

LORD HUNTLEIGH

OR A MODERN NEMESIS

(By Margaret Kelly)

After questioning his informant as to the location of the police station, Marchison opened the door and the arab disappeared with a wild whoop and "Now we shan't be long!"

Marchison gave a prolonged whistle as he closed the door after Ned and turned to Felix.

"Your precious jewel is in a nice setting now, at all events," laughed that gentleman "Shall we go and try to get him out of the clutches of the law?"

"Certainly," replied Marchison, who was somewhat crestfallen at this unexpected move on the part of his vaunted factotum. "I must really try and persuade him that vengeance is the Lord's and not his. The old fellow certainly imagines he has a grievance."

"A very real grievance, I think, Marchison. What would you say to having a daughter run away with?"

"Well, as far as I am acquainted with the fair sex, I think that a daughter who would be run away with isn't much of a loss."

"You are a little hard on the fair sex, in my opinion. After all, we don't know all the circumstances of this case. The girl may have been very young and simple. She was certainly a country-bred girl, and as such was not likely to be versed in the knowledge of the deceptions and villainies of some monastrosities who call themselves men. You don't know how the fellow may have represented things to her."

"Dear old boy!" laughed Marchison, taking him by the arm as he finished this defence of the weaker vessel. "A nineteenth century edition of the Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche. You are too good for this wicked world, I fear, Woodford."

CHAPTER VI.

It was a beautiful afternoon in early summer. How the sun shone, and how gaily the birds carolled! Even the little London sparrows chirped and twittered merrily, forgetful of past days in the hard winter, when scarce a crumb was to be found, and when they, in cold and trembling, sat huddled together under the eaves of the big, black, gloomy houses.

To-day even the city itself seemed, after all, not such a bad place, and the soft, warm sunlight, helped by a little gentle rain, had made Hyde Park almost country-like. Even Sybil, who was longing for the country after several months' residence in town, thought that nothing could be more beautiful than the Park to-day.

The grass was so fresh and bright — so different from what it would be even a month hence, when the hot sun would have rendered it parched and brown; the foliage of the trees presented an ever-increasing variety of shades of green, and as the bright sun glistened on the water and across the greensward the place was perfect. At Number 38 Park Lane, there was much commotion and bustle for the morning was to see the fair daughter of the house launched forth on the deep waters of matrimony. To be sure, all the Margraves felt that their child was being placed in safe hands; they had no fear for the result, and Sybil was considered — as indeed she considered herself — to be one of the happiest of women.

Still, when bedtime came, she thought that on the next day she was to be separated from her beloved parents, of whom she had been the constant companion even as a child; she thought that she was giving herself entirely into the hands of a comparative stranger for weal or woe. She thought that for the future there must be a certain barrier between her and her father and mother — these thoughts rose up before her in a new and strange light, and she wept untristainedly, though at the same time she wondered at what she called her own foolishness and absurdity.

Poor child! These tears are but as a drop in the ocean compared with those, full of grief and bitterness, which are to follow.

Mrs. Margrave could not sleep well either on this eve of her daughter's marriage. She tossed restlessly about for some time, and then rising, she threw a light wrap over her shoulders and stole into her child's room.

A sense of desolation filled the mother's heart as she looked round the white room. The blinds of the large windows were drawn up to the top, and the pale moonbeams lay across the bed and shone full on the face of the sleeping girl. The mother drew near the bed. Sybil lay with her head turned slightly on one side. Her hands were clasped together, and she seemed to be speaking in her sleep. Her cheeks were wet with tears. The mother bent over her child to press a kiss upon that beautiful face, but as she did so her own warm tears dropped upon Sybil's brow — and in an instant she awoke.

"What is it? Oh, mamma, I dreamt that you had gone away from me for ever! I am so glad I have only been dreaming!"

Sybil sat up in bed and hugged her mother affectionately. "There, now," she said, "you must go back to bed. You will catch cold. Why did you come to my room?"

"I was restless, darling, and thought I would just come in to see if you slept."

