

A BRIGHT BANGOR BARBER.
Wm M. Martin, an intelligent young colored man, a resident of Bangor, Mich., came to this city for the purpose of collecting \$15,000 from the Louisiana State Lottery Company, due him as the holder of one-fifth of ticket No. 85,003, Class G, which won the capital prize of \$75,000 in the drawing of July 11th. He had been investing in lottery tickets at intervals during a year, and had once before struck it for \$100. He presented his ticket, he said, and was given a check on the New Orleans National Bank for the full amount, and the funds he invested in two bills of exchange on New York. He proposed to enlarge and refit his barber shop with a portion of his money, but had not decided on the investment of the remainder. He, however, remarked, "I will certainly put it to a good use."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*, July 23.

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THE COMET OF A SEASON!

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

They went away. Montana shook hands with Geraldine, but did not say a word. He seemed to have made up his mind that she should be impressed with the difference of his manner to her when they were alone, and when any other was present. It did not impress her—uncomfortably. She felt like one who is being quietly, gradually entangled in some conspiracy. Montana had already got so far as to draw from her a seeming acknowledgment of her willingness to accept his confidence; and yet it would have been ridiculous, ever if it were possible, for her at that moment to enter any sort of protest against such an assumption. She walked slowly to the edge of the river again, feeling strangely dissatisfied with herself. The stream loomed, for the moment, all its charm.

Geraldine was not the only early riser among the women of the house that morning. Melissa Aquitaine had passed an uneasy night, alternating between long stretches of sleeplessness and dreams that were more refreshing and disquieting than even lack of sleep. She knew that Mr. Montana was leaving the house early, and she got out of bed with the dawn, and, wrapping herself in masses of covering, sat at her window. It looked upon the lawn. She had not sat there long when she saw Montana and Geraldine walking together slowly, and side by side, toward the house. They seemed deep in confidential talk. She saw them stop suddenly, as if there was some confidence they had yet to exchange before they passed indoors. Then they disappeared from her sight. She could not see from her window what her father was now on the threshold. Looking with them. All she saw was that Montana and Geraldine were at that moment in some confidential talk. Then, after a moment or two had passed away, she saw Montana come out alone, and slowly cross the lawn with the manner of one who is depressed. It would have suited well enough with the manner of a girl whose lover has just parted from her. A pang went through Melissa's heart. She hated Geraldine from that moment. She was possessed by such a vehemence of anger and bitterness of spirit that she allowed some of her wrappings to fall off her shoulders. She did not even mind the cold at such a moment; she did not care even though she was uncomfortable.

CHAPTER V.

GERALDINE.

MANY a sentimental and enamored youth, who happened to be in converse with Miss Rowan, was struck to the heart with the deep, peculiar, dreamy gaze of her soft brown eyes. There were moments when they looked on him, through him, into his very soul; and yet their meaning seemed far away, rapt from earthly things. Her soul, he sometimes thought, despondently, was with the stars, and not with earth and him. He could not doubt that the eyes turned kindly toward him, and rested on his eyes with unutterable softness; and still there seemed something distant, withdrawn, suppressed, in Miss Rowan's expression. Sometimes the enamored youth became filled with a faint hope that he was making an impression which Miss Rowan did not wish wholly to resist, and yet would not acknowledge even to herself. Even from across a table sometimes a man found those eyes resting on him quietly, coolly, giving no response to his own; like the eyes of one who, waking, but hardly conscious, dreamed of him.

The explanation is simple, and not poetic. Miss Rowan was short-sighted. When she particularly wanted to see some distant object clearly, she put up her double eye-glass as unobtrusively as if she had been born and bred in Boston, Massachusetts; but when she did not particularly want to study the object, it often happened that her eyes seemed to rest where her mind certainly was not; and she did not know that other eyes were looking into hers. Thus it happened that some persons gave her credit for a poetic dreaminess in which she did not indulge; and many women accused her of being a frank coquette, and making audacious work of her eyes.

