THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CERONICLE.

THE SHIP LABORERS' SOCIETY.

Labor onwards, do not murmur, though tire-some be your lot, The die is cast against you and regrets availeth

The die is cast against you are not.

You may beg and pray for wages till your pleading rend the skies.

But no answering voice will heed you, or relieve your pitcous cries,

You must suffer long and patient, till an erabight does dawn,

That will lead your lordly master to make your cause his own. 11.

Though your children they are naked, badly schooled and poorly fed,
Why should you seek for wages or beg for daily

Know you not "IMPORTED NAVVIES" can be know you not "IMPORTED MAYVIES" can be had from Britain's shore.
Who will work to suit the wages though they ruin the stevedore.
You must bear your lot in silence, carry well your cross of pain,
While freights are getting higher and good times come again.

III. Combinations are illegal which seek to raise the pay Of laborer or artisan in Montreal to-day. This right is for your masters for purposes of

must seek not to enjoy it past, experience tells you plain,
Hide your head in lowly anguish to the God of
Mammon bow,
You are manacled and fittered, powerless to
strike a blow.

They may promise and cajole you till another season pass, Meanwhile the opportunity is slipping from your grasp,
They will famish, lash and scourge you while
you meek y kiss the rod,
And whilst resistance to such tyrants is the

written law of God,
Yon've been promised arbitration when you asked a price for bread,
Just as well prescribe a medicine when the alling one is dead.

Carry on your war of wages till victory you gain, The tide will turn against them in the ebbing of the stream, Might is right at present, not much lorger can You'll be better for the chastening you've gone

through in the past.

Never mind the fickle hearted who would the struggle end, He who counsels persevera nce is your true and only friend.

GRATEFUL WOMEN.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful to show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy particularly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestion or deranged livers, constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders or different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and desponder cv, are all readily removed by these Bitters .-

THE COMET OF A SEASON!

By JUSTIN McCARTHY, M. P.

"No? Well, then, go back to America. Let me tell you I don't think you'll find it such a very easy thing to get rid of Mr. Montans if you stay here much longer He's a man to have his way in most things. That's one reason why I like him. I like a man, or a woman either, who says, 'Now, I want this or that, and I'm going to have it.' That's the sort of man he is, don't you know.' In many ways I think he's a good deal of a humbug—botween ourselves, and since you say you don't intend to marry him. I've often said almost as much to himself. Well, good bye, Miss Rowan: and I hope you'll forgive my intrusiveness. I'm awfully wilful: but I generally mean well. On the whole, I think I'm glad yeu don't take to Montana; but all the same, I am not by any means sure that you are free of him. I should think he'll manags to have his way in the end."

Lady Vanessa went away, leaving Geraldine much disturbed and distressed. What especially troubled her was the consciousness that im her secret soul she had misjivings now and then that corresponded with Lady Vanessa's doubt's as to the possibility of her maintaining her will against Montana.

"Oh, why am I not madly in love with somebody!" the girl said, half seriously, half in that kind of miserable jesting mood in which men and women with a certain postic dash in them are wont to laugh at their own weaknesses and perplexities. "If I were only in love with some one. I should be safe. Why am I not in love with—" and then she stopped and got very red, and felt as if she had been going to say something shameful. What she was going to say systeming shameful. What she was going to say systeming shameful. What she was going to say systeming for him "Poor boy!" she thought. "Melissa is trouble

this, "Why am I not in love with schement theps?"

"Poor boy!" she thought. "Melissa is trouble enough for him."

She was almost sorry that Lady Vanessa had gone. It was a relief to have any one to speak to on the subject that engrossed her. To her unspeakable delight, a day or two after. Captain Marion returned suddenly to town. He came back, he said, to look after poor Clement Hore. In truth, that was only one reason for his sudden return. He did not like the progress of the inquiry his friends were making in the North. It was far too like the work of a private detective, he thought, and said as well as thought. In vain Aquitaine and Fanshawe endeavored to impress him with a sense of the imperative duty that they believed was imposed on them to sett e the question of Montana's identity. Marlon could only say that he detested such work; that he believed in his friend Montana, and scorned to make any inquiry about him. His mind was misgiving him all the same. He would not admit it even to himself; but one source of his annoyance was this growing misgiving which he would not acknowledge and could not shake off.

His coming determined Geraldine. She would speak to him at once. She must have some friend and protector, and he was best of all. The was fond of him and trusted him; she knew he was fond of her and trusted her. There was no woman on this side of the Atlantic to whom she cou'd possibly have opened her mind.

No sooner resolved than done. She invaded

Mina.

