

of asking any such thing. The present is delightful; it is charming to be with her—delightful. To-day is good—why lift the veil that hides to-morrow? To be with her is one thing, to ask the lady to marry one is another.

"And so to-night is your last appearance for the summer?" he says, "and you will go to your Newport cottage to-morrow?" "Well, New York is no longer habitable, of course; but what an elysium I have found it for the past month! I, too, shall go to Newport, Joanna?"

"And that sketching and hunting tour in British Columbia? And that visit to your anxious mamma? What of them?" she asks laughing.

They sit alone in the cool, green-shaded parlour, Joanna doing lace work, Frank on an ottoman more or less at her feet, with the Browning he has been reading aloud tellingly, on his knee.

"I must see my mother," he answers, frowning impatiently, "but it will be a flying visit. As for British Columbia—well, British Columbia will always be there, and other summers will come. But the chance of going to Newport—in this way—may not occur again."

"I think it had better not occur now. Start on that visit to Mrs. Livingston to-morrow, and take train for this to Montreal. It will be best, believe me. You have had a surfeit of Newport and surf bathing, I should think, before now."

"Neither Newport nor surf bathing will be novelties, certainly. But I do not go for them, you know that. Do you forbid me to follow, Joanna?"

"Why should I?" she says, and her dark eyes rest on him a moment. "I like you to be with me. No, do not say anything complimentary, please—I was not angling for that; I mean what I say. It brings back the old times, and the faces I seem to have lost out of my life. That past is a dark memory enough, and yet it holds good things—Mrs. Abbott, Geoffrey, and dear little Leo. I can never regret its pains when I think of them."

"And does it hold no one else?" he asks jealously.

"Ah you were no friend of mine in those days. Do not deny it—I have an excellent memory for the few who cared for me in that desolate time. And you were not among them. Why should you have been? I was only an ugly uncouth creature, rude in manner, and look, and speech. I was not of your world then, I am not now. No, the gap is not bridged over yet. Do you think I do not know it?—do you think I do not know it never came to me? I am a singer, I am popular, I never knew that is all—fashionable people like Mrs. Benseeker ask me to their parties, and I sing and amuse their guests. But I am homeless, homeless, a vagabond and a wanderer. And to know who I am is the one unattainable desire, the one ceaseless longing of my heart. Surely I must have a name—surely in some veins the same blood must flow. There were the Sleafords—I do not know to this day whether they were related to us or not."

"A little more than kin, a little less than kind," Livingston quotes. "What does it matter, Joanna? You have hosts of friends who love you for yourself. You have made a name the world honours. Why regret what you may be better without knowing?"

Her work has dropped, her hands clasp her knees as she leans forward, in the old fashion he remembers; her great eyes look rapt, and wistful, and far off.

"I would give half my life to know. I will never rest until I know. The Sleafords I have lost sight of; even Lora had left, and gone west before I had reached Brighton. For the boys it is doubtful if they could tell me anything even if I found them. The secret of my life Gilce Sleaford alone held, and he carried it with him to the grave. I would give all I possess to know. You cannot understand this—you who have always had name, and home, and relations, and love—this ceaseless heart-hunger for some one to whom we belong. Ah, well! it is folly to sigh over the inevitable. But all the same, it leaves me to-day what I was six years ago, and you—you had much better be wise, and go to Canada, and shoot moose! The past weeks have been pleasant—yes—but they are over. Say good-bye to-morrow, and do not come to Newport."

"I shall never be wise if that is wisdom," he says, coolly. "I am always happiest when with you. Let me be happy in my own way. I shall make that final visit, of course—that cannot be postponed—but I shall return and spend my summer at Newport."

She smiles and says no more. She resumes her work, and he his Browning. If Livingston cannot understand her, neither can she understand herself. All her life he has been in her eyes something different from other men. In her ignorant youth he was the "Prince Charming" of her fairy tales. In her dreary girlishhood a slight, word from him could stab her as no other power to stab. She does not understand why this should be—she only knows it is so. There is no reason—why she should care for him. There are a hundred good and sound ones—she does care for him; she will care for him possibly to her life's end.

That night is Miss Wild's last appearance for the season, and that night the house is thronged with her admirers and friends. That night she is brilliant as she has never been brilliant before, as she will never be again, for it is the very last time she will ever face an audience! But, though she does not know it, some thrilled, excited feeling sends a streaming light into her dark eyes, a deep flush into her too pale cheeks, a ringing sweetness and power into her very sang before.

She sings as she has never sang before. She bears her audience away—she is recalled again and again, flowers are flung at her, the theatre rings with excited applause. Foremost—wholly carried away—is Frank Livingston. Always excitable, the success of to-night turns his head. She is bewitching—she is a very queen of song—she is radiant in her triumph—she is irresistible! Head and heart are in a tumult—this is love, and he will win her—this bewitching woman, who turns the brains of all men!

