

THE IRISH PARTY

ABSOLUTE MASTERS OF THE POLITICAL SITUATION—O'CONNOR'S VIEW OF HOME RULE.

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 11.—Patrick Eggar received from Dublin this evening the following cable on the result of the general elections in England and Ireland:—

The elections have concluded, and have resulted beyond our most sanguine calculations. We were thirty-nine at the dissolution; we return 86 united as one man. Of 34 nominal Home Rulers and 27 Irish Whigs not a solitary survivor remains. Leinster, Munster, and Connaught are true to a man. In Ulster we have a clear majority of seats and a majority of two to one of the counties. The Irish vote in England has changed the Whig election majority of 120 to a minority of 4. The Irish party are absolute masters of the situation. (Signed)

TIMOTHY HARMINGTON, Secretary Irish National League. GLADSTONE'S OPINION. LONDON, Dec. 11.—Gladstone has written a letter in which he says that it was a wonderful election and will prove that we have gained on the Tories since 1880, "if an allowance is granted to us fifteen seats lost through double Liberal candidatures and fifteen seats Mr. Parnell gave them."

THE NATIONALIST VIEW OF HOME RULE. Thomas P. O'Connor, member of Parliament, in an interview to-day defined the Nationalist view of home rule for Ireland as like that of the Government of Canada, the Irish members not to sit in the Imperial Parliament and the people of Ireland not to contribute toward the expenses of the Imperial Government, nor to share in the payment of the national debt. Regarding the funds to carry out the Nationalist measures, Mr. O'Connor said the Nationalists could easily raise £1,000,000 in America.

A JOINT CONFERENCE SUGGESTED. LONDON, Dec. 11.—The News suggests a conference of the Liberal, Conservative and Parnellite leaders to arrange the basis of a home rule measure and in a manner similar to that in which the question of the redistribution of seats was settled. The News thinks that Mr. O'Connor's plan is not suitable even to Parnell.

PARNELL EXPECTED TO BE THE ALLY OF THE LIBERAL PARTY. GLADSTONE CERTAIN THAT THE TORIES WILL BE WEAKER THAN THE LIBERALS IN PARLIAMENT.

LONDON, Dec. 9.—Political experts endorse Mr. Parnell's opinion that the Ulster Tories will prevent Lord Salisbury from seeking an alliance with the Parnellites, and would prevent Ireland from receiving any advantage from such an alliance if it were formed. There will be in the next House 21 Tory members representing Irish constituencies. They can be counted on to vote with their party on all ordinary questions, and, with the aid of the 100 Parnellite votes and occasional votes from moderate Liberals, could perhaps maintain the present Tory Government. But wherever it came to legislation for the benefit of Ireland Lord Salisbury would be unable to fulfill his part of the bargain with Mr. Parnell, because he would not be able to deliver the votes. The proposed bargain, therefore, is very one-sided, and clearly against the interests of Ireland. The Parnellite members will be compact, indivisible bodies, and their 86 votes will be cast as a unit whenever it is deemed worth while to vote at all. The aid of such a phalanx would be invaluable to the Tories, and would pull in any Tory constituents out of the fire. There is no such cohesion among the Tories, and on Irish questions the Ulster Tories would desert the body.

Mr. Parnell is much too shrewd not to see all this, and he has concluded to drop the Tories. His late alliance with them, which was attested by his anti-election manifesto, was a strictly limited partnership. His object was to keep the Liberals from having an overwhelming majority. That object has been accomplished, and every one admits that it was accomplished by Parnell. But his manoeuvre to give the Tories a respectable minority involved no pledge to support them for one moment after they are seated. On the contrary, having clipped the claws of the Liberals, he is now at perfect liberty to use them against the Tories. There are many indications that the Tories realize this new phase of the situation, and have abandoned hope of aid from Parnell. One of the strongest proofs of this is the persistence with which they are making advances for an alliance with the Whigs. The Tory organs have upon the fact that the Tory party will be divided into four parties—Tories, Whigs, Radicals and Parnellites. The Tories will have an immense majority over each of the other parties. Only a factitious coalition between the latter can overthrow the present Government, and, therefore, they argue, Lord Salisbury is justified in refusing to resign.

Everything now points to an alliance between the Parnellites and the Liberals, and Mr. Parnell expects to speedily win the long fight he has waged for Ireland. Unless the Whigs coalesce with the Tories a deadlock seems certain, and Mr. Parnell has the only key by which it can be opened.