No sooner resolved than done. She invaded
Captain Marion in his study. She had never

made quite so free as this before.

Marion welcomed her, but seemed embarrassed too. ed too.
"I want to speak to you, Captain Marion,"
Geraldine began, almost breathless. "You
have always been so good and kind to me, that
I think I ought to tell you of something that
trepples ma".

troubles me."
"There, I knew it!" Marion thought "The girl's been made miscrable by these ridiculous reports! She thinks she ought not to stay here

reports! She thinks she ought not to stay here any longer."
"Well, Geraldine," he said, "I have tried to be kind to you, but it was a selfish feeling, I am afraid;" and then he stopped, and thought to himself, "Oh, hang it all, that will never do!
That seems like making a declaration of love to the stay and their triffiting all those fools say." the girl, and justifying all those fools say."
"Selfish, you know," he said, with an effort to
be very resolute and calm, "because it was so

be very resolute and calm, "because it was so pleasant for my girls to have a companion like you."

"I want to speak to you." she said again, "o something that troubles me."

"Well, well, my dear!" Marion said, "Geraldine—I mean, Miss Rowan—"

"Miss Rowan?" she asked, with one eyes of wonder. "Why, "Miss Rowan? You are not offended with me?"

"Then, why did you call me 'Miss Rowan?"

"Oh. good heavens, no!" and there was unmistakable earnestness in Marion's tone this time. "How could I be offended with you, my dear girl—I mean Geraldine?"

dear girl—I mean Geraldine?"
"Well, if it comes to that," said Marion, more embarrassed than ever, "you are Miss Rowan,

embarrassed than ever, "you are Miss Rowan, you know."

"I am not generally Miss Rowan to you."

"Well, I will call you an thing you like," he said, "and I will do anything you like, for you know how fond I am of you. I mean—that is—of course, you know what I mean is—that you know what a high regard I have for you."

"There is something strange in your manner," Geraldine said. looking up at him frankly with open eyes, "You don't seem like yourself. I almost think I ought not to come troubling you about this trouble of mine."

"No, no; there is nothing wrong with me," Marion said, "and nothing wrong with you, I am sure— What am Issying?" he mentally interjected. "But I don't know, Geraldine, that there is much good in talking about this. It is all folly and nonsense. Let them say what they like. They can't compel you."

like. They can't compel you."

"Can't compel me to do what?"
"Well, I am sorry to put it so bluntly," said
Marion. "They cannot compel you to marry,
if jou don't like."

"Can't compet me to do what?"

"Well, I am sorry to put it is on bluntly," gaid Marion. "They cannot compel you to marry, if you don't like,"

"Oh no," said Geraldine. "that is quite true. I tell myself that again and again, and yet I am so troubled, somehow. But how did you manage to guess beforehand what I was going to talk to you about? I did not think any one here had thought of it but myself."

"Yes; I have thought about it," said Marion, "because I have heard foolish took about it."

"Then it has been talked about?"

"Talked about! Oh yes, my diar gir!; everything is talked about now. It has been talked of to me, and I make no doubt it has been talked of to others. But I do assore you, Geraldine, in all sincerlity and truth, I never said or thought anything which could give the slightest encouragement to task like that."

"Oh no," raid Geraldine dramily. "I never supposed you did. why should any one suppose you did."

"People suppose all sorts of things," Marion said, fretfully. "People seem to toink that a man can't be kind to a woman without trying to make her fall in-love with him and marry. him. They seem to forget that there is such a thing as difference of age."

"Oh, well," said Gera'dine, "I sm afraid, Captain Marion, you lay too much siress upon that. I don't think you qui e see all the difficulty in troubles me, The difference of age would not be much of an obstacle."

"Not much of an obstacle."

"But that is what I am afraid of," said Geraldine. No pressure whatever can be brought to bear upon you."

"But that is what I am afraid of," said Geraldine. No pressure that I cannot understand or explain which is put

be afraid that it will break down my will and all my power of resistance."

Marion was now atterly puzzled. What did she mean? Was she ascribing to him some power of unconscious fascination which he was not even trying to exert, but which threatened to prove too strong for her will?

"That's why I come to you," she said; "I want shelter, and strength and protection."

"But, Geraldine, I really don't quite understand. Is not this only giving a countenance to what people say? Why come to me for shelter and protection—shelter and protection against what?"

stand. Is not this only giving a countenance to what people say? Why come to me for shelter and protection—shelter and protection against what?"

"Against myself, sometimes, I am afraid—seainst my own want of firmness."

