

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

REV. DR. O'REILLY'S LETTER.

An Interesting Account of Artane Industrial School, Dublin.

ARTANE, May 29.—After going over every part of the industrial school created here...

Both the Prince and Princess showed their warm appreciation of these results, and so did the crowd of the titled and the wealthy...

As I have said, both the Government and the City Corporation grant the School of Artane a yearly pittance for each boy...

Referring to the wealth of flowers at Florence, a correspondent writes thence: "Yesterday I bought four dozen beautiful Marquis Niel and other roses for half a franc."

In this country the degrees of heat and cold are not only various in the different seasons...

Several large companies in Lombay manufacture ice and sell it at half an anna, one and three-fourths cents per pound.

Every bottle of Arnica and Oil Liniment sold is warranted by the proprietors to give satisfaction or money will be refunded.

Survival of the fittest. Downs' Elixir has outlived every other cough remedy simply because it is the best.

More people, adults and children, are troubled with costiveness than with any other ailment. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will cure costiveness and prevent the diseases which result from it.

By the last assessment roll of San Francisco it appears that the estate of Charles McLaughlin pays taxes on \$750,000 of personal property, Leland Stanford on \$287,620, and Charles Crocker on \$148,000.

class-rooms, all fitted with the admirable charts and school furniture of the Christian Brothers; then come the larger workshops...

We passed through all, examining, scrutinizing, comparing. The dormitories, which occupy the entire upper portion of the main building, are marvels of neatness, order and cleanliness...

Need I say that everywhere, from the blacksmith's forge, with its group of bare armed, well fed, sturdy, and smiling apprentice lads, to the music hall with its admirably trained bands of instrumentalists and vocalists...

A FORTUNE FOR M. A. CHAPIN, OF MAYNAKD, MASS. Mr. J. W. Chapin, a dealer in teas, etc., in Maynard, Mass., came into the city to collect \$1,200, providentially his property...

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CAMIOLA

A GIRL WITH A FORTUNE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Author of "Miss Misanthrope," "Maid of Athens," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Alas! this was the only way to make Camiola more resolute than ever in her sacrifice. Lady Letitia did not mean to do this for the moment she really meant what she said...

For the moment, however, Lady Letitia would not yield. She insisted that Camiola must think the matter over once more before deciding; and Camiola promised to think it over, being quite decided in her own mind all the time...

There was only one business in the world for Janette now, and it was that. "No! Janette, dear," Camiola said, rather penitently. "I hadn't much of a chance, you know. I thought it would not be well."

What could Camiola do but promise? Perhaps if she had been less troubled with her own affairs she might have suspected something in this change of purpose, but she suspected nothing and felt it right not to have to open the matter to Lady Letitia.

This was a strange family likeness between George Lisle and his sister Janette. Both were impulsive, impetuous, sentimental, effusive, even hysterical; both were capable of any amount of illusion and delusion; self-delusion not the least...

Some days of monotonous and unspeaking dreariness followed. The rector's house brooded in gloom. Poor George continued very unwell; so unwell that all talk of love and marriage was put aside for the moment; and this in itself was something of a relief if not an actual comfort to Camiola.

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I couldn't do that; I couldn't indeed. You must come with me. Lady Letitia's heart sank within her. She understood Camiola's reluctance. She could not help seeing only too plainly that Camiola's was a mere sacrifice.

"Camiola," she said, staying the girl with one hand, "I am afraid you have not thought enough of this."

"Oh, yes, I have thought quite enough; I don't want to think about it any more."

Little Alice suddenly bounced into the room with angry cheeks, and eyes of fire. "Don't do it, Camiola," the child exclaimed, "don't marry George—he's a bad, nasty, selfish, silly boy; and you shan't marry him. I don't love him any more; not one bit, for he wants to take you away."

"Where is Janette?" she asked. Do you know, Camiola? "Janette is gone out with Mr. Fitzurse," Alice promptly answered; "I know she is."

CHAPTER XIII.—The Music Room.

The decision was taken and was announced; Camiola had told George Lisle in his mother's presence that she would marry him. The ceremonial, if it may be called so, was not exactly gladsome. George, indeed, was feverishly overjoyed, and seemed to think that with Camiola's promise a positive change in his nature and destiny was secured for him.

It was now about half past six on the evening of the strange sort of day which we have described, which anticipated late autumn, or even winter itself, at a season when summer was still not past its prime.