It is reported that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville have agreed not to take office under the new Parliament. When the Tories are defeated the Premier will advise the Queen to dissolve the Parliament, in the hope that the Liberals, by going to the country again, will secure a better position.

Mr. Parnell considers that the election of Mr. William O'Brien, the editor of *United Ireland*, over Capt. S. H. Maxwell, the Tory and Orange candidate, in South Tyrone, is the biggest personal victory of the campaign. The closeness of the fight is shown by the fact that Mr. O'Brien's majority is only 53 in a total vote of nearly 7,000.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

SENATIONAL REPORT CONCERNING THE PREMIER—SAID TO BE ON HIS WAY TO HEAD OFF A MOVEMENT LOOKING TO HIS DEPOSITION. OTTAWA, Dec. 9.—The mystery concerning the cause of Sir John A. Macdonald's sudden flight from Canada has been intensified by the report that he sailed from Liverpool for Halifax on Thursday last, and will reach Canada next Monday. If this report be correct, the Government organs will find it difficult to explain his movements. Nobody will believe that the members of the British Government stopped in the middle of their campaign speeches to discuss reciprocity and the fishery question. One of the reasons assigned for Sir John's sudden return is that a cabal has been found in his own party looking to his deposition from the leadership as a means of conciliating the Quebec Conservatives. It is alleged that no sooner had Sir John arrived in London than a cablegram was forwarded to him by some of his colleagues requesting his immediate return, as matters were going from bad to worse. Mr. Fred. White, controller of the mounted police, who accompanied Sir John, is also wanted back.

One Experience of Many.

Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble" from indigestion, so much so that I came near losing my Life!

My trouble always came after eating any food— However light And digestible.

For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most Excruciating pains, "And the only way I ever got" "Relief!"

Was by throwing up all my stomach contained!! No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through, until "At last!"

I was taken! "So that three weeks I lay in bed and could eat nothing!!" My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain.

Their efforts were no good to me. At last I heard a good deal "About your Hop Bitters!" And determined to try them. Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of One!!!!

Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen a "Sick" Hour, from the same cause, since. I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such "Advocate" as I am.

Geo. Kendall, Allston, Boston, Mass. DOWRIGHT CRUELTY. To permit yourself and family to "Suffer" With sickness when it can be prevented and cured so easily With Hop Bitters!!!

Be sure you get without a touch of green tinge on the white label, such as the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR. A NARROW ESCAPE FROM A TRAGEDY NEAR NIAGARA—QUARRELLING ON THE TRACK. NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Dec. 8.—Two men were struck about two miles west of here by the G. T. R. Atlantic express this afternoon. The train consisted of six coaches and two baggage cars, and was hauled by two locomotives. The driver, Thomas Meagher, of the forward engine, as the train rounded a curve where some cars were standing in what is known as St. David's siding, noticed two men struggling on the outside of the train, and instantly to attract their attention, but they paid no notice whatever to his exertions to save their lives. One had the other down, and just before the train reached them the man on top made a frantic attempt to get the other man's shoulders across the rails, and partly succeeded, but by the time the train reached them the man underneath sprang out from under his assailant and clear of the cars, while the front of the engine struck the other in the forehead, inflicting a terrible wound. As soon as the train arrived here the matter was reported to the officials, and the outgoing train that left on the arrival of the Atlantic express received orders to arrest both men, which they did and took them to St. Catharines, where they were taken in charge. The injured man had his wounds dressed and was sent to hospital. They both refuse to answer any questions, and no one knows from where they hail, although it is generally believed they are quartermen from Queenstown Heights, and were in the midst of settling a drunken wrangle when the express struck them.

An Ohio man last winter predicted his death in the fall of 1885. Last Wednesday he dropped dead just as he predicted he would.

A CRYING EVIL.—Children are often fretful and ill when worms are the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all worms.

Blocks of compressed coal are used in lieu of coke at some of the blast furnaces in Belgium. It has been found that by the use of these blocks a much higher temperature of hot blast is obtained, and that the proportion of combustible consumed—coke and compressed coal included—per ton of pig iron produced is less than with coke alone.

The STOMACH is the grand central of the living system, the first organ developed in animal life, and the first to suffer from excess. Regulate its diseased action by Burdock Blood Bitters, which restores health to the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys, and blood.