It is all over—it has been an ovation—and they are in her rooms—Mrs. Ericson and madame his wife, the Italian baritone, and Frank. In her trailing silk and lace, with sapphirine ornaments, she looks absolutely handsome—she looks like a goddess in Livingston's dazzled eyes. They are alone in one of the softly lit rooms—her piano stands open, but it is he who strikes the silvery chords, looking up with eyes that flash in her smiling face. It is he who sings, in an excited, exultant voice, the little song he parodied, the song he first heard her sing at Mrs. Van Benseeker's party:

"Do you think I am ever without you?  
Ever long for an instant your face,  
Or the spell that breathes always about you,  
Or the smile, the smile, the smile,  
From the light of your eyes though I stand,  
I feel I linger and pray, dear,  
The touch of your hand."

"Ah, me! for a word that could move you  
Like a whisper of magical art,  
I love you I love you I love you!

There is no other word in my heart.  
Will your eyes that are loving, still love me  
Will your heart, once so tender, forgive me?  
Ah! darling, stoop down from above me  
And tell me to live."

"I love you! I love you! I love you!" he cries, and raises both her hands in his feverish clasp. "Joanna, I love you! I always have from the first, I think, but to-night you have carried my heart by storm!"

She does not speak. His flushed face, glowing eyes, and ringing voice hardly lowered as he speaks the passionate words, tell her of the wild excitement within.

"My darling, stoop down from above me; tell me to live!" he repeats; "do you hear, Joanna?—I love you! I tell you, you have carried my heart, as you do your audience, by storm!"

She stands silent. But the hands he clasps are not withdrawn; the sweet, dark tender eyes do not droop—they are fixed on his face.

"Silence is consent!" he gaily cries. He draws a ring off his little finger, and slips it on one of hers. "I bind you with this," he says, "for to-night. To-morrow I will bring you a better."

He tries to clasp her, but she draws suddenly back.

"Oh, do not!" she exclaims, almost in a voice of pain.

They are the first words she has spoken, and there is a tone akin to terror in them. But she smiles a moment after, and looks down at the ring.

"You are all my own," he says; "I love and I claim you. Wear that until to-morrow. My darling, you sang and looked like an angel to-night!"

"Supper is waiting," says the stolid German voice of stout Madame Ericson; "you had better come."

They go, and Livingston quenches his fever and excitement in iced champagne.

Somewhere in the small hours the little party breaks up, and he goes home through the summer moonlight full of triumph and exultation, still humming softly to himself the haunting words of the song.

But long after he is asleep, long after she is forgotten, even in his dreams, Joanna sits in her room, and watches the slender yellow July moon lift above the black, silent streets, full of troubled pain and unrest.

"Carried by storm," she repeats to herself; "carried his heart by storm! Ah! Frank Livingston, is it your heart, your fancy, your exalted imagination—what? But whatever it is, my love—my love, I love you!"

CHAPTER V.  
"LITTLE LEO."

"Night brings counsel," says the adage, and "colours seen by candle-light do not look the same by day," says the poet. Both are exceedingly true. Livingston rises the next morning, and his first thought, as he recalls all that passed last night, is one of simple, utter, intense consternation. Carried away by the excitement of the moment, by the charm of her eyes, her voice, the appearance of the crowd, he has asked Sleaford's Joanna to be his wife. The memory absolutely stuns him. All the fever of his throbbing pulses is allayed now, and he knows he no more is in love with her than he was with his cousin Olga. Once again, as often before, his heated, hot-headed recklessness has played him false, his fickle fancy led him astray. He has asked the last woman in the world he should have asked to be his wife, and she has said no. She has said nothing, he remembers that now; but in these cases saying nothing is equivalent to saying yes.

Will, his fate is fixed—he must be true to her he has asked; she must never know of this revelation of feeling—Sleaford's Joanna must be his wife. It is thus she forces herself on his imagination—no longer as Jenny Wild, the singer, fair and stately, but wild, ragged, devil-may-care, she rises persistently before him. He does all he can to banish the memory—in vain. The image of the little baronet's father, the druggist of the Sleafords, is the only image religiously recalled will bring up. And last night he told her that he loved her.

With a very gloomy face, a very impaired appetite, Mr. Livingston sits down to breakfast. He is not much of hero, this fickle Frank—less of a hero than usual, even at this crisis of his life. But unhappily—or the reverse—the world is not made up of heroes, and Livingston goes with the majority. What will his mother say, his fretful, ambitious, fastidious mother? What will the Venturers say? What will Olga—Olga, who has always especially disliked and distrusted Joanna—Olga, who has pride of birth—enough for a royal princess. He can see the wonder, the incredulity, the scorn of the blue child eyes.