By the time I have this great old house all finished," Mrs. Pollen said, "it will be about the proper period for me to die. No matter; I will leave it to some charming person who shall make it look beautiful by her presence; and she will sit here of evenings and play delicious things on that organ; and I shall see her; oh, yes; I shall hear her."

"Even in death?" Fitzurse asked. "Why not? I suppose you don't believe in anything to come after death, Mr. Fitzurse? I am told it is not the way with clever young men now to believe anything."

"Oh, pardon me, I didn't say that," Walter hastened to interpose. He cast an earnest glance at Camiola. Unbelief might be a very fine thing in its way and show off well under proper conditions; but it would never do it Miss Sabine were to be allowed to tell the people at the Rectory that Walter Fitzurse was an unbeliever.

"I am glad," Mrs. Pollen said quietly, in her deepest tone. She saw through him with one quick, penetrating glance. "You are looking at that certain, Miss Sabine? It puzzles you."

For there was a heavy curtain of pearl-grey plush, which hung down apparently for no purpose at one side of the room.

"Yes; it's a beautiful thing in itself, but I don't quite understand what it is doing there."

"This is the idea, you see," Mrs. Pollen lifted an edge of the curtain and showed that there was a small door, itself also curtained, behind it. "That door opens out on the lawn. I mean to have it locked, but each of my few special friends shall have a key. They can come in from the grounds without passing through the house, and go in the same way. That shall be the privilege of my friends; and then we have only to lock the door on the corridor side and we shall be safe from all gull intruders. We shall want nobody but those who have the privileged key. You shall have a key, Miss Sabine, of course; and then you can come and play here whenever you like without any trouble of ringing at doors and being shown in by servants. I have promised Mr. Fitzurse a key also—if he will be good and do everything I."

"You may trust me," Walter said fervently. "Yes. Well I do trust you. Stay, I will get you both your keys. Don't go a moment, Mr. Fitzurse."

the workman had gone for the evening she was sometimes absolutely alone in the house. She often despatched Christy Pilgrim to execute some commission for her, sent her maid somewhere else, and remained in the house alone. Perhaps when Christian or the maid returned, Mrs. Pollen was gone. If she had not to dine in town, she sometimes had a morsel of dinner brought to her in Fitzurse House, and stayed there until late in the night. She had been a long time in the habit of doing as she pleased, so she used to say, and it pleased her to do as she pleased.

Camiola, therefore, did not feel by any means assured that because Mrs. Pollen had been in Fitzurse House an hour before, she must necessarily be in Fitzurse now. The great front door was closed; but Camiola knew her way in one of the side doors; and she found it invitingly open, and was glad to see light in some of the rooms in that part of the house. She went in and was greeted on her quest by the soft sound of an organ played in low tone and with a touch that somehow seemed to say that the organist was listening to something else while waiting the sound of keys. Camiola knew at once that Mrs. Pollen was in the music-room which she was having constructed, and in which she took immense pride and interest. Camiola had not yet seen it. Following the strain of the music she soon came near the half-open door of a room, at the end of a long corridor or gallery. As she came near this organ ceased its sound, and she heard Mrs. Pollen say in a high and animated tone:

"Tell the truth, then; tell the whole truth. Go to the girl fairly and openly and tell her, and then I will help you if I can. But I'll not stand any deceit. Tell her that you are no more a Fitzurse than I am, and if she doesn't mind, then take your chance; but let us have the truth if you want help or countenance from me."

Camiola was actually knocking at the door to stop any further utterances not meant for her when these last words were spoken. She would have given much that she had not heard them; she would have been rejoiced to get away ever now. But it was too late. The voices ceased.

"I came to look for you, Mrs. Pollen," Camiola said, almost breathless. "Have I disturbed you? May I come in?"

"Come in, my darling girl, of course you may come in; I am delighted to see you. It's Mrs. Fitzurse; he has been admiring my music-room. Don't you admire it? All my own ideas. We shall have many a concert here. How do you like the effect of the light?"

The room was a beautiful amphitheatre with very long enclosing arms and a narrow platform, making the chord of the arc. On the platform was an organ. All round the corners, just beneath the ceiling, ran a succession of lights concealed and softened by screens of pearly glass. The light filled the room, but no lamp or burner was to be seen; no point of distracting lustre. Beneath there were windows now so heavily curtained that no streak of the pallid twilight was seen within, and no gleam could have shone out upon the night. There was a great fireplace with much creamy marble and tiles. The roof looked like an inverted shell. There were no actual adornments—no spangles, so to speak. The form and colour of the music room were their own ornamentation.