The presence of Miss Geraldine Rowan always set people talking about her. She was not by any means an astonishingly pretty young woman. But she had a very charming face, with brown hair and deep Celtic eyes. She had seen different kinds of life; she had some suffering and some happiness, and had learned the art of extracting such enjoyment as might be out of any slight and chance material that was flung in her way. Her Irish birth had given her vivacity and animal spirits, along with the suffusion of the poetic which seems the inheritance of the Celtic race everywhere; and her American life had taught her the ways of a freedom which in the old world is not the endowment of an unmarried woman. She was decidedly a clever girl; but if she ever seemed anything of a prodigy, it could only be for the simple reason that she could do many different things well, even if she did nothing surpassingly well. She could sing; she could play the piano and the harp—the almost forgotten harp, once the pride of every true heroine, now associated in the minds of most Londoners, at all events, with green baizes and the outside of a public-house. She could ride, drive, swim, and skate, as well as dance. She was not afraid of anything. She was fond of reading, and spoke two or three modern languages very well. Each of these accomplishments is in itself commonplace enough; even a combination of several of them would not go far toward making a feminine Orichon. But combine them all, and a few others, in the person of a graceful girl, with a generous heart and a fresh, vivid nature, and it is easy to understand why young women and elderly gentlemen, as well as young men, should have agreed to exaggerate her gifts and graces into those of a paragon. Her kindly heart and sunny temper did a good deal to make people tolerant of her cleverness. She had not the least taint of the coquette in her nature. She looked straight into the eyes of everyone with whom she spoke, and spoke out so frankly and directly whatever she wished to say, that it seemed hardly possible to venture on paying her any of the stereotyped compliments of society. Nature might have made her for a special blessing to shy young men, reserved and taciturn elders. He of either sort who most dreaded to be thrown on the tender mercies of a girl, felt not the least embarrassment in the company of Miss Rowan. Even if he were actually left alone with her he felt no fear about breaking down and finding that he had nothing to say. She was sure to find enough to say, and to draw him out on some subject which specially interested him. She was free with her words, and after awhile, chatting freely with Geraldine Rowan. He even found himself starting a conversation with her, and asking her questions quite of his own motion. Once he

was heard, in the face of a breakfast-room full of company, to invite her to take a turn with him in the garden. His wife was intensely amused, and complimented Geraldine on the success which she had accomplished in making Mr. Trescoe talk to a girl without blushing.

The company were at luncheon, and were talking of the departed guest.
"I do like him so much—so much," Mrs. Aquitaine said in her languid way and her imperfect English. "He is so beautiful; the most beautiful man I have seen in all England. He is like a picture of the night with his great eyes."

"Splendid fellow—I know it," Captain Marion said. "I talked a great deal with him all the way across, and he let me see most of his plans. He inspires me with confidence."

"I couldn't understand his plans all the same," Mr. Trescoe ventured to interpose.
"Dear Frank," his wife observed, "there is nothing very surprising in that. Who expected you to understand them? You don't go in much for understanding things, do you, dear?"

"Well I don't know," Trescoe answered, in perfect good-humor; "I don't set up to be very clever, Kitty, that's true enough; but I can see just as far into a millstone as my neighbor, I fancy, and I know I couldn't make out what Montana was explaining to you papa all the way over. In fact, I don't think he was explaining anything; I think he was only dodging, don't you know?" he said addressing himself to Mr. Aquitaine; "trying to seem as if he was explaining things, do you see, and not explaining them, all the same. So he struck me."

"Struck you?" said Katherine, "struck your husband! But didn't you hit him again, Frank? I would if I were you."

Katherine's mild joke made them laugh; but it did not succeed, as she had perhaps hoped it would, in turning the conversation away from Montana.

"Nonsense—he's full of frankness," Captain Marion said. "I thought he seemed only anxious to find people with sympathy to listen to him."