A man in Queensland had an antidote for snake bites, and had many times demonstrated its value. He was fond of letting the snakes bite him and then of curing himself. He offered his recipe to the Government for \$50,000, but the offer was declined. One day, when intoxicated, he was bitten by an adder. His remedy was not near him and he died.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS. Much is blamed upon the kidneys when people are ill and suffer from weak and painful back, etc. If you regulate the Liver and cleanse the blood with Burdock Blood Bitters the kidneys will soon receive a right action. Burdock Blood Bitters cleanses the whole system, kidneys included.

A HANDY RELIEF for Pains, Aches, and accidental injuries is an almost universal requirement. Such a ready remedy is best found in Hagar's Yellow Oil, that cures Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Colds, and all Pain, Lameness, and Soreness, whether internal or external.

A woman in Newark, N.J., who stooped to put on the head a small dog that was moaning in a gutter was bitten on the hand by the animal and died ten days after.

WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

An American Tale of Real Life. BY RHODA E. WHITE. CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"I did marry Angelina de Grasse, the wife of that vagabond de Grasse, as she supposed herself to be, but it was proven that he had a wife in France, and Angelina was thrown upon the world, penniless, friendless, and among strangers."

"Oh," said the Colonel, "I know her story. She came to me. I was interested so far as to advise her to lay the case before you, who were able and ready to place her in the hands of a good lawyer; but if I had supposed you would have married her—"

"You would have left her to go to destruction?" "I certainly would not have sent her to you, Courtney."

"I am not sorry that you did. She is a good woman, and as beautiful as she is good. What more did I need? Could I not raise any good woman to the level of my own position?"

"Have you? Ah! have you?" "Go on, say all you think. It will prepare me for what the world is going to say of me, and it may harden me, too."

"You have not answered my question. Have you elevated Angelina de Grasse to your position?" "Don't call her Angelina de Grasse, Colonel."

"That will be the name the world will give her when speaking of your secret marriage." "But pray let my friends be more merciful to me."

Poor Daniel felt stripped of every worldly advantage he possessed in this trying ordeal, and like the veriest criminal he was baring his back to the lashes, as he would have to do later to all who sought to indict them, who were the jeers of the crowd filled his ears. It was a thousand times more dreadful to hear, now that he had added so drastically to the length of the chain of consequences.

"We must look this case of yours in the face, my dear friend," said the Colonel, "and to the best of our ability adopt the wisest course to pursue to save your good name."

"I see but one course that I am willing to follow, and that is to come out boldly and publish the date of my marriage to Angelina Raymond," said Mr. Courtney.

"My dear sir, let us not be too hasty in our decision. The course you propose would compromise to a painful degree Miss Crawford and her family," said the Colonel.

Both men were silent for several minutes. Daniel walked up and down the room with his hands clasped behind him, weighing in his mind the probable consequences of the conversation he had with Miss Crawford and the wishful under the severe castigation which his friend the Colonel was giving him; but he acknowledged that it was only an act of justice, and one that he would not spare the culprit, if he were himself in the place of the Colonel.

Colonel Keane, meantime, who just began to realize that his friend was in his right mind, and that it was a fact that he had been guilty of a triple folly—the concealment of his marriage—the marriage itself—and the attentions to Miss Crawford—was becoming more and more indignant and amazed at the conduct of a man so blithely to his own well-being, and so regardless of the reputations of Angelina and Emily.

At last the Colonel rose suddenly from his chair, where he had been sitting like one in mute astonishment at the sea of difficulties before them, and stopping Daniel in the middle of the room by making a halt before him, asked, in a loud voice: "Why, the deuce, Courtney, did you visit so often at the Crawfords and pay such attention to Miss Crawford? If this confounded difficulty was not in the way we might have managed the rest tolerably well. Of course we know that the public is not going to let you off easily; but the wrong you have given the Crawford family is a matter that will give you more trouble than all the rest, I am afraid."

"There is no knowing what Mr. Crawford will do to avenge it," added Daniel, feeling that he was now powerless in the hands of his exultant and his friends as well, who would be at liberty to cast their stones at him.

"I think silence will be Mr. Crawford's course, since you never said in actual words to his daughter that you loved her," said the Colonel.