Not much perhaps in the humor for artistic admiration, Camiola nevertheless did admire the room, the marbles, the tiles, the noble organ, the music stands and instruments, the soft enveloping light. She had, however, first to exchange a greeting with Walter Fitzurse, who was looking embarrassed and sullen when she came in. There was a sort of insolence, too, or something like defiance in his manner now, Camiola thought.

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"You may trust me," Walter said fervently. "Yes. Well I do trust you. Stay, I will get you both your keys. Don't go a moment, Mr. Fitzurse."

These latter words reassured Camiola, who began to fear her visit would all come to nothing. "Don't go a moment," clearly meant "you are to go after a moment."

silver. "That is your passport and your pledge of eternal welcome," she said; "and Mr. Fitzurse, here is the key I mean for you. Oh—another thing I want you to notice. You see that little box?" she pointed to a casket, not very little, that stood on a table. "Each of these keys opens that; too, and I generally keep some money in it. Money is always wanted for something or other here while all this work is still going on, and if I should not be here, or Mr. Pilgrim, I should be glad that my friend who happened to be in the way should know where a few sovereigns could be had to pay wages and that sort of thing. I pay my own wages; I don't contract in the ordinary way; I much prefer to do my own work. Of course, Pilgrim generally does the actual business of paying; but still I have to do it myself sometimes."

"I think you keep too much money lying about in a place like this," Walter said. "Nobody knows, except Pilgrim and a few of us. The ordinary burglar would never think of looking for money in a music-room and a lady's casket. One must have money on hand here; a cheque would sometimes paralyze the resources of Fitzurseham."

"Still there are a great many bad characters about Fitzurseham, and I strongly recommend you to be cautious."

"My dear friend, I am cautious. I have lived in countries and slept in places where your host would cut your throat for the value of one of your rings if only he could do it without being found out. I have learned some lessons in caution, I can assure you. Are you going?"

"Yes; he was going; he said good bye and looked an imploring look into Camiola's eyes as he went. The moment he was gone Mrs. Pollen set a chair for Camiola and sat herself down to the organ again; but she did not touch the keys.

"Now then, Camiola, dear," she said, "tell me all about it—something has happened and you have come to talk to me. Well, what is it?"

"First, it is about me." "Oh, first it is about you. Yes; and next it is about Janette Lisle."

"Oh, I know; well, first about yourself." Camiola said, with downcast eyes and a dismal attempt at pleasantry.

"You don't mean to say you have promised to marry that crazy boy—promised to marry George Lisle?"

"I do; I have promised." "What on earth made you do that?"

"They are all so fond of him; I am so fond of them; I owe so much to Lady Letitia; I couldn't see them in trouble about it; and besides what does it matter? How could I do better with my life? I have a great affection for him, and if I can make him happy is not that the best use I could put my life to? A girl ought to try to make some man happy. Perhaps I am fortunate that there is anyone who thinks me necessary to his happiness. It is something to live for. I haven't anything else."

"Stuff!" Mrs. Pollen vehemently interrupted. "A girl like you ought to know better than that. You have no right to give yourself away to this young man merely to indulge his father and mother. He is a miserable creature, who persuades you or allows you to do such a thing. Have you positively promised; are you actually engaged?"

"Yes, Mrs. Pollen, I gave my promise to-day." "Break it off then! Tell them you cannot marry him. Speak frank out to Lady Letitia. Speak to Mr. Lisle. He is a good man; he will give you leave to be talked into such a marriage."

"He has been so good and kind to me. He spoke as kindly and tenderly as if I were his daughter. He told me not to do anything that my heart and my conscience did not justify, and I have followed his advice. I have asked my heart and my conscience, and they do not justify it. They tell me that I could not do anything better with my life than to make poor George and Lady Letitia happy. Oh, of what other use is life to me? Camiola stood up and clasped her hands across her forehead. She did not want her tears to be seen.

"Tell me, dear," Mrs. Pollen said gently, "why—if you have resolved on this and given your promise—why did you come here?"

"I hardly know; oh, I don't know at all. I wanted to tell you; to talk to you; I don't know why."

"I do; I know it even though you may think you don't. Shall I tell you why you came here at once to me, Camiola?"

"No, Mrs. Pollen; at least I don't think I want to know. You might have guessed something wrong."