"Then you understand what he is going to do in Europe?" Mr. Aquitaine asked.
"Yes, certainly; that is, I understand his general objects. I know what he would wish to do, if he could."

"Well, what does he wish to do?"

"He wants to arouse the sympathies of people here in a great scheme for the good of humanity. Of course he didn't fully go into the details of his scheme, but he will explain all that in London. He does not want it to get about before he has an opportunity of explaining it fully himself. He thinks premature and imperfect criticism would have a prejudicial effect; and of course it would. We all know that."

"Then you really don't know anything about his plans?"

"About his actual plans, no; but about his purposes I do. His purposes seem to be entirely noble."

"I think Frank wasn't so far wrong, after all," Mr. Aquitaine quietly observed.

"I am so glad to hear it," Katherine said.

"Frank is so far wrong generally."

"Come now, I wasn't so far wrong once, at all events," the unruffled Frank observed.

"When was that, dear?" his wife asked, with affected sympathy.

"When I asked you to marry me, Kitty."

"It was I who was out of it there," said Kitty.

"But about this Montana"—Aquitaine returned to the subject—"I don't like him somehow. He seems all too theatrical. He is like a play-actor, he is acting always. His manner, his looks, his gesture, everything about him—acting, acting, acting."

"I don't think he is acting," Geraldine said, emphatically, and speaking for the first time.

"Nor I," said Mr. Fanshawe.

Melissa had not opened her mouth on the subject. It was rare that usually irrepressible little talker not to have a word to say on any question, whether she knew anything about it or not. But she had remained silent, looking up now and then from speaker to speaker, and then dropping her eyes at once. She now glanced eagerly at Miss Rowan, and her dark complexion glowed with scarcely suppressed anger, as Geraldine seemed to be coming out in defence of Mr. Montana. But her eyes flashed gratitude on Fanshawe, although he was apparently following Geraldine's lead.

"I don't believe he is acting," Miss Rowan went on, "I believe the man is self-deceived as well as deceiving. But I believe he is deceiving all the same; I think he is in love with his own ideas, or schemes, or whatever they are. I think he is in love with himself."

"If I were he, I think I should rather have been in love with Miss Rowan," Melissa said, looking saucily up, with a suggestion of venom on her tremulous lips. "He might have had opportunity enough on her voyage, one would think, and since, perhaps."

"Mel, my little girl, you give your tongue too much license," her father said, quietly.
"Little girls ought to be seen and not heard, I suppose," his unabashed daughter replied. "Thank you, papa; I intend to be seen as well as heard; I can assure you, and to see, too. One can see a good deal if one gets up early."

Geraldine only smiled good-humoredly.
"He had opportunity enough," she said; "but I can assure you he was not in love with me or any other girl; he was all absorbed in himself. He would hardly have been much in love with me, for I could not hide my distrust of him. I think I disliked him instinctively."

Melissa smiled scornfully. She did not believe Geraldine.
"But those instinctive dislikes," Miss Marion said—she, too, had been silent thus far; "are they reasonable, Miss Rowan? Are they not too feminine, don't you think? Are they not what men say all women are given to—likes or dislikes that we can't explain? I should have thought you would not encourage such feelings. It hardly seems quite Christian like, does it?"

"It doesn't," Geraldine admitted. "I am afraid I am a very bad Christian sometimes. I admit it is downright feminine, womanish, foolish, anything you like; but still I do feel it. And then, may there not be some warning sometimes in those undefined antipathies of ours? We don't know quite all of nature's laws; I'll take all the blame of my antipathies. I can't help distrusting Mr. Montana; I don't like him."

"I don't like him," Fanshawe said, earnestly.
"I agree with every word Miss Rowan says."

Sydney Marion looked up sadly, but not surprised, of course; she knew how it would be. He was already becoming the bond-slave of Geraldine Rowan.