"What a naughty foolish mamma, to be sure! You will catch your death of cold, and then my dream will come true," said Sybil, playfully, for she had caught sight of her mother's tears.

Mrs. Margrave embraced her daughter warmly and went back to her own room feeling happier for Sybil's kiss.

The morrow came, and a more glorious day could not be desired. If there were anything in the old saying, "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," then Sybil's cup of happiness must have been full to the brim, for old Sol never hid his face once on that day, from his rising in the purple east to his going down in the crimson west. But if the day was bright and radiant, it was not more so than was the bride. Her gown was of the orthodox white duchesse satin. It was but simply made, yet Sybil appeared to perfection in it. A veil of the richest Limoncello lace — worth from its age, a fabulous sum — fell in clouds from the fair head almost to the end of the train. The orange blossom, of course, was not wanting, and the green of its leaves was the only color that relieved the whiteness of Sybil's attire. Her bouquet was of white flowers, the dominant blossoms being lilies of the valley.

St. Alfred's Highbury square, was thronged with a fashionable crowd of friends and acquaintances, and all agreed that a better matched pair, as far as outward appearance went, had never stood before the altar. And in truth, to find a more handsome bridegroom or a lovelier bride would have been no easy task. Sybil was in the best of spirits. Her depression of the night before had vanished, and as she left the church on the arm of her husband she seemed the embodiment of happiness. The strains of the "Wedding March" filled the church and the guests filled out. When the last notes of the music had died away, however, and even after the choir and organist had taken their departure, a man might have been seen kneeling at the bottom of the church with his face buried in his hands. Presently he rose and walked out of the church with an unsteady gait. We recognize the face, pale and haggard though it be, as that of Felix Woodford.

He did not follow the crowd to Park Lane to make his felicitations to the happy bride. No. He took out the little heart of gold from its resting place, and clasping it tightly in his hand, he sought his own rooms and saw no one for the rest of the day.

A few hours later a carriage containing the Earl of Huntleigh and his newly made bride was driving along Piccadilly on its way to Charing Cross Station. Sybil had been weeping a little, but was now cheerful and bright. Alaric was in the wildest of good spirits. During the ceremony — and in fact ever since the day of his encounter with Kester Brownedge — he had been suffering much from nervousness and depression of spirits. Indeed, until the wedding party had safely reached Park Lane on its return from St. Alfred's, his thoughts had been occupied not so much with his bride or the solemnity of the promises he was making, but with a dreadful fear of that "wretched old man" tracking him and carrying out some design of revenge upon him before the whole world. He had not returned to the police station to give information against his assailant on the day of the Kensington affair, so old Brownedge had been given into Marchison's care, upon that gentleman's representations. Conscience makes cowards of us all, and Alaric was a veritable coward even without his accusing conscience. He did not abstain from prosecuting Kester from any feeling of humanity or pity. It was from sheer craven cowardice. He hated Kester. There was something in the straightforward, single-hearted honesty of the old fellow that was quite antagonistic to him, and so he feared as well as hated him — and above all he feared a discovery that would rob him of his rich fiancée. He was a physical as well as moral coward, and the remembrance of the well-deserved chastisement which Kester Brownedge had inflicted upon him in Kensington made him simply shudder. Yet now that he considered himself safe — about to start for the Continent — and Sybil thought he had never appeared so absolutely fascinating as at present. Her heart went out to him completely, and it twenty angels from Heaven had come down now to advise her of her husband's faults she would have turned a deaf ear to their one and all.

They were nearing Charing Cross, and only the presence of Sybil's maid in the carriage had prevented her from falling on Alaric's neck and as-

suring him that he was the dearest fellow in the whole world that day.

She was still looking at him with love in her deep dark violet eyes when she saw him draw himself up quickly with a startled, spasmodic gasp. He turned pale and clutched at the silk hangings of the carriage, and then began to look round in desperation. Sybil was surprised and not a little frightened, and bent over him saying, "Alaric, darling, what is it? What has happened to you? Tell me, dearest."