But it is too late for all such thoughts; what is done cannot be undone; he has chosen and must abide by his choice. He must keep faith with her, and she deserves a much better man. She shall never suspect that he regrets. He will inform his mother—the sooner the better; he will accept her wrath and her reproaches; he will marry Joanna out of hand, and hurry her away with him to Italy. That will look like flight, and flight will look like cowardice, but he has not much trust in his own moral courage. In Italy they can live as artists live—be certainly has nothing very brilliant to offer his bride—he will cast off the idleness of a lifetime, and go to work with a will. Of course, Joanna must go on the stage no more; poor he may be, but not so poor as to compel his wife to work for her living.

"In Rome I can keep her on black bread and melon rinds!" he says with a rather grim laugh, "until fame and fortune find me out. She is the sort of a woman, I think, to whom love will sweeten even black bread and melon. Though why she should care for me Heaven knows! She is worth a million such wank-minded, vacillating fools as I am!"

He takes his hat, and tries to clear the cloud from his brow, and to look like his natural self, as he hurries through the sunlight, hot streets, to Joanna's cool, green-shaded up-town bower. He is not very successful, perhaps, or her eyes are not easily baffled, for in one long, grave, steadfast glance, she reads all his trouble in his tall-tale face, then turns slowly away. The rooms are littered with trunks, bags, boxes, and all the paraphernalia of a fitting.

"You find me in the midst of my exodus," she says, dropping his hand, and going on with her work. "I always oversee my packing myself. So many things are sure to be left behind. Find a seat if you can, although it is hardly worth while to ask you. In ten minutes we start!"

She is putting on her hat, and twisting a gray tissue veil around it, before the glass, as she speaks. Except that first earnest, searching look, she has not turned to him once, although there is not the slightest change in her pleasant, friendly manner.

"Joanna!" he begins, impudently, a touch of remorse stinging him, "you must still wear the ring I gave you last night. I protest I forgot until this moment all about the other."

He does not think of all that his words imply. It is early hours for a lover to forget.

She says nothing—her white slender hands are uplifted, arranging the hat. He glances at them, and sees no ring.

"What! he says, 'you have taken it off already?'"

"Your ring?" she says, quietly. "Oh, yes, it was too large. Take it back, wear it again—pray do; it is of no use to me. I may lose it, carrying it about, and indeed I cannot wear it. It is greatly too large for anything but my thumb."

She laughs and holds it out to him. He can do nothing but take it.

"Very well; as you say, it must be too large; I will send you a more suitable one before the week is out. I, too, am off this morning, Joanna, to hunt up my missing mother, and tell her all!"

She turns a little pale, but her eyes are fixed on the glove she is buttoning.

"Pray do not," she says, earnestly. "Oh, pray do not—just yet. Give me time, give yourself time. You are not sure of yourself—wait, wait! There is no hurry. Truly, truly Frank, I would much rather you did not. Promise me you will not speak to your mother."

"Carriage is waiting, Jenny, my dear," says Professor Ericson, popping in his bald head, "and not a second to lose. Good-morning, Mr. Livingston. Time and trains, you know, wait not for any man."

"Promise," she exclaims, looking at him with those dark, intense, serious eyes.

But he only smiles and clasps her gloved hands.

"I will write to you," he says, "and send you that ring. You will wear it, will you not? I promise you it shall be pretty, and not too large. And do not let your countless admirers nor the disapprovals of Newport make you forget me during my enforced absence. I shall not be a day longer than I can help, and I shall have much to say to you of my—of our future plans when next we meet."

Nothing more is said. He places her in the carriage beside Madame Ericson, and leans forward to talk until it starts. It has not been a very low-keyed meeting or parting, and he notices that Joanna is very pale as she leans out with a smile to wave her hand in adieu. Then they were out of sight, and he is thoughtfully strolling along to the depot to take the train to his penitential destination. It is a long, hot, dusty, disagreeable ride. Livingston sits in the smoking-car, and plays euchre, and gets through unaltered cigars and newspapers and the grimy hours as best he may.

Twilight is falling, misty and blue, as he reaches his journey's end, and glad to stretch his legs a bit, he starts off briskly to walk to a hotel. The streets are crowded; the lamps are lit, and twinkle through the summery gloom. Suddenly there is a commotion, a shouting, a scattering and screaming of the crowd. A pair of horses have taken fright at something, and started at a furious pace along the sidewalk, upsetting everything and everybody, and lashing out at all obstacles. "Stop them! stop them!" shout a score of hoarse voices. They flash past Livingston like a black whirlwind, and he is barely in time. A young girl beside him is less fortunate. The carriage-pole strikes her, and she is flung heavily to the ground, directly at his feet. The excited crowd dash by, heedless of the prostrate figure, and Livingston, stooping down, lifts her in his arms, and finds her insensible, and bleeding freely from a cut in the head.

(To be Continued.)