Daniel looked a little consoled by this suggestion of his friend.

not think that I am prompted by an idle curiosity. I am your friend, and it is in my heart to stand by you to the end; but, like your physician, I must understand the case before I prescribe the remedy."

Mr. Courtney, who till now had not ceased paing the room in great agitation of mind, came over to the chair that was by the side of Colonel Keane, and sat down. Both looked steadily into the fire before them, to avoid the embarrassment to either the narrator or the listener. Mr. Courtney began:

"The story is not a long one. A young, innocent, and beautiful woman came to me to help her to free herself from the bonds of an unlawful marriage. She had been imposed upon by De Grasse, who fell in love with her, and she believed that he was a man of honor and had an unblemished name. He represented to her mother, who was with Angelina, that he was a young son of a noble family in France, of large landed estates, to which, in a short time, he would fall heir, his older brother at the time being sick from a disease the physicians of the family had pronounced fatal. The child, for she was only fifteen years old, had no affection for the man, much less love. The mother, as your know is the usual custom in France, told the child that her own fortune was gone, her father was dead, and that this marriage would be a happiness to both of them, if it only secured provision for the support of her daughter. Angelina expressed her preference to bear poverty with her mother and remain unmarried, to marriage with Monsieur de Grasse, for whom she felt almost a dislike. The mother prevailed. They were married. Her mother returned to France. The young wife was from the first very unhappy. De Grasse was brutal and ungenerous by her indifference for him, and vowed that if she could not love him, she should hate him. He liked that better than her indifference. Before one month was over she hated him, and dreaded to be a moment alone with him. She was like a bird in the power of the serpent. It came about, however, that some letters were sent her in his absence of two days, that were addressed to him by his real wife, whom he had deserted a few months before. Terrified beyond expression, she told me, she kept the letters which she had opened by his own request. Before he left he told her to see if some bills he expected were sent, and if they came she was directed to send a special messenger to him with them. The wife's letters she showed to a friend, who told her to keep them, and sent her to you, and you sent her to me for help and advice."

"I knew," said the Colonel, "she was in great trouble, and she needed advice, but all she told me at the time was that she had found out that the man she had married had a wife. So I sent her to you."

I heard her whole story," said Mr. Courtney, "without making a comment till she had ended it. My poor child," said I, "you have been cruelly treated by a villain. Be glad that you have been so short a time in his power. You must not go back to his house again." She clasped her hands, her eyes filled with tears, and she asked, "What can I do? I have no home to go to—no friends—no money. He will follow me and kill me!" "Do not fear. If you have come to ask my advice, you must let me direct you. I said, 'What do you wish me to do?' said Angelina, trembling and sobbing for several minutes. I told her that I would take her to a home and to a friend. I ordered the carriage and took Emily, a housemaid, with us, to Mrs. Harper's house. I told her the story, and left Emily to wait upon the young woman. The next day I sent an attorney to take Angelina's testimony, and engaged the best counsellor in the city to arrest the rascal and prosecute him for bigamy. From that time till the case was decided a year later, I left her at Mrs. Harper's, and provided amply for her support, but never saw her alive nor addressed her in familiar way. Her gratitude to me was naturally very great. In time she loved me, I was told, but she never showed it to me in the slightest manner. Her department was at all times dignified and respectful. When the case was decided in her favor, De Grasse was sent to the mines, and then she lost the fear from which it was impossible still to release her. Mrs. Harper became much attached to her, and often praised her to me. She was very beautiful, and we thought it might be a second cause of peril to her, and proposed that some good marriage should be found for her. To this readily consented, and promised to be a father to her, and give her a dowry."

Mr. Courtney wiped the perspiration from his face. He went to the buffet and drank a glass of wine, and then returned to the chair that he had left. Col. Keane had not moved while he was speaking. He sat with both hands in his side pockets, looking steadily into the fire, listening to every word.

"Colonel," continued Mr. Courtney, "what do you suppose possessed me? I could not let anyone else marry that woman. The pity I had felt for her, became love."

"The devil it did!" exclaimed Col. Keane, scarcely knowing what he said.

Daniel continued: "Yes, I was in love with Angelina. I was fascinated by her youth and beauty, and I married her."

And treated her scarcely better than the other man," said Colonel Keane, determined to make Daniel know what the world would say on this point.