"Surely vou do not want firmness! Why, you seem to me to be a girl of the strongest to know your own mind in this? Do you know your own mind in this? Do you really know what you want to do and what you really know what you want to do and what you in the what I hate and dread to do. I am afraid I cannot make any one understant what my trouble is. I must seem a silly and stupid girl to you when I tell you in one breath that I am afraid of being brought to do the very thing I should most hate to do. I know that my life is entirely in my own keeping, and that no one can compel me—but still I come to you, and I must open my heart to you. I have no one else here—and tell you that I am weak and coward-ly enough sometimes to fear that I may be persuaded to give way. So I want you to support me and defend me."

Marion now began to find that they were really at cross-purposes, and that things were not as he was supposing them to be.

"I think, Geraldine," he said, "we had better have a little very plain speaking, and put what we mean into precise words. What do you want me to protect you against?"

Geraldine stopped for a moment. She was disappointed. Either Marion really did not know her trouble, or he would not relieve her from the pain of explaining it in words. It had been a great relief to her for the moment, when she fancled that Marion could guess at what she ws shed to say without giving her the pain of explaining it in words. It had been a great relief to her for the moment, when she fancled that Marion could guess at what she we shed to say without giving her the pain of explain marion, as the dearc, t frend I have here, to stand between me and Mr. Montana "Capital Marion, as the dearc, the own of the pain of the law of the way you may have seen, and very likely to make a lool of myself I was."

have no more guessing. I have been guessing already, and guessing wrongly, as I date any you may have seen, and very likely to make a lool of myself I was."

Poor Geraldine had seen nothing of the kind, nor thought anything about it. She was too much engrossed in her own trouble.

"Well, it is this," she said. "I suppose I ought to be much llattered and very grateful. Mr. Montana professes a great liking for me. You know the kind of way he talks. He prefesses to think me a woman just suited for him, and for his career, and for his work, and all the rest of it, and has asked me—well, to marry him."

Marion walked uneasily about the room. The Marion walked uneasily about the room. The news troubled him. A few days ago he would have been delighted to hear it; now he was distressed by it. Not that his faith in Montana was shaken as yet, but that he did not like the idea of even Montana offering himself as a husband to Geraldine while any manner of suppleion or doubt about him and his purposes remained on any one's mind. And then—and then—she was a charming girl, and Marion was very fond of her, and people had talked as if it were possible that she might marry him; and although Marion did not want her to do so, yet for the moment there was in his heart a sort of revelt at the thought of her marrying any one else.

else.
"And you have answered no?" he said at last, stopping in his walk, but not loooking at

her.

"I have answered no, and I mean no."

"Very well; then I suppose there is an end of it, isn't there?" There was something strangely freiful in his tone.

At that moment a letter was put into Geraldine's hand. It was in Montana's handwriting. She looked up at Marion with such an expression in her face that she might as well have told him at once the letter was from Montana. He could not but know it. "From Montana?"

he said.
"It is. I don't know what he is writing to

dine said, with an effort to be pleasant, "and you must have your fling against women too. You say we are changed, Captain Marlon. Is not this something of a change in you?"

"Well, I dare say it is. I suppose some wrong twist is getting into my mind as well as into the minds of all the rest of you. Anyhow, let me go and talk to him, Geraidine

"I can't, indeed, I must go. Pray be kind to me, and don't ask me anything. It is all right—at least, it is not all right, and it might be all wrong, but I don't want it to be so; and I want to go and see him, and I must go at once."

"Then I will go with you."

"Yes, come with me, by all means," Geraldine said, very glad of his presence and protection;

1es, come with me, by all means, "Geraldine said, very glad of his presence and protection; "come with me, and wait for me. I shall be obliged to speak to Mr. Montans alone, but you can come and wait for me, and you can cut the interview short when you think it has lasted long enough. Lishail be very glad to have you with me. Only, come; we must not lose time."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"SHE'S LEFT HER HOME, THE GRACELE'S GIRL!" An hour or so before this talk between Geraldine and Marion a panting, alarmed little fogi-

tive was getting out of a train at Luston Square. The train was crowded, and there was a great-deal of bustle at the station. The fugitive was able to escape unnoticed. Had there been less crowd and less confusion, less struggling for luggage, and hustling of porters, and clamor of cabmen, somebody must have observed that the fugitive was a fugitive, and was in much alarm and distress.