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it, there is no mistake about it. It is not a mother on earth who has ever cared for a child who will tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

J. Werts & Son, Freedomville, Ohio, writes:—

"This informs you that we have sold all those BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS you sent us. We sold the last three bottles to-day. Two of our customers disputed about which should have the last bottle, and we decided the matter by promising to send for more at once. The BITTERS give universal satisfaction to all who have tried them. We want you to send us twelve dozen forthwith."

BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS never fail to cure all diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Most great singers are accused of taking some slight stimulant, but few know how much it takes to prima donna.

Teacher to a young boy—"What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses?" "Small boy—"Pull down the blinds!"

"Young man," said the master, "I always eat the cheese rind." And the new apprentice replied—"Just so; I am leaving it for you."

It is rather remarkable that while several thousand feet are required to make one road, a single foot, properly applied, is often sufficient to make one civil.

Dio Lewis says that raw turnips will sustain human life and strength far beyond corn or potatoes; but if you are a spring chicken don't be afraid of going out of fashion, for all he says.

"I declare, mother," said a pretty little girl in a pretty little way, "it's too bad! You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy; and you always make me get up when I am sleepy!"

The editor of a newspaper that has adopted phonetic spelling, in a measure, received a postal from an old subscriber in the country, which read as follows: "I have tuk your paper for seven years, but if you kant spell any more than you have been doing for the last two month you may jest stop it."

A man went out to kill fish with explosives at Metamora, Ind. He made ready to float an inflated cork in the trout stream, but held it too long, and it blew off his hand. The Fisherman's Club of Indianapolis has resolved that the accident was "a severe yet not undeserved punishment."

Jos. Beaudin, M.D., Hull, P.Q., writes:—"Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil commands a large and increasing sale which it richly merits. I have always found it exceedingly helpful; I use it in all cases of rheumatism, as well as fractures and dislocation. I made use of it myself to calm the pains of a broken leg with dislocation of the foot, and in two days I was entirely relieved of the pain."

THE WAR IN EGYPT.  
WHO IS TO BLAME FOR THE CRISIS?

The present position is the creation of the Government of Lord Beaconsfield. From the time of Mehemet Ali Pacha onward, the suzerainty of the Sultan over Egypt had come a very vague and shadowy matter, carrying with it few effective controls. However, the Turkish Government had by no means lost the hope of reasserting its rights, and Sultan Abdul-Aziz intended to do so, but was kept in good humor by Ismail Pacha, who spent a good part of the enormous loans which he raised in Europe in bribing the Sultan and his Court. When the deposition of Ismail was resolved on by the Western Powers, the authority of the Sultan was invoked to effect it, and this at once brought back Turkish claims to the realm of practical politics. Even the Conservative English Government which was then in power did not much like such a recognition of the Sultan's sovereignty, but they thought it less evil than the direct interference of an English and French army, and therefore accepted it. The Sultan saw now how he had gained, and watched eagerly for the next opportunity of reasserting his rights. He had also become possessed with the idea that he might recover that vast and undefined half-spiritual, half-temporal authority which the office of Khalif carries with it over the Mohammedan world, and fancied that through the use of his Khalifal pretensions he might recover in a new direction more than all the prestige which his defeat by Russia had taken from him. The conquest, for so one may call it, of Tunis by France has lately embittered him against the Western Powers, and made him the more anxious to tighten his grasp on other Mohammedan lands.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH PROTECTORATE.

Meanwhile the financial protectorate of England and France, acting jointly, was going on. Many Englishmen, especially Liberals, regretted its establishment. As it was due to the action of France, and as the action of France was taken in the interest of the holders of Egyptian bonds, it seemed to them tainted in its source. What are these French speculators to us, they said, that we should, for their sakes, involve ourselves in responsibilities in a Mohammedan country, make ourselves parties to a system which squeezes taxes by cruelty out of a wretched peasantry, and enter into a partnership with France which is almost sure to end in a quarrel? Far better to have annexed Egypt at once, which Lord Beaconsfield might have done in 1875, when France was in no condition to resist. We should then have become masters of the situation; might have governed Egypt so as to make it pay its way and yet improve the condition of the peasantry; might have had the Suez Canal all to ourselves instead of being merely the holders of some shares in it. It is indeed a little odd that Lord Beaconsfield, who was fond of bold schemes, did not try this one; but probably he feared the vehement opposition which would have proceeded from Mr. Gladstone, and was held back by Lord Derby and other timid or cautious members of his own Cabinet. Anyhow, he was content, conceiving it absolutely necessary not to let France get alone the mastery of Egypt, to act in company with her, and thus he left matters when he resigned office in 1880.