"I don't think he is acting," Fanshawe continued, volubly; "at least, I don't think he is acting. I dare say he is half frank, half impostor. I dare say he believes in himself; a fellow may succeed in deceiving himself more thoroughly than he deceives any one else."

"You young men are dreadful," Katherine said. "You are all the same, just the same."

It is enough to hear two or three women say that any man is handsome, and you all hate him from that moment. Talk of the jealousy of women! It's nothing to the jealousy of men—young men, I mean," she added, suddenly remembering that Captain Marion admitted all the merit of Mr. Montana.

"I don't think women jealous of each other at all," Sydney Marion said, in a tone of gentle and almost regretful conviction.

"Not as I," Katherine affirmed; "why should they be? As long as another woman doesn't come in one's way, I am sure we don't care how handsome she is, or how much she is admired."

"I am not jealous of handsome women," Melissa said, "but I hate them all." She delivered this gentle sentiment with her eyes fixed on Miss Rowan.

"Fie, then, my Melissa," Mrs. Aquitaine gently interposed; "I am sure you do not hate Miss Rowan."

"I didn't say I hated Miss Rowan," Melissa replied, demurely.

It was not well to try to put this young lady in the right. She was like a child whom it is unwise to tempt with any questions, as something embarrassing to the general company is likely to be the result. Melissa ended embarrassed and annoyed most of the listeners. Geraldine did not in the slightest degree mind the saucy little maiden's attack, and only rushed to the relief of the general company, and especially of Melissa herself, fearing lest Mr. Aquitaine might feel himself called upon to administer some public and futile rebuke to his unmanageable daughter.

"Still a man may be too handsome," she said. "Mr. Montana seems to be much too handsome. He is naturally absorbed in admiring himself and seeing what an impression he makes. I don't believe a man could be a hero who was so handsome as that. It is not the business of a man to be handsome. Perhaps it is only because of that idea that I have felt a sort of distrust of Mr. Montana; I don't know any real reason for not liking him, and Miss Marion is right. One ought not to speak as if it were a feeling of one's own were a reason for not liking him, and that others again were dying to go and could not get in situations; and thereupon, of course, all those who had invitations became determined to use the privilege. No cause, however great or good, could have had, to start with, anything like the impulse which was given to Montana's mission by his specially devised plan of invitation. He had managed the whole affair so cleverly, had contrived so ingeniously to transfuse with his invitations some of the leading persons in every class, profession, and movement, that not to have received one of his cards was a proof that the unfavored creature was nobody, even in his own particular sphere. It is much to be feared that some white lies came from pretty lips concerning those invitations, and that ladies described themselves as having been invited, but resolved not to go, to whose door no messenger had brought Montana's card."