Alaric pushed her almost roughly on one side, with sudden resolve, he said to Grimston, "Get your mistress's ticket and your own I shall probably have to miss this train." Then, turning to his wife, he said hurriedly — for the carriage was slackening speed as it drove into the station yard — "Our rooms are taken at the Hotel Rochefoucauld. I will tell you all when I see you. Don't make a fuss!"

The carriage stopped before Sybil had sufficiently recovered from the shock of her husband's words to be able to speak, and as it drew up the face of an old man appeared at the window on Sybil's left hand. But before this face had appeared Alaric had swiftly opened the door on the opposite side and had disappeared amidst the wilderness of hansoms and other vehicles which crowded the station yard. The old man gave a cry of baffled rage as he saw that the opposite door was open and that his bird had flown; and with a muttered imprecation he rushed into the increasing crowd of cabs, grasping his heavy stick and cursing Alaric in audible tones. He created quite a panic amongst the horses, and the language expended upon him by the drivers was more forcible than polite, but he heeded them not, he had caught sight of Alaric, who was in the act of jumping into a hansom. For a second the old man was nonplussed. Then he also hailed a hansom, saying to the driver, "Follow that cab wherever it goes. I'll give you anything — any money!"

The cabby thus addressed put his tongue in his cheek, and winking at one of his confederates, said, "Show us the dollars first, old chap."

Kester literally shook with impatience. His faded blue eyes flashed, and his hand trembled as he put it into his pocket and drew forth a handful of money.

"Hurry, for God's sake!" he shouted, in an agony.

The cabbie looked curiously at him, and one touched his forehead significantly.

"It's no go, guv'nor," said the first one addressed. "That there cab gone right up the Strand by now."

Kester stood irresolute for a few seconds, passed his hand over his eyes, and then stared about vacantly.

"Better go home, guv'nor, and take a drop of something hot," advised a sympathetic cabby.

Kester only caught the word "hot." "Hot! Yes, it's hot — very hot," he murmured, stumbling away and wiping the drops of perspiration from his brow. Then suddenly his mind reverted to the fact that the cabby had refused to follow Alaric.

He turned back in an access of passion and shook his stick full in the man's face, "You villain! You scoundrel!" he cried. "You are as bad as he is! Yes, you are leagued together. But a father's curse be on your heads, one and all! Ay, a father's curse!" he muttered between his teeth as he retraced his steps.

Meanwhile Sybil was in a state of mind bordering on distraction. When she found herself standing amidst a crowd, with the scent of orange blossoms still lingering round her, but with no idea as to the whereabouts of her husband to a few hours, she felt that everything in the world had gone wrong. Grimston, however, kept her wits about her, and the next morning saw the Countess of Huntleigh installed at the Hotel Rochefoucauld, Paris, after a night spent in such a state of anxious wonderment that even the throes of mal-dormer were not able to make themselves felt. She refused all offers of refreshment, and as for that was entirely out of the question, Grimston had unpacked a few necessaries and now came to beg of her mistress to change her attire and to try and take a little rest.

"The passengers by the next boat will be here in an hour or two, my lady, and the Earl will blame me for not taking proper care of you."

But Sybil was inexorable. She dismissed her maid preemptorily, and continued packing to and fro in the large room. She had not removed her travelling costume — retaining even her hat and veil. Wild thoughts of returning to England chased themselves through her brain. The will was not wanting — but she was so thoroughly helpless in these matters, never having had to move a finger for herself.

"What could that dreadful old man have wanted?" she asked herself. "Why had Alaric been so afraid of him as to leave her thus on her wedding day, and take refuge in flight?" She tortured herself with futile questionings until her head ached violently, and then, as time passed on, she threw herself on a sofa — a despairing heap and wept. A sense of overwhelming loneliness and desolation filled her heart, for never in her life had she been so long alone. "Oh, Alaric — oh, mamma, what shall I do?" she repeated amidst her tears. Poor Sybil! She was but a child as yet, and a child who had never had even the faintest glimpse of sorrow. The memory of Alaric's rough

touch in the carriage seemed to burn into her brain. It opened her eyes immensely, but the thought that it should be given on such a day was too bitter, and tears fell hot and fast.