THE GOVERNMENT OF MR. GLADSTONE accepted and maintained the status quo. They could not retire from Egypt, because to do so would be to leave France able to work her own will, and would seem to throw the Canal, our route to India, through which a vast trade now passes, at France's mercy. Therefore they kept things going, and hoped for the best, endeavouring to maintain a friendly concert with the various French Governments, which unfortunately change so fast as to increase the difficulties of a steady and consistent diplomacy. Last September the revolt of the Colonels seemed for a time to threaten a complete breakup of the system, and ever since it has been clear that our position was extremely precarious. Those who know Egypt have been warning us to prepare for a catastrophe; but unfortunately they have not had many useful suggestions to give as to the course we must pursue, and even now, when the storm has broken, it is wonderful how little prepared public opinion is to arrive at definite practical conclusions.

A Flag of Truce—Arabi Bey's Device to Gain Time for Repairs—Abovive Resignation—Resumption of the Bombardment by the British Fleet—No Reply from the Forts—Roughness of the Sea and Uncertainty of the Firing.

ON BOARD H. M. S. "INVINCIBLE," ALEXANDRIA, July 12—11 A.M.

Last night when we retired to rest it was anticipated that the events of to-day would be as momentous and exciting as those of yesterday. The Marabout fort and batteries near it had to be silenced. The Moncef battery at Ras-el-Tin was still capable of giving trouble, and when these were silenced there remained the serious work of dealing with the inner forts. Our calculations have, however, been entirely upset, in the first place by the weather, in the second by the hoisting of a flag of truce by the Egyptians, and it is probable that the day will be altogether wasted. After daybreak the wind rose and a long, heavy swell got up, causing the iron-clads to roll considerably at their anchorage.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

At eight o'clock the Admiral summoned the captains of the fleet to a consultation on board the "Invincible," and the result was that it was decided that the sea was too heavy for serious operations. The rolling of the iron-clads would unseat the service, and the town lying behind the fort might suffer severely from the shot and shell flying too high. Admiral Seymour therefore deferred the intended attack upon the Marabout forts, but directed the "Temeraire" and "Inflexible" to watch the Ras-el-Tin and Ada forts. At half-past ten the "Temeraire" signalled that parties of soldiers were at work at the hospital battery, near fort Ada, which was armed with guns on the Moncef principle. The "Temeraire" asked: "Shall we fire upon them to prevent repairs?" The Admiral signalled his consent and the two iron-clads opened fire. Only six rounds of shot and shrapnel were fired. All took effect, the practice being excellent. The troops engaged upon the work at once abandoned it and the firing ceased.

A WHITE FLAG.

A white flag was now hoisted at the light-house and the "Bittern" gunboat was sent inside to inquire as to the intentions of the government. We are now waiting anxiously for the answer. After she had steamed off the "Temeraire" made the following signal:—"The body of men whom we saw working at the hospital battery dispersed after our last shrapnel shell was fired and took refuge in the casement near by. We saw about one hundred and sixty men armed with rifles running towards the lighthouse fort. They carried bags. We saw also an Egyptian general, apparently Arabi himself, surrounded by his staff."

THE TELEGRAPH STEAMER "CHILTERN" is moored seven miles away from our position. A gunboat is stationed near to protect her from any enemy's shells. Last night I took my telegram to her for Despatch and on my return this morning I noticed two of the 18-ton guns of the "Alexandria" disabled, shots having passed through her portholes. Throughout the fleet the performance of the Egyptian gunners is considered creditable. During the night the fire at the Harem palace continued and the flames rose high. Another great conflagration is also raging in the town.

AN EGYPTIAN RUJE.

At three o'clock the "Bittern" was seen steaming out of the harbor. As she came out she signalled:—"Negotiations have failed. Have accordingly informed authorities on shore that you will engage batteries by half-past three." From this it seemed as if the officers and staff observed in the hospital battery, finding themselves in a dangerous position and unable to escape, had hoisted the flag of truce in order to get out of the fire. There was great indignation that five hours should have been wasted in such abortive negotiations, and meantime the swell had increased so much that our fire, if we resumed hostilities, would be ineffective.

LEUTENANT LAMBTON'S REPORT.

At half-past three the "Bittern" arrived alongside. Lieutenant Lambton on coming on board reported that the evident object of the hoisting of the flag of truce was to gain time. The "Bittern" went in large bodies of troops were evacuating the barracks behind the forts, going out in full marching order. The Ministers had no proposals of any kind to make. Lieutenant Lambton informed them that he had not come to offer conditions, but to receive proposals. He also informed them that we did not consider ourselves at war with Egypt, but that the forts must be occupied by our troops and the Marabout fort destroyed. They replied that Fort Marabout was already evacuated, but they could give no definite answer to the Meks fort. Finding that no agreement was likely to be arrived at, and unwilling to waste further time, Lieutenant Lambton departed.

ADMIRAL SEYMOUR'S TERMS.