"Do not be too severe upon me, Colonel. I have wronged her I know, but I love her and she loves me. She is not a woman to be trifled with. Her faith in me makes her yield to circumstances without suffering."

"Circumstances in which you have placed her," added the Colonel. "What is to prevent the public from saying she is not your wife during these months that you hide her away?"

"I know the danger of this. There is not a phase of this deplorable dilemma that I have not seen and weighed, and they have filled me with a dread more terrible than I can bear sometimes," answered Daniel.

"Your child, Courtney, will always have a shadow cast upon her birthright," said the Colonel.

"Oh, spare me, Colonel, I cannot hear more. What can be done to avert calamities so dreadful to the innocent mother and her child? No consideration now for others should stand in the way of my protecting them. It is my opinion that I ought at once to come out openly and publish my marriage in the Washington papers."

"Yes, that would be the true course for a man to pursue, even at the eleventh hour, but you cannot do so, because you are bound to protect Miss Crawford's good name. Do you think the man she will marry will like to be told that one of her lovers was a married man; or that such a character was allowed to pay her so much attention, that the public had a right to name them as affianced, as they now do name you and Miss Crawford?"

"I am hedged in on all sides," said poor Daniel. "What is life to me?" "It is much. More than to men less entangled in difficulties. You are bound to wish to live to extricate yourself and those so

dear to you. Now, my dear fellow, we have turned this trouble around and around, and we have looked at its darkest sides; we will see now what there is of light in it."

"Not a ray," replied Daniel, overcome by what he had suffered all the night.

"I am not so sure of that," said the Colonel. "I never was in so dark a place yet that there was not a way out of it to daylight, if I knew how to find it. I go back to the idea that you must let the public think that you have been rejected. In my opinion Mr. Crawford will be non-committal, and not allow anything to be said to him on the subject; gossip will have a check when not fed by facts such as you have given it these three months past. There will come a lull in the storm. Your sickness has been a God-send; which is a ray of light to begin with."

"How so?" "Why, you can excuse yourself now from attending places of public amusement, dinners, balls, the theatre, and drives, on the plea that your illness has left you only able to attend to your public duties."

"That is true; I thank you for that thought, Colonel. I shall be a recluse—that is, so far as going out to visit in families. My gentleman friends will be more acceptable companions. Difficult as has been the confession to Miss Crawford, and scarcely less so has been your searching survey of my position, Colonel, yet I am relieved from the dreadful anticipation of the confession that has been like death to me. And besides, there is a something in my heart remotely bordering on peace, now that the sin is confessed to the two persons who ought to know it. Would that I could tear it out of my breast altogether, and be free."

"In time, in time; a wound like yours is more painful in the process of healing than it was in its most dangerous state."

"Well, is not this relief, ever so trifling, another ray of light?" added the Colonel.

"Yes, and I am not going on further into the dark; I'm going back to day."

"Yes, that is true; and now, what do you suppose is the hour, Courtney?" "Midnight."

"Yes, and now—half past."

"You shall not go till you have had a supper."

A supper was ordered, and soon two servants laid the cloth on a table near the fire. The coal was renewed in the grate, and the friends partook of refreshments; meantime they talked before the servants of pleasanter subjects.

The Colonel, when bidding his friend good night, said in a cheerful tone: "Keep up, my friend, all will come right yet, I hope. It is the darkest hour before daylight."

Mr. Courtney realized the value of the advice given by the Colonel, to appear before the public at once in his mind. The next day he made an effort to be more than usually pleasant and cordial to the members of the house.

The faithful Lubin was deceived by Alaster Daniel's cheerful manner. It made him glad, and he attributed the change to his improved health.

A day or two after this crisis of events, Daniel received letters again from Mrs. Harper and Angelina, while his good friend the Colonel was careful to be with him as much as possible. There was so much that was wisely and tender in the letter from Angelina, that Mr. Courtney could not refrain from showing it to the Colonel.

"I send you," she wrote, "an ivory point-a miniature of myself; but I want you, dear Daniel, to love my heart better than you do my face. You are handsome, but I do not love you most for that, my husband."

"Poor child," said Daniel, "she suffered so much she fancied if she were not beautiful it might not have been. Marie and others have told her that a man's love for beauty soon grows cold."

The sly puss! A paper rather hard on you reached her too. I found out that it made her jealous of you. Perhaps she is acting out of spite, to let you see that two can play at that game of yours. I promised to give you a faithful account of things at the Cottage, so I've done my duty, as I will to the end, if I have your approbation."