The name of Montana was not the least of the peculiarities which contributed to his sudden success. He had got at the name in a very simple way. He had made the beginning of his career in the territory of Montana, in the United States; and, wanting a name, he had adopted for himself the name of the region in which he made a beginning. But he had had a special inspiration on the subject, he could not have done a better thing for his London success than to call himself Montana. It struck the attention at once. It did the part of a flourish of trumpet. When "Mr. Montana" was announced, the company must look up in some expectancy and curiosity. Not one in every thousand of ordinary London people knew that there was a place in the United States called Montana. Most persons, therefore, assumed that there was something Italian, or Spanish, or romantic somehow, in such a name. Even if the bearer of the name had proved to be a short, stout, and common-place man, with reddish whiskers and redder cheeks, it would still have counted for something that he had such a remarkable name. But when the proclamation of Mr. Montana's name in a London crowd was followed by the apparition of Mr. Montana himself, the effect was something almost startling. Montana was singularly handsome. He wore no beard or mustache; and yet—rare thing with shaven men of dark complexion—his chin and upper lip showed none whatever of that blue-black, gunpowder-stained, tattooed appearance which suggests that the razor is always wanting. He looked over the heads of ordinary men, and of all women. His pale, melancholy face, and his deeply brilliant eyes, seemed to look only into vacancy. He was habitually silent. He hardly ever spoke until he was spoken to; he would stand in a crowded drawing-room or sit at a dinner-table for any length of time without uttering a word, and yet he had not in the slightest degree the manner of a shy or even a reserved man. He seemed wrapped up in the quietness of an absolute self-reliance and independence. But when spoken to, even on the most commonplace subject, he had a way of suddenly turning the light of his oppressively bright eyes on the person who addressed him in a way that seemed to ask, "Why talk commonplace to me? You and I are made for better discourse." His mere way of saying the four little words, "Do you think so?" made many a susceptible woman think the time had come for her to review her course of life, and test its real worth. "Do you think so?" the words seemed to imply; "you, who, although I never saw you before, I know to be capable of loftier thoughts, of utterances that roll from soul to soul?" An audacious stripping from the House of Commons, strong on facts and figures, once at dinner boldly encountered, or, as he put it, "tackled," Montana on some opinion the latter had been expressing with regard to the future place of the United States among the nations. The youth of promise positively affirmed afterward, and will maintain to his dying day, that Montana knew absolutely nothing about the subject on which he was laying down the law; that his dates, his statistics, his views as to all manner of facts only showed the most utter ignorance. He was, as he firmly believed, literally overwhelmed by Montana's with confidence; he still insists that Montana had not one word to say in reply.

Certain it is that Montana did not say one word in reply. But in the midst of the young law-maker's argument his face was lighted by a smile so sweet, so kindly, so pitying, so apparently irresistible, that the whole company became ashamed of their friend, and felt that he must be making himself outrageously ridiculous. Montana's smile appeared to be playing on his lips in spite of himself. It said in the most expressive manner; "I will not laugh; I will not. I must try to seem respectful. He is such an earnest little blockhead; but, good heavens! what a blockhead he is." The host said something meant to be soothing to his poor young friend, and broke up the conversation. They joined the ladies. Not a word more was said publicly on the subject; but men whispered to each other that really young Symington had too much chatter, and was becoming insufferable, and they were very glad that Montana had put him down. Some of the listeners always remained convinced that

Montana had somehow or other crushed him with argument, and that Symington had shown himself shockingly ignorant. Mr. Symington fumed and chafed in vain. The playing smile had settled him in all men's eyes.
Montana spoke to him kindly afterward when he was leaving the drawing-room. "I will tell you all about that," he said, "some other time. It is a complicated subject, but you can be made to understand it. I like your earnestness; it is a good sign. The man who wants to learn will learn, to the difficulties what they may."
Symington's brain seemed to reel. He positively lost his coolness and his power of speech. He was literally shut up.
Our friends, or most of them, attended the great meeting. Captain Marion had settled in London for the time, in order to show Miss Rowan everything, and to give his daughter Sydney a long-postponed holiday. Mr. Aquitaine had brought Melissa up in order that she, too, might have her share of the holiday. He did not propose to make any stay himself; he would rush up and down after his usual fashion, leaving Melissa meanwhile in care of his friends. The whole party were in seats not far from the platform on which the orator was to take his stand. Melissa was biting her lips to keep down her impatience. She was longing for Montana to make his appearance. He had never spoken more than a few of the most formal words to her; had probably not bestowed a single thought on her, and she could think of nothing but him. Since the first moment when she saw him he had taken a strange possession of her soul, and the poor little girl could not relieve her mind by breathing one word of confidence to any human creature. Miss Rowan's fine face, graceful figure, and animated movements attracted much attention. People set her down as foreign until she put up her double eye-glasses, and then they pronounced her American. "If I had such eyes," one lady remarked, "I would rather never see anything than hide them under those horrid glasses." Captain Marion attracted some attention, partly because of his bright eyes and his good figure, but partly, too, because he would persist in displaying himself in a velvet coat, which he loved to wear when lounging and working at home.