Louisi Pacha, the Military Governor, conducted the negotiation. He was in command during the action yesterday, and admitted that the troops suffered heavy losses. Lieutenant Lambton, on the part of Admiral Seymour, informed Louisi Pacha that should he agree to the terms the troops would be allowed to evacuate the forts with their rifles and the honors of war, but that unless the terms were complied with no negotiations whatever could be entered upon. As the "Bittern" steamed out the Egyptians hoisted down the flag of truce. Orders have been given to the "Temeraire" and the "Superb" to fire two rounds each at Fort Pharos. We shall do the same at the Meks fort. If there is no reply we shall anchor for the night and resume operations to-morrow. There will probably be fighting to resist any attempt on our part to occupy the Meks fort. At present the place looks deserted, but the enemy are now aware of our intention.

ARABI'S INTENTIONS.

According to his statement to myself as to what his course would be were he driven from the forts, Arabi is preparing to evacuate Alexandria and to resist in the interior. It is a pity we have not two or three thousand troops at our disposal, for it would be easy enough then to occupy the town and save it from destruction, which, judging by the increasing conflagration, the mob are preparing for. If the sea gales were to continue, and a storm party will be landed at Fort Meks to burst the numerous guns lying there and in the neighboring batteries, which the small party who landed yesterday had not time to complete. If the sea continues too high for carrying this into effect the work will be taken in hand to-morrow morning.

THE "INVINCIBLE" has just fired a nine-inch shell at Meks. The atmosphere was clear, and we had the exact range, therefore, although the ship was rolling heavily the shell struck on the exact point aimed at and in a short time flames broke from the building. There was no reply, nor was there any sign of life in the fort. It is strange that the enemy should so stubbornly refuse to allow us to occupy the abandoned fort. As for the sailors, notwithstanding the warm nature of yesterday's fire and our fortunate escape from serious casualties, all are eager to be at work again and longing for another bout before the soldiers arrive. However, it is very fortunate that all the conical shot missed the vessels yesterday, for had we been struck on the water line by them, the ship would certainly have been obliged to go out of action, and not improbably would have been sunk, for her armor would hardly resist the ten-inch rifle shot of the "Invincible." Lieutenant Lambton judges that while he was in the harbor Alexandria appeared to be in the Kheivah's power, there is a large gap caused by a shell. The Marabout palaces is completely gutted. The bombardment had evidently produced a great moral effect upon the military and officers with whom he conversed.

THE BURNING CITY.

9 p. m.—The conflagration in town is still extending. The flames are rising in various quarters. The spectacle is grand, but anxiety is felt on the fleet, lest there should be a general destruction of the town. The weather is moderating, the wind has abated and the sea is calmer down. The "Chiltern" is endeavoring to obtain replies to the Queen's message about the wounded by signaling with the electric light the various vessels of the fleet. The signals are read with perfect ease, and could be so were the "Chiltern" lying several times her present distance away. The Turkish yacht is still lying near the Khedive's palace, at Ras-el-Tin, close in shore. It is supposed that her object is to save the Khedive and his family in case of need. The Sultan, Spurb, Temeraire, Inflexible and Achilles were lying off the New Fort in readiness for action to-morrow. The Messageries' steamer said came this afternoon, and after communicating with the "Chiltern" and obtaining an account of the situation, sailed again in the direction of Port Said. The Admiral, being anxious as to the state of things prevailing along the canal of which he has no news, is sending the gunboat "Decoy" to Port Said to-night.

IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER.

London, July 12, 1882.—The Times Paris correspondent reports that M. Goblet, Minister of the Interior, replying to M. Gambetta in regard to Egyptian affairs, said France had not co-operated in the bombardment because England's conduct did not seem to her justified and because France did not desire to emerge from the European concert. The correspondent adds that it is at least three weeks since England proposed to France to

Join in the occupation of the Suez Canal, but as France raised objections England gave up the idea of French co-operation in the direction and trend her attention to Alexandria. Since then she constantly urged France to keep her company, and until the last moment she had not given up hope.

REPARATIONS FRANCE.

Paris, July 12.—Paris papers this morning are very reserved for the most part in their comments on the bombardment. The feelings apparent in the French mind are certainly surprise and irritation. The situation, however, is too critical for indignance in much as they are only waiting and sullenly waiting. So long as the English Admiral confines his attention to Alexandria there is little likelihood of a rupture between the two Western Powers; but should any attempt be made to take forcible possession of the canal there is no knowing what might be the consequence. French pride has been wounded and stung by the withdrawal of the fleet from the point of danger. Little has been written on the subject, but it is talked of, *salvo voce*, with deep exasperation. "This is the one grave point," a paper says this morning. "War may be good policy and peace may be good policy, but what can be said of a policy that makes war manifestations and makes off at the hour of combat?" A despatch from Constantinople to the *Figaro* says that a secret understanding exists between Turkey and England. The French naval preparations continue.

"WOMEN NEVER THINK."

If the crabbled old bachelor who uttered this sentiment could but witness the intense thought, deep study and thorough investigation of women in determining the best medical to keep their families well, and would note their exactness and wisdom in selecting the best of the best, and demonstrating it by keeping their families in perpetual health, at a mere nominal expense, he would be forced to acknowledge that such sentiments are baseless and false.—*Levyette*.