Melissa Aquitaine, when she got out of the train, looked so wildly about her, and drew herself together with such an elaborate and determined appearance of absolute composure and utter indifference, that anybody who had time to observe her must have seen her confusion. She put aside intrusive porters who would akk her about her luggage. She told one such officiour inquirer that she had no luggage; she asked another what it mattered to him; to a third she gave no reply but an angry glance. She ran the our inquirer that she had no luggage; she asked another what it mattered to him; to a third she gave no reply but an angry glance. She ran the wrong way up the platform, and found that she was apparently making for the place where she had started. She then turned round affrighted, and ran the other way, and passed the door of exit in her alarm, and got be wildered among the booking offices and telegraph offices, and refreshment rooms, and hideous men and edious barmaids. Then, when she was actually in the open street, it occurred to her that she had not the least idea how to get to the place she wished to reach. She turned back and halled a hansom cab, then changed her mind and got into a heavy four-wheeler, raying no attention to the importunate demand of the driver of the hansom to be compensated for breach of contract. She told the driver of her four-wheeler to get on as quickly as he could, without telling him where he had to go. He saw clearly evough that something was wrong, and so drove her a little way from the station before he stopped to sak her any question. He came down from his box and put his head in at the window, convinced that it was a case for quiet and confidence. Her manner fully confirmed his idea, for she whispered the direction to him in as low a tone as though there had been anybody near to hear it or care about it. She named the street where Montana lived. She was going in this affrighted way to see Mr. Montana. She had come from her home for the purpose. She had, in plain words, rua away.

During the last day or two she had heard the

see Mr. Montana. She had come from her home for the purpose. She had, in plain words, run away.

During the last day or two she had heard talk of some vague kind between her father and Mr. Fanshawe about Montana. She knew that they thought they had found out, or were on the track of finding out, something to his disadvantage. She lay awake at night thinking of what she should do. She thought of writing to him, and began a letter, and then stopped. She could not explain to him in a letter all her grounds for alarm.

Then, a letter might not reach him. She could not explain to him in a letter all her grounds for alarm.

Then, a letter might not reach him. She could not remember the number of the house in which he lived, although she could have found the house easily enough if the were there. Why, then, could she not go there? In this long, wakeful, miserable night that thought came more and more into her mind, "Why not go and tell him?" If she could see him in lime, and put him on his guard—what a service that would be to offer him! Perhaps he would be grateful. Perhaps he would understand what risks he had run, and how much she had sacrificed for him. Perhaps, out of being grateful to her, he might come to care for her. At all events, he could not but speak kindly to her and pity her. She rose from her bed half a dozen times at night, and walked up and down her great, lavishly-ornamented Moorish-Turkish-Japaness room, in whose decorations she had once taken such pride and pleasure, and about which now she cared so little. She walked up and down, looking like a perturbea and restless little ghost. She looked out of the window at the growing dawn, and tried to keep her composure, and to think over things, and to make up her mind. When the full morning came at last, and the household were stirring, she listened for every word of conversation among the men that might little her were words let drop now and then, and there was sullen resolve enough in Frank Trescoe's tones to make her feel convinced that there was ada victim.

A plan soon shaped itself in her mind. That day Mrs. Aquitaine had promised to take her to an art gallery in the town, to meet some girls, cousins of Melissa, there. Melissa knew well what that would come to. Mrs. Aquitaine would be sure, when the moment pont at the disappointment, and the easy mamma would allow her to go alone in the carriage. Once she was free of the house anything might be done. She turned the whole matter over in her throbbing little brain, and she began to think that the stars in their courses were fighting on her side. She would be expected to pass many hours in the art gallery, looking at the pictures with her cousine, who passed for having ideas about art. It was now twelve o'clock. She would not be expected home before six o'clock at the earliest. Even if she were missed after that, half an hour or an hour, at least, would be allowed to pass before her absence would cause any alarm. She was observant enough of anything that interested her at the moment, and she had been quite interested in the going up to London and the coming back from it to bear in her mind the length of time the journey took, and the hour at which the train left from either end. She remembered that there was a train about one o'clock for London. If she went by that train she also knew that she would be in London actually before her absence could create any alarm at home. She would be in London, and she would have accomplished her purpose. She would be able to warn Montana even before a letter could do it. She would have won some claim to his regard. She would have shown him that she was really devoted to him. It was as wild a scheme as over entered

he said.

"It is. I don't know what he is writing to me about."

"Hadn't you better open it and ste?"
Geraldine read the letter aloud, not without some trepidat'on. It was very short. It only begged her to come to him at once. "There is good reason," Monlana wrote. "Even you, when you come, will see that I was right in see ding for you."

"What abourd mystery is this?" Marion asked. "What is coming over everybody? We are all going in for mysterles, and mysterious inquiries, all over the place. Not one of us is ablt like what he was or she was two months ago. You can't go to him, Geral'ina."

