came from the house imit to all human endurance, and at last the princess' fine frame yielded to the awful privations of the terrible of the Sisters who took care of poor journey. She grew weaker day by day until her dragging steps retard-ed the Arabs, who finally determined children. The information was an immense relief to the officer, who ordered the native to take up the o kill her. The brutal wretch who little black skeleton in his arms, and they made their way towards the sound of the bell, which was still claimed her and Zuliema for his share of the slaves, seeing one morn-

ing that she was unable to walk another step, took the butt end of his pealing the mid day Angelus. It was Christmas Eve, and the Congun, and beat her brains out before vent was in a state of preparation for the midnight Mass. The little black the eyes of her shrinking, terrified children were in great excitement, carrying articles to the Chapel, and Zuliema gazed like a fascin child. ated bird on the dying gasps of her mother, and then fastened her bitter cleaning up the various living rooms, while the Nuns in their blue habits mother, and then fastened look on the murderer as if she would and white veils were superintend-ing affairs in all directions. That burn his face with the intensity of her hate. For a moment the man shrank, but ordered the body of the night the class of good children who princess to be thrown to the vul-tures. Then he placed the weak, ad been under probation for a year. and had been thoroughly instructed in the Catholic Faith, were to be starving child on one of the camels. in the Catholic Faith, were to be baptized, and then they were to begin their preparation for the re-ception of the other Sacraments. The devoted women who had given determined to get rid of her at the first opportunity, as she was too emaciated to sell. They were nearing the British garrisons, and he did not dare to kill her. So the next day he tied her naked in a sack, hur up home and associations most pre-cious to Catholic hearts, and had come into these wild, equatorial regions for the love of souls, enduring

wounded man opened his eyes, and the terror in them showed that he recognized and heard all. Sister Frances forced the girl away before her, until the door was reached, then gently pushed her outside, say-ing: "Zuliema will not be baptized this Christmas."

The door closed, and the poor girl fled to the Chapel, there to ponde over her outburst of revengeful rage, and cry out at last in deep contrition her prayer to Jesus Crucified.

The day passed on. Another of the girls helped Sister Frances with poor Zulithe wounded. The next day several of them were ready to depart to find their people, but the murderer of Zuliema's mother still lay suffering. Sister Frances had avoided Zuliema, feeling sure the impulsive girl had been fighting hard with her savage nature, and that grace would con-quer. The second day before Christmas Zuliema came, downcast and humble, and threw herself at Sister Frances' feet, and said that her heart was breaking at the thought of not being baptized. Must she wait another long year? No! She had struggled and struggled to forgive her enemy, and, with God's grace she had succeeded .Sister France knew what an admission that was. Long experience with the natives had made her know that these savage people never forgive. Christianity appeals to them in a thousand ways. They yield to its sweet persuasive doctrines until the meaning of for-giveness is explained to them, and herein is their stumbling block. For savage to forgive his enemies, to cease pursuing until an eye is taken for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life, is cowardice—is contempti-ble weakness. Sister Frances knew this, and knew that a princess of the savage blood had fought her nature long and valiantly before she could make this avowal. She looked at Zuliema and said: "My child, if God day he tied her naked in a sack, hur-riedly dug a two-foot grave, and spread the earth loosely above it, trusting to the jackals and hyenas to do the, rest. The caravan was has given you the grace to forgive