FOREIGN OPINION ON THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

In the light of recent news, the latest foreign opinion on Egyptian affairs received by mail is of peculiar interest:

The *Nationalist* of Paris says: "We are no more sure than the English press means its full talk seriously. John Bull often gets angry without striking. Let England fire the first cannon shot, and we believe she will recover some of her energy than we of our indifference." The *Telegraph* is convinced that M. de Freycinet will not put a single soldier in motion without the formal consent of the Chambers. It describes the English military preparations as a melodramatic sham. The *Courrier du Soir*, commenting on the isolated English action, wishes it had luck, doubts if England has troops enough, and suggests that the campaign may provoke a general rising of Islam, a closer union of the Latin races, and an accord between France, Germany and the Porte. The *Liberte* pronounced against any co-operation with England. The *Union* suspects that if France follows England to Egypt it will be to expand French money and French blood in her favor, and only to be a spectator of her triumph. The *Republique Francaise* alone of the Paris papers holds that it is the interest of France to act with England.

The *Neue Presse* of Vienna, commenting on England's policy in Egypt, remarks that when in former times the British lion shook his mane the world trembled from one end to the other. When it raises its voice now there is not a child that pays attention to it. Mr. Gladstone is neither a politician nor a statesman. He is upright, honorable, and all else, eloquent; but when did that suffice to govern England? Things have come to that point that even the degenerate fallah on the Nile is not afraid of British ships. That is the result of two years of Mr. Gladstone's administration. The *Tagblatt* is of opinion that if the English Government had listened to M. Gambetta's proposals Anglo-French policy would have spared a heavy defeat, and England would not now be compelled to resort to ambiguous measures in view of protecting her interests. The *Presse*, on the other hand, attacks M. Gambetta, and expresses the opinion that by his policy in the Egyptian question he has finally closed his political career. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* agrees with the *Tagblatt*, and considers that he took a right view of the question, which Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville and M. de Freycinet misapprehended, and Prince Bismarck feligned to misunderstand.

The *St. Petersburg Golos* maintains that if England land troops in Egypt it will be necessary for the other Powers to protect their own interests by also sending a force for landing, it being understood that the Powers forming the so-called European concert possess equal rights. The idea of propitiating the Porte should be abandoned without delay.

The *Opinion* of Rome thinks that the establishment of tranquillity in Egypt is impossible save by a European concert. Europe knows well that the security of the canal is vital for England, but will permit no occupation without a preliminary accord. The *Journal de Rome* says the accord between England and France threatens to be changed into animosity. Nobody doubts that the conduct of the English Ministry throughout has been vacillating and inconsistent to the last degree; but from that to duplicity is a long way.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Few persons are so favoured by circumstances, or so fortified by nature, as to enable them to pass unscathed the sore trials of an inclement season. With catarrhs, coughs, and influenza everywhere abounding, it should be universally known that Holloway's Ointment, diligently rubbed upon the chest, checks the worst assaults of these maladies, and secretly wards off more grave and dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs. The truth of this assertion must remain unquestioned in the face of thousands of unimpeachable living witnesses, who have personally derived the utmost possible benefits from this treatment when their present sufferings were appalling, and their future prospects most disheartening. Both remedies act admirably together.

Portland, Oregon, has made astonishing progress in the past ten years, and real estate has now attained a speculative value there that is regarded by prophets of evil as sure to result sooner or later, in a disastrous crash. The city is full of life and bustle. Important railroad lines terminate there, and twice a week steamers arrive from San Francisco heavily loaded with passengers and freight. Many passengers go on to Washington Territory, where they settle, but they stop for a time in Portland, and leave money there. Considering the great strikes made in Oregon and Washington Territory, it is not strange that there should be a great influx of the country in which the inhabitants are more confident of a great future than in this almost northern western corner of the republic.

There is no other word in my heart.  
Will your eyes that are loving, still love me  
Will your heart, once so tender, forgive me?  
Ah! darling, stoop down from above me  
And tell me to live."

"I love you! I love you! I love you!" he cries, and raises both her hands in his feverish clasp. "Joanna, I love you! I always have from the first, I think, but to-night you have carried my heart by storm!"

She does not speak. His flushed face, glowing eyes, and ringing voice hardly lowered as he speaks the passionate words, tell her of the wild excitement within.

"My darling, stoop down from above me; tell me to live!" he repeats; "do you hear, Joanna?—I love you! I tell you, you have carried my heart, as you do your audience, by storm!"

She stands silent. But the hands he clasps are not withdrawn; the sweet, dark tender eyes do not droop—they are fixed on his face.

"Silence is consent!" he gaily cries. He draws a ring off his little finger, and slips it on one of hers. "I bind you with this," he says, "for to-night. To-morrow I will bring you a better."