The letter so sickened and disgusted Daniel that he could not finish the last page. Though he did not believe all the fellow wrote, yet he had an uncomfortable feeling about it that bordered on jealousy, and a want of perfect confidence in his wife. It did not occur to him, as it ought, that Captain Donaldson could be an out-and-out liar. He saw that the base, low-minded man, had received a wrong idea of his own wishes and intentions respecting his wife; but yet it seemed to him impossible that any man could, in cool blood, stab an innocent woman in the heart, as such downright slander would do.

Mr. Courtney had learned the necessity of keeping his mind as tranquil as he could, in order to enable him to carry out the wishes of the Colonel, and to hide his troubles from the world. The next day there would be a good deal of excitement in debate, and of importance to his constituents; so he made a desperate effort to drive from his thoughts every shadow of doubt in his heart of his wife's sincerity and fidelity.

Early the next morning he sent for Colonel Keane. When they were alone, and Lubin had orders to keep guard in the outer room and admit none, the two friends sat down side by side at the table, that was covered with letters and political documents.

"Anything new, Courtney, in your plan of proceeding in debate to-day?" "No; I am not concerned about my success in that quarter, Colonel."

"You sent for me, did you not?" "I did. I am now well enough—or well enough, perhaps, is a better expression—to act without your counsel. I've given you my confidence, and I must conceal nothing from you. Read that letter."

After handing Captain Donaldson's letter to the Colonel, Mr. Courtney rose and went to the window to look out while he was reading it. A scavenger came along and stretched out his hand that held a long wire crooked at the end. He picked up some rags with it out of a heap of dirt, and looking at them a moment; then, with a smile of satisfaction at their worth, tossed them into a sack and walked on. "That man is more contented with himself than I am, and is therefore happier than I am at this moment," thought Daniel.

"Whew!" said the colonel, frowning up the letter. With a hard snap he flung it on the table.

"What do you think of it?" asked Daniel. "Think of it! think of it!" answered the Colonel, jumping and actually stamping in long strides up and down the room, at the same time running his hands through his long grey hair, and pushing it off his forehead to cool his brain. "Think of it! If a man had written such a letter to me and of my wife, I would not long think about it—I'd shoot him!"

"You do not, of course, believe the rascal!" "That is not the point. It is the most d-d impertinent sheet I ever read. Why, if the fellow had been employed by you to get your wife out of your way, and if he knew that nothing could please you so well, for decency's sake he ought to disguise the horrible crime better than that. A man who can accuse an innocent woman of the loss of her character, knowing her to be innocent, would commit any other crime—murder! It is the blackest kind of murder, and it takes the blackest kind of a heart to do it."

Neither spoke for a few moments. The Colonel continued his tramp up and down the room. Daniel sat down and rested his elbow on the table and his head on his hand.

"This is the worst serpent that has crawled out of the nest we have got into," said the Colonel. Daniel shuddered. "Courtney, what authority did you give this man?" "No other than to call often and see that my wife was comfortable and happy."

"And you told him that she was your lawful wife and that Pura was your lawful child?" "Yes."

"And you told him to keep it secret that she was your wife and that Pura was your child?" "Yes, I did."

"He did not believe you," "Why not?" "Because he did not believe your wife was a virtuous woman. He did believe that Daniel Courtney, who could marry any woman in the land that he wished to, was not fool enough to let that woman, whom he denied before the world, stand in his way of a better marriage."

Daniel groaned under the lash. "He had every reason to draw those conclusions, when you told him to keep your marriage secret."

Daniel sat with both hands over his eyes, and his breast was heaving with agony.

"How could you have entrusted to such a man what was more precious to you than your life—your wife and your good name? All that I am saying, my friend, the world will say by-and-by; it will ask all these questions and one by one we must destroy these hydra-headed enemies."

"Ah! enemies created by my own actions! I see it all now. Help me—pity me!" Colonel Keane was silent several minutes. He sat down and was thinking where to begin. At length he said: "Like all our critics, he is dangerous. We must let this fellow run as large. He will, if we make him angry, do great mischief. We must not let him suspect that we understand and despise him. We must take our time to get rid of this serpent. All he wants is your money. Can't you send him on a voyage?" "I think that is what he is waiting for."