"On 10," she said at once, "I don't know what he san want of me. I can't go; it's out of the quest'on." Then suddenly remembering Marion, I must go to him. I can't help it."

"Another mystery!" he said. "You say you won't marry Montana, and that you don't like him; and yet he has only to whistle, and you run to him! He has only to whistle, and you run to him. Geraldine, you sha'n't go."

"I must go, indeed," she pleaded, "It is something I am sure that does not concern me, but it does concern some one else. I must go, Catain Marion."

"Let me go; I will talk to Montana. He is a man, and has some sones."

"Come, you are iurning cynical now," Geraldine said, with an effort to be pleasant, "and you must have your fling against women too. You say we are changed, Captain Marion. Is

hours' law all to herself. She got into a cab and drove to the station. Sha was still some half an hour too early when she had bought her ticket, her hands trembling all the time with nervous excitement so that she could hardly take up her change, the money rattling about in a piteous and confusing way. Then she left her ticket behind her, and had to be called after and reminded of it. When all this was done she sat in miserable auxiety in the waiting-room, dreading lest at any moment some chance acquaintance should come in, or that her father, put in some strange way on the scent of her departure, should suddenly present himself at the dcor. The time seemed as if it never would pass, A kindly porter took pity on her, thinking that she was some poor girl who had to leave

see her off. He took her, therefore, under his charge, at first much to her alarm. When the train was ready he found a carriage for her, and saw her safely into it. She pulled out her purse, and to his surprise, gave him a whole handful of silver, some of the shillings in her agitation falling on the platform. In a few minutes the train was gone, and Me-

lissa's flight was safely made. It was nearly seven o'clock when Montana got rid of the last of the visitors at his evening reception. He was weary, and full of ominous, uncomfortable feeling. His nerves, always highly strung, seemed now like musical instruments that vibrated to some unseen, extraneous influence. Suddenly he was told that a lady wished particulary to speak with him for a few moments. This was vexations. He was not in a mood to care for the spiritual confidence of any perplexed soul, and he assumed it was on some such business the lady was coming His own soul was perplexed enough to occupy all his attention. He said he could not see any one; but a pressing message came back, saying that the lady must see him-begged him to see her. He gave way at last, wearily. To do him justice, he was not ill natured at heart, and seldom denied any petition, no matter what inconvenience it brought to himself. He ather submitted to the lady's coming in than gave her permission to come; and he was determined to make her visit as short as pos-

the fewest possible words. It was growing dusk, the evenings falling in now early, as the summer was waning; and Montana, his mind quite abstracted from all around him, did not recognize at first the little figure that stood upon his threshold.

sible, and to induce her to tell her story in

Panting, palpitating with excitement, with fear and hope and anxiety of all kinds, the girl said, "Mr. Montana, don't you know me? I am Melissa Aquitaine."

"Miss Aquitaine!" Montana said, greatly surprised, his mind suddenly coming back to the mysterious letters of which he had recelved so many. "I am very glad to see you; I didn't know you were in town. Why are you alone? Where is your father?"

"My father is at home," she said; " and that is why I have come here. I have come to tell you something, Mr. Montana-to warn you about something. I don't know what it is, but they have found out something, or they think they have, that concerns you; and it is something bad, they say; and I believe there is danger about it, or they are going to do something-I don't know what-but I could hear enough to know that there was danger or you, or something unpleasant for you, and I thought I would come and tell you of

" When did you leave home?" "Only to day. I came by the train; at one o'clock, I think. I came away as soon as

ever I could. I would have come any length. to save you." "But," Montana said, "my dear young lady, I don't know what danger could threaten me,

o thow any warning could avert it." His mind misgave him, nevertheless. was in a mood to anticipate danger. But he

was not now, and never was in a mood to show this. " No one has anything to say against me, Miss Aquitaine. If I have enemies, they are

enemies on public grounds, and I have no reason to dread them. Most certainly your father is not one of them." "I don't know," said Melissa. "I almost think he is now. Not that he would do any-

thing unfair, of course; but he has something on his mind. They think they have made some discovery about you." "Who are they?" said Montana. "Your

father—and who else?" "My father, and young Fanshave, and Frank Trescoe, and others too, I think. know, and they think they have found out

something." "Do they know of your coming up to

town?" he asked. "Oh no," said Melissa; "they would never have allowed me if they knew. But I was determined to risk everything in order to warn you. I didn't care about the risk. I ran away, Mr. Montana and that's the truth of it. I ran away from my home, and I don't care. 1 am not ashamed, or, if I am ashamed, I am