Montana came on the platform, and every one else was forgotten. The severe outlines of his evening dress made him look even taller and more slender than he really was. He hardly acknowledged the murmur of applause, but at once began to speak. He spoke in a low, sweet, measured tone. His accent was somewhat peculiar. It could not be called foreign, but it was not of London. Most people in the hall assumed that it must be American. Miss Rowan whispered as much to Miss Rowan, but Miss Rowan shook her head and said it was not American.
"Irish, perhaps," Miss Marion suggested.
Miss Rowan smiled, and said there was nothing of the Irishman about Mr. Montana, she was glad to think.

"How unjust she is!" Miss Marion sadly thought. "She hates him. Strange that so noble-minded a girl should be so prejudiced."
"Our friend is a North-country man," Mr. Aquitaine said, quietly, to Captain Marion; "Lancashire or Yorkshire, closely; I didn't notice it in talking with him; but it comes out now."
Montana spoke with deep feeling apparently, and with a kind of eloquence. He sometimes warmed into a glowing thought; sometimes even condescended to some quaint piece of humorous illustration. He held his audience from first to last. The whole discourse was entirely out of the common. It had nothing to do with the ordinary gabble of the platform. It had no conventional eloquence about it. There was no studied antithesis; the listener could not anticipate the middle of a sentence, the stock form of rhetoric with which it was to close. The wonderful eyes seemed to be everywhere. If by chance any of the audience became for a moment inattentive, he or she suddenly seemed to feel an uncomfortable sensation, and looking up found that Montana's eyes were fixed on the dilatory listener. A curious feeling was that almost every one in the room seemed to feel the direct appeal of Montana's eyes.

The speech was an explanation of Mr. Montana's mission. Of course he had more than one mission. His life was undotted to be devoted to the mission of one kind or another. But the special object of his visit to Europe just now was to found a great colony in the United States, where men and women might seek and find the perfect life. The colony was to be made up of as many different nationalities as Mr. Montana could contrive to inspire with his own reforming energy and faith. From the marriages contracted within the limits of the new colony were to spring the future governing race, by whom the good life of earth's children was to be made perfect. The Englishman was to bring his solid energy and his all-conquering patience; Ireland was to give her poetic fancy and the purity of her nature; the Italian would contribute his artistic genius; the Scot his indomitable strength of will; the German his vast capacity for the acquirement of knowledge; the Frenchman his lively genius and brisk spirit of recuperation. America, of course, opening her bosom to these seekers after perfection, would contribute her ample share to the work of colonization. The colony would be self-governing; it would be founded on principles opposed to the base and worldly selfishness that had made property exclusive. It was to have a foundation deep down among the heroic virtues. Other communities had lived by appealing to practical least noble qualities; now, at last, a practical appeal should be made to the better angel that dwelt within him. The war spirit could not thrive among a community which was enclosed in loving bonds the representatives of so many races hitherto hostile. Temperance, self-abnegation, and the family virtues were to be the inspiration of this new enterprise.

Other projects of the same kind had tried to supplant the family virtues by socialistic innovations and extravagances, and had perished of their own pride and their own diss. The new attempt was to be a community on which all good men and women must smile benignant approval. Around that purified and almost sacred commonwealth would grow up in time a great race of heroic, self-denying, happy men and women, governing their lives on the laws of morals, and on the laws of physical health, those embodied illustrations of the moral law. Thus, with the ages, the hopes and energies of the race would centre in the New World, which had this still newer world, an empire within an empire, enclosed within its vast domain. There would be room enough through many ages for America to take in the pilgrims and refugees of all parts of the ancient earth; and Montana saw, with poetic or prophetic eyes, a time in the dim future when Europe and Asia should be only the great holiday grounds, the vast museums and art galleries, covered and uncovered, amid which the colonists of the new settlements might seek temporary recreation, might study the half-forgotten arts of an old time, and coming here and there on the ruins of a prison, the wreck of a fortress, might

(Continued on Third Page.)