He tries to clasp her, but she draws suddenly back.

"Oh, do not!" she exclaims, almost in a voice of pain.

They are the first words she has spoken, and there is a tone akin to terror in them. But she smiles a moment after, and looks down at the ring.

"You are all my own," he says; "I love and I claim you. Wear that until to-morrow. My darling, you sang and looked like an angel to-night!"

"Supper is waiting," says the stolid German voice of stout Madame Ericson; "you had better come."

They go, and Livingston quenches his fever and excitement in iced champagne.

Somewhere in the small hours the little party breaks up, and he goes home through the summer moonlight full of triumph and exultation, still humming softly to himself the haunting words of the song.

But long after he is asleep, long after she is forgotten, even in his dreams, Joanna sits in her room, and watches the slender yellow July moon lift above the black, silent streets, full of troubled pain and unrest.

"Carried by storm," she repeats to herself; "carried his heart by storm! Ah! Frank Livingston, is it your heart, your fancy, your exalted imagination—what? But whatever it is, my love—my love, I love you!"

CHAPTER V.  
"LITTLE LEO."

"Night brings counsel," says the adage, and "colours seen by candle-light do not look the same by day," says the poet. Both are exceedingly true. Livingston rises the next morning, and his first thought, as he recalls all that passed last night, is one of simple, utter, intense consternation. Carried away by the excitement of the moment, by the charm of her eyes, her voice, the appearance of the crowd, he has asked Sleaford's Joanna to be his wife. The memory absolutely stuns him. All the fever of his throbbing pulses is allayed now, and he knows he no more is in love with her than he was with his cousin Olga. Once again, as often before, his heated, hot-headed recklessness has played him false, his fickle fancy led him astray. He has asked the last woman in the world he should have asked to be his wife, and she has said no. She has said nothing, he remembers that now; but in these cases saying nothing is equivalent to saying yes.

Will, his fate is fixed—he must be true to her he has asked; she must never know of this revelation of feeling—Sleaford's Joanna must be his wife. It is thus she forces herself on his imagination—no longer as Jenny Wild, the singer, fair and stately, but wild, ragged, devil-may-care, she rises persistently before him. He does all he can to banish the memory—in vain. The image of the little baronet's father, the druggist of the Sleafords, is the only image religiously recalled will bring up. And last night he told her that he loved her.

With a very gloomy face, a very impaired appetite, Mr. Livingston sits down to breakfast. He is not much of hero, this fickle Frank—less of a hero than usual, even at this crisis of his life. But unhappily—or the reverse—the world is not made up of heroes, and Livingston goes with the majority. What will his mother say, his fretful, ambitious, fastidious mother? What will the Venturers say? What will Olga—Olga, who has always especially disliked and distrusted Joanna—Olga, who has pride of birth—enough for a royal princess. He can see the wonder, the incredulity, the scorn of the blue child eyes.

But it is too late for all such thoughts; what is done cannot be undone; he has chosen and must abide by his choice. He must keep faith with her, and she deserves a much better man. She shall never suspect that he regrets. He will inform his mother—the sooner the better; he will accept her wrath and her reproaches; he will marry Joanna out of hand, and hurry her away with him to Italy. That will look like flight, and flight will look like cowardice, but he has not much trust in his own moral courage. In Italy they can live as artists live—be certainly has nothing very brilliant to offer his bride—he will cast off the idleness of a lifetime, and go to work with a will. Of course, Joanna must go on the stage no more; poor he may be, but not so poor as to compel his wife to work for her living.

"In Rome I can keep her on black bread and melon rinds!" he says with a rather grim laugh, "until fame and fortune find me out. She is the sort of a woman, I think, to whom love will sweeten even black bread and melon. Though why she should care for me Heaven knows! She is worth a million such wank-minded, vacillating fools as I am!"

He takes his hat, and tries to clear the cloud from his brow, and to look like his natural self, as he hurries through the sunlight, hot streets, to Joanna's cool, green-shaded up-town bower. He is not very successful, perhaps, or her eyes are not easily baffled, for in one long, grave, steadfast glance, she reads all his trouble in his tall-tale face, then turns slowly away. The rooms are littered with trunks, bags, boxes, and all the paraphernalia of a fitting.

"You find me in the midst of my exodus," she says, dropping his hand, and going on with her work. "I always oversee my packing myself. So many things are sure to be left behind. Find a seat if you can, although it is hardly worth while to ask you. In ten minutes we start!"

She is putting on her hat, and twisting a gray tissue veil around it, before the glass, as she speaks. Except that first earnest, searching look, she has not turned to him once, although there is not the slightest change in her pleasant, friendly manner.

"Joanna!" he begins, impudently, a touch of remorse stinging him, "you must still wear the ring I gave you last night. I protest I forgot until this moment all about the other."

He does not think of all that his words imply. It is early hours for a lover to forget.