not somy." "I don't know how to thank you," Montana said; and, indeed, he was for the moment surprised and touched by the reckless generosity of the girl. "I don't know why you should do so much for me, or how I can show

my gratitude."
"You don't owe me any gratitude," Melissa answered in pitcous voice, and with eyes fixed on the ground. "I couldn't help it Mr. Montana. I would die for you, if that would do any good. I should like to die for you, it and would talk about her to Montana when you would only speak a kind word or two to she had gone, and would learn from him all me. Oh, I am so wretched sometimes-and now you know everything, and you despise love; and the two would shake their heads She put her hands over her eyes and burst into tears. She had now completely broken down; the tension of excitement was relaxed; the physical and mental reaction had set in.

Montana was really moved. What man, after all, could ever be absolutely indifferent to such evidence of a pretty girl's devotion and love? She looked very charming, with her little childlike head bent over her hands, and her breast trembling and palpitating like that of an affrighted pigeon. For a moment Montana was filled with a feeling of pure and tender regret that he could not love the girl that he could not be young again for the sake of loving her. If he could only take her to his heart and hold her against all, against friends and family and father, and make her his own! "Here stands my dove-stoop at her if you dare," is a noble line from Ben Jonson which exactly expresses the feeling Montana would have been glad just then if he too could have put into words and action. He spoke to Melissa in soft, kindly re-assuring words; not words of love-in all her confusion, Melissa could notice that—but words a little warmer than mere friendly interest

"It will all come right, my dear young lady. I will send a telegram to your father at once, and we will explain all to him. He is a just man, and he will know how to make allowance for your generous friendship."

Melissa shuddered. "I dare not see my father."

"Leave the explanation to me; I will tell your father—he is full of sympathy; he will understand. All will come right, believe me-you will be perfectly happy in your home again."

Meliesa dashed the tears from her eyes. "Happy in my home!" she exclaimed. Do you think I could ever go home again? Do you think I could go back to be the scandal of the place; to be talked of everywhere as the girl who ran away because she wasbecause she was madly in love with a man who didn't care three straws about her? To have young Fanshawe and everybody else despising me, and preaching sermons about me? No, Mr. Montana, I'll net go home. I knew her home, perhaps to go to a strange town as | well what I was doing well enough, silly and | had not had time to take in any of the mean-governess or something of the kind, and foolish though I sm. I did it for you, and I ing of the situation, and for a moment or two

wondering very much why it was that no would do it over again; but I'll not go home. friend could be found to come with her and Things never can come right again for me, and I don't much care now."

She seemed to have grown into a strange maturity of thought and speech within a few moments. She spoke with an almost icy composure. She had all the quiet, indomitable courage of despair. She asked nothing now of fate.

Montana grew alarmed. There was no mistaking Melissa's earnestness of purpose. A woman who spoke like that was capable of any resolve. He tried to reason with her, but suppose you are very angry with me, Gera she put his reasoning quietly aside. Nothing on earth could move her, she said. She would never go back to her home.

"We can do so little for you here." he said. "I have not even a woman-servant, Melissa."

Melisea's eyes lit up for a moment as she heard him call her by her name-for the first time. He saw it, and stopped short. Then she smiled a wild smile.

'You don't know what to do with me; I am terribly in the way. But I don't mean to put you to any trouble, Mr. Montana; I am going at once."

'My dear Miss Aquitaine, going where?' This time it was "Miss Aquitaine,"

"I don't know-anywhere out of this. I have done all I wanted to do, Mr. Montana; fulfilled my mission, I dare say some of you would call it." There was a ring of her oldpetulance in her voice as she said these words, "I think there is some plotting against you going on, and I have come to tell you of it, to put you on your guard; and that's about the best mission I could have; and so, don't mind about me-I'm all right. Good-evening Mr: Montana." She got up and held out her hand.

"You can't go out of this," Montana said, until I have put you in the care of some relatives or friends who have a higher claim on you than I have. For the present, you must stay here. I am old enough to be your father—almost; no one will say a word because you have spent a few hours in my house.

I owe you too deep a dett of gratitude not to still; although I know now, if I didn't know take good care of you-and we are not so un- | before, how little good it was for me to make gracious here as to allow young ladies to go any sacrifice. But I was not thinking about wandering about. Come! can you make | myself when I did it, and I am not thinking tea?"

She shook her head. "I don't think I can; I can't do anything. You put some tea into something, and then | ling little girl, and hissed her tenderly again you get hot water; but I don't know; I don't think I could do it."

"Come, then, I can do it; and I'll show you how, I have learned to do all sorts of cockery for myself in my odd life of wander- cught never to have done it; but it was ing. I want some tea, and I know you do Now, then, you shall look on, and | you." I'll give you a lesson in the art of making tea." Montana was talking with a purpose—with

two purposes. He wanted to turn the girl's mind away from the seriousness of the situa- | aftection. tion; to try to get her to think of it as something unimportant—not at all irretrievable. Also, he wanted to gain time. Nothing could have been wiser on his part. Melissa's high-strung, despairing mood became a little for your being jealous about me, as you can relaxed and softened as he spoke thus in a see perfectly well." She could not keep be quiet, cheer ut tone. He felt that he was tongue from petulance, even at that moment gaining ground. He rung the bell; he bade "But it was very kind of you, Geraldine, for his servant get teacups; kept the servant in all that, and what they call magnanimons; and out of the room; talked all the time to and I am sure you are sorry for me, more Melissa, and drew her out, and compelled her sorry than I am myself just at this moment. to talk commonplaces in answer to his com-but it is all up with your silly friend, my monplaces: left the room three or four times dear, and I shall have to pass a life of penimonplaces; left the room three or four times and instantly came back again-thus relieving Melissa from any idea that he was keeping guard upon her-and in one of these short intervals he wrote to Geraldine Rowan | most improper of me to be here in a strang and begged of her to come to him at once. He felt much satisfaction with what he had not every strange gentleman's fiancee w done. In all his concern for poor Melissa he | would be quite so good natured as you he was glad to make of her a means to bring Geraldine Rowan to him. She must come, he thought, and her coming would be a new bond to fasten her destinies to his. He passcame, to say she could not go. She would not They have been rummaging out evidence ed some moments of keen excitement, for all quit her beloved sofa. Then Melissa would among all sorts of people where we live, you his cool and cheerful manner. At last his servant came in and said,

"Miss Rowan, Bir."

"Show Miss Rowan in." He rose with a feeling of triumph. Mellesa's eyes flashed fire. In an instant two things seemed to be made clear to her. She was captured, and Montana was Geraldine's accepted lover. She felt like a little panther caught in a trap. Was there ever, she thought, any girl so disappointed, so degraded before? Ab, it was too cruel of Montans, of Geraldine, of Heaven! All the herioc and romantic glow of her enterprise had quite gone out of it now. She was not a heroine: she was treated only like some naughty school-girl who has played the truant. She was merely kept in durance until some severe friend could be sent for to take her back to home and angry parents and punishment. Geraldine Rowan was to be brought to see her disgrace and take charge of her; and Geraldice." Geraldine would pity her, and be kind to her, that she had said in the wildness of her mad over her; and Geraldine, for all her goodnature, would condemn her as a very un-womanly and shocking girl. Even death would hardly save her now from being an object of ridicule. Yet, if there were any chance of death at that moment, oh, how gladly would our poor little outlaw have grasped at it! What a wild satisfaction it would have given her if she could have said to herself, "When Geraldine comes, she will only see my dead body."

"You sent for Geraldine Rowan!" she exclaimed, turning upon him with eyes that flamed.

"I did," he raid. " She is the best person to help us; she is very fond of you." "Oh!" was all Melissa's answer; a low cry of pain and shame.

CHAPTER XXV.

RECAPTURED, NOT RECOVERED. The room was dim and dusk, and Geraldine, with her short sight, had to look closely

to see who was there. She did not recognize Mellssa at first, Montana came forward. "Miss Aquitaine is here," he said, "and I am sure she would be glad to speak to you, Geraldine. That is why I sent for you so abruptly, and I knew you would come. I shall leave you two together for a few moments, and Miss Aquitaine will tell you why she came to town, and you will advise her."

He had purposely called her Geraldine before Melisss, and had spoken with the manner of one who has authority. He felt certain that Geraldine,in her surprise at that moment, would not stop to repudiate any authority he might seem to assume, and that it would be a distinct advantage to his purpose that Melissa should see his manner to Geraldine, and Geraldine's acceptance of it.

When he went out of the room poor Melissa sat in a great arm-chair, leaning her chin upon her hand, and looking utterly haggard and crushed. She did not turn her eyes toward Geraldine, but kept them sullenly fixed on the floor.

At the first moment Geraldine was really not much surprised to see Melissa there. She

it did not seem to her more strange the Meliesa should be in that home than if sh had met her in Capiain Marion's house. Non however, looking at Melissa's cruehed and desponding attitude, something like the truth came in upon her.