But suddenly a light step was heard in the corridor. One glance at the clock, and Sybil saw that it was too early for the next steamer from Dover to have landed passengers before. However, the hope which had arisen had had time to do away, the door opened gently and Alaric himself was on the threshold, so bright, so smiling that in an instant Sybil had forgotten her hard thoughts, had forgotten their short separation, had buried all her grief and tears in the caresses of her husband. He folded her in his arms and kissed away the tears, and smoothed her hair, and nuzzled her like a child, as she showed signs of returning grief on hearing his voice.

"Why, darling little girl, what a state you are in!" he exclaimed, with a nice assumption of surprise, though to now he had been anathematizing the fate that had caused such a disquietment at the outset of his bridal tour — and in fact it was with fear and trembling that he had entered the Hotel Rochefoucauld, not knowing whether his wife would be found there. He knew she was very inexperienced, however, so this was in his favor.

"I thought I should have found you with a nice little breakfast ready for me, and — is it possible? — well, you are really naughty! You have your hat on, and the brim is nearly poking my eyes out. And this wretched veil! You must really take it off and give me a kiss of welcome."

"I was thinking of going back to mamma," said Sybil, with an involuntary sob and a half pout, half smile.

"What a very terrible wife I have!" replied Alaric with well-feigned playfulness, though there was anger in his heart. Then he held her face in his hands so that the bright Parisian sunlight shone full upon it, and said in reproachful tones: "Your face isn't as cruel as your words." Then, when Sybil could not stand the bright light of the sun and was obliged to shut her eyes, Lord Huntleigh kissed the closed eyelids — and peace was restored.

With Alaric's presence no explanation was needed by Sybil as to his absence, but had that absence continued the most detailed explanation would not have sufficed to account for it. This was, of course, unreasonable; but women are unreasonable, and especially when they are in love, which was the case with Sybil.

Later on, with the ingenuity of a practised liar, Lord Huntleigh concocted a story about the old man who had pursued him.

"He wanted to murder me — nothing more nor less, my darling — and had I stepped out of the carriage on his side he would probably have knocked out my brains with that heavy stick he carried. Surely, Sybil, I could not

do anything less than take the best means to avert such a tragedy."

"But why does he wish to harm you in particular? He did not take a bit of notice of me."

"Well, my sweet pet, I'll tell you the reason. You must be prepared to hear something not very creditable about your own sex. This old fellow lived down in the country, and he had a daughter. I met the girl pretty frequently, and you know how it is in the country — everyone speaks to everyone else. I spoke to the girl — Eliza Ann, or Mary Jane, or whatever her name was. We bade each other good-morning or good-night as the case might be, and that was all. The girl was very pretty and doubtless flirted with all the young fellows in the neighborhood, and, as you may suspect, came to a bad end. Then the old man had the supreme insolence to come to me and command me, under various penalties, to marry his daughter. You may be sure I treated him with the contempt which he deserved; but he has tracked me about since. And now you have the whole 'raison d'etre' of yesterday's performance. Are you satisfied?"

"Of course I am. But it is so tiresome for you! Is it not, dear? I shall be in constant dread of his meeting you in town and doing you some injury. Why not hand him over to the police? You mustn't go about in danger of your life like this."

"If he annoys me again I fear I shall have to take some steps. But let us not talk about this disagreeable thing any longer. By the way, I did not tell you how I got here so soon. I drove over to Waterloo and came by Newhaven. I had no idea you would have fretted so for an hour or two, and I had no time to explain."

"But," said Sybil, who could not rest until it was out, "you pushed me in the carriage. You quite hurt me! I shouldn't have cried only for that." She almost whispered this as she rubbed her soft cheek caressingly on his hand.

"Poor little thing!" he replied. "Did I really hurt my own darling? You must excuse me, Sybil. Think of what I was going through at that moment, as much on your account as my own."