"When did you come to London?" asked; sand why did you come here?" "You needn't ask me any questions, Melisea said, coldly; "you needn't ask wh I came here. Guess for yourself; and if you can't guess, Mr. Montana will tell you. dine, but that was to be expected, and don't care. I don't care who is angry with me now. Cela m'est egal, as some one says in some play."

"Is your father in town?"

"He is not in town. If he were, I dare say I should not be here. You ought to fee grateful to me, Geraldine, although I am sur you don't feel anything of the kind. I ran risk to put Mr. Montana on his guard against people who are plotting and planning to in. jure him. That is more than you would have done, I dare say, although he is in love with you, and you are going to marry him."

"Dear Melissa," said Geraldine, "don' talk in that way. It is painful to hear you Mr. Montana is not in love with me." "Oh!" Melissa exclaimed, with a little sta

how can you?" "No, I don't believe it," Geraldine answere with some passion in her voice. "I den call that love—I don't call— Well, at a events, I am not in love with him, and I at not going to marry him. I am never goin to marry him. I am not going to many any one, him least of all in the world. I am so sorry for you, Melissa. I feel so deeply for you. I wish with all my heart that could help you in any way, but this is really droadful. You surely did not leave you home, and your family, and your dear, kind loving father, and rush up to London in this

mad way ?" much about myself now. It is done, and can't be helped."

Geraldine threw her arms round the tremb and again.

"You sweet, toolish, dreadful child!" sh said; "you were not thinking of yourself, know. It was wild of you to do it, and yo generous, and I can't be very angry with

Melissa struggled a little to get away. was one of those who, however touched o tender at heart, are always inclined to reb against any demonstration of tenderness

"Well, that't very good of you, Geraldia, I'm sure," she said, "I was afraid you would have been jealous, my dear, although you need not. There is not the slightest occasion tence and scolding if I live at all, which hope I sha'n't, and which I will not do it can help it. Good-night, Geraldine; it gentleman's apartments, isn't it? And it been. Anyhow, it is time now for me depart, as the heroines of the novels won say-or to take myself off, as I prefer to p it. Good-night."

"Where on earth are you going?" "I am going," said Melissa. wanners-in America, where the war is. Thu is Dickens, Geraldine—one of the few things remember in Dickens-and I like it, althoug I don't quite know what it means. I at going there-it has a charming vaguenes about it, and falls in nicely with my presen state of mind."

"You are going home, I suppose?" "I don't exactly know what 'home' is," said Melissa. "I am quite sure I am not going home to my father's house, like the prodigal young person in the Bible story. I should have a very chilly reception there, I rather think."

"Then you are coming home with me; you are coming to Captain Marion's. That is your home in London." "I shan't do anything of the kind," Melist said, getting up and rapidly tying her bonn and adjusting her mantle, "Good evening

"You are certainly not going out of the alone," said Geraldine. "My dear little Melissa, if I had to hold you by main force, should take care of that. I fancy I am good deal stronger than you. I almost think could carry you from this to Capiala Marion's in my arms, and I will do it too rather than allow you to go anywhere by yourself to-night. But it doesn't need all that. Captain Marlon's here. I brought his with me, and he will take care of you. He as kind as any father could be, although I as

aure your father is kind enough. Mr. Aqui

taine will come up to morrow, and everythin will be right." " Ridiculous!" Meliesa replied, sharply " nothing on earth will ever be right with m again. I had much better be dead. Everybody will be ashamed of me, and scold me, and preach at me; and I shall be a by. word and a reproach."

Montana was not glad when, after leaving the two girls together, he was told that Captain Marion was in the house, had come wit Miss Rowan, and wished to see him. Montant could hardly ever be described as disconcer ed, but he was a little displeased at the news He was not anxious to see Marion just then He was not pleased to hear that Marion has come with Geraldine. Much of the dramat effect of Geraldine's prompt answer to b summons would be taken away by her having come under the escort of Captain Marlos Then, again, he did not know whether Marion's return to town so suddenly might not have something omnious in it. time while he was reasoning with Meliss and humoring her, and keeping up an appea ance of the utmost calmness, his mind was far from being composed. No shadow on his face allowed the girl to suppose for a mome that there was anything to alarm him in the news she brought from the North. But h felt all the time that there was something in it. Of late he had begun to be consciou more or less vaguely, that Trescoe disliked him. We have said already that Montana was not habitually an observant man, for the

reason that he did not take sufficient interest in people in general to be observant of what they did or how they looked. But when anything aroused his interest, or his admiration, or his suspicion, then he could b keenly and closely observant, and he could look quite through the deeds of men or o women, unless they were men and women

with souls deep and well guarded in deed, He (Continued on Third Page