"Oh, yes, Alaric, I know. Please forgive my selfish words. I didn't think, really. Do forgive me! I am so sorry I mentioned it — only it is better after all, to say what one thinks and have done with it."

Sybil was kneeling on the floor, her hands clasped on Alaric's knee, her mild blue eyes fixed imploringly on his. He regarded her for a few seconds as though considering as to whether it would be advisable to bestow forgiveness on her. Then he said, "You have my forgiveness on one condition — and that is that you promise always to love me as much as you do now."

(To be continued.)

Day of Judgment.

(From The New York Sun.)

The Easter discussions of immortality by Dr. Felix Adler and the Rev. Dr. Savage make pertinent at this time a reference to the Roman Catholic doctrine on the subject, as defined and expounded by three Jesuit priests in the April number of The Catholic Homiletic Monthly.

The first, treating of "particular judgment," explains the Catholic doctrine to be that "as soon as the soul leaves the human body it is irrevocably assigned to an abiding place that 'at the very moment when the soul is separated from the body' 'all its thoughts, words and actions during life will be judged in accordance with the way they presented themselves to God at the moment when they happened.' As a conclusive illustration he refers to the parable of Dives and Lazarus. 'The rich Dives was thrown into hell immediately after death and the poor Lazarus was taken to heaven.' Nor would it be consistent with the justice of God, says the Jesuit preacher, to postpone the judgment to the last day or the day of general judgment, for 'the just souls would be left in unceasing anxiety,' and 'the godless would still be left in the hope of being saved.'

Moreover, he tells us that this "particular judgment" will not be rendered on souls carried up to heaven and before the throne of God, for "a stained soul will never, in all eternity, have the happiness of feeling even for one moment the delights of heavenly joys." "Each soul will receive its judgment at the same place where the body happened to be at the time of death," and "at this judgment Jesus Christ shall appear as judge, the soul as the accused, the angel who was its guardian as advocate and the devil as accuser." The Judge "will render without delay the irrevocable sentence, which will be life or death for all eternity," and at the general judgment on the last day "we shall receive the same sentence."

Judgment, explains the second Jesuit writer, is reserved until death of the body comes, "so that," in life, "the sinner may be converted and do penance, but if he fails to do this vengeance will surely come." "Now," he proceeds, "the sword of divine justice is hidden by the sheath of mercy, but there comes a time when this sheath will fall away and the naked sword of justice be drawn against all transgressors."

The third priest treats of Purgatory, or the "place of purification" for those who have committed venial sins, in order that they may be made fit for heavenly society. But Purgatory, as described by him and by the fathers from whom he quotes, is of the nature of a hell for the time being; for "the cleansing in the same

takes place by fire. According to Abelmin, in the treasury here, the least suffering of a soul is greater than the most agonizing agony we can think of here. As St. Gregory expresses it, 'It is more painful than all the afflictions of this earth.'"

"The greatest of all pains is that caused by fire," and "it may be to have to endure this agony for a whole day, a year, or a hundred years. Such suffering upon entering the future state is inevitable for all of us according to St. Augustine, 'For no one so perfect, who has not sinned, departs from this world without having done something to be punished.'"

It will be seen, therefore, that the Roman Catholic doctrine is not only teaches immortality, but also describes specifically the methods of entrance on it, and the way which would justify a sinner's entrance on it. "If immortality was a gift which we could take or leave, the easier way would be to take it," says the Rev. Dr. Savage's view of immortality, as we understand it, of the soul, the spiritual identity, is treated more kindly by the Catholic doctrine, as explained by this Jesuit writer, who says: "What torture must it be when the soul, which is the direct seat of sensation in us, is tormented by flames of fire!"

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At the meeting of this Association held on April 13th, it was decided to take the preliminary steps towards an Irish language class. As several of the members are now well versed in the Erse tongue, there is every prospect of making the movement a success.

On Sunday, the 19th of April, the Association will have an address from Mr. John G. O'Donoghue, L.L.B., the subject being "The Lawyer's Moral Code." All are invited